PUKHTUN YAR
(Conversion of Patriotism into Terrorism)

Pukhtun-Yar is a thought,

People die, but thought lives forever!
Author’s Message!

Time shows you the real sketch of your surroundings while thinking makes you the better audience. And it’s all what I have tried to convey through my writings. I was born in a society where illiteracy, ignorance and injustice were ruled. I went through many stories and personals having different ideas with a common topic, “Confusion” with respect to my region. I believe no matter what happens, just give words to your feelings as it’s the primary duty towards the social resistance.

English is not my mother’s tongue, And I too believe, my words would not be according to the standard rules of English literature. But I am satisfied, “at least I have taken the initiative.”

Dedicated to all the people suffered and affected by the term, “Terrorism.”

Long live my Land, and let the peace should be prevailed.

Shahban Ali Shah
Torino, Italy.
Pukhtun-Yar is not a character but an ideology, which has created a stirring condition in now a day’s world politics. This ideology has changed the very meaning and lexical pattern of humanity.

Afghanistan and FATA (Area belong to Pakistan, which is controlled by the Central or Federal Government.)

People belong to this area are PUKHTUNS, a nation which is haughty and genius. They are always in pursuing of (We-us-our-ourselves). All of them are by birth fighters and heroic. History shows and speaks about their valiant, courageous and dynamic character. There is an underline reality about them, once they call someone a friend, they take care of him more than their lives but when somebody goes against them so then they fight till their deaths.

Before going a head in describing Pukhtun-Yar, we have to admit this fact that we all are under a heavy propaganda that whatever destruction and damage of innocent people is going on at the area of Afghanistan and FATA is all done by USA with the help of Pakistan Security Agencies. This propaganda has shackled the Pukhtun belt. But reality is; all this has been planned by World Terrorists (AL-Qaeda), who consider Afghanistan as their hub. These are the people who are losers to their lives and have no religion. The only aim of them is how to make this world ruin because they all are ruined in them selves. They miss guide the young generation who knows noting about what the fact is. They spoil the lives of young men through specific means and make them as they want, for the fulfillment of their ambitions.

This Pukhtun-Yar is also like those young people who had started a meaningless war against USA and Pakistan. To defeat USA and Pakistan in any way becomes the mission and aim of his life. How it happens? Let’s move on to the full story…
INTRODUCTION

Every person in this world has name, pride and poise. We by birth, belong to a tribe with a land that represents our identity and dignity. We all live and then die, for the betterment and endurance of our land and people.

Keeping declared lines at front, we should focus “THE MAMUND”, a race that belongs to Bajaur Agency (FATA) in Pakistan. As a matter of fact, Bajaur is the land of Pukhtuns and MAMUNDS belong to Pukhtun-Yar tribe known as The Mamund. Mamunds survive in the mountains of Bajaur Agency that are at the border of Afghanistan. 75% of all inhabitants live in villages while other exists in cities. Mostly, they are deprived and uneducated.

When the dark misty veil, bravery is witnessed by sun, when it daily rises from the mountains peak and see Mamunds. And always the setting sun gives the colors of brightness to these people. Flying as an eagle is the childhood fantasy of Mamunds. Everyone gallop as a wind and live as a tiger.

All the seasons rain their respective blessing on these people. The wind sings with them and their villages are always filled with the season of love. Everybody plays with clouds high up in the mountains.

Life of Mamunds is hard indeed. Everybody is poor, but full of self confidence. Mamunds ride to the big cities of Pakistan and Afghanistan in order to work and roam from city to city, from one’s locality to another, in search of food and money. The Majority of people do import and export of goods (secondhand) in the cities across the border, and pass through mountains and other difficult places for business. Whether it’s raining, hot or cold, Mamunds always struggle. The prosperity of them depends upon the work, everyone does.
Mamunds lead simple life. The villages aren’t much developed. They construct their houses from stones and mud. The natives eat food of great freshness and have strong body structures. Everybody works hard and earns money for their families. Mamunds are bound to pure Islamic culture. Beautiful and attractive mosques could be easily found in their areas. They are devoted for religion. Most of them are fond of getting religious education in madrassas.
Mamunds are respected throughout Pakistan and Afghanistan owing to their warm hospitality. Sweet manners attract the passers-by crossing through their area. Mamunds take care of their guests as a slave does of his master. They always believe in brotherhood. Everyone witnessed their hospitality, which stays with them. Mamunds are class in them, they live in the way they are and will always be.

PUKHTUN YAR

There was a village known as Muslim-Abad, which counted in the villages of Mamunds tribe. Muslim-Abad was the most attractive place in Mamunds’ territory. It was first village next to the border of Afghanistan and was surrounded by the dark mountains. Muslim-Abad was village of small population while its inhabitants were quite different from the city dweller. Simple living was their motto of life. Children were major element of the population. Many of them were farmers while other used to move towards big cities in search of work. Business and agriculture was the base of Muslim-Abad’s economy. People of Muslim-Abad were typically illiterate. A Government primary school for boys was there at the village. The school consisted of two to three rooms, where a teacher taught all the subjects. There was a small playground near the school, where children used to play in the evening. That was the only playground in the whole hilly village. Muslim-Abad got poor transport. Only, a
vehicle used to go from there in the morning and return in the evening from the city. The village was lacked of all amenities like police station, a post office and a health center.

As every dark cloud has a silver lining, similarly Muslim-Abad had some merits too. The public always enjoyed free air. The fields in the mountains with lush green crops presented beautiful sight. The villagers got sound health and lived in the blossom of nature. The cool and fresh breeze of the morning, the scene of the sun set and sun rise... were too enchanting. The Nature was always dear to the natives. All of them were first-class, never fought and didn’t complain.

Early to bed and early to rise were their daily phenomena. The farmers used to visit the field early in the morning along with cattle. And the main centers of their activities were the fields. Every person happily accepted whatever was earned by his land and lived a simple life. Their houses were made of stones and mud. A pond was there outside the village, where cattle used to take water, and was a well down the village where villagers used to draw water for drinking. The scene of village, well both in the morning and evening was worth watching. Some big shady trees were on the outskirts of the village, where villagers hold discussion, smoke and enjoyed tidbits and talks.

All of them lived with peace and harmony. Unity was the topmost motto of Muslim-Abad. In Muslim-Abad, there was a gentleman known as Yar-Badshah. He was a man of discipline, and servant of humanity. Nationalism was his theory and patriotism was his practice. He was thirty five years old with a sound health and sound mind.

Yar-Badshah was the most qualified person of the village. He was a bourgeois (a middle class person) in the society and got big respect from his people. He was the true representative of his village. Yar-Badshah was a smart self with sound figure. He was tall and wide in his breast. He got dark, long and black hair. The color of his eyes was deep brown and his voice was unique. He used to talk less, and listen more. Smile always shined on his face.
Yar-Badshah was the store house of knowledge and wisdom. He was the teacher, who used to teach all the subjects in the government primary school at Muslim-Abad. Teaching was an idol and noble profession for him. He selected this profession by hoping that he should serve his public in the best possible way. He remained honest and studios in his profession. He was master in English literature and had command of various subjects, but his study of English Literature was extremely deep and vast that he was always held in high esteem by the students. He taught his students sincerely and enthusiastically. His sound arguments, simple explanations and well knit thoughts made the students listen to him more attentively. He always kept his class lively and in good humor. He was kind and sympathetic towards the poor and intelligent students. He gave the games from the mind to his students and always paved the way for his younger generation. He used to help the deserving students by admitting them in the school.

Every day Yar-Badshah used to say in the school, “a nation can progress, if students have high ideas before them.”

Yar-Badshah was married to a lady, whose name was Gul-Bibi. He loved his wife too much. She was the embodiment of all human virtues. She was beautiful and nice. She got full command on religious education. All the female children of Muslim-Abad used to take religious education every evening from Gul-Bibi. She got a religious bent of mind. She never injured any one’s feelings. She was sympathetic towards poor. Gul-Bibi was a God-fearing lady. All these qualities made her true, sincere and best lady of the village. Yar-Badshah was known to human psychology and worked according to that. He was a strict disciplinarian in his everyday life. His lucid language, sound knowledge and a good background made him the estimable person of Muslim-Abad. People loved and
liked him because of his sterling spirit and other qualities of head and heart. His wit and wisdom was always a subject of discussion for the natives of Muslim-Abad. Everyone in Muslim-Abad got a firm belief in him. Yar-Badshah was a friend and a guide for his people. He was not in the priority of doing something that brings disgrace to his society. He was fully conscious of his duties and responsibilities. He always kept in mind the betterment and bright future of his nation. Struggles were made in pursuing of raising the living standard of his people. He pained to find illiteracy in his region and always tried how he should reduce the existent illiteracy. He got an ambition of spreading education to every nook and corner of his land.

Yar-Badshah advised and loved all but hated none. He got a sweet temperament. Residents of Muslim-Abad always shared their joys and sorrow with Yar-Badshah.

One day, it was 24th December morning, Yar-Badshah got ready and left for the school on his time. He was looking smart and neat.

“Don’t wait for me; I can’t come for the lunch. I should stay with my friend!” he told Gul-Bibi.

“Ok”, replied Gul-Bibi.

Yar-Badshah left his home and reached to school at 8:00 A.M. He took his first class then second and so on. At 10:30 A.M, he announced break time for the students. He rested for half an hour and again started his class at 11:00 A.M. It was ten minutes to over the class that a villager ran into his class directly and cried: “Master! You have become father to a son.”

Hearing the news, Yar-Badshah was too excited that he gave money to that villager and ordered him to bring sweets and distribute it among the students. He announced mid-holiday and rushed to his home.
Before he reached, a crowd of villagers was already in front of his home. All of them came close, started hugging and gave congratulations to him. He seemed extremely happy at that moment. As he entered the home, what he found was; all the women of the village had also gathered there to see his son. He hardly went closer to his wife and found a beautiful, reddish baby lying near her breast. He got him into his hands and kissed softly. He looked into his eyes and said: “My son!”

