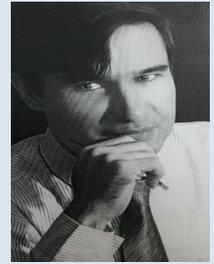


Only Three Minutes



By: *Hassan
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📖 **Sample English text is available.**



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About the Book:

The president of the company was angry as usual. That day, he even refused to respond to his secretary's greeting. He asked the secretary to call his lawyer. Talking to his lawyer, he angrily instructed him to produce a list of his late father's belongings just passed away. The lawyer had already procured a long list of the properties and belongings inherited. On the phone, he started to read from the list. But the president shouted, "Enough. God damn it. Who is going to pay for the fucking high phone bill? I am going to make you pay." The present book includes forty very short stories, each of which addresses one of the social predicaments and concepts. The writer strives to pay attention to social normal conditions and anomalies existing in the society and daily life with implications and without directly giving the reader a piece of advice. Keeping in mind the time and patience of the machine-age people he has chosen to use the minimal short story style in his work and has succeeded in doing so. As time is a most important factor in this era. Time has been converted into a significant parameter in the business world and in life. Therefore the public is usually are involved in losing time, particularly those who don't know how to manage their time. That is where we should attach value and significance to other people's time; by uttering short and to the point words. (By talking in a

concise form rather than in a lengthy one). That is why people have more inclination and tendency toward reading short stories which are social, as they pay attention to social incidents which we witness around us.

The book titled "Only Three Minutes" describes adventures experienced by the writer or the ones he has personally witnessed. The circumstantial incidents are occasionally so attractive and appealing that their value surfaces only after they are written down. Such values will surface and gain significance only when they imply a piece of advice for people's lives, as well as by reminding them of the priorities of life and what should be attached greater significance. They remind the readers of what they really want to achieve. Actually, the main objective of minimalist writers of today is to remind the reader of an important issue which is what today the society needs. "Only three Minutes" is such a book that implies the message that the writer tries to transfer to the reader through the narration of the very short stories. In it, a thought and an idea have been concealed behind the story. Although each story only takes three minutes to read, once it is finished the reader will be engaged in thinking about it for hours.

Sample Pages:

Thoughtful and Thoughtless

Mister Geppetto called, “Where are you, Pinocchio?”

Pinocchio entered the room as he read a poem, "I'm nice Pinocchio, made of boards, nails, and wood..."

Mister Geppetto said, “Stop. What can I do to make you a thoughtful boy?”

Pinocchio answered, “The fox says what I can do to not make you a thoughtful boy?”

Mister Geppetto said, “He says it in his favor. Let’s send you to the Fairy’s school to become thoughtful, my son. All right?”

Pinocchio asked, “Which one is better, to be thoughtful or to remain thoughtless?”

Mister Geppetto said, “Well, it's clear that being thoughtful is better. In the thoughtful world you

obtain many things, but in the thoughtless world you lose many things, my son.”

Meysam snatched the book and said, “Enough! I do not want you to read anymore. Dad, are you thoughtful or thoughtless?”

I was shocked by Meysam's question. After a little pause, I said, "Go and ask your Mom if Dad is thoughtful or thoughtless."

Hearing me and Meysam, Elham came out of the kitchen with a ladle in her hand. She stood up and said, “It is written in this book that you lose many things in the thoughtless world, right?”

I said, “Yes, that’s right.”

Elham frowned and continued, “I moaned no to participate with Habib and you will be broke! But you participated and lost ٧٠ million. I kept saying Davood is dishonest, but you did not listen to me and went to Turkey with him for trading. Finally, you lost ٥٠ million. I told you not to underwrite for Mozaffar, but you did it. He did not pay the installments and now every month they are deducted from your salary. You've lost three million so far. I told you...”

I lost my temper, got up and shouted, "All right! It's turned out that I'm thoughtless. Are you satisfied now?"

How Cool It Is to Be Rich!

