



ZHALEHIRANTWO LITTLE GIRLS

Long long ago there were two little girls, who were living in Esfahan. (Esfahan is one of the central cities of Iran).

Everyday before sunrise they had to wear their small "chadors" - (veils) covering their bodies and hair for praying to God. In the Moslem religion it is called "Namaz". The two little girls often forgot the Arabic words which were not their own language. They were looking at each other from their Namaz and beginning to laugh and laugh. They didn't know that this is forbidden as sin.

Once, they decided to stand on two small tables beside each other for reading Namaz, and as they looked at each other, they began to laugh and laugh until they both fell down on the floor and, ofcourse, they were punished for it.

After praying and having breakfast, the little girls were wearing their clean and nicely ironed uniforms, tying their thick black hair with different coloured ribbons and were going to school escorted by their manservant, who was very tall and serious.

At the school before praying, the two girls should have stood among their classmates for prayer just as Christians do - closing their eyes and saying "Our father who lives in Heaven.....". This prayer was in Persian in their own language. While all the children and their teacher were closing their eyes, the two little girls were looking at each other and they began to laugh and laugh until

their angry teacher punished them. They had to stand in the corner of class for a long time.

I must tell you that despite this, the teacher loved these two naughty little ones.

After a short break I'll tell you why?

And now we are going to meet our two little girls again. Ofcourse, you know that children are often laughing and weeping without any deep emotion and they will soon forget their tears and smiles. But sometimes there are some sad or happy events which really capture the heart and mind of a child and these will never be forgotten by him until the end of his life.

One morning the two little girls were going to school escorted by their servant. It was a very cold winter and the ground was covered with white bright snow and the sun was shining also. It was a very beautiful scene, like a mixture of gold and diamonds.

As the two little girls were going they suddenly saw a very small girl standing in the snow and she was weeping bitterly.

The two little girls became very worried and asked her what the matter was. She answered "Oh, I have lost my shoes. They were very big for me and the snow is very thick you know. I searched for them but I couldn't find them. The shoes are not mine. I haven't got any shoes, they belonged to my elder brother who is ill now. The shoes were very old with lots of holes in them, but now my brother also hasn't any shoes. I had to go shopping and so I borrowed his shoes

and now I've lost them. What should I do? He'll kill me for this. Oh, ho, ho". The small girl continued weeping and the two girls began weeping with her.

After a while, they remembered that they had brought with them their other shoes for the gymnastics lesson. So they decided to give those shoes to the small girl. One of our girls said "I will give her my shoes" and the other one said "No. I will. This one said "I will and that one said "No. I will until they were quarrelling with each other. At last they decided that each of them would give her one shoe and they did so. At that time their servant said "Misses we are very late, let us go please, hurry up". The two little girls kissed the small one with tears and hurried away.

And it really was too late for them to enter their class. Their lesson had begun and they had to stand behind the door until the break.

The two little girls were weeping and weeping for that small one and also because they had missed the literature lesson which they liked very much.

At last the bell rang and the girls entered their class and began to tell their classmates what had happened. And all the girls were speaking with each other about the poor small girl.

The break finished and they had to change their clothes and shoes for the gymnastics lesson. What do you think? Our two little girls realised that the sizes of their shoes were different and neither of them could wear the remaining pair which they had to share. Remembering that the small girl also would not be able to use the other shoes, they began to laugh and laugh for a moment and then to weep and weep.....

After that day, so many days and months and years were coming and going very quickly just like lightning, and our two little girls were growing up, becoming young girls like the trees full of blossoms in the spring. They liked music and began to play the violin with a private teacher. They had another teacher for dancing also. And one day their teacher at the school said to one of them, "By the way, I have to tell you that you have a poetical talent, you should read more and more classical poetry. Don't be shy! write some more poems and show them to me". And after a while the painting teacher said to the other girl. "You have a good talent for painting".

Since then the two girls were often calling each other "Poet" and "Painter", looking at each others' eyes, pulling each others' hair, and laughing and laughing. But, ofcourse, they were often weeping with each other also.

Our two little girls got married and were separated from each other for long long times in different countries. But they never forgot each other and always dreamed of meeting again.

Once after 35 years, when they were middle-aged and had their own daughters and sons they met each other here in London, and just like two little girls they were laughing and laughing with tears falling from their eyes like a waterfall.

They gave each other a painting of beautiful flowers and a book of poems.

Oh, London, London! I wonder how many people meet each other here every day.

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