One of the women cried from behind, “what will the baby’s name be?”

Yar-Badshah looked deeply into his son’s eyes and shouted,

Pukhtun-Yar! Pukhtun-Yar!”

“The name of my son would’ be Pukhtun-Yar”, replied Yar-Badshah

Pukhtoon-Yar is a Pashto word, which means “The friend of Pukhtoons”

The name speeded in the whole village like a fire. Residents of Muslim-Abad liked the name, Pukhtun-Yar. Everyone was happy on the Pukhtun-Yar’s birth. Late at night, Yar-Badshah took Pukhtun-Yar in his hands and kissed him.

He told his wife, “He’ll be our future and identity. He’ll be our honor and pride. I’ll make him the man of perfection. I’ll teach him the lesson of patriotism and would’ show him to gallop as a wind.”
Pukhtun-Yar was a beautiful baby as anyone could wish to see. He got sound health and good appearance. He was provided with all the comforts of life in his home by his parents. He was exceptional in childhood. Noises of every kind fascinated him. He was sharp and active. For him, his mother was the finest woman. Gul-Bibi was really caring and kind to him. His mother worked on two fronts, when he was a baby. Always someone was there to play with Pukhtun-Yar. To Gul-Bibi his son was delicate and beautiful as petals of a flower.

It seemed to have everything in the home that Pukhtun-Yar needed in his childhood. In this way Pukhtoon-Yar was extremely happy child and was the heart of all Muslim-Abad natives. He was the first and single child in his family. When he was a child, he used to play with his father’s book instead of toys. He was fondled lavishly.

One day, Yar-Badshah became ready for going on to a fair, when Pukhtun-Yar was just four years old. Yar-Badshah was about to let his home that suddenly, he saw Pukhtoon-Yar sitting on the chair looking at him, as he wanted his company.

“Would you like to come with me?” asked Yar-Badshah looking at Pukhtoon-Yar.

“Yes Father!” Pukhtun-Yar replied from his beautiful mouth.

“All right, come on then,” said Yar-Badshah.

Pukhtun-Yar got ready and rode to the Fair along his father. Every year the fair was held near Muslim-Abad. The fair was held on the annual cattle show and arrangements were by the natives of Bajaur-Agency. The cattle of the best breed were brought there. Public in large number gathered to the place of the fair to see the variety of animals. Cows, bulls and other animals were brought by there masters. As that fair attracted the people from all the
neighboring villages therefore, many other items of public interest were also displayed there.

When, father and son reached the spot, both of them noticed many things. A flood of humanity was there that they could see. Bazaar was there, where shopkeepers were selling articles of daily use. A juggler was sitting at a corner and was amusing the audience with his clever tricks. His feats were amazing and stunning. At a time, he cut the belly of small boy that amazed and shocked every spectator.

Then, both moved to the other side and found wrestling bouts. The renowned wrestlers of the adjoining areas came there to participate in wrestling. It was an attractive scene for little Pukhtoon-Yar to see them tugging, pushing and grappling with each other. They made their way back in the evening. Pukhtun-Yar enjoyed the ride.

When Pukhtoon-Yar was five, his father admitted him in the primary school. Daily, Gul-Bibi prepared breakfast, and helped Pukhtun-Yar in getting ready for school. She didn’t poke her nose in anything for her son.

Yar-Badshah got strong belief in good character.

He told his son, “Always keep in mind if wealth is lost, nothing is lost, if health is lost, something is lost, but if character is lost, everything is lost. Greatest good of greatest number should be your practice, my son”

Yar-Badshah molded his son’s personality and created the noble qualities of service, sacrifice and patriotism in him. Pukhtun-Yar was a child of intellect and intelligence. He was interested in becoming a creative man since he was a child. Pukhtun-Yar was patriot and nationalist as his father. He respected the race that gave him birth. He was dearer to his father and didn’t let down his dream.
Pukhtun-Yar was a source of inspiration and struggle. He was honest, smart and hardworking. He got muscles of iron and nerves of steel. He was tall, brave and strong. He was stronger to those boys, who were older to him. When ever he was angry, he seemed the god of fire. His eyes burnt, his muscles twitched and he was ready to give vent to his anger everywhere. For Pukhtun-Yar his father was sea of knowledge, service of humanity, devotion of duty and love for younger. From the time when he was young, he was always interested in doing something special.

Pukhtun-Yar learnt the spirit of co-operation, friendliness, humanity, dedication and devotion from his father when he was too young. And as his father, he was well known to human psychology. Pukhtun-Yar always did high thinking, for him an empty mind was devil workshop. Pukhtoon-Yar dived deep into secretees and mysteries of universe. He was active in finding out solution to problems.

Pukhtun-Yar got keen interest in reading books and novels. Books were his favorite pastime. Novel widened the door of his knowledge; it gave him an insight into the zigzag ways of this world. Novels removed monotony mind from Puktoon-yar. He remained in touch with various books when he was in primary standard. He read books of eminent authors, philosophers and literary figures that made him the store house of information and well of wisdom.

When Pukhtun-Yar passed class five, he was just eleven years old. After passing primary standard he was admitted in the high school. This high school was in the town next to their village known as Khar. Primary school experience gave Pukhtoon-Yar his initiative and self reliance.

On the first day, when Yar-Badshah admitted Pukhtoon-Yar in the high school at Khar, he said: “My son, one has to acquire special qualities for becoming a perfect man. A person of good health and polite manners alone can discharge the duties of perfect man? And I am sure that both of the qualities are in you; just try to polish them more and more with time.”
Khar was at twenty-five kilometer distance from Muslim-Abad. Pukhtoon-Yar daily used to depart for high school in the vehicle that used to do a trip of town once in a day. Pukhtun-Yar got talented and experienced teaching staff at high school. He respected and valued all of his teachers. But in spite of his respect for all teachers Mr. Tariq was his favorite teacher in the school. He was almost fifty eight. He was an ideal personality for him next to his father. He possessed an impressive personality. Pukhtoon-Yar worshiped him for his good qualities and vast knowledge.

Mr. Tariq was the teacher of Social-Studies. He was double M.A. in Political Science and English. He was popular and high experienced teacher in the school. All the students loved him and obeyed his orders loyally. He taught with a missionary spirit and did not mind at all, if students asked him questions. Many of his old students were occupying high offices in the Government and Private Sectors.

Mr. Tariq was proud to have a genius student like Pukhtoon-Yar. He gave him the highest respect. He also possessed a good library in his home. He often gave his books to Pukhtoon-Yar for reading. He was a man of good and sweet habits. Pukhtoon-Yar always found him in a cheerful mood. His simplicity enhanced his character. He was punctual and regular in his classes. Every day Pukhtun-Yar seeks out some new from him. He was a true seeker of knowledge for him.

Mr. Tariq was with a mission on making Pukhtun-Yar, the topper of whole FATA in forth coming intermediate exams. He took personal interest in his studies and helped him, inside out. And for Pukhtoon-Yar it was a privilege to be the student of Mr. Tariq. Daily, Yar-Badshah checked his school diary and didn’t allow him for playing until he was finished with his home work. Pukhtun-Yar was knowledgeable and active.
One day Sir. Tariq advised Pukhtun-Yar, when he was sitting with him alone:
“Always promote brotherhood, equality, peace and stability in your life. All men are equal in human rights. No one is superior except who are dutiful and righteous.”

Hearing the advice of his teacher, Pukhtoon-Yar got an aim of becoming a supreme person in his life. An aimless life became, just like a boat or the ship not knowing its destination, for Pukhtoon-Yar. He was ready to forego anything just for the honor of the land that had given birth to him. He was a far-seeing statesman, lover of his community and a loyal citizen.
Pukhtun-Yar got first position in his ninth standard. All his teachers blessed him and wished him a good and bright carrier in the future. He thanked his teachers and got sweets for them. Being extremely happy, he reached home early on that day. The news was disclosed as soon as he reached and met his parents. They were pleased to hear the news and felt proud to have a son like Pukhtoon-Yar. He showed the trophy of his success.

“Oh. It’s wonderful!” they replied to Pukhtoon-Yar.

Pukhtun-Yar was delighted to his parents’ response. He went out and shared joy with the villagers.
Yar-Badshah was brave, jolly and beneficiary. To stand for his nation under all the conditions, was his first and foremost duty. He was ready to sacrifice his everything for the sake of his hometown. He got firm and deep faith in the welfare of his motherland. His blood was all set to shed for his soil.
One evening Yar-Badshah was sitting with his wife, Gul-Bibi, and was taking tea together, Pukhtun-Yar along with his friends just left his home for playing that suddenly, Gul-Bibi heard some sound as someone was at the door.
She told Yar-Badshah, “Someone is knocking the door.”

Yar-Badshah quickly put on his shoes and rushed towards the door. As he went, he found Abid, who was his student?

“What happened is there any work, Abid?” Yar-Badshah asked.

“No sir, some strangers have come to our village and are telling that the USA is going to attack us therefore, all the villagers are asking for you” Abid answered.

“Ok wait for a second, I am just telling in home that I am going with you” Yar-Badshah told Abid.

“Sure sir!” Abid answered.

Yar-Badshah wore his vas-coat and turban and told his wife, “I am going with Abid to meet some guests.”

He went in urgency to the place where strangers were, having Abid.

As Yar-Badshah reached the spot, all the villagers came close to him. He hugged some and told them, “don’t worry everything will’ be fine.”

Yar-Badshah asked the natives “show me the strangers?”

The villagers identified and told the strangers, “He’s our leader and represents this village.”

Yar-Badshah met the strangers socially and traditionally. They were in the form of a group. All of them kept long bier and elongated hair. All were wearing white skull caps and were fully
equipped with the latest weapons. On his first glance, Yar-Badshah studied their scenery and mind.

”My brothers, from where and why you are here?” asked Yar-Badshah.

“We came across the border and are here to alert you that US-Forces is going to target your village,” answered given by their head.

“So, what should we do my brother?” asked Yar-Badshah.

“Immediately, you should walk off from your village, migrate to some safe area, have your necessary or basic goods and let us face these rascals.” answered the head.

