# Family

I have strange relation with my family. In my opinion, there are different stages. In my memory, I was a happy child until the age of 10, I guess. My family has always called me a bright child. I was kind of center of attention. I thought that that protocol will remain the same but that didn’t happen. Of course they thought that I will get mature with time and won’t seek attention that I received earlier but unfortunately it wasn’t the case. I really got disturbed when I felt that my parents and siblings don’t give me same attention. I started to think negatively about them. When I heard from my school fellows about how they get attention from their parents, I felt disturbed somehow. My mother is a working woman and it’s not complete definition because she does double jobs. She works so hard to give us all the comforts of life. I have never in my life, seen so much hardworking woman, like her. Usually women don’t work in our society or may be class and if they do then it’s a single job. But Ammi has been doing double job since past 35 years almost. She was still a student when she started giving tuitions with my Aunt to support the family. They worked really hard to build a school while they were still too young. Along with Al-Ahmed, she also worked as a Government School teacher. She used to go to her own school in morning shift and did teaching at Government School in evening shift. This continued even after her marriage. Baba had tough life too. He became orphan in his early teens. This made him hyper-sensitive and little stubborn. He has no faith in any relation. He started his job as soon he got permission. He has graduated after marriage. The whole time, he switched from place to place but didn’t settle with anyone. Even till now, he doesn’t trust anyone. We don’t know much about his early days because he doesn’t like to share things with us. Only thing that we can say about him is that he is really fond of learning. He graduated after marriage and didn’t take any pause after that. He did MA Islamic studies and LLB after that while continuing job. All of this created a big mess in managing the expenses. He was very strict in some ways. We three siblings along with Ammi used to take utmost measures to make sure that nothing goes against his will. This put huge burden on Ammi because she managed home with two jobs and little non-cooperative husband. Yes, he is a good father but not a good husband. He took no interest or responsibility in domestic affairs. My mother had to manage from utility bills to our school fees, from our uniform to the dresses for Eid, from daily meals to the pay of paid and hats off to her that she did that quietly with patience and in excellent manner. I don’t remember even a single time that we got late for school or our uniform wasn’t tidy or our fees got paid late. Never! The only thing Baba took care of was our education and wellbeing. We belong to middle class. He used to give us money when we were too young to handle money. He told us that there was no one to give him money when he needed in his childhood and he didn’t want us to go through same and that pocket money has risen exponentially:D he bought us thousands of books. He brought an intermediate level botany and zoology book when we were in third or may be fourth grade. And not only books, he used to get Akhbar-e-Jahan, Nonihal, Taleem-o-Tarbiyt, MAG and much more stuff every month for us. He made an agreement with a grocery store owner that he will let us (we three) get anything we want from there and Baba will pay at the end of month. He never stopped us from spending money. And we three were so zalim that we used to buy stuff worth of hundreds daily :p. But at the same time, his behavior towards internal matters wasn’t good. He would get Ammi her favorite food but he wouldn’t help her in managing expenditure. Ammi had really tough time in those days. Though we were not much mischievous but obviously children can’t behave like mature ones. I remember, we used to do same thing on almost every Saturday. She had to go to school before noon and from morning we used to start asking her to stay at home. At that time she always burst into tears when three of us requested her much to stay that she had to leave us unwillingly because of her job. We were too little to understand that it’s not that easy for every mother to stay home on Saturdays. We used to give her example of our Aunts who stay with their kids the whole time. In return of ‘our letting her go’ for work, she used to bring us our favorites sometimes toys, food or anything just to make us happy. Now I wonder how much strong she remained in those times. This entire struggle made her a little hard from outside.

Let me tell what made me upset in all of this. As she was so busy, she didn’t pay much attention to what I tried to say her. She would listen and reply with hmm and ok type stuff that made me think that she doesn’t have time for me. There wasn’t much to discuss but those things were important for me. Bhaiya was naughty and annoying up to some extent in childhood. He used to make fun of me for my voice or other stuff related to me. And when I tried to approach my mother for his behavior, she used to return me to not to disturb her with these foolish things. She was right at her place and I was right at mine. How someone can pay attention on this little stuff if they have arrived home after whole day work but where a little child can go to complain about her behavior. This created a gap between me and my mother. I started thinking that my siblings are more important to her than me. Actually I am really mediocre in almost every walk of life, from face to intelligence. On the other hand, my sister is far better than me. When I used to get second or third position, she topped without any break. And because of her keen interest in studies, Baba gave her special attention and protocol while Bhaiya was least focused in studies. He is really intelligent but he had no interest in studies those days. This was the cause that Bhaiya was rebuked for by father. Ammi used to protect Bhaiya from Baba. This made me think that Baba loves my sister more among three of us and Ammi loves Bhaiya but no one loves me. I got dis hearted. I cried for hours and hours with my head beneath pillow when I just entered teen age. And no one knew about it. From that age I started writing in diary and this was same age when I started reading digest. My brother found the diary and he even made fun of the fact that I have written about his bad behavior in diary and my mother didn’t take this seriously and this put me great sorrow that she didn’t pay attention even after knowing what was in my mind. I had no friend at that time and I think it wouldn’t make any difference if I had. I got more anxious and negative.

