

# Awareness By Ammar Ahmad



## AWARENESS

By the pen of

Ammar Ahmad



:novelsclubb



:read with laiba



03257121842

Poetry

Novelette

Afsana

Column

Novel

# NOVELSCLUBB

It's clubb of quality content!

Owner : Laiba Syed

اگر آپ میں لکھنے کی صلاحیت ہے اور آپ اپنا لکھا ہوا دنیا تک پہنچانا چاہتے ہیں، مگر آپ کے پاس کوئی ذریعہ نہیں ہے۔۔ تو ہم سے رابطہ کریں۔

ہماری ٹیم آپ کو قدم قدم پر رہنمائی فراہم کرے گی اور آپ کی لکھی ہوئی تحریر دنیا تک لائے گی۔

آپ اپنا لکھا ہوا ناول، افسانہ، شاعری، ناولٹ، کالم یا آرٹیکل پوسٹ کروانا چاہتے ہیں تو اپنا مسودہ ہمیں

• ورڈ فائل

• ٹیکسٹ فارم

میں دئے گئے ای۔میل پر میل کریں۔

[novelsclubb@gmail.com](mailto:novelsclubb@gmail.com)

ہم سے رابطہ کر سکتے ہیں:



NOVELSCLUBB



NOVELSCLUBB



03257121842

Awareness  
By  
Ammar Ahmad

www.novelsclubb.com

**In the name of Allah, the Most Beneficent and  
the Most Merciful**



**To the oppressed Muslims in Palestine, Kashmir,  
and the world, who have been still standing  
against the oppressor in the worst conditions.  
May Allah ease their trials. Ameen**

## **Awareness: The will of Prophet Mohammed (peace be upon him)**

The branch of KFC located in the Blue Area of Islamabad was full of people at that time. It was eight o'clock at night. People who came there with their families—young boys and girls laughing with friends—all looked happy. There were smiles all around. There was a cricket match being played on several TV screens installed there, which the boys were watching while the girls were busy taking selfies. At the end of each over in the match, KFC's advertisement was playing, proudly stating that this cricket match was sponsored by KFC. Today there was a larger than usual crowd because a new deal was launched. The staff was busy getting people their desired orders quickly. There was a person who used to come out of a room after a little while, look at the people, see everyone happy, and then go

back inside with satisfaction. That person's name was Hasan Mahmood, and all three major branches of KFC in Islamabad were running under his management. He was quite frightened by the events that had taken place in the last two weeks. Today, he had prepared in advance to deal with any such incident. For that reason, he seemed somewhat satisfied now. Everyone was happy. An atmosphere had been created there, but they all had no idea what would happen there in the next few moments.

[www.novelsclubb.com](http://www.novelsclubb.com)

A few miles away from this KFC branch, a man on the roof of a building near the Faisal Mosque was staring at the screen of his laptop and typing rapidly on the keyboard. He had earpieces fixed in his ears. After fiddling with his fingers for some more time, that man named Rafay Siddiqui pressed

the Enter button and then sat back comfortably in his chair. Rafay was a networking specialist.

“I'm ready; is everyone else ready?” Rafay closed his eyes and asked.

“Of course, I'm ready too.” A feminine voice echoed in Rafay's earpiece. It was Roshni, Roshni Malik. She was Rafay's wife and a graphic designer by profession. Hearing her voice, a smile appeared on Rafay's face.

“Boss, everything is ok with me too.” The next voice was Fahad Qureshi's. He was a professional hacker.

“It's all set from my side too, boss, but I think it's better if I do a direct suicide attack instead of all that.” It was Nabeel Ahmed who was an expert in

artificial intelligence. Rafay's smile disappeared from his words. He pursed his lips and shook his head from right to left, but said nothing. He was waiting for the next voice.

“Mirza! You didn't answer?” Rafay asked with a serious face.

“All the doors have been opened; you just attack. Long live Palestine.” Another man's voice echoed in Rafay's ears, and some satisfaction came to his face, but after hearing the last words of that voice, his eyebrows contracted in displeasure.

“Mirza! Not yet. No one will say anything now; I am counting to three and starting the operation.” Rafay informed everyone.