What a big company! So many employees! Wow! How cool it is to order so many employees. Let me count: Two hundred twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, ..., I am a rich manager. How cool it is to be rich! Anyway, I should be careful that I'm having a meeting with Deputy of General Motors. At night, I have to go to lecture for thousands of Microsoft employees. Next to Bill Gates! Oh, no! What can I do with this? The head of the IBM Company is scheduled to be in my office for two more hours. Oh my god! How wacky I am! But Sir Alex Ferguson was very excited when I accepted the offer to buy Manchester United. I need to think about Porsche's shares too. I was supposed to buy thirty percent of them. How cool it is to be rich! What if it will be ok! Uh ... I forgot to go to the RTL studio in Germany for the interview! Damn my program manager! I don't know what the hell he is doing! Everything is messed up! Tomorrow I will cancel all my programs and go to see Morgan Freeman! And then Jennifer Lopez! They asked me to go and see them! I'll have a lot of reporters come to take pictures. Look in the desk drawer! A thousand letters and a written request from the best companies in the world! Wow! Google, Hathaway, IKEA! I love IKEA furniture. How cool it is to be rich! I got chubby Amir to buy the furniture from this company from my villas

in Barcelona. It is a cool brand! Jennifer Lopez is coming to me. I was supposed to go to her. Uh, it's bad! Jennifer, why are you pulling my ear?

- Wake up, kid! It's noon! Wake up, my darling! Don't you have classes? When you sleep till noon, obviously you become rich in your dream, wooden head!

Slap on the Neck

My mother went on a pilgrimage trip to Qom with the neighborhood caravan. I stayed with my dad. Near the evening, my father returned from the office and still did not get his jacket when he slapped on my neck softly, and said, “You’ll never be a man!”

A asked, “Why?”

My dad took off his coat and said, “Because you do not go to buy bread, instead of watching the movie!”

His words were a burned on me. So I ran down the street immediately and bought a pack of bread and came back home. When I wanted to sit on the couch, I have slapped on the neck again! How painful!

I asked, “Haven't I become a man?”

My father sat on the couch instead of me and said, “No, because you can’t make Omelette with ۳ eggs for dinner!”

Again his words were a burned on me. I ran to the kitchen and made Omelet hardly. Then I set the table for dinner. While eating dinner, I didn’t still put the third morsel in my mouth when I was slapped on my neck for the third time! It was more painful than the

previous one. I asked angrily, "Haven't I still become a man?"

My father swallowed the morsel and said, "No because you didn't put some water on the table! Get up and bring water."

He was right. After dinner, just during the TV series, the fourth slap on the neck!

I yelled, "What else do you say? Haven't I still become a man?"

My father said, "No, because a man does not yell at his father! But he goes and makes his dad's bed for sleep. Now, get up! Come on!"

I got up and made his bed. After a few minutes, he fell asleep. I got rid of his slaps. My father went to work early in the morning without getting to know me.

At about 4:00 PM, my mother returned from Qom. I told her about the slaps on the neck. My mother laughed and said, "Do you think that if he doesn't slap on your neck, who he can slap?"

What a put-down! I wondered who else he can slap on the neck! His father!? No way! His mother!? How would it be! My mother!? He doesn't dare! His coworker!? I don't think so. His friends!? It's not possible. My uncles!? No way! My aunts!? No!

Finally, I came to the conclusion that the best option on my father's desk is me.

Iranian Goods

- Well, What a surprise that the house isn't crowded.
No one's here!

- Yeah, old man! The children all have gone shopping.

- Why didn't they take you?

- What are you saying? The children are grown up now. They can take care of themselves. It seems like you're absent-minded! Soon they will have good jobs and be doctor and engineer.

- All right! Doctor and engineer! It's like they're the only ones! Take a cup of tea for me. I'm exhausted. I haven't made any profit since the morning. Soon I'll close the shop and come and stay at home with you. Change to channel one. I want to see the news. It's been a couple of weeks that they say buy domestic goods to boom the economy.

- Is it bad, old man?

- No. Who said it's bad? Did you tell the children?

- What?

- To buy Iranian goods and not pursue foreign brands.

- No, I didn't tell them. Let them be comfortable, old man!

- Stop calling me old man!

- Ok, sir!

- I know when they go shopping, they spend a lot! They don't think about saving money. They're always looking for expensive goods, foreign goods, brands!

- Let them be comfortable. They're just kids! They're not like you, old man!

- Oh my god! You doddering old woman! Get up and call Keyvan and tell him to buy Iranian goods. He's elder and understands these. But Kuroosh and Kaveh and Katty don't understand!