Anyway, no one from my family helped me in getting out of all these issue. It doesn’t seem big now but attention was matter of ego for me at that time. When I realized that it may cause any physical damage to me, I started working on my mental health and Alhamdulillah have completely recovered from that depressed mindset. But still, I am not emotionally stable but much better from past. Basically I have learnt to have no expectation even from family. The fact that we love our family so much doesn’t mean that they can fulfill all of our desires. They have their own issues and wishes. We can’t remain weeping to get what we want from others.

Things have gotten changed now. We don’t have time to get messed with each other and Bhaiya has grown in to really responsible and caring brother. I think he has gotten much after joining firm. There was a time when he wasn’t interested in studies but when he started CA, he has changed himself much. Now he cares more about the family than himself. Whenever it comes to any benefit or opportunity he gives preference to Ammi Abbu and then to me and aapi. Things are different when it comes to Aapi. I don’t know but I always feel that people compare her with me and I know what the result is. She is far better than me in everything and especially the time when I had to decide the field after HSC exams. Everyone around us created a competition between us. Though she has never ever tried to make me feel inferior (though I feel I am) in anyway. We only fight for the workload and I think that’s natural. I don’t think that there would be a house with two or more girls in house who don’t fight because of homework. I just feel bad if someone tries to treat her differently just because of the fact that she gets better grades and Alhamdulillah will be a doctor soon InshAllah. This is always done by some of our relatives on both sides. Anyway I have gotten this much mature that I don’t give attention to this community.

If I talk about my father then it would be little different. I don’t have normal relation like daughters have with their father. It has so many ups and downs. Honestly speaking, he is little bit selfish man. Before anything, he puts himself first. I can’t judge him for this but when I see my mother on the other side, she is so selfless for us. I am not sure but our father does things for which he thinks will be paid back.

Like every daughter, he was ideal man for me in my childhood. After every little fight my parents have, we four have discussion over consequences and events related to that fight. In our childhood, this discussion used to be among between two groups i.e. my mother and brother on negative side and me and my sister were the ones who were always positive about him. But with passage of time, I realized that he was not a man who feels responsibility for his family. He, rather than taking responsibility, blamed my mother for all bad things. He has always blamed Ammi for her association with Al-Ahmad (School started by Ammi and our aunt before their marriage) when he knew how much support it has given to our family in tough times. Ammi don’t really argue with him on face even now because she considers it bad although she has right for it.

Anyway, when I realized that things aren’t that much white as father portrays in front of us, I stepped back and stopped supporting him. I say truth on his face whenever I feel it is necessary and he doesn’t like this habit. I was the kid who was so attached with her father that if he arrived late (which was routine), I used to sit on the window seeing the road for him to return. His late arrivals were so tough for me that I used to cry for hours until his return. I remember

# My Fight against myself

I often feel that I am living with two extremes in me. One side fights with the other one. Both have no connection, not a single thing in common. One is extremely worst and second one has little better face. As I wrote earlier, I have complexed psychology and few things happened that changed my way of thinking. Till sixth or seventh grade, I was more ‘liberal’ than permitted limit. I have studied in co-education till matric. And I had mind like there is nothing bad in interacting with boys. I even had friendship with boys. Later on, I don’t remember how, but I realized that there is something wrong as it’s against the teachings of Islam. I was little bit confused in the friendship I had with my class fellows which put me in thoughts. If that was friendship then why was it confusing for me. Because there exists nothing like friendship with Na-Mahram. Strictly Prohibited! How it could be a healthy or perfect relationship when it isn’t permitted in Islam. ALHAMDULILLAH I changed the way I used to live with. Suddenly I started practicing Islam way more than before. I remember I even stopped looking at them because I read some literature about how the gaze for Na Mahram is seen in Islam. I think that was the time when I started memorizing Quran or at least I think I would have started reciting Surah in morning and before going to sleep. I even made Dua that Allah make my eyes such that I won’t be able to see Na Mahram easily which now I regret a little because it has resulted in weakening of my eyes up to the level that I can’t see their faces without my glasses ☺. I started waking up for Tahajjud not very frequent but tried to do so. I stopped listening to music. I hesitated from watching dramas. We used to go to our neighbors to watch drama and Humsafar was airing. I forced myself so hard to not to watch it and I think I succeeded. This was the time when literally my eyes would get filled with tears if there would be song playing around me. Don’t know but there is strange relation between practicing Islam and good relation with people around me. When I get closed to Allah people around me get away from me and when I got away from Allah, they come back.