Returning to that branch of KFC, most of the people were now busy eating. The staff was still diligently taking orders and delivering them to the table. The match was going on the TV screens when suddenly all the big lights were switched off, and a black background appeared on all the TV screens. Then a video started playing on all the screens, a video of a market where children and women were seen walking around in a pleasant atmosphere. People started watching the video while eating. They thought it was a new activity of the KFC. There was a commotion among the staff. In the video, children were now seen playing in different streets. They were singing an Arabic song while laughing. Children, old and young, were offering prayers in the mosque. Now the mosque was being shown from the outside. This was the Al-Aqsa Mosque. All those scenes were from

Palestine. One of the staff members ran into the room inside.

In the video, the screen went black once again, and when the video started playing again, this time the scenes were quite different. Buildings were being bombed. Bloody corpses were scattered everywhere. There were scenes of wailing in the hospital. A girl who was injured was nursing her younger sister. An old man, whose entire family was martyred, was consoling a child. A doctor attending to the injured in the hospital was crying when his daughter's dead body was brought to the hospital. Some people were trying to pull out the children trapped under the rubble of the buildings. A small child was shivering. Looking at that shivering child, some people sitting there were starting to look at their children. Now the Israeli soldiers were being shown on the screen who were martyring innocent civilians by shooting directly at them. They were breaking into their houses. Hasan

had also come there with one of the staff boys. He had a worried look on his face and was calling someone on his mobile.

On the screen, Israeli soldiers were seen eating KFC burgers. They were thanking KFC. The hands of the people eating there were stopped. Now there was a night scene where the tents were pitched and they were being bombarded. A father was holding the body of his child in his hands, who had been beheaded due to the bombardment. Seeing this scene, some women had tears in their eyes. Some people put their hands in the eyes of their little children sitting there. A girl started vomiting, and her friend ran towards the washroom with her. Some boys were recording the video with their mobile phones. On the screen were now images of displaced children whose various limbs had been cut off due to Israeli attacks.

The screen went black once again, but this time when the video started playing again, the scene was horrifying. With the help of artificial intelligence, it was shown that people sitting in KFC are busy eating their food, but when they bring their hands to their mouths to put food in their mouths, instead of burgers, roasts, and sandwiches, they have human organs in their hands. Someone is holding the amputated leg of a child; someone is holding a hand; and someone is holding a head. The scene was so skillfully created that it was almost as if it were real. The food items were dropped from the hands of the people sitting there. They were embarrassed. And then suddenly all the off lights came back on, and the match started playing again on the TV screens. Hasan was apologizing to the people there, but he knew that the attacker had done his job. People were getting up, one by one, and going out. The young boys and girls were also in a state of shock, and then they too went outside. This branch of KFC, which was packed with

people a while ago, became empty in the next few moments.

After a while, Hasan was sitting in a room. He was accompanied by two boys, one of whom was aged between twenty-five and thirty, while the other was a little younger and looked to be around twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Hasan had a mobile in his hand, and he was watching the same video that was played in his franchise some time ago. This video was recorded by someone on their mobile phone and uploaded on social media, which has now gone viral.

“This is a strange problem of today's generation that if someone is in trouble, they will not help him, but they will record the video from the mobile phone and put it on social media immediately,” Hasan said angrily, putting his mobile phone on the table.

“Sir, we just went to smoke for five minutes,” the older-looking boy of the two began. His name was Tabish, and he was the head of KFC's IT team.

“Dear Tabish! You could have stayed for a while. You went for five minutes, and those people did their job in just three minutes.” Hasan replied sadly.

“Sir, I think you should talk to the FIA now. They spend so much money in the name of the military defense budget; now take some work from them.” Tabish gave his opinion.

“If I have to contact them, then why have I kept this IT team?” Hasan replied.

“Yes sir! And the FIA guys are very busy; they are also helping the army prevent foreign

conspiracies.” Now the young boy has also joined the conversation. It was Sohail Khan who was given the job as the new head of the IT team here last month, as Tabish was leaving for another company. Sohail loved the army very much. Some of his family members were also posted in the army.

“Who is the FIA helping?” And what external enemies is the army fighting against? There is just a so-called democracy in the country; the army has taken over everything. These people even take their share from KFC, McDonalds, and Starbucks.” Tabish showed him the truth.