- You call! I have a sore throat. My voice's hoarse.

- Idiot!

- Did you say something?

- Thank god, now you're dead. Take my cell phone in my coat, I'll tell Keyvan.

- Where is your coat?

- Ok! You're blind too! There it is. Can't you see it? I hung it on the chair. Be careful not to wrinkle it! You saw I bought it in Paris. It's the best material!

Sweet Inheritance

He was down like before, just like a few days ago. He didn't even answer his secretary's hello. He entered the room and shouted, "Call Ezzati!"

The secretary abruptly entered the room and asked, "Which Ezzati, sir?"

He lied in the leather chair and said, "How confusing you are, madam! I mean Ezzati the lawyer."

The secretary ran out and called Ezzati instantly. She connected the phone to the boss.

- Hello, Ezzati!

- Hello sir. How are you?

- I don't want your greeting! Where is the hell you?

- I'm always available, sir.

- You call yourself our family lawyer? You just work for others!

- I'm in your service now. Tell me what's the matter?

- Was it not supposed to bring Haji's inheritance list to me? Movable and immovable!

- Yes, sir. I arranged all of them last night. I'll bring the documents too. I also took the bank account print

of the deceased. God bless him. He left everything for you and passed away. You became rich overnight, sir. Congregations!

- Don't say bullshit. There is nothing left from the inheritance, right?

- No, sir. The factory on Karaj Road, sixty percent of holding the company, six shops in Bazar with their security deposits...

«Three Minutes Later»

- Grandfather's garden, sixty hectares of crude land, twenty-story commercial-administrative tower, three dilapidated buildings in Niavaran...

«Five Minutes Later»

- Two shops in Rasht, three shops in the Isfahan Bazar, twelve commercial units in Elyasi mall...

«Ten Minutes Later»

- Sixty-five shops in the traditional market of Barcelona, eight hundred meter office in Vancouver, commercial beach tower in Izmir, forty percent of shares of ten hotels in Sheikh Fouad...

He shouted, "Stop, damn! How much you blabber! You talked for ۲۰ minutes. Phone bill charge will be

expensive! If you came here, I'll make you fork out its charge! Jackass!

Nasty Quarrel

- Where have you been? I'm starving!
- I had gone to my dad's house awhile.
- My dad's house, my dad's house!
- Why are you always nagging? The more you get older, the more you become nasty!
- What? Nasty? You and your dad are nasty!
- What? My dad what? Tell me if you dare!
- Stop it! You're two hundred years old and still, you're hanging his parents.
- Hanging?
- Yeah, hanging! You hang out at his house six days a week! As if you're eighteen years old!
- I do right! I go to his house whenever I want! Do you think I leave my decrepit dad?
- Decrepit! Come on! He's two hundred years old and it's not as if he's become flimsy! He goes hiking! He rides a bike! He's shameless! And you call him decrepit! Phooey!
- I go to his house whenever I want! None of your business!

- Go to hell! At least don't overstay at our son's houses! Let them live their lives. Don't pick on them! What can you say about this?

- How much you pick on me! Are you saying that I do nothing so that the daughters-in-law do what the hell they want? No! I'm not a slob like you! I'm a mother! Can you understand it?

- God reclaims first you, then your father and next to the sons!

- God reclaims us and makes you a right human!

- Shame on you! Swear to god, I'll make you feel sorry.

- Sorry? I'll feel happy! You do not need to do anything. I go and bring rat poison for you to relieve yourself.

- Oh my God! She's blowing me up!

- Go... go and relieve yourself.

- I don't suicide, but I make you regret so much.

- No way! Like what?

- I get married! I'm still alive!

Thank God!

First Day: Early in the morning, he swept from the third alley to the sixty-fourth alley. When he finished, he turned to the sky and said, "Thank God."

Second Day: at the corner of the eighteenth alley, he found a nylon bag full of traveler's cheques and money. So far, he hadn't dreamt all this money. He instantly put his sweat on his shoulder and ran towards the foreman's room. He handed the nylon bag to his foreman and boss. An ID card was in the nylon bag. He prayed that owner will be found sooner. When he came out of his boss's room, he turned to the sky and said, "Thank God."