Yar-Badshah became vigilant against them by hearing such lines. He was well a-wear of disaster that was coming because of them, but yet he was ready to do his duty even at the risk of his life.

“Are you finished to your words?” asked Yar-Badshah.

“Yes” answered the head.

“Thank you for your kind advice, my brother! Defend of my people is my supreme duty, not yours. We know how to fight? We all fly there, where eagles fear. We all live and die on this land. This is our faith and belief.” replied Yar-Badshah.

“If you want to stay at night, you are welcome otherwise buzz off from our village as soon as you can.” Yar-Badshah told the head.

The head into the eyes of Yar-Badshah, ordered his men to depart, but at last flash, the head gave out such lines for Yar-Badshah,
“It was better for you and your villagers to be decided, let’s see what happens?”

As they departed, the villagers asked Yar-Badshah in a voice “Was he saying true or not?”

Hearing such question from his villagers, Yar-Badshah shouted ironically,

“Suppose I believe that he was saying about truth, but whatever he was demanding was not right. We all are Pukhtuns, and then Mamunds; we have an identity and a duty, what one’s call patriotism. First nobody is going to attack on us, but if somebody does, so we’ll not leave our land to others and wouldn’t beg anyone to struggle for us, but will fights by ourselves till our deaths. This is our land and we’ll not comprise on leaving it to any strangers. This Muslim-Abad is everything for us; it is more special than our lives.”

Hearing the speech of Yar-Badshah the villagers shouted and started clapping. They were very pleased to have such a great man in their village, who remind them their culture, history and traditions. From there, the people took an oath from Yar-Badshah that they will die, but will never think about leaving their land and village to anybody at any cost.

When the villagers were taking the oath, there reached Pukhtoon-Yar along with his friends from the playground.

“Look at the crowd,” said Pukhtun-Yar, “let’s go and see what’s going on?”
He pulled his friend’s hand and led him to the front of the crowd. He found his father there. Pukhtun-Yar asked from someone, standing beside him and was informed from the whole story. On hearing that, the value of his father raised much for him. He also proceeded towards his father and took the oath as other villagers did. Yar-Badshah was too impressed from him on having the tears of commitment in his eyes, in too young age of sixteen.

After having such drama, both offered their evening prayer in the mosque and went back to their home. As Yar-Badshah went to home, Gul-Bibi asked him, “Who the guests were and didn’t they stayed for dinner?”

He told Gul-Bibi about what happened throughout the evening. On hearing the story, Gul-Bibi also agreed with Yar-Badshah’s words. He told her that what decision he took, was in the betterment of these villagers.

Just for satisfaction, Yar-Badshah confirmed the news by a phone call to one of his friend named Ali, who was a journalist in the capital. He asked him weather US-Forces were really going to attack or not. Ali laughed on hearing the question. He told Yar-Badshah that who stupid had given him this news. Yar-Badshah told him the whole story.

Ali was stunned to hear it and requested Yar-Badshah,

“Do not take any foolish step, just live in the way you are and never ever come in the words of such strangers because they might be dangerous. And if they comes again with any options then contact the office of Political-Agent in your Agency.”

Yar-Badshah thanked Ali and slept without any tension. Later after some period, Yar-Badshah and the villagers thought that they might have gone back to Afghanistan but actually the strangers
were on the living close to the border area. They were not freedom fighters but were terrorists. Whose mission was to capture that part of the world for their purpose?

After the fail attempt, the terrorist were living without any basic achievement. They desperately needed Muslim-Abad for their shelter and safety. As there was a great war going across the border, so it was hard and thorny for them to hide in Afghanistan from the allied forces. They were in the interest of making a base in FATA region of Pakistan. As Mamunds were devoted to their religion and were very hospitable, so it appeared easy for the terrorist to misguide them simply than any other tribe belonged to FATA. And Muslim-Abad was the first village with a population next to the border, so that’s why they got keen interest in it.

But on the first visit to Muslim-Abad, the terrorist came to a conclusion that taking control on Muslim-Abad through their typical style of misguiding the people in the name of Islam was very difficult. For them, Yar-Badshah was clever, cunning and intelligent and the whole villagers were his followers. They were all in a race to find out other way, of taking control over Muslim-Abad.

After two to three weeks, US-Forces did not attack Muslim-Abad and the strangers too were not visible to Yar-Badshah any more in his area, so he was sure that they were back to Afghanistan forever. All the acts were made in routine, by Yar-Badshah from there onwards.

It was Friday morning, weather was really nice, both father and son went out for the mosque to offer, Morning Prayer. After offering their prayer, both sat there for some time to open air. At that time Yar-Badshah said, “Listen! You are my single child. You are now sixteen years old, that’s why I going to share some realities with you. Our family and our home both are respected by
these people. They have given space to us in their hearts. What efforts I did, I always tried in for the betterment and honor of these people and am still doing. I am telling all this because after my death you will be the honor for them. Promise me that you will spare your life for your people and land.”

Hearing these words, tears came in Pukhtun-Yar eyes; he quickly hugged his father and answered, “Why you would die so early, where I will be alive?”

He promised him that he’ll never forget his identity and then returned home, took their breakfast and got ready. Yar-Badshah went to his duty and Pukhtoon-Yar left for the town early.

At that evening, Gul-Bibi told Pukhtoon-Yar to take some food from the shop but he refused as he was more interested in reaching the play-ground after doing his home work. He rushed away to the play-ground and saw his father on his way.

He reached the ground down the village and started playing cricket with his friends. He was enjoying his game that suddenly, a noise echoed through the ground and came clearly to Pukhtoon-Yar and then died away in echoes. The noise felt as bombs had been blasted.

“Look! That’s smoke coming from the village” shouted a boy at the ground.

Looking at the smoke and fire, Pukhtun-Yar straight away ran towards it. When he reached the spot, he saw that the whole village was destroyed and buried. He found public shouting and weeping and that shouts were piercing his heart. His friends were rushing forth screaming and crying by finding their parents dead. Pukhtun-Yar started thinking of his mother and father, wondering, where was they?
Pukhtun-Yar looked for his parents, from one to the other but failed to find them. He ran terribly towards his home side and saw that everything was finished there. His face started changing colors and tears came in his eyes. He began to find his present’s bodies, worriedly.

After a long time he found the turban of his father that was covered from blood. At the moment, he bent to have the turban; he found a cut figure full of dirt. He took the finger and cleaned it up with his clothes. He found a ring on that finger that belongs to her mother.

“Oh, God” Pukhtoon-Yar cried, “What have you done?”

“I have been ruined” cried again, “What I’ should do without my parents.”

Pukhtun-Yar was crying and weeping that in a mean time, a stranger came near and hugged him. He gave soft little cries of sadness and pressed his nose against the stranger’s coat. The stranger hugged Pukhtun-Yar tightly, and asked him for stop crying and weeping. This stranger was none other, but the person who met Yar-Badshah a month before. He was the head of that terrorist squad who spoke the false story to the villagers that US-Forces were going to target their village. And the men shouting and crying at the spot were his men.

This was the terrorist’s plan that killed all the villagers by attacking them with Rocket-Launchers and bombs. A full survey of Muslim-Abad was done before attacking. Terrorist knew that everyday all the young boys used to play at ground down the village in evening and artfully planned the operation for two big achievements, first of capturing the land of Muslim-Abad and other, to misguide and prepare the young boys left behind from their families for the art of suicide bombing. Pukhtun-Yar did not
recognize him as he had not seen that stranger on the day before; he came to Muslim-Abad.

“Ah, ah!” said the terrorist cunningly, “American had destroyed the village through drone attack with the help of Pakistan security agencies.”

Pukhtun-Yar looked up with reddish eyes and asked the terrorist, “Who are you?”

“Your well-wisher and elder, my son!” replied the terrorist, “Just as your father.”

“Did you know my father?” asked Pukhtoon-Yar.

“Yes, of course!” replied the terrorist, “He was my good friend. And I am here just to take care of you.”

Pukhtun-Yar became heartbreaking on losing his parents. His mind was not working normally. All the villagers breathing were taken to the primary school building in the evening, by the terrorists. Hardly few men and women remained and the young boys, who were playing in the ground with Pukhtun-Yar, were left alive. Almost every boy became an orphan as Pukhtun-Yar that day. A strange silence was there in Muslim-Abad, Pukhtun-Yar tried to give confidence to his friends. The terrorist noted that he was an active and courageous boy in the whole squad.

The head of the terrorist along with his men came to the school building at night having food and gave it to the boys. When the boys ate the food, the head started his lecture on drone attack. He was master in the act of brainwashing.

He spoke, “You are ruined by Americans with the help of Pakistan security agencies and killed your parents to this new born
technology of drone. Americans wants our destruction and the meaning of Pakistan is not Islam, just dollar. Every soldier of Pakistan works for dollar. Americans wish to use our women for their interest and want to rule our land that is our identity. Do you all want to lose your identity and pride?"

“No, never, never…” shouted Pukhtoon-Yar.

“Then, are you ready for a war against them?” asked the head.

“Yes!” all the boys shouted next to Pukhtoon-Yar, “We are ready for a battle till our deaths.”

The head told the boys, “This is will’ be your last night at village, we’ll shift to a safe place before Pakistan forces come and kill us too. You’ll move to a training camp early in the morning, before the sun rises.”

All the boys agreed, woke up early and started journey after offering, Morning Prayer.

The Day when Pukhtun-Yar was leaving Muslim-Abad was a day of mixed feeling. He was marred by sadness as he left his hearth and home both at his village. The life of Pukhtun-Yar was hard and rough after his parent’s death. Many of his friends, also separated from there families on the departure’s day.

Pukhtun-Yar world became gloomy in the absence of his parents. After that accident his conception of life was completely changed. He got unspoken fortune and unheard yearnings. He was fearless and bold enough to face the trails and tribulation of his life.
Pukhtun-Yar was brave and courageous; he was ready for joining the military of freedom fighters to take his revenge. He promised to himself of never coming back to Muslim-Abad without any success. A pain was there in his eyes but a shine in his smile. He lost a lot but still live to fight another day. Everything around him was down but still he never lost hope.