“What kind of argument have you two gotten into? Everyone knows how loyal the army is to this country. They are following the policy of just eating and letting others eat. And then, in the current situation, they have not imposed any

restrictions on us. While those protesting the ongoing atrocities in Palestine have been arrested, so they are with us, now no one will talk about the army.” When Hasan finished speaking, Tabish had a smile on his face, while Sohail did not understand whether Hasan praised the army or talked against them. Still, he nodded his head.

“Okay, sir! I'm going now. Tomorrow we will work on the future strategy.” Tabish said while getting up.

“There is a board meeting tomorrow, Tabish! You have to answer today's issue. You can't say that you went there to smoke cigarettes; think about some valid reason and come a little early.” Hasan said, and then Tabish shook hands with both of them and left from there.



“Just explain to me today's attack on the system; how did those people do all this?” Hasan said this to Sohail after Tabish left, and then he walked towards another room with Sohail.

Now they were all present on the roof of the building where Rafay was. On one side, there was barbecue equipment, and gola kebabs were being prepared, which were being watched by the Roshni. Rafay was helping her now and then while Fahad and Nabeel were busy playing chess. After some time, the gola kebabs were ready. Rafay took out four cans of a Pakistani-brand soft drink from the ice box on the roof. He gave three cans to the three of them and started opening one can himself. Just then, there was a knock on the roof door.

“Let me see,” Nabeel said, heading for the door.

“Who is it?” he asked, approaching the door.

“It's me, sir.” Hearing the voice from outside, he opened the door.

“Assalam o Alaikum! How are you all? Did the celebration begin without me?” The person who came in greeted everyone and asked.

“Mister! The celebration hasn't started yet, but please introduce yourself.” Roshni asked the man with a smile.

“Sister-in-law! My name is Mirza, Muhammad Tabish Mirza!” Tabish introduced himself while looking at everyone with a full smile.

“And he's the anaconda up the sleeves of the KFC people that is slowly swallowing them up, and they don't even know it.” When Nabeel said that, everyone started laughing, including Tabish.

Sohail told Hasan about the details of the cyberattack that took place today. Now he and Hasan were thinking about what to do at the board meeting the next day.

“Sohail! I don't understand one thing. On the previous two occasions, we had no idea of any such attack, but today you guys were already prepared; then how did all this happen, and that too in those

five minutes when you both were not here?” Hasan asked him.

“Sir, this thing was also bothering me because the code of the firewall we installed today was known only to me and Tabish, sir. If someone broke it from outside, they couldn't send their data there for more than ten seconds because we set a ten-second timer so that after ten seconds of breaking the firewall, the network would be blocked and no more data could be received,” answered Sohail with some confusion on his face.

[www.novelsclubb.com](http://www.novelsclubb.com)

“What are you trying to say? Is this done by Tabish?” Hasan asked in surprise.

“Sir! At first, I was just suspicious. I asked Sir Tabish a few questions after today's attack, and he gave me vague answers, but now I have checked myself, and the log report shows that a little while

ago, just before we went to smoke, the timer was set for three minutes, and you said that today's video was also about three minutes long.” Hasan's face turned pale after hearing Sohail's words.

“You have misunderstood Sohail! He has been working here for two and a half years, and there was no such incident until two months ago. Maybe this is a new cyberattack,” Hasan said in disbelief. He used to consider Tabish one of his friends.

“Sir, I have only told you what I saw. Maybe Tabish Sir is doing this because of the Palestinian issue,” Sohail offered another justification.

“No, he's a man of his own business; he's not interested in all that fuss.” He still wasn't ready to agree. But it wasn't something that could be easily ignored, so ten minutes later they were both sitting in the IT room with Tabish's laptop open in front of

them. Hasan's face was now filled with surprise and pity as Sohail found some more material on the laptop, which made it clear that Tabish was involved.

“These are strange emotional people. They have made the Palestine issue a matter of their own life or death. The whole world is not doing anything, but these people are so angry for no reason. Who harms his own country because of others? It is madness, nothing else.” Hasan said emotionally.

“No sir! They are only harming us, not the country. See this, Tabish sir has also taken out a survey report of the last month, according to which the customers of KFC have decreased while the customers of Pakistani fast-food brands have increased significantly.” Sohail replied, showing a report on the laptop.

