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[["For you, a thousand times over" \n —']

[["It may be unfair, but what happens in a few days, sometimes even a single day, can change the course of a whole lifetime..."]]

[["I suspect the truth is that we are waiting, all of us, against insurmountable odds, for something extraordinary to happen to us.""]]

[["And that's the thing about people who mean everything they say. They think everyone else does too.""]]

[["There is only one sin. and that is theft... when you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth.""]]

[["Marriage can wait, education cannot.""]]

[["One could not count the moons that shimmer on her roofs,\nOr the thousand splendid suns that hide behind her walls.""]]

[["it always hurts more to have and lose than to not have in the first place.""]]

[["I wondered if that was how forgiveness budded; not with the fanfare of epiphany, but with pain gathering its things, packing up, and slipping away unannounced in the middle of the night.""]]

[["Of all the hardships a person had to face, none was more punishing than the simple act of waiting.""]]

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[["A society has no chance of success if its women are uneducated..."]]

[["There are a lot of children in Afghanistan, but little childhood.""]]

[["There is a way to be good again..."]]

[["When you kill a man, you steal a life. You steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness.""]]

[["It was only a smile, nothing more. It didn't make everything all right. It didn't make ANYTHING all right. Only a smile. A tiny thing. A leaf in the woods, shaking in the wake of a startled bird's flight. But I'll take it. With open arms. Because when spring comes, it melts the snow one flake at a time, and maybe I just witnessed the first flake melting. - Amir"]]

[["She said, 'I'm so afraid.' And I said, 'why?,' and she said, 'Because I'm so profoundly happy, Dr. Rasul. Happiness like this is frightening.' I asked her why and she said, 'They only let you be this happy if they're preparing to take something from you.'"]]

[["A man's heart is a wretched, wretched thing. It isn't like a mother's womb. It won't bleed. It won't stretch to make room for you.""]]

[["Not a word passes between us, not because we have nothing to say, but because we don't have to say anything" \n —']

[["Learn this now and learn it well. Like a compass facing north, a man's accusing finger always finds a woman. Always. You remember that, Mariam.""]]

[["Behind every trial and sorrow that He makes us shoulder, God has a reason.""]]

[["People say that eyes are windows to the soul.""]]

[["It's a funny thing... but people mostly have it backward. They think they live by what they want. But really, what guides them is what they're afraid of. What they don't want.""]]

[["Time can be a greedy thing-sometimes it steals the details for itself.""]]

[["I will follow you to the ends of the world.""]]

[["They say, Find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life had a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind.""]]

[["A man who has no conscience, no goodness, does not suffer.""]]

[["It's wrong what they say about the past, I've learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out.""]]

[["Quiet is peace. Tranquility. Quiet is turning down the volume knob on life. Silence is pushing the off button. Shutting it down. All of it. - Amir"]]

[["Miriam wished for so much in those final moments. Yet as she closed her eyes, it was not regret any longer but a sensation of abundant peace that washed over her. She thought of her entry into this world, the harami child of a lowly villager, an unintended thing, a pitiable, regrettable accident. A weed. And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother. A person of consequence at last. No. It was not so bad, Miriam thought, that she should die this way. Not so bad. This was a legitimate end to a life of illegitimate belongings.""]]

[["That same night, I wrote my first short story. It took me thirty minutes. It was a dark little tale about a man who f

ound a magic cup and learned that if he wept into the cup, his tears turned into pearls. But even though he had always been poor, he was a happy man and rarely shed a tear. So he found ways to make himself sad so that his tears could make him rich. As the pearls piled up, so did his greed grow. The story ended with the man sitting on a mountain of pearls, knife in hand, weeping helplessly into the cup with his beloved wife's slain body in his arms.””]

[“I want to tear myself from this place, from this reality, rise up like a cloud and float away, melt into this humid summer night and dissolve somewhere far, over the hills. But I am here, my legs blocks of concrete, my lungs empty of air, my throat burning. There will be no floating away.”]

[“she is the \n of my eyes and the sultan of my heart.”]

[“Better to get hurt by the truth than comforted with a lie.”]

[“I now know that some people feel unhappiness the way others love: privately, intensely, and without recourse.”]

[“You see, some things I can teach you. Some you learn from books. But there are things that, well, you have to see and feel.”]

[“You changed the subject.”\n“From what?”\n“The empty-headed girls who think you’re sexy.”\n“You know.”\n“K now what?”\n“That I only have eyes for you.”]

[“there is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft. When you kill a man, you steal a life... you steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness... there is no act more wretched than stealing.”]

[“War doesn't negate decency. It demands it, even more than in times of peace.” - Baba” \n —’]

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[“One time, when I was very little, I climbed a tree and ate these green, sour apples. My stomach swelled and became hard like a drum, it hurt a lot. Mother said that if I'd just waited for the apples to ripen, I wouldn't have become sick. So now, whenever I really want something, I try to remember what she said about the apples.”]

[“Beauty is an enormous, unmerited gift given randomly, stupidly.”]

[“I learned that the world didn't see the inside of you, that it didn't care a whit about the hopes and dreams, and sorrows, that lay masked by skin and bone. It was as simple, as absurd, and as cruel as that.”]

[“In the end, the world always wins. That's just the way of things.”]

[“some stories don't need telling”]

[“Out beyond ideas\nof wrongdoing and right doing,\nthere is a field.\nI’ll meet you there.”]

[“Perhaps this is just punishment for those who have been heartless, to understand only when nothing can be undone.”]

[“J’aurais dû être plus gentille—I should have been more kind. That is something a person will never regret. You will never say to yourself when you are old, Ah, I wish I was not good to that person. You will never think that.”]

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[“You've always been a tourist here. You just didn't know it.”]

[“I opened my mouth, almost said something. Almost. The rest of my life might have turned out differently if I had. But I didn't.”]

[“All good things in life are fragile and easily lost”]

[“I'm so afraid. Because I'm so profoundly happy. Happiness like this is frightening...They only let you this happy if they're preparing to take something from you.”]

[“Men are easy,' he said, fingers tapping on his mahogany desk. 'A man's plumbing is like his mind: simple, very few surprises. You ladies, on the other hand...well, God put a lot of thought into making you.”]

[“And the past held only this wisdom: that love was a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion. And whenever those twin poisonous flowers began to sprout in the parched land of that field, Mariam uprooted them. She uprooted them and ditched them before they took hold.”]

[“The problem, of course, was that [he] saw the world in black and white. And he got to decide what was black and what was white. You can't love a person who lives that way without fearing him too. Maybe even hating him a little.”]

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[“I know you're still young but I want you to understand and learn this now. Marriage can wait, education cannot. You're a very very bright girl. Truly you are. You can be anything you want Laila. I know this about you. And I also know that when this war is over Afghanistan is going to need you as much as its men maybe even more. Because a society has no chance of success if its women are uneducated Laila. No chance.”]

[“But the game involves only male names. Because, if it's a girl, Laila has already named her” \n —”]

[“Boys, Laila came to see, treated friendship the way they treated the sun: its existence undisputed; its radiance best enjoyed, not beheld directly.”]

["“Mariam lay on the couch, hands tucked between her knees, watched the whirlpool of snow twisting and spinning outside the window. She remembered Nana saying once that each snowflake was a sigh heaved by an aggrieved woman somewhere in the world. That all the sighs drifted up the sky, gathered into clouds, then broke into tiny pieces that fell silently on the people below. As a reminder of how people like us suffer, she'd said. How quietly we endure all that falls upon us.””]

["“A story is like a moving train: no matter where you hop onboard, you are bound to reach your destination sooner or later.””]

["“Life goes on, unmindful of beginning, end...crisis or catharsis, moving forward like a slow, dusty caravan of nomads.””]

["“You say you felt a presence, but I only sensed an absence. A vague pain without a source. I was like a patient who cannot tell the doctor where it hurts, only that it does.””]

["“I became what I am today at the age of twelve, on a frigid overcast day in the winter of 1975. I remember the precise moment, crouching behind a crumbling mud wall, peeking into the alley near the frozen creek. That was a long time ago, but it's wrong what they say about the past, I've learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out. Looking back now, I realize I have been peeking into that deserted alley for the last twenty-six years.””]

["“yet love can move people to act in unexpected ways and move them to overcome the most daunting obstacles with startling heroism””]

["“When you have lived as long as I have, the div replied, you find that cruelty and benevolence are but shades of the same color.””]

["“Laila has moved on. Because in the end she knows that's all she can do. That and hope.””]

["“and yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had love and been loved back. she was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. a mother. a person of consequence at last.””]

["“Go slowly, my lovely moon, go slowly.””]

["“It was the kind of love that, sooner or later, cornered you into a choice: either you tore free or you stayed and withstood its rigor even as it squeezed you into something smaller than yourself.””]

["“The rope that pulls you from the flood can become a noose around your neck.””]

["“Sad stories make good books””]

["“They tell me I must wade into waters, where I will soon drown. Before I march in, I leave this on the shore for you. I pray you find it, sister, so you will know what was in my heart as I went under.””]

["“Kabul is... a thousand tragedies per square mile.””]

["“And this is what I want you to understand, that good, real good, was born out of your father's remorse. Sometimes, I think everything he did, feeding the poor on the streets, building the orphanage, giving money to friends in need, it was all his way of redeeming himself. And that, I believe, is what true redemption is, Amir jan, when guilt leads to good.””]

["“I'm sorry,” Laila says, marveling at how every Afghan story is marked by death and loss and unimaginable grief. And yet, she sees, people find a way to survive, to go on.””]

["“For courage, there must be something at stake. I come here with nothing to lose.””]

["“Tariq tucked the gun into the waist of his denims. Then he said a thing both lovely and terrible. “For you,” he said. “I'd kill with it for you, Laila.” \n —”]

["“Attention shifted to him like sunflowers turning to the sun.””]

["“There was so much goodness in my life. So much happiness. I wondered whether I deserved any of it.””]

["“Life is a train, get on board.””]

["“That's how children deal with terror, they fall asleep.””]

["“It's wrong to hurt even bad people. Because they don't know any better, and because bad people sometimes become good.””]

["“Tell your secret to the wind, but don't blame it for telling the trees.””]

["“But it is important to know this, to know your roots. To know where you started as a person. If not, your own life seems unreal to you. Like a puzzle. Vous comprenez? Like you have missed the beginning of a story and now you are in the middle of it, trying to understand.””]

["“the past held only this wisdom: that love was a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion””]

["“She would never leave her mark on Mammy's heart the way her brothers had, because Mammy's heart was like a pallid beach where Laila's footprints would forever wash away beneath the waves of sorrow that swelled and crashed, swelled and crashed.””]

["“Each snowflake was a sigh heard by an aggrieved woman somewhere in the world. All the sighs drifted up the sky

, gathered into clouds, then broke into tiny pieces that fell silently on the people below. As a reminder of how women suffer.”]

[“Though there were moments of beauty, Mariam knew for the most part that life had been unkind to her.”]

[“Nothing good came free. Even love. You paid for all things. And if you were poor, suffering was your currency.”]

[“With the passing of time, she would slowly tire of this exercise. She would find it increasingly exhausting to conjure up, to dust off, to resuscitate once again what was long dead. There would come a day, in fact, years later, when [she] would no longer bewail his loss. Or not as relentlessly; not nearly. There would come a day when the details of his face would begin to slip from memory's grip, when overhearing a mother on the street call after her child by [his] name would no longer cut her adrift. She would not miss him as she did now, when the ache of his absence was her unrelenting companion--like the phantom pain of an amputee.”]

[“He said that if culture is a house, then language was the key to the front door; to all the rooms inside. Without it, he said, you ended up wayward, without a proper home or a legitimate identity.”]

[“The finger cut, to save the hand.”]

[“And suddenly, just like that, hope became knowledge. I was going to win. It was just a matter of when.”]

[“And that, ...is the story of our country, one invasion after another...Macedonians. Sadrans. Arabs. Mongols. Now the Soviets. But we're like those walls up there. Battered, and nothing pretty to look at, but still standing.”]

[“Laila watches Mariam glue strands of yarn onto her doll's head. In a few years, this little girl will be a woman who will make small demands on life, who will never burden others, who will never let on that she too had sorrows, disappointments, dreams that have been ridiculed. A woman who will be like a rock in a riverbed, enduring without complaint, her grace not sullied but shaped by the turbulence that washes over her. Already Laila sees something behind this young girl's eyes, something deep in her core, that neither Rasheed nor the Taliban will be able to break. something as hard and unyielding as a block of limestone. Something that, in the end, will be her undoing and Laila's salvation.\n\nThe little girl looks up. Puts the doll down. Smiles.”]

[“I didn't remember what month that was, or what year even. I only knew the memory lived in me, a perfectly encapsulated morsel of a good past, a brushstroke of color on the gray, barren canvas that our lives had become. ”]

[“Human behavior is messy and unpredictable and unconcerned with convenient symmetries.” \n —]

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[“I found a sad little fairy \n\nBeneath the shade of a paper tree.\n\nI know a sad little fairy\n\nWho was blown away by the wind one night.”]

[“She is furious with herself for her own stupidity. Opening herself up like this, voluntarily, to a lifetime of worry and anguish. It was madness. Sheer lunacy. A spectacularly foolish and baseless faith, against enormous odds, that a world you do not control will not take from you the one thing you cannot bear to lose. Faith that the world will not destroy you.”]

[“The cities, the roads, the countryside, the people I meet - they all begin to blur. I tell myself I am searching for something. But more and more, it feels like I am wandering, waiting for something to happen to me, something that will change everything, something that my whole life has been leading up to.”]

[“I wished I could be alone in my room, with my books, away from these people.”]

[“Then I think of all the tricks, all the minutes all the hours and days and weeks and months and years waiting for me. All of it without them. And I can't breathe then, like someone's stepping on my heart, Laila. So weak I just want to collapse somewhere.”]

[“I have lived a long time, and one thing I have come to see is that one is well served by a degree of both humility and charity when judging the inner workings of another person's heart”]

[“I've read that if an avalanche buries you and you're lying there underneath all that snow, you can't tell which way is up or down. You want to dig yourself out but pick the wrong way, and you dig yourself to your own demise.”]

[“The desert weed lives on, but the flower of spring blooms and wilts.”]

[“A woman who will be like a rock in a riverbed, enduring without complaint, her grace not sullied but \n\nby the turbulence that washes over her.”]

[“Yes, hope is a strange thing. Peace at last. But at what price?”]

[“i want to give up my bearings, slip out of who i am, shed everything, the way a snake discards old skin.”]

[“I have a theory about marriage, Monsieur Boustouler. And it's that nearly always you will know within two weeks if it's going to work. It's astonishing how many people remain shackled for years, decades even, in a protracted and mutual state of self-delusion and false hope when in fact they had their answer in those first two weeks.”]

[“At last, she makes her choice. She turns around, drops her head, and walks toward a horizon she cannot see. After that, she does not look back anymore. She knows that if she does, she will weaken.”]

[“A part of me was hoping someone would wake up and hear, so I wouldn't have to live with this lie anymore. But

no one woke up and in the silence that followed, I understood the nature of my new curse: I was going to get away with it.””]

[““You can not stop you from being who you are.””]

[““I brought Hassan’s son from Afghanistan to America, lifting him from the certainty of turmoil and dropping him in a turmoil of uncertainty””]

[““Blood is a powerful thing””]

[““Though there had been moments of beauty in it Mariam knew that life for most part had been unkind to her. But as she walked the final twenty paces, she could not help but wish for more of it. She wished she could see Laila again, wished to hear the clangor of her laugh, to sit with her once more for a pot of chai and leftover halwa under a starlit sky. She mourned that she would never see Aziza grow up, would not see the beautiful young woman that she would one day become, would not get to paint her hands with henna and toss noqul candy at her wedding. She would never play with Aziza's children. She would have liked that very much , to be old and play with Aziza's children.\nMariam wished for so much in those final moments. Yet as she closed her eyes, it was not regret any longer but a sensation of abundant peace that washed over her. She thought of her entry into this world, the harami child of a lowly villager, an unintended thing, a pitiable, regrettable accident. A weed. And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother. A person of consequence at last. No. It was not so bad , Mariam thought, that she should die this way. Not so bad. This was a legitimate end to a life of illegitimate beginnings.””]

[““You're gutless. It's how you were made. And that's not such a bad thing because your saving grace is that you've never lied to yourself about it. Not about that. Nothing wrong with cowardice as long as it comes with prudence. But when a coward stops remembering who he is... God help him.” \n —”]

[““It turned out that, like Satan, cancer had many names.””]

[““He knew I'd seen everything in that alley, that I'd stood there and done nothing. He knew that I'd betrayed him and yet he was rescuing me once again, maybe for the last time. ””]

[““For you, a thousand times over.” Then I turned and ran. It was only a smile, nothing more. It didn't make everything alright. It didn't make anything all right. Only a smile. A tiny thing. But I'll take it. With open arms.””]

[““In the coming days and weeks, Laila would scramble frantically to commit it all to memory, what happened next. Like an art lover running out of a burning museum, she would grab whatever she could--a look, a whisper, a moan--to salvage from perishing to preserve. But time is the most unforgiving of fires, and she couldn't, in the end, save it all.””]

[““He stopped, turned. He cupped his hands around his mouth. "For you a thousand times over!" he said. Then he smiled his Hassan smile and disappeared around the corner.””]

[““Gone.\nVanished.\nNothing left.\nNothing said.””]

[““I think that everything he did, feeding the poor, giving money to friends in need, it was all a way of redeeming himself. And that, I believe, is what true redemption is, Amir jan, when guilt leads to good.””]

[“”]

[““As far as I know, he never asked where she had been or why she had left and she never told. I guess some stories do not need telling.””]

[““All my life, I'd been around men. That night, I discovered the tenderness of a woman.””]

[““It is now your duty to hone that talent, because a person who wastes his God-given talents is a donkey.””]

[““America was different. America was a river, roaring along, unmindful of the past. I could wade into this river, let my sins drown to the bottom, let the waters carry me someplace far. Someplace with no ghosts, no memories, and no sins.””]

[““Was there happiness at the end [of the movie], they wanted to know.\nIf someone were to ask me today whether the story of Hassan, Sohrab, and me ends with happiness, I wouldn't know what to say. \nDoes anybody's?\nAfter all, life is not a Hindi movie. Zendagi migzara, Afghans like to say: Life goes on, unmindful of beginning, en, kamyab , nah-kam, crisis or catharsis, moving forward like a slow, dusty caravan of kochis. ””]

[““Love was a damaging mistake and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion.””]

[““But then it passed, as all things do.””]

[““She thought of Aziza's stutter, and of what Aziza had said earlier about fractures and powerful collisions deep down and how sometimes all we see on the surface is a slight tremor.””]

[““No one has to know. No one would. It would be her secret, one she would share with the mountains only. The question is whether it is a secret she can live with, and Parwana thinks she knows the answer. She has lived with secrets all her life.””]

[““Regret... when it comes to you, I have oceans of it.””]

["!!كما إبرة البوصلة تشير إلى الشمال،، فإن أصبع الرجل يجد دائماً امرأة ليتهما،، تذكرني ذلك يا مريم"]

["The Chinese say it's better to be deprived of food for three days than tea for one." \n —"]

["People learned to live with the\nmost unimaginable things.""]

[""]

["Zindagi migzara (life goes on)"]

["People...shouldn't be allowed to have new children if they'd already given away all their love to their old ones. It wasn't fair.""]

["I don't know what this feather means, the story of it, but I know it means he was thinking of me. For all these years. He remembered me.""]

["Laila remembered Mammy telling Babi once that she had married a man who had no convictions. Mammy didn't understand. She didn't understand that if she looked into a mirror, she would find the one unfailing conviction of his life looking right back at her. """]

["!،،قلب الرجل مثير للأسى،،إنه مثير للأسى يا مريم،،إنه ليس كرحم الأم،،إنه لا ينزف الدم،، لن يتوسع ليصنع لك منزلاً"]

["Some days, I listen to that clock ticking in the hallway. Then I think of all the ticks, all the minutes, all the hours and days and weeks and months and years waiting for me. All of it without you. And I can't breathe then, like someone's stepping on my heart. I get so weak. So weak I just want to collapse somewhere.""]

["All my life, I [Pari] have lived like an aquarium fish in the safety of a glass tank, behind a barrier as impenetrable as it has been transparent. I have been free to observe the glimmering world on the other side, to picture myself in it, if I like. But I have always been contained, hemmed in, by the hard, unyielding confines of the existence that Baba has constructed for me, at first knowingly, when I was young, and now guilelessly, now that he is fading day by day. I think I have grown accustomed to the glass and am terrified that when it breaks, when I am alone, I will spill out into the wide open unknown and flop around, helpless, lost, gasping for breath.""]

["If there's a God out there, then I would hope he has more important things to attend to than my drinking scotch or eating pork.""]

["Not a word passes between us, not because we have nothing to say, but because we don't have to say anything - that is how, it is between people who are each other's first memories"""]

["Except that wasn't all. The real fun began when a kite was cut. That was where the kite runners came in, those kids who chased the windblown kite drifting through the neighborhoods until it came spiraling down in a field, dropping in someone's yard, on a tree or a rooftop. The chase got pretty fierce; hordes of kite runners swarmed the streets, shoving past each other like those people from Spain I'd read about once, the ones who ran from the bulls. One year a neighborhood kid climbed a pine tree for a kite. A branch snapped under his weight and he fell thirty feet. Broke his back and never walked again. But he fell with the kite still in his hands. And when a kite runner has his hands on a kite, no one could take it from him. That wasn't a rule. That was a custom.""]

["I loved him in that moment, loved him more than I'd ever loved anyone, and I wanted to tell them all that I was the snake in the grass, the monster in the lake. I wasn't worthy of this sacrifice; I was a liar, a cheat, a thief. And I would have told, except that a part of me was glad. Glad that this would all be over with soon. Baba would dismiss them, there would be some pain, but life would move on. I wanted that, to move on, to forget, to start with a clean slate. I wanted to be able to breathe again.""]

["In his rearview mirror, I saw something flash in his eyes. "You want to know?" he sneered. "Let me imagine, Agha sahib. You probably lived in a big two- or three-story house with a nice backyard that your gardener filled with flowers and fruit trees. All gated, of course. Your father drove an American car. You had servants, probably Hazaras. Your parents hired workers to decorate the house for the fancy mehmanis they threw, so their friends would come over to drink and boast about their travels to Europe or America. And I would bet my first son's eyes that this is the first time you've ever worn a pakol." He grinned at me, revealing a mouthful of prematurely rotting teeth. "Am I close?" \nWhy are you saying these things?" I said.\nBecause you wanted to know," he spat. He pointed to an old man dressed in ragged clothes trudging down a dirt path, a large burlap pack filled with scrub grass tied to his back. "That's the real Afghanistan, Agha sahib. That's the Afghanistan I know. You? You've always been a tourist here, you just didn't know it.""]

["Rahim Khan laughed. "Children aren't coloring books. You don't get to fill them with your favorite colors.""]

["She wished she could visit Mariam's grave, to sit with her awhile, leave a flower or two. But she sees now that it doesn't matter. Mariam is never very far.... Mariam is in her own heart, where she shines with the bursting radiance of a thousand suns.""]

["ی را از آدم بگیرد!!\nپرسیدم آخر چرا؟! \n...این جور خوشحالی ترسناک است.\n...گفت: چون از ته دل خوشحالم.\nگفتم: چرا؟! \nگفت: خیلی میترسم.\n!،،او جواب داد وقتی آدم این جور خوشحال باشد سرنوشت آماده است چیز"]

["You're not going to cry, are you?\n- I am not going to cry! Not over you. Not in a thousand years.""]

["“Look at me, Mariam.”\nReluctantly, Mariam did.\nNana said, 'Learn this now and learn it well, my daughter: Like a compass needle that points north, a man's accusing finger always finds a woman. Always. You remember that, Mariam.'”]

["“I think he loved us equally, but differently.” \n —']

["“it is a heartBreaking sound, Amir Jan, the Wailing of a mother. I pray to Allah you Never hear it.”]

["“He says this is war. There is no shame in war. Tell him he's wrong. War doesn't negate decency. It demands it, even more than in times of peace.””]

["“The ordinary, utterly mundane reason behind the massacre makes it somehow more terrible, and far more depressing. The word 'senseless' springs to mind, and Idris thwarts it. It's what people always say. A senseless act of violence. A senseless murder. As if you could commit sensible murder.””]

["“A stubborn ass needs a stubborn driver””]

["“What good is regret? It brings back nothing. What we have lost is irretrievable.””]

["“If I ever do get married,” Tariq said, “they'll have to make room for three on the wedding stage. Me, the bride, and the guy holding the gun to my head””]

["“It was you Nabi.\nIt was always you.\nDidn't you know?””]

["“But Laila has decided that she will not be crippled by resentment. Mariam wouldn't want it that way. ‘What's the sense?’ she would say with a smile both innocent and wise. ‘What good is it, Laila jo?’ And so Laila has resigned herself to moving on. For her own sake, for Tariq's, for her children's. And for Mariam, who still visits Laila in her dreams, who is never more than a breath or two below her consciousness. Laila has moved on. Because in the end she knows that's all she can do. That and hope.””]

["“And I wrote you.\nVolumes.\nVolumes.””]

["“Nine-year-old Laila rose from bed, as she did most mornings, hungry for the sight of her friend Tariq. This morning, however, she knew there would be no Tariq sighting.\n- How long will you be gone? - She'd asked when Tariq had told her that his parents were taking him south, to the city of Ghazni, to visit his paternal uncle.\n- Thirteen days\n- Thirteen days?\n- It's not so long. You're making a face, Laila.\n- I am not.\n- You're not going to cry, are you?\n- I am not going to cry! Not over you. Not in a thousand years.\nShe'd kicked at his shin, not his artificial but his real one, and he'd playfully whacked\nthe back of her head.\nThirteen days. Almost two weeks. And, just five days in, Laila had learned a fundamental truth about time: Like the accordion on which Tariq's father sometimes played old Pashto songs, time stretched and contracted depending on Tariq's absence or presence.””]

["“I shook my head no. For minutes, neither of us spoke a word. It breathed between us, what he had said, the pain of a life suppressed, of happiness never to be.””]

["“I throw my makeshift \n, my prayer rug, on the floor and I get on my knees, lower my forehead to the ground, my tears soaking through the sheet. I bow to the west. Then I remember I haven't prayed for over fifteen years. I have long forgotten the words. But it doesn't matter, I will utter those few words I still remember: \n. There's no God but Allah, and Muhammad is his messenger. I see now that Baba was wrong, there's a God, there always had been. I see Him here, in the eyes of the people in this [hospital] corridor of desperation. This is the real house of God, this is where those who have lost God will find Him, not the white \n with its bright diamond lights, and towering minarets. There's a God, there has to be, and now I will pray, I will pray that He forgive that I have neglected Him all of these years, forgive that I have betrayed, lied, and sinned with impunity only to turn to Him now in my hour of need, I pray that He is as merciful, benevolent, and gracious as His book says He is. [...] I hear a whimpering and realize it is mine, my lips are salty with the tears trickling down my face. I feel the eyes of everyone in this corridor on me and still I bow to the west. I pray. I pray that my sins have not caught up with me the way I'd always feared they would.””]

["“After everything he'd built, planned, fought for, fretted over, dreamed of, this was the summation of his life; one disappointing son and two suitcases.””]

["“A creative writing teacher at San Jose State used to say about clichés: 'Avoid them like the plague.' Then he'd laugh at his own joke. The class laughed along with him, but I always thought clichés got a bum rap. Because, often, they're dead-on. But the aptness of the clichéd saying is overshadowed by the nature of the saying as a cliché.””]

["“I wanted to tell them that, in Kabul, we snapped a tree branch and used it as a credit card. Hassan and I would take the wooden stick to the bread maker. He'd carve notches on our stick with his knife, one notch for each loaf of naan he'd pull for us from the tandoor's roaring flames. At the end of the month, my father paid him for the number of notches on the stick. That was it. No questions. No ID.””]

["“When you kill a man, you steal a life,” Baba said. “You steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness. Do you see?””]

["“Hassan couldn't read a first-grade textbook but he'd read me plenty. That was a little unsettling but also sort of cool.””]

uncomfortable to have someone who always knew what you needed.””]

[““Years later, I learned an English word for the creature that Assef was, a word for which a good Farsi equivalent does not exist: sociopath.””]

[““Joseph shall return to Canaan, grieve not,\nHovels shall turn to rose gardens, grieve not.\nIf a flood should arrive, to drown all that's alive, \nNoah is your guide in the typhoon's eye, grieve not.””]

[““I've crossed paths since with men like him. I wish I could say differently. But I have. And what I have learned is that you dig a little and you find they're all the same, give or take. Some are more polished, granted. They may come with a little bit of charm-- Or a lot -- and that can fool you. But really they're all unhappy little boys sloshing around in their own rage. They feel wronged. They haven't been given their due. No one loved them enough. Of course they expect you to love them. They want to be held, rocked, reassured. But it's a mistake to give it to them. They can't accept it. They can't accept the very thing they're needing. They end up hating you for it. And it never ends because they can't hate you enough. It never ends-- the misery, the apologies, the promises, the reneging, the wretchedness of it all. My first husband was like that.” \n —”]

[““Give sustenance, Allah.\nGive sustenance to me.””]

[““And one more thing...You will never again refer to him as 'Hazara boy' in my presence. He has a name and it's Sohrab.””]

[““Awake. And alone with demons of my own.””]

[““There was brotherhood between people who had fed from the same breast, a kinship that even time could not break. - Amir””]

[““Panic. You open your mouth. Open it so wide your jaws creak. You order your lungs to draw air, NOW, you need air, need it NOW. But your airways ignore you. They collapse, tighten, squeeze, and suddenly you're breathing through a drinking straw. Your mouth closes and your lips purse and all you can manage is a croak. Your hands wriggle and shake. Somewhere a dam has cracked open and a flood of cold sweat spills, drenches your body. You want to scream. You would if you could. Cut you have to breathe to scream. Panic.””]

[““You know.”\n“Know what?”\n“That I only have eyes for you.””]

[““She would grab whatever she could - a look, a whisper, a moan - to salvage from perishing, to preserve. But time is most unforgiving of fires, and she couldn't, in the end, save it all.””]

[““There will be no floating waway. There will be no other reality tonight.””]

[““In my experience, men who understand women seem to rarely want to have anything to do with them.””]

[““He is annoyed with their lack of interest, their blithe ignorance of the arbitrary genetic lottery that has granted them their privileged lives.””]

[““Children aren't coloring books. You don't get to fill them with your favorite colors.””]

[““!! أو الألف شمس المشرقة التي تختبئ خلف جدرانها،، المرء لا يستطيع عد الأقمار المشعة على سقوفها””]

[““I see America has infused you with the optimism that has made her so great””]

[““If you were the poor, suffering was your currency.””]

[““But it is important to know this, to know your roots. To know where you started as a person. If not, your own life seems unreal to you.””]

[““If culture was a house, then language was the key to the front door, [and] to all rooms inside.””]

[““A sudden happiness catches me unawares. I feel it trickling into me, and my eyes go liquid with gratitude and hope.””]

[““Hassan returned the smile. Except his didn't look forced. And that's the thing about people who mean everything they say. They think everyone else does too””]

[“”]

[““it always falls on the sober to pay for the sins of the drunk.” \n —’]

[““All my life, she gave to me a shovel and said, Fill these holes inside of me, Pari.””]

[““In Kabul, hot running water had been like fathers, a rare commodity.””]

[“”]

[““After all, life is not a Hindi movie.””]

[““Laila came to believe that of all the hardships a person has to face, none was more punishing than the simple act of waiting.””]

[““She said there was comfort to be found in the permanence of mathematical truths, in the lack of arbitrariness and the absence of ambiguity. In knowing that the answers may be elusive, but they could be found. They were there, waiting, chalk scribbles away. “Nothing like life, in other words,” he said. “There, it's questions with either no answers or messy ones.””]

[““Mariam always held her breath as she watched him go. She held her breath and, in her head, counted seconds. She



e pretended that for each second that she didn't breathe God would grant her another day with Jalil.””]

["I guess some stories do not need telling.””]

[""]

["She considers for a minute before saying, "I should have been more kind. That is something a person will never regret. You will never say to yourself when you are old, Ah, I wish I was not good to that person. You will never think that. I should have been more kind.””]

["The desert weed lives on, but the flower of spring blooms and wilts. Such grace, such dignity, such a tragedy.””]

["Words were secret doorways and I held all the keys.””]

["I want to tear myself from this place, from this reality, rise up like a cloud and float away, melt into this humid summer night and dissolve somewhere far, over the hills.””]

[""]

["The shootings and explosions had lasted less than an hour, but they had frightened us badly, because none of us had ever heard gunshots in the streets. They were foreign sounds to us then. The generation of Afghan children whose ears would know nothing but the sounds of bombs and gunfire was not yet born.””]

["Kabul had become a city of ghosts for me. A city of harelipped ghosts. \nAmerica was different. America was a river, roaring along, unmindful of the past. I could wade into this river, let my sins drown to the bottom, let the waters carry me someplace far. Someplace with no ghosts, no memories, and no sins. ””]

["Sometimes, Soraya Sleeping next to me, I lay in bed and listened to the screen door swinging open and shut with the breeze, to the crickets chirping in the yard. And I could almost feel the emptiness in Soraya's womb, like it was a living, breathing thing. It had seeped into our marriage, that emptiness, into our laughs, and our love-making. And late at night, in the darkness of our room, I'd feel it rising from Soraya and setting between us. Sleeping between us. Like a newborn child. ””]

["She was an extraordinary woman, and I went to bed that night feeling like I was perhaps more than ordinary myself. This was the effect she had on me.””]

[""]

["... I have dreams of you too, Mariam jo. I miss you. I miss the sound of your voice, your laughter. I miss reading to you, and all those times we fished together. Do you remember all those times we fished together? You were a good daughter, Mariam jo, and I cannot ever think of you without feeling shame and regret. Regret... When it comes to you, Mariam jo, I have oceans of it. I regret that I did not see you the day you came to Herat. I regret that I did not open the door and take you in. I regret that I did not make you a daughter to me, that I let you live in that place for all those years. And for what? Fear of losing face? Of staining my so-called good name? How little those things matter to me now after all the loss, all the terrible things I have seen in this cursed war. But now, of course, it is too late. Perhaps that is just punishment for those who have been heartless, to understand only when nothing can be undone. Now all I can do is say that you were a good daughter, Mariam jo, and that I never deserved you. Now all I can do is ask for your forgiveness. So forgive me, Mariam jo. Forgive me, forgive me. Forgive me...” \n —']

["She was like the dust that clung to his shirt. She was in the silences that had become so frequent at the house, silences that welled up between their words, sometimes cold and hollow, sometimes pregnant with things that went unsaid, like a cloud filled with rain that never fell.””]

["Love is a delicate thing that needs to be cosseted and protected. Love is not robust and love is not unyielding. Love can crumble under a few harsh words, or be tossed away with a handful of careless actions. Love isn't a steadfast dog at all; love is more like a pygmy mouse lemur.””]

["That summer, Titanic fever gripped Kabul. People smuggled pirated copies of the film from Pakistan- sometimes in their underwear. After curfew, everyone locked their doors, turned out the lights, turned down the volume, and reaped tears for Jack and Rose and the passengers of the doomed ship. If there was electrical power, Mariam, Laila, and the children watched it too. A dozen times or more, they unearthed the TV from behind the tool-shed, late at night, with the lights out and quilts pinned over the windows.\nAt the Kabul River, vendors moved into the parched riverbed. Soon, from the river's sunbaked hollows, it was possible to buy Titanic carpets, and Titanic cloth, from bolts arranged in wheelbarrows. There was Titanic deodorant, Titanic toothpaste, Titanic perfume, Titanic pakora, even Titanic burqas. A particularly persistent beggar began calling himself "Titanic Beggar." \n"Titanic City" was born.\nIt's the song, they said.\nNo, the sea. The luxury. The ship.\nIt's the sex, they whispered.\nLeo, said Aziza sheepishly. It's all about Leo.\n"Everybody wants Jack," Laila said to Mariam. "That's what it is. Everybody wants Jack to rescue them from disaster. But there is no Jack. Jack is not coming back. Jack is dead.””]

["Though there had been moments of beauty in it, Mariam knew that life for most part has been unkind to her. But as she walked the final twenty paces, she could not help but wish for more of it.””]

["She was my mother and she would not leave me. This I had simply accepted and expected. I had no more thanked

her for it than I did the sun for shining on me.”]

[“Creating means vandalizing the lives of other people, turning them into unwilling and unwitting participants. You steal their desires, their dreams, pocket their flaws, their suffering. You take what does not belong to you. You do this knowingly.”]

[“about clichés. Avoid them like the plague.”]

[“She was the trembler of knees, the spiller of teacups.”]

[“Must have been quite the culture shock, going there.” \n “Yes it was.” Idris doesn’t say that the real culture shock has been in coming back.”]

[“A person who has no conscience, no goodness, does not suffer.”]

[“That was a long time ago, but it’s wrong what they say about the past, I’ve learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out.”“]

[“If the story had been about anyone else, it would have been dismissed as laaf, that Afghan tendency to exaggerate ---sadly, almost a national affliction; if someone bragged that his son was a doctor, chances were the kid had once passed a biology test in high school.”]

[“I know that in the end, God will forgive me. He will forgive your father, me, and you too. I hope you can do the same. Forgive your father if you can. Forgive me if you wish. But most important, forgive yourself.”]

[“It was madness. Sheer lunacy. A spectacularly foolish and baseless faith, against enormous odds, that a world you do not control will not take from you the one thing you cannot bear to lose. Faith that the world will not destroy you.”]

[“At that moment, she cannot think of a more reckless, irrational thing than choosing to become a parent.”]