On first step to start his journey, Pukhtun-Yar looked up the sky and said, “Dear Father! I am taking your faith and blessing with my self.”

The news of drone attack on Muslim-Abad speed up in the whole country as Pukhtun-Yar departed. When Ali, the journalist at the capital heard the news, he became shocked and went straight to Muslim-Abad. He was informed through security forces that all the men were dead. There came tears in his eyes reminding the phone call of his friend, Yar-Badshah. He became the witness of drone attack and started his struggles for blaming the Government and United States. Soon, the false side of the picture was shown and there produced a strong hatred in the mind of FATA, for USA. All the FATA felt that it’s our turn next and this idea became an extreme success for the terrorists. They repeated the same plan in different parts of FATA and gained the hatred for USA and Pakistan-Security agencies.

Pukhtun-Yar along his friends was on the journey and his life became as a letter, posted without an address on it. The journey continued for several days and ended one late evening. The boys had no idea where they were? Rooms were allotted to them. All changed the cloths and had their dinner. Pukhtun-Yar felt asleep, and was restless on his first night.

On the first day, all of them woke up early, offered their prayers and prepared themselves for the training. The area around the
training camp was jagged and rough. A military discipline was there in the camp. For many days Pukhtun-Yar slept with an empty stomach, always thinking how it happened? How his life changed suddenly.

All the boys in the camp, were given the military training, to defend them if any emergency arises at the time of war. It was necessary for them to have training in use of old and latest weapons. Training in handling arms and weapons, gave confidence and made them warlike. The training made Pukhtun-Yar as a terrorist in his outlook. He kept long hair and beard. It all seemed that he’ll not be free at all from what he was doing.

During the training, he always thought about his enemies, and this reflection kept him more and more attached to do it perfectly.

The boys were given cerebral training by providing special education. All of them used to hear patriotic songs, speeches and were given books to read based on false and hatred stories that made them mentally prepared for doing suicide attacks on the enemy.

Pukhtun-Yar was a master mind from his child-hood. His talent was taking turn in such activities. All the staff over there appreciated his efforts and thinking and tried to increase his hatred more and more.

Pukhtun-Yar did his training for weeks and weeks turned to months and months turned to a year but the training was not finished yet. The memories of the days spent in his childhood were still haunting in his mind. Day by day, week by week and month by month he waited for the day to fight. He always remembered those who were responsible for his parent’s death.
The two years passed at last, as years always do. By that time Pukhtun-Yar was eighteen. Pukhtun-Yar and his associates of Muslim-Abad finished their training and were now fully prepared for combating in Afghanistan against the Allied-Forces. The object of training, in general was to enable individuals to be fuller facing the challenges.

Pukhtun-Yar stayed in that training center for two years. He took long time to learn the way how to battle against United States-Soldiers. He learned to fight and survive over mountains against the US-Forces.

On the day, just after the completion to the training, all were ready and fully prepared for making their journey to Afghanistan. An expert guide was chosen, to show and help them on the track that leads to Afghanistan. As Pukhtun-Yar was talented and his friends got great trust on him, that’s why he was nominated the leader of that group. The Head of the camp called him and the guide to the Head office.

“It’ll be as a game of, hide and seek,” said the head to Pukhtun-Yar having a smiling face, “Real hide and seek! You’ll play, won’t you, Pukhtun-Yar?”

“Of course I’ll play.” Pukhtun-Yar answered in a loud voice.

Pukhtun-Yar and the guide were briefed and told about the root that had to be adopted and pointed them the location of the base in, Afghanistan. Both of them were assigned codes and were ordered to disclose them on reaching the base.

“Listen,” Pukhtun-Yar said his friends, “To night, we’ll move for Afghanistan. The journey will’ be uncomfortable but you must be brave.”
“Oh, we’ll be brave,” replied all of them

They took food and money, and proceeded in the dark and dreadful night. On crossing the border various tragic accidents happened but no serious casualties occurred. It took twenty four hours in crossing the border. On entering Afghanistan’s territory, the group stayed in a nearby village’s mosque, rested and spent the night over there.

Next morning, they took water from the mosque’s well and started their journey again. The guide was leading and others were following from behind by keeping distance to each other.

One day, after continuous travel, finally reached an area that got rough mountains four sided; where was no name of any human. Ups and downs were there on the way. All of them were talking and moving that suddenly black clouds covered the sky, and started raining. The guide, who was far ahead from them, waved his hand to Pukhtun-Yar, directing him to continue the journey. Pukhtun-Yar ordered his friends to follow him in that heavy rain.

It was evening, the guide crossed the mountain’s peak and seemed disappeared from Pukhtun-Yar eyes. He followed the guide by keeping pretty long distance in the heavy rain. When Pukhtun-Yar was near to cross the mountain’s peak, he heard some firing, went on. Quickly, he ordered his friends, not to move at the places where they were.

Pukhtun-Yar came down from the mountain’s peak on crawling. He and his friends were trained enough to hide themselves in the mountains. Pukhtun-Yar ordered, not to move till he does because all of them were weapon-less that time. Neither guide nor any other person appeared, all remained still for a long time. Suddenly a sound of whistle echoed, Pukhtun-Yar pointed his friends to remain clam and quite.
After sometime, what Pukhtun-Yar saw was a group of Afghani soldiers coming down from the mountain’s peak. The soldiers were operational with latest arms. At that moment, he taught the time of death had come nearer but luckily the soldiers went through the other side of the mountain.

Pukhtun-Yar raised his head and looked around with frightened brown eyes as the Afghani soldiers moved out. He told on having his men closer “Don’t worry; we still have long way left to reach the base.”

Pukhtun-Yar and friends moved on to get the guide, who went far away from them. He crossed the mountain’s peak and went down along the track. After covering some distance, he found the Guide’s body lying on the ground. Pukhtun-Yar went close and noticed that the Guide had been shot by the Afghani soldiers. All the men became disappointed and disturbed on Guide’s death.

Pukhtun-Yar gave courage and nerve to his friends. He felt big as it was he next to the Guide, who was guided about the track leading to the base in Afghanistan. It was now his responsibility to guide his friends on the journey to the base.

“If it takes my life, too!” said Pukhtun-Yar, “We’ll move on to find our destiny.”

Pukhtun-Yar wasn’t aware of the place where he was? He stood there for few minutes to take his breath and then, ordered his companions to run fast with all their strength. It was quite dark for them as the journey begun again. All of them kept on nonstop running for five hours and reached to a building. The rain was stopped and the sky seemed black as velvet. There were hundred of stars shining like candles up in the sky.
Pukhtun-Yar running and walking continuously, reached a place having a small muddy destructed building that belonged to no one and was surrounded by trees. He didn’t believe that how he and his company escaped all the way from such a danger. He took some rest and thanked God on saving their lives. There he felt the position, free from danger and out of enemy’s reach. All his men were thirsty, sleepy, hungry and tired. To their great joy they found a well, drank water, removed their thirst and went to sleep.

Pukhtun-Yar thought, “It is not safe to sleep on the ground”. He decided to have their rest in the trees. All of his men climbed up into the tress and tried to get into a position where they could not fall out if they were asleep. They were quite tired out by all that had happened to them, they soon fell fast asleep.

When Pukhtun-Yar woke up, it was already daylight. The sky was almost blue and weather was quite clear. He became ready and started his journey again. Each of them expected every day might be the last day of life. Twice more they covered the distance but were moving and moving to find a village, to get food and to know at which part of Afghanistan they were?

All of them were traveling calmly that suddenly, a friend having lead to him cried out, “Village!” Pukhtun-Yar looked towards; it was so far away that he hardly saw it. He and his friends rushed towards the village with a hope in their eyes. When Pukhtun-Yar reached the village, he found that it was completely destroyed. Hardly ten to fifteen homes were left while hundreds were dashed to ground. He found children and women in the village. In short time the natives went in and locked up their doors, by watching Pukhtun-Yar and his friends coming towards their houses.
Pukhtun-Yar became too upset by meeting the village’s view and the natives.

He went across the village to find someone, for his guidance. The streets of the village remained silent while, on other hand the children kept eyes on him through their windows. He gathered his men in a damaged house and did some rest, as he was tired.

In the mean while, when Pukhtun-Yar was taking rest, he heard some sound as if someone was coming towards them. He ordered his squad to hide. All of them swiftly took safe positions and put their eyes on the side from where the sound was coming. Soon Pukhtun-Yar found an old man having some woods on his back.

It seemed that the old man was coming towards them but he soon took diversion to his home. Pukhtun-Yar became hopeful by finding an old man in the village. Pukhtun-Yar moved on to his home’s side for taking information. As he moved to a distance, there came the sounds of firing and tanks. Quickly, he ran back to his place and ordered his friends to hide and hold on to their breaths. Hearing the order all immediately separated from one another and conceals them. After sometime the sounds increased to a range and what they saw were tanks, soldiers, and vehicles… of allied-forces (NATO).

This was the first time for Pukhtun-Yar to have a live experience of US soldiers in Afghanistan. All of them remained still and lay down at their positions, with a pin drop silence. Watching the US-soldiers for the first time, Pukhtun-Yar suddenly became wild and
ironic. He wished to blow their skulls but he felt that he was almost weaponless. The soldiers didn’t search and wait in the village but just passed through.

When Pukhtun-Yar felt that the soldiers had gone, he came out to the road and straight away went to the home of that old-man and knocked his door gently. The Old man opened the door, met Pukhtun-Yar and listened to his whole story. The aged fellow remained with MUJAHEEDIN (freedom fighters) in the era of USSR and his two sons were killed in a bomb blasts, recently. He informed Pukhtun-Yar that his village had been destroyed in the war against Al-Qaida. Pukhtun-Yar became upset on hearing his story.