Third Day: He stopped working before others and went to Mr. Asqhar's home appliances shop. He paid the twentieth installment of his refrigerator and took a new vacuum cleaner. He put the vacuum cleaner box on his shoulder and went home. "Roghayyeh" was very happy. When he saw his wife's smile, he whispered, "Thank God."

Fourth Day: He cleaned three more alleys. Somebody brought him tea from the twelfth alley. He sat under a tree and turned to the sky and said, "Thank God."

Fifth Day: He got leave from the municipality. He carried his mother on his back to the hospital. Dr. Atefi had said that he needed to visit her. When he

heard some good news from the doctor, he turned to the sky and said, "Thank God."

Sixth Day: When he returned home from work, he got down to his son's wheelchair. He promised a couple of times to repair it. But he didn't have the time. He fixed it this time. This when his son screamed joyfully, he turned to the sky and said, "Thank God."

He went to work on Friday. Compulsory overtime! When his boss said, "You're going to get a good reward," he turned to the sky and said, "Thank God."

I'm Not Blind

The nurse came out of the room, looked at Majid and said, "Take your dad out to change his mood."

Majid said, "Not dad. He's my grandpa."

The nurse twisted her lips and said, "All right! Your grandpa! Take him out. The air here is not good for him."

Majid came forward and said, "I'm afraid we'll miss our turn."

The nurse said, "It takes too long! There are twenty patients before you."

Majid put the medical case under his arm and came near grandpa. Grandpa's waist was so bent that it easily reached his knees. Majid bent down and told grandpa, "Let's go out. It takes too long for our turn."

Grandpa did not say anything Majid, with his right hand, grasped the grandpa's arm and took him out of the chair. He took out grandpa among the compact crowd. Every three grandpa's steps equaled one step of Majid. They passed the corridor corners. In the fifth corner, Majid said, "Grandpa, your head is all down, so can you see a yellow line on the ground?"

Grandpa said with a little pause, “My waist isn’t upright, but I’m not blind! I see the color.”

Majid said with a laugh, “I’m in your service. Where this yellow line ends, we get to the yard.”

They passed the seventh corridor and turned to an open area. Across the area, there was a large hill and several rows of shrubs appeared on the slope. At the highest part of the hill, the Majid Tower also stood up. Majid brought grandfather to the side of the sidetrack curbs. When grandpa caught sight of the road asphalt, he said, “Why are you going to the street?”

Majid lifted his head and stared at Milad Tower. He whispered, “Wow! Wonderful! It seems like it’s piercing the sky!”

Then he said with the same astonishment, “Grandpa, look at the Milad Tower! No matter how you lift your head, you cannot see its top!”

Grandpa, as staring to the road, squeezed Majid’s hand and said, “My waist isn’t upright, but I’m not blind. I can see its shadow.”

Buying from Flower Fair

Arash and Sorayya turned around for two hours at the Flower Fair, from this booth to the next booth, from this corridor to the next corridor. Arash bought two apartment flower shrubs. In front of the ١٢th booth, an idea came to his mind, an idea that was unlikely to come to Sorayya's mind. The tall booth owner told Arash, "Not to brag, but our flowers are special. It's perfect for lovers. For whom ..."

Arash interrupted him, "I know, I know. That's why I came to your booth. I want one bunch of flowers... there it is! Bundle a fresh banquet of these beautiful roses. Thanks."

Sorayya pressed Arash's little finger quietly and said, "Who do you want it for?"

Arash smiled and said, "For one who I love so much."

Sorayya bit the corner of her lower lip. The booth owner bundled the banquet for three minutes and gave it to Arash. Arash glanced at the banquet for a few seconds. Sorayya grinned from ear to ear. The booth owner stood by. Arash handed over the banquet to Sorayya and said, "Is it possible to come to a flower fair and not to buy flowers for your love? Is it? Tell me! Is it possible? Here you are. To my dearest wife!"

Soryaya's knees weakened for a moment! The booth owner started laughing, Sorayya laughed as well. But Arash guffawed.

When they returned from the fair, Arash put apartment flower shrubs in a corner of the balcony and ordered Soryaya to water them once in a while. He also said that if they are not well cared for, they will dry immediately.

Three days after visiting fair, in the evening, Arash came back home from the office. He just remembered that they had two flowers on the balcony and it's been a couple of days since he's not visited them. He ran to the balcony abruptly. But it was washed up! The flowers were faded and the stems were bent. The petals of the flowers had been burned like a paper or would fall with a blow.