[“But even when he wasn’t around, he was.”“]

[“these random unkind moments that catch you when you least expect them.”]

[“]

[“you say you have no courage, but I see it in you. What you did, the burden you agreed to shoulder, took courage. For that, I honor you.”]

[“At times, he didn’t understand the meaning of the Koran’s words. But he said he liked the enhancing sounds the Arabic words made as they rolled off his tongue. He said they comforted him, eased his heart. “They’ll comfort you to . Mariam jo,” he said. “You can summon them in your time of your need, and they won’t fail you. God’s words will never betray you, my girl.” \n —’]

[“Hassan and I fed from the same breasts. We took our first steps on the same lawn in the same yard. And, under the same roof, we spoke our first words.\n Mine was Baba.\n His was Amir. My name.\n Looking back on it now, I think the foundation for what happened in the winter of 1975 —and all that followed— was already laid in those first words.”]

[“God has granted you a special talent. It’s now your duty to hone that talent, because a person who wastes his God-given talents is a donkey.”“]

[“Air grew heavy, damp, almost solid. I was breathing bricks.”“]

[“]

[“Nothing wrong with cowardice as long as it comes with prudence. But when a coward stops remembering who he is... God help him.”]

[“That’s the thing about people who mean everything they say. They think everyone else does.”“]

[“You say their stories, it is a gift they give you.”]

[“I’m all you have in this world Mariam, and when I’m gone you’ll have nothing. You ARE nothing!”“]

[“I’ll die if you go. The Jinn will come, and I’ll have one of my fits. You’ll see, I’ll swallow my tongue and die. Don’t leave me, Mariam jo. Please stay. I’ll die if you go.”“]

[“Because when spring comes, it melts the snow one flake at a time”“]

[“]

[“Marriage can wait. Education cannot...Because a society has no chance of success if its women are uneducated, Laila. No chance.”“]

[“I know now that some people feel unhappiness the way others love: privately, intensely, and without recourse.”“]

[“People in the countryside carry a sense of dignity. They wear it, don’t they? Like a badge? I’m being genuine.”“]

[“]

[“Happiness like this is frightening....they only let you be this happy if they’re preparing to take something away from you”“]

[“You know the old bit,” he said. “You’re on a deserted island. You can have five books. Which do you choose? I have never thought I’d actually have to.”“]

[“!،، ما أغنى هذه الأكاذيب،، رجل غني يخبر أكاذيب غنية”]

[“But Mariam hardly noticed, hardly cared...the future did not matter. And the past held only this wisdom: that Love was a damaging mistake and its accomplice, Hope, a treacherous illusion.”]

[““If America taught me anything, it's that quitting is right up there with pissing in the Girl Scouts' lemonade jar.” \n —”]

[““Her beauty was the talk of the valley.It skipped two generations of women in our family, but it sure didn't bypass you, Laila.””]

[““Soon, he would become an adult. And when he did, there would be not going back because adulthood was akin to what his father had once said about being a war hero: one you became one, you died one.”]

[““Hassan and I looked at each other. Cracked up. The Hindi kid would soon learn what the British learned earlier in the century, and what the Russians would eventually learn by the late 1980's: that Afghans are an independent people. Afghans cherish customs but abhor rules. And so it was with kite fighting. The rules were simple: No rules. Fly your kite. Cut the opponents. Good luck.””]

[““I laughed. Partly at the joke, partly at how Afghan humor never changed. Wars were waged, the Internet was invented, and a robot had rolled on the surface of Mars, and in Afghanistan we were still telling Mullah Nasruddin jokes.””]

[“”]

[““Her eyes, walnut brown and shaded by fanned lashes, met mine. \nHeld for a moment. \nFlew away.””]

[““Your job today is to pass gas. You do that and we can start feeding you liquids. No fart, no food.””]

[““James Parkinson. George Huntington. Robert Graves. John Down. Now this Lou Gehrig fellow of mine. How did men come to monopolize disease names too?””]

[““When Aziza first spotted Mariam in the morning, her eyes always sprang open, and she began mewling and squirming in her mother's grip. She thrust her arms toward Mariam, demanding to be held, her tiny hands opening and closing urgently, on her face a look of both adoration and quivering anxiety...\n“Why have you pinned your little heart to an old, ugly hag like me?” Mariam would murmur into Aziza's hair... “What have I got to give you?”\nBut Aziza only muttered contentedly and dug her face in deeper. And when she did that, Mariam swooned. Her eyes watered. Her heart took flight. And she marveled at how, after all these years of rattling loose, she had found in this little creature the first true connection in her life of false, failed connections.””]

[““A life lived from the back seat, observed as it blurred by. An indifferent life.””]

[““I may not agree with all or even most of the tribal traditions, but it seems to me that, out there, people live more authentic lives. They have a sturdiness about them. A refreshing humility. Hospitality too. And resilience. A sense of pride.””]

[““So, then. You want a story and I will tell you one.””]

[““I don't know whom or what he was defying. [...] [M]aybe the God he had never believed in.””]

[““ان ما يحدث في أيام قليلة وأحيانا يوم واحد حتي، يستطيع تغيير اتجاه المرء كل حياته””]

[““It would be erroneous to say Sohrab was quiet. Quiet is peace. Tranquility. Quiet is turning down the volume knob on life.\nSilence is pushing the off button. Shutting it down. All of it. \nSohrab's silence wasn't the self imposed silence of those with convictions, of protesters who seek to speak their cause by not speaking at all. It was the silence of one who has taken cover in a dark place, curled up all the edges and tucked them under.””]

[““One could not count the moons that shimmer on her roofs, Or the thousand splendid suns that hide behind her wall s.””]

[““I noticed Wahid's boys, all three thin with dirt-caked faces and short-cropped brown hair under their skull caps, stealing furtive glances at my digital wristwatch.\n...I unsnapped the wristwatch and gave it to the youngest of the three boys. He muttered a sheepish “Tashakor.”\n“It tells you the time in any city in the world,” I told him. The boys, nodding politely passing the watch between them, taking turns trying it on. But they lost interest and, soon the watch sat abandoned on the straw mat.\n...I understood now why the boys hadn't shown any interest in the watch. They hadn't been staring at the watch at all. They'd been staring at my food.””]

[““I said to you,\n“Hold my hand.\nNothing bad will happen.”\nThese are only words.\nA father's tricks,\nIt slays your father,\nyour faith in him.\nBecause all I can think tonight is\nhow deep the sea,\nand how vast, how indifferent.\nHow powerless I am to protect you from it.\nAll I can do is pray.””]

[““\n””]

[““Only two weeks since he had left, and it was already happening. Time, blunting the edges of those sharp memories. Laila bore down mentally. What had he said? It seemed vital, suddenly, that she know.\nLaila closed her eyes. Concentrated.\nWith the passing of time, she would slowly tire of this exercise. She would find it increasingly exhausting to conjure up, to dust off, to resuscitate once again what was long dead. There would come a day, in fact, years lat

er, when Laila would no longer bewail his loss. Or not as relentlessly; not nearly. There would come a day when the details of his face would begin to slip from memory's grip, when overhearing a mother on the street call after her child by Tariq's name would no longer cut her adrift. She would not miss him as she did now, when the ache of his absence was her unremitting companion—like the phantom pain of an amputee.

Except every once in a long while, when Laila was a grown woman, ironing a shirt or pushing her children on a swing set, something trivial, maybe the warmth of a carpet beneath her feet on a hot day or the curve of a stranger's forehead, would set off a memory of that afternoon together. And it would come rushing back. The spontaneity of it. Their astonishing imprudence...

It would flood her, steal her breath.

But then it would pass. The moment would pass. Leave her feeling deflated, feeling nothing but a vague restlessness.”

“But if you have a book that needs urgent reading,' she said, 'then Hakim is your man.””]

“When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth.””]

“In her smile, Idris sees how little of the world he has known, even at thirty-five years of age, its savageness, its cruelty, its boundless brutality.””]

["

“Never mind that to me, the face of Afghanistan is that of a boy with a thin-boned frame, a shaved head, and low-set ears, a boy with a Chinese doll face perpetually lit by a hare-lipped smile.

Never mind any of those things. Because history isn't easy to overcome. Neither is religion.

In the end, I was a Pashtun and he was a Hazara, I was Sunni and he was Shi'a, and nothing was ever going to change that. Nothing.””]

“What was I supposed to be, growing in your womb -- assuming it was even in our womb that I was conceived? A seed of hope? A ticket purchased to ferry you from the dark? A patch for that hole you carried in your heart? If so, then I wasn't enough. I wasn't nearly enough. I was no balm to your pain, only another dead end, another burden, and you must have seen that early on. You must have realized it. But what could you do? You couldn't go down to the pawnshop and sell me.””]

“A man's heart is a wretched, wretched thing, Mariam. It isn't like a mother's womb. It won't bleed, it won't stretch to make room for you.””]

“There is a way to be good again

For you, a thousand times over

Not a word passes between us, not because we have nothing to say, but because we don't have to say anything

It's wrong what they say about the past, I've learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out

A man who has no conscience, no goodness, does not suffer

Better to get hurt by the truth than comforted with a lie””]

“You are lucky.”

“How so?”

“To know where you came from.”

I guess I never gave it much thought.: “Bah, of course not. But it is important to know this, to know your roots. To know where you started as a person. If not, your own life seems unreal to you. Like a puzzle. Vous comprenez? Like you missed the beginning of a story and now you are in the middle of it, trying to understand.””]

“Perspective was a luxury when your head was constantly buzzing with a swarm of demons.””]

“You will never say to yourself when you are old, Ah, I wish I was not good to that person.””]

“I have heard it said we are the uninvited.

We are the unwelcome.

We should take our misfortune elsewhere.

But I hear your mother's voice,

over the tide.

and she whispers in my ear,

“Oh, but if they saw, my darling.

Even half of what you have.

If only they saw.

They would say kinder things, surely.””]

“Laila remembered how Mammy had dropped to the ground, how she'd screamed, torn at her hair. But Laila couldn't even manage that. She could hardly move. She could hardly move a muscle.

She sat on the chair instead, hands limp in her lap, eyes staring at nothing, and let her mind fly on. She let it fly on until it found the place, the good and safe place, where the barley fields were green, where the water ran clear and the cottonwood seeds danced by the thousands in the air; where Babi was reading a book beneath an acacia and Tariq was napping with his hands laced across his chest, and where she could dip her feet in the stream and dream good dreams beneath the watchful gaze of gods of ancient, sun-bleached rock.””]

“Baba dropped the stack of food stamps on her desk. “Thank you but I don't want,” Baba said. “I work always. In Afghanistan I work, in America I work. Thank you very much, Mrs. Dobbins, but I don't like it free money.”...Baba walked out of the welfare office like a man cured of a tumor.””]

“She lived in fear of his shifting moods, his volatile temperament, his insistence on steering even mundane exchanges down a confrontational path that, on occasion, he would resolve with punches, slaps, kicks, and sometimes try to make amends for with polluted apologies, and sometimes not.””]

“Inside Laila too a battle was being waged : guilt on one side, partnered with shame, and, on the other, the conviction that what she and Tariq had done was not sinful; that it had been natural, good, beautiful, even inevitable, spurred by the knowledge that they might never see each other again.””]

“On a high mountain I stood,

And cried the name of Ali, Lion of God.

O Ali, Lion of God, King of Men,

Bring

g joy to our sorrowful hearts.””]

إن نشر أعمالك على لوحة إعلانات هو أمر خاطيء ، إنها أمور يقوم بها الإنسان بصمت ، بكرامة .. الإحسان لا يعني توقيع الشيكات للناس على الملاء””]

[“Mariam wished for so much in those final moments. Yet as she closed her eyes, it was not regret any longer but a sensation of abundant peace that washed over her. She thought of her entry into this world, the harami child of a lowly villager, an unintended thing, a pitiable, regrettable accident. A weed. And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother. A person of consequence at last. No. It was not so bad, Mariam thought, that she should die this way. Not so bad. This was a legitimate end to a life of illegitimate belongings””]

[“You see, some things I can teach you. Some you learn from books. But there are things that, well, you just have to see and feel.” \n —’]

[“hills that stand soft and a sky that stands high and blue, and the sun setting behind a windmill, and always, always, hazy strings of mountains that fall and fall away on the horizon.””]

[“She said there was comfort to be found in the permanence of mathematical truths, in the lack of arbitrariness and the absence of ambiguity. In knowing that the answer may be elusive, but they could be found. They were there, waiting, chalk scribbles away””]

[“Make morning into a key and throw it into the well,\ngo slowly , my lovely moon, go slowly.’]

[“..But time can be a greedy thing- sometimes it steals all the details for itself””]

[“Even your graffiti artists spray Rumi on the walls””]

[“Because a society has no chance of success if its women are uneducated, Laila. No chance.””]

[“Only two weeks since he had left, and it was already happening. Time, blunting the edges of those sharp memories.””]

[““Dr. Bashiri, if I ever want to put a curse in someone, I say, 'May God give you a restaurant.’””]

[“If thou art indeed my father, then hast thou stained thy sword in the life-blood of thy son. And thou didst it of thine obstinacy. For I sought to turn thee unto love, and I implored of thee thy name, for I thought to behold in thee the tokens recounted of my mother. But I appealed unto thy heart in vain, and now is the time gone for meeting.””]

[““They would make new lives for themselves—peaceful, solitary lives—and there the weight of all that they'd endured would lift from them, and they would be deserving of all the happiness and simple prosperity they would find.””]

[“How quietly we endure all that falls upon us.””]

[“It blistered the eyes , beauty like hers .””]

[“He was a visionary or a fool I have found the line perilously thin myself””]

[“Who rebels with mathematics?””]

[“At the door, she made him promise to go without goodbyes. She closed the door on him. Laila leaned her back against it, shaking against his pounding fists, one arm gripping her belly and a hand across her mouth, as he spoke throughout the door and promised that he would come back for her. She stood there until he tired, until he gave up , and then she listened to his uneven footsteps until they faded, until all was quiet, save for the gunfire cracking in the hills and her own heart thudding in her belly, her eyes, her bones.””]

[““In a British accent, he tells me his name is Dr.Nawaz, and suddenly I want to be away from this man, because I don't think I can bear what he has come to tell me. He says the boy had cut himself deeply and had lost a great deal of blood and my mouth begins to mutter that prayer again: \nThey had to transfuse several units of red cells—\nTwice, they had to revive him—\n namaz, \n zakat. \nThey would have lost him if his heart hadn't been young and strong— \nHe is alive.””]

[“But time, it is like charm. You never have as much as you think.””]

[““I just think these people, everything they've been through, we should respect them... By 'we', I mean people like Timur and me. The lucky ones, the ones who weren't here when the place was getting bombed to hell. We're not like these people. We shouldn't pretend we are. The stories these people have to tell, we're not entitled to them... I'm rambling.””]

[“How could I be such an open book to him when, half the time, I had no idea what was milling around in his head?””]

[“A pathetic shadow, torn between her envy and thrill of being seen with Masomma, sharing in the attention as a weed would, lapping up water meant for the lily upstream.” \n —’]

[“I see the creative process as a necessarily thievish undertaking. Dig beneath a beautiful piece of writing..and you will find all manner of dishonor. Creating means vandalizing the lives of other people, turning them into unwilling and unwitting participants. You steal their desires, their dreams, pocket their flaws, their suffering. You take what does not belong to you. You do this knowingly.””]

[“And the past held only this wisdom: that love was a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion.”]

[“]

[“I know. I know. But he’s always buried in those books or shuffling around the house like he’s lost in some dream. “And?” “I wasn’t like that.” Baba sounded frustrated, almost angry. Rahim Khan laughed. “Children aren’t colouring books. You don’t get to fill them with your favourite colours.”]

[“Take two Afghans who’ve never met, put them in a room for ten minutes, and they’ll figure out how they’re related.”]

[“I see a creative process as a necessarily thievish undertaking. Dig beneath a beautiful piece of writing, Monsieur Boustouler, and you will find all manner of dishonor. Creating means vandalizing the lives of other people, turning them into unwilling and unwitting participants. You steal their desires, their dreams, pocket their flaws, their suffering. You take what does not belong to you. You do this knowingly.”]

[“Out beyond ideas”]

[“When you kill a man, You steal a life. You steal his wife’s right to a husband, Rob his children of a father.”]

[“lifting him from the certainty of turmoil and dropping him in a turmoil of uncertainty.”]

[“There’s no monster...just a beautiful day.”]

[“For a time, I was quite literally at loss as to what to do with myself. For more than half a century I had looked after Suleiman. My daily existence had been shaped by his needs, his companionship. Now I was free to do as I wished, but I found the freedom illusory, for what I wished for the most had been taken from me. They say, find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life had a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind. And now that I had fulfilled mine, I felt aimless and adrift.”]

[“Every woman needed a husband. Even if he did silence the song in her.”]

[“I was like the patient who cannot explain to the doctor where it hurts, only that it does.”]

[“The impact had cut your upper lip in two, he had said, clean down the middle. Clean down the middle. Like a hare lip.”]

[“...Mariam is in Laila’s own heart, where she shines with the bursting radiance of a thousand suns.”]

[“I was the lucky one because I was protected by my youth. Je pouvais oublier. I still had the luxury of forgetting. He did not.”]

[“For you, a thousand times over” \n— Khaled Hosseini, The Kite Runner”]

[“What began with exuberance and passion always ended with terse accusations and hateful words, with rage and weeping fits.”]

[“Mariam saw now the sacrifices a mother made. Decency was but one.”]

[“]

[“Do you even know how strong God has made you? she said. How strong and good He has made you?” \n —’]

[“]

[“]

[“I used to picture us as two leaves, blowing miles apart in the wind yet bound by the deep tangled roots of the tree from which we had both fallen.”]

[“]

[“Now, no matter what the mullah teaches, there is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft.”]

[“]

[“Maman had been a gifted writer. Pari has read every word Maman had written in French and every poem she had translated from Farsi as well. The power and beauty of her writing was undeniable. But if the account Maman had given of her life in the interview was a lie, then where did the images of her work come from? Where was the wellspring for words that were honest and lovely and brutal and sad? Was she merely a gifted trickster? A magician, with a pen for a wand, able to move an audience by conjuring emotions she had never known herself? Was that even possible?\nPari does not know—she does not know. And that, perhaps, may have been Maman’s true intent, to shift the ground beneath Pari’s feet. To intentionally unsteady and upend her, to turn her into a stranger to herself, to heave the weight of doubt on her mind, on all Pari thought she knew of her life, to make her feel as lost as if she were wandering through a desert at night, surrounded by darkness and the unknown, the truth elusive, like a single tiny glint of light in the distance flickering on and off, forever moving, receding.”]

[“I pray. I pray that my sins have not caught up with me the way I’d always feared they would.”]

[“Many years later when I began training as a plastic surgeon, I understood something that I had not that day in the kitchen arguing for Thalia to leave Tinos for the boarding school. I learned that the world didn’t see the inside of you

, that it didn't care a whit about the hopes and dreams, and sorrows, that lay masked by skin and bone. It was as simple, as absurd, and as cruel as that. My patients knew this. They saw that much of what they were, would be, or could be hinged on the symmetry of their bone structure, the space between their eyes, their chin length, the tip projection of their nose, whether they had an ideal nasofrontal angle or not.

Beauty is an enormous unmerited gift given randomly, stupidly.””]

["خلف كل امتحان وكل ألم نلقاه , فإن لله حكمة في ذلك"]

["The moment is brief, barely enough for a flutter of the pulse but long enough for her illusory self to catch up with the reality of the woman gazing back from the shopwindow. It is a little devastating. This is what ageing is, she thinks as she follows Isabelle into the store, these random unkind moments that catch you when you least expect them.”]

["I suspect the truth is we are waiting, all of us, against unsurmountable odds, for something extraordinary to happen to us.”]

["Their fights didn't so much end as dissipate, like a drop of ink in a bowl of water, with a residual taint that lingered.”]

["Bareh tu hazar dafa!”]

مرأة محزونة في مكان ما في العالم. كل تلك التهديدات التي تنساق باتجاه السماء تتجمع في الغيوم ثم تتساقط بهدوء على شكل قطع صغيرة على الناس

”[.إنه تذكير بالنساء اللواتي يعانين مثلنا، كيف نتحمل بصمت كل الذي يقع على كاهلنا. كل ندفة تلج هي تهيدة ثقيلة من]

["Biliyorsun.””Neyi biliyorum?””Gözlerimin sadece seni gördüğünü.””]

["Nothing wrong with cowardice as long as it comes with prudence.””]

["cruelty and benevolence are but shades of the same colour.””]

["Thinking of the anguish of his final days and my own helplessness in the face of it, makes everything I have done, everything I want to do, seem as unsubstantial as the little vows you make yourself as you're going to sleep, the ones you've already forgotten by the time you wake up.” \n —"]

["It feels as though there is a gaping hole in the middle of everything. The decades of my mother's life here with Thalia, they are dark, vast spaces to me. I have been absent. Absent for all the meals Thalia and Mama have shared at this table, the laughs, the quarrels, the stretches of boredom, the illnesses, the long string of simple rituals that make up a lifetime. Entering my childhood home is a little disorienting, like reading the end of a novel that I'd started, then abandoned, long ago.””]

["It's a funny thing, Markos, but people mostly have it backward. They think they live by what they want. But really what guides them is what they're afraid of. What they don't want.””]

["And here she was now, over those boulders and parched hills, with a home of her own, a husband of her own, heading toward on final, cherished province: Motherhood. How delectable it was to think of this baby, \n baby, \n baby. How glorious it was to know that her love for it already dwarfed anything she had ever felt as a human being, to know that there was no need any longer for pebble games.””]

["Mariam wished for so much in those final moments. Yet as she closed her eyes, it was not regret any longer but a sensation of abundant peace that washed over her. She thought of her entry into this world, the harami child of a lowly villager, an unintended thing, a pitiable, regrettable accident. A weed. And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother. A person of consequence at last. No. It was not so bad, Mariam thought, that she should die this way. Not so bad. This was a legitimate end to a life of illegitimate beginnings.

Mariam's final thoughts were a few words from the Koran, which she muttered under her breath.

He has created the heavens and the earth with the truth; He makes the night cover the day and makes the day overtake the night, and He has made the sun and the moon subservient; each one runs on to an assigned term; now surely He is the Mighty, the Great Forgiver.

"Kneel," the Talib said.

O my Lord! Forgive and have mercy, for you are the best of the merciful ones.

"Kneel here, hamshira. And look down."

One last time, Mariam did as she was told.””]

["She remembered all too well how time had dragged without him, how she had shuffled about feeling waylaid, out of balance. How she could ever cope with his permanent absence?””]

["I remember how I would eye with envy all the kids in our neighborhood, in my school, who had a little brother or sister. How bewildered I was by the way some of them treated each other, oblivious to their own good luck. They acted like wild dogs. Pinching, hitting, pushing, betraying one another any way they could think of. Laughing about it too. They wouldn't speak to one another. I didn't understand. Me, I spent most of my early years craving a sibling. What I really wished I had was a twin, someone who'd cried next to me in the crib, slept beside me, fed from Mother's breast with me. Someone to love helplessly and totally, and in whose face I could always find myself.””]

["She hears the words childhood leukemia, or maybe he says lymphoma, and what's the difference anyway?....She is furious with herself for her own stupidity. Opening herself up like this, voluntarily, to a lifetime of worry and anguish. It was madness. Sheer lunacy. A spectacularly foolish and baseless faith, against enormous odds, that a world you

u do not control will not take from you the one thing you cannot bear to lose. Faith that the world will not destroy you. I don't have the heart for this. She actually says this under her breath. I don't have the heart for this. At that moment, she cannot think of a more reckless, irrational thing than choosing to become a parent.””]

[“It was only a smile, nothing more. It didn’t make everything all right. It didn’t make anything all right. Only a smile. A tiny thing.””]

[“Mamà believed in loyalty above all, even at the cost of self-denial. She also believed it was always best to tell the truth, to tell it plainly, without fanfare, and the more disagreeable the truth, the sooner you had to tell it.””]

[“Thirteen days. Almost two weeks. And, just five days in, Laila had learned a fundamental truth about time: Like the accordion on which Tariq's father sometimes played old Pashto songs, time stretched and contracted depending on Tariq's absence or presence.””]

[“Like a compass needle that points north, a man’s accusing finger always finds a woman.””]

[“Silence is pushing the off button. Shutting it down. All of it.””]

[“To see her, amid all of it. To see that contentment and beauty were not unattainable things.””]

[“Zendagi migzara, we say, life goes on.””]

[“I was not altogether surprised to learn that she had taken her own life. I know now that some people feel unhappiness the way others love: privately, intensely, and without recourse.””]

[“You changed the subject.””From what?””The empty-headed girls who think you’re sexy.””You know.””K now what?””]

[“They had overshadowed her in life. They would obliterate her in death.””]

[“And that, I believe, is what true redemption is, Amir Jan, when guilt leads to good.””]

[“Mammy's heart was like a pallid beach where Laila's footprints would forever wash away beneath the waves of sorrow that swelled and crashed””]

[“”]

[“I sat against one of the house’s clay walls. The kinship I felt suddenly for the old land... it surprised me. I’d been gone long enough to forget and be forgotten. I had a home in a land that might as well be in another galaxy to the people sleeping on the other side of the wall I leaned against. I thought I had forgotten about this land. But I hadn’t. And, under the bony glow of a halfmoon, I sensed Afghanistan humming under my feet. Maybe Afghanistan hadn’t forgotten me either. I looked westward and marveled that, somewhere over those mountains, Kabul still existed. It really existed, not just as an old memory, or as the heading of an AP story on page 15 of the San Francisco Chronicle. Somewhere over those mountains in the west slept the city where my harelipped brother and I had run kites. Somewhere over there, the blindfolded man from my dream had died a needless death. Once, over those mountains, I had made a choice. And now, a quarter of a century later, that choice had landed me right back on this soil.” —]

[“I think I have grown accustomed to the glass and I am terrified that when it breaks, when I am alone, I will spill out into the wide open unknown and flop around, helpless, lost, grasping for breath.””]

[“”]

[“And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother. A person of consequence at last. No. It was not so bad, Mariam thought, that she would die this way. Now so bad. This was a legitimate end to a life of legitimate beginnings.””]

[“لا يستطيع الأب أن ينضم إلى الجهاد بل عليه أن يبقى في المنزل ليعتنى بابنه. الأطفال هم الضحايا الحقيقيين لمعارك السوفييت المزروعة بالألغام، وبذلك كان السوفييت يحبون أن يخبئوا المتفجرات داخل ألعاب ملونة وبراقة وإذا أمسك بها طفل انفجرت اللعبة لتقطع الأصابع أو اليد بأكملها، وبذلك

[“That was when I learned that, in America, you don't reveal the ending of the movie, and if you do, you will be scorned and made to apologize profusely for having committed the sin of Spoiling the End.””]

[“”]

[“We’d each roll to our side of the bed and let our own savior take us away. Soraya’s was sleep. Mine, as always, was a book.””]

[“مع المجاهدون النصر إلى كابول. أريد أن أكون هناك عندما يحدث ذلك، عندما تعود أفغانستان حرة، سيرى الأولاد ذلك أيضاً، سيرونه من خلال عيني.””]

[“أريد أن أرى حلم أولادي يتحقق، أريد أن أرى اليوم الذي سيغادر فيه السوفييت إلى بلادهم مكملين بالعار، اليوم الذي يصنث، والزجاج، وأكوام من القطع المعدنية. كان هناك نهب، قتل، وبشكل متزايد، الاغتصاب، والذي استخدم لترويع المدنيين ومكافأة لرجال الميليشيات. نساء قتلن أنفسهن خوفاً من أن يغتصبن، وعن رجال باسم الشرف، قتلوا زوجاتهم أو بناتهم، إذا اغتصبن من الميليشيات. كانت الشوارع مملوءة بالجثث.””سمعت مريم ع

[“Пустинните бурени оцеляват, а пролетното цвете разцъфва и повяхва.””]

[“I wondered if that was how forgiveness budded, not with the fanfare of epiphany, but with pain gathering its things, packing up, and slipping away unannounced in the middle of the night.””]

[“She understood then what Nana meant, that a harami was an unwanted thing; that she, Mariam, was an illegitimate person who would never have legitimate claim to the things other people had, things such as love, family, home, acc



eptance.”]

[“.. إن القصص كالقطارات المتحركة لا يهم من أين تركبها ، لأنك ستصل إلى غايتك أجلا أم عاجلا على متنها”]

[“She is furious with herself for her own stupidity. Opening herself up like this, voluntarily, to a lifetime of worry and anguish. It was madness. Sheer lunacy. A spectacularly foolish and baseless faith, against enormous odds, that a world you do not control will not take from you the one thing you cannot bear to lose. Faith that the world will not destroy you. \n. She actually says this under her breath. \n. At that moment, she cannot think of a more reckless, irrational thing than choosing to become a parent.”]

[“For some people, particularly women, marriage-even an unhappy one such as this-is an escape from even greater unhappiness.”]

[“Sólo te permiten ser así de feliz cuando están preparándose para llevarse algo de ti.”]

[“Por ti lo haria mil veces mas”]

[“But coming close wasn't the same as winning, was it? ... He had won because winners won and everyone else just went home”]

[“The reputation of a girl ... is a delicate thing. Like a mynah bird in your hands. slacken your grip and away it flies. ” \n —']

[“of wrongdoing and rightdoing,”]

[“They say Find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life had a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind.”]

[“I do it for the girls.”\n“What girls?”\nHe smirked. “They think it's sexy.”\n“It's not.”\n“No?”\n“I assure you.”\n“Not sexy?”\n“You look khila, like a half-wit.”\n“That hurts,” he said.\n“What girls anyway?”\n“You're jealous.”\n“I'm indifferently curious.”\n“You can't be both.” He took another drag and squinted through the smoke. “I'll bet the y're talking about us now.”\nIn Laila's head, Mammy's voice rang out. Like a mynah bird in your hands. Slacken your grip and away it flies. Guilt bore its teeth into her. Then Laila shut off Mammy's voice. Instead, she savored the way Tariq had said us. How thrilling, how conspiratorial, it sounded coming from him. And how reassuring to hear him say it like that - casually, naturally. Us. It acknowledged their connection, crystallized it.\n“And what are they saying?”\n“That we're canoeing down the River of Sin,” he said.\n“Eating a slice of Impiety Cake.”\n“Riding the Ricks haw of Wickedness?” Laila chimed in.\n“Making Sacrilege Qurma.”\nThey both laughed. Then Tariq remarked that her hair was getting longer. “It's nice,” he said.\nLaila hoped she wasn't blushing. “You changed the subject.”\n“From what?”\n“The empty-headed girls who think you're sexy.”\n“You know.”\n“Know what?”\n“That I only have eyes for you.”\nLaila swooned inside. She tried to read his face but was met by a look that was indecipherable: the cheerful, cretinous grin at odds with the narrow, half-desperate look in his eyes. A clever look, calculated to fall precisely at the midpoint between mockery and sincerity.”]

[“And I dream that someday you will return to Kabul to revisit the land of our childhood. If you do, you will find an old faithful friend waiting for you.”]

[“]

[“]

[“¿Cuánto tiempo? - me preguntó Sohrab.\n-No lo sé. Un poco.\nSohrab se encogió de hombros y sonrió, una sonrisa más ancha aquella vez.\n-No me importa. Puedo esperar. Es como las manzanas verdes.\n¿Las manzanas verdes?\nUna vez, cuando era muy pequeño, trepé a un árbol y comí unas manzanas que aún estaban verdes. Se me hinchó el estómago y se me puso duro como un tambor. Mi madre me dijo que si hubiese esperado a que madurasen, no me habrían sentado mal. Así que ahora, cuando quiero algo de verdad, intento recordar lo que ella me dijo sobre las manzanas.”]

[“Một khi ta trở thành ai đó, con người cũ của ta cũng chết đi.”]

[“Make morning into a key and throw it into the well, Go slowly, my lovely moon, go slowly. Let the morning sun forget to rise in the east, Go slowly, my lovely moon, go slowly.”]

[“Yalnızca bir günah vardır, tek bir günah. O da hırsızlıktır. Onun dışındaki bütün günahlar hırsızlığın çeşitlemesidir ... Bir insanı öldürdüğün zaman, bir yaşamı çalmış olursun. Karısının elinden bir kocayı, çocuklarından bir babayı almış olursun. Yalan söylediğinde, birinin gerçeğe ulaşma hakkını çalarsın. Hile yaptığın, birini aldattığın zaman doğruluğu, haklılığı çalmış olursun.\nKendisine ait olmayan bir şeyi alan insan, bu ister bir can olsun isterse bir dilim nan (ekmek) adildir. Çalmaktan daha kötü bir suç yoktur...”]

[“Theft is the one unforgivable sin, the one common denominator of all sins. When you kill a man, you steal a life. You steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness. There is no act more wretched then stealing.”]

[“إنه قدرنا في الحياة يا مريم , يجب علي نساء مثلنا التحلي بالصبر”]

[“My body was broken - just how badly I wouldn't find out until later - but I felt healed. Healed at last.”]

["Her şeye, devasa olasılık oranlarına rağmen, kontrol edemediğin bir dünyanın, kaybetmeyi kaldıramayacağın tek şeyi elinden almayacağına dair, son derece tekinsiz ve akıl almaz aptallıkta bir inanç duymak.""]

[""Father's world was unsparing. Nothing good came free, even love. You paid for all things, and if you were poor, suffering was your currency.""]

[""Bu kentin ne çatılarını ışılatan ayları sayabilirsin, \nNe de duvarlarının gerisine gizlenen bin muhteşem güneşi.""]

[""Mariam knew that life for the most part had been unkind to her. But as she walked the final twenty paces, she could not help but wish for more of it.""]

[""She thought of her entry into this world, the harami child of a lowly villager, an unintended thing, a pitiable, regrettable accident. A weed. And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother. A person of consequence at last.""]

[""It may be unfair, but what happens in a few days, sometimes even a single day, can change the course of a whole lifetime, Amir," he said." \n —']

[""For you, a thousand times over." Then I turned and ran. It was only a smile, nothing more. It didn't make everything alright. It didn't make anything all right. Only a smile. A tiny thing. But I'll take it. With open arms. Because when spring comes, it melts the snow one flake at a time, and maybe I just witnessed the first flake melting.""]

[""العدو الوحيد الذى لا يستطيع أفغانستان هزيمته هو نفسها"]

[""I finally had what I'd wanted all those years. Except now that I had it, I felt as empty as this unkempt pool I was dangling my legs into.""]

[""I wanted that, to move on, to forget, to start with a clean slate. I wanted to be able to breathe again.""]

[""Entering my childhood home is a little disorienting, like reading the end of a novel that I'd started, then abandoned, long ago.""]

[""When guilt leads to good.""]

[""I see you've confused what you're learning in school with actual education.""]

[""For an hour or two every Thursday, when Jalil came to see her, all smiles and gifts and endearments, Mariam felt deserving of all the beauty and bounty that life had to give. And, for this, Mariam loved Jalil.""]

[""Laila imagines she sees little Mariam there in the hut as a woman who will be like a rock in a riverbed, enduring without complaint, her grace not sullied but SHAPED by the turbulence that washes over her.""]

[""Sometimes a finger must be cut to save the hand.""]

[""]

[""I tell myself I am searching for something. But more and more, it feels like I am wandering, waiting for something to happen to me, something that will change everything, something that my whole life has been leading up to...""]

[""]

[""Her beauty was a weapon. A loaded gun, with the barrel pointed at her own head.""]

[""In the middle of the night, when Laila woke up thirsty, she found their hands still clamped together, in the white-knuckle, anxious way of children clutching balloon strings.""]

[""]

[""He scarcely knew who was battling whom, who was winning, who was losing, as though he hoped that by doggedly ignoring the war it would return the favor"]

[""]

[""There, the future did not matter. And the past held only this wisdom: that love was a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion. And whenever those twin poisonous flowers began to sprout in the parched land of that field, Mariam uprooted them. She uprooted them and ditched them before they took hold.""]

[""Baba and I lived in the same house, but in different spheres of existence. Kites were the one paper-thin slice of intersection between those spheres." \n —']

[""That's how children deal with terror. They fall asleep.""]

[""I tell myself I am searching for something. But more and more, it feels like I am wandering, waiting for something to happen to me, something that will change everything, something that my whole life has been leading up to.""]

[""Time is the most unforgiving of fires.""]

[""As Khaled Hosseini writes, it's better to get hurt by the truth than comforted with a lie.""]

[""Maybe this was my punishment, and perhaps justly so. 'It wasn't meant to be', Khala Jamila had said. Or, maybe, it was meant not to be.""]

[""!!كيف نتحمل بصمت كل الذي يقع علي كاهلنا ؟"]

[""You have to do it now. If you wait until morning, you'll lose heart.""]

["" \*العيون هي نوافذ الروح"]

["“The lucky ones, the ones who weren't here when the place was getting bombed to hell. We're not like these people. We shouldn't pretend we are. The stories these people have to tell, we're not entitled to them.”"]

["“He had a frozen, wide-eyed look to his face, I remember, the way some old people do, like they are perpetually startled by the monstrous surprise that is old age.”"]

["“Where I come from, one wrong look, one improper word, and blood is spilled. Where I come from, a woman's face is her husband's business only.”"]

["lili lili birdbath\nsitting on a dirtpath"]

["“EB: Perhaps it's her way of rebelling. You know a thing or two about rebellion, I think. \nNW: Yes, but I did it the proper way. I drank and smoked and took lovers. Who rebels with mathematics?”"]

["“Alas, Abdullah and Pari, Baba Ayub's days of happiness came to an end.”"]

["“Yüreği çöküverdi, ta ayaklarının dibine kadar.”"]