The old-man helped him in all departments. He fully guided Pukhtun-Yar about the base, drew a new guide map and told him to follow the suggested roots, to reach the place. The villagers gave him food and shelter. Pukhtun-Yar looked for weapons and ammunition as he and his friends were weaponless. He hardly found two pistols and a short gun with some bullets. Pukhtun-Yar kept the short gun with his self and gave the pistols to his other friends.

All the travelers agreed with Pukhtun-Yar to stay at night in the village. Pukhtun-Yar had his dinner and slept early as he was too tired. It was midnight; the streets were silent except for the flutter of one dry leaf and the pattering paw-steps of one stray dog, there unexpectedly again rose the sound of a moving tank. Pukhtun-Yar was active to all; he woke up quickly and ordered his companions to hide, before the tank appeared. All hide hurriedly and took safe positions. Pukhtun-Yar again saw the same tanks, vehicles and soldiers of Allied-forces that he saw in the morning. He thought as the forces were back on their way. The Allied forces neither stopped nor did any search operation in the village. After that all his men went on to their beds and slept again.
Next morning, when it was a fine cloudy day and the weather was very pleasant, Pukhtun-Yar made his friends ready to start the journey. On leaving the village, all of them wagged their hands hard to the old man and other villagers, to say, “Thank you.”

“Let’s move and trusted ourselves to God’s mercy,” said by Pukhtun-Yar on starting his journey.

Day after day and village to village, Pukhtun-Yar walked and crossed different areas of Afghanistan. During the journey, when his friends felt tired and hungry, and were about to give up, it was Pukhtun-Yar who gave confidence and insisted them to have their struggle. He moved on carefully and had the idea of danger every time. At that stage of life, he and his friends utilized the services of training; they had in the camp before. Pukhtun-Yar became quite familiar to the pattern of war by the long and dangerous journey, he was apart. At last, all reached the base in Afghanistan after so many hardships, worries and uncertainties. Pukhtun-Yar was happy on having his friends secure and safe at the journey’s end. Perhaps he was glad for himself too, knowing the truth “how good traveler he is?”

The full squad, guided by Pukhtun-Yar proceeded towards the Base Gate. As they went close, a man from the base ran towards them. He wished a warm welcome to all. Pukhtun-Yar disclosed the code that was issued by the head of the training camp and introduced all the squad members.

The man asked Pukhtun-Yar, “You were supposed to reach some days before, why are you so late?”

Pukhtun-Yar replied, “We are late because we came here in stages and you know quite well that it is not simple to travel across Afghanistan.”
“Hahahaaha... you are right,” the man laughed.

Pukhtun-Yar narrated complete story, on hearing the man was impressed and allowed them to the base. As Pukhtun-Yar crept inside, he stood still for a moment on having a heavy cavalcade of fighters. A cloud of dust was there while; large numbers of men were continuously joining and leaving. The world seemed full of haste and hurry. He saw men in different dresses and robes. Foreigners from different countries and races were there as they were speaking in different languages.

“Oh, my God, they are in hundreds over here,” exclaimed Pukhtoon-Yar.

“No, we are in thousands now,” said by the man accompanying him.

There he saw a small hospital, where patients were lying silently on their beds. Some of the patients had their arms and legs bandaged and plastered. He saw patients lying on the beds pensively. From the faces he guessed their pathetic plight. He saw a doctor listening sympathetically to the patient’s troubles and was busy in giving injections. The patients from their injuries recovery were busy in playing cards. The entire hospital presented a depressing and gloomy look.

After the view of hospital, he went on to the registry room.

“Come on! Let’s begin with your names,” spoke by registrar.

All the members were registered by the reference of their training camp. After doing the registration, Pukhtun-Yar moved to another room for the allotment of weapons. A portion at the room was full
of latest weapons and was housed with various uniforms of Allied-Forces that were used for, suicide attacks.

“Oh, they are beautiful!” exclaimed .Pukhtun-Yar.

He scarcely noticed the pistols but moved on slowly from gun to gun.

“They are so beautiful and perfect.” he murmured, “It’ll be hard to choose the right one.”

At last Pukhtun-Yar selected, latest AK-47 and the rest preferred their own choice. On the way back, after issuing the weapons, Pukhtoon-Yar and his friends saw a group of senior foreign men (Arabs) sitting beside the ground at the base. A man amongst them asked to stop but Pukhtun-Yar paid no attention while, other stopped. The opponents were large in number therefore made him to subdue immediately and was forced to do strange comical acts. The seniors approached him with an air of superiority. Pukhtun-Yar refused as the sense of self dignity didn’t allow him. A senior came and forced him to obey his order as he came near and got on to his clothes, Pukhtun-Yar quickly gave a loin’s roar and put a powerful punch on his noise. The person fell down to the ground and became unconscious.

On looking such terror in Pukhtun-Yar eyes, the man next to his partner said,

“Relax, brother! We were joking. We are friends under one idea, thinking, dream and ambition over here.”

Pukhtun-Yar replied, “Yes! We’re friends but every joke ends, to such behavior.”
The Base administration gave him new cloths and allotted bed in the dorm. He took a bath, changed the cloths and had his dinner. Pukhtun-Yar initiated discipline living as he had in the training camp. He was tired from his journey and went to bed, early. He thanked God during Morning Prayer for being there safe and sound.

{KHAN-GUL}

(Khan-Gul was with Amir-Saab from the last fifteen years and was his right hand. Jalal-Abad, Afghanistan was his home town. He was an orphan, whose parents were killed years ago, in the war against USSR. Khan-Gul was always a cheat and hypocrite by his nature. He was worse than evil and was expert in misleading the youth, in the name of Jihad. He was a curse for humanity. Being uneducated, khan-Gul always created hell in the base. Everyone in the locality was afraid and wasn’t on speaking terms to him. He was a strict disciplinarian and didn’t allow anyone to go against his orders)

{AMIR-SAAB}

He was a terrorist commander, who was engaged in wars since the time of USSR. He was seventy years old. By geography, history, culture, morality and attitude, Amir-Saab was a perfect man. His habits and temperaments were fine enough.)
It was a bright sunny day; Pukhtun-Yar with his friends sitting in veranda was inspecting the base, methodically. It was 8:00 A.M, he was informed through an announcement that every individual should assembled in the main ground by 8:30 A.M. All the men gathered according to the statement made. Pukhtoon-Yar saw a stage decorated at front, as someone was going to deliver a speech.

At 9:00 A.M a person named Khan-Gul came on to the stage and faced the crowd by saying, “Amir-Saab is going to do his speech in a short time.”

All the men anxiously waited for the speech to start. Soon after Amir-Saab came to the mike and started the speech with,

Asalam-u-alakum!

“Walakum-asalam…” a roar came from the crowd.

“We the tigers of the mountains, we the hawks of the sky and we the kings of our land, No body can defeat us. Your birth may be normal but your death should be historic. Today, God has given a chance to take your revenge.”

“Freedom is a birth right and it’s every man’s duty to have it” said Amir-Saab.

Amir-Saab said, “Do or die is an older concept, do it before you die. Practice like a devil and play like an angel. The mother land should not be politics for you it should be the question of life, death and dignity.”

“Enemy want to sell our mother land,” said Amir-Saab, “once we lose our land, we lost everything. If anyone tries to take it, we’ll do nothing but will chop them into pieces.”

The blood of Pukhtun-Yar started running hotly while; his emotions were touching the sky.

Amir-Saab again started, “Tough our enemy got latest technology, equipments, sources…”

“But we got mind and ideas,” shouted Pukhtoon-Yar unconsciously in the middle of the speech.

A complete silence prevailed in the base and everyone pointed, Pukhtun-Yar. Even Amir-Saab became still at the confidence and intensions of a young man. He pointed Pukhtun-Yar and started…

“US wants to cripple you!” said, “My brothers it is the time to be alert! You want to be crippled or make them cripple.”

“Cripple… cripple…” crowd responded.

“Inshallah, We will.”

Amir-Saab ended his speech by saying welcome to the new comers. He went down the stage and searched for Khan-Gul.

“Oh, Khan-Gul!” said Amir-Saab “I want the person, who spoke in my speech. Don’t send him to any other base; he’ll stay with us. ”

After the speech, the names of his childhood friends were announced and were given the orders of being shifting to other military bases for tomorrow. The next morning, his friends became ready for departure and were heartbreaking on leaving Pukhtun-Yar. But on the other side occasion was full of hope as all of them
were leaving to achieve the end. It was the time, when a relationship that had been established over a period of years was snapped suddenly. One by one, they all departed by taking sweet memories with themselves that they had with their best friend. Pukhtun-Yar wasn’t cheerless indeed because he always focused on his parent’s revenge since he stepped Afghanistan.

Pukhtun-Yar used to remain calm, quite and lonely in the base after the departure of his childhood friends. When Amir-Saab noticed, he ordered Khan-Gul to call upon Pukhtun-Yar. Soon, Khan-Gul along Pukhtun-Yar went to Amir-Saab’s room.

On having Pukhtun-Yar, he told Khan-Gul to leave us alone.

“A man who is likes to live alone is either an angel or a beast,” Amir-Saab laughed and said, “So you don’t seem to be a beast. Am I right?”

Pukhtun-Yar replied, “No, sir! It’s just the way I am.”

“I can read the face of everyone. Trust me as an elder, share the grief that is in your heart.” said Amir-Saab.

“My father always talked about CHANGE but he did not change his fortune.”
On saying, there came tears in Pukhtun-Yar eyes and swiftly told the whole story to Amir-Saab. When Amir-saab heeded his narrative, his eyes too became drippy. He wept with him and for him. He hugged Pukhtun-Yar and said,

“I had lost my son on this land years before. And now see, God had gifted me with another son in your form.”

“One feels delighted when he is favored with fortune but plunges into despair during misfortune,” said Amir-Saab.

“Certain accidents occurred in my life. Some of them may’ be forgotten, whereas others had an everlasting imprint on mind,” replied Pukhtoon-Yar.

Amir-Saab was impressed from his knowledge and was amazed to see a young man having such a mature mind.

Amir-Saab said again, “For me the wise man is the person who is neither overjoyed in propriety nor takes adversity to heart.”