Arash ran angrily toward the kitchen and shouted, "Sorayya, didn't I tell you to care for the flowers on the balcony?"

Sorayya washed her hands under the tap calmly and sprayed a few drops on the crumpled roses. Arash was speechless. Sorayya wiped the roses' pot with a moist napkin and stared at them. Arash again shouted, "Answer me!"

Sorayya smiled and said, “Wow Arash, how much these flowers that you have bought for me are beautiful! Thank you. I love you!”

Thread and Needle

«On the Way»

- Oh, Ensi, my pants!
- Oh, no! I told you to have me sew it. But you didn't!
- Let's go back.
- What? Are you crazy? Now that we get there? We're near Effat's house.
- Oh my god!
- It's ok. Sit tightly not to make us ashamed. You know Effat's husband. He's always looking for a topic to make fun! I'll get thread and needle from Effat and fix it.
- I wish I was dead to get rid of you!
- Oh, it looks like I have to pay you for what I did!

«In the Corridor of Effat's House»

- Hey you!
- What happened again?
- Look, my thumb is out of my sock. What can I do?
- Oh my God! After a while, I wanted to come to my sister's house! Can you see for God's sake? His

clothes are all ripped! His gusset is torn! There is a hole in his sock!

- That's because you don't care about me!

- So what can I do now? Huh? We're at their house now! Bend your feet and try not to make us ashamed and embarrassed! I'll get one pair of socks from Effat. Just zip your mouth! Stop nagging!

- Ok! I'll zip my mouth! But what about my pants' zip?! I just saw it! It doesn't come up!

- Oh Gosh! You're killing me! Is it wrong too?

- Yeah! That's because you hurried up. Do you call yourself a wife?

«In the Party»

- Try to sit tight, man!

- Shush! What's up now? I sat tightly!

- I'm afraid your gusset...

- Do not be afraid. I'm careful. I bent my legs.

- Well, that's fine.

- Was it not supposed to get thread and needle from Effat?

- Be quiet! I'm ashamed. She'll taunt me a lot!

- O Gosh!

- Shush! We'll go home in half an hour. I have many things to do. I should prepare Amir Hussein's clothes. He'll have university classes tomorrow morning.

- Yes! It's always Amir Hussein! It doesn't seem like you have a poor husband, Ms. Ensi!

My Share

So far I've never beaten on someone's chest so much firmly. I was also surprised. But I'm like this. When I get angry, I lose my temper. I said one hundred bad words and he just said one! Mitra also said a few things but didn't hear any response. I hated his silence. I beat him firmer and shouted, "You call yourself a dad! Is this my share?"

Mitra sat on the couch and knocked her head with two hands, once, twice, three times! And then she said the permanent repetitive words, "Gosh! What can I do with this idiot old man and an old woman? What a fate! Why should I be their sister-in-law? And I have a jackass husband, too!"

Mitra's groans got on my nerves more. I pressed my father's throat tighter than before. I think if my mother didn't put herself in the middle, I had already killed him. My mother adhered to my father and slapped herself in the face and said, "O God, kill me! See what the hell this unthankful son did to this old man!"

Mitra shouted, "This old bitch interfered again!"

I raised my hand to... Dad put his hand on his heart. His knees were bent and he fell on the floor. His head became loosened. My mother hugged him tightly. I

still had a headache. My hands were shaking. Maybe if I had slapped him, he would have stopped shaking. Suddenly my mother started screaming. My father's body became lifeless and he didn't breathe. Mitra said this time with a loud voice, "He again played innocent! Damn you old man!"

My father died in my mother's arms. I still can't believe. My mother died three nights later. A month after the death of my father and mother, I was separated from Mitra.

Mama Mahin's Heart

Mama Mahin folded the tablecloth. She slowly pulled herself up. I moved a little so that she could fit. She picked up the remote control and turned it down to the lowest! I guessed she wanted to lecture again! I straightened my waist along the pillow. I knew if I lied down like dad or squeezed the pillow under my arm, she would lose her temper. I stared at the corner of the room where my late father's library was located. Good old days! My dad was into studying so much. It's strange that I'm not even a bit like him. Mama Mahin turned to me and said, "Again you eat a little! Like your breakfast! What's the matter with you, son? Smile!"