So till the intermediate, I kept endeavoring for becoming a good Muslim but after getting into university, things got changed. Obviously it wasn’t because of anyone else, fault was mine certainly. At first, I started listening to music. Actually it was beginning of my friendship with Hiba and I was reluctant in refusing her offer of listening to music. In the beginning I used to keep the earphone away from my ears but eventually ended up listening to coke studio and then ost and then songs of all genres. Then I joined her in watching dramas and moved a step ahead than her and started watching even English shows that actually helped me in improving my English vocabulary and grammar a little but gave me huge loss in terms of Iman. I watched things that I shouldn’t have watched. I have extreme regret for that. Sometimes I wish I could travel back to those times and would have stopped myself from doing such worst act.

But now, when we all are at home since past about five month, I have gotten time to observe things, especially my sister. She is role model for me in so many ways and is in terms of Islam of course. I saw her praying Tahajjud; I saw her crying in Dua, I saw her sitting on Jai-e-Namaz for hours. And then I saw my terrifying reflection! Islam wasn’t near me at all. I was praying Namaz, I was reciting Quran but with no intentions to make my Creator happy! This face of mine put me in grieve.

I started with Namaz e Awwabeen at Maghreb and moved to Sunnah of Assar and Ishraq or Chasht or both. I started reciting Surah Rahman and ended up memorizing it and now I am trying to memorize Surah Waqiah. At first, I offered nawafil with Isha but now I am trying to offer it in midnight. So things are getting better. I hope these good things will get better with time and will continue throughout my life.

# My Imagination

When things took me away from my family, I started reading digests, more precisely Khawateen Digest. It’s a monthly digest that is meant for mature ladies or at least adult ladies. It doesn’t have any bad content though but there is some ‘mature’ content in there. Knowing things before times are never good in my opinion. But those digest were our (mine and sister’) only source of entertainment as we had no TV or anything like that. So we spent hours and hours in reading those digests that were filled with romantic novels. Our mother didn’t appreciate at first but eventually accepted it. This impacted my mind in negative way. I started making my own imaginary world where things were just opposite to what I was going through in reality. Situations were perfect, people were exactly how I wanted them to be, and I was the queen there.

Getting totally opposite in real life actually strengthened my fantasy world. I even added some totally imaginary persons to make it less sinful ☺ my dreams and my imagination got little bit synced and helped me thinking even more. This inner world of mine made me introvert. I prefer to listen to my inner voices rather than listening to what others say.

# Dreams

I don’t know how my subconscious works. But it’s really funny. Whatever I think the whole day comes in my dream and obviously it’s not in my control so it forms really funny face. Today I am going to write about dreams. Actually some of them are scary, some are weird, some are unexpected, and some are funny.

Let’s see some of serious ones first. Just few days ago, I saw that it’s Qiyamah. People are getting questioned for their deeds. We were put in some sort of exam, not like we have in Dunya. It was like we were put in water, some sort of lake and I was drowning and when I was about to get drowned, I was lifted up and was declared successful. And someone said that’s first exam. When I got up, I was really scared. This scared that much that I didn’t share the dream with anyone, not even with Ammi. I don’t know the meaning of dream and I actually don’t want to discuss it. May Allah forbid, if it has bad meaning, it won’t be bearable for me.

Another dream that I saw about a year or six months ago. I saw that it is night and I am not at home. Someone tried to do something wrong with me and in reaction I opposed and retaliated and that person died. I got frightened that I killed someone. In that fear I did something that I would never do in my wildest thoughts. I chopped the body of that person that I killed and buried it there. I ran from there and continuously escaped from place to place to remain out of sight of police. This was really scary. I’m a person that is scared of hurting people. How can I kill someone and how can I get courage to chop………. This made me think that I might have done something really bad. And may be someone got punished because of wrong judgement. But this was so unexpected. Still it makes me fall into tears when I think of it.