Pukhtun-Yar cleaned up his teary eyes and was pleased. From that time Amir-Saab treated Pukhtun-Yar as his son. He always found the face of his dead son in him. Day by day, his attachment towards Pukhtun-Yar increased more and more. He often narrated appealing and motivating stories of his life to him. Pukhtun-Yar time passed easily in Amir-Saab’s company. He started treating and respecting Amir-Saab as his father. Pukhtun-Yar made his mind that he’ll live for the rest of his life with Amir-Saab. He seemed to understand everything Amir-Saab said to him. He followed him and his experience. Amir-Saab wasn’t his leader any more but his best friend. Pukhtun-Yar used to share everything with him.
In those days, Khan-Gul was gradually going away from the company of Amir-Saab. He got extreme hatred for Pukhtun-Yar as he can’t tolerate the fact that a young guy who came just a month ago was dominating him.

The numbers of young guys like Pukhtun-Yar were increasing day by day. The base was packed to its capacity with the terrorist. No one over there knew that from where these boys come and where they had been shifted? Not even Pukhtun-Yar knew where his friends were shifted. The base gave Pukhtun-Yar an opportunity to meet new men and get acquainted with their customs and traditions. As the time passes, he felt great attachment and attraction for his village Muslim-Abad.

For Amir-Saab Pukhtun-Yar was just like a mirror that reflected the merits and demerits of other. Pukhtoon-Yar kept company with Amir-Saab and tried to make him happy in every manner. He learned the exact pattern of war and was shown the trick of finding his way around the world from Amir-Saab. He trusted Pukhtun-Yar as he always found a dawn in his eyes.

Due to great qualities and sound character, Pukhtun-Yar became the most popular person of the Base. The talent in him was highly appreciated that soon he the next choice to Amir-Saab. Khan-Gul abhorrence increased day by day towards Pukhtun-Yar.

The sentences of extreme jalousie always vibrated in Khan-Gul’s mind for Pukhtun-Yar. Amir-Saab became seriously ill in short days. Pukhtun-Yar was with him and used to take care of his health.
Khan-Gul was excited on Amir-Saab’s illness because he thought that he’ll become the next leader after his death as he was the senior and experienced person next to Amir-Saab. One day, Amir-Saab during his illness called upon all the supreme staff members of the base of which Khan-Gul and Pukhtun-Yar were part. Amir-Saab was in poor health and was counting his last moments.

“I’ could see that my end had come,” said Amir-Saab.

“That’s why I am going to announce that my son, Pukhtun-Yar will be the next leader of this base and area, after my death” said Amir-Saab.

“Are you fine with my decision?” asked Amir-Saab from the staff members.

“Yes... Yes... We all loved to see him as our leader” answered all of them in one voice.

Khan-Gul became disappointed and upset on hearing such lines.

Amir-Saab advised Pukhtun-Yar, “You’ should have to be fully conscious about your duties and responsibilities that I am leaving for you. And keep Khan-Gul along with yourself, he’ll guide you properly.”

“Yes! I will,” replied Pukhtun-Yar having tears in his eyes.

Amir-Saab gave his last breath and died by sharing such words. Pukhtoon-Yar kept his head on his chest and started crying.
Who knew that Pukhtun-Yar will become the leader next to Amir-Saab? But it happened; Pukhtun-Yar was entrusted with the task of leadership after Amir-Saab’s death. After taking the oath of leadership, he made his first speech to his public on the same stage where he heard Amir-Saab, for the first time. Public shouted and started whistling as Pukhtun-Yar came on to the stage. All were happy to see him as their leader.

“Born with personality is an accident but dying as a personality is an achievement. It’s not easy to build but it doesn’t take much to destroy these rascals. Recollecting past is to plunge ourselves in a state of melancholy. We had to save our people in the best way we could,” said Pukhtun-Yar.

“The enemies are here to destroy and rule on us.” Said Pukhtun-Yar

“Now,” cried Pukhtun-Yar “You may choose what you want? Life of honor or life of shame”

Public shouted in his question’s reply, “honor… honor… honor…”

He said further,

“Life is strife, if we rest we rust, if we fight we shine, if we shine then the world will give us credit. Struggle in life itself gives pleasure to a man. To make ourselves stronger, we should have to be united and committed to our work and duty.

“We should notice enemy’s progress and development. It sharpens our understandings and observation. Before thinking about short term gains, think about future losses. Always think bravely and honestly and then it’s up to you and your God,” said Pukhtoon-Yar.
“US-Forces are like iron nails,” exclaimed Pukhtun-Yar, “Are you ready to hammer them down?”

“Yes,” the crowd cried.

He further said, “If USA thinks about Afghanistan then Afghanistan will also think about USA”

“Listen all carefully,” exclaimed Pukhtoon-Yar again, “Here we are just men and what ever we are doing is our work and struggle and it is my belief that soon we’ll shine in the world, inshallah!”

“Pukhtun-Yar!” cried by a man from the crowd, when he finished his speech.

“Zinda-Abad!” the crowd replied in one voice.

“Pukhtun-Yar!” cried again.

“Zinda-Abad!” replied again too.

Pukhtun-Yar wagged his hand to the public and went close to his followers and well-wishers. All the fighters were pleased on having Pukhtun-Yar as their leader. He was liked and loved for his fine inspiration and taught.

Pukhtun-Yar was universal in his aim and object. He made his own laws and drew his own pattern of war. He sentenced his leadership with a new touch and ordered to shoot, attack and kill every man who was supporting NATO and ordered to blow the skull of every American Soldier that was found on this land.
After taking the responsibilities of a leader, he was playing a decisive role. It was his quality to look ahead and plan properly. He was methodical and regular to his duty.

He made his decisions intelligently and wisely. He lived accordance with the strict rules of conduct and discipline. Everyone got a firm belief in Pukhtun-Yar leadership.

In the early days of his leadership, tragic incidents like abductions, arsons, murders, loots and bloodshed happened regularly. Pukhtun-Yar was cunning and genius. He structured his strategies of war sharply. He killed hundred of US-soldiers. He attacked the big cities of Pakistan and Afghanistan with suicide bombers, and killed hundred of innocent people. He attacked wisely on the head quarters, stations, bases and offices of Pakistan securities agencies. He killed many men of Pakistan’s police. He was using his mind and experiences both.

Pukhtun-Yar became a great leader and revolutionized every aspect of war. Americans and the allied forces were shocked to see such ghastly murders in too short time. Soon the fear of Pukhtoon-Yar started ruling on people’s mind. It was difficult for the forces to understand Pukhtun-Yar properly. No one knew from where he is and why he had so much hatred for USA and Pakistan Security Agencies.
In short time, it was great satisfaction for Pukhtun-Yar to take pride in the work that he was doing in Afghanistan. Commanding was a function of mind for Pukhtun-Yar. He was active in finding out solutions to his problems. The strong jealousy towards US Forces always haunted Pukhtun-Yar mind. All the notes were of him. He created a new rhythm in the world of terrorism. Pukhtoon-Yar was expert at dealing with such circumstances. He always felt every problem as an opportunity to get closer to his goal.

Pukhtoon-Yar became a well known personality amongst all his people. His fellow-religionist cherished his memory with love and veneration. And as the fruits of his labor gathered more and more, his claims on the gratitude of the people’s spirit grew stronger and stronger. Within a year, his name echoed in all the corners of Afghanistan. Everyone across the world was calling out for Pukhtun-Yar.

**JOHN PETERSON US COMMANDER:**

In those days, when Pukhtun-Yar leadership was on peak, US appointed John-Peterson as a commander of US-Forces in the area of Pukhtun-Yar (somewhere in Afghanistan).

[John-Peterson was knowledgeable fighter in the squad of US-Forces. He was genius and experienced. He fought in Iraq before and was quite aware to such the pattern of war. He was a great man in the true sense.]

On the very first day at US-base, John-Peterson called the assistant into his office.

“Who is Pukhtun-Yar?” asked by John-Peterson, “Tell me from the start.”
“He’s a master-mind, Sir!” the assistance replied.

“Oh, shut up!” said by John-Peterson, “Tell me about his biography.”

“Nobody knows him fine as he avoids media. He is responsible for all the demolition and devastation in this area. One thing that we know, is his name,” the assistant answered.

“You’ may leave, now” the Commander ordered after hearing such introduction.

The assistant quickly left the room while, John-Peterson went in deep thinking. He tried his best to collect data but remained fail. Pain bumped his mind for weeks. A month later, he designed a tricky plan and was ready to practical move. He pretended to be a journalist and sent a letter to Pukhtun-Yar through his sources.

The letter stated:

“Dear Pukhtoon-Yar,

My name is Mack-Green and I work for BBC-News. As all know, you’re a stunning fighter and the hero of Afghanistan therefore I want to do an interview with you. Our channel wants to have your views and it’ll be an honor to have you. I’ll be in time along with my pen and notebook at the place mentioned and would avoid camera and other electronic devices. Hope for the best.”

When the letter reached Pukhtun-Yar, he became agree. It was his first ever interview therefore sent his men to clear the area that was
mentioned by John-Peterson and ordered that the journalist should join him at the Base.

When John-Peterson reached the mentioned place, there he found another man pretending as Pukhtoon-Yar. The terrorist caught him and took him to the base by covering his eyes with a dark black cloth. He was next step to death if any one amongst them ever knew that he belong to US-forces. As John-Peterson was newly appointed therefore Pukhtun-Yar was also unaware about him. On reaching the base, his eyes were let uncovered and was surprised to find terrorist in such a large number. After that John-Peterson was taken to Pukhtun-Yar room.

“Hello! Great Pukhtun-Yar,” said in a friendly voice as he entered the room.

Pukhtun-Yar turned back and found John-Peterson, who was pretending like a journalist in his room. He was handling a notebook and was wearing a media card around his neck.

“Hi! This is Mack-Green with you,” said John-Peterson cleverly.

“Tell me about one thing,” asked by Pukhtun-Yar “Why you want to have my interview?”