I put myself together and said, "I don't know why I feel blue when Susan is bad-tempered. She doesn't answer my calls. We are engaged together! When everything is messed up, I feel blue, I feel lonely. When it's cloudy, it's worse! When God huffs me, it's worse!"

Mama Mahin said, "Why do you blaspheme? Watch your mouth!"

This time I said seriously, "It's not blasphemed, Mom! When someone ignores you when you have many failures happen to you and there is no one who you can open up to, so I feel blue!"

Mama Mahin lost her temper, “Stop it! I feel blue! I feel blue! You’re driving me crazy! What would you have done, if you were me?”

If I was her? What does it mean? I said louder, “It seems like you can’t understand what I’m saying, Mom! Do you know what feeling blue is?”

Mama Mahin stared at the spot where I had looked before. When I gazed at his eyes, I saw tiny teardrops that were on the lower edge of her eyelids. I felt terrible, kind of guilty. Mama Mahin sniffed and dried a couple of teardrops on her face with her wrinkled hand. Again I felt blue. Mama Mahin bent down and sorted down the plates. But she was whispering something, “What would you have done if you were me? When your dad passed away, I became lonely. I thought I have a son who would visit me repeatedly and care about me. I didn't know you wouldn't visit me even once a month! And when you come here to see me, you keep saying that you feel blue! You're not me to understand I have feelings too, I have a heart too, I feel blue too!”

Cooperation

Early in the morning, I came along the road. A lot of people involved with taxis and cars. I went ahead, to a less crowded place. I raised my hand a few times. Each driver did whatever he wanted. I was pestered. Time passed quickly. It was near to plead pickups!

A few minutes later, the situation changed completely! A S^o Benz, which I think is worth equal to several years salaries of me and my family, broken in front of me. I was shocked. I guessed he wants to ask the address. I leaned my head forward. The window came down. The handsome driver gazed at my surprised eyes and said, "Get on, sir!"

I mumbled, "I'm waiting for a taxi."

The driver said, "Don't linger, sir! I've blocked the way."

I jumped into the car. What a world! It was as if I rolled up in a feather barrel! Soft! I couldn't help it. I lied down unconsciously and went high. On the other hand, my mind was involved with this exciting sudden welcome. In a few minutes we got out traffic and we got down to the highway. How fast! Oh my God! I was speechless! When the driver noticed my astonishment, he started talking, "I'm not a taxi driver.

I was alone and thought it's good to have a companion. I'm going to Karaj. What about you?"

My speechlessness was eliminated. The man continued, "I'm tired of being rich. It's all trouble. It's been a week since I came from Germany. Maybe I'll go back there. I have so much money that I do not know where to spend it.

My speechlessness was getting worse. The driver talked constantly, "I can identify people's personalities. You look like a good person. I am willing to give you a lot of money and establish a company for you to help you in living and you help the unemployed! How is it?"

I became speechless more than before. The man smiled and said, "I know you're shocked a lot. Do not forget to give me your phone number when you arrive at your destination, I'll give you mine.

With the sensation I had not experienced before, I said, "Yes, sir."

The driver started again talking about his assets and the charities he had done before. He also asked me to be his representative in Iran and hire him, with a very high salary! I became glad so much. We arrived at the beginning of Karaj Special road. I was a few steps away from my office. I promised the rich man to cooperate with him and said goodbye. I got out of the

car and lifted my hand to the sky and shouted, “Thank God!”

I arranged my suit. I just realized that I forgot to give phone numbers to each other and set up a meeting.

I shouted toward the sky, “Oh God!”

Mom and Brothers

Mom was lied down on the mattress. Ahmad put a floral pillow under her head. Mahmoud said, "Mom and Dad always used this pillow."

Morad laughed. Mohammad said, "Mom was Dad's love."

Mustafa pulled the blanket up to Mom's chest, and said, "Poor Mom! Look how she has been trifled by her daughters-in-law! From this house to that house! Thank God that none of them are here right now! We can comfortably be with our mother!

Ahmad said, "We are not united. If we were united, our wives would not dare to annoy her!"

Mahmoud put the spoon in Mom's mouth and said, "I love her."