Now comes the turn of some of unexpected ones. I have written about it in my diary too. I saw that it is night and Hiba is at my house. She was quite uncomfortable. My mother asked me to go and bring some food for guests and I decided to drop Hiba home. First of all, Ammi never allow us to take the car in night. We do drive at night but with either parents or with bhaiya. So this wasn’t relevant to real life. Secondly, yes Hiba has once stayed (actually she has come one or two times only) till late night means till 11 pm but obviously I would never go to drop her all alone. We sat in car and reached Mesum’s house (he was my class fellow and lives few blocks away in X). We heard some weird voices and rather than moving away from that area, we got out of car in those night hours to see what’s happening. We walked into the streets and got lost there. We have been living in Maymar for past 18 years and there is no sector that is not known to us. So getting lost in sector X was pretty much weird. Anyway, somehow we finally realized that we have to get out from here as it is not safe here. And when we came to Main Street I saw that our car was gone. I asked Hiba to stay there so that I can get the car. When I turned and started to walk I felt someone is following me. When I turned I saw there was a man in Army uniform. I got scared but stayed calm. He asked how I can help you. And I said I am unable to see my car which I parked here. He asked what the number of car is and I told him. He said ok and I moved forward but felt something wrong so started to run. And as soon I started running. He came forward and said ‘on your knees’ in very loud and furious voice. Obviously I wouldn’t have expected a solider to ask me to get on knees. I got hell frightened and rather than getting on knees. I tried to escape. He followed me and grabbed me from and put something on my nose to make me unconscious. I tried to hold my breath and pretended to be unconscious so that I can run again as he loses the grip. And I did that but he got luck in holding me and then he put me in a van usually security forces have. And this time I really got unconscious. Then I saw some scenes like they are interrogating me for something but I am unable to answer. Then I saw myself in a hospital room on bed with my family who were trying to get information of the people who captured me. Then I saw the same person and he injected something in me and I couldn’t resist because of weakness. There was a court after that and people who tried to interrogate me were getting questioned. And this was it. So many questions came in my mind after this dream. Actually I think I have seen the solider (that I saw in street) somewhere. And in my opinion I have seen him in another dream. Just have loose sketch in mind. I hope it has some good meaning. I told it to my sister and she said stop seeing suspense dramas. You have too much of this stuff in your head which isn’t wrong at all :D

Ok so next dream. Before writing about it I need to confess something that I don’t do in front of my family. I am actually huge fan of Namrah Ahmed who is a writer. I really like the fact she is really popular in my age fellows and nobody has ever seen her. She has religious mindset and she does proper hijab. For me, there is something very appealing in her novels. But! My mother doesn’t like her :p she says that people read novels to get entertained not to solve mysteries that is usually in Namrah’s novels. I saw that we are at some picnic place. I saw totally strange that I think I have never seen. She was there and someone recognized her. I was so struck in fan moment that I couldn’t reach her at that moment. And then she went away because of crowd. Certainly it’s my subconscious mind that created a face for one of my favorite personality. I laughed so much when I recalled the whole thing.

Oaf! I am little bored with writing now. But I haven’t reached the dream that I actually want to write about. So here is next one that I consider funny. I admire Ma’am Tehreem Qamar for so many reasons and I think since first semester. I don’t remember who exactly told this but it was told that she had some problem in her knees. I think Hiba told this. And that time I got worried for her but obviously I couldn’t just ask her about it. But it remained in my mind for weeks and as a result I saw her in my dream two to three times. And saw her in my house every time. First time I saw that she has got some trouble and was crying and next time I saw that she was giving me tips on keeping house clean. Hahaha. What I think it was mixture of two things. First is that Ammi in those days were asking us to clean wardrobes and fridge and we were delaying it. And secondly, I was thinking too much about her. It’s hell funny. I laugh even more when I think about the reaction of her if I tell her. She would die after listening. Anyway at the end it’s not in my control at all. But it is really enjoyable.