لتي تحدث في المواجهات الضرورية بينهما، كان يحلها باللكمات، بالصفعات، الرفسات... وأحيانا يصلح الوضع باعتذار قذر،، وأحيانا دون أي شيء...  
ن لا امرأة أن تتحمل عندما تكون خائفة.. وكانت مريم خائفة حقاً،، من طباعه المتقلبة، مزاجه العنيف، إصراره على الحيوانية، حتى المشاجرات التافهة  
تقاربه لها، إهاناته وسخريته منها.. أن يمر بجانبها كأنها لا شيء أو كأنها قطعة في المنزل.. لكن بعد أربع سنوات من الزواج، رأت مريم بوضوح كم يمكن  
... لم يكن من السهل أن تتحمل الطريقة التي يتكلم بها معها، اح

عتقد مريم بأن الناس يجب أن لا يسمحوا لأنفسهم أن ينجبوا أولاداً من جديد، إذا كانوا قد منحوا كل الحب الذي لديهم لأولادهم السابقين، ذلك ليس عدلاً...  
”!الآن”]

["“It hurts to say that,” he said, shrugging. “But better to get hurt by the truth than comforted with a lie.”"]

["“I could wade into this river, let my sins drown to the bottom, let the waters carry me someplace far.”"]

نين يجب أن يصلوا خمس مرات في اليوم. إذا كان وقت الصلاة وكنتم تقومون بشئ آخر فسوف، تجلدون. \nقوانين طالبان فور وصولها للحكم...  
مصان ستكون مزررة. \nعلى كل الرجال أن يتركوا لحاهم. والحجم الصحيح هو مقدار قبضة تحت الذقن. إذا لم تطيعوا فسوف تجلدون. \nكل المواط  
من الصف الأول إلى الصف السادس سيرتدون عمام سوداء، في المراحل العليا سيرتدون عمام بيضاء. كل الأولاد سيرتدون اللباس الإسلامي. بإاقات الق  
ات ممنوع. \nالعاب الورق، لعب الشطرنج، القمار، الطائرات الورقية ممنوعة. \nالرقص ممنوع. \nالغناء ممنوع. \nكل الأولاد سيلبسون العمام. الأولاد  
غ. إذا سرقتم مرة أخرى فسوف تقطع ساقكم. \nإذا كان لديكم طيور البيغاء فسوف تجلدون، وطيورك ستقتل. \nكتابة الكتب، مشاهدة الأفلام، ورسم اللوح  
ن. إذا حاولتم تبديل مسلم عن دينه، فسوف تعدمون. \nإذا كنتم غير مسلمين، فلا تتعبدوا حيث يمكن للمسلمين رؤيتكم. \nإذا سرقتم، سنقطع أيديكم من الرس  
تن، يجب أن يرافقكم رجل قريب. إذا أمسك بكن وأنتن وحيدات في الشوارع، ستجلدن وتعدن إلى منازلكن. \nانتباه للنساء: \nوإذا فعلتم، ستجلدون وتسجنو  
خارج بيوتكن. وإذا لم تفعلن، فستجلدن عدة مرات. \nستبقون داخل منازلكم كل الوقت. فليس من اللائق للنساء أن تتجول بلا هدف في الشوارع. إذا خرج  
إذا تكلم أحد معكن. \nالحلى ممنوعة. \nالمواد التجميل ممنوعة. \nغير مسموح تحت أي ظرف كان أن تظهروا وجوهكن. يجب عليكن أن تتغطين بالبرقع  
لتن ستفقدن أصبعاً. \nالن تضحكن في العلن. إذا فعلتن ستجلدن. \nيجب ألا تلتقي نظراتكن بنظرات الرجال. \nعليكن ألا تلبسين ملابس مثيرة. لن تتكلمن إلا  
دتن مذنبات بتهمة الزنا، سترجمن حتى الموت. \nممنوع على البنات الذهاب إلى المدارس. مدارس البنات ستغلق في الحال. \nالن تطلوا أظفاركن. وإذا فع  
] — \n “اسمعن. اسمعن جيداً. وأطعن، الله أكبر. \nممنوع العمل على المرأة. إذا وج

["“That's the thing about people who mean everything they say. They think everyone else does too.”"]

["“So it would begin. The obligatory questions, the perfunctory answers. Both pretending. Unenthusiastic partners, the two of them, in this tired old dance.”"]

["“there is a field.”"]

["“I lay on the side of the dirt road next to a rocky trench, looked up to the gray morning sky, thankful for air, thankful for light, thankful to be alive.”"]

["“لأشياء هناك في الخارج، لأشياء إلا الرقص ووجع القلب”"]

["“Rahim, a boy who won't stand up for himself becomes a man who can't stand up to anything.”"]

["“Listening to them, I realized how much of who I was, what I was, had been defined by Baba and the marks he had left on people's lives. My whole life, I had been “Baba's son.” Now he was gone. Baba couldn't show me the way a nymore; I'd have to find it on my own. The thought of it terrified me.”"]

["“أحد الأمور التي تعلمتها من الزمن أن يحتفظ الإنسان بقدر من التواضع والإحسان عندما يحكم على تلاطم مشاعر قلب شخص آخر”"]

["“This was a legitimate end to a life of illegitimate beginnings.”"]

["“Mariam saw now the sacrifices a mother made. Decency was but one. She thought ruefully of Nana, of the sacrifices that she too had made. Nana, who could have given her away, or tossed her in a ditch somewhere and run. But she hadn't. Instead, Nana had endured the shame of bearing a harami, had shaped her life around the thankless task of raising Mariam and, in her own way, of loving her. And, in the end, Mariam had chosen Jalil over her. As she fought her way with impudent resolve to the front of the melee, Mariam wished she had been a better daughter to Nana. She wished she'd understood then what she understood now about motherhood.”"]

["“I cringed a little at the position of power i'd been granted, and all because I had won at the genetic lottery that had determined my sex.”"]

["“In Tariq's grimace, Laila learned that boys differed from girls in this regard. They didn't make a show of friendship. They felt no urge, no need, for this sort of talk... Boys, Laila came to see, treated friendship the way they treated the sun: its existence undisputed; its radiance best enjoyed, not beheld directly.”"]

["Fragment ui Duizend schitterende zonnen."]

["A sadness came over me. Returning to Kabul was like running into an old, forgotten friend and seeing that life had n't been good to him, that he'd become homeless and destitute.""]

والسنوات التي تنتظرنني، كلها بدونهما، وعندها لا أستطيع التنفس، كأن شيئاً ما يخطو في قلبي... لقد أصبحت ضعيفة جداً ،، وقد أنهار في أي لحظة..."]

["When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth.""]

["What I have in ample supply here is children who've lost their childhood. But the tragedy is that these are the lucky ones.""]

["Mariam saw now the sacrifices a mother made. Decency was but one...Mariam wished she's been a better daughter to Nana. She wished she's understood then what she understood now about motherhood.""]

["...there is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is variation of theft.""]

["with a thug of a string, i'd cut loose my pain, my longing..." \n —"]

["Fuck the Russia"]

["could unsheathe from her arsenal a mockingly grave way of talking about things she found either portentous or frivolous. She could shrink your aspirations before your very eyes.""]

["I would have told them that he lived a life lacking in purpose or direction. Like those aimless rides I took him on. A life lived from the backseat, observed as it blurred by. An indifferent life.""]

["14-Just as he didn't understand why a wave of something, something like the tail end of a sad dream, always swept through him whenever he heard the jingling, surprising him each time like an unexpected gust of wind. But then it passes, as all things do, it passed"]

[""]

[""]

["People learned to live with the most unimaginable things.""]

[""]

["But they were wasting their time. Because Hassan stood with his arms wide open, smiling, waiting for the kite. And may God—if He exists, that is—strike me blind if the kite didn't just drop into his outstretched arms.""]

["And the past held only this wisdom: that love was a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion.""]

["c'est une erreur d'affirmer qu'on peut enterrer le passé, il s'accroche tant et si bien qu'il remonte toujours à la surface.""]

["That is something a person will never regret. You will never say to yourself when you are old, Ah, I wish I was not good to that person. You will never think that.""]

["war. Or, rather, wars. Not one, not two, but many wars, both big and small, just and unjust, wars with shifting casts of supposed heroes and villains, each new hero making one increasingly nostalgic for the old villain. The names changed, as did the faces, and I spit on them equally for all the petty feuds, the snipers, the land mines, bombing raids, the rockets, the looting and raping and killing.""]

["Find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life had a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind.""]

["I was an only, and often lonely, child. After they'd had me, my parents, who'd met back in Pakistan when they were both around forty, had decided against tempting fate a second time. I remember how I would eye with envy all the kids in our neighborhood, in my school, who had a little brother or sister. How bewildered I was by the way some of them treated each other, oblivious to their own good luck. They acted like wild dogs. Pinching, hitting, pushing, betraying one another any way they could think of. Laughing about it too. They wouldn't speak to one another. I didn't understand. Me, I spent most of my early years craving a sibling.""]

["He used to wonder how such a frail little body could house so much joy, so much goodness. It couldn't. It spilled out of her, came pouring out her eyes.""]

عرفت مريم أن الحياة بمعظمها كانت قاسية معها.. لكنها بينما كانت تمشي الخطوات العشرين الأخيرة، لم تستطع منع نفسها من أن تتمنى المزيد منها..."]

[""]

["They rarely look at Baba -- the teenagers -- and then only with cold indifference, or even subtle disdain, as if my father should have known better than to allow old age and decay to happen to him.""]

["I laughed. Clutched him in a hug and planted a kiss on his cheek. "What was that for?" he said; startled, blushing. I gave him a friendly hug, smiled. "You're a prince, Hassan. You're a prince and I love you." \n —"]

["الأطفال ليسوا كتباً للتلوين يمكنك تلوينها بألوانك المفضلة"]

["When the Taliban had found the paintings, Tariq said, they'd taken offence at the birds' long bare legs. After they

'd tied the cousin's feet and flogged his soles bloody, they had presented him with a choice: Either destroy the paintings or make the flamingos decent. So the cousin had picked up his brush and painted trousers on every last bird. "And there you have it, Islamic flamingos," - "But he'll have the last laugh, the cousin," Tariq said. "He painted those trousers with watercolour. When the Taliban are gone he'll just wash them off."]

["Kalau kau membunuh seorang pria kau mencuri kehidupannya. Kau mencuri seorang suami dari istrinya, merampok seorang ayah dari anak-anaknya. Kalau kau menipu, kau mencuri hak seseorang untuk mendapatkan kebenaran. Kalau kau berbuat curang, kau mencuri hak seseorang untuk mendapatkan keadilan."]

["Laila came to believe that of all the hardships a person had to face none was more punishing than the simple act of waiting."]

["There is a way to be good again."]

["Of all the hardships a person had to face, none was more punishing than the simple act of waiting. —Khaled Hossaini"]

["Tariq snapped the magazine back into his handgun.\n"Do you have it in you?" Laila said.\n"To what?"\n"To use it his thing. To kill with it." Tariq tucked the gun into the waist of his denims. Then he said a thing both lovely and terrible. "For you," he said.\n"I'd kill with it for you, Laila."]

["He thought about his long life and gave thanks for all the bounty and joy that he had been given. To want more, to wish for yet more, he knew, would be petty. He sighed happily, and listened to the wind sweeping down from the mountains, to the chirping of night birds."]

["I learned that the world didn't see the inside of you, that it didn't care a whit about the hopes and dreams, and sorrows, that lay masked by skin and bone. It was as simple, as absurd, and as cruel as that. My patients knew this. They saw that much of what they were, would be, or could be hinged on the symmetry of their bone structure, the space between their eyes, their chin length, the tip projection of their nose, whether they had an ideal nasofrontal angle or not. Beauty is an enormous, unmerited gift given randomly, stupidly."]

["He's a doctor," Timur says. "Ah? It must be shocking for you, then. This hospital."]

["It always hurts more to have and lose than not to have in first place"]

["How glorious it was to know that her love for it already dwarfed anything she had ever felt as a human being"]

["طيرتها الريح في ليلة شتوية\ أعرف جنية، صغيرة وحزينة\ تحت ظل ورقة شجرة\ وجدت جنية صغيرة"]

[""]

["For you, a thousand times over\n(Bareh tu hazar dafa)"]

["could not picture that Father had once swung on a swing. He could not imagine that Father had once been a boy, like him. A boy. Carefree, light on his feet. Running headlong into the open fields with his playmates. Father, whose hands were scarred, whose face was crosshatched with deep lines of weariness. Father, who might as well have been born with shovel in hand and mud under his nails."]

["Sebenarnya aku berusaha menjadi pengecut karena pilihan lainnya, alasan sebenarnya aku melarikan diri, adalah karena Assef mengatakan kebenaran: Tak ada yang gratis di dunia ini."]

["قلب الرجل مثير للأسى"]

["من بين كل المشقات التي يواجهها الشخص لا شيء أكثر عقاباً من فعل الانتظار"]

["There is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft. When you kill a man, you steal a life... you steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness... there is no act more wretched than stealing." \n —"]

[""]

["If I've learned anything in Kabul, it is that human behavior is messy and unpredictable and unconcerned with convenient symmetries."]

["من بين كل المصاعب التي يواجهها المرء ، لا شيء أقسى من فعل الانتظار البسيط"]

["He was also one of those boys so bursting with energy that he drained others of theirs."]

["Titanic city" was born.\nIt's the song, they said.\nNo, the sea, the luxury, the ship.\nIt's the sex, they whispered.\nLeo, said Aziza sheepishly. It's all about Leo.\n"Everybody wants Jack," Laila said to Mariam. That's what it is. Everybody wants Jack to rescue them from disaster."]

["It may be unfair, but what happens in a few days, sometimes even a single day, can change the course of a whole lifetime, Amir,"]

["Like a compass needle that points north, a man's accusing finger always finds a woman. Always. You remember that, Mariam."]

["To je bilo davno, ali ljudi griješe kada kažu da prošlost može da se pokopa."]

["Sea Prayer was inspired by the story of Alan Kurdi, the three-year-old Syrian refugee who drowned in the Medite

rranean Sea trying to reach the Safety in Europe in 2015.\nIn the year after Alan's death, 4,176 others died or went missing attempting that same journey.””]

[““He's a boy, you see, and, as such, what does he care about reputation? But you? The reputation of a girl, especially one as pretty as you, is a delicate thing, Laila. Like a mynah bird in your hands. Slacken your grip and away it flies. \nFariba to her daughter Laila””]

[““The Chinese say it's better to be deprived of food for three days than tea for one.””]

[““James Parkinson. George Huntington. Robert Graves. John Down. Now this Lou Gehrig fellow of mine. How did men come to monopolize disease names too?” I blink and my mother blinks back, and then she is laughing and so am I. Even as I crumple inside.””]

[““And yet, she sees, people find a way to survive, to go on.””]

[““So, then. You want a story and I will tell you one. But just the one. Don't either of you ask me for more. It's late, and we have a long day of travel ahead of us, Pari, you and I. You will need your sleep tonight. And you too, Abdullah. I am counting on you, boy, while your sister and I are away. So is your mother. Now. One story, then. Listen, both of you, listen well. And don't interrupt.””]

[““Though there had been moments of beauty in it, Mariam knew that life for most part had been unkind to her. But as she walked the final twenty paces, she could not help but wish for more of it. She wished she could see Laila again, wished to hear the clangour of her laugh,...\nMariam wished for so much in those final moments. Yet as she closed her eyes...\nIt was not regret any longer but a sensation of abundant peace that washed over her. She thought of her entry into this world, the harami child of a lowly villager, an unintended thing, a pitiable ,regrettable accident. A weed!\nAnd yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend ,a companion , a guardian, a mother, a person of consequence at last. No. It was no so bad , Mariam thought , that she should die this way. Not so bad. \nThis was a legitimate end to a life of illegitimate beginnings.””]

[““shoes: that putting them on a bed invited death into the family, that a quarrel would follow if one put on the left shoe first.””]

[““Sospecho que, en el fondo, lo que todos esperamos, contra todo pronóstico, es que nos suceda algo extraordinario.””]

[“”]

[“”]

[““Kabul fell prey to men who looked like they had tumbled out of their mothers with Kalashnikov in hand...” \n —']

[““Other Afghans from American, or from Europe," Amra says, "they come and take picture of her. They take video. They make promises. Then they go home and show their families. Like she is zoo animal. I allow it because I think maybe they will help. But they forget. I never hear from them.””]

[““she had hang up knowing that for the rest of her life it would slam into her at random moments, the guilt, the terrible remorse, catching her off guard, and that she would ache to the bones with it. She would wrestle with this, now and for all days to come. It would be the dripping faucet at the back of her mind.””]

[““Here is what I do on the first day of snowfall every year: I step out of the house early in the morning, still in my pajamas, hugging my arms against the chill. I find the driveway, my father's car, the walls, the trees, the rooftops, and the hills buried under a foot of snow. I smile. The sky is seamless and blue, the snow so white my eyes burn. I shovel a handful of the fresh snow into my mouth, listen to the muffled stillness broken only by the cawing of crows. I walk down the front steps, barefoot, and call for Hassan to come out and see.””]

[““For a few unfortunate kids, winter did not spell the end of the school year. There were the so-called voluntary winter courses. No kid I knew ever volunteered to go to these classes; parents, of course, did the volunteering for them.””]

[““A ratos, cuando se volvía para sacudir la ceniza del cigarrillo en un platito, yo aprovechaba para mirar de soslayo las uñas rojas de sus pies, el brillo dorado de las pantorrillas afeitadas, el pronunciado empeine y, siempre, los senos turgentes y perfectamente redondeados. Me maravillaba que en este mundo hubiese hombres que habían tocado y besado aquellos senos mientras le hacían el amor. ¿Qué más se le podía pedir a la vida después de algo así? ¿Adónde se iba un hombre después de haber alcanzado la cima del mundo? Sólo con gran esfuerzo lograba apartar los ojos y posarlos en algún lugar seguro cuando ella se volvía de nuevo hacia mí.””]

[““Ansar is an Arabic term that means helpers or supporters. They were the citizens of Medina who helped Prophet Mohammed upon His arrival to the Holy city. While 'Hussain' is a derivation of 'Hassan' that means 'GOOD' (I also owe this one to Khaled Hosseini). \nThat's how my favorite character in my debut novel 'When Strangers meet..' gets his name... HUSSAIN ANSARI, because he is the one who helps Jai realize the truth in the story and inspires his son, Arshad, to have FAITH in Allah.””]

["In the parlance of economics, Julien has said to Pari that if she cut off the supply of attention, perhaps the demands for it would cease as well.""]

["I rescued him from the certainty of a turmoil and put him in a turmoil of uncertainty.""]

["And so it was that, about a week later, we crossed a strip of warm, black tarmac and I brought Hassan's son from Afghanistan to America, lifting him from the certainty of turmoil and dropping him in a turmoil of uncertainty.""]

["El corazón de un hombre es miserable. No es como el vientre de una madre. No sangra, ni se ensancha para hacerte sitio.""]

["أعرف الآن أن بعض الناس يخبؤون التعاسة بنفس الطريقة التي يخبئ الآخرون بها الحب"]

["He loathed Jimmy Carter, whom he called a "big-toothed cretin." In 1980, when we were still in Kabul, the U.S. announced it would be boycotting the Olympic Games in Moscow. "Wah wah!" Baba exclaimed with disgust. "Brezhnev is massacring Afghans and all that peanut eater can say is I won't come swim in your pool.""]

["Zendagi migzara,""]

["Kinderen zijn geen kleurboeken. Je kunt ze niet met je lievelingskleuren inkleuren.""]

[""]

[""]

["December 2001\n\nI became what I am today at the age of twelve, on a frigid overcast day in the\nwinter of 1975. I remember the precise moment, crouching behind a crumbling mud\nwall, peeking into the alley near the frozen creek. That was a long time ago, \nbut it's wrong what they say about the past, I've learned, about how you can\nbury it. Because the past claws its way out. Looking back now, I realize I have\nbeen peeking into that deserted alley for the last twenty-six years.""]

["Their sons go out to nightclubs looking for meat and get their girlfriends pregnant, they have kids out of wedlock and no one says a goddamn thing. Oh, they're just men having fun! I make one mistake and suddenly everyone is talking nang and namoos, and I have to have my face rubbed in it for the rest of my life.""]

["That night, I waited until Baba fell asleep, and then folded a blanket. I used it as a prayer rug. Bowing my head to the ground, I recited half-forgotten verses from the Koran-verses the mullah had made us commit to memory in Kabul-and asked for kindness from a god I wasn't sure existed. I envied the mullah now, envied his faith and certainty.""]

]

[""]

["time can be a greedy thing—sometimes it steals all the details for itself." \n —']

["يعذبونهم بالكهرباء وينتزعون خصيتهم بالكماشة. يجبرونهم على أن يقودونهم إلى منازلهم. ثم يقتحمونها، يقتلون الآباء ويغتصبون الأخوات والأمهات"]

["يرغمون الأولاد على الإنضمام الى المجاهدين في وضح النهار وتحت تهديد السلاح، يسحبونهم من الشوارع. وعندما يمسكهم جنود ميليشيا معادية"]

["Dostet darum." I love you. "I love you back," she said. I could hear the smile in her words. "And be careful.""]

["Tidak ada kata yang terucap, tidak ada yang perlu kami katakan, inilah harta yang dimiliki oleh mereka yang menyimpan kenangan yang sama, yang saling menjadi kenangan pertama, yang menyusu dari payudara yang sama.""]

["In the passenger seat, Nahil is all questions. Was Kabul safe? How was the food? Did he [Idris] get sick? Did he take pictures and videos of everything? He does his best. He describes for her the shell-blasted schools, the squatters living in roofless buildings, the beggars, the mud, the fickle electricity, but it's like describing music. He cannot bring it to life. Kabul's vivid, arresting details--the bodybuilding gym amid the rubble, for instance, a painting of Schwarzenegger on the window. Such details escape him now, and his descriptions sound to him generic, insipid, like those of an ordinary AP story.""]

["Znaš li ti, uopće, koliko te je Bog napravio jakim? Koliko jakim i dobrom te je napravio?"]

["Rekla je da je istina u nepromjenjivosti matematičkih istina, nedostatku proizvodljivosti i odsustvu dvosmislenost. U saznanju da odgovori mogu biti neuhvatljivi, ali ih je moguće pronaći. Bili su tamo, čekajući da budu ispisani na tabli.\n"Nimalo nalik životu, drugim riječima", kazao je.""]

[""]

["I always thought clichés got a bum rap. Because, often, they're dead-on.""]

["And despite the eyeliner, and the lipstick that defines her lips, she has a face now that a passerby's gaze will engage and then bounce from, as it would a street sign or a mailbox number. ...this is what aging is...""]

["Pompoziteti eshte shume i lodhshem.""]

["Когато бях малка, с татко всяка вечер си имахме ритуал. След като си кажех обичайните двайсет „Бисмиллах“ и той ме настанеше в леглото, сядаше до мен и отскубваше лошите сънища с палеца и показалеца си. Пръстите му отскачаха от челото към слепоочията ми, търпеливо търсеха зад ушите ми, по тила ми и накрая той издаваше едно „пук“ – като че ли отваряше бутилка – при всеки кошмар, прогонен от мозъка ми. Трупаеше сънищата един след друг в невидима торба в скута си и после пристягаше връзките. След това претърсваше въздуха, за да намери приятни сънища на мястото на другите, които беше отстранил. Наблюдавах го как леко на

кланя глава и се намръщва, как започва да върти очи, сякаш се опитва да долови далечна музика. Притаявах дъх в очакване на мига, когато лицето на баща ми ще се разтегли в усмивка и той мелодично ще възкликне: „А, ето един!“, когато ще допре двете си шепи и ще поеме съня в дланите си като венчелистче, което с бавно въртене се спуска от някое дърво. И после нежно, много, много нежно - татко казваше, че всички хубави неща в живота са крехки и лесно се губят, - той вдигаше ръце към лицето ми, потъркваше с длани челото ми и втриваше щастие в главата ми.”]

[“Mendimet me arratisen instiktivisht drejt teje.”]

[“People mostly have it backward. They think they live by what they want. But really what guides them is what they're afraid of. What they don't want.”]

[“هذه فكرته عن التكفير”]

[“The Hindi kid would soon learn what the British learned earlier in the century, and what the Russians would eventually learn by the late 1980s: that Afghans are an independent people. Afghans cherish custom but abhor rules.”]

[“father said all good things in life were fragile and easily lost—he”]

[“Hasta el día de hoy, me resulta complicado mirar directamente a gente como Hassan, gente que cree cada palabra que dice-.”]

[“]

[“Mungkin ini tidak adil, tapi sesuatu yang terjadi dalam beberapa hari, kadang-kadang bahkan dalam sehari, bisa mengubah keseluruhan jalan hidup seseorang.” \n —']

[“Sad stories make good books,”]

[“I lay there drifting, wondering, imagining...”]

[“Kalau kau tidak terus-terusan melihat ke langit, kau tidak akan bertahan lama.”]

[“Seorang anak laki-laki yang tak mampu membela dirinya sendiri akan tumbuh menjadi pria yang tak mampu menghadapi masalah apapun.”]

[“Huddled together in the dining room and waiting for the sun to rise, none of us had any notion that a way of life had ended. Our way of life.”]

[“القرآن يقول الحقيقة يا ابنتي ، خلف كل امتحان وكل ألم نلقاه ، فإن لله حكمة في ذلك”]

[“Mother is fading for him, her face receding into shadows, her memory diminishing with each passing day, leaking like sand from a fist.”]

[“all the hardships a person had to face none was more punishing than the simple act of waiting.”]

[“But I’ll take it. With open arms. Because when spring comes, it melts the snow one flake at a time, and maybe I just witnessed the first flake melting.”]

[“Takes a donkey to know a donkey.”]

[“All my life, I have lived like an aquarium fish in the safety of a glass tank, behind a barrier as impenetrable as it has been transparent. I have been free to observe the glimmering world on the other side, to picture myself in it, if I like. But I have always been contained, hemmed in, by the hard, unyielding confines of the existence that Baba has constructed for me, at first knowingly, when I was young, and now guilelessly, now that he is fading day by day. I think I have grown accustomed to the glass and am terrified that when it breaks, when I am alone, I will spill out into the wide open unknown and flop around, helpless, lost, gasping for breath.”]

[“A society has no chance of success if its women are uneducated.”]

[“Mariam longed to place a ruler on a page and draw important-looking lines”]

[“You? You’ve always been a tourist here, you just didn’t know it.”]

[“Tariq was still speaking, his voice hushed, then high, beseeching, then reasoning; his face hopeful, then stricken.\n“I can’t,” Laila said.\n“Don’t say that. I love you.”\n“I’m sorry - ”\n“I love you.”\nHow long had she waited to hear those words from him? How many times had she dreamed them uttered?\nThere they were, spoken at last, and the irony crushed her.\n“It’s my father I can’t leave,” Laila said. “I’m all he has left. His heart couldn’t take it either.”\nTariq knew this. He knew she could not wipe away the obligations of her life any more than he could his, but it went on, his pleadings and her rebuttals, his proposals and her apologies, his tears and hers.\nIn the end, Laila had to make him leave.\nAt the door, she made him promise to go without goodbyes. She closed the door on him. Laila leaned her back against it, shaking against his pounding fists, one arm gripping her belly and a hand across her mouth, as he spoke through the door and promised that he would come back, that he would come back for her. She stood there until he tired, until he gave up, and then she listened to his uneven footsteps until they faded, until all was quiet, save for the gunfire cracking in the hills and her own heart thudding in her belly, her eyes, her bones.”]

[“Aku harus berkonsentrasi, tidak boleh melakukan kesalahan.”]

[“There is only one sin. and that is theft... when you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth.”]

[“The rope that pulls you from the flood can become the noose around your neck.”]



[“Anak-anak bukanlah buku mewarnai. Kau tidak bisa begitu saja mengisi mereka dengan warna-warna kesukaanmu.”]

[“The kinship I felt suddenly for the old land . . . it surprised me . . . I thought I had forgotten about this land. But I hadn't. . . Maybe Afghanistan hadn't forgotten me either.” \n —']

[“A. I want my readers to remember a book of mine after they've turned the last page, partly so they will want to read more from me, but also because I want them to feel that reading it was well worth their time. I guess I want a book that I write to be more than entertainment that is enjoyable for the moment but forgettable as the months go by. I don't make a conscious effort to craft quotable prose when I write, but I do endeavor to pose questions and suggest insights that speak across the pages into a reader's life. For me, that translates into a good reason for having read the book. I always remember a book more fully and longer if I've been so emotionally tugged that I find myself highlighting phrases I don't want to forget. And I usually can't wait for that author's next book! Khaled Hosseini's books are always like that for me. Q.”]

[“And if he knew, then what would I see if I did look in his eyes? Blame? Indignation? Or, God forbid, what I feared most: guileless devotion? That, most of all, I couldn't bear to see.”]

[“Now, no matter what the mullah teaches, there is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft.\nWhen you kill a man, you steal a life, you steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness.\nThere is no act more wretched than stealing. A man who takes what's not his to take, be it a life or a loaf of naan - I spit on such a man. If there's a God out there, then I would hope he has more important things to attend to than my drinking scotch or eating pork.”“]

[“For you, a thousand times over.”]

[“I pray the sea knows this. Inshallah.”]

[“l'amore era un errore pericoloso e la sua complice, la speranza, un'illusione insidiosa. E”]

[“Because it always falls on the sober to pay for the sins of the drunk.”“]

[“I didn't want her turned, against both her will and nature, into those diligent, sad women who are bent on a lifelong course of quiet servitude, forever in fear of showing, saying, or doing the wrong thing. Women who are admired by some in the West- here in France, for instance- turned into heroines for their hard lives, admired from a distance by those who couldn't bear even one day of walking in their shoes. Women who see their desires doused and their dreams renounced, and yet- and this is the worst of it- if you meet them, they smile and pretend they have no misgivings at all. As though they lead enviable lives. But you look closely and you see the helpless looks, the desperation, and how it belies all their show of good humor. I did not want this for my daughter.”“]

[“]

[“Though there had been moments of beauty in it Mariam knew that life for most part had been unkind to her. But as she walked the final twenty paces, she could not help but wish for more of it. She wished she could see Laila again, wished to hear the clangor of her laugh,...\nMariam wished for so much in those final moments. Yet as she closed her eyes, it was not regret any longer but a sensation of abundant peace that washed over her. She thought of her entry into this world, the harami child of a lowly villager, an unintended thing, a pitiable, regrettable accident. A weed, And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother. A person of consequence at last. No. It was no so bad, Mariam thought, that she should die this way. Not so bad. \nThis was a legitimate end to a life of illegitimate beginnings.”“]

[“That there was in her life the absence of something, or someone, fundamental to her own existence. Sometimes it was vague, like a message sent across shadowy byways and vast distances, a weak signal on a radio dial, remote, warbled. Other times it felt so clear, this absence, so intimately close it made her heart lurch.”“]

[“It's a dangerous business, making promises to kids.”“]

[“It was a dark little tale about a man who found a magic cup and learned that if he wept into the cup, his tears turned into pearls. But even though he had always been poor, he was a happy man and rarely shed a tear. So he found ways to make himself sad so that his tears could make him rich. As the pearls piled up, so did his greed grow. The story ended with the man sitting on a mountain of pearls, knife in hand, weeping helplessly into the cup with his beloved wife's slain body in his arms.”“]

[“have lived a long time, Mr. Markos, and one thing I have come to see is that one is well served by a degree of both humility and charity when judging the inner workings of another person's heart.”“]

[“if an avalanche buries you and you're lying there underneath all that snow, you can't tell which way is up or down. You want to dig yourself out but pick the wrong way, and you dig yourself to your own demise.”“]

[“They say, Find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life had a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind. And now that I had fulfilled mine, I felt aimless and a

drift.””]

كلمة تتردد ببيئنا، ليس لأننا لا نجد ما نقوله، وإنما لأننا لسنا مضطرين لقول أي شيء \_ هكذا تجري الأمور بين من يمثل بعضهم أولي ذكريات بعض””]

”[“That night, Zalmai wakes up coughing. Before Laila can move, Tariq swings his legs over the side of the bed. He straps on his prosthesis and walks over to Zalmai, lifts him up into his arms. From the bed, Laila watches Tariq's shape moving back and forth in the darkness. She sees the outline of Zalmai's head on his shoulder, the knot of his hands at Tariq's neck, his small feet bouncing by Tariq's hip.\nWhen Tariq comes back to bed, neither of them says anything. Laila reaches over and touches his face. Tariq's cheeks are wet.””]

”[“Piss on the beards of all those self-righteous monkeys. They do nothing but thumb their rosaries and recite a book written in a tongue they don't understand.””]

”[“Nana said, “Learn this now and learn it well, my daughter: Like a compass needle that points north, a man's accusing finger always finds a woman. Always. You remember that, Mariam.” \n —”]

”[“War doesn't negate decency. It demands it, even more than in times of peace.””]

”[“They say, find a purpose in life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life had a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind. And now that I had fulfilled mine, I felt aimless and adrift””]

”[“By the time we're twenty, Hasina used to say, Giti and I, we'll have pushed out four, five kids each. But you, Laila, you'll make us two dummies proud. You're going to be somebody. I know one day I'll pick up a newspaper and find your picture on the front page.””]

”[“كان الوقت يمر ثقيلًا من دونه ، كيف كانت تروح و تجي وهي تشعر بأنها في حالة ترصد ، غير متوازنة . فكيف لها إذن أن تتعايش مع غياب الدائم ؟””]

”[“What shall I tell you of the years that ensued? You know well the recent history of this beleaguered country. I need not to rehash for you those dark days. I tire at the mere thought of writing it, and, besides, the suffering of this country has already been sufficiently chronicled, and by pens far more learned and eloquent than mine.\nI can sum it up in one word: war. Or rather, wars. Not one, not two, but many wars, both big and small, just and unjust, wars with shifting casts of supposed heroes and villains, each new hero making one increasingly nostalgic for the old villain.””]

”[“Thirteen days. Almost two weeks. And, just five days in, she had learned a fundamental truth about time: Like the accordion on which sometimes played old Pashto songs were played, time stretched and contracted depending on his absence or presence.””]

”[“This is why the Holy Koran forbids sharab. Because it always falls on the sober to pay for the sins of the drunk. So it does.””]

”[“Thirteen days. Almost two weeks. And, just five days in, she had learned a fundamental truth about time: Like the accordion on which old Pashto songs were sometimes played, time stretched and contracted depending on his absence or presence.””]

”[“Mariam wondered how so many women could suffer the same miserable luck, to have married, all of them, such dreadful men.””]

”[“Es ist besser von der Wahrheit verletzt als mit einer Lüge getröstet zu werden.””]

”[“Though there had been moments of beauty in it, Mariam knew that life for the most part had been unkind to her. But as she walked the final twenty paces, she could not help but wish for more of it. She wished she could see Laila again, wished to hear the clamour of her laugh, to sit with her once more for a pot of chai and left over halwa under a starlit sky. She mourned that she would never see Aziza grow up, would not see the beautiful young woman that she would one day become, would not get to paint her hands with henna and toss noqul candy at her wedding. She would never play with Aziza's children. She would have liked that very much, to be old and play with Aziza's children.\nNear the goalpost, the man behind her asked her to stop. Mariam did. Through the crisscrossing grid of the burqa, she saw his shadow arms lift his shadow Kalashnikov. Mariam wished for so much in those final moments. Yet as she closed her eyes, it was not regret any longer but a sensation of abundant peace that washed over her. She thought of her entry into this world, the harami child of a lowly villager, an unintended thing, a pitiable, regrettable accident. A weed. And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother. A person of consequence at last. No. It was not so bad,\nMariam thought, that she should die this way. Not so bad. This was a legitimate end to a life of illegitimate beginnings. \nMariam's final thoughts were a few words from the Koran, which she muttered under her breath.\nHe has created the heavens and the earth with the truth; He makes the night cover the day and makes the day overtake the night, and He has made the sun and the moon subservient; each one runs on to an assigned term; now surely He is the Mighty, the Great Forgiver.\n"Kneel," the Talib said\nO my Lord! Forgive and have mercy, for you are the best of the merciful ones.\n"Kneel here, hamshira and look down."\nOne last time, Mariam did as she was told.””]

[“The generation of Afghan children whose ears would know nothing but the sounds of bombs and gunfire was not yet born.”]

[“When Aziza first spotted Mariam in the morning, her eyes always sprang open, and she began mewling and squirming in her mother’s grip. She thrust her arms toward Mariam, demanding to be held, her tiny hands opening and closing urgently, on her face a look of both adoration and quivering anxiety. \n“What a scene you’re making,” Laila would say, releasing her to crawl toward Mariam. “What a scene! Calm down. Khala Mariam isn’t going anywhere. There she is, your aunt. See? Go on, now.” \nAs soon as she was in Mariam’s arms, Aziza’s thumb shot into her mouth and she buried her face in Mariam’s neck. Mariam bounced her stiffly, a half-bewildered, half-grateful smile on her lips. Mariam had never before been wanted like this. Love had never been declared to her so guilelessly, so unreservedly. \nAziza made Mariam want to weep. \n“Why have you pinned your little heart to an old, ugly hag like me?” Mariam would murmur into Aziza’s hair. “Huh? I am nobody, don’t you see? A dehati. What have I got to give you?” \nBut Aziza only muttered contentedly and dug her face in deeper. And when she did that, Mariam swooned. Her eyes watered. Her heart took flight. And she marvelled at how, after all these years of rattling loose, she had found in this little creature the first true connection in her life of false, failed connections.”]

[“The truth was no. The lie was yes. I settled for something in between. “I don’t know.”]

[“Jika kau sudah hidup selama aku, kau akan mengerti bahwa kekejaman dan kemuliaan hanyalah nuansa yang berbeda dari warna yang sama.”]