Mustafa stood up and said, "You're all jackass! One worse than another! I thought I have four elder brothers who give their lives for Mom!"

Morad grasped to Mustafa's shirt like wrestlers and said, "Don't say bullshit! You're the worst. It's your entire wife's fault!"

Mahmoud turned to Mustafa and said, "Since you got married, the daughters-in-law have fought on taking care of Mom!"

Ahmad was the third one who browbeat and said, "Damn Mustafa's wife, Mahmoud's wife, Morad's wife, Mohammed's wide!"

Mohammad shouted, "Why don't you refer to your own wife, buster?"

In two minutes, five brothers were at each other's throats! The first one grasped the third one's shirt, the fifth one grasped the second one's shirt, and the fourth one pushed the others. The grandchildren sat down and watched. The conflict increased, and Mustafa insulted repeatedly. Ahmad shouted, "God knows that I would bring a knife and kill you and myself!"

All twelve elder and younger grandchildren gathered around Grandma and put some food in her mouth in turn.

Lame and Disabled

It's been a couple of days since he had come to our office. We weren't friends. But I felt pity for him. I feel pity for people with canes or people who aren't able to bend in the prayer and have to pray in the chair. This is my feature. I struggle and think with myself that what if I will be lame and disabled someday! I can't tolerate it! If any limb is impaired, I will kill myself! What idle words! God knows when I wanted to get away from this nonsense! Sometimes I do not really appreciate my health.

It's been a few minutes that prayers after Adhan¹ were broadcasting. When I entered the chapel, I saw that Moradpour was sitting on the prayer chair, just like yesterday that he was drowned in praying. If anyone who didn't know him saw him might think that the prophet's son is praying in the chapel! Oh my God! How Mystic! I lied down. My body loosened gradually and fell asleep. On the other hand, my eyes were staring at Moradpour praying. I decided to learn how to pray sitting down in the chair so that if I became disabled I knew the way!

¹. is the Islamic call to worship, recited by the *muezzin* at prescribed times of the day

When Moradpour finished his prayer, I asked him, “Do you have knee pain or back pain?”

Moradpour tuned to me and said, "God bless you the health to always pray to stand. I have knee pain and back pain. I'm lame and disabled.”

While I wanted to ask Moradpour the next question, the manager arrived and browbeat Moradpour, “Weren't you supposed to hand over the letter to the deputy? Didn't I tell you it's urgent?”

Moradpour stood up and said, “Ok, sir! Ok!”

Then with no hesitation, he jumped out and put on his shoes and flashed up the stairs. The sound of his running could be heard. I kind of felt blue and I never felt pity for him anymore.

Labor Money

The first day, from the back of the glass, he gazed at the entire goods that were accumulated over. What is going on here? Crowded and messy! He came a little forward, bent his head and stared like an eagle into Samad's eyes. Samad was a grocer. He pretended to be miserable and stretched out his dirty hand. He brought down the palm of his hand. Samad frowned and asked, "Do you want money?"

He nodded his head. Samad said, "Come in."

As soon as he put the first step in, Samad immediately gave a broom to his hand and said, "Start!"

He got stuck! He was busy with a broom for an hour and cleaned the shop wanted or unwanted. Before leaving, Samad put a five-thousand-dollar bill in his pocket and said, "I pay money for labor, not for begging!"

The next morning, he showed up again. This time, on Samad's order, he cleaned the shop's windows and took twenty or thirty cans to the basement. Before leaving, Samad put fifteen thousand Tomans in his pocket. The third and fourth days passed the same way. On the eighth day, he went to the bank to cash Samad's cheque.

His fixed wage became twenty thousand Tomans a day. On the eleventh day, he handled a couple of Samad's customers and his kind of started talking.

In the fourth week, he sat several times behind the counter and displaced a lot of money. His fixed wage became thirty thousand Tomans a day.

In the third month, Samad went to travel and gave him the shop handling.

His fixed wage became forty thousand Tomans a day. In the fifth month, Samad sat down at home and he worked.

In the first year, with the help of Samad, he set up a grocery store around there.

The Wrong Guest

A wrong guest entered her room and stood up in a corner. Wring? Is it possible that someone puts his head down and enters the Minster's room? It is impossible. But now that is possible. So what the hell does the careless secretary do?

