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"I sorrow with you, my friend," the Arab chief said sympathetically.

"May Allah grant you peace. Do not worry, Jilani doctor. Bury your child in the royal graveyard. Let her rest in the company of my royal ancestors. I shall give my servants the order to dig a grave for her."

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"The light of my life has gone out," he would mourn. "I no longer want to live."

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"I want to go home to my own village," he told Hagar. "Let us return to Tangi."

In all his great sorrow all Gulam could think of was his childhood home.

The sweet memories of boyhood freedom and innocence loomed so large in his distorted vision that reality was crowded out.

"Come with us, Rahman," he begged his brother. "Let us all return to our native land."

Rahman was willing to go, but Regina was not. Regina was an Armenian and did not submit with blind obedience to her husband's every whim. She refused point-blank to leave her relatives and her homeland.

"Go if you wish," she stormed at her husband, "but you go alone. Your son and daughter and I will remain here."
Rahman was easily persuaded. He had nothing to gain by returning to his village, and much to lose if he went. He decided to stay where he had a comfortable home and an important position.

"You go, brother," he told Gulam, studying his face. "When your sorrow is eased, you will return, and we will be together again.

"I will never return." Gulam spoke sadly. "The memories are too much for me." He did not dream that his words were prophetic.

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So little Sara Jilani. princess by her own right as daughter and heir of a Pathan chief, slept in a royal burying place. Gulam Jilani was never the same after Sara's death. It seemed as if a part of him had been buried with her.

"The light of my life has gone out," he would mourn. "I no longer want to live." Impulsively he canceled all plans for going to Jerusalem.

"I want to go home to my own village," he told Hagar. "Let us return to Tangi."

In all his great sorrow all Gulam could think of was his childhood home. The sweet memories of boyhood freedom and innocence loomed so large in his distorted vision that reality was crowded out.

"Come with us, Rahman," he begged his brother. "Let us all return to our native land."

Rahman was willing to go, but Regina was not. Regina was an Armenian and did not submit with blind obedience to her husband's every whim. She refused point-blank to leave her relatives and her homeland.

"Go if you wish," she stormed at her husband, "but you go alone. Your son and daughter and I will remain here."
Rahman was easily persuaded. He had nothing to gain by returning to his village, and much to lose if he went. He decided to stay where he had a comfortable home and an important position.

"You go, brother," he told Gulam, studying his face. "When your sorrow is eased, you will return, and we will be together again.

"I will never return." Gulam spoke sadly. "The memories are too much for me." He did not dream that his words were prophetic.

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