“I want it because the whole world wants to know about you. You are the most powerful and dangerous person in this country. ” John-Peterson answered.

“Really, am I?” Pukhtun-Yar laughed.

“Which sources supports you?” John-Peterson put on his first question, straightly.
Pukhtun-Yar replied “No one, everyone fighting here is a freedom fighter and Islam lover.”

“If you are Islam lovers then why you do suicide attacks?” asked by John-Peterson “Isn’t that forbidden in Islam?”

“It’s the result of an extreme hatred” Pukhtun-Yar quickly replied.

“Have you ever tried to change this concept?” asked John-Peterson.

Pukhtun-Yar replied, “If I change, how will I recognize that time has changed.”

“What you exactly want?” asked John-Peterson.

“I want that decisions on my land shouldn’t be made by US but by our choice” Pukhtun-Yar replied, patriotically.

“Will you like to do negotiations with Allied-Forces ever after” asked John-Peterson.

“No never!” Pukhtun-Yar replied.

“Who provides you these latest weapons” asked John-Peterson.

“Sorry, I can’t give answer to each of you question” replied Pukhtoon-Yar nervously.

“One last question sir” asked by John-Peterson, “Do you have a family.”
“No…” Pukhtun-Yar looked him with friendly brown eyes and replied, “My parents were killed in a drone attack four years ago. And now I am like a letter without an address.”

“You might be wrong,” said John-Peterson “US-Forces haven’t did any drone attack on the innocent people.”

“Shut up! Otherwise I am going to blow your skull off” Pukhtun-Yar shouted angrily, “This all happened in front of my eyes.”

“I did not really want all this to have but America and Pakistan security Agencies made me like this. They are responsible for what I am today.” said Pukhtun-Yar having tears in his eyes.

John-Peterson said sorry and remained cool while Pukhtun-Yar was reddish in anger. He hugged John-Peterson and ended the interview with, “It was nice to meet you, my friend.”

John-Peterson was taken to the same place repeating the same pattern. He reached US-Base late at night but didn’t parcel info to anyone. John-Peterson was amazed to hear all this from such a dangerous terrorist and concluded that another Pukhtun-Yar lives in him, who is nice and friendly, who is innocent and guiltless and who is endured and suffered by time.

Plans from different dimensions clicked commander’s mind but he knew that it was impossible to catch him. Pukhtun-Yar was completely changed to what he was before. He wasn’t using his mind for the betterment of humanity rather working for the destruction of mankind. Tough he became a popular character but in negative sense. The whole world was putting a big question mark next to his name.
PUKHTUN-YAR BECOMING MEMBER OF GREAT-SHURA:

Soon Pukhtun-Yar dream became true, for which he devoted his entire struggles to reach. He got a letter from Great-Shura that stated, “Pukhtun-Yar! We are proud on making you the member of Great Shura. It’ll be an honored to have you on Saturday, 15 March…”

{Great-Shura was an organization of the world’s terrorists. The organization controlled all the acts of terrorism throughout the world. Great-Shura members were the world’s top-most terrorists. The members were considered, master minds and heroes by every common terrorist. It was the dream of every terrorist to be the member of Great-Shura. Strict and high grades were kept for becoming its part. In short, it was the last step to reach the peak in the world of terrorism.}

Pukhtun-Yar read the letter again and again. The place and code that he had to follow for reaching Great-Shura was mentioned in the letter. Only, five days were left to wait until Saturday. Great Shura was his ambition from the day since he entered the world of terrorism. He was the youngest person ever who was going to be the member of Great-Shura. Pukhtun-Yar thought that Saturday should never come but in real it did come. He was cheerful and delighted. Khan-Gul became his company as he was more experienced to any other person in the whole base. On Saturday, both of them left for the place mentioned in the letter and traveled for almost two days to reach there. When Pukhtun-Yar reached, what he saw were just mountains, and mountains. He looked around to find someone but wasn’t succeeded. He was pretty astonished to see all this.

Pukhtun-Yar asked Khan-Gul, “Is it the right place mentioned in the letter?”
Khan-Gul replied, “Yes sir! We are at the right place.”

He stayed there, and looked around time and again that suddenly he heard horse’s hooves beating the ground behind. On making the turn, he found two men riding towards them. The horses were in black and Brown colors

The riders reached and said, “Asalam-o-alakum!”

Pukhtun-Yar and Khan-Gul quickly replied, “Walakum-Asalam!”

One of the rider asked, “Please, tell me your code.”

Pukhtun-Yar told them his code. The men on the horses got gigantic personalities, and were tall, brave and strong enough.

The rider said again, “It seems really good to have you here. We have heard much but have seen you today. At Great-Shura, a name on everyone’s mouth is, PUKHTUN-YAR.”

Khan-Gul became miserable by hearing such words from the stranger’s mouth.

“No, no…” replied Pukhtun-Yar “I’m not that much special but it’s yours love that brought me here.”

Both the men were impressed by hearing, Pukhtun-Yar.

Pukhtun-Yar asked, “How far we’ll go more, to reach the Great-Shura.”

The rider replied, “You have reached, Great-Shura.”

“What?” said Pukhtun-Yar, “Here is no building and humans accept us.”
He laughed and replied, “The Mountain in front of you is Great-Shura.”

The rider told them to follow. Pukhtun-Yar and Khan-Gul went after; the rider stopped at the mountain’s front, took out an electronic device from his pocket and entered a code before pressing the button on device.

Soon Pukhtun-Yar saw that a gate (in the shape and color) of mountain’s rock opened. He remained surprised and Khan-Gul being an illiterate stood still as it was a magic for him. Truly he was impressed from the security. Four of them entered the grotto sort building. Pukhtun-Yar stood in delight and excitement by watching the building within the huge mountains. The entire building was sure-house of morals, laurels and legends that connected with the whole range of Terrorist’s idea and literature.

The initial men departed by taking Pukhtun-Yar and Khan-Gul to a particular section. Both of them sat there and had some tea. Another person came and asked when Pukhtun-Yar was about to finish with his tea, “Who is Pukhtun-Yar?”

The person was about 30 years old. He was smart, handsome and cleaned shaved.

By hearing the question, Pukhtun-Yar stood up and said, “I am Pukhtun-Yar.”

The person told, “Follow me, Chief had asked for you.”

Khan-Gul also tried to follow them but as he stood up, the person said, “Only Pukhtun-Yar is allowed.”
Pukhtun-Yar told the person, “He’s with me.”

“I know that he’s with you but isn’t allowed. Not even I am allowed there.” the person replied.

Pukhtun-Yar told Khan-Gul, “Stay here, and wait for me.”

Khan-Gul abhorrence towards him increased on feeling his value. The person took Pukhtun-Yar to the room’s door and said to go and meet the chief. The person left the place by sharing those words.

Pukhtun-Yar thought that the chief will be an old, kind and simple person like Amir-Saab but as he entered the room, he found a person of nearly sixty years sitting on a luxurious chair. As Pukhtun-Yar appeared, the chief stood up from his chair and shouted strongly, “Welcome! Welcome!”

Pukhtun-Yar went near and hugged him. As first impression is the last impression therefore Pukhtun-Yar wasn’t impressed from him at his first look. Chief got a wild and frightful appearance. Pukhtun-Yar thanked the chief for giving him the opportunity to be the member of Great-Shura

Pukhtun-Yar found many Manu scripts of various languages that were displayed. He gazed round the room; it got curtains of velvet and beautiful soft chairs. The tall-slim candles in the stands of crystal and gold were kept aside. He sat with the chief for more than half an hour. The chief informed him from tomorrow’s function in which he and other, members were going to take the oath on the rules and regulations of Great-Shura. He said good-bye to the chief and went back to the room, where he left khan-Gul. He found Khan-Gul on sleeping. He sat on a chair, took off his turban and made Khan-Gul awoke. Soon, there came another person of nearly forty-five years to the room and took both of them to
another place, where they had to stay. Pukhtun-Yar took his bath, ate food and then went to bed. He was provided with all the possible facilities in that building.

Pukhtun-Yar experienced few things since he was there. First thing he experienced that Great-Shura was a modernized organization with all the recent facilities and technology. The building of Great-Shura was so complicated that it was difficult to understand all the departments and enclosures. Second it occupied talented and qualified staff. Most of the staff members were foreigners and each of them were limited to their own work. Thirdly he noticed that every person was known by a code name. He found pure discipline, which he never noticed in his life before.

On the next day, Pukhtun-Yar got up early and offered his prayer. He wore white cloths with a turban and a black color vas-coat and was taken to the hall where the function was going to occur. Again Khan-Gul wasn’t allowed with him to enter the hall. Pukhtun-Yar went close to the door and pushed it gently. On making the entrance, he nearly saw all the terrorist’s leaders from different areas of Afghanistan. It was fine hall with a high roof. Everyone guessed that he is Pukhtun-Yar as he was striking in his dress. No one had seemed him before just heard about him. Each of them started telling one other about him. All the leaders were pleased to have him there. One by one, Pukhtun-Yar met each of them; the leaders were distinguished by different codes.

At the mean while, the chief appeared and invited Pukhtun-Yar to the stage. First he was introduction to the cabinet and then took his oath on the rules and regulations of Great-Shura. Chief announced his membership officially and informed all from tomorrow’s meeting. Pukhtun-Yar was glad to be the permanent member of
Great-Shura. All the members had their lunch together, shared some views and were back to rooms.

On second day, Pukhtun-Yar went on to attend the meeting. Strategy for the upcoming year was going to be decided in that. All the members of Great-Shura were seated around the table. No extra person was allowed accept the members.

The chief started the meeting by stating,

“We got two types of forces. Number one, the direct force, which means our physical force, while other is our reserve force, means the suicide bombers. The reserve force is the most important one. It is our identity and pride. We produce them in battalions that naturally spread death and destruction. These suicide bombers convey our horror and terror to the world.”

Chief said further, “As you know, suicide attacks have been increased according to our new war strategy due to which the ratio of reserve force is decreasing day by day. We are now in a sense to increase such ratio so that we may fight with such success.”

