

Seven Life Short Stories by Mokhdum Mashrafi

Mokhdum Mashrafi (Mehadi Laja)

Email: mehadilaja311@gmail.com

Research Associate, Track2Training, India

Researcher from Bangladesh

Mother Bird

A Short Story by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)

It was a cold winter morning. The air was wrapped in a silver mist, and the sky glowed faintly with the pale light of dawn. On the highest branch of a banyan tree, a tiny bird had built her nest—a fragile home of straw, leaves, and love. Inside, four little chicks slept closely together, their eyes half-open, their bodies trembling with the