“Only Muslims work in our company, we are not Jews that they are causing such damage to our business,” Hasan replied.

“But sir, you told me that Tabish sir was not interested in these conflicts, so why is he doing it like this now?” He asked Hasan.

“Someone must have brainwashed him, and he started doing this. This whole drama of the boycott started on October 7, although Israel has been oppressing the people of Palestine for many years. We can’t make those Jews understand who have suddenly become animals and are ruining our world with their hereafter.” He replied, cursing the Jews in anger.

“What to do now, sir?” Sohail asked.

“Let him come tomorrow; first I'll talk to him myself, then obviously the police will have to be called. We have to satisfy the board as well. You also go home now; come a little early tomorrow,” Hasan instructed him and then left the room. After he left, Sohail closed Tabish's laptop and then angrily slammed his hand on the table. His face was worried.

On the other hand, those people on the roof were celebrating today's victory. Gola kebabs and parathas were being eaten.

“Mirza! What was the scene there today?” Rafay asked Tabish.



“There was nothing new, man; today proved once again that the people of Pakistan are not as insensitive as the politicians and the army here. Soon after the video ended, everyone got up and walked out of KFC,” replied Tabish.

“You are right, Tabish brother! Sometimes I think that I should do a suicide attack on these army soldiers.” Nabeel said while grinding his teeth, and Tabish smiled.

“Dude, nowadays that journalist Piers Morgan is taking the side of Palestine. Previously, all his programs were in favor of Israel,” Tabish said.

“Man, I think everything is a drama. These journalists keep balancing things, sometimes on one side, then on the other side,” Rafay gave his opinion.

“I think he's mentally ill. At the beginning of every program, the first thing he would ask the guest was, Do you condemn Hamas? It was as if the first sentence he learned after he was born was, 'Do you condemn Hamas', strange.” Roshni supported Rafay.

“He has such a soft tone when he is speaking against Israel, and he has never asked a Jew if he condemns Israel.” Rafay gave further justification. Tabish got up from there and went to smoke a cigarette in a corner.

“Brother Rafay, I was thinking that today's video was a little bit more dangerous. Shouldn't we be a little lighter?” Fahad asked Rafay. He rarely spoke. He had only been working with these people for a month.

“Man, we have just shown what Israel is doing,” Rafay replied.

“I mean, we could have reduced the graphics a bit because Tabish Brother said that there were children there at KFC, and people were putting their hands over their eyes,” Fahad explained.

“Brother, what we have shown is very little; in fact, a lot is going on,” Nabeel said, and Fahad looked at everyone in surprise.

“Come here, Fahad! I will explain.” Rafay called him near; he got up from his place and sat on the chair next to Rafay, where Tabish had been sitting a while ago. As soon as he sat down, Rafay started talking:

“In today's era, every person feels like running in his own life, and sometimes this running speed is so fast that we are not even aware of ourselves. We can't even imagine what is happening in the world around us. Do you know how long since Tabish has been in KFC?”

“No,” he said, giving a short answer to Rafay's question.

“Tabish has been working there for two and a half years. Masha'Allah, he has also gone on many foreign trips on behalf of the company. Alhamdulillah, his salary is also in the six figures. He has to open his own software house. Until three months ago, he worked hard for KFC. He had no idea what was going on in the world or Palestine. Then I met him, and I told him about the ongoing bloodshed in Palestine, but he did not react as such. Then I sent him some articles, pictures, and video

clips of what was happening there in Palestine. The video clips had a clip of the ice cream truck in which the bodies of children were being saved. When he saw that clip, it was his breaking point.” After saying this, Rafay paused for a while and then continued:

“The next day, he came to me and asked me what we could do for these people, and then he started working with us. Now you must be wondering why I told you all this. Because you are also at the same stage as he was. You are away from social media and just focusing on your job, and that is good, but it is also our responsibility to look around and try to stop the injustice happening in the world. Read this article,” said Rafay, holding out his tablet to him. When Fahad took the tablet, an article from an organization called the Middle East Monitor was open on it. The headline of the article was the words of a Canadian doctor stationed at a Palestinian hospital. These were the words:

“The paramedic told the physician that one woman was raped for two days until she lost the ability to speak. Another woman at Nasr Hospital was stripped naked by Israeli soldiers in front of her husband and brother, and when one of them took off his clothes to cover her, Israeli soldiers killed both her brother and her husband.”