[“But for a moment, standing there with Tariq in the sunlight, it was as though those years had never happened. Her parents’ deaths, her marriage to Rasheed, the killings, the rockets, the Taliban, the beatings, the hunger, even her children, all of it seemed like a dream, a bizarre detour, a mere interlude between that last afternoon together and this moment.”]

[“Dan jika kau miskin, penderitaan menjadi mata uangmu.”]

[““I learned that the world didn’t see the inside of you, that it did not care a whit about the hopes and dreams, and sorrows, that lay masked by skin and bone. It was as simple, as absurd, and as cruel as that.””]

[“So, then. You want a story and I will tell you one. But just the one. Don’t either of you ask me for more.”]

[“—” \n “الله بحكمته أعطى لكل منا ضعفه ، ومن بين نقاط الضعف التي عندي أنني غير قادر على رفض طلب لك”]

[““There is only one sin, only one, and that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft. When you kill a man, you steal a life. You steal his wife’s right of a husband, you rob his children of a father. When you lie you steal someone’s right to truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness. There is no more wretched act than stealing. A man who takes what is not his to take, be it life or a loaf of naan, I spit on such a man. And if I ever cross paths with him, God help him.””]

[“Can I ask what you’re reading?” ...She turned the book so the cover faced me. Wuthering Heights. “Have you read it?” She said. I nodded. I could feel the pulsating beat of my heart behind my eyes. “It’s a sad story.” “Sad stories make good books,” She said. “They do.”]

[“I want to scream again, and I remember that last time I felt this way, riding with Baba in the tank of the fuel truck, buried in the dark with other refugees. I want to tear myself from this place, from this reality, rise up like a cloud and float away, melt into this humid summer night and dissolve somewhere far, over the hills. But I am here, my legs blocked of concrete, my lungs empty of air, my throat burning. There will be no floating away. There will be no other reality tonight.”]

[““Mammy’s heart was like a pallid beach where Laila’s footprints would forever wash away beneath the waves of sorrow that swelled and crashed, swelled and crashed.””]

[““She wished she could visit Mariam’s grave, to sit with her awhile, leave a flower or two. But Laila sees now that it doesn’t matter. Mariam is never very far. She is here, in these walls they’ve repainted, in the trees they’ve planted, in the blankets that keep the children warm, in these pillows and books and pencils.””]

[““that love was a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion. And whenever those twin poisonous flowers began to sprout in the parched land of that field, Mariam uprooted them. She uprooted them and ditched them before they took hold.””]

[“”]

[““Եթե մշակույթը ընկալենք իբրև տուն, ապա լեզուն այդ տան մուտքի դռան բանալին է:””]

[““A society has no chance of success if it’s women are uneducated.””]

[““إن القصص كالقطارات المتحركة، لا يهم أبداً من أين تركبها، لأنك ستصل غايته عاجلاً أم آجلاً علي متنها””]

[““If there’s a God out there, then I would hope he has more important things to attend to than my drinking scotch or eating pork. Now, hop down. All this talk about sin has made me thirsty again.””]

[““the thing about people who mean everything they say is that they think everyone else does too.””]

[“”]

[“A dry, barren field, out beyond wish and lament, beyond dream and disillusionment. There, the future did not matter. And the past held only this wisdom: that love was a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion.”]

[“گذارد\200cها در میانش می\200cرازت را به باد بگو، اما ملامتش نکن که با درخت”]

[“In her view, people, even if they had behaved deplorably in life, deserved a modicum of dignity in death. Especially family. - Marko's mother”]

[“Winter was every kid’s favorite season in Kabul, at least those whose fathers could afford to buy a good iron stove. The reason was simple: They shut down school for the icy season. Winter to me was the end of long division and naming the capital of Bulgaria, and the start of three months of playing cards by the stove with Hassan, free Russian movies on Tuesday mornings at Cinema Park, sweet turnip qurma over rice for lunch after a morning of building snowmen.”]

[“Me ardía la cara. Ahí estaba de nuevo mi pasado; mi pasado era así, siempre volvía a aparecer. Su nombre surgía desde lo más profundo de mi ser, pero no quería pronunciarlo por temor a que se materializara.”]

[“I became what I am today at the age of twelve, on a frigid overcast day in the winter of 1975. That was a long time ago, but it’s wrong what they say about the past. Looking back now, I realize I have been peeking into that deserted alley for the last twenty-six years. —Khaled Hosseini, The Kite Runner Some people’s lives seem to flow in a narrative; mine had many stops and starts. That’s what trauma does. It interrupts the plot. It just happens, and then life goes on. No one prepares you for it. —Jessica Stern, Denial: A Memoir of Terror”]

[“...if culture was a house, then language was the key to the front door, to all the rooms inside. Without it, he said, you ended up wayward, without proper home or a legitimate identity.” \n —]

[“Üzerinden çok uzun zaman geçti; ama geçmiş için söylenenler yanlış. Ben onun nasıl gömüleceğini öğrendim. Her ne kadar geçmiş pençeleriyle kendine bir çıkış yolu açmayı becerse de.”]

[“Ahora era libre de hacer lo que quisiera, pero esa libertad se me antojaba ilusoria, pues me habían arrebatado aquello que más deseaba. Se supone que debemos trazarnos una meta en la vida y vivirla. Pero a veces, sólo después de haber vivido se percata uno de que su vida tenía una meta, una que seguramente nunca se le había pasado por la cabeza. Y ahora que yo había alcanzado mi meta me sentía perdido y sin rumbo.”]

[“]

[“]

[“Kabul is.” Idris searches for the right words. “A thousand tragedies per square mile.”]

[“كان الأمر مسلياً أكثر عندما لم يكن يفترض بي القيام به..كما هو حال كل شيء آخر في الحياة”]

[“يقولون لك...جد لنفسك هدفاً..و عش لأجله. لكن، أحياناً، لاتعرف أنك كنت تمتلك هدفاً و تعيش لأجله إلا بعد انقضاءه”]

[“]

[“Benden beklenen neydi? Bir umut tohumu mu? Seni karanlıktan kurtarması için alınmış bir bilet mi? Yüreğindeki deliği kapatacak bir yara mı? Öyleyse, yeterli olamadım. Yanına bile yaklaşmadım. Acının merhemi değildim, yalnızca bir başka çıkmaz sokak, bir başka yüküm; sense bunu çabucak görmüş olmalısın. Çok erken farketmiş olmalısın. Ama ne yapabiliirdin ki?”]

[“Tepenize çığ düştüğünde, bütün o karın altında yatarken neresi aşağı neresi yukarı anlayamaz oluyormuşsunuz. Kararı iteleyip kurtulmak istiyor ama yanlış yönü seçip kendinizi daha da derine, kendi mezarınıza gömüyormuşsunuz. İşte kendimi aynen böyle hissediyordum, yönünü şaşırmış, arada kalmış, pusulamdan olmuştum. Dahası, sözcüklere dökemeyeceğim kadar derin bir bunalımdaydım. Bu durumdayken, çok aciz, çok savunmasız olursunuz.”]

[“Bir başkasının yüreğini, yüreğinden geçenleri yargılamak, kişi bir miktar da olsa alçakgönüllülükten ve yardımseverlikten nasibini almış olmalı.”]

[“Yaşamında bir amaç bul ve ona göre yaşa, derler. Ama bazen, ancak yaşayıp bitirdikten sonra yaşamının bir amacı olduğunu fark edersin, bu da genellikle hiç aklında olmayan bir amaçtır.”]

[“Afghans cherish custom but abhor rules. And so it was with kite fighting. The rules were simple: No rules. Fly your kite. Cut the opponents. Good luck.”]

[“There is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft”]

[“Vi cậu, cả ngàn lân rồi”]

[“İnsanların bu kadar geç kavraması çok tuhaf.İstedikleri şeylere göre yaşadıklarını düşünüyorlar. Yaşamlarına istediklerine göre yön verdiklerini. Oysa işin aslı, onları yönlendirenler korktukları şeyler. İstemedikleri şeyler.”]

[“Kendi budalalığı yüzünden kendine ateş püskürüyor. Kendini bir ömür boyu sürecek bir endişeye ve acıya böyle b alıklama, canı gönülden attığı için. Delilikti bu yaptığı. Tam bir çıldırmışlık. Her şeye, devasa olasılık oranlarına rağmen, kontrol edemediğin bir dünyanın, kaybetmeyi kaldıramayacağın tek şeyi elinden almayacağına dair son derece temelsiz ve akıl almaz aptallıkta bir inanç duymak. Dünyanın seni mahvetmeyeceğine inanmak.”]

[“أن كل الأشياء الجيدة في الحياة هشة، تتلاشى بسرعة كما تأتي”]

["I loved wintertime in Kabul. I loved it for the soft pattering of snow against \nmy window at night, for the way fire sh snow crunched under my black rubber boots, \nfor the warmth of the cast-iron stove as the wind screeched through the yards, \nthe streets. But mostly because, as the trees froze and ice sheathed the roads, \nthe chill between Baba and me thawed a little. And the reason for that was the \nkites. Baba and I lived in the same house, but in different spheres of \nexistence. Kites were the one paper thin slice of intersection between those \nspheres.""]

["Слушай сега, независимо на какво те учи моллата, има само един грях. И това е кражбата. Всеки друг грях е вариант на кражбата.\n-Когато убиеш човек, открадваш му живота. Открадваш на жена му правото да има съпруг, на децата открадваш баща им. Когато казваш лъжа, крадеш правото на другия да знае истината. Когато мамиш, крадеш правото на почтеност. " \n —']

["After all, didn't all fathers in their secret hearts harbor a desire to kill their sons?"]

["10-We went walking along the footpaths that snaked through vineyards and barley fields, looking down at our own shadows each preoccupied with our own thoughts. Mostly we wandered. There wasn't much in the way of a tourist industry on Tinos in those days. It was a farming Island, really people living off their cows and goats and olive trees and wheat. We would end up bored, eating lunch somewhere, quietly, in the shade of a tree or a windmill, looking between bites at the ravines, the fields of thorny bushes, the mountains the sea.""]

["11-His days in Shadbagh were numbered, like Shuja's. He knew this now. There was nothing left for him here. He had no home here. He would wait until winter passed and the spring thaw set in, and he would rise one morning before dawn and he would step out the door. He would choose a direction and he would begin to walk. He would walk as far from Shadbagh as his feet would take him. And if one day, trekking across some vast open field, despair should take hold of him, he would stop in his tracks and shut his eyes and he would think of the falcon feather Pari had found in the desert. He would picture the feather coming loose from the bird, up in the clouds, half a mile above the world, twirling and spinning in violent currents, hurled by gusts of blustering wind across miles and miles of desert and mountains, to finally land, of all places and against all odds, at the foot of that one boulder for his sister to find. It would strike him with wonder, then, and hope too, that such things happened, And though he would know better, he would take heart, and he would open his eyes, and walk.""]

["She will not plant the seed in their mind, that a parent is capable of abandoning her children, of saying to them You are not enough. For Pari, the children and Eric have always been enough. They always will be.""]

["Hadn't we both yearned for escape, reinvention, new identities? Hadn't we each, in the end unmoored ourselves by cutting loose the anchors that weighed us down?"]

["Waktu yang singkat namun merayap lambat"]

[""]

["um zu schreien, musst du atmen.""]

[""]

["Today Baba got a blister when he put his palm down on the hood of our rental car! Mother had to put toothpaste on it.""]

["Децата не са книжки за оцветяване. Не можем да ги запълним с любимите си цветове.""]

["I am indebted to the following colleagues for their advice, assistance, or support: Dr. Alfred Lerner, Dori Vakis, Robin Heck, Dr. Todd Dray, Dr. Robert Tull, and Dr. Sandy Chun. Thanks also to Lynette Parker of East San Jose Community Law Center for her advice about adoption procedures, and to Mr. Daoud Wahab for sharing his experiences in Afghanistan with me. I am grateful to my dear friend Tamim Ansary for his guidance and support and to the gang at the San Francisco Writers Workshop for their feedback and encouragement. I want to thank my father, my oldest friend and the inspiration for all that is noble in Baba; my mother who prayed for me and did nazr at every stage of this book's writing; my aunt for buying me books when I was young. Thanks go out to Ali, Sandy, Daoud"]

[""]

["Bazı insanların mutsuzluğu, diğerlerinin aşkı hissettiği gibi hissettiğini biliyorum artık: mahrem, yoğun ve karşılık beklemeksizin.""]

["İzin veriyorum, çünkü belki yardımları dokunur, diyorum. Ama unutup gidiyorlar. Bir daha onlardan haber almıyorum. Onun için de sana soruyorum: Şimdi ne olacak?"]

["It's a half bridge, really, as only four of its original arches remain. It ends midway across the river. Like it reached , tried to reunite with, the other side and fell short.""]

["Djeca nisu bojanke. Ne možeš da ih ispuniš svojim omiljenim bojama.""]

["Bujaria nuk tregohet duke nenshkruar ceqe ne publik.""]

["But time, it is like a charm. You never have as much as you think.""]

["It may be unfair, but what happens in a few days, sometimes even a single day, can change the course of a whole lifetime," \n —']

["Then I'll tell you," Baba said, "but first understand this and understand it now, Amir:\nYou'll never learn anything of value from those bearded idiots." \n "You mean Mullah Fatiullah Khan?"]

["swear, since seeing Your face, the whole world is fraud and fantasy. The garden is bewildered as to what is leaf or blossom. The distracted birds can't distinguish the birdseed from the snare."]

["Menyakiti seseorang adalah salah, bahkan walau orang itu jahat. Karena mereka tidak tahu jalan yang lebih baik, dan karena orang-orang yang jahat pun bisa menjadi baik."]

["Di dunia ini, ada orang yang memang jahat, dan kadang-kadang mereka akan tetap jahat."]

["Kehilangan sesuatu yang kita miliki selalu lebih menyakitkan daripada tidak memiliki sama sekali."]

["Dan akhirnya, pertanyaan yang selalu kembali padaku adalah: Bagaimana mungkin aku, dari semua orang lain, meneghaki seseorang atas masa lalu mereka?"]

["Tapi waktu sungguh serakah, kadang-kadang ia mencuri semua detail tanpa menyisakan apapun."]

["Mereka tidak melakukan apa pun kecuali menghitung butiran tasbeih dan memamerkan hafalan isi kitab yang ditulis dalam bahasa yang tidak mereka pahami. Kuharap Tuhan melindungi kita semua jika suatu saat nanti Afganistan jatuh ke tangan mereka."]

["there is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft. When you kill a man, you steal a life... you steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness... there is no act more wretched than stealing." \n — Khaled Hosseini, The Kite Runner"]

["Čudno je to, Markose, ali ljudi obično sve shvataju pogrešno. Misle da žive kako žele. Ali ono što ih stvarno vodi su stvari kojih se boje. Ono što ne žele."]

["Mislím da je istina u tome da čekamo, svi mi, uprkos nepremostivim preprekama da nam se dogodi nešto izuzetno."]

["Konopac koji te spasi od poplave može ti postati omča oko vrata."]

["Kažu, pronađi smisao u životu i proživi ga. Ali, ponekad, shvatiš da ti je život imao smisao tek kad ga proživiš, i t o najvjerojatnije onaj koga nisi bio ni svjestan."]

["You've always been a tourist here, you just didn't know it."]

["Tetapi, kupikir, alasan terbesar mengapa aku tidak memedulikan masa lalu Soraya adalah karena aku memiliki masa laluku sendiri. Aku tahu segalanya tentang penyesalan."]

["Darah memiliki kekuatan, jangan pernah lupa kan itu."]

["Kehidupannya yang diisi dengan kesetiaan tanpa pamrih melayang lepas dari tubuhnya seperti layang-layang tertipu angin yang sering kali dikejanya."]

["Rasa bersalah menggerakkan seseorang untuk melakukan kebaikan."]

["Masalahku adalah selalu ada seseorang yang berjuang untukku."]

["Every sinner must be punished in a manner befitting his sin!" \n —']

["Katakan padanya, biar seribu peluru menembus tubuhku, aku tetap tidak akan membiarkan perilaku tidak senonohnya."]

["She would never leave her mark on Mammy's heart the way her brothers had, because Mammy's heart was like a pallid beach where Laila's footprints would forever wash away beneath the waves of sorrow that swelled and crashed,"]

["Itukan hanya mimpi Amir agha. Dalam mimpi kita bisa melakukan apa saja - Hassan"]

["Ke mana pun aku berpaling, aku melihat tanda-tanda kesetiannya, kesetiaan tanpa syarat keparatnya."]

["but time can be a greedy thing—sometimes it steals all the details for itself."]

["mejor resultar herido por la verdad que consolarse con una mentira.»"]

["Luka bisa disembuhkan. Reputasi tidak bisa dipulihkan."]

["Not a word passes between us, not because we have nothing to say, but because we don't have to say anything—that's how it is between people who are each other's first memories, people who have fed from the same breast."]

["Though there had been moments of beauty in it, Mariam knew that life for the most part had been unkind to her. But as she walked the final twenty paces, she could not help but wish for more of it."]

["she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back.\nShe was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother."]

["Exploitation to finance a beach house in Hawaii was one thing. Doing it to feed your kids was another."]

["A person has to have a flaw somewhere."]

["Tidak ada salahnya menjadi seorang pengecut selama kau tetap berhati-hati. Tapi bila seorang pengecut mulai melupakan siapa dirinya .... Semoga Tuhan melindunginya."]

[""]

[““Seseorang yang sebelumnya menyemir sepatumu, tidak mungkin menjadi 'saudara perempuanmu' keesokan harinya.””]

[““Kami meninggalkan mayat-mayat itu di jalan, dan kalau keluarga mereka mencoba menyelip untuk menyeret kembali mayat-mayat itu ke rumah mereka, kami tak akan ragu menembak mereka. Kami membiarkan mayat-mayat itu menjadi santapan anjing. Daging anjing hanya cocok untuk anjing.””]

[““I always thought clichés got a bum rap. Because, often, they’re dead-on. But the aptness of the clichéd saying is overshadowed by the nature of the saying as a cliché.””]

[““But the fact is, I looked at my life and realized I already had what people sought in marriage.””]

[““You will never say to yourself when you are old, Ah, I wish I was not good to that person. You will never think that.””]

[““Pembelaan diri tidak ada hubungannya dengan kekejaman.” \n —’]

[““Tuhan telah menganugerahkan bakat istimewa kepadamu. Tugasmu saat ini adalah mengasah bakatmu karena orang yang menyalahgunakan bakat pemberian Tuhan sama saja dengan seekor keledai.””]

[““I dare, I dare allow myself the hope that, after you read this, you will be more charitable to me than I ever was to you. That you might find it in your heart to come and see your father. That you will knock on my door one more time and give me the chance to open it this time, to welcome you, to take you in my arms, my daughter, as I should have done all those years ago. It is a hope as weak as my heart. This I know. But I will be waiting. I will be listening for your knock. I will be hoping.””]

[““Untukmu keseribu kalinya - Hassan si pengejar layang-layang berbibir sumbing””]

[““Hanya ada satu macam dosa, hanya satu. Yaitu mencuri. Dosa-dosa yang lain adalah variasi dari dosa itu.””]

[““After all, didn’t all fathers in their secret hearts harbor a desire to kill their sons?””]

[““Prinsip Baba dalam menyelenggarakan pesta adalah: Bukan pesta kalau kau tidak mengundang semua orang di seluruh dunia.””]

[““There is only what you do and what you don’t do””]

[““For courage, there must be something at stake.””]

[““Confía tu secreto al viento, pero luego no le reproches que se lo cuente a los árboles.””]

[““one is well served by a degree of both humility and charity when judging the inner workings of another person’s heart.””]

[““Tak ada tindakan yang lebih buruk daripada mencuri. Orang yang mengambil sesuatu yang bukan haknya, baik itu kehidupan orang lain ataupun sepotong naan.””]

[““The previous year, Baba had surprised Hassan with a leather cowboy hat just like the one Clint Eastwood wore in The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly—which had unseated The Magnificent Seven as our favorite Western.””]

[““I promised myself that I would talk to her before the summer was over, but schools reopened, the leaves reddened, yellowed, and fell, the rains of winter swept in and wakened Baba’s joints, baby leaves sprouted once more, and I still hadn’t had the heart, the dil, to even look her in the eye.””]

[““It was Homaira and me against the world. And I’ll tell you this, Amir Jan : in the end, the world always wins. That’s just the way of things.””]

[““Seperti dalam perang mana pun, kami harus mempersiapkan diri untuk bertempur.””]

[““في ذاكرتها تفاصيل ما حدث بعدها. مثل عاشق للفن يهرب من متحف محترق، راحت تخطف ما تستطيع. نظرة، همسة، أهة-لكي تنقذها من الذوبان.””]

[““I didn’t know what the other guy was playing for, maybe just bragging rights. But this was my one chance to become someone who was looked at, not seen, listened to, not heard.””]

[““Tapi lebih baik disakiti oleh kenyataan daripada dinyamankan oleh kebohongan.””]

[““إن هؤلاء الناس لا يعرفون إلا الحرب. لقد تعلموا المشي بزجاجة لبن في يد وبندقية في الأخرى ((فريباً))””]

[““And, just like that, he had thrown at me his own little test. If I was going to toy with him and challenge his loyalty, then he would toy with me, test my integrity.” \n —’]

[““Baba Ayub didn’t understand. Just as he didn’t understand why a wave of something, something like the tail end of a sad dream, always swept through him whenever he heard the jingling, surprising him each time like an unexpected gust of wind. But then it passed, as all things do. It passed.””]

[““Laila sees something behind this young girl’s eyes, something deep in her core, that neither Rasheed nor the Taliban will be able to break. something as hard and unyielding as a block of limestone. Something that, in the end, will be her undoing and Laila’s salvation.””]

[““for you ,thousand times over””]

[““I watched Baba’s car pull away from the curb, taking with it the person whose first spoken word had been my name.””]

[“Children aren't coloring books. You don't get to fill them with your favorite colors.\nLike a compass needle that points north, a man's accusing finger always finds a woman. Always.”]

[“I had one last chance to make a decision. One final opportunity to decide who I was going to be. I could step into that alley, stand up for Hassan-the way he'd stood up for me all those times in the past- and accept whatever would happen to me. Or I could run.\nIn the end, I ran.””]

[“Of course, it wouldn't have happened if Mammy had shown up like she was supposed to either. Sometimes Laila wondered why Mammy had even bothered having her. People, she believed now, shouldn't be allowed to have new children if they'd already given away all their love to their old ones. It wasn't fair.””]

[“I was glad I didn't have to return his gaze. Did he know I knew? And if he knew, then what would I see if I did look in his eyes? Blame? Indignation? Or, God forbid, what I feared most: guileless devotion?””]

[“I missed you.”\nThere was a pause. Then Tariq turned to her with a half-grinning, half-grimacing look of distaste. “What's the matter with you?”\nHow many times had she, Hasina, and Giti said those same three words to each other, Laila wondered, said it without hesitation, after only two or three days of not seeing each other? I missed you, Hasina. Oh, I missed you too. In Tariq's grimace, Laila learned that boys differed from girls in this regard. They didn't make a show of friendship. They felt no urge, no need, for this sort of talk. Laila imagined it had been this way for her brothers too. Boys, Laila came to see, treated friendship the way they treated the sun: its existence undisputed; its radiance best enjoyed, not beheld directly.\n“I was trying to annoy you,” she said.\nHe gave her a sidelong glance. “It worked.”\nBut she thought his grimace softened. And she thought that maybe the sunburn on his cheeks deepened momentarily.””]

[“It was Homaira and me against the world. And I'll tell you this, Amir jan: In the end, the world always wins. That's just the way of things.””]

[“]

[“Laila lay there and listened, wishing Mammy would notice that she, Laila, hadn't become shaheed, that she was alive, here, in bed with her, that she had hopes and a future. But Laila knew that her future was no match for her brothers' past. They had overshadowed her in life. They would obliterate her in death. Mammy was now the curator of their lives' museum and she, Laila, a mere visitor. A receptacle for their myths. The parchment on which Mammy meant to ink their legends.””]

[“Mariam kept her eyes to the ground, on her shadow, on her executioner's shadow trailing her.\nThough there had been moments of beauty in it, Mariam knew that life for the most part had been unkind to her. But as she walked the final twenty paces, she could not help but wish for more of it. She wished she could be Leila again, wished to hear the clangour of her laugh, ...\nMariam wished for so much in those final moments. \nYet as she closed her eyes, it was not regret any longer but a sensation of abundant peace that washed over her. She thought of her entry into this world, the harami child of a lowly villager, an unintended thing, a pitiable, regrettable accident. A weed. And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who has loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother. A person of consequence at last.”]

[“Sad sam bio slobodan da radim što mi je volja, ali sloboda mi je bila besmislena, jer sam ostao bez onog što sam najviše želio. Kažu, pronađi smisao u životu i proživi ga. Ali, ponekad, shvatiš da ti je život imao smisao tek kad ga proživiš, i to najvjerojatnije onaj koga nisi bio ni svjestan.””]

[“العالم لا يراك من الداخل، وأنه لا يعبك بآمالك، وأحلامك، وآلامك التي تتعلم داخلك””]

[“But it is important to know this, to know your roots. To know where you started as a person. If not, your own life seems unreal to you. Like a puzzle.””]

[“ذلك هو حال الناس الذين يقصدون كل ما يقولون. يعتقدون أن الآخرين يفعلون مثلهم””]

[“who was looked at, not seen, listened to, not heard.””]

[“There are only three real men in this world, Amir,” he'd say. He'd count them off on his fingers: America the brash saviour, Britain and Israel. “The rest of them-” he used to wave his hand and make a phht sound “-they're like gossiping old women.””]

[“LAILA WOULD REMEMBER the muted ceremony in bits and fragments. The cream-colored stripes of Rasheed's suit. The sharp smell of his hair spray. The small shaving nick just above his Adam's apple. The rough pads of his tobacco-stained fingers when he slid the ring on her. The pen. Its not working. The search for a new pen. The contract. The signing, his sure-handed, hers quavering. The prayers. Noticing, in the mirror, that Rasheed had trimmed his eyebrows.” \n —’]

[“Seasons had come and gone; presidents in Kabul had been inaugurated and murdered; an empire had been defeated; old wars had ended and new ones had broken out. But Mariam had hardly noticed, hardly cared. She had passed these years in a distant corner of her mind. A dry, barren field, out beyond wish and lament, beyond dream and disillusionment. There, the future did not matter. And the past held only this wisdom: that love was a damaging mistake, a



nd its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion. And whenever those twin poisonous flowers began to sprout in the p arched land of that field, Mariam uprooted them. She uprooted them and ditched them before they took hold.\nBut s omehow, over these last months, Laila and Aziza - a harami like herself, as it turned out - had become extensions of her, and now, without them, the life Mariam had tolerated for so long suddenly seemed intolerable.\nWe're leaving t his spring, Aziza and I. Come with us, Mariam.””]

[“America was different. America was a river, roaring along, unmindful of the past. I could wade into this river, let my sins drown to the bottom, let the waters carry me someplace far. Someplace with no ghosts, no memories, and no sins.””]

[“Infilai la foto dove l'avevo trovata. Mi resi conto che quei pensieri non mi avevano ferito. Chiudendo la porta dell a stanza mi chiesi se quello fosse il modo in cui sboccia il perdono, non con le fanfare di una epifania, ma con il dolo re che, nel cuore della notte, fa i bagagli e si allontana senza nemmeno avvisare.””]

[“كان عندي سرير ، منضدة وكرسي ، ومكان كافٍ لفتح سجادة الصلاة خمس مرات في اليوم ، كان هذا يكفيني يومها ، ومازال يكفيني حتى الآن”]

[امرأة استثنائية ، جعلتني أوي إلى سريرتي تلك الليلة وأنا أشعر أنني أكثر من نفسي ، مختلف عن ذاتي العادية ، لهذه الدرجة كان تأثيرها كبيراً علي”]

[كانت.””]

[“كان يجول بها أنحاء القرية ليتباهى بها كما لو كانت جائزة ، كما لو كانت أهم كأس يناله الإنسان في العالم”]

[“بعض الناس يخبؤون التعاسة بنفس الطريقة التي يخبئ الآخرون بها الحب ، بخصوصيةٍ وحدة ، ودون الإستعانة بأي أحد على ما يعصف بهم”]

[“She had this laugh. I swear it's why I married her, Laila, for that laugh! It bulldozed you. You stood no chance ag ainst it.””]

[“But, miraculously, something of her former life remained, her last link to the person she had been before she had b ecome so utterly alone. A part of Tariq still alive inside her, sprouting tiny arms, growing translucent hands.””]

[“would set off a memory of that afternoon together. And it would all come rushing back. The spontaneity of it. The ir astonishing imprudence. Their clumsiness. The pain of the act, the pleasure of it, the sadness of it. The heat of thei r entangled bodies.””]

[“Bunu öğren,kafana iyice sok kızım.” dedi Nana.\n“Pusulanın hep kuzeyi gösteren ibresi gibi, bir erkeğin suçlayan parmağı da daima, mutlaka bir kadını gösterir. Her zaman. Bunu hiç unutma, Meryem””]

[“Once, when I was little, I asked her if she’d cried when my father had fallen to his death.\nAt the funeral? I mean, the burial?\nNo, I did not.\nBecause you weren’t sad?\nBecause it was nobody’s business if I was.””]

[“My dear Martin, in the long summer of childhood, when I was a boy the age you are now, your uncles and I sprea d our mattress on the roof of your grandfather’s farmhouse outside of Homs.””]

[“Ali vrijeme je kao šarm. Nikad ga nemaš onoliko koliko misliš.””]

[“منتشلاً إياه من يقين الاضطراب و ملقياً به في اضطراب اللايقين””]

[“She wondered what it would be like to live with him, to see him every day. She pictured herself handing him a to wel as he shaved, telling him when he nicked himself.””]

[“What was it about a season's first snowfall, Mariam wondered, that was so entrancing? Was it the chance to see s omething as yet unsoiled, untrodden? To catch the fleeting grace of a new season, a lovely beginning, before it was t rampled and corrupted?””]

[“That's the real Afghanistan, Agha sahib. That's the Afghanistan I know. You? You've always been a tourist here, you just didn't know it””]

[“She said this in a pragmatic, almost indifferent, tone, and Mariam understood that this was a woman far past outrag e. Here was a woman, she thought, who had understood that she was lucky to even be working, that there was alwa ys something, something else, that they could take away.””]

[“A spectacularly foolish and baseless faith, against enormous odds, that a world you do not control will not take fro m you the one thing you cannot bear to lose.” \n —’]

[“Entonces ahucó las manos junto a la boca y exclamó: —¿Por ti lo haría mil veces más!””]

[“I watch because of that look of acceptance in the animal’s eyes. Absurdly, I imagine the animal understands. I ima gined the animal sees that its imminent demise is for a higher purpose.””]

[“He knew I betrayed him and yet he was rescuing me once again, maybe for the last time.””]

[“I wished I could open my veins and drain his cursed blood from my body.””]

[“Sólo existe un pecado, sólo uno. Y es el robo. Cualquier otro pecado es una variante del robo.\nCuando matas a un hombre, le robas la vida. Cuando mientes le robas a otro el derecho a la verdad. Cuando engañan, robas el derecho d e la equidad...””]

[“clipped account of a mannered life, a life rich with achievement, grace, respect.””]

[“Dijo: «Tengo mucho miedo.» Y yo le pregunté: «¿Por qué?», y ella respondió: «Porque soy profundamente feliz, doctor Rasul. Una felicidad así asusta.» Le pregunté por qué y dijo: «Sólo te permiten ser así de feliz cuando están pr eparándose para llevarse algo de ti»,””]

["He lived in a mansion, but in a shrunken world.""]

["Mammy had a point. What rankled Laila was that Mammy hadn't earned the right to make it. It would have been one thing if Babi had raised this issue. But Mammy? All those years of aloofness, of cooping herself up and not caring where Laila went and whom she saw and what she thought . . . It was unfair. Laila felt like she was no better than these pots and pans, something that could go neglected, then laid claim to, at will, whenever the mood struck.""]

["You see, some things I can teach you. Some you learn from books. But they are things that, well, you just have to see and feel. p.147"]

["بعض الأشياء يمكن أن أعلمكما إياها، وبعض الأشياء تتعلمانها من الكتب، لكن هناك أشياء يجب أن تُرى وأن تُحس"]

["Only two weeks since he had left, and it was already happening. Time, blunting the edges of those sharp memories. Laila bore down mentally. What had he said? It seemed vital, suddenly, that she know. Laila closed her eyes. Concentrated. With the passing of time, she would slowly tire of this exercise. She would find it increasingly exhausting to conjure up, to dust off, to resuscitate once again what was long dead. There would come a day, in fact, years later, when Laila would no longer bewail his loss. Or not as relentlessly; not nearly. There would come a day when the details of his face would begin to slip from memory's grip, when overhearing a mother on the street call after her child by Tariq's name would no longer cut her adrift. She would not miss him as she did now, when the ache of his absence was her unrelenting companion - like the phantom pain of an amputee. Except every once in a long while, when Laila was a grown woman, ironing a shirt or pushing her children on a swing set, something trivial, maybe the warmth of a carpet beneath her feet on a hot day or the curve of a stranger's forehead, would set off a memory of that afternoon together. And it would all come rushing back. The spontaneity of it. Their astonishing imprudence. Their clumsiness. The pain of the act, the pleasure of it, the sadness of it. The heat of their entangled bodies. It would flood her, steal her breath. But then it would pass. The moment would pass. Leave her deflated, feeling nothing but a vague restlessness.""]

["Forse, capire quando non si può più cambiare nulla è la giusta punizione per chi è stato spietato.""]

["It was the way Nana uttered the word - not so much saying it as spitting it at her - that made Mariam feel the full sting of it.""]

["She has intelligent, flirtatious eyes, and a penetrating gaze under which one feels simultaneously appraised, tested, charmed, toyed with. They remain, I suspect, a redoubtable seduction tool.""]

["It was like waking up one morning and finding that a wild animal has wandered into your house. No place felt safe to me.""]

["And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian. A mother. A person of consequence at last.""]

["She turned it so the sharp edge was vertical, and, as she did, it occurred to her that this was the first time that she was deciding the course of her own life.""]

["One is well served by a degree of both humility and charity when judging the inner working of another person's heart.""]

["She thought of Aziza's stutter, and of what Aziza had said earlier about fractures and powerful collisions deep down and how sometimes all we see on the surface is a slight tremor." \n —']

["To this day, I find it hard to gaze directly at people like Hassan, people who mean every word they say.""]

["I welcome you to my home as my son, as the husband of my daughter who is the noor of my eye. Your pain will be our pain, your joy our joy. I hope that you will come to see your Khala and Jamila and me as a second set of parents, and I pray for your and our lovely Soraya Jan's happiness. you both have our blessings.""]

["Come. There is a way to be good again..."]

["Learn this now and learn it well, my daughter: Like a compass needle that points north, a man's accusing finger always finds a woman. Always.""]

["I don't know if you have children of your own, Mariamjo, but if you do I pray that God look after them and spare you the grief that I have known. I still dream of them. I still dream of my dead children. I have dreams of you too, Mariamjo. I miss you. I miss the sound of your voice, your laughter. I miss reading to you, and all those times we fished together. Do you remember all those times we fished together? You were a good daughter, Mariamjo, and I can not ever think of you without feeling shame and regret. Regret... When it comes to you, Mariamjo, I have oceans of it. I regret that I did not see you the day you came to Herat. I regret that I did not open the door and take you in. I regret that I did not make you a daughter to me, that I let you live in that place for all those years. And for what? Fear of losing face? Of staining my so called good name? How little those things matter to me now after all the loss, all the terrible things I have seen in this cursed war. But now, of course, it is too late. Perhaps this is just punishment for those who have been heartless, to understand only when nothing can be undone. Now all I can do is say that you were a good daughter, Mariamjo, and that I never deserved you. Now all I can do is ask for your forgiveness. So forgive

e me, Mariamjo. Forgive me. Forgive me. Forgive me.””]

["“I don't know if you have children of your own, Mariamjo, but if you do I pray that God look after them and spare you the grief that I have known. I still dream of them. I still dream of my dead children.”]

["]

["“Her eyes traced the sleek shape of the table's legs, the sinuous curves of its corners, the gleam of its reflective, dark brown surface. She noticed that every time she breathed out, the surface fogged, and she disappeared from her father's table.””]

["“Zendagi migzara,” he said. Life goes on.””]

["“So much had happened since those childhood days, so much that needed to be said. But that first night the enormity of it all stole the words from her. That night, it was blessing enough to be beside him. It was blessing enough to know that he was here, to feel the warmth of him next to her, to lie with him, their heads touching, his right hand laced in her left.””]

["“Public justice is the greatest kind of show, my brother. Drama. Suspense. And best of all education en masse.””]

["]

["“I know you're still young, but I want you to understand and learn this now, he said. Marriage can wait, education cannot. You're a very, very bright girl. Truly, you are. You can be anything you want, Laila. I know this about you. And I also know that when this war is over, Afghanistan is going to need you as much as its men, maybe even more. Because a society has no chance of success if its women are uneducated, Laila. No chance.””]

["“One could not count the moons that shimmer on her roofs, Or the thousand splendid suns that hide behind her walls. Laila””]

["عندما تغش ، تسرق حق العدالة ، هل فهمت ؟ هناك خطيئة واحدة ، واحدة فقط ؛ وهي السرقة ، كل خطيئة أخرى هي وجه آخر للسرقة . هل تفهم ؟ ””  
”عندما تقتل رجلاً فأنت تسرق حياة، تسرق حق زوجته بزواج ،من أطفاله تسرق أباهم ، عندما تكذب تسرق حق شخص بالحقيقة ،

["]

["“Not that they give a damn in America, mind you. What do they care that Pashtuns and Hazaras and Tajiks and Uzbekes are killing each other? How many Americans can even tell one from the other? Don't expect help from them, I say. Now that the Soviets have collapsed, we're no use to them. We served our purpose. To them, Afghanistan is a kenarab, a shit hole. Excuse my language, but it's true.””]