And lastly, I saw another funny dream. I’m not sure about whether it’s good to write about it. I don’t know why I am extremely obsessed with Ma’am Narmeen these days. It’s in my nature that I get attached with my teachers and this is since childhood. But it is getting on another level now. We first interacted with her in Jtech’19. I wasn’t on the front though but I was managing social media from back but was seeing content writing only because Ma’am Kanwal asked for it and I can’t refuse her. After the event, everyone was praising Hiba because she did great job because she designed the whole stuff all alone. And I was happy for her because I knew what it meant for her. And suddenly Ma’am Anum Hameed said that content on social media was truly appreciable and someone gave credit of this to Hiba. This is where I started to get little uncomfortable as it wasn’t by her but I didn’t cleared because that’s against my rules. I hate to clarify things. I bear the loss but never clear up things. I was happy that content was praised which was written by me actually. So I didn’t mind but Hiba spoke about it that content was written by Surayya. And Ma’am Anum said Good job Surayya!. It was enough for me. I felt like all of my hard work was paid off at that moment. All students decided to take off the next day and so did we. But Ma’am Soomaiya probably said that she will arrange lab the next day and we are so good bacha that we changed our plan and went to university rather than staying at home. We were sitting in lab 3 in the morning. Suddenly Ma’am Soomaiya came and said Ma’am Narmeen is calling both of you. We got little surprised and asked her if we had made some mistake which she replied really big mistake in a lighter tone. We went there. I was too scared. I lost all my confidence. My hands were cold and shaky. She asked who are you? We told that Ma’am Soomaiya asked us to come here. She said yes I did but who is who? Then we introduced ourselves. She said that I am speechless. You people have done great job. There wasn’t even a single mistake in the posts on social media. At that moment, I was so happy. She then asked who was managing social media and Hiba first said me. Then she said both of us. Ma’am asked who was writing stuff. I spoke up that I did. She appreciated again. And pointed towards the chocolates she had on her table that have little token of appreciation. I was so scared and willing to run outside that I picked up the chocolate without any delay. And I think we thanked her and ran out of her office. We came out silently and went to lab 3 where we were sitting earlier quietly. And when Aimun asked what happened we looked each other with so much amaze in eyes that has it really happened? Are we really appreciated by our Chairperson? And then we almost started screaming with happiness and joy. Ma’am Anum asked us that got the surprise? We shouted yes ma’am and she asked how it was. We said unbelievable for us ma’am. She said you guys deserve it. We thanked them too. So this was our first proper interaction with Ma’am Narmeen. Proper in a sense that we do greet our teachers when we see them. And so we did with Ma’am Narmeen. But she didn’t know our names. But I feel little embarrassed when I recall the moment of picking up chocolates from the table. What if she had noticed the hurry in my way? She might have seen it as weird but chances are she wouldn’t have remembered that because it was special for me, not for her.

But the point is I became admirer of her. She is a great teacher. She has so much knowledge. Her way of teaching is very appealing for me. I give my cent percent in her course as I still have mindset of kids. If I like course teacher I will definitely like the course. And accidently got highest marks in her course (accidently because I don’t know how). In seventh semester, we were given choice to choose either cloud or AI. It was tough decision for me. There was much needed subject on one side and favorite teacher on the other side. I chose AI because we knew that it will be helpful for us in future. Unfortunately, Sir Shahab and Ma’am Sumaira was course and lab instructor respectively. We studied Computer Graphics under Sir Shahab in 6th semester and that experience wasn’t very pleasant at all. Though I got 3.66 in CG and got 4 in all courses of Ma’am Sumaira but it wasn’t enough to bind us there. Most importantly, we were not happy with the content and not only us, had the whole class run for Cloud including us. I was obviously happy with this move. But Ma’am told that she won’t take more than 50 students and we were in the last but fortunately I was 50th student so we got enrolled.

Oh it has extended too much, I was actually writing about my dream. Basically I saw that I with my whole family am at her house. That is our house with changed furniture along with few more modifications (how creative my subconscious is!). So we spent time there and she hosted us. Weird!! But I really saw it. Anyway, I am going for Namaz now. I shouldn’t have spent this much time in writing this whole stuff. But what else can I do. I wanted to write it so that I can laugh someday while reading it. Also, it has now become my habit to write the things that pin me.

# Human Interaction

This is toughest subject for me. I belong to the group of humans who face extreme difficulty in detaching themselves from people and things. That’s the main reason I don’t appreciate making new friends and relations because the other side will never know how hard it will be for me when they will walk out of my life. I have suffered a lot because of this my whole life. I don’t think people can read this from my face or by having conversation with me and they can’t get even a bit of what’s going inside. Even my family, even my close friends or relatives or anyone in my circle who has spent years with me can claim that they know me. I don’t like discussing myself with anyone.

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# Random Thoughts

I don’t know why but sometimes I feel that I have experienced all that happens in a 60 years old person. There are highs and lows, depression, extreme pleasure, success, appreciation, jealousy, physical and mental pain. People around me call me “bhuddi Rooh” (old soul). I am mature when it comes to real lide

# My Job

# Very interesting story it is! Basically, like in the past, I did exactly what I would have never thought about.

# The Awkwardness

Title itself is little awkward! In this chapter I want to write about what my lacking is that makes situations really uncomfortable for me. In past couple of years, I have gotten extremely introverted. Reaching someone on my own is a tough task now. I don’t know the real cause because I wasn’t like that since my childhood rather I was an extrovert. It’s not that I can’t talk people but beginning conversation is actual harder part. I take time in getting used to. May be, unconsciously I’m employing it as I have been in introverts group for past couple of months now and there I have been seeing people with this behavior.

Anyway,