He couldn't read further. There were signs of pain on his face. He handed the tablet back to Rafay.

“What kind of people are these, brother Rafay? How can they call themselves the noblest of all creatures?” He asked with great pain.

“Allah the Almighty gave them this honor based on their intellect, but these people have considered

their worldly power as the reason for this honor,” replied Rafay.

“You were right. What's happening is much bigger than what we've shown, but why isn't anyone doing anything? Nowadays, even when an animal dies, the world goes crazy. In a viral video, if a woman gets a word wrong, this feminist class creates a storm, and women and children are suffering so much in Palestine, but here only condemnation is happening.” Fahad asked regretfully.

“Everyone is silent because our rulers have no honor left in them. Instead of fearing Allah, they fear America or death. Muslims were successful in older times because they did not fear death. On the Battle of Badr, when the Companions of the Prophet (peace be upon him) used to ask him what they would get in exchange for martyrdom in the way of Allah, the Prophet (peace be upon him)

used to say one word, Jannah, and the Sahaba (RA) would run to fight the enemy, kill them, or become martyrs. The faith that was in Allah at that time is not there today; otherwise, what is the reason that the Lord who sent angels to help the three hundred and thirteen Muslims will not help the Muslims today? But today we have satisfied ourselves with the lowest level of faith, and we satisfy ourselves by boycotting, condemning, and considering the oppressor to be evil in our hearts. Indeed, we are a nuclear power.” Rafay concluded with a sneer.

“But how can these Jews commit such atrocities, and that too for no reason?” he said, pointing to the tablet. He was referring to the same article.

“They hate the Muslims, Fahad! This is their nature, and it has always been like that. They start taking wrong actions without any reason. Although they are living in luxury, they cannot see the



Muslims living comfortably. And this problem is not of today; it is from the time of the Prophet (peace be upon him). They signed a peace pact with Muslims in Medina, but they kept harassing them. Then one day, an Arab woman went to sell some goods in their market and sat down at a goldsmith's shop. That woman was wearing a veil, so these people asked her to show her face, but she refused. Then the goldsmith tied the woman's cloak, with which she was covering her face, in such a way that when the woman got up, her face was uncovered. When the woman screamed, her husband killed the goldsmith, and then the Jews killed the woman's husband. Now look, the matter started with a woman taking off her veil, but the Prophet (peace be upon him) did not condemn, did not boycott, but went out with the Muslims and expelled the entire tribe of Jews from the area. And today the oppression has become so severe, but no one is going to say anything. May Allah help our

Palestinian brothers and sisters.” Rafay finally prayed.

“Brother Rafay, sometimes I think that I should gather all the Jews at one place and do a suicide attack on them,” Nabeel said emotionally.

“Brother Nabeel, tell me one thing,” Tabish said while coming towards Nabeel after smoking a cigarette.

“Yes, ask Tabish brother!” Nabeel replied.

“Dude, you have to do a suicide attack on the KFC building, then a suicide attack on the army, and a suicide attack on the Jews. I don't understand how you will survive to do the rest of the attacks after the first suicide attack.” Tabish said it thoughtfully.

“Tabish Brother! You are a genius, man; I didn't think of this.” After Nabeel's words, everyone smiled, and then, after a while, the three of them were ready to sleep on the roof, while Rafay and Roshni had gone downstairs to their flat.

Roshni was busy packing some things when there was a knock on the door. When Rafay opened the door, Tabish was standing there.

“Come inside, Mirza! Are you not asleep?” Rafay asked him after calling him inside. Tabish came in and sat on a chair. Now they were both looking at him.

“Dude, Hasan has found out that I'm involved in all this,” Tabish informed.

“How did he know? Did you get a message from him?” Rafay asked.

“No. Today Sohail was asking me a lot of questions. I avoided him at that time, but I think he got suspicious of me. By the way, I had given him access to my laptop myself, but now I have gotten a notification on my mobile that someone has opened the protected files on my laptop, and he must have done it with Hasan's permission,” he explained with satisfaction.

“What will happen now?” Rafay asked him again.