["“In the mirror, Mariam had her first glimpse of Rasheed: the big, square, ruddy face; the crooked nose; the flushed cheeks that gave the impression of sly cheerfulness; the watery, bloodshot eyes; the crowded teeth, the front two pushed together like a gables roof; the impossible low hairline, barely two fingers widths above the bushy eyebrows; the wall of thick, coarse, salt-and-pepper hair.\nTheir gazes met briefly in the glass and slid away.\nThis is the face of my husband, Mariam thought.””]

["“marveling at how every Afghan story is marked by death and loss and unimaginable grief.””]

["“- She studies mathematics at the Sorbonne.\n...\n- Perhaps it's her way of rebelling. You know a thing or two about rebellion, I think.\n- Yes, but I did it in the proper way. I drank and smoked and took lovers. Who rebels with mathematics?” \n —”]

["ميقة ، عميقة في الاسفل فتصبح هذه التغيرات قوية ومخيفة في الاسفل هناك، ولكن كل ما نشعر به على السطح هو الاهتزاز البسيط. فقط اهتزاز بسيط.””  
”لست غبية، خالة مريم. والعم زمان يقول ذلك , بعض الاوقات تغيرات تواضع الصخور تكون ع

["“If there's a God out there, then I would hope he has more important things to attend to than my drinking scotch or eating pork.””]

["“Agha, did you hear what Mullah Nasruddin did when his daughter came home and complained that her husband had beaten her?” I could feel him smiling in the dark and a smile of my own formed on my face. There wasn't an Afghan in the world who didn't know at least a few jokes about the bumbling mullah. “What?” “He beat her too, then sent her back to tell the husband that Mullah was no fool: If the bastard was going to beat his daughter, then Mullah would beat his wife in return.””]

["“Bazen... bana dünyada sahip olduğum tek şey senmişsin gibi geliyor, Leyla.””]

["]

["“She suddenly realizes that she may not know how to live without Masooma. She doesn't know if she can. How will she bear the days when Masooma's absence feels like a far heavier burden than her presence ever had? How will she learn to tread around the edges of the big gaping hole where Masooma had once been?””]

["“Hadn't we both yearned for escape, reinvention, new identities? Hadn't we each, in the end, unmoored ourselves by cutting loose the anchors that weighed us down?””]

["“She remembered all too well how time had dragged without him, how she had shuffled about feeling waylaid, out of balance. How she could ever cope with his permanent absence?””]

["“In every corridor Parwana would see men's eyes snapping to attention when Masooma passed by. She saw their ef

forts to behave matter-of-factly, but their gazes lingered, helpless to tear away. If Masooma glanced in their direction, they looked idiotically privileged. They imagined they had shared a moment with her. She interrupted conversations midsentence, smokers mid-drag. She was the trembler of knees, the spiller of teacups. Some days it was all too much for Masooma, as if she was almost ashamed, and she told Parwana she wanted to stay inside all day, wanted not to be looked at. On those days, Parwana thought it was as though, somewhere deep inside, her sister understood dimly that her beauty was a weapon. A loaded gun, with the barrel pointed at her own head. Most days, however, the attention seemed to please her. Most days, she relished her power to derail a man's thoughts with a single fleeting but strategic smile, to make tongues falter over words.""]

["Joseph shall return to Canaan, grieve not, Hovels shall turn to rose gardens, grieve not. If a flood should arrive, to drown all that's alive, Noah is your guide in the typhoon's eye, grieve not.""]

["How seamless seemed love and then came trouble!" "A"]

["Seruas jari harus dipotong untuk menyelamatkan tangan.""]

["Mereka bernasib naas, memiliki ayah yang lemah. Seorang pengecut yang lebih memilih melihat mereka semua mati daripada menyiksa nuraninya sendiri.""]

[""]

["Love is a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion"]

[""]

["Kulihat peri kecil muram\nDi keteduhan pohon kertas.\nKumengenal peri kecil muram\nYang tertiuip angin suatu malam.""]

["They feel wronged. they haven't been given their due. No one loved them enough. Of course they expect you to love them. They want to be held, rocked, reassured. But it's a mistake to give it to them. They can't accept it. They can't accept the very thing they're needing. They end up hating you for it. And it never ends because they can't hate you enough. It never ends - the misery, the apologies, the promises, the reneging, the wretchedness of it all.""]

["Love is a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion.""]

["Quiet is peace. Tranquillity. Quiet is turning down the VOLUME knob on life. Silence is pushing the OFF button. Shutting it down. All of it. Sohrab's silence wasn't the self-imposed silence of those with convictions, of protesters who seek to speak their cause by not speaking at all. It was the silence of one who has taken cover in a dark place, curled up all the edges and tucked them under." \n —']

["He said I would appreciate later the gift he was giving me. He said that if culture was a house, then language was the key to the front door, to all the rooms inside. Without it, he said, you ended up wayward, without a proper home or a legitimate identity.""]

["Laila was shocked at how easily she'd come unhinged, but, the truth was, part of her had liked it, had liked how it felt to scream at Mariam, to curse her, to have a target at which to focus all her simmering anger, her grief.""]

["He lived in a mansion, but in a shrunken world"."]

["I suspected every bearded man who stared at me to be a Talib killer, sent by Assef. Two things compounded my fears: There are a lot of bearded men in Peshawar, and everybody stares.""]

["Not a word passes between us, not because we have nothing to say, but because we don't have to say anything- that's how it is between people who are each other's first memories.""]

["Kinder sind nicht wie Malbücher, Du kannst sie nicht mit deinen Lieblingsfarben ausmalen.""]

["But that life, that time,\nseems like a dream now,\neven to me,\nlike some long-dissolved rumor.\nFirst came the protests.\nThen the siege.\nThe skies spitting bombs.\nStarvation.\nBurials.\nThese are the things you know.""]

["أن تملك ثم تفقد أكثر إيلاً من ألا تملك أصلاً"]

["Blood is a powerful thing, bachem, never forget that.""]

["Closing Sohrab's door, I wondered if that was how forgiveness budded, not with the fanfare of epiphany, but with pain gathering its things, packing up, and slipping away unannounced in the middle of the night.""]

["I'm tired, Pari. You can scold me another time. The whipping post isn't going anywhere.""]

["A man's heart is a wretched, wretched thing. It isn't like a mother's womb. It won't bleed. It won't stretch to make room for you.""]

["each snowflake was a sigh heaved by an aggrieved woman somewhere in the world. That all the sighs drifted up to the sky, gathered into clouds, then broke into tiny pieces that fell silently on the people below.""]

["I firmly believed that if I had picked up a rifle and gone on a murdering rampage, I would have still had the benefit of her unblinking love.""]

["عدتُ إلى البيت بالطائرة الأخيرة. كان صوته المتباهي يسيطر على الغرفة. وكان الناس يرفعون رؤوسهم من فوق الصحاف ويُصدقون عليَّ بالتّهاني ["يتشّدق بمسابقة الطائرات الورقية، وكيف تفوقتُ على الجميع، وكيف

["There is only one, one skill a women like you and me needs in life, and they don't teach it in school. Look at me.

Only one skill. And it's this: tahamul. Endure.””]

[“Do you have it in you?”\n“To what?”\n“To use this thing. To kill with it.”\n“For you,” he said. “I’d kill with it for you, Laila.””]

[“Love was a damaging mistake and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion.””]

[“As soon as she was in Mariam's arm, Aziza's thumb shot into her mouth and she buried her face in Mariam's neck. Mariam bounced her stiffly, a half-bewildered, half-grateful smile on her lips. Mariam had never before been wanted like this. Love had never been declared to her so guilelessly, so unreservedly.””]

[“Quiet is peace. Tranquillity. Quiet is turning down the VOLUME knob on life.” \n —’]

[“largo: —¿Ésta eres tú? —Y éste tú, tío Idris. —¿O sea que antes tenías el pelo largo? —Mi hermana me lo cepillaba todas las noches.””]

[“The poems of Khalili, Pajwak, Ansari, Haji Dehqan, Ashraqi, Beytaab, Hafez, Jami, Nizami, Rumi, Khayyám, Beydel, and more went up in smoke.””]

[““You'll have others, Inshalla. You're young. Surely you'll have many other chances.\nBut Mariam's grief wasn't aimless or unspecific. Mariam grieved for this baby, this particular child, who had made her so happy for a while.””]

[“It breathed between us, what he had said, the pain of a life suppressed, of happiness never to be.””]

[”]

[“I rolled him over so he faced me. He felt light as a dream. I placed a kiss on his dry, cracked lips. I put a pillow between his face and my chest and reached for the back of his head. I held him against me in a long, tight embrace.””]

[“He would picture the feather coming loose from the bird, up in the clouds, half a mile above the world, twirling and spinning in violent currents, hurled by gusts of blustering wind across miles and miles of desert and mountains, to finally land, of all places and against all odds, at the foot of that one boulder for his sister to find. It would strike him with wonder, then, and hope too, that such things happened. And though he would know better, he would take heart, and he would open his eyes, and walk.””]

[“Avea deja mai multe jucarii decat ar fi avut nevoie. Si nu exista nicio jucarie pe pamant care sa compenseze absenta tatalui sau.””]

[““I wondered how and when I'd become capable of causing this kind of pain.””]

[”]

[“Recordé algo que en una ocasión Baba había mencionado sobre los pastunes. «Puede que seamos cabezotas, y sé que somos excesivamente orgullosos, pero, en un momento de necesidad, créeme que no hay nadie mejor que un pastún a tu lado.»””]

[“Ninguna molestia, en absoluto. Vayamos a lo importante, ¿necesitas algo? —dijo el general Taheri—. ¿Nada de nada? Pídemelo como se lo pedirías a un hermano.””]

[“...I would walk by, pretending not to know her, but dying to...””]

[“I knew it was better to be miserable than rude.””]

[“Știu acum că unii oameni simt nefericirea în același mod în care alții iubesc: în taină, intens și fără posibilitatea vreunui remediu.””]

[“pain gathering up its things, packing up, and slipping away unannounced in the middle of the night,” to borrow the words of Khaled Hosseini.””]

[“Spune-i secretul tău vântului, dar nu te-ntoarce împotriva lui fiindcă le-a spus copacilor.””]

[““(...) Kabulul devenise pentru mine un oraș al fantomelor. Un oraș al fantomelor cu buze de iepure.\nAmerica era diferită. America era un fluviu impetuos, nepăsător cu trecutul. Puteam să mă scufund în fluviul ăsta, să-mi las păcatele să se înece la fund, să las apele să mă ducă undeva, departe. Undeva unde nu sunt nici fantome, nici amintiri, nici păcate.\nChiar și numai pentru asta, am adoptat America.””]

[“La perspectiva es un lujo que sólo pueden permitirse las mentes que no están atormentadas por un enjambre de demonios.””]

[“If you are caught alone on the street, you will be beaten and sent home. You will not, under any circumstance, show your face. You will cover with burqa when outside. If you do not, you will be severely beaten. Cosmetics are forbidden. Jewelry is forbidden. You will not wear charming clothes. You will not speak unless spoken to. You will not make eye contact with men. You will not laugh in public. If you do, you will be beaten. You will not paint your nails. If you do, you will lose a finger. Girls are forbidden from attending school. All schools for girls will be closed immediately. Women are forbidden from working. If you are found guilty of adultery, you will be stoned to death. Listen. Listen well. Obey. Allah-u-akbar. Rasheed” \n —’]

[“Our watan is now known as the Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan. These are the laws that we will enforce and you will obey: All citizens must pray five times a day. If it is prayer time and you are caught doing something other, you will be beaten. All men will grow their beards. The correct length is at least one clenched fist beneath the chin. If you

u do not abide by this, you will be beaten. All boys will wear turbans. Boys in grade one through six will wear black turbans, higher grades will wear white. All boys will wear Islamic clothes. Shirt collars will be buttoned. Singing is forbidden. Dancing is forbidden. Playing cards, playing chess, gambling, and kite flying are forbidden. Writing books, watching films, and painting pictures are forbidden. If you keep parakeets, you will be beaten. Your birds will be killed. If you steal, your hand will be cut off at the wrist. If you steal again, your foot will be cut off. If you are not Muslim, do not worship where you can be seen by Muslims. If you do, you will be beaten and imprisoned. If you are caught trying to convert a Muslim to your faith, you will be executed. Attention women: You will stay inside your homes at all times. It is not proper for women to wander aimlessly about the streets. If you go outside, you must be accompanied by a mahram, a male relative.”]

[“‘N-are rost sa te plangi de ceea ce este inevitabil.”]

[“‘Revenirea in casa copilariei ma face sa simt dezorientat, ca si cum as citi finalul unui roman pe care l-am inceput si apoi l-am abandonat, cu multi ani in urma.”]

[“‘..dar majoritatea oamenilor fac exact pe dos. Cred ca traiesc asa cum vor. Dar, ceea ce ii ghideaza de fapt, e lucrul de care le e frica. Ceea ce nu vor.”]

[“‘Tot ce ar putea genera ar fi regret, imi spun eu, si la ce ar fi bun regretul? Nu aduce nimic inapoi. Ce am pierdut este irecuperabil.”]

[“‘Dar timpul e precum sarmul. Nu ai niciodata atat de mult precum crezi.”]

[“‘Ar fi trebuit sa fii mai draguta cu ea. Asta e un lucru pe care in mod sigur nicio persoana nu il va regreta niciodata. Nu-ti vei spune niciodata la batranete: A, imi doresc sa nu fi fost draguta cu acel om. Nu vei gandi niciodata asa.”]

[“‘Ma gandesc la el acum, necajit si pierdut, clatinandu-se pe picioare prin desert, iar pe poteca din spatele lui se afla toate acele bucati marunte si stralucitoare pe care viata le-a luat de la el.”]

[“‘إنه قدرنا في الحياة يا مريم. قدر النساء أمثالنا. أن نتحمل. هذا كل ما لدينا. هل تفهمين؟”]

[“‘—Para mí, todo acaba aquí. No anhelo nada más. Todo lo que deseaba de niña tú me lo has dado ya. Tú y tus hijos me habéis hecho muy feliz. Todo está bien, Laila yo. No te preocupes ni te entristezcas.”]

[“‘You’ve made me proud Marcus”\nI’ve waited all my life to hear those words. Is it too late now for this? For us? Have we squandered too much for too long mama and I? Part of me thinks it is better to go on, as we have, to act as though we don’t know how ill suited we are for each other.\nAnd yet when my mother says, “isn’t it beautiful Markos?” I say to her, “it is mama. It is beautiful,” and as something begins to break open wide inside me i reach over and take my mother’s hand in mine”]

[“‘«Él ha creado el cielo y la tierra con la verdad; Él hace que la noche se cierna sobre el día y que el día venza a la noche; Él ha creado el sol y la luna, supeditados el uno al otro, ambos sucediéndose tras el período que tienen asignado: porque sin duda Él es el Todopoderoso, Él es el que todo lo perdona.»”]

[“‘América era distinta. América era un río que descendía con gran estruendo, inconsciente del pasado. Y yo podía vadear ese río, dejar que mis pecados se hundieran en el fondo, dejar que las aguas me arrastraran hacia algún lugar lejano. Algún lugar sin fantasmas, sin recuerdos y sin pecados.”]

[“‘If I’ve learned anything in Kabul, it is that human behavior is messy and unpredictable and unconcerned with convenient symmetries. But I find comfort in it, in the idea of a pattern, of a narrative of my life taking shape, like a photograph in a darkroom, a story that slowly emerges and affirms the good I have always wanted to see in myself.”]

[“‘I wanted to pull him close, hold him, tell him the world had been unkind to him, not the other way around.”]

[“‘Me devolvieron a la celda sin que hubiese parado de reír. Seguí riendo y riendo porque de pronto supe que aquello había sido un mensaje de Dios: Él estaba de mi lado. Por algún motivo quería que yo siguiese con vida.”]

[“‘Dar hoția era singurul păcat de neiertat, numitorul comun al tuturor păcatelor posibile. Când ucizi un om, furi o viată. Furi dreptul soției de a avea un soț, le iei copiilor dreptul de a avea un tată. Când spui o minciună, furi cuiva dreptul la adevăr. Când înșeli, furi dreptul la corectitudine. Nu există ceva mai mășav decât furtul.”]

[“‘Următorul lucru de care îmi amintesc este strălucirea orbitoare a dimineții în care am ieșit la lumină. Îmi amintesc că mi-am ridicat fața spre cer, cu ochii mișiți, respirând de parcă lumea urma să rămână fără aer. M-am întins la marginea drumului de pământ, lângă un șanț plin cu bolovani și pietre și am privit cerul fumuriu al dimineții, recunoscător pentru aer, recunoscător pentru lumină, recunoscător pentru că trăiesc.”]

[“‘Ask him where his shame is.”\nHe says this is war. There is no shame in war.”\nTell him he’s wrong. War doesn’t negate decency. It demands it, even more than in times of peace.”]

[“‘ella. Pari es sangre de mi sangre. Y no tardaré en conocer a sus hijos y a los hijos de sus hijos, y mi sangre circula también en las venas de todos ellos. No estoy sola.” \n —’]

[“‘«من أجلك ألف مرة ومرة»”]

[“‘Nuestro watan se conocerá a partir de ahora como Emirato Islámico de Afganistán. Éstas son las leyes que nosotros aplicaremos y vosotros obedeceréis: Todos los ciudadanos deben rezar cinco veces al día. Si os encuentran haciend

o otra cosa a la hora de rezar, seréis azotados. Todos los hombres se dejarán crecer la barba. La longitud correcta es de al menos un puño por debajo del mentón. Quien no lo acate, será azotado. Todos los niños llevarán turbante. Los niños de uno a seis años llevarán turbantes negros, los mayores lo llevarán blanco. Todos los niños deberán vestir ropa islámica. El cuello de la camisa se llevará abotonado. Se prohíbe cantar. Se prohíbe bailar.”]

[“Look at me.”\nMariam did.\n“Only one skill. And it's this: tahamul. Endure.”\n“Endure what, Nana?”\n“Oh, don't you fret about that,” Nana said. “There won't be any shortage of things.”]

[“]

[“Ինչպես կողմնացույցի սլաքը միշտ հյուսիսն է ցույց տալիս, այնպես էլ տղամարդու մեղադրող մատը միշտ կնոջն է գտնուի:”]

[“Գաղտնիքդ քամուն թե պատմես, ծառերին չմեղադրես:”]

[“And I also know that when this war is over, Afghanistan is going to need you as much as its men, maybe even more. Because a society has no chance of success if its women are uneducated, Laila. No chance.”]

[“Sometimes Laila wondered why Mammy had even bothered having her. People, she believed now, shouldn't be allowed to have new children if they'd already given away all their love to their old ones. It wasn't fair.”]

[“Nothing wrong with cowardice, as long as it comes with prudence, but when a coward stops remembering who he is, God helps him.”]

[“Laila learned that boys differed from girls in this regard. They didn't make a show of friendship. They felt no urge, no need, for this sort of talk ... Boys, Laila came to see, treated friendship the way they treated the sun: its existence undisputed; its radiance best enjoyed, not beheld directly.”]

[“De niño, solía ponerme nervioso por todas las cosas que mamá no hacía, a diferencia de las otras madres. Cogerm e de la mano para ir por la calle. Darme un beso de buenas noches, sentarme en su regazo, leerme cuentos antes de d ormir. Todo eso es verdad. Pero a lo largo de todos estos años no he sabido ver una verdad más grande aún, que ha p asado inadvertida, sin el menor reconocimiento, enterrada bajo una pila de agravios: mi madre jamás me abandonarí a.”]

[“Learn this now and learn it well, my daughter: Like a compass needle that points noth, a man's accusing finger al ways finds a woman.””]

[“entre las personas que se habían criado del mismo pecho existían unos lazos de hermandad que ni el tiempo podía romper.”]

[“Cuando matas a un hombre, le robas la vida, robas el marido a una esposa y el padre a unos hijos. Cuando mientes , le robas al otro el derecho a la verdad. Cuando engañas, robas el derecho a la equidad. ¿Comprendes?”]

[“En eso consistía volar cometas; en dejar que tu cabeza volara junto a ella.”]

[“- O poveste trista.\n- Cartile bune-s facute din povesti triste.\n- Da, asa-i.”]

[“Pentru tine, de o mie de ori!”]

[“יִיטְרֵלְשׁ נִיִּטְעֵטִי [נִטְרֵלְשׁ לֵשׁ שְׁעֻלִי נִכְנַעְשׁוּךְ צִץ, שְׁנִמְשָׁנִתְלֵצַץ, לֵרֵט רִיזְרֵסִי.”]

[““აქვანათის, \nაიან მოელვარე მზეს , მის კედლებს თავმეფარებულს. - საეგ თაბრიზის ლექსი ქაბულზე”]

[“«Доверив свою тайну ветру, не вини деревья.» Халиль Джебран.” \n —']

[“I understood the nature of my curse: I was going to get away with it.”]

[“We'll take care of her, Laila jan,” one of the women said with an air of self-importance. Laila had been to funerals before where she had seen women like this, women who relished all things that had to do with death, official consolors who let no one trespass on their self-appointed duties. (p. 136.)”]

[“]

[“There are things that have to be taught, others learnt from books; but there are some things that you just have to see and feel.”]

[“The hallway's walls are covered now with posters, of dinosaurs, cartoon characters, the Buddhas of Bamiyan, and displays of artwork by the orphans. Many of the drawings depict tanks running over huts, men brandishing AK-47s, refugee camp tents, scenes of jihad.”]

[“My eyes returned to our suitcases. They made me sad for Baba. After everything he'd built, planned, fought for, fretted over, dreamed of, this was the summation of his life: one disappointing son and two suitcases.”]

[“I promised myself that I would talk to her before the summer was over, but schools reopened, the leaves reddened, yellowed, and fell, the rains of winter swept in, baby leaves sprouted once more, and I still hadn't had the heart, the dil, to even look her in the eye.”]

[“- Afghanistan is like a beautiful mansion littered with garbage, and someone has to take out the garbage.\nTh at's what you were doing in Mazar, going door-to-door? Taking out the garbage?\n- Precisely. \nIn the west, the y have an expression for that. They call it ethnic cleansing. \n- Do they? Ethnic cleansing. I like it. I like the sou

nd of it.”]

[“- His parents were executed in the street. The neighbors saw it. \nYou have death certificates?\n- Death certificates? This is Afghanistan we’re talking about. Most people there don’t have birth certificates.”]

[“And so Mariam raised the shovel high, raised it as high as she could, arching it so it touched the small of her back. She turned it so the sharp edge was vertical, and, as she did, it occurred to her that this was the first time \n was deciding the course of her own life.\nAnd, with that, Mariam brought down the shovel. This time, she gave it everything she had.”]

[“Learn this once and learn it well, my daughter. Like a compass needle always points north, a man's accusing finger always finds a woman.”]

[“Every street of Kabul is enthralling to the eye\nThrough the bazaars, caravans of Egypt pass\nOne could not count the moons that shimmer on her roofs\nAnd the thousand splendid suns that hide behind her walls”]

[“Come, There is a way to be good again,”]

[“Una mina. C'è un modo di morire più afghano di questo, Amirjan?”“]

[“]

[“დრო სიზმარივითაა, იქ წყდება, სადაც თვითონ მოესურვება.”“]

[“Incontables las lunas que brillaban sobre sus azoteas, o los mil soles espléndidos que se ocultaban tras sus muros.”]

[“]

[“With the passing of time, she’d tire of this exercise. She would find it increasingly exhausting to conjure up, to dust off, to resuscitate once again what was long dead. There would come a day when the details of his face would begin to slip from memory’s grip. She would not miss him as much as she did now, when the ache of his absence was her unremitting companion.”]

[“«.

.»

ج تهيدة تطلقها امرأة مكروبة في مكان ما في العالم. إن كل التهديدات تنجرف إلى السماء، وتتجمع في سحابا I person, that his lod —] \n “ظل الحزن يدهش مريم4 تذكرت «نانا» وهي تقول ذات مرة إن كل

[“It was in the tender, slightly panicky way he spoke these words that I knew my father was a\nwounde ve for me was as true, vast, and permanent as the sky, and that it\nwould always bear down upon me. It was the kind of love that, sooner or later, cornered you\ninto a choice: either you tore free or you stayed and withstood its rigor even as it squeezed you\ninto something smaller than yourself.”]

ي تمر بين بدايته وبين الارتطام. الزمن القصير المتمد بلا نهاية حيث يشعر المرء بأنه معلق. اللامعرفة. الانتظار. مثل متهم يوشك على سماع الحكم”“]

[“She considers for a\nnminute before saying, “J’aurais dû être plus gentille—I should have been more kind. That is\nsomething a person will never regret. You will never say to yourself when you are old, Ah, I\nwish I was not good to that person. You will never think that.” For a moment, her face looks\nstricken. She is like a helpless schoolgirl. “It would not have been so difficult,” she says tiredly. \n“I should have been more kind. I should have been more like you.”]

[“but what happens in a few days, sometimes even a single day, can change the course of a whole lifetime, Amir,” he said.”]

[“”لا يستطيع المرء أن يحصي الأعمار التي ترتعش في أسقفها ولا ألف الشمس الساطعة التي تختبئ خلف جدرانها”“]

مها التي استخفَّ بها. امرأة ستكون مثل صخرة في قاع نهر، تتحمل من دون شكوى، الهموم التي تكتسحها لا تدنس فضيلتها، وإنما تصنع تلك الفضيلة”“]

[“America was different. America was a river, roaring along, unmindful of the past. I could wade”“]

جع يوسف إلى كنعان، لا تحزن لسوف تصير العشب جئات ورد، لا تحزن وإن جاء طوفان وأغرق كل ما هو حي فنوح دليلك في الطوفان، لا تحزن”“]

[“he would not miss him as she did now, when the ache of his absence was her unremitting companion-like the phantom pain of an amputee”“]

[“”المتجمد”“]

[“”تعلمت أن ما يقولونه عن الماضي، عن قدرتك على دفنه، خطأ. لأن الماضي يشق طريقه”“]

[“Avrebbe desiderato far visita alla sua tomba, sedersi con lei per qualche minuto, lasciare qualche fiore. Ma ora capisce che non ha nessuna importanza. Mariam non è mai molto lontana. È qui, tra questi muri che hanno ridipinto, negli alberi che hanno piantato, nelle coperte che tengono i bambini al caldo, nei guanciali, nei libri e nelle matite. È nei loro sorrisi. È nei versetti che Aziza recita e nelle preghiere che mormora prosternandosi verso Occidente. Ma Mariam è soprattutto nel cuore di Laila, dove brilla con l’incontenibile splendore di mille soli.”“]

[“[...] questa vita che ci impone di sopportare dolore dopo dolore anche quando abbiamo superato ogni soglia di sop



portazione.””]

[“Laila ascoltava, sperando che la mamma si accorgesse che lei, Laila, non era diventata una shahid, che era viva, lì, nel letto accanto a lei, e che come tutti nutriva una speranza per il proprio futuro. Ma Laila sapeva che il suo futuro non poteva competere con il passato dei fratelli. Le avevano fatto ombra da vivi, l’avrebbero cancellata da morti.””]

دة مدّعي الصلاح، إنهم لا يفعلون شيئاً إلا التسبيح وقراءة كتاب كتب بلسان لا يفقهونه حتى. فليكن الله في عوننا جميعاً إذا سقطت أفغانستان في أيديهم.””]

«تذكرت شيئاً قاله لي بابا قبل زمن طويل: «أتبول على لحى كل أولئك القر

””y””]

[“without complaint, her grace not sullied but shaped by the turbulence that washes over her. Already Laila sees something behind this young girl’s eyes, something deep in her core,””]

[“يختبئ في كل زقاق ليقفز عليها مثل عفريت العلبة. ربما كانت ستجازف. لكن، فجأة، لم يعد الرحيل خياراً مطروحاً. ليس مع تلك الانقلابات اليومية.””]

”تذهب إلى مكان بعيد عن هنا. تعتزل تلك المدينة حيث ثمة فخ عند كل ناصية، وثمة شبح

””أنت سلطنة قلبي.””]

[“America was different. America was a river, roaring along, unmindful of the past. I could wade into this river, let my sins drown to the bottom, let the waters carry me someplace far. Someplace with no ghosts, no memories, and no sins. If for nothing else, for that, I embraced America.” \n —’]

[“Zendagi Migzara” – Life goes on!””]

[“downpour lashing at her face is becoming heavier and more steady, rippling windows, smearing headlights. Pari has no memory of ever meeting the man, her grandfather, Maman’s father, has seen only the one photograph of him reading at his desk, but she doubts that he was the mustache-twirling villain Maman has made him out to be. Pari thinks she sees through this story. She has her own ideas. In her version, he is a man rightfully worried over the well-being of””]

[“Mariam’s final thoughts were a few words from the Koran, which she muttered under her breath.\nHe has created the heavens and the earth with the truth; He makes the night cover the day and makes the day overtake the night, and He has made the sun and the moon subservient; each one runs on to an assigned term; now surely He is the Mighty, the Great Forgiver.\n”Kneel,” the Talib said.\nO my Lord! Forgive and have mercy, for you are the best of the merciful ones.\n”Kneel here, hamshira. And look down.”\nOne last time, Mariam did as she was told.””]

اخذ قميص اللحم و العظم ..لا يهتم مقدار ذرة بالأمال و الأحلام , بالأحزان التي تنبض داخلك . الأمر بسيط بقدر ما هو عبثي و قاس لدرجة الوحشية.””]

”عرفت أن العالم يراك ..أنت الساكن د

””الشجاعة تعني أن يكون لديك ما يمكن أن تفقده إذا تشجعت , وأنا ليس لديّ ما أخسره.””]

[“‘You like big words? I’ll give you one: perspective. That’s what I’m doing here, Laila. Making sure you don’t lose perspective.’ What turned Laila’s stomach the rest of the night was that every word Rasheed had uttered, every last one, was true.””]

[“I thought about you all the time. I used to pray that you’d love to be a hundred years old. I didn’t know. I didn’t know that you were ashamed of me.””]

[“Children aren’t coloring books. You don’t get to fill them with your favorite colors.” —Khaled Hosseini””]

[“The generation of Afghan children whose ears would know nothing but the sounds of bombs and gunfire was not yet born. Huddled together in the dining room and waiting for the sun to rise, none of us had any notion that a way of life had ended.””]

[“Es curioso, Markos, pero la gente por lo general tiene una idea muy equivocada de sí misma. Creen que viven en función de lo que desean, cuando en el fondo lo que los guía es aquello que temen. Aquello que no desean.””]

[“The two Buddhas were enormous, soaring much higher than she had imagined from all the photos she’d seen of them. Chiseled into a sun-bleached rock cliff, they peered down at them, as they had for nearly two thousand years before, Laila imagined, at caravans crossing the valley on the Silk Road.””]

[“pero lo que trato de decirte es que me has salido bueno. Has hecho que me sienta orgullosa de ti, Markos.””]

[“Your mother, she used to be adventurous then, and... so \*alive\*. She was just about the liveliest, happiest person I’ve ever met.” He smiled at the memory. “She had this laugh. I swear it’s why I married her, Laila, for that laugh. It bulldozed you. You stood no chance against it.”\nA wave of affection overcame Laila. From then on, she would always remember Babi this way: reminiscing about Mammy, with his elbows on the rock, hands cupping his chin, his hair ruffled by the wind, eyes crinkled against the sun.””]

[“Laila sat on the edge of the stream, dipping her feet into the cool water. Overhead, mosquitos hummed and cottonwood seeds danced. A dragonfly whirred nearby, Laila watched its wings catch glints of sunlight as it buzzed from one blade of grass to another. They flashed purple, then green, orange...\nLaila thought again about Babi’s little dream. \*Somewhere near the sea\*.””]

[“Most of our neighbors in Fremont were bus drivers, policemen, gas station attendants, and unwed mothers collecting welfare, exactly the sort of blue-collar people who would soon suffocate under the pillow Reaganomics pressed to

their faces.””]

[”يومًا بعد يوم، سوف يصبح استحضار ما مات منذ زمن، ونفض التراب عنه، وبعث الحياة فيه، أكثر إرهاقًا.”]

[”“It wasn't so much the whistling [of the rockets] itself, Laila thought later, but the seconds between the start of it and the impact. The brief and interminable time of feeling suspended. The not knowing. The waiting. Like a defendant about to hear the verdict.””]

[”“Las malas hierbas del desierto siguen con vida, pero la flor de primavera florece y se marchita.””]

[”“When you tell a lie, you steal a man's right to the truth.””]

[”“Come. There is a way to be good again, Rahim Khan had said on the phone just before hanging up. Said it in passing, almost as an afterthought.” \n —']

[”“من بين كل المصاعب التي يواجهها المرء، لا شيء أقسى من فعل الانتظار البسيط.””]

[”]

[”“it always hurts more to have and lose than to not have in the first place. But””]

[”“إن كان الغفران ينمو على هذا النحو، ليس برؤيا صاخبة، وإنما بالألم وهو يللم متاعه، ويحزم حقائبه، ويتسلل راحلاً في منتصف الليل بلا إعلان””]

[”يد نصف ضحكة. رمى سيجارته: - أما زلت تعتبر هذا المكان بلدك؟ قلت بنبرة خرجت أكثر دفاعية مما قصدت: - أظن أن جزءاً مني سيظل هكذا أبداً.””]

[”“För dig ska jag göra det tusen gånger om.””]

[”“They respected him, you see, because he respected them.””]

[”“People say that eyes are windows to the soul. Never was that more true than with Ali, who could only reveal himself through his eyes.””]

[”“the only enemy an Afghan cannot defeat is himself.””]

[”“Come sospetto, la verità è che, malgrado le difficoltà insormontabili, tutti noi aspettiamo sempre che ci succeda qualcosa di straordinario.””]

[”“Ora so che ci sono persone che sentono l'infelicità con la stessa inevitabilità con cui altre amano: in segreto, con intensità e senza rimedio.””]

[”]

[”“كنت أتصور أننا ورقتين... حملتهما الرياح أميالاً بعيداً عن شجرتنا الأم لكننا متصلتين رغم المسافات بجذور الشجرة التي ننتمي إليها.””]

[”“The Bamiyan Valley below was carpeted by lush farming fields. Babi said they were green winter wheat and alfalfa, potatoes too... It was autumn, and Laila could make out people in bright tunics on the roofs of mud brick dwellings laying out the harvest to dry... Beyond the village, beyond the river and the streams, Laila saw foothills, bare and dusty brown, and, beyond those, as beyond everything else in Afghanistan, the snowcapped Hindu Kush.\n\nThe sky above all of this was an immaculate, spotless blue.\n\nIt's so quiet," Laila breathed...\n\nIt's what I always remember about being up here," Babi said, "The silence. The peace of it. I wanted you to experience it. But I also wanted you to see your country's heritage, children, to learn of its rich past. You seem some things I can teach you. Some you can learn from books. But there are things that, well, you just have to \*see\* and \*feel\*.””]

[”“Hassan knew He knew I'd seen everything in that alley, that I'd stood there and done nothing. He knew I had betrayed him and yet he was rescuing me once again, maybe for the last time. I loved him in that moment, loved him more than I'd ever loved anyone, and I wanted to tell them all that I was the snake in the grass, the monster in the lake.””]

[”“Hassan knew He knew I'd seen everything in that alley, that I'd stood there and done nothing. He knew I had betrayed him and yet he was rescuing me once again, maybe for the last time. I loved him in that moment, loved him more than I'd ever loved anyone, and I wanted to tell them all that I was the snake in the grass, the monster in the lake.””]

[”“ONE DAY THAT same month of June, Giti was walking home from school with two classmates. Only three blocks from Giti's house, a stray rocket struck the girls. Later that terrible day, Laila learned that Nila, Giti's mother, had run up and down the street where Giti was killed, collecting pieces of her daughter's flesh in an apron, screeching hysterically. Giti's decomposing right foot, still in its nylon sock and purple sneaker, would be found on a rooftop two weeks later.””]

[”“Muchos años más tarde, cuando empecé las prácticas de cirugía estética, comprendí algo que se me había escapado aquel día en la cocina, cuando intenté convencer a Thalia de que cambiara Tinos por un internado londinense. Comprendí que el mundo no ve el interior de las personas, y que poco importan las esperanzas, penas y sueños que albergamos bajo una máscara de piel y hueso. Es así de sencillo, cruel y absurdo. Mis pacientes lo sabían. Veían cuanto eran, serían o podían aspirar a ser, supeditado a la simetría de su estructura ósea, al espacio entre los ojos, la longitud del mentón, la proyección de la nariz, la idoneidad del ángulo nasofrontal.\n\nLa belleza es un inmenso e inmerecido regalo que se reparte al azar, sin ton ni son.””]

[“And that right there was the single greatest moment of my twelve years of life, seeing Baba on that roof, proud of me at last.”]

[“]

[“Galilah sebuah tulisan yang indah, Monsieur Boustouler, dan anda akan menemukan berbagai aksi tidak terhormat” \n —’]

[“‘J’aurais du être plus gentille - I should have been more kind. That is something a person will never regret.’”]

[“The Hindi kid would soon learn what the British learned earlier in the century, and what the Russians would eventually learn by the late 1980s: that Afghans are an independent people. Afghans cherish custom but abhor rules. And so it was with kite fighting. The rules were simple: No rules. Fly your kite. Cut the opponents. Good luck.”]

[“Una storia è come un treno in corsa: in qualunque punto sali a bordo, prima o poi arrivi a destinazione.”]

[“‘Potevo solo concludere che per alcune persone, in particolare per le donne, il matrimonio, anche infelice come questo, può costituire una fuga da un’infelicità ancora più grande.’”]