The secretary bent over her head and said stealthily, "Who told you to go inside, kid? Get out!"

A rough voice shook him, "Now that you came, you have to answer my questions!"

Like his previous job as an interrogator, he began to question and answer:

- Nam?
- Ali.
- Age?
- Seven.
- Job?
- Chewing gum.
- Chewing gum vendor?
- Yep. Buy two.
- Father's job?

- Chewing gum.
- Mother's job?
- Chewing gum.
- Brother? Sister?
- Chewing gum.
- Wow! Chewing gum!

He got up, went to the window and stared at intertwined streets and crossroads. He locked his arms on his chest and deeply sighed. After some random movements of his eyes, he stared at street peddlers and whispered to himself, "Old days! Selling chewing gums!"

Tick Tock

Midnight

Right and left, marching, tick tock

Right and left, marching, tick tock

Waiting

Anxiety

Bad thought

Good thought

The nurse frowned, "Sit down, sir! Don't walk!"

Silence

Smile

Right and left, marching, tick tock

Right and left, marching, tick tock

Damn clock hand!

The nurse said with a smile, "Congratulations, sir! It was born."

Tear

Crying

Smile

He asked, "How is it? Healthy?"

The nurse said, "Fine, healthy, pretty."

Laugh

Happiness

Waiting

The nurse said sadly, "If you want to know how the mother is, she's not bad!"

Decision

In the second year of their married life, her disagreement with Mohammad Reza became more intense, because of some pointless excuses! According to Seyyed Naneh, “Well, in the early days of married life, everyone is like this. They’re young and proud. It’ll be okay gradually.”

But she took his decision, and in the end, she was separated from Mohammad Reza. Two years later he married Ramin Zangi. At first, he was happy with Ramin. But after six years, Ramin's addiction ruined her life and then divorce!

The next year she decided again. She married Morad Cat Eyes who was known as a bandit! It didn’t take three years when she was divorced from Morad Cat Eyes. One year after the separation from Morad, she married to Shahrooz. Shahrooz had two other wives. Eight years of struggling with Shahrooz's wives put her in trouble. She stayed in the streets and in a blink of the eye she ended up in the nowhere!

There was no other way left for her, except a new decision! In a cold autumn day, a well-dressed man named Eskandar, known as “Eskenasi”, picked her and her children from the streets settle them down. Ten years later, Eskandar was imprisoned for bribery, fraud, and forgery for a long time!

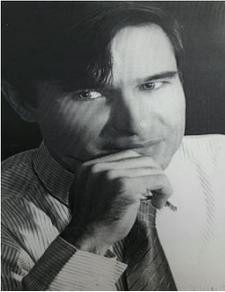
Years were passing, and her children grew more and more, Ramin Zangi's children, Morad Cat Eyes' children, Shahrooz's children and Eskandar's children.

At age forty-seven, she made another decision and got married to Ghareh Khan who was ٨٧ years old. Ghareh Khan died a year after his marriage, and he just inherited her just a remote garden in Firoozabad Sofla, which was not worth a penny with a pool and twenty-thirty dry trees!

A week after the funeral of stingy Ghareh Khan, when stepping down the courtyard, she sat in a corner. She drew her Chador^١ on her wrinkled face, she said weeping, "Where are you, Mohammad Reza?"

^١ . is an outer garment or open cloak worn by some women in Iran and some other countries under the Persianate cultural sphere as well as predominantly Shia areas in public spaces or outdoors.

About the Author:



Hassan Imani is a writer; social critic and expert in business in Iran who strives to express his experiences circumstantial not only in his office and job but also social life in the form of short stories and inform the audience not only domestically but globally. His background in writing includes writing articles and critics in the prestigious Iranian newspapers. His first book was titled "War and Love", ۲۰۰۳, welcomed by Iranian audience. His style is writing minimal stories and short stories. He has also experienced writing a long novel. Some of his books are in the field of business management, being his own field of expertise.

-His other titles are as follows:

- War and love, ۲۰۰۳,

-Puzzle, ۲۰۱۷,

-Determination and battle, under publishing, --

Management Clinic, under publishing, Clinic of Capabilities, under publishing

Hassan Imani now lives in Tehran with his family. Not only he holds diversified seminars to teach business, but also he is busy writing new books in which he is interested.