“We, the Great-Shura want the same plan to be maintained and increase the strength of our reserve force,” said the chief, “We are going to give you an extra duty this year. Kill those, who’re not contributing and misguide the children by telling that their families are murder by Allied-Forces. In this way, gain your sympathies and prepare them for suicide attacks. Remember, those who don’t fight are useless for us.”

“Thank you all for being here at Great-Shura this year.” Chief said at last.
The meeting was ended with chief’s address. The Plan which Shura proceed to Pukhtoon-Yar threw a dazzling light on his mind. He thought that he had heard it before from someone. At that time, he accepted and felt proud to do work on the plan which Shura granted him.

After three days stay in Great-Shura, Pukhtun-Yar returned back to his area. It was evening that he reached the base. All his men rushed towards him. He went close to his well-wishers and hugged them one by one. All were happy with his safe return and felt proud for him. Suddenly, it grew dark and a gentle shower of rain began to fall. He went to bed early as he was tired from his journey. The night was pretty cold and rain continued for long time. In dream, he saw his father. As soon as he saw him, he woke up with his long breathes. It was the first time ever Pukhtun-Yar saw his father since he was dead. Complete silence countered the whole base except few dogs, barking outside. Pukhtun-Yar seemed disturbed and didn’t sleep again for the whole night. The visit of Great-Shura left an indelible impression on his mind.

The annual plan announced by Great Shura, bumped his mentality. He wondered again and again as he had heard the plan somewhere before. In reality, no one told him before but he himself became its victim years ago as the same plan was implemented on Muslim-Abad.

Time and again, Pukhtun-Yar brainpower missed tried much to remind but came of no use. He felt uneasy; his mind was compelling to think, but he wasn’t reminding the story. The whole day he thought and just thought. Gradually, he felt that something is attached to this plan as such feeling never occurred to him before.
At night, when he went on asleep, the same dream repeated. He saw his father and the scenes that occurred at his parent’s death. He woke up and started breathing hardly.

Pukhtun-Yar came out of his room, took some water and sat to open air. Again he thought but that time the picture of similarities to his life and the plan were released by his mind. He remained still, and started shouting.

“Oh! God” Pukhtun-Yar cried loudly, “What have you done?”

“Tell me, my lord!” Pukhtoon-Yar cried again, “Why you made me so harsh and bloody?”

Pukhtun-Yar shuddered as he reminded the tragic and painful events of past. The blood in, ran so fast that it stared burning his skin. He became senseless and started firing to the open dark sky. All men at the base woke up and remained stun by watching Pukhtun-Yar, crying and shouting towards the sky as he was brave enough and never cried in front of others. At the mean while, Khan-Gul came out, took Pukhtun-Yar into his hand and moved.

Khan-Gul asked, “Why you are crying and shouting?”

Pukhtun-Yar narrated him, the whole story.

“Don’t tell this story to any other person. Just leave this place and go back to your village. I’ll company you later. And would start struggle together, against such people, inshallah.” said Khan-Gul hearing his story.

Pukhtun-Yar agreed and went to sleep again.

Khan-Gul thought that it’s the right time to trap and kill Pukhtoon-yar. He started his journey to Great-Shura on that very night. He
was caught by terrorists on reaching the mountains that were in Great-Shura’s premises because he was there without having an invitation and code-name. The terrorists took him into the main building. A staff member recognized Khan-Gul within the building as he met him before, when he was with Pukhtun-Yar.

“What are you doing here? And for what reason you are arrested?” the man asked gently.

“I am here to give important information to the chief. I was arrested as I had no code-name and invitation from Great-Shura.” Khan-Gul replied.

“Leave him,” The man ordered.

The man told Khan-Gul, “Wait here, I am going to help you out.”

He went and informed his chief. The chief called for him.

“Who are you?” the chief asked.

“Sir, My name is Khan-Gul and I belong to the area of Pukhtoon-Yar.” Khan-Gul answered.

“How you know about this place?” The chief asked.

“Sir, I came here with Pukhtun-Yar, few days back.” Khan-Gul answered.

“Ok” said the chief, “What’s special you want to say?”

Khan-Gul informed him about, all that happened to Pukhtun-Yar. He further told that it was him, who told Pukhtun-Yar not to tell his story to anyone in the base. The chief was pleased to hear Khan-Gul and thanked him.
He honored him as the leader of that area and ordered to kill Pukhtun-Yar before he misguides his followers.

Khan-Gul stayed there and went back after two days, happily. When he reached the base, Pukhtun-Yar asked, “Where were you for two days?”

“I was gone to Kabul, in your work.” Khan-Gul replied.

“In my work?” said Pukhtoon-Yar.

“I talked to a person in Kabul; He’ll take you to Tor-Kham and would help you in crossing the border legally, just after two days.” Khan-Gul replied.

Pukhtun-Yar was glad to hear all this. He hugged Khan-Gul and said thanks. He wasn’t aware that Khan-Gul was going to kill him. He reminded all such realities kept in the building that reflected the real image of Great-Shura’s mission. Pukhtun-Yar was pretty aware of the work and job generated by Great-Shura. He was pretty embarrassed on reminding the time he spent with these terrorist. He felt sorry for that struggles and steps that he took for becoming the member of Great Shura.

Pukhtun-Yar wasn’t happy anymore in that environment. He was miss-tracked and misguided. He started hating the concept and body of Great-Shura that spoiled his whole life.

He realized that much time is left to bring change. He decided to quit as soon as he could and return his village for starting a new life and struggle against terrorism.

Pukhtun-Yar was thinking all about his village that a weary limping fellow entered the base at evening. He brought a message
that Khan-Gul had been captured on his way by an opponent Group.

Pukhtun-Yar became mad on earshot about an opponent Group because he heard for the first time ever that somebody had challenged him other than Allied Forces. He accompanied the weary fellow and asked, “Show me the place, where Khan-Gul was captured.”

The fellow replied, “Sure Sir!”

When Pukhtun-Yar reached the place, there wasn’t any opponent group but it was Khan-Gul’s plan to kill him. Pukhtun-Yar was trapped and surrounded by Khan-Gul’s men.


“Hahahahahahaha…” Khan-Gull laughed.

“You would have been dead before in suicide attacks but it was Amir-Saab who saved you. Your entire childhood friend would have been dead until now in suicide attacks.” Khan-Gul told Pukhtun-Yar.

Pukhtun-Yar became angry and jumped onto Khan-Gul’s throat and said, “I was fully awoke from your in tensions but it was again Amir-Saab, who told me to keep you otherwise I would have killed you before.”

Khan-Gul rescued and his men caught Pukhtun-Yar. He ordered his men to bind him with ropes.

Having pistol Khan-Gul said, “I didn’t go to Kabul but I went to Great-Shura. I am now the leader and member of Great-Shura.”
“Look into my eyes and shoot, you coward!” Pukhtun-Yar shouted.

“Shoot coward, shoot!” Pukhtun-Yar shouted again.

The shouts went like bullets into Khan-Gul’s mind and fired Pukhtun-Yar.

As Khan-Gul fired, he heard the sounds of firing in response too. As he looked aside it were US-Soldiers passing through the same area. Both the troops started cross-firing. Soon all the terrorist along with Khan-Gul were shoot down.

It was John-Peterson, who was leading the US-troops. He rushed towards a man, whose hands were tied up and was still alive. He found that it was Pukhtoon-Yar, who was injured badly. He put him into his hands and took him to the US-Base.

Pukhtun-Yar was surprised on having John-Peterson in US-Army uniform, standing near to him. He was informed that John-Peterson wasn’t a journalist but the commander of US-Army. Peterson admitted him in the Base-hospital. He was given medical aid but it was too late, he was already in the jaws of death.

He looked at John-Peterson, with his brown friendly eyes and cried, “Please forgive me my friend. No one but an effective can understand such feelings.”

John-Peterson said, “Don’t worry, you’ll be alright.”

His sight stopped on the small US-Flag that was on Peterson’s shoulder. He cried and cried, realizing what he did against US-Forces and now... He forgot the bloodshed and hatred that he always kept for them. The line that he thought,” the enemy of innocence was really the friend of innocence.”
John-Peterson hugged him and said, “Don’t cry, everything will be fine.”

“Promise me, my friend!” said Pukhtun-Yar, “I have no time. Please Burry me in my village, Muslim-Abad at Bajaur-Agency, Pakistan.”

They were the last words of Pukhtoon-Yar. He remained quit for ever.

“Come on, please release talk with me,” said John-Peterson.

Pukhtun-Yar remained silent and didn’t utter a single word even.

John-Peterson having tears in his eyes replied at last, “Of course! I will”

This was Pukhtun-Yar and this was his story.

CONCLUSION:

This book gives a vivid picture of the custom, convention and traditions of world terrorist. They are not opponent to a concern religion, race or country but are the enemies of whole humanity. In it, are kept such realities that reflect a terrorist duty. The modes and manners, the religions and relics also the arts and theories of such men are explained.

This book aims at nothing less than the success of mankind. It doesn’t aim at the progress of an individual but vibrates the tone of peace, for the whole humanity.
More and more people are joining the ranks of terrorist. Some fight for religion while other save culture but the fact is, no one amongst them has read any book on religion nor anything to do with culture. They want devastation and destruction on this world of ours and are at war with the whole world.

No body yet knows from where these terrorist evaporated and where they live? We should all first unite to find an answer to this question. Now days we are tough quite aware, terrorists are not moved anymore by any religious consideration, but we still need much awareness in the disturb portions.

Last but not least, such activities should be banned through out the world. Legislation must be enacted to put an end to this profession of terrorism that misguides the young generation. We should do such efforts to drive them away and live in peace for ever.

We should not exchange bullets but also have to focus on facilitation, awareness and education. We need to train youths in technological way of life and an understanding of its input on the humanities. Education must be constantly adaptable to new conditions, needs and discoveries.

All the nations should feel now that we all belong to one great family, the human race. Lets we all take an oath that we’ll struggle for truth and humanity.