[“‘Dicono: trovati uno scopo nella vita e perseguilo. Ma talvolta è solo dopo aver vissuto che si riconosce che la vita aveva uno scopo, e probabilmente uno scopo architettato dal caso.’”]

[“‘E.B.: Vive a Parigi?’\nN.W.: Studia matematica alla Sorbona.\nE.B.: Ne sarà orgogliosa.\nLei sorride con un’alzata di spalle.\nE.B.: Mi colpisce la scelta della materia, dato che lei si occupa di letteratura.\nN.W.: Non so da chi abbia preso. Tutte quelle formule e teorie incomprensibili. Immagino che lei le capisca. Per quanto mi riguarda, so fare a malapena le moltiplicazioni.\nE.B.: Forse è il suo modo di ribellarsi. Lei di ribellione se ne intende, penso.\nN.W.: Sì, ma io mi ribellavo nel modo giusto. Bevevo, fumavo e avevo amanti. Chi si ribella studiando matematica?’”]

[“‘Julien le aveva chiesto cosa l’aveva spinto verso la matematica e lei aveva risposto che la trovava rassicurante.\n«Io la definirei piuttosto come qualcosa che intimidisce, mi sembra più pertinente.»\n«È anche questo.»\nPari aveva detto che trovava consolazione nella stabilità delle verità matematiche, nella mancanza di arbitrarietà e nell’assenza di ambiguità. Nel sapere che le risposte potevano essere elusive, ma che si potevano trovare. Erano lì che aspettavano sulla lavagna, qualche passaggio più sotto.\n«In altre parole, niente di simile alla vita» aveva commentato Julien. «Dove le domande o non hanno alcuna risposta o ne trovano una ingarbugliata.»”]

[“‘Ben presto si sarebbe ritrovato adulto. E allora non ci sarebbe stato modo di tornare indietro, perché l’essere adulto era qualcosa di simile a ciò che suo padre una volta aveva detto a proposito dell’essere un eroe di guerra. Quando si diventa eroe, si muore eroe.’”]

[“‘Sempre più spesso mi sembra di aggirarmi senza meta, in attesa che qualcosa mi accada, qualcosa che cambierà tutto e verso cui tende tutta la mia vita.’”]

[“‘Imparai che il mondo non vede la tua anima, che non gliene importa un accidente delle speranze, dei sogni e dei dolori che si nascondono oltre la pelle e le ossa. Era così: semplice, assurdo e crudele. I miei pazienti lo sapevano. Capivano che gran parte di ciò che erano dipendeva, o poteva dipendere, dalla simmetria della loro struttura ossea, dallo spazio tra gli occhi, dalla lunghezza del mento, dalla punta del naso, se il naso si univa alla fronte con un angolo ideale o meno.\nLa bellezza è un dono gigantesco, immeritato, dato a caso, stupidamente.’”]

[“‘Credono di vivere in nome di ciò che vogliono. Ma in realtà si fanno guidare da ciò di cui hanno paura, da quello che non vorrebbero assolutamente.’”]

[“‘But I appealed unto thy heart in vain, and now is the time gone for meeting...’”]

[“‘Một đứa trẻ không bao giờ biết bảo vệ mình sẽ trở thành người đàn ông không biết bảo vệ bất cứ thứ gì’”]

[“‘Luôn có một con đường tốt nhất để trở lại’”]

[“‘Trẻ con đâu phải những quyền tập tô màu. Anh không thể bôi đầy nó bằng những màu anh ưa thích’”]

[“‘Có lẽ tôi đứng đó chưa đầy một phút, nhưng đến ngày hôm nay, nó là cái phút dài nhất của đời tôi. Những giây đồng hồ nặng nhọc trôi đi, giây này cách giây kia một thời gian vĩnh cửu. Không khí trở nên nặng nề, âm thấp, gần như đặc lại. Tôi như đang thở ra những viên gạch. Baba tiếp tục nhìn tôi trùng trùng và không bảo tôi đọc truyện.’”]

[“‘Quý dữ cũng chiếu những mảnh gương, chiếu để làm rối trí các tín đồ hồi giáo trong lúc cầu nguyện. Ông luôn quắc mắt nhìn con trai mình, nói thêm “và quý dữ cũng cười hô hố trong khi làm như vậy.”’]

[“‘stopped, turned. He cupped his hands around his mouth. “For you a thousand times over!” he said. Then’”]

[“‘8-At I walk in dusty sunsets through streets lined with graffiti-stained walls, past tin-shed stalls packed tightly against one another, crossing paths with little girls carrying basketfuls of raw dung on their heads women covered in black soot boiling rags in huge aluminum vats.’” \n —’]

[“‘9-At I watch the kids shooting marbles on sidewalks that melt into muddy gutters, the old women sitting in doorways, the street vendors in dhotis squatting on their mats, scrapping coconuts, hawking marigold garlands.’”]

[“‘Madlaline’s stories stirred up an old restlessness in me, an urge I’d always had to strike out headlong into the world, to be dauntless. By comparison my own life seemed crushingly ordinary. I foresaw my life unfolding as an interminable stretch of nothingness...feeling like a stand-in for myself, a proxy, as though my real self resided elsewhere,

waiting to unite someday with this dimmer more hollow self.”]

[“...and my own helplessness in the face of it, makes everything I have done, everything I want to do, seem as unsubstantial as the little vows you make yourself as you’re going to sleep, the ones you’re already forgotten by the time you wake up”]

[“But in my quiet moments, in those long rides in the back of a bus or the bed of a truck, my mind always circles back to...”]

[“At last, she makes her choice. She turns around, drops her head, and walks toward a horizon she cannot see. After that, she does not look back anymore. She knows that if she does, she will weaken. She will lose what resolve she has because she will see an old bicycle speeding down a hill, bouncing on rocks and gravel, the metal pounding both their rears, clouds of dust kicked up with each sudden skid. She sits on the frame, and Masooma is the one on the saddle, she is the one who takes the hairpin turns at full speed, dropping the bike into a deep lean. But Parwana is not afraid. She knows that her sister will not send her flying over the handlebars, that she will not hurt her. The world melts into a whirligig blur of excitement, and the wind whooshes in their ears, and Parwana looks over her shoulder at her sister and her sister looks back, and they laugh together as stray dogs give chase.”]

[“A life lived from the backseat, observed as it blurred by. An indifferent life.”]

[“At the time, I must have been in my late twenties, a young man at the prime of his desires for a woman’s company. Unlike many of the men I grew up with in my village- young men who had never seen the bare thigh of a grown woman and married, in part, for the license to at least cast their gaze upon such a sight- I did have some experience.”]

[“At night, I served them dinner, and they each received the meal in pointed silence, gaze lowered to the platter of rice, the quiet broken only by a muttered Thank you and the tinkling of spoon and fork against china”]

[“I had always pictured her living a tumultuous, wayward life, hard years of bad luck-fits and starts, collapse, regret- and ill advised, desperate love affairs. I had always imagined that she’d self-destructed, likely drank herself to the kind of early death that people always call tragic”]

[“When the ferry groaned and lurched away, leaving behind a trail of churned-up water. I thought Madaline would stand at the stern and wave and blow kisses. But she quickly moved toward the bow and took a seat. She didn’t look our way.”]

[“The suffering, the despair in this place, is like a wave. It rolls out of every bed, smashes against the moldy walls and swoop back toward you. You can drown in it”]

[“3I’ve crossed paths since with men like him. I wish I could say differently. But I have. And what I’ve learned is that you dig a little and you find they are all the same, give or take... Some are more polished, granted. They may come with a bit of charm-or a lot- and that can fool you. But really they are all unhappy little boys slashing around in their own rage. They feel wronged. They haven’t been given their due. No one loved them enough. Of course they expect you to love them. They want to be held, rocked, and reassured. But it’s a mistake to give it to them. They can’t accept it. They can’t accept the very thing they are needing. They end up hating you for it. And it never ends because they can’t hate you enough. It never ends- the misery, the apologies, the promises, the reneging, the wretchedness of it all.”]

[“Every woman needed a husband, even if he did silence the song in her”]

[“La sola fuga possibile era allentare le redini della fantasia.”]

[“Dal tono tenero, leggermente angosciato con cui aveva pronunciato queste parole avevo capito che mio padre era una persona ferita, che il suo amore per me era sincero, immenso ed eterno come il cielo, e che avrebbe gravato su di me per sempre. Era quel tipo di amore che prima o poi ti avrebbe inchiodato a una scelta: o ti liberavi con una lacerazione o rimanevi e sopportavi la sua intransigenza, anche se ti torchiava sino a farti rimpicciolire.”]

[“Il tempo è come il fascino. Non ne hai mai quanto vorresti.”]

[“Per tutta la vita sono vissuta come un pesce in un acquario, dentro la frontiera rassicurante di una vasca di vetro, dietro una barriera tanto impenetrabile quanto trasparente. Sono libera di osservare il mondo che balugina all'esterno e di immaginare di farne parte, se mi fa piacere. Ma da sempre vivo come una reclusa, accerchiata dai rigidi, inflessibili confini dell’esistenza che mio padre ha costruito per me, dapprima coscientemente, quando ero una ragazza, e poi involontariamente ora che si va spegnendo di giorno in giorno. Penso di essermi abituata alla vasca di vetro e sono terrorizzata all’idea che, quando si romperà, quando sarò sola, precipiterò nell’ignoto che mi si spalancherà davanti, impotente, sperduta, annaspando nel tentativo di respirare.”]

[“Her impulse, her need, to be the corrector of injustices, warden of the downtrodden flock. And”]

[“and he has been a good son to me. I hope he proves...worthy”]

[“they rarely look at Baba - the teenagers - and then only with cold indifference, or even subtle disdain, as if my father should have known better than to allow old age and decay to happen to him.” \n —]

[“Con el tiempo he descubierto que lo que dicen del pasado, que es posible enterrarlo, no es cierto. Por que el pasad

o se abre paso a zarpazos.”]

[“It was a spectacularly foolish and baseless faith, against enormous odds, that a world you do not control will not take from you the one thing you cannot bear to lose. Faith that the world will not destroy you...”]

[“...lifting him from the certainty of turmoil and dropping him in a turmoil of uncertainty”]

[“War doesn't negate decency. It demands it, even more than in times of peace”]

[“from the certainty of turmoil and dropping him in a turmoil of uncertainty.”]

[“It's wrong what they say about the past, I've learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out”]

[“I wondered if that was how forgiveness budded; not with the fanfare of epiphany, but with pain gathering its things, packing up, and slipping away unannounced in the middle of the night”]

[“And that's the thing about people who mean everything they say. They think everyone else does too.”]

[“]

[“Дори ако беше в състояние да говори, а в момента Идрис не е, нямаше да знае какво да каже. Може би щеше да избълва нещо, щеше да изрази безсилна ярост, ако случилото се беше дело на талибани, на "Ал Кайда" или на муджахидински командир, обзет от мегаломания. За това обаче не можеш да виниш Хекматияр, молла а Омар, Бин Ладен, Буш или войната срещу тероризма. Най-обикновената и съвсем банална причина за клането го прави още по-ужасяващо и много по-тягостно. Хрумва му думата "безсмислен" и Идрис я произнася. Хората все така казват. Безсмислена проява на насилие. Безсмислено убийство. Като че ли има смислено убийство.”]

[“Guardai Sohrab. Un angolo della sua bocca si era impercettibilmente sollevato. \nUn sorriso. Abbozzato, ma pure sempre un sorriso. \nDietro di noi si era già formata una mischia urlante di ragazzini, pronti a dare la \ncaccia all'aquilone verde che ondeggiava alla deriva. Un attimo, e il sorriso era già \nscomparso. Ma c'era stato. L'avevo visto. \n«Vuoi che dia la caccia all'aquilone?» Vidi il piccolo pomo d'Adamo di Sohrab \nsalire e scendere come per deglutire. Il vento gli scompigliava i capelli. Mi parve di \nvederlo annuire. \n«Per te questo e altro» dissi senza rendermene conto. \nPoi mi voltai e mi misi a correre. \nEra solo un sorriso, niente di più. Le cose rimanevano quelle che erano. Solo un \nsorriso. Una piccola cosa. Una fogliolina in un bosco che trema al battito d'ali di un \nucello spaventato. \nMa io l'ho accolto. A braccia aperte. Perché la primavera scioglie la neve fiocco \ndopo fiocco e forse io ero stato testimone dello sciogliersi del primo fiocco. \nCorrevo. Ero un uomo adulto che correva con uno sciame di bambini volanti. \nMa non mi importava. \nCorrevo con il vento che mi soffiava in viso e sulle labbra un sorriso ampio \ncome la valle del Panjsher. \nCorrevo.”]

[“]

[“]

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[“]

[“]

[“field. I'll meet you there.”]

[“when spring comes, it melts the snow one flake at a time,” \n —']

[“Aku telah pergi cukup lama untuk melupakan dan dilupakan.”]

[“In Caracas I sleep under a bridge. A youth hostel in Brussels. Sometimes I splurge and rent a room in a nice hotel, take long hot showers, shave, eat meals in bathrobe. I watch color TV, the eighties, the roads, the countryside, the people I meet- they all begin to blur. I tell myself I am searching for something. But more and more, it feels like I am wandering, waiting for something to happen to me, something that will change everything, something that my whole life has been leading up to.”]

[“I wonder if he's ever tasted salt water or got dizzy watching the tide pull away from his feet”]

[“Kembali ke Kabul bagaikan bertemu kembali dengan seorang teman lama yang telah terlupakan dan mendapatinya hidup menderita, jatuh miskin dan menggelandang.”]

[“Hassan returned the smile. Except his didn't look forced. “I know,” he said. And that's the thing about people who mean everything they say. They think everyone else does too.”]

[“We saw our first Western together, Rio Bravo with John Wayne, at the Cinema Park, across the street from my favorite bookstore.”]

[“Hassan and I were stunned. Dazed. John Wayne didn't really speak Farsi”]

[“suspect the truth is that we are waiting, all of us, against insurmountable odds, for something extraordinary to happen to us.”]

["“I remembered how, as a boy, I would stew over all the things Mama wouldn't do, things other mothers did. Hold my hand when we walked. Sit me up on her lap, read bedtime stories, kiss my face good night. Those things were true enough. But, all those years, I'd been blind to a greater truth, which lay unacknowledged and unappreciated, buried deep beneath my grievances. It was this: that my mother would never leave me.””]

["“Tak ada lagi kebaikan di tanah ini dan kami tidak bisa melarikan diri dari kematian. Pembantaian selalu mengancam.””]

["“Setiap hari aku memanjatkan rasa syukur kepada Allah karena telah menjaga kehidupanku, bukan karena aku takut menghadapi kematian, namun karena istriku akan tetap memiliki suami dan anakku tidak akan menjadi yatim piatu.””]

["“Setiap wanita membutuhkan seorang suami. Meskipun sang suami menjadikan lagu dalam dirinya berhenti mengalun.””]

["“Sekarang hanya ada kau dan aku. Hanya kau dan aku.””]

["“Pelajaran adalah hal yang berharga bagi anak laki-laki.””]

["“Hidup itu bagaikan kereta api, masuklah ke gerbongnya.””]

["“Sudut pandang adalah kemewahan saat kepalamu terus diterpa dengungan yang mengerikan.””]

["“Seseorang yang tidak memiliki kesadaran, tidak memiliki kebaikan, tidak akan pernah menderita.””]

["“Dan inilah yang aku inginkan untuk kau pahami bahwa kebaikan, kebaikan yang nyata, muncul akibat rasa bersalah.””]

["“Perhaps, they reasoned, the poor, stringent lives””]

["“Tentu saja, tak ada yang gratis di dunia ini, tapi maafku berharga murah.” \n —’]

["“Bagi para pengejar layang-layang, hadiah yang paling berharga adalah layang-layang yang terjatuh paling akhir dalam sebuah turnamen musim dingin. Itulah trofi kehormatan yang diperebutkan, sesuatu yang bisa dipajang untuk dikagumi para tamu.””]

["“Aku dan Hassan memandang. Menahan tawa. Anak India itu akan segera mengetahui satu hal yang dipelajari oleh orang Inggris di awal abad lalu, yang akhirnya dipelajari oleh orang Rusia di akhir 1980-an: bahwa penduduk Afganistan adalah orang-orang merdeka. Penduduk Afganistan menyukai tradisi namun membenci aturan. Begitu pula dengan adu layang-layang. Aturannya sederhana: Tidak ada aturan. Terbangkan saja layang-layangmu. Putuskan benang lawanmu. Mudah-mudahan kamu beruntung.””]

["“Dia lebih memilih orang lain daripada kamu. Dia lebih memilih orang lain daripada kamu - Amir””]

["“When you kill a man, you steal a life. You steal his wife’s right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone’s right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness. There is no act more wretched than stealing.””]

["“Hanya ada aku dan Homaira melawan seluruh dunia. Dan aku memberitahumu Amir jan. Pada akhirnya, dunia akan selalu menang. Begitulah dunia berjalan.””]

["“Dan itulah yang dilakukan oleh orang-orang yang serius dengan setiap ucapannya. Mereka menganggap orang lain juga begitu.””]

["“Tapi seperti kata sang penyair; "saat cinta menggoda, masalah pun tiba!””]

["“Jangan pernah menjadikan wanita ini musuh, dalam persoalan apapun.””]

["“Kau tahu ... aku suka tempatku tinggal. Itulah rumahku.””]

["“desert weed lives on, but the flower of spring blooms and wilts.””]

["“Kata Ayah, mimpi selalu punya arti.””]

["“Biarkan aku meringankan bebanmu: Tak ada satu pun dalam kenanganmu tentang Kabul yang bertahan. Yang terbaik adalah melupakan semuanya.””]

["“Menetapkan harga sewa yang mencekik leher untuk sebuah rumah pantai di Hawaii adalah hal lain. Menetapkan harga yang sama tingginya untuk menghidupi anak-anakmu adalah hal yang berbeda.””]

["“Hingga hari ini, aku merasa kesulitan menatap orang-orang seperti Hassan, orang-orang yang benar-benar serius terhadap kata-kata yang mereka ucapkan.””]

["“Kesopanan tidak hilang gara-gara perang. Dalam masa perang, kesopanan dibutuhkan, lebih daripada dalam masa damai.””]

["“Aku tidak ingat lagi dari mana kenangan itu berasal, baik bulan maupun tahunnya. Yang kutahu, kenangan itu tersimpan dalam jiwaku, indahnyaserpihan masa lalu yang terbungkus rapi, sapuan warna cerah di atas kanvas kelabu kosong yang menyelimuti kehidupan kami.””]

["“Aku ingin memberitahu Ali bahwa bukan buku itu yang tidak pantas dihadihkan kepadaku, namun akulah yang tidak pantas menerimanya.””]

["“Mengapa yang ada baginya selalu waktu orang dewasa?””]

["“Anak-anak harus mengetahui kehebatan ayah mereka.””]

["“did” \n —']

["Masooma.” “Could you?” “I could try,” Parwana says. “Good. Then marry Saboor. Look after his””]

["“Belki de yüreksizlerin asıl cezası budur: gerçeği, iş işt en geçtikten sonra, artık yapılabilecek hiçbir şey kalmadığın da görmek, anlamak.””]

["“Pasarele pe carare/Ce se dau in scaldatoare./Iaca vine si-un craiete/Ca sa bea si el cu ele,/Dar sa vezi ce zarva mare ,/Se scufunda si dispare.””]

[""]

["“I learned that the world didn’t see the inside of you, that it didn’t care a whit about the hopes and dreams, and sorrows, that lay masked by skin and bone. It was as simple, as absurd, and as cruel as that.””]

["“Mais la bataille qui se livrait en lui se lisait sur son visage. Et sa peur aussi. Pas seulement celle qu'il éprouvait pour moi et ce qui risquait de m'arriver à 4500 kilomètres de chez nous. Mais aussi la peur qu'il avait de moi. Sa peur de me perdre. Sa peur devant mon absence, de réduire en pièces son coeur mis à nu et vulnérable si je le décidais, comme un doberman déchiquetant un chaton.””]

["“This fragile, trembling little glimpse of how it could have been between us. All it will beget is regret, I tell myself, and what good is regret? It brings back nothing. What we have lost is irretrievable.””]

["“heard enough. I berated them for gossiping””]

["“I know now that some people feel unhappiness the way others love: privately, insanely, and without recourse””]

["“E, no final das contas, a pergunta que acabava sempre se impondo era: como é que eu, entre todas as pessoas, poderia punir alguém pelo seu passado?””]

["“They say no such things,” his wife replied. “No one thinks you are a coward.” “I can hear them,” he said. “It is your own voice you are hearing, husband,” she said.””]

["“Сетила се како је Нана једном рекла да је свака пахуља уздах једне рањене жене негде у свету. Да сви уздаси лете у небо, скупљајући се у облацима, а онда се ломе у сићушне делиће који тихо падају доле на људе.””]

["“La verità è che, malgrado le difficoltà insormontabili, tutti noi aspettiamo sempre che ci succeda qualcosa di straordinario.””]

["“Thinking of him, of the anguish of his final days, and my own helplessness in the face of it, makes everything I have done, everything I wanted to do, seem as unsubstantial as the little vows you make yourself as you're going to sleep, the ones you've already forgotten by the time you wake up.””]

["“It is that too.” She said there was comfort to be found in the permanence of mathematical truths, in the lack of arbitrariness and the absence of ambiguity. In knowing that the answers may be elusive, but they could be found. They were there, waiting, chalk scribbles away. “Nothing like life, in other words,” he said. “There, it’s questions with either no answers or messy ones.””]

["“I suspect the truth is that we are waiting, all of us, against insurmountable odds, for something extraordinary to happen to us. What””]

["“Nana tinha dito, certa vez, que cada floco de neve era o suspiro de uma mulher sofrida em algum canto do mundo. Todos esses suspiros subiam ao céu, formavam nuvens e, então, se partiam em mil pedacinhos que caíam, em silêncio, sobre as pessoas aqui embaixo.””]

["“— Pode contar seus segredos ao vento, mas, depois, não vá culpá-lo por contar tudo às árvores — disse a menina, batendo com o pé no chão.””]

["“I can't help but see the wariness, the effort, the impatience. I can't help but see two people together out of a sense of genetic duty, doomed already to bewilder and disappoint each other, each honor-bound to defy the other.””]

["“Baba melihat dunia ini dengan sudut pandang hitam putih. Dan dia dia harus menentukan mana yang hitam dan mana yang putih. Kita tak akan mungkin mencintai seseorang yang hidup dengan pandangan seperti ini tanpa merasa takut padanya. Bahkan mungkin sedikit membencinya.”” \n —']

["“Durante un par de horas cada jueves, cuando Yalil la visitaba, entre sonrisas y regalos y palabras cariñosas, Mariam se sentía merecedora de toda la belleza y los obsequios que podía ofrecer la vida. Y por eso Mariam lo quería.””]

["“Lalu dia akan mengingatkan kami tentang ikatan persaudaraan bagi orang-orang satu susuan, ikatan persaudaraan yang tak akan bisa diputuskan, bahkan oleh waktu.””]

["“Kata orang, mata adalah jendela jiwa.””]

["“but it’s wrong what they say about the past, I’ve learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out.””]

["“Sambil berpelukan di ruang makan, menunggu matahari terbit, tidak satu pun dari kami berpikir bahwa suatu gaya hidup telah berakhir. Gaya hidup kami. Kalaupun saat itu belum berakhir, setidaknya itu adalah awal dari sebuah ak

hir.””]

[“Lagi pula, bukankah semua ayah, di lubuk hati mereka yang terdalam, memiliki keinginan untuk membunuh putra mereka?””]

[“Tak usah peduli kan semua itu. Karena sejarah tak akan mudah disangkal. Begitu pula agama. Pada akhirnya aku adalah seorang Pashtun dan dia seorang Hazara, aku seorang Sunni dan dia seorang Syi'ah, dan tidak ada yang bisa mengubahnya. Tidak ada.””]

[“”]

[“El único enemigo al que un afgano no puede derrotar es a sí mismo.””]

[“Baginya, kata-kata yang tertulis di halaman buku hanyalah serangkaian kode acak, tidak terpecahkan, misterius.””]

[“Kata-katanya adalah hukum, dan jika seseorang membutuhkan sedikit pengetahuan hukum, maka pelindung buku-buku jari bajanya bisa menjadi alat mengajar yang tepat.””]

[“Kata-kata adalah pintu rahasia dan akulah pemegang kuncinya.””]

[“Ada jalan untuk kembali menuju kebaikan.””]

[“Jika Tuhan memperhatikan kehidupan kita, kuharap Dia lebih mementingkan hal-hal selain kesukaanku minum Scotch dan makan daging babi.””]

[“Afghanistan adalah negeri milik bangsa Pashtun. Dari dulu begitu, dan akan selalu begitu. Kita adalah orang-orang Afgan sejati, orang-orang Afgan murni, tidak seperti si Pesek ini. Kaumnya mengotori tanah air kita, watan kita. Mereka mengotori darah kita. Aku bilang Afghanistan untuk bangsa Pashtun. Itulah pandanganku. Hitler sudah terlambat. Tapi kita belum - Assef””]

[“”]

[“The Hindi kid would soon learn what the British learned earlier in the century, and what the Russians would eventually learn by the late 1980s: that Afghans are an independent people.””]

[“Mungkin aku berdiri di tempat itu kurang dari sepuluh menit, namun, hingga hari ini, aku merasa bahwa menit-menit yang berlalu pada saat itu adalah menit-menit yang terpanjang dalam hidupku. Detik-detik berjalan dengan sangat lambat, jedanya bagaikan seumur hidup. Udara terasa berat, lembab, hampir-hampir padat. Aku bernapas menghirup bata. Baba terus menatapku, dan tidak menawarkan diri untuk membaca ceritaku.””]

[“Aku sering memuja Baba begitu rupa, dengan intensitas mendekati pemujaanku kepada Tuhan. Tapi saat itu, aku berharap aku bisa menoreh pembuluh nadiku dan mengeluarkan seluruh darah terkutuk Baba dari dalam tubuhku.””]

[“Many years later, when I began training as a plastic surgeon, I understood something that I had not that day in the kitchen arguing for Thalia to leave Tinos for the boarding school. I learned that the world didn't see the inside of you, that it didn't care a whit about the hopes and dreams, and sorrows, that lay masked by skin and bone. It was as simple, as absurd, and as cruel as that. My patients knew this. They saw that much of what they were, would be, or could be hinged on the symmetry of their bone structure, the space between their eyes, their chin length, the tip projection of their nose, whether they had an ideal nasofrontal angle or not. Beauty is an enormous, unmerited gift given randomly, stupidly. And so I chose my specialty to even out the odds for people like Thalia, to rectify, with each slice of my scalpel, an arbitrary injustice, to make a small stand against a world order I found disgraceful, one in which a dog bite could rob a little girl of her future, make her an outcast, an object of scorn.” \n —’]

[“Untuk kesabaran dan pengertianmu, aku akan selalu mencintaimu.””]

[“Bagaimana dia bisa dengan begitu mudah membaca pikiranku, sementara aku tidak tahu setengah pun dari isi kepalaanya? Padahal akulah yang mengenyam bangku sekolah, yang bisa membaca dan menulis. Akulah yang pintar. Hassan tidak mampu membaca buku pelajaran untuk kelas satu, namun dia mampu membaca banyak hal yang tersebar unyi dalam diriku. Meresahkan memang, tapi rasanya cukup nyaman memiliki seseorang yang selalu mengetahui kebutuhanmu.””]

[“Aku melarikan diri karena aku adalah seorang pengecut.””]

[“Peristiwa itu telah lama berlalu, tapi pengalamanku selama ini menunjukkan bahwa kita tak akan pernah bisa mengubah masa lalu. Karena bagaimanapun, masa lalu akan selalu menyeruak mencari jalan keluar.””]

[“Dia menang, karena pemenang selalu menang dan semua orang lain harus pulang.””]

[“Children aren't coloring books. You don't get to fill them with your favorite colors.””]

[“Perkataan Hassan ini membuatku bersedih. Aku bersedih untuk jati diri Hassan, dan untuk tempatnya tinggal. Untuk kepasrahannya menerima kenyataan bahwa dia akan menua di pondok tanah liat di halaman, seperti yang terjadi pada ayahnya.””]

[“With snow came the kites, once the rulers of Kabul's winter skies, now timid trespassers in territory claimed by streaking rockets and fighter jets.””]

[“Begitulah Hassan. Dia begitu murni, sehingga saat berada di dekatnya, aku selalu merasa bagaikan seorang penipu.””]



[“... dile que es la nur de mis ojos y la sultana de mi corazón ...”]

[“Tapi hampir menang tidaklah sama dengan menang, bukan?”]

[“Pria sejati tidak membaca puisi dan tentu saja mereka tidak pernah menulisnya! Pria sejati, anak laki-laki sejati bermain sepak bola.”]

[“...ya no pensó en lamentarse, sino que se sintió invadida por una sensación de paz completa. Recordó las circunstancias de su nacimiento, como hija harami de una vulgar aldeana... Sin embargo abandonaba este mundo como una mujer que había amado y había sido correspondida. Lo abandonaba como amiga, compañera y protectora. Como madre... era el fin legítimo para una vida de origen ilegítimo...”]

[“...Esta en la risa de los pequeños, en los versos que recita Aziza y en las oraciones que musita cuando se inclina hacia occidente. Pero, sobre todo, se halla en el corazón de Laila, donde brilla con el esplendor de mil soles.”]

[“children s are not the coloring books where you can fill your favorite colors”]

[“Aku dan Baba tinggal di rumah yang sama, namun dalam dimensi yang berbeda. Layang-layang adalah lembaran setipis kertas yang bisa menyatukan kedua dimensi itu.”]

[“She said, ‘I’m so afraid.’ And I said, ‘Why?’, and she said, ‘Because I’m so profoundly happy, Dr. Rasul. Happiness like this is frightening.’ I asked her why and she said, ‘They only let you be this happy if they’re preparing to take something from you,’”]

[“that love was a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion.”]

[“Dig beneath a beautiful piece of writing [...] and you will find all manner of dishonor.”]

[““There is only one sin. and that is theft.. Every other sin is a variation of theft. When you kill a man, you steal a life... you steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness... there is no act more wretched than stealing.” \n —”]

[“When I was a little girl, my father and I had a nightly ritual. After I’d said my twenty-one Bismillahs and he had tucked me into bed, he would sit at my side and pluck bad dreams from my head with his thumb and forefinger. His fingers would hop from my forehead to my temples, patiently searching behind my ears, at the back of my head, and he’d make a pop sound—like a bottle being uncorked—with each nightmare he purged from my brain. He stashed the dreams, one by one, into an invisible sack in his lap and pulled the drawstring tightly. He would then scour the air, looking for happy dreams to replace the ones he had sequestered away. I watched as he cocked his head slightly and frowned, his eyes roaming side to side, like he was straining to hear distant music. I held my breath, waiting for the moment when my father’s face unfurled into a smile, when he sang, Ah, here is one, when he cupped his hands, let the dream land in his palms like a petal slowly twirling down from a tree. Gently, then, so very gently—my father said all good things in life were fragile and easily lost—he would raise his hands to my face, rub his palms against my brow and happiness into my head.”]

[“for the book. Discuss the novel in light of this poem. What do you think he is saying about rightdoing and wrongdoing in the lives of his characters,”]

[““There is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft. When you kill a man, you steal a life. You steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness.””]

[“Mëso një gjë tani, dhe mësoje mirë bija ime. Ashtu si gjilpëra e busullës tregon gjithnjë verium, ashtu edhe gishti i kuzues I një burri shenjon gjithnjë një grua. Gjithnjë!\nNjë mijë diej vezullues-Khaled Hosseini”]

[“A finger had to be cut, to save the hand,”]

[““Later, after Rasheed had dropped them off and taken a bus to work, Laila watched Aziza wave good-bye and scuffle along the wall in the orphanage back lot. She thought of Aziza's stutter, and of what Aziza had said earlier about fractures and powerful collisions deep down and how sometimes all we see on the surface is a slight tremor.””]

[“its”]

[“Nothing like life, it questions with either no answers or messy ones.”]

[“eyes”]

[“Per tu ho faria mil vegades més.”]

[“somewhere deep inside, her sister understood dimly that her beauty was a weapon. A loaded gun, with the barrel pointed at her own head.”]

[“רוויי - נרל כעעעף. שיזילשרט סמכך ד נרל כעעעף, לכך דנ. שנעמט לשטמך שטר טעץ, טנרל עווש”  
[“טטן דטנרטם שניכרוויי סמכך ד טמעש טעלם”, טיץ”]

[“everything I want to do, seem as unsubstantial as the little vows you make yourself as you’re going to sleep, the ones you’ve already forgotten by the time you wake up.”]

[“There would come a day, in fact, years later, when Laila would no longer bewail his loss. Or not as relentlessly; not nearly. There would come a day when the details of his face would begin to slip from memory's grip, when

n overhearing a mother on the street call after her child by Tariq's name would no longer cut her adrift. She would not miss him as she did now, when the ache of his absence was her unrelenting companion - like the phantom pain of an amputee. Except every once in a long while, when Laila was a grown woman, ironing a shirt or pushing her children on a swing set, something trivial, maybe the warmth of a carpet beneath her feet on a hot day or the curve of a stranger's forehead, would set off a memory of that afternoon together. And it would all come rushing back. It would flood her, steal her breath. But then it would pass. The moment would pass. Leaving her deflated, feeling nothing but a vague restlessness.”]

["ამ შეკითხვით ჩემი ემოცია გავაშიშვლე, ინტერესი გამოვხატე, მაგრამ მე კაცი ვარ და არაფერს ვრისკავდი. შეიძლება, რომ ამ ყველაფერს გული ეტკინა ჩემთვის, მაგრამ ტკივილის გაყუჩება შეიძლება, რეპუტაციის აღდგენა- არა.”]

["ავლანელები დამოუკიდებელი ხალხია. ავლანელები ეთაყვანებიან ტრადიციებს და სძულთ წესები.”]

["When you kill a man, you steal a life,” Baba said. “You steal his wife’s right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone’s right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness. Do you see?” I”]

["Now I was free to do as I wished, but I found the freedom illusory, for what I wished for the most had been taken from me. They say, Find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life had a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind. And now that I had fulfilled mine, I felt aimless and adrift.”]

["There is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft. When you kill a man, you steal a life. You steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness.”]

[“]

["He fished a sky blue burqa from the bag. The yards of pleated cloth spilled over his knees when he lifted it. He rolled up the burqa, looked at Mariam. I have customers, Mariam, who bring their wives to my shop. The women come uncovered, they talk to me directly, look me in the eye without shame. They wear makeup and skirts that show their knees. Sometimes they even put their feet in front of me, the women do, for measurements, and their husbands stand there and watch. They allow it. They think nothing of a stranger touching their wives' bare feet! They think they're being modern men, intellectuals, on account of their education, I suppose. They don't see that they're spoiling their own 'nang' and 'namoos', their honour and pride. He shook his head. Mostly, they live in the richer parts of Kabul. I'll take you there. You'll see. But they're here too, Mariam, in this very neighbourhood, these soft men. There's a teacher living down the street, Hakim is his name, and I see his wife Fariba all the time walking the streets alone with nothing on her head but a scarf. It embarrasses me, frankly, to see a man who's lost control of his wife. He fixed Mariam with a hard glare. But I'm a different breed of man, Mariam. Where I come from, one wrong look, one improper word, and blood is spilled. Where I come from, a woman's face is her husband's business only. I want you to remember that. Do you understand?"

—]

["I found a sad little fairy Beneath the shade of a paper tree. I know a sad little fairy Who was blown away by the wind one night.”]

["But I hope you will heed this: A man who has no conscience, no goodness, does not suffer.”]

["Too much beauty, it corrupts things.”]

["Learn this now and learn it well, my daughter: Like a compass needle that points north, a man’s accusing finger always finds a woman. Always. You remember that, Mariam.”]

["Talvez compreender apenas quando as coisas já não têm remédio seja o castigo justo para os que não tiveram coragem.”]

["კაცს როცა კლავ, მის სიცოცხლეს იპარავ, კაცის ცოლს ქმრის ყოლის უფლებას ჰპარავ, ბავშვებს მამას. როცა ცრუობ, სიმართლის გაგების უფლებას ჰპარავ ვიღაცას, როცა თაღლითობ - სამართალს.”]

["დმერთი თუ სადმეა, უფრო მნიშვნელოვანი საზრუნავი ექნება, ვიდრე იმის გარკვევა, ვისკის ვსვამ თუ ღორის ხორცს ვჭამ.”]

["უცნაური ის იყო, რომ არც მე მივიჩნევდი ჰასანს მეგობრად. მერე რა, რომ ერთმანეთს ვასწავლიდით, როგორ გვეტარებინა ველოსიპედი ხელების გარეშე, ან როგორ შეგვექმნა ფოტო კამერა მუყაოს ყუთის გან, მერე რა, რომ მთელი ზამთარი ფრანებს დავსდევდით, მერე რა, რომ ეს წვრილძვალა, თავგადაპარსული, ჩინური თოჯინის მსგავსი, კურდღლისტუჩა ბიჭი, ქვევით ჩამოწეული ყურებითა და სახეზე ალბეკდილი სამუდამო ღიმილით, მთელი ავლანეთი იყო ჩემთვის. მაგრამ "მერე რა" ყველაფერ ამას, ამით არც ისტორია იცვლება და არც რელიგია. მე პუმტუნი ვიყავი, ის ჰაზარა, მე სუნიტი, ის შიიტი.”]

["მის სამყაროში ორი ფერი იყო მხოლოდ- შავი და თეთრი. ის თავად წყვეტდა, რა იყო შავი და რა- თე

თრი. წარმოუდგენელია, ასეთი კვი გიყვარდეს ისე, რომ თან არ გეშინოდეს. უფრო მეტიც, იქნებ ცოტა გბუღდეს კიდევ.”]