"Now, from tomorrow, I will only do my online job. It's good that time will be saved, and anyway, this project of ours has been completed; now we have to see the next work." Tabish still answered calmly.

“But if your boss tells the FIA people, they will come here,” Roshni said in a worried tone, but Tabish started laughing.

“Sister-in-law! These FIA people can install cameras in people's bedrooms and bathrooms; it is not their level to reach Tabish Mirza,” he said with a smile.

“But they can trace you from your mobile location.” She was still worried. Tabish looked at Rafay, then Rafay comforted Roshni and then addressed Tabish:

“Dude, she gets so worried and forgets in her anxiety that we are IT people. The problem is that she watches too much news, etc., and is a little afraid of lawlessness these days. In this country, the

army abducts anyone and makes them disappear; it makes false cases, and no one is going to ask them anything. A politician and his wife have been arrested. She is the third wife of this politician, and they have been married for six years. And now, six years later, a case has been filed against them alleging that when they were married, that woman did not complete her Iddat (a period in Islam, during which a widow or divorced woman is forbidden to remarry) after divorcing her previous husband. That woman has said under oath that she had completed the period of Iddat, and scholars are also saying that in such a case, only the testimony of a woman is accepted, but the army is still putting pressure on the judges to get the punishment. These people don't even believe in religion; their religion is only money and power.” Rafay said it emotionally.

“And after doing so many depraved actions, these army people proudly say that they are (Hafiz-e-

Quran) Quran memorizers, and they have Syed in their names also.” Roshni supported Rafay’s words. Her anxiety was now reduced.

“Brother, this is what has always happened in this country. The British left and gave possession of Pakistan to their loyal slaves. Well, both of you go to sleep, and I am also going to sleep. There is no danger. The rest will be seen in the morning.”

Tabish said good night to both of them and went back to the roof. They both fell asleep after some time.

[www.novelsclubb.com](http://www.novelsclubb.com)

Sohail had reached the office a few minutes before nine in the morning. Hasan had already arrived. Hasan had also informed a police officer he knew,

and he had assured that a police team would reach the KFC branch within five minutes of Hasan's call. Anyway, Islamabad was a small city, and traffic was not that much of a problem. The board meeting was at 1 p.m. Tabish usually reached the office around 9:30 p.m. They were both waiting for him now. There were signs of worry on Sohail's face, which he was trying to hide.

On the other hand, all of them had also woken up; in fact, Fahad had gone to his office. Out of the five, Fahad was the only one who used to go to the office while all the others were working online. Someone was working for an Australian company, and someone was working for a German company. Everyone used to work according to their own time and convenience. For the rest of the time, they used



to work for Palestine. Rafay and Roshni's family moved to Dubai a few years ago. Rafay did not want to leave Pakistan and wanted to stay here and do something for the country. Roshni was his cousin, and they married last year. She stayed in Pakistan with Rafay. Tabish's parents died in his childhood. He grew up living in his uncle's house. His uncle's business and family were also out of the country; he used to visit here after two or four months. Fahad and Nabeel belonged to middle-class families residing in Karachi.

Rafay, Roshni, and Tabish were having breakfast. In the morning, Tabish informed Fahad and Nabeel about the last night's update. Nabeel had finished his breakfast and was now busy on his laptop.

“Tabish Brother! Before you came, you should have thanked the KFC uncle one last time. You learned so much from his company.” Nabeel looked

away from the laptop and smiled at the three of them. He was referring to the image of the old man on the KFC logo, the KFC's founder.

“Dude, I didn't get a chance; really, uncle's company has given me a lot of luxuries. Let's see if a call comes from there, I will ask them to say thanks to the uncle on my behalf.” Tabish also replied with a smile. They had just finished their breakfast when Tabish's mobile rang as expected. It was Hasan. Tabish picked up the call, turned on the mobile speaker, and started talking.

[www.novelsclubb.com](http://www.novelsclubb.com)

“Assalam o Alaikum, sir! How are you?” The three of them were now listening to Tabish's conversation.

“Walaikum Assalam, you haven't come to the office yet?” He asked in response to the greeting.

“Sir! Did Sohail not inform you that I would not come to the office now?” Tabish asked in response.

“What do you mean? Did you tell Sohail that you would not come today?” Hasan asked Tabish, looking at Sohail, who was standing in front of him, and then turned on the mobile speaker. Now Sohail could also hear the voice of Tabish.

“No sir! I didn’t tell him, but yesterday, when you guys were searching my laptop and Sohail opened my protected files, then he must have seen the hotspot on the laptop, and he would’ve understood that I would get the notification about that.” Hasan looked at Sohail, shook his head sadly, and turned off the speaker. Sohail lowered his head in shame.

“Why did you do this, Tabish? The business that gave you so much, you didn't even think for a moment before ruining it.” Hasan asked.

“I have just played an awareness video in your franchise, sir. You are saying as if I had done a suicide attack on the KFC building, although I had the option of a suicide attack as well.” Tabish looked at Nabeel and said it with a wink.

“You were a well-educated person. Where did you fall into these circles? When you were enjoying so much before, then you never thought of boycotting,” he sneered.

“I am a human being, sir, so I made a mistake, and when I realized it, I corrected the mistake. If I were Satan, I wouldn't have corrected the mistake.” He answered simply.

“I thought you were my friend, Tabish! You didn't even think about me,” Hasan complained.

“Jews and Christians can never be our friends.” Hasan's eyes opened in surprise at Tabish's answer.

“Wow, Tabish! I am calling you my friend, and you are imposing fatwas on me to be a Jew,” he replied sadly.

“No, sir! Your name is also named after the grandson of the Prophet (peace be upon him). I am reminding you that the Jews who you are helping in this war by making a profit from your business can never be your friends.” Tabish explained.

“I am not earning anything for anyone, nor am I a part of any war. I don't know what nonsense you are talking about.” Hasan said it emotionally.

“Participation in the war is not only going to the field and fighting; providing food and other supplies to the people participating in the war is also called participation in the war. During the time of the Prophet (peace be upon him), when some Muslims could not go to fight in the field for some reason, they provided food and other goods according to their status. They used to provide those supplies so that the Muslims who fought in the war could eat, drink, and remain fresh during the war. The Jews in Palestine stopped the aid of the Muslims; they are dying of starvation, and you are providing food and money to those Jews. If this does not help, what else is?” Tabish replied in the same tone.

“I'm just doing my job here. And if you are so emotional about them, then leave this boycott and go and fight in Palestine. Your boycott is not making any difference there; it is only harming our business here.” Hasan's voice was getting louder now.

“When the time comes, we will fight in the field as well; currently, we are bound by the government because the state allows Jihad,” he answered sadly.

“So, the government didn't allow the boycott; why are you doing it?” Hasan quickly asked.

“Because not everything is done with the permission of the government, sir. A boycott is an individual act of everyone. And why do you think that this government will do something against Israel? Here, the Prime Minister says that we are not on an equal footing with the United States

because we are beggars, and the defense minister says that if the US wants to, it can turn off all our ventilators. These people are so afraid of America.” Tabish replied.

“I don't want to have this pointless argument with you. You are just talking emotionally; put yourself in my place, and you will understand how big a problem you have created. I have three franchises of KFC here. There are about seventy-five people in each franchise. Have you ever thought that if this KFC closes, what will those 250 families do? What will they eat? Or do you want them all to starve to death?” Hasan said it angrily.

“Sustenance is the responsibility of Allah Almighty. When people leave KFC jobs in the spirit of helping their Palestinian brothers, Allah will open many other doors of sustenance for them. There are many other fast-food restaurants here where, God



willing, they will get a job. And the call is getting long now, so I would like to end this conversation. If you ever need me in life, you can call me, and Tabish will come to you, Allah Hafiz.” Tabish said that and cut the call.

“Dude, your boss seemed to be a very sensible person. He also cared about everyone else's job.” Rafay praised Hasan.

“What sensible person? Tabish brother explained to him for so long, but he did not understand. Those Jews are leaving dogs on our mothers and sisters, and this person was worried about his business. It would have been better if he had been reprimanded by Tabish brother.” Nabeel said it emotionally.

“Well, what would have happened then? Would he have accepted my words? It's always better to talk

with a soft tone and logic.” Tabish explained it to him.

“I don't do that, Tabish brother! Even among my friends who are not boycotting Israeli products, I give them bad words on social media, and then I don't talk to them,” said Nabeel. Tabish looked at Rafay and Roshni. Then Roshni began to speak:

“Nabeel! We should not curse or abuse people. Our Prophet (peace be upon him) told us the difference between good and evil. He ordered us to raise our voices against oppression, and then, on the occasion of Hajj, he said that the people to whom the message has reached should forward it to those who have not received it. It is the Prophet's will to make people aware of right and wrong. We are following the same will. The Israeli products we are boycotting now were used by all of us, while these products belonged to Israel before, and Israel

has been oppressing Palestine there for the past seventy-five years. But Allah made us understand now, and we started the boycott. So, if your friends are not boycotting yet, then maybe they will start it after a few days, but if you boycott your friends, then one way of getting this message to them will be blocked. And then to guide or not is from Allah Almighty; our work is to inform, and we have to continue to do this.”

“You're right; I shouldn't have stopped talking to them. I'll start talking to them again.” Nabeel said, nodding his head in understanding, and then they all got busy with their routine work.

After talking to Tabish, Hasan sat in his office for a long time, thinking about the solution to this problem. At the board meeting, he described the last-night incident as a cyberattack, after which he was given a final warning by board members. In the evening, he called the owners of some local fast-food restaurants in Islamabad for a meeting the next day. He kept the meeting at a place away from the office. He had decided to follow Tabish's advice. Now he was arranging jobs for his staff in other restaurants. The next day, the meeting was attended by many restaurant owners. He talked to them and arranged the employment of ninety percent of his staff, including Sohail. The day after the meeting, he submitted his resignation to the board members. On his way home from the office today, he was feeling a different kind of happiness inside. All he was concerned about was the employment of his staff; he could easily get a job at any other fast-food restaurant. He had extensive

experience working in many places, including KFC.

All of them were present at Rafay's flat and were packing their belongings. Everyone put the laptop in the bag and hung the bag on their back. Now they were putting clothes, etc., in the other bags.

“Brother Rafay, why have you kept such a long program for Lahore?” Nabeel asked while keeping his clothes.

“Because there are a lot of KFC franchises there, it will take time,” replied Rafay.

“Lahoris are also strange people; they will either eat donkey’s meat or straight KFC burgers; they don't eat anything normal in between,” Tabish said with a laugh.

“But it will still take more time, Rafay brother! My office has hardly permitted me for a week to work from home,” Fahad informed Rafay.

“Yes, Fahad! You can come back after a week. I will try to get most of your work done in a week. We will have to stay there for two months; otherwise, this time I also thought about saving everyone's time by only sending Nabeel to Lahore and asking him to come back after doing suicide attacks on 10 and 12 KFC franchises.” They all started laughing at Rafay's words, and then Roshni came from the other room with a mobile phone in her hand, walking with fast steps. As soon as she

came, she raised her mobile phone towards Rafay and said:

“See this.”

“Great news, guys. All three big franchises of KFC in Islamabad are closing down next week. In the last week, many employees left their jobs and went to other restaurants, and then the manager also resigned.” Rafay happily told this news to all of them, and after a while, all these friends left for Lahore to fight the war of Palestine with their limited resources.

The End

اگر آپ میں لکھنے کی صلاحیت ہے اور آپ اپنا لکھا ہوا دنیا تک پہنچانا چاہتے ہیں، مگر آپ کے پاس کوئی ذریعہ نہیں ہے۔۔ تو ہم سے رابطہ کریں۔

ہماری ٹیم آپ کو قدم قدم پر رہنمائی فراہم کرے گی اور آپ کی لکھی ہوئی تحریر دنیا تک لائے گی۔  
آپ اپنا لکھا ہوا ناول، افسانہ، شاعری، ناولٹ، کالم یا آرٹیکل پوسٹ کروانا چاہتے ہیں تو اپنا مسودہ ہمیں ورڈ فائل یا ٹیکسٹ فارم میں میل کریں

novelsclubb@gmail.com

آپ ہمارے فیس بک، انسٹا پیج اور واٹس ایپ کے ذریعے بھی ہم سے رابطہ کر سکتے ہیں۔

FB PAGE:

NOVELSCLUBB

INSTA:

NOVELSCLUBB

WHATSAPP:

03257121842