

A Book  
In Her  
Hand



AFTAB AHMED

A Book In Her Hand

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*A Book in Her  
Hand*

*By*

*Aftab Ahmed*



# *About The Author*



Thanks for paying attention to *A Book in Her Hand*, the first English novel of my long literary career.

I have no intention to make you feel bored by talking a lot about myself, however; I consider it my sincere duty to remind you that I have been involved in literary works for the last few years quite seriously. You know very well that my Gazals, Nazms, and short stories in Urdu language have been publishing for the last twenty years, in reputed Urdu magazines of our country.

Being in teaching profession and having been there, right on the grassroots level, I have comprehended the pitiful condition of illiterate village girls very well which did enforce me to come forward and take a step at last. That's why this novel of mine is based solely on this ever-important subject.

To think that writers, poets as well as essayist and all other professionals of this sort can't play an active role in making a healthy society is not true in my opinion. In the struggle to bring about changes in the society, what is important to take into account, first of all, is to create a favourable environment. Without making a helpful environment, whatever we want to achieve is never possible.

All the creative works being done by the writers, in any form of literature, in addition to doing a lot of good help directly build up a helpful situation to

welcome a change. So, being a writer, I am always hopeful of encouraging outcomes, in view of all literary works being done on world level.

I am interested in your feedback,  
Please Email me at [aftabahmed0110@gmail.com](mailto:aftabahmed0110@gmail.com)

-Aftab Ahmed



# *About The Book*



Alam was a schoolteacher posted in a village school located at a very faraway place.

He noticed that the condition of village girls was not good. They had to drop out of their studies for several reasons.

He started thinking over the solution of this problem.

He thought of some unique ideas in this regard and decided at last to write a novel to bring forth his vision.







# *Dedication*



My family, My friends,  
All illiterate girls of my country, and  
All writers who are writing for female education.



*Upgraded Middle  
School Dhaolapur*

“Hello sir, do you know something about Neel?” Miss Hina, the newly appointed teacher said, stepping forward hastily as soon as Alam entered the school campus.

“Nothing at all,” he replied briefly, trying to get a grip on himself.

“She got married just after a week you left for Kundan Nagar.” Miss Hina uttered in mere desperation.

“What?” he cried, jumping out of his skin.

“It’s now a fact, as clear as day, we didn’t inform you only to keep you away from anxiety,” Hina said.

“Do you mean - Neel - has been married,” he could hardly speak these few words as his heart had missed a beat.

In spite of making any further description, Hina remained silent and sobbed, and tears streamed down to her face. After realizing the truth completely, Alam was at his wit’s end. His head started whirling. He had to stretch out on the ground to keep from falling. He was breathing heavily. That was, in fact, something more dreadful than a nightmare to him.

All the school staff along with a large number of children gathered around him. Maria sprinkled water over his face and fanned him, snatching a notebook from a student. His colleagues were calling out his name loudly. Being conscious

of the situation, he easily comprehended that though unwillingly, but he has made a scene of it. He felt ashamed at the occurrence and didn't want it to be any longer. So, he stood up and walked down to the office slowly. Everyone followed him up to the office door, while Maria continued assisting him until she seated him in a chair.

“Are you okay now, Mr. Alam?” enquired Mr. Holmes, the principal.

“Yes sir, nothing is wrong with me, except that I am shocked after hearing the news,” he said in a sad tone.

“I do fancy every bit of your concern,” Mr. Holmes said in a sympathetic way.

“I know sir,” he replied.

“This kind of happenings are usual in this part of the world,” Mr. Holmes said calmly.

“Oh, I see,” he said amazingly.

“She was a pretty good girl with commendable behaviour,” Mr. Holmes disclosed.

“Indeed, she was,” he said.

“But her father has a heart of stone; everyone talks here like this about him,” Mr. Holmes said.

“Oh, it is dreadful,” he said hopelessly.

“Would you mind if I meet him someday,” Alam expressed his desire.

“But I don't see any point in it,” Mr. Holmes said in disappointment.

“There is nothing wrong in giving it a try, but if you-,” he didn’t complete his sentence.

“Ah, Mr. Alam, take it easy, you may try if you are hopeful of an encouraging outcome, but you need to be careful all the time while you meet him.

These are my final words,” said Mr. Holmes decisively.

“I promise to follow your advice under all circumstances,” he assured Mr. Holmes.



*Neel And Sheel*  
*Phenomenal*  
*Twin Sisters*



## A Book In Her Hand

I went through his bag for the novel and picked out, in the end, that; he has completed his novel “A book in her hand ” Miss Hina said, brushing the curl from her face.

“Oh; give it to me, we have to get it published as soon as possible” Mala said.



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