[“seguida de un”]

[“Dying can be quite the career move for a young poet.”]

[“It was Honiara and me against the world. And I'll tell you this, Amir Jan : In the end, the world always wins. That's just the way of things.”]

[“It's how you were made. And that's not such a bad thing because your saving grace is that you've never lied to yourself about it. Not about that.”]

[“In my experience, men who understand women as well as you seem to rarely want to have anything to do with them.”]

[“Nos dias e semanas que se seguiram, Laila lutou freneticamente por gravar na memória o que acontecera a seguir. Tal como um amante de arte em fuga de um museu a arder, agarrava o que podia - um olhar, um sussurro, um gemido - para o impedir de ser destruído, para o preservar. mas o tempo é o mais inexorável dos incêndios e, no final, ela não conseguiu salvar tudo”]

[“It would be the dripping faucet at the back of her mind.”]

[“Remember Amir agha. "There's no monster, just a beautiful day,”]

[“Hasan's face changed. Maybe not changed, not really, but suddenly I had the feeling I was looking at two faces, the one I knew, the one that was my first memory, and another, a second face, this one lurking just beneath the surface. I'd seen it happen before- it always shook me a little. It just appeared, this other face, for a fraction of a moment, long enough to leave me with the unsettling feeling that maybe I'd seen it someplace before. Then Hasan blinked and it was just him again. Just Hasan,”]

[“Por ti lo haría mil veces más.” \n —']

[“Mejor resultar herido por la verdad que consolar con una mentira.”]

[“A Thousand Splendid Suns, the new book by Khaled Hosseini, author of The Kite Runner.”]

[“She shook the dice in her hands, seemed to reconsider.”]

[“That was a long time ago, but it's wrong what they say about the past, I've learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out.”]

[“But the most impressive thing about your story is that it has irony.”]

[“Now, no matter what the mullah teaches, there is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft. Do you understand that?”]

[“  
- b  
-”]

ير الملائمة ، وإلى الملاحق والسكاكين غير المتماثلة ، إلى المصفاة وأداة التقطيع ، الملعقة الخشبية للمزج ، هذه الأدوات ستكون محور حياتها اليومية“]

أنتيت من بيئة مختلفة ، نظرة واحدة خاطئة أو كلمة غير لائقة فإن الدماء سوف تهرق ، وجه المرأة فقط لزوجها. أريدك أن تتذكري ذلك هل تفهمين ؟“]

[“The air is heavy with sickness. It's not quite a smell; rather, it's like a physical presence. Every doctor knows this. Sickness permeates a room like steam.”]

[“should have been more kind. That is something a person will never regret. You will never say to yourself when you are old, Ah, I wish I was not good to that person. You will never think that.”]

[“For you, a thousand times over - The Kite Runner”]

[“I see America has infused you with the optimism that has made her so great. That's very good. We're a melancholic people, we Afghans, aren't we? Often, we wallow too much in ghamkhori and self-pity. We give in to loss, to suffering, accept it as a fact of life, even see it as necessary. Zendagi migzara, we say, life goes on.”]

[“Ljepota je krupan, nezasluzen dar koji se dijeli nasumce, glupavo.\nTako sam odabrao svoju specijalnost da popravljam izgled ljudi kao što je Taliya, da svakim zamahom svojega skalpela ispravim neku arbitrarnu nepravdu, da se neznatno usprotivim svjetskom poretку koji sam držao sramotnim, a u kojem ugriz psa može djevojčici oteti budućnost, pretvorivši je u otpadnicu, predmet rugla.\nBarem sam tako to sebi tumačio. Valjda je bilo i drugih razloga zašto sam odabrao plastičnu kirurgiju, Novac, na primjer, ugled, društveni položaj. Bilo bi previše jednostavno reći da sam se na to odlučio samo zbog Taliye - ma koliko to tumačenje bilo romantično - ipak je malo previše uredno i uravnoteženo. Ako sam u Kabulu išta naučio, onda sam shvatio da je ljudsko ponašanje neuredno i nepredvidivo i da se ne zamara prikladnim simetrijama. Ali nalazim utjehu u tome, u postojanju uzorka, u tome kako pripovijest mogega života poprima oblik, poput fotografije u tamnoj komori, i postaje priča koja polako izlazi na vidjelo i potvrđuje ono dobro koje sam uvijek htio vidjeti u sebi. Tom se pričom hranim.”]

[“(...) - trebala sam biti pažljivija. Nitko zbog toga ne zažali. Nikad si u starosti nećeš reći: Eh, da barem nisam bila t

ako pažljiva prema toj osobi. Nikad to ne pomisliš.””]

[““There would come a day, in fact, years later, when Laila would no longer bewail his loss. Or not as relentlessly; not nearly. There would come a day when the details of his face would begin to slip from memory's grip, when overhearing a mother on the street call after her child by Tariq's name would no longer cut her adrift. She would not miss him as she did now, when the ache of his absence was her unremitting companion - like the phantom pain of an amputee. \nExcept every once in a long while, when Laila was a grown woman, ironing a shirt or pushing her children on a swing set, something trivial, maybe the warmth of a carpet beneath her feet on a hot day or the curve of a stranger's forehead, would set off a memory of that afternoon together. And it would all come rushing back.\n...\nIt would flood her, steal her breath. \nBut then it would pass. The moment would pass. Leave her deflated, feeling nothing but a vague restlessness.””]

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[““Sad stories make good books,” she said.””]

[““There is a way to be good again””]

[““Никога нямаше да остави такава следа в сърцето на мами, каквато бяха оставили нейните братята, защото то беше като бележник крайбрежен пясък, от който неспирно връхлитащите вълни на печал щяха да отмият стъпките на Лайла.” \n —’]

[““I remember how when I felt lonely, I would whisper her name— our name—and hold my breath, waiting for an echo, certain that it would come someday.””]

[““I'll put it on my table where I keep my drawings,” Hassan said. \nHis saying that made me kind of sad. Sad for who Hassan was, where he lived. For how he'd accepted the fact that he'd grow old in that mud shack in the yard, the way his father had.””]

[““J'ai appris que le monde ne voit pas ce qu'il y a en vous, qu'il se moque complètement des espoirs, des rêves, des chagrins qui reposent cachés sous votre peau et vos os. C'est aussi simple que ça. Mes patients le savent, eux. Ils constataient qu'une grande partie de ce qu'ils étaient, de ce qu'ils seraient ou de ce qu'ils pourraient être dépendait de la symétrie de leur ossature, de l'espace entre leurs yeux, de la longueur de leur menton, de leur nez, du fait qu'ils aient ou non un angle naso-frontal idéal ou pas.””]

[““أيام كان كل تفكيرها كيف تستعيد نموذج حياتها القديم ، بدأ ذلك مجهداً جداً””]

[““بعد أربع سنواتٍ من الزواج رأت مريم بوضوح كم يمكن لامرأة أن تتحمل عندما تكون خائفة””]

[““That's how children deal with terror. They fall asleep. I””]

[““That's your business, isn't it, cousin? To make nothing your business. Even your own sons going to war. How I pleaded with you. But you buried your nose in those cursed books and let our sons go like they were a pair of haramis.””]

[““What he yearned for was his old life. What””]

[““daytime brief, gloomy, the sun rarely out, and then only to make a cameo appearance before it vanished. He remembered””]

[““You know nothing of courage.” said Baba Ayub. "For courage, there must be something at stake. I come here with nothing to lose." You have your life to lose, said the div. "You already took that from me.””]

[““But it is important to know this, to know your roots. To know where you started as a person. If not your own life seems unreal to you. Like a puzzle. Like you have missed the beginning of a story and now you are in the middle of it , trying to understand””]

[““Everywhere she looked, she saw bright colors: on the drab, gray concrete apartments, on the tin-roofed, open-fronted stores, in the muddy water flowing in the gutters. It was as though a rainbow had melted into her eyes. Rasheed””]

[““It would be an existence rife with difficulties... but of a pleasurable kind, difficulties they could take pride in, possess, value, as one would a family heirloom.””]

[““The loss was hard on Hassan—it always hurts more to have and lose than to not have in the first place.””]

[““Hasan'ın rüyasını düşündüm; şu gölde yüzdüğümüz rüyayı. Canavar falan yok, demişti; yalnızca su. Oysa yanılmıştı. Gölde bir canavar vardı. Hasan'ı bileğinden yakalamış, onu çamurlu dibe çekmişti. O canavar bendim. \nSayfa : 1

03"]

["for you a thousand times over"]

["Her hair reminded Abdullah of his mother's, and he ached for her all over again, for her gentleness, her inborn happiness, her bewilderment at people's cruelty. He remembered her hiccuping laughter, and the timid way she sometimes tilted her head. His mother had been delicate, both in stature and nature, a wispy, slim-waisted woman with a puff of hair always spilling from under her scarf. He used to wonder how such a frail little body could house so much joy, so much goodness. It couldn't. It spilled out of her, came pouring out her eyes."]

["To me, it's nonsense—and very dangerous nonsense at that—all this talk of I'm Tajik and you're Pashtun and he's Hazara and she's Uzbek. We're all Afghans, and that's all that should matter. But when one group rules over the others for so long... There's contempt. Rivalry. There is. There always has been. Maybe"]

["That spring, the skies at last broke open over Maidan Sabz. What came down was not the soft drizzle of years past but a great, great rainfall. Fat rain fell from the sky, and the village rose thirstily to meet it. All day, water drummed upon the roofs of Maidan Sabz and drowned all other sound from the world. Heavy, swollen raindrops rolled from the tips of leaves. The wells filled and the river rose. The hills to the east turned green. Wildflowers bloomed, and for the first time in many years children played on grass and cows grazed. Everyone rejoiced."]

["Научих, че светът не те вижда отвътре, че изобщо не се интересува от надежди, мечти и терзания, които лежат скрити под кожата и костите ти. Беше съвсем простичко, макар абсурдно и жестоко. Пациентите ми го знаеха. Бяха прозрели, че голяма част от онова, което са били, ще бъдат или биха могли да бъдат, зависи от симетрията на костната им структура, от разстоянието между очите им, от големината на брадичката, от формата на носа им, от това дали имат идеален назофронтален ъгъл или не. \nКрасотата е огромен и незаслужен дар, който се дава произволно, глупашки." \n —']

["La beauté est un don du ciel énorme, immérité, accordé de manière aléatoire et stupide."]

["it from me." "If it will make you feel better, tell me. But it won't change anything." There was a long pause at the other end. "When we lived in Virginia, I ran away with an Afghan man. I was eighteen at the time . . . rebellious . . . stupid, and . . . he was into drugs . . . We lived together for almost a month. All the Afghans in Virginia were talking about it. "Padar eventually found us. He showed up at the door and . . . made me come home. I was hysterical. Yelling. Screaming. Saying I hated him . . . "Anyway,"]

["That there are bad people in this world, and sometimes bad people stay bad. Sometimes you have to stand up to them."]

["I sat against one of the house's clay walls. The kinship I felt suddenly for the old land . . . it surprised me. I'd been gone long enough to forget and be forgotten. I had a home in a land that might as well be in another galaxy to the people sleeping on the other side of the wall I leaned against. I thought I had forgotten about this land. But I hadn't. And, under the bony glow of a half-moon, I sensed Afghanistan humming under my feet. Maybe Afghanistan hadn't forgotten me either."]

["shade of a wall, listlessly fingering their prayer beads,"]

["His little body convulsed in my arms with each sob."]

["My eyes returned to our suitcases. They made me sad for Baba. After everything he'd built, planned, fought for, fretted over, dreamed of, this was the summation of his life: one disappointing son and two suitcases. Someone"]

["Maryam kept her eyes to the ground, on her shadow, on her executioner's shadow trailing her. \n Though there had been moments of beauty in it, Mariam knew that life for most part had been unkind to her. But as she walked the final twenty paces, she could not help but wish for more of it. She wished she could see Laila again, wished to hear the clangour of her laugh, ... \n Mariam wished for so much in those final moments. Yet as she closed her eyes ... \n It was not regret any longer but a sensation of abundant peace that washed over her. She thought of her entry into this world, the harami child of a lowly villager, an unintended thing, a pitiable, regrettable accident. A weed! \n And yet she was leaving the world as a woman who had loved and been loved back. She was leaving it as a friend, a companion, a guardian, a mother, a person of consequence at last. No. It was no so bad, Mariam thought, that she should die this way. Not so bad. \n This was a legitimate end to a life of illegitimate beginnings."]

["that love was a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion"]

["it's wrong what they say about the past, I've learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out."]

["And this is what I want you to understand, that good, real good, was born out of your father's remorse. Sometimes, I think everything he did, feeding the poor on the streets, building the orphanage, giving money to friends in need, it was all his way of redeeming himself. And that, I believe, is what true redemption is, Amir jan, when guilt leads to good."]

["The moment is brief, barely enough for a flutter of the pulse but long enough for her illusory self to catch up with

the reality of the woman gazing back from the shopwindow. It is a little devastating. This is what aging is, she thinks”]

[“the flip side of being spared was the agony of wondering who hadn’t.”]

[“This is the real house of God, this is where those who have lost God will find Him, not the white masjid with its bright diamond lights and towering minarets.”]

[“America was different. America was a river, roaring along, unmindful of the past. I could wade into this river, let my sins drown to the bottom, let the waters carry me someplace far. Someplace with no ghosts, no memories, and no sins. If for nothing else, for that, I embraced America.”]

[“شعرتُ بالحرَج أمام وضع القوة الذي أتمتع به، فقط لأنني ربحت في يانصيب الجين الذي حدد جنسي”]

[“لكنه، حتي ساعتها، خسر بشروطه”]

[“تجاهلته، وضبطت نفسي علي وضعية الإيماءات المهذبة”]

[“The desert weed lives on, but the flower of spring blooms and wilts.’ Such grace, such dignity, such a tragedy.”]

[“They say, Find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life had a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind.”]

[“وقتي كه دروغ می گوی حق طرف مقابل را برای دانستن حقیقت می دزدی”]

[“The Chinese say it’s better to be deprived of food for three days than tea for one.” Mariam gave a half smile. “It’s a good saying.”]

ترسم چون از ته دل شادم و این جور شاد بودن خیلی ترسناکه، وقتی سرنوشت می خواهد به چیزی رو از آدم بگیره آدم رو اینجوری شاد می کنه”]

[“Prošle sedmice Bibi jo donijela je vijest da Jalilove kćerke Saideh i Naheed trebaju krenuti u Mehrijinu djevojačku školu u Heratu. Otad su se misli o učionici i učiteljima kovitlale u Mariaminoj glavi, slike sveski sa linijama, stupci brojeva i olovke što ostavljaju taman, debeo trag. Zamišljala je sebe u učionici sa drugim djevojčicama njenih godina. Žudjela je za tim da stavi linijar na stranicu sveske, i vuče crte koje izgledaju važno.”]

[“ما الذي قد يقوله رجلٌ قروي تافه مثلي، يعيش حياة محدودة مثلي، ليأسر به فكر امرأة مثله؟”]

[“كانت تتكلم أغلب الوقت وهذا ناسبني جداً، كنت مسروراً بكوني الإناء الذي سكبت به قصصها”]

[“أذكر من طفولتي أن شجار والدي لم يتوقف إلا عندما ينتصر أحدهما على الآخر”]

[“كنا جميعاً ننتظر، ننتظر رغم ضالة الاحتمالات، ننتظر حدوث شيء استثنائي يقلب حياتنا”]

[“اكتشفت أن الحرية مجرد خدعة، لأن أكثر ما رغبت به وتمنيته سلب مني”]

[“أحياناً لاتعرف أنك كنت تمتلك هدفاً وتعيش لأجله إلا بعد انقضاءه، ومن المحتمل أن يكون هدفاً لا ولم تخطط له بنفسك”]

[“لم يكن من السهل عليه الإستمتاع بالوجبة وكل تلك الوجوه الصغيرة الوسخة تحتق إليه خلال الزجاج وتراقبه وهو يأكل. إنه أمر ساحق للإنسان”]

[“Ojalá recordaras las calles atestadas, con aquel olor a kibbeh frito, y los paseos que dábamos al atardecer con tu madre por la plaza de la Torre del Reloj.”]

[“I opened my mouth, almost said something. Almost. The rest of my life might have turned out differently if I had. But I didn’t.”]

[“It wasn’t meant to be. Or maybe it was meant not to be.”]

[“Ask him where his shame is.” They spoke. “He says this is war. There is no shame in war.” “Tell him he’s wrong. War doesn’t negate decency. It demands it, even more than in times of peace.”]

[“Existuje spôsob, ako sa stat’ zase dobrým...”]

[“Tea, politics, and scandal, the ingredients of an Afghan Sunday at the flea market.”]

[“I feel like a tourist in my own country,” I said, taking in a goatherd leading a half-dozen emaciated goats along the side of the road.\nFarid snickered. Tossed his cigarette. “You still think of this place as your country?”\n“I think a part of me always will,” I said, more defensively than I had intended.\n“After twenty years of living in America,” he said, swerving the truck to avoid a pothole the size of a beach ball.\nI nodded. “I grew up in Afghanistan.”\nFarid snickered again.\n“Why do you do that?”\n“Never mind,” he murmured.\n“No, I want to know. Why do you do that?”\n\nIn his rearview mirror, I saw something flash in his eyes. “You want to know?” he sneered. “Let me imagine, Agha sahib. You probably lived in a big two- or three-story house with a nice backyard that your gardener filled with flowers and fruit trees. All gated, of course. Your father drove an American car. You had servants, probably Hazaras. Your parents hired workers to decorate the house for the fancy mehmanis they threw, so their friends would come over to drink and boast about their travels to Europe or America. And I would bet my first son’s eyes that this is the first time you’ve ever worn a pakol.” He grinned at me, revealing a mouthful of prematurely rotting teeth. “Am I close?”\n\n“Why are you saying these things?” I said.\n“Because you wanted to know,” he spat. He pointed to an old man dressed in ragged clothes trudging down a dirt path, a large burlap pack filled with scrub grass tied to his back. “That’s the real Afghanistan, Agha sahib. That’s the Afghanistan I know. You? You’ve always been a tourist here, you just didn’t know it.”]

[“And they call themselves Muslims,” he whispered.”]

["I forgive you." Forgive? But theft was the one unforgivable sin, the common denominator of all sins. When you kill a man, you steal a life. You steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness. There is no act more wretched than stealing." \n —']

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["Every woman needed a husband. Even if he did silence the song in her"]

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["All my life, I have lived like an aquarium fish in the safety of a glass tank, behind a barrier as impenetrable as it has been transparent. I have been free to observe the glimmering world on the other side, to picture myself in it, if I like. But I have always been contained, hemmed in, by the hard, unyielding confines of the existence"]

["All my life, I have lived like an aquarium fish in the safety of a glass tank, behind a barrier as impenetrable as it has been transparent. I have been free to observe the glimmering world on the other side, to picture myself in it, if I like. But I have always been contained, hemmed in, by the hard, unyielding confines of the existence that Baba has constructed for me, at first knowingly, when I was young, and now guilelessly, now that he is fading day by day. I think I have grown accustomed to the glass and am terrified that when it breaks, when I am alone, I will spill out into the wide open unknown and flop around, helpless, lost, gasping for breath. The"]

["

["Mammy was now the curator of their lives' museum and she, Laila, a mere visitor.""]

["You know nothing of courage," said Baba Ayub. "For courage, there must be something at stake. I come here with nothing to lose.""]

["I found a sad little fairy Beneath the shade of a paper tree. I know a sad little fairy Who was blown away by the wind one night. He"]

["harried"]

["I learned that the world didn't see the inside of you, that it didn't care a whit about the hopes and dreams, and sorrows, that lay masked by skin and bone.""]

["When she spoke, he rested his elbows on the table and leaned in a bit toward her, listening with great interest, both smiling and frowning, never lifting his eyes from her. It's a show, Pari told herself, he's only pretending. A polished act, something he trotted out for women, something he had chosen to do now on the spur of the moment, to toy with her awhile and amuse himself at her expense.""]

["All my life, I'd been around men. That night, I discovered the tenderness of a woman"]

["Forse non è giusto, ma ciò che succede in pochi giorni, a volte in un solo giorno, può cambiare un'intera vita, Amir.""]

["-a face as suggestive of early maturity as his brother's was of lingering boyishness.""]

["Then Kabul's dogs, who had developed a taste for human meat, would feast. All" \n —']

["All her life, Parwana had made sure to avoid standing in front of a mirror with her sister [...] But in public, every stranger's eye was a mirror. There was no escape"]

["felt as though I had been the one cuckolded.""]

["I sense something deep inside me drawing me in, tugging at me like an undertow. I want to give in to it, be seized by it. I want to give up my bearings, slip out of who I am, shed everything, the way a snake discards old skin.""]

["It was in the tender, slightly panicky way he spoke these words that I knew my father was a wounded person, that his love for me was as true, vast, and permanent as the sky, and that it would always bear down upon me. It was the kind of love that, sooner or later, cornered you into a choice: either you tore free or you stayed and withstood its rigor even as it squeezed you into something smaller than yourself.""]

["A woman who will be like a rock in a riverbed, enduring without complaint, her grace not sullied but shaped by the turbulence that washes over her.""]

["He's"]

["

["Every\nwoman\nneeded\na\nhusband.\nEven\nif\nhe\ndid\nsilence\nthe\nsong\nin\nher"]

["If I've learned anything in Kabul, it is that human behavior is messy and unpredictable and unconcerned with convenient symmetries. But I find comfort in it, in the idea of a pattern, of a narrative of my life taking shape, like a photograph in a darkroom, a story that slowly emerges and affirms the good I have always wanted to see in myself. It su

stains me, this story.””]

[“theft was the one unforgivable sin, the common denominator of all sins. When you kill a man, you steal a life. You steal his wife’s right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone’s right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness. There is no act more wretched than stealing.””]

[“Sad znam da neki ljudi proživljavaju nesreću onako kao što drugi proživljavaju ljubav: samotno, žestoko i bez zaleđa.””]

[“of you ask me for more. It’s late, and we have a long day of travel ahead of us, Pari, you and I. You will need your sleep tonight. And you too, Abdullah.””]

[“Kažu pronaći svrhu u životu i ostvari je. Ali katkad, tek nakon što ga proživiš, uvidiš da je život imao svrhu, lako moguće onu o kojoj nisi nikad ni razmišljao.””]

[“They say, Find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life had a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind. And””]

[“maybe, just maybe, I would finally be pardoned for killing my mother.””]

[“Shekib, but it””]

[“Let’s fly,” he said.””]

[“women who were killing themselves out of fear of being raped, and of men who, in the name of honor, would kill their wives or daughters if they’d been raped by the militia. Aziza””]

[“affliction;””]

[“Част от мен смята, че е по-добре да продължим като досега, да се държим така, сякаш не знаем колко несъвместими сме били един с друг. Ще боли по-малко. Може би е по-добре от закъсняло признание. От крехкия и несигурен поглед към това какви можеше да бъдат нещата помежду ни. Казвам си, че така ще се породи единствено съжаление, а каква полза от него? Загубата ни е безвъзвратна.” \n —’]

[“Bilo bi pogrešno reći da je Sohrab bio tih. Tišina je mir. Tišina je okretanje dugmeta za glasnoću života. Muk je pritiskivanje dugmeta za isključivanje. Gašenje. Svega.””]

[“Except he'd been wrong about that. There was a monster in the lake. It had grabbed Hassan by the ankles, dragged him to the murky bottom. I was that monster. That was the night I became an insomniac.””]

[“-time stretched and contracted depending on Tariq's absence or presence.””]

[“But Laila knew that her future was no match for her brothers' past. They had overshadowed her in life. They would obliterate her in death.””]

[“assassination;””]

[“big hazel eyes...she had this laugh... I can still hear it sometimes.””]

[“A jeep honked and Tariq whistled back, beaming and waving cheerfully. "Lovely guns!" he yelled. "Fabulous jeep s! Fabulous army! Too bad you're losing to a bunch of peasants firing slingshots!””]

[“And yet, as I drop my suitcase, it feels as though there is a gaping hole in the middle of everything. The decades of my mother’s life here with Thalia, they are dark, vast spaces to me. I have been absent. Absent for all the meals Thalia and Mamá have shared at this table, the laughs, the quarrels, the stretches of boredom, the illnesses, the long string of simple rituals that make up a lifetime. Entering my childhood home is a little disorienting, like reading the end of a novel that I’d started, then abandoned, long ago.””]

[“From what?” “The empty-headed girls who think you’re sexy.” “You know.” “Know what?” “That I only have eyes for you.” Laila””]

[“I want to tear myself from this place, from this reality rise up like a cloud and float away, melt into the humid summer night and dissolve somewhere far, over the hills””]

[“can’t help but see the wariness, the effort, the impatience. I can’t help but see two people together out of a sense of genetic duty, doomed already to bewilder and disappoint each other, each honor-bound to defy the other.””]

[“It’s a funny thing, Markos, but people mostly have it backward. They think they live by what they want. But really what guides them is what they’re afraid of. What they don’t want.””]

[“(Regarding Titanic) Sometimes Zalmai would saunter in and watch this game. What did he get to be, he asked. "You can be the iceberg," said Aziza.””]

[“Ik denk dat er verhalen zijn die niet verteld hoeven te worden.””]

[“Dio mene misli da je bolje da nastavimo kao i dosad, da se ponašamo kao da ne znamo koliko smo zanemarivali je dno drugo. Tako je manje bolno. Možda je bolje nego ova zakasnjela ponuda. Ovaj krah, uzdrhtao nagovještaj kako su stvari mogle izgledati između nas. Iz toga će se samo izroditi žaljenje, kažem sebi, a kakva korist od žaljenja? Ono ništa ne može vratiti. Ono što smo izgubili je nepovratno.””]

[“Kerim genzini temizledi, başını öne eğdi. Sonra, açıkladı: Asker, genç hanımla kamyonun arka tarafında yarım saat baş başa kalmak istiyordu. Genç kadın atkırı yüzüne çekti. Ağlamaya başladı. Kocasının kucağındaki bebek de öyl



e. Kocanın beti benzi attı; bu yüz şimdi gökyüzünde asılı duran ay kadar soluktu.\n...\nBaba bir silkinişte elimden kurtuldu, bacağına çekti. İri gövdesi, ayışığını kapamıştı. "Bu adama bir şey sormak istiyorum" dedi. Kerim\le konuşuyor ama doğruca Rus askere bakıyordu. "Utanma duygusunun nerede olduğunu sor." İkisi konuştular. "Savaştayız" diyor. "Savaşta utanma olmazmış." "Yanıldığını söyle. Savaş onuru ortadan kaldırmaz. Tam tersine, barış zamanında n çok daha fazla onur gerektirir.\nSayfa: 137"]

[“Dudağının bir kıyısı hafifçe kıvrılmıştı.\nBir tebessüm.\nOrantısız.\nÇarpık.\nVarla yok arası.\nAma orada.\nUçurtmayı senin için yakalamamı ister misin?” Başını evet anlamında salladığını gördüm.\n“Senin için bin tane olsa yakalarım”...\nYalnızca bir gülümseme idi, hepsi bu. Her şey düzelmiş değildi. Hiçbir şeyi düzeltmemişti. Belli belirsiz bir tebessüm. Minicik bir şey. Ormandaki bir yaprak; ansızın havalanan bir kuşun kıpırdattığı bir yaprak.\nAma koll arımı ardına kadar açıp onu kucaklayacağım. Bağrıma basacağım. Çünkü bahar gelince, karların tek tek, tane tane eridiğini biliyorum; belki de ilk kar tanesinin eriyişine tanık oldum.”]

[“Uçurtma uçurmanın ayrılmaz bir parçası da buydu: zihnin uçurtmanla birlikte oradan oraya savrulurdu.”]

[““You're afraid, Nana, she might have said. You're afraid that I might find the happiness you never had. And you don't want me to be happy. You don't want a good life for me. You're the one with the wretched heart.””]

[““The moment is brief, barely enough for a flutter of the pulse but long enough for her illusory self to catch up with the reality of the woman gazing back from the shopwindow. It is a little devastating. This is what aging is, she thinks as she follows Isabelle into the store, these random unkind moments that catch you when you least expect them.” \n—”]

[““She is furious with herself for her own stupidity. Opening herself up like this, voluntarily, to a lifetime of worry and anguish. It was madness. Sheer lunacy. A spectacularly foolish and baseless faith, against enormous odds, that a world you do not control will not take from you the one thing you cannot bear to lose. Faith that the world will not destroy you. I don't have the heart for this. She actually says this under her breath. I don't have the heart for this. At that moment, she cannot think of a more reckless, irrational thing than choosing to become a parent.””]

[“”]

[““Men always failed Maman in the end. They forever fell disastrously short of whatever ideal she held them up to. What began with exuberance and passion always ended with terse accusations and hateful words, with rage and weeping fits and the flinging of cooking utensils and collapse. High drama. Maman was incapable of either starting or ending a relationship without excess.””]

[““Zendagi migzara. Life goes on.””]

[““There was so much goodness in my life. So much happiness. I wondered whether I deserved any of it.””]

[““IV””]

[““It's like describing music. He cannot bring it to life.””]

[““ambivalent””]

[““vaporized””]

[““presumptuous””]

[“”]

[““prided myself on knowing that my clever story had given her a bit of reprieve from the discontent of her marriage. She was an extraordinary woman, and I went to bed that night feeling like I was perhaps more than ordinary myself. This was the effect she had on me.””]

[““Nothing came out. Suddenly I was hovering, looking down on myself from above.””]

[““Part of me thinks it is better to go on as we have, to act as though we don't know how ill suited we have been for each other. Less painful that way. Perhaps better than this belated offering. This fragile, trembling little glimpse of how it could have been between us. All it will beget is regret, I tell myself, and what good is regret? It brings back nothing. What we have lost is irretrievable. And yet when my mother says, “Isn't it beautiful, Markos?” I say to her, “It is, Mamá. It is beautiful,” and as something begins to break wide open inside me I reach over and take my mother's hand and in mine.””]

[““He had a face right out of film noir, a face meant to be shot in black and white, parallel shadows of venetian blinds slashing across it, a plume of cigarette smoke spiraling beside it.””]

[““I've read, Monsieur Boustouler, that if an avalanche buries you and you're lying there underneath all that snow, you can't tell which way is up or down. You want to dig yourself out but pick the wrong way, and you dig yourself to your own demise. That was how I felt, disoriented, suspended in confusion, stripped of my compass.””]

[““In my experience, men who understand women as well as you seem to rarely want to have anything to do with them.””]

[““I could begin there, I suppose. Or somewhere else. A story is like a moving train: no matter where you hop onboard, you are bound to reach your destination sooner or later.””]

["It was in the tender, slightly panicky way he spoke these words that I knew my father was a wounded person, that his love for me was as true, vast and permanent as the sky, and that it would always bear down upon me. It was the kind of love that, sooner or later, cornered you into a choice: either you tore free or you stayed and withstood its rigor even as it squeezed you into something smaller than yourself.""]

["I should have been more kind. That is something a person will never regret. You will never say to yourself when you are old ah, I wish I was not good to that person." \n —']

["that's the thing about people who mean everything they say. They think everyone does.""]

["There is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft. When you kill a man, you steal a life. You steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness.""]

["Ford Explorer"]

["He didn't so much live with us as occupy space. And precious little of it. Sometimes, at the market, or in the park, I'd notice how other people hardly seemed to even see him, like he wasn't there at all. I'd look up from a book and realize Sohrab had entered the room, had sat across from me, and I hadn't noticed. He walked like he was afraid to leave behind footprints. He moved as if not to stir the air around him. Mostly, he slept.""]

["It's a funny thing Markos, but people mostly have it backward. They think they live by what they want. But really what guides them is what they're afraid of. What they don't want.""]

["people mostly have it backward. They think they live by what they want. But really what guides them is what they're afraid of. What they don't want.""]

["When you kill a man, you steal a life," Baba said. "You steal his wife's right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone's right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness. Do you see?""]

["Ik deed een stap achteruit en het enige wat ik zag was regen door de ramen die wel van smeltend zilver leken"]

["I cringed a little at the position of power I'd been granted, and all because I had won at the genetic lottery that had determined my sex.""]

["Laila lay there and listened, wishing Mammy would notice that she, Laila, hadn't become shaheed, that she was alive, here, in bed with her, that she had hopes and a future. But Laila knew that her future was no match for her brothers' past. They had overshadowed her in life. They would obliterate her in death. Mammy was now the curator of the 'her lives' museum and she, Laila, a mere visitor. A receptacle for their myths. The parchment on which Mammy meant to ink their legends"]

["But it is important to know this, to know your roots. To know where you started as a person. If not, your own life seems unreal to you. Like a puzzle... Like you have missed the beginning of a story and now you are in the middle of it, trying to understand.""]

["Bố không thể tin rằng mình đang rời bỏ Kabul. Bố học ở đây, kiếm được công việc đầu tiên ở đây, trở thành một người bỏ ở thành phố này. Thật lạ lùng khi nghĩ đến chuyện chẳng bao lâu bố sẽ ngủ dưới một bầu trời thành phố khác.""]

[""]

["the world didn't see the inside of you, that it didn't care a whit about the hopes and dreams, and sorrows, that lay masked by skin and bone.""]

["for you a thousand time ever.""]

["— Aprenda isso de uma vez por todas, filha: assim como uma bússola precisa apontar para o norte, assim também o dedo acusador de um homem sempre uma mulher à sua frente. Sempre. Nunca se esqueça disso, Mariam.""]

["thoroughfare"]

["They say, find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life had a purpose.""]

["Because when the spring comes it melts the snow one flake at a time...""]

["Los afganos cuidan y protegen las costumbres, pero aborrecen las reglas." \n —']

[""]

[""]

["There is no accounting for how the mind works. This moment, for instance. Of the thousands and thousands of moments my mother and I shared together through all the years, this is the one that shines the brightest, the one that vibrates with the loudest hum at the back of my mind: my mother looking up at me over her shoulder, her face upside down, all those dazzling points of light shimmering on her skin, her asking did I know how good and strong God had made me.""]

[""]

["Taliban had found the paintings, Tariq said, they'd taken offense at the birds' long, bare legs. After they'd tied the cousin's feet and flogged his soles bloody, they had presented him with a choice: Either destroy the paintings or make the flamingos decent. So the cousin had picked up his brush and painted trousers on every last bird. "And there you have it. Islamic flamingos,"]

["If you went from the Shar-e-Nau section to Kerteh-Parwan to buy a carpet, you risked getting shot by a sniper or getting blown up by a rocket—if you got past all the checkpoints, that was. You practically needed a visa to go from one neighborhood to the other. So people just stayed put, prayed the next rocket wouldn't hit their home."]

["Aún no nos han presentado como es debido —dije. Le tendí la mano—. Soy Amir. Miró primero la mano y luego a mí. —¿Eres el Amir del que me hablaba agha padre?"]

["Pero espero que prestes atención a lo siguiente: el hombre sin conciencia, sin bondad, no sufre. Espero que tu sufrimiento llegue a su fin con este viaje a Afganistán."]

["En cuanto a mí, es hora de marcharme. Me queda poco tiempo y deseo pasarlo solo. No me busques, por favor. Es lo último que te pido."]

["رت دانه\u200c شود و بعد به\u200c رود و ابر می\u200c گوشه دنیا است، هر آهی به آسمان می\u200c هر دانه برف، آه پر غصه زنی در یک ریزد\u200c های کوچک خاموش روی مردم پایین می\u200c صو"]

["Part of me thinks it is better to go on as we have, to act as though we don't know how ill suited we have been for each other. Less painful that way. Perhaps better than this belated offering. This fragile, trembling little glimpse of how it could have been between us. All it will beget is regret, I tell myself, and what good is regret? It brings back nothing. What we have lost is irretrievable."]

["I remembered how, as a boy, I would stew over all the things Mamá wouldn't do, things other mothers did. Hold my hand when we walked. Sit me up on her lap, read bedtime stories, kiss my face good night. Those things were true enough. But, all those years, I'd been blind to a greater truth, which lay unacknowledged and unappreciated"]

["I remembered how, as a boy, I would stew over all the things Mamá wouldn't do, things other mothers did. Hold my hand when we walked. Sit me up on her lap, read bedtime stories, kiss my face good night. Those things were true enough. But, all those years, I'd been blind to a greater truth, which lay unacknowledged and unappreciated, buried deep beneath my grievances. It was this: that my mother would never leave me. This was her gift to me, the ironclad knowledge that she would never do to me what Madeleine had done to Thalia. She was my mother and she would not leave me. This I had simply accepted and expected. I had no more thanked her for it than I did the sun for shining on me."]

[""]

["My offer to Thalia still stands to this day. I know she won't take it. But I understand now. Because she was right—this is who she is. I cannot pretend to know what it must have been like to gaze at that face in the mirror each day, to take stock of its ghastly ruin, and to summon the will to accept it. The mountainous strain of it, the effort, the patience. Her acceptance taking shape slowly, over years, like rocks of a beachside cliff sculpted by the pounding tides. It took the dog minutes to give Thalia her face, and a lifetime for her to mold it into an identity."]

["Many years later, when I began training as a plastic surgeon, I understood something that I had not that day in the kitchen arguing for Thalia to leave Tinos for the boarding school. I learned that the world didn't see the inside of you, that it didn't care a whit about the hopes and dreams, and sorrows, that lay masked by skin and bone. It was as simple, as absurd, and as cruel as that. My patients knew this. They saw that much of what they were, would be, or could be hinged on the symmetry of their bone structure, the space between their eyes, their chin length, the tip projection of their nose, whether they had an ideal nasofrontal angle or not. Beauty is an enormous, unmerited gift given randomly, stupidly."]

["Pari has not told the children about the suicide. They may learn one day, probably will. But they wouldn't learn it from her. She will not plant the seed in their mind, that a parent is capable of abandoning her children, of saying to them You are not enough. For Pari, the children and Eric have always been enough. They always will be."]

["So, then. You want a story and I will tell you one. But just the one. Don't either of you ask me for more. It's late, and we have a long day of travel ahead of us, Pari, you and I. You will need your sleep tonight. And you, too, Abdullah. I am counting on you, boy, while your sister and I are away. So is your mother. Now. One story, then. Listen, both of you, listen well. And don't interrupt....Once upon a time, in the days when divs and jinns and giants roamed the land, there lived a farmer named Baba Ayub."]

["Männer sind nicht kompliziert", sagte er und trommelte mit den Fingern auf seinen Mahagoni-Schreibtisch. "Die Genitalien eines Mannes sind wie sein Verstand: simpel, sehr wenige Überraschungen. Aber die Damen sind da schon anders ... nun, der liebe Gott hat sich eben Gedanken gemacht, als er Sie und Ihre Geschlechtsgenossinnen erschuf."]

["de que Dios existe, de que siempre ha existido. Lo veo aquí, en los ojos de la gente de este pasillo de desesperación"]

n. Ésta es la verdadera casa de Dios, aquí es donde los que han perdido a Dios vuelven a encontrarlo,” \n —’]

[“El niño hindú aprendería muy pronto lo que los británicos descubrieron a principios de siglo y los rusos a finales de la década de los ochenta: que los afganos son un pueblo independiente.”]

[“Se volvió hacia mí. De su cabeza rapada caían algunas gotas de sudor. —¿Crees que yo te mentaría, Amir agha?”]

[“tuve la sensación de que estaba viendo dos caras al mismo tiempo, la que conocía, la que era mi primer recuerdo, y otra, una segunda que estaba escondida bajo la superficie”]

[“Hubo muchas razones por las que me desplacé a Hazarajat en 1986 con el objetivo de encontrar a Hassan. La más importante de ellas, que Alá me perdone, era que estaba solo.”]

[“He caminado mucho y desde muy lejos para ver si eres tan bello en la realidad como lo eras en mis sueños.”]

[“me pregunté si el perdón se manifestaría de esa manera, sin la fanfarria de la revelación, si simplemente el dolor recogería sus cosas, haría las maletas y se esfumaría sin decir nada en mitad de la noche.”]

[“El silencio de Sohrab no era el silencio que alguien se impone a sí mismo por determinadas convicciones, ni el de los manifestantes que reivindicán su causa sin pronunciar palabra. Era el silencio de quien se ha refugiado en un escondrijo oscuro, de quien se ha hecho un ovillo y se ha ocultado.”]

[“—Eres un hombre honorable, Amir agha. Un verdadero afgano. —Me encogí interiormente—. Me siento orgulloso de hospedarte esta noche en mi casa —dijo Wahid.”]

[“Notaba el frío del suelo bajo los pies descalzos y, de pronto, por primera vez desde que habíamos cruzado la frontera, sentí que estaba de vuelta en casa. Después de todos aquellos años, estaba de nuevo en casa, pisando la tierra de mis antepasados.”]

[“Vi que Farid miraba también, con su mano igualmente amputada colgando a un lado. Me acordé de los hijos de Wahid y... entonces comprendí una cosa: que no abandonaría Afganistán sin encontrar a Sohrab.”]

[“Nereye giderseniz gidin, ülkeniz peşinden gelir. Artık siz orada yaşamasanız da o içinizde yaşar.”\n“Bazı şeyleri kitaplardan, bazılarını insanlardan öğrenebilirsiniz. Ama bazı şeyler vardır ki mutlaka görmeniz ve hissetmeniz gerekir.”\n“Bamyan Afganistan’daki dev buda heykellerinin bulunduğu, bir zamanlar Budizmin merkezi olan yer.”\n“Sırrını rüzgara söylersen ağaçlara fısıldadığı için kızamazsın.” Halil Cibran\n“Kabil’e veda gazelinden; Bu kentin ne çatısını aydınlatan ayları sayabilirsin, Nede duvarlarının gerisine gizlenen bin muhteşem güneşi.”]

[“Then I understood: The brass ball was still stuck in his empty eye socket.”]

[“Lo que hiciste estuvo mal, Amir jan, pero no olvides que cuando los hechos sucedieron tú eras un niño. Un niño con problemas. Por aquel entonces eras demasiado duro contigo mismo, y sigues siéndolo...,”]

[“A veces pienso que todo lo que hizo, dar de comer a los pobres de la calle, construir el orfanato, dejar dinero a los amigos necesitados..., era su forma de redimirse. Y en eso, creo, consiste la auténtica redención, Amir jan: en el sentimiento de culpa que desemboca en la bondad.”]

[“I looked at the photo. "Your father was a man torn between two halves," Rahim Khan had said in his letter. I had been the entitled half, the society-approved, legitimate half, the unwitting embodiment of Baba's guilt. I looked at Hassan, showing those two missing front teeth, sunlight slanting on his face. Baba's other half. The unentitled, unprivileged half. The half who had inherited what had been pure and noble in Baba. The half that, maybe, in the most secret recesses of his heart, Baba had thought of as his true son.\nI slipped the picture back where I had found it. Then I realized something: That last thought had brought no sting with it. Closing Sohrab's door, I wondered if that was how forgiveness budded, not with the fanfare of epiphany, but with pain gathering its things, packing up, and slipping away unannounced in the middle of the night.”]

[““There were times when, like a word on the tip of her tongue, Mariam's face eluded her. But now, in this place, it's easy to summon Mariam behind the lids of her eyes.””]

[““There is only one, only one skill a woman like you and me needs in life, and they don't teach it in school . . . Only one skill. And it's this: tahamul. Endure.””]

[“Habíamos disfrutado de un efímero buen momento (no eran tantas las veces que Baba hablaba conmigo, y mucho menos teniéndome sentado sobre sus piernas) y había sido idiota al desperdiciarlo.”]

[“Rahim Kan se echó a reír. —Los niños no son cuadernos para colorear. No los puedes pintar con tus colores favoritos.”]

[“Forse non è giusto, ma ciò che succede in pochi giorni, a volte un solo giorno, può cambiare un'intera vita, Amir.”\n —’]

[“]

[“]

[““I tried to conjure Ali's frozen face, to REALLY see his tranquil eyes, but time can be a greedy thing - sometimes it steals all the details for itself.””]

[“The wars had made fathers a rare commodity in Afghanistan.””]

[“]

[“‘She would never leave her mark on Mammy’s heart the way her brothers had, because Mammy’s heart was like a pallid beach where Laila’s footprints would forever wash away beneath the waves of sorrow that swelled and crashed, swelled and crashed.’”]

[“]

[“]

[“]

[“]

[“]

[“‘I remembered something Baba had said about Pashtuns once. ‘We may be hardheaded and I know we’re far too proud, but, in the hour of need, believe me that there’s no one you’d rather have at your side than a Pashtun.’”]

[“]

[“]

[“‘Sa stii ca exista un singur pacat, numai unul, si asta-i furtul.\nCand omori un om, furi o viata. Ii furi sotiei lui dreptul de a avea un sot si copiilor - dreptul de a avea un tata. Cand spui o minciuna, furi cuiva dreptul la adevar. Cand inseli, furi acelui om dreptul la corectitudine. Ai inteles?’”]

[“‘Insa Maya continua sa poarte negru pentru ca exista un fel de doliu care nu se termina niciodata. Dupa cum exista si sentimente si amintiri care nu se sterg niciodata. Doar se estompeaza cu timpul. Nu mai incerca sa scape de trecut, din moment ce acesta era fundamentul pe care se ridicau prezentul si viitorul.’”]

[“]

[“]

[“‘I felt like a man who awakens in his own house and finds all the furniture rearranged, so that every familiar nook and cranny looks foreign now. Disoriented, he has to reevaluate his surroundings, reorient himself.’”]

[“‘Pero la gente por lo general tiene una idea muy equibocada de sí misma. Creen que viven en función de lo que desean, cuando en el fondo lo que los guía es aquello que temen. Aquello que no desean.’ \n —’]

[“‘Pero la gente por lo general tiene una idea muy equivocada de sí misma. Creen que viven en función de lo que desean, cuando en el fondo lo que los guía es aquello que temen. Aquello que no desean.’”]

[“‘It’s a funny thing, Markos, but people mostly have it backward. They think they live by what they want. But really what guides them is what they’re afraid of. What they \n want.’”]

[“‘Comprendí que el mundo no ve el interior de las personas, y que poco le importan las esperanzas, penas y sueños que albergamos bajo una máscara de piel y de hueso. Es así de sencillo, cruel y absurdo.’”]

[“‘Дали така изниква прошката - не с фанфарите на покаянието, а просто с това, че болката си събира багажа и се изнизва тихомълком в нощта.’”]

[“‘He would have died defending his family.’”]

[“‘A test of your love. It was a harsh challenge, I recognize, and its heavy toll upon you does not escape me. But you passed. This is your reward.’”]

[“‘Allah-u-akbar.’”]

[“‘He pointed to an old man dressed in ragged clothes trudging down a dirt path, a large burlap pack filled with scrub grass tied to his back. “That’s the real Afghanistan, Agha sahib. That’s the Afghanistan I know. You? You’ve always been a tourist here, you just didn’t know it.”’]

[“‘she pushing her.’”]

[“‘That was the thing about kite flying : your mind drifted with the kite’”]

[“‘And this is what I want you to understand, that good, real good, was born out of your father’s remorse. Sometimes, I think everything he did, feeding the poor on the streets, building the orphanage, giving money to friends in need, it was all his way of redeeming himself. And that, I believe, is what true redemption is, Amir jan, when guilt leads to good.’”]

[“‘eyes are windows to the soul.’”]

[“‘Buruienile desertului isi duc mai departe traiul, dar florile de primavara infloresc si se ofilesc. Atata gratie, atata demnitate, ce tragedie!’”]

[“‘Farid mi-a aruncat o privire care spunea ca a auzi si a vedea nu-i totuna. Si avea dreptate.’”]

[“‘Intotdeauna e mai dureros sa ai si sa pierzi, decat sa nu fi avut deloc.’”]

[“‘I had one last chance to make a decision. One final opportunity to decide who i was going to be. I could step into that alley, stand up for Hassan- the way he’d stood up for me all those times in the past- and accept whatever would happen to me. or I could run. In the end, I ran.’”]

[“‘The Chinese say its better to be deprived of food for three days than tea for one.’”]



[“Zendagi Migzara”]

["ask for my hand." "That's"]

["believing, Jody Hotchkiss (Onward!), David Grossman, Helen Heller, and the tireless Chandler Crawford. I am grateful and indebted to every single person at Riverhead Books. In particular, I want to thank Susan Petersen Kennedy and Geoffrey Kloske for their faith in this story. My heartfelt thanks also go to Marilyn Ducksworth, Mih-Ho Cha, Catharine Lynch, Craig D. Burke, Leslie Schwartz, Honi Werner, and Wendy Pearl. Special thanks to my sharp-eyed copy editor, Tony Davis, who misses nothing, and, lastly, to my talented editor, Sarah McGrath, for her patience, foresight, and guidance. Finally, thank you, Roya.""]

["[...] Em poucos anos, essa menina vai ser uma mulher que pede muito pouco da vida , que nunca incomoda ninguém, nunca deixa transparecer que ela também tem tristezas, desapontamentos, sonhos que foram menosprezados. Uma mulher que vai ser como uma rocha no leito de um rio, suportando tudo sem se queixar. Uma mulher cuja generosidade, longe de ser contaminada, foi forjada pelas turbulências que se abateram sobre ela." \n —']

["Bu kadar mutlu olmana senden bir şey alacakları zaman izin verirler yalnızca.""]

["Yalnızca tek bir günah vardır; hırsızlık. Diğer tüm hepsi onun türevleridir. Misal, yalan atarsan bir insanın doğruya ulaşma hakkını çalmış olursun.""]

["J'ai trouvé une triste petite fée\nA l'ombre d'un arbre en papier"]

["Un doigt coupé afin de sauver une main.""]

["Les enfants ne sont pas des livres de coloriage. Tu ne peux pas les peindre avec tes couleurs préférées.""]

["At the height of the exodus, as many as eight million Afghans were living abroad as refugees. Today, more than two million Afghan refugees remain in Pakistan. Over"]

["Nul ne pourrait compter les lunes qui luisent sur ses toits\nNi les mille soleils splendides qui se cachent derrière ses murs.""]

["C'était toujours pareil avec les cerfs-volants. Vos pensées dérivent en même temps qu'eux.""]

[""]

["A l'école, nous jouions à un jeu appelé sherganji, la bataille des poèmes.""]

["in-laws for their generosity and many kindnesses. To the rest of my wonderful family, I remain indebted and grateful"]

["De même que l'aiguille d'une boussole indique toujours le nord, un homme qui cherche un coupable montrer a toujours une femme.""]

["J'utiliserai un pétale pour papier\nEt t'écirai les mots les plus doux"]

[""]

[""]

["He supposes he should be relieved. But part of him wishes for something else. Perhaps if she had grimaced at him, said something infantile, full of loathing and hate. An eruption of rancor. Perhaps that might have been better. Instead, a clean, diplomatic dismissal. And this note. Don't worry. You're not in it. An act of kindness. Perhaps, more accurately, an act of charity. He should be relieved. But it hurts. He feels the blow of it, like an ax to the head.""]

["They say, Find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognise your life had a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind.""]

["But Laila knew that her future was no match for her brothers' past. They had overshadowed her in life. They would obliterate her in death. Mammy was now the curator of their lives' museum and she, Laila, a mere visitor. A receptacle for their myths. The parchment on which Mammy meant to ink their legends.""]

["You've always been a tourist here. You just didn't know it.""]

["He said that if culture was a house, then language was the key to the front door, to all the rooms inside. Without it, he said, you ended up wayward, without a proper home or a legitimate identity." \n —']

["there is only one sin, only one. And that is theft. Every other sin is a variation of theft.""]

["I dream that my son will grow up to be a good person, a free person, and an important person. I dream that lavender flowers will bloom in the streets of Kabul again and rubab music will play in the samovar houses and kites will fly in the skies. And I dream that someday you will return to Kabul to revisit the land of our childhood. If you do, you will find an old faithful friend waiting for you.""]

["But you can't pass up a private school education. You'd go to university afterward. You could become a researcher, a scientist, a professor, an inventor. Isn't that what you want? You're the smartest person I know. You could be anything you want.""]

["Les yeux sont le miroir de l'âme affirme-t-on. Jamais ce dicton n'a été plus vrai que dans le cas d'Ali, car elle ne pouvait se dévoiler qu'à travers eux.""]

[""]



["Well, people need stories to divert them at difficult times like this."]

[""]

["You have death certificates?" "Death certificates? This is Afghanistan we're talking about. Most people there don't have birth certificates."]

["Entering my childhood home is a little disorienting, like reading the end of a novel that I'd started, then abandoned, long ago."]

["You look pale," Soraya repeated, placing the stack of papers on the table."]

["That night, it was blessing enough to be beside him. It was blessing enough to know that he was here, to feel the warmth of him next to her, to lie with him, their heads touching, his right hand laced in her left."]

["Rubble and beggars. Everywhere I looked, that was what I saw."]

["I miss Father, and Mother too," he croaked. "And I miss Sasa and Rahim Khan sahib. But sometimes I'm glad they're not ... they're not here anymore." "Why?" I touched his arm. He drew back. "Because--" he said, gasping and hitching between sobs, "because I don't want them to see me... I'm so dirty." He sucked in his breath and let it out in a long, wheezy cry. "I'm so dirty and full of sin."]

["then. You want a story and I will tell you one. But just the one. Don't either of you ask me for more."]

["So what I took as a yes from him was in actuality more of a quiet surrender, not much an acceptance as an act of relinquishment by one too weary to decide, and far too tired to believe."]

["crew cut"]

["One is well served by a degree of both humility and charity when judging the inner workings of another person's heart."]

["That must be our man," Farid said. The tall Talib with the black"]

["Quiet is peace. Tranquillity. Quiet is turning down the VOLUME knob on life. Silence is pushing the OFF button. Shutting it down. All of it."]

["They say, find a purpose in your life and live it. But, sometimes, it is only after you have lived that you recognize your life has a purpose, and likely one you never had in mind." \n —']

["She said There was comfort to be found in mathematical truths, the lack of arbitrariness and the absence of ambiguity. In knowing that the answers may be elusive, but they could be found. \n" nothing like life, in other words", he said"]

["A spectacularly foolish and baseless faith, against enormous odds, that a world you do not control will not take from you the one thing you cannot bare to lose."]

[""]

["Many years later, when I began training as a plastic surgeon, I understood something that I had not that day in the kitchen arguing for Thalia to leave Tinos for the boarding school. I learned that the world didn't see inside of you, that it didn't care a whit about the hopes and dreams, and sorrows, that lay masked by skin and bone. It was as simple, as absurd, and as cruel as that. My patients knew this. They saw that much of what they were, would be, or could be hinged on the symmetry of their bone structure, the space between their eyes, their chin length, the tip projection of their nose, whether they had an ideal nasofrontal angle or not."]

[""]

["always hurts more to have and lose than to not have in the first place."]

["Dia berhenti bicara kepada warga desa, karena dia yakin bahwa mereka menggunjingkannya di belakang punggungnya. Kata mereka, dia pengecut karena dengan suka rela menyerahkan anaknya. Dia tidak pantas menjadi ayah. Ayah sejati akan melawan sang div. Dia akan mati membela keluarganya."]

["Sang div menggeram dan mengetuk-ngetuk dagu. "Aku pernah mengambil banyak anak dari banyak ayah," katanya."]

["Kau tak tahu apa-apa soal keberanian. Untuk menjadi berani, harus ada yang dipertaruhkan. Aku datang tanpa mempertaruhkan apa pun."]

["Katamu kau tak punya keberanian. tapi aku melihatnya di dalam dirimu. Perbuatanmu, beban yang kau tanggung di bahu, membutuhkan keberanian. Untuk itu, aku menghormatimu."]

["All it will beget is regret, I tell myself, and what good is regret? It brings back nothing. What we have lost is irretrievable."]

["Aku akan membawanya pulang, pikir Baba Ayub ketika itu juga. Inilah yang paling diinginkannya, bersama setiap tarikan napasnya. Bukankah ini telah dibayangkannya dalam seribu mimpinya? Memeluk si kecil Qais lagi, mengecup pipinya dan merasakan kelembutan tangan kecil bocah itu dalam genggamannya? Tetapi .... jika Baba Ayub membawanya pulang, kehidupan macam apakah yang menanti Qais di Maidan Sabz? Sebaik-baiknya adalah kehidupan keras kaum petani, seperti yang dijalaninya, tidak lebih. Itu pun jika Qais tidak meninggal akibat

t kekeringan seperti begitu banyak bocah lainnya di desa. Kalau begitu, bisakah kau memaafkan dirimu sendiri, Baba Ayub membatin, mengetahui bahwa, demi kepentinganmu sendiri, kau telah merenggutnya dari kehidupan sarat kemewahan dan kesempatan? Sebaliknya, jika meninggalkan Qais di sini, bagaimana dia bisa menahan perasaannya, mengetahui bahwa bocah itu masih hidup, mengetahui di mana dia berada, tetapi dilarang menjumpainya? Bagaimana dia akan tahan?""]

[“Ada seongkah batu di pinggir ladangnya, dan dia duduk di permukaannya yang datar. Dia kerap duduk di sana selama satu jam lebih, menatap bintang-bintang, juga awan yang berarak melintasi bulan. Dia merenungi kehidupan panjangnya dan bersyukur atas kelimpahan dan rahmat yang diterimanya. Sungguh picik jika dia menginginkan lebih banyak, berharap lebih banyak.”"]

[“Tetapi gelombang itu berlalu, seperti segala sesuatu. Berlalu.”"]

[“Forgive? But theft was the one unforgivable sin, the common denominator of all sins. When you kill a man, you steal a life. You steal his wife’s right to a husband, rob his children of a father. When you tell a lie, you steal someone’s right to the truth. When you cheat, you steal the right to fairness. There is no act more wretched than stealing.”"]

[“Bah, of course not. But it is important to know this, to know your roots. To know where you started as a person. If not, your own life seems unreal to you. \nLike a puzzle. Vous comprenez? Like you have missed the beginning of a story and now you are in the middle of it, trying to understand.”"]

[“Abollah?"\n"Ya." \n"Kalau aku sudah besar nanti, akankah aku tinggal bersamamu?"\nAbdullah menatap mentari jingga yang tengah tenggelam di cakrawala. "Kalau kau mau. Tapi kau pasti tak mau." \n"Aku pasti mau!" \n"Kalau kau pasti ingin punya rumah sendiri." \n"Tapi kita bisa bertetangga." \n"Mungkin." \n"Kau tak akan tinggal jauh dariku." \n"Bagaimana kalau kau jemu denganku?" \nPari menyikut Abdullah. "Tidak akan!" \nAbdullah meringis. "Baiklah, ya sudah." \n"Kau akan selalu ada didekatku." \n"Ya." \n"Sampai kita tua." \n"Tua bangka." \n"Untuk selamanya." \n"Ya, untuk selamanya." \nDari bagian depan gerobak, Pari menoleh. "Kau berjanji, Abdollah?" \n"Selama-lamanya.”"]

[“It was you Nabi, she said in my ear. It was always you. Didn't you know?""]

[“People learned to live with the most unimaginable things. As would he. This was his life. This was his mother. This was his father. And this was him, even if he hadn’t always known it.”"]

[“"]

[“It’s a funny thing... but people mostly have it backward. They think they live by what they want. But really, what guides them is what they’re afraid of. What they don’t want.” \n —"]

[“But mostly, Mariam, is in Laila's own heart, where she shines with the bursting radiance of a thousand suns.”"]

[“Father used to say it’s wrong to hurt even bad people. Because they don’t know any better, and because bad people sometimes become good.” “Not”"]

[“Mammy was soon asleep, leaving Laila with dueling emotions: reassured that Mammy meant to live on, stung that she was not the reason. She would never leave her mark on Mammy's heart the way her brothers had, because Mammy's heart was like a pallid beach where Laila's footprints would forever wash away beneath the waves of sorrow that swelled and crashed, swelled and crashed.”"]

[“Then,mercifully darkness.”"]

[“a brushstroke of color on the gray,barren canvas”"]

[“It wasn't meant to be.Or maybe,it was meant not to be”"]

[“A man who has no conscience, no goodness does not suffer!”"]

[“When spring comes, it melts the snow one flake at a time.”"]

[“El mundo no ve el interior de las personas, y que poco importan las esperanzas, penas y sueños que albergamos bajo una máscara de piel y hueso. Es así de sencillo, cruel y absurdo.”"]

[“It was God's fault, for taunting her as He had. For not granting her what He had granted so many other women. For dangling before her, tantalizingly, what He knew would give her the greatest happiness, then pulling it away.”"]

[“If you're not careful, people will talk.”"]

[“Las malas hierbas del desierto siguen con vida, pero la flor de primavera florece y se marchita. Qué gracia, qué dignidad, qué tragedia.”"]

[“Mariam is in Laila’s own heart, where she shines with the bursting radiance of a thousand suns.”"]

[“Găsește- i un scop în via ă i atinge-l. Dar uneori, î i dai seama că via ă a avut un scop doar după ce ai trăit, babil un scop pe care nu l-ai avut niciodată în minte. Iar acum, că îl împliniseam pe al meu, simțeam că trăiesc fără rost și la voia întâmplării.”"]

["“People mostly have it backward. They think they live by what they want. But really what guides them is what they're afraid of. What they want.””]

["“Mi dicono che devo guardare acque dove presto annegherò. Prima di immergermi, lascio questo sulla spiaggia per te. Prego che tu lo possa trovare, sorella, perché tu sappia cosa c'era nel mio cuore quando sono finito sott'acqua.””]

["“A city of harelipped ghosts””]

["“Porque una sociedad no tiene la menor posibilidad de éxito si sus mujeres no reciben educación.””]

["“I became what I am today at the age of twelve, on a frigid overcast day in the winter of 1975.” \n —']

["“Laila knows, to those who grumble that the promised aid money to Afghanistan isn't coming, that the rebuilding is going too slowly, that there is corruption, that the Taliban are regrouping already and will come back with a vengeance, that the world will forget once again about Afghanistan.””]

["“They only let you be this happy if they're preparing to take something from you.””]

["“La corda che ti salva dall'inondazione può diventare un cappio attorno al collo.””]

["“I den stunden såg jag något jag aldrig skulle glömma, Hassan som serverade Assef och Wali något att dricka från en silverbricka.””]

["“I wish you remembered Homs as I do, Marwan.””]

["“You know a bomb crater \ncan be made into a swimming hole.\nYou have learned\ndark blood is better news\nthan bright.””]

["“Mammy's heart was like a pallid beach where Laila's footprints would forever wash away beneath the waves of sorrow that swelled and crashed, swelled and crashed.””]

[""]

["“its all i have to give her””]

["“She said there was comfort to be found in the permanence of mathematical truths, in the lack of arbitrariness and the absence of ambiguity. In knowing that the answers may be elusive, but they could be found. They were there, waiting, chalk scribbles away.””]

["“The cuts stung and didn't heal for a couple of weeks, but I didn't mind. They were reminders of a beloved season that had once again passed to quickly.””]

[""]

["“But better to be hurt by the truth than comforted with a lie.””]

["“نالك إله ، دائماً كان هناك. أراه هنا ، في عيون الناس في بهو اليأس هذا. هذا هو بيت الله الحقيقي ، من فقد الله سيجده هنا .. هناك إله ، يجب أن يكون إله ، عندما تغش تسرق حق العدالة ... ليس هناك فعل أشنع من السرقة ، رجل يأخذ ما ليس له ، قد تكون حياة أو قطعة خبز .. ابصق على هكذا رجل.\nه هي وجه آخر للسرقة ... عندما تقتل رجلاً فأنت تسرق حياة ، تسرق حق زوجته بزواج ، من أطفاله تسرق أباهم ، عندما تكذب تسرق حق شخص بالحقيقة ”.” هناك خطيئة واحدة ، واحدة فقط ؛ وهي السرقة ، كل خطيئة أخرى

["“It was Homaira and me against the world. And I'll tell you this, Amir jan: In the end, the world always wins. that's just the way of things.””]

["“For me, America was a place to bury my memories.\nFor Baba, a place to mourn his.””]

["“But I think a big part of the reason I didn't care about Soraya's past was that I had one of my own. I knew all about regret.””]

["“I tried to conjure Ali's frozen face, to really see his tranquil eyes, but time can be a greedy thing--sometimes it steals all the details for itself.””]

[""]

["“When Laila saw the article, she'd thought of her childhood friends Giti and Hasina, and Hasina saying, By the time we're twenty, Giti and I, we'll have pushed out four, five kids each. But you, Laila, you'll make us two dummies proud. You're going to be somebody. I know one day I'll pick up a newspaper and find your picture on the front page.” \n —']

["“Mariam leżała na sofie, z dłońmi wciśniętymi między kolana, i patrzyła na wirujące za oknem płatki śniegu. Przypomniała sobie Nanę, która powiedziała kiedyś, że każdy płatek śniegu jest westchnieniem pokrzywdzonej gdzieś w świecie kobiety. Że wszystkie westchnienia wznoszą się ku niebu, łączą w chmury, a potem rozpadają na małe fragmenty, które w ciszy spadają na ludzi w dole.\n"Aby przypomnieć, jak bardzo cierpią takie kobiety jak my - powiedziała. - Jak spokojnie znosimy wszystko, co na nas spada.””]

["“waters, where I will soon drown. Before I march in, I leave this on the shore for you. I pray you find it, sister, so you will know what was in my heart as I went under.””]

["“It had struck her as comically officious then, hearing his full name uttered.””]

["“Too many young Afghan men are dying this way.””]

["“For years, he had eaten without looking up, without speaking, his silence condemning, as though some judgment were being passed, then broken only by an accusatory grunt, a disapproving cluck of his tongue, a one-word comma

nd for more bread, more water.”]

[“!- من أجلك ألف مرة ومرة”]

[“Det var vad jag tvingade mig själv att tro.\nFaktum var att jag ville vara feg, för alternativet, det verkliga skälet till att jag flydde, var att Assef hade rätt: ingenting var gratis här i världen. Kanske var Hassan det pris jag måste betala, det lamm jag måste slakta, för att vinna Baba.”]

[“Man säger inte till någon att putsa skorna åt en ena dagen och tilltalar henne som en syster nästa.”]

[“» Vi kan sticka ut en sväng«, sa Baba. En inbjudan, men bara halvhjärtat framförd.\n»Snare kanske. Jag är lite tröt t«, sa jag.\n»Visst«, sa Baba.\n»Baba?«\n»Ja?«\n»Tack för fyrverkeriet«, sa jag. Ett tack, men bara halvhjärtat framf ört.”]

[“Of all the daughters I could have had, why did God give me an ungrateful one like you? Everything I endured for you! How dare you! How dare you abandon me like this, you treacherous little harami!”]

[“You’re afraid, Nana, she might have said. You’re afraid that I might find the happiness you never had. And you don’t want me to be happy. You don’t want a good life for me. You’re the one with the wretched heart.”]

[“will use a flower petal for paper, And write you the sweetest letter, You are the sultan of my heart, the sultan of my heart.”]

[“الناس هنا يتزوجون من أجل الحب، وليس لاسم العائلة أو الأسلاف حتى ولو دور في المعادلة”]

[“لكن الزمن طمّاع - أحياناً ما يسلبك كل الذكريات ويستولي عليها لنفسه”]

[“fizzy orange Fanta,”]

[“But Mariam’s grief wasn’t aimless or unspecific. Mariam grieved for this baby, this particular child, who had made her so happy for a while. Some days,”]

[“Each snowflake was a sigh heaved by an aggrieved woman somewhere in the world. All the sighs drifted up in the sky, gathered into clouds, then broke into tiny pieces that fell silently on the people below. As a reminder of how women suffer.”]

[“She could not give him his son back. In this most essential way, she had failed him—seven times she had failed him—and now she was nothing but a burden to him. She could see it in the way he looked at her, when he looked at her. She was a burden to him.”]

[“Almost ten years. But, for a moment, standing there with Tariq in the sunlight, it was as though those years had never happened. Her parents’ deaths, her marriage to Rasheed, the killings, the rockets, the Taliban, the beatings, the hunger, even her children, all of it seemed like a dream, a bizarre detour, a mere interlude between that last afternoon together and this moment.”]

[“May God grant you a long and prosperous life, my daughter. May God give you many healthy and beautiful children. May you find the happiness, peace, and acceptance that I did not give you. Be well. I leave you in the loving hands of God. Your undeserving father,\nJalil” \n —’]

[“prayers, Laila knows, are Aziza’s way of clinging to Mariam,”]

[“will forget once again about Afghanistan. The lines are from his favorite of Hafez’s ghazals: Joseph shall return to Canaan, grieve not, Hovels shall turn to rose gardens, grieve not. If a flood should arrive, to drown all that’s alive, Noah is your guide in the typhoon’s eye, grieve not.”]

[“When they first came back to Kabul, it distressed Laila that she didn’t know where the Taliban had buried Mariam. She wished she could visit Mariam’s grave, to sit with her awhile, leave a flower or two. But Laila sees now that it doesn’t matter. Mariam is never very far. She is here, in these walls they’ve repainted, in the trees they’ve planted, in the blankets that keep the children warm, in these pillows and books and pencils. She is in the children’s laughter. She is in the verses Aziza recites and in the prayers she mutters when she bows westward. But, mostly, Mariam is in Laila’s own heart, where she shines with the bursting radiance of a thousand suns.”]

[“Water evaporates from the leaves—Mammy, did you know?—the way it does from laundry hanging from a line. And that drives the flow of water up the tree. From the ground and through the roots, then all the way up the tree trunk, through the branches and into the leaves. It’s called transpiration.”]

[“A lot of kids died. Dysentery, TB, hunger—you name it. Mostly, that damn dysentery. God, Laila. I saw so many kids buried. There’s nothing worse a person can see.”]

[“Somewhere with trees,” she said. “Yes. Lots of trees.”]

[“You won’t have to do a thing. Ever again. You rest, sleep in, plant a garden. Whatever you want, you ask and I’ll get it for you.”]

[“For me, it ends here. There’s nothing more I want. Everything I’d ever wished for as a little girl you’ve already given me. You and your children have made me so very happy. It’s all right, Laila jo. This is all right. Don’t be sad.”]

[“Kiss Aziza for me,” she said. “Tell her she is the noor of my eyes and the sultan of my heart. Will you do that for me?”]

["the Tariq who did not get headaches, who had once said that in Siberia snot turned to ice before it hit"]

["I'm sorry," Laila says, marveling at how every Afghan story is marked by death and loss and unimaginable grief. And yet, she sees, people find a way to survive, to go on. Laila thinks of her own life and all that has happened to her, and she is astonished that she too has survived, that she is alive and sitting in this taxi listening to this man's story.""]

["Then she realizes the letters are Russian. There is a deserted bird's nest in one corner and a bat hanging upside down in another corner, where the wall meets the low ceiling. Laila closes her eyes and sits there awhile.""]

["In Pakistan, it was difficult sometimes to remember the details of Mariam's face. There were times when, like a word on the tip of her tongue, Mariam's face eluded her. But now, here in this place, it's easy to summon Mariam behind the lids of her eyes: the soft radiance of her gaze, the long chin, the coarsened skin of her neck, the tight-lipped smile. Here, Laila can lay her cheek on the softness of Mariam's lap again, can feel Mariam swaying back and forth, reciting verses from the Koran, can feel the words vibrating down Mariam's body, to her knees, and into her own ears.""]

["The bird's nest self-disassembles, the twigs snapping loose one by one, flying out of the kolba end over end. An invisible eraser wipes the Russian graffiti off the wall.""]

["Laila watches Mariam glue strands of yarn onto her doll's head. In a few years, this little girl will be a woman who will make small demands on life, who will never burden others, who will never let on that she too has had sorrows, disappointments, dreams that have been ridiculed. A woman who will be like a rock in a riverbed, enduring without complaint, her grace not sullied but shaped by the turbulence that washes over her. Already Laila sees something behind this young girl's eyes, something deep in her core, that neither Rasheed nor the Taliban will be able to break. Something as hard and unyielding as a block of limestone. Something that, in the end, will be her undoing and Laila's salvation.""]

["Good-bye, Mariam." And, with that, unaware that she is weeping,""]

["Your father has known so much sorrow since we last spoke, Mariam jo. Your stepmother Afsoon was killed on the first day of the 1979 uprising. A stray bullet killed your sister Niloufar that same day. I can still see her, my little Niloufar, doing headstands to impress guests. Your brother Farhad joined the jihad in 1980. The Soviets killed him in 1982, just outside of Helmand. I never got to see his body. I don't know if you have children of your own, Mariam jo, but if you do I pray that God look after them and spare you the grief that I have known. I still dream of them. I still dream of my dead children.""]

["have dreams of you too, Mariam jo. I miss you. I miss the sound of your voice, your laughter. I miss reading to you, and all those times we fished together. Do you remember all those times we fished together? You were a good daughter,""]

["regret that I did not make you a daughter to me, that I let you live in that place for all those years. And for what? Fear of losing face? Of staining my so-called good name? How little those things matter to me now after all the loss, all the terrible things I have seen in this cursed war. But now, of course, it is too late. Perhaps this is just punishment for those who have been heartless, to understand only when nothing can be undone. Now all I can do is say that you were a good daughter, Mariam jo, and that I never deserved you. Now all I can do is ask for your forgiveness. So forgive me, Mariam jo. Forgive me. Forgive me. Forgive me.""]

["As she walks to her desk at the front of the class, Laila thinks of the naming game they'd played again over dinner the night before. It has become a nightly ritual ever since Laila gave Tariq and the children the news. Back and forth they go, making a case for their own choice. Tariq likes Mohammad. Zalmai, who has recently watched Superman on tape, is puzzled as to why an Afghan boy cannot be named Clark. Aziza is campaigning hard for Aman. Laila likes Omar. \nBut the game involves only male names. Because, if it's a girl, Laila has already named her." \n —']

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["Because you, you are precious cargo, Marwan, the most precious there ever was. I pray the sea knows this. Inshallah.""]

["It's what I always remember about being up here," Babi said. "The silence. The peace of"]

["women and men were equal in every way and there was no reason women should cover if men didn't.""]

["Giti was killed, collecting pieces of her daughter's flesh in an apron, screeching hysterically. Giti's decomposing right foot, still in its nylon sock and purple sneaker, would be found on a rooftop two weeks later. At Giti's fatiha, the day after the killings, Laila sat stunned in a roomful of weeping women. This was the first time that someone whom

Laila had known, been close to, loved, had died.”]

[“There, the future did not matter. And the past held only this wisdom: that love was a damaging mistake, and its accomplice, hope, a treacherous illusion.”]

[“Behind every trial and every sorrow that He makes us shoulder, God has a reason.”]

[“But somehow, over these last months, Laila and Aziza—a harami like herself, as it turned out—had become extensions of her, and now, without them, the life Mariam had tolerated for so long suddenly seemed intolerable.”]

[“she is the noor of my eyes and the sultan of my heart.”]

[“Mariam SEPTEMBER 1997”]

[“BUT WHEN THE time for good-byes came, the scene erupted precisely as Laila had dreaded. Aziza panicked.”]

[“Like a compass needle that points north, a man's accusing finger always finds a woman. Always. Remember that Mariam.””]

[“THE MORE TARIQ TALKED, the more Laila dreaded the moment when he would stop. The silence that would follow, the signal that it was her turn to give account, to provide the why and how and when, to make official what he surely already knew.”]

[“Tapi tentu saja, memang gampang menjadi pintar kalau kamu punya senjata yang siap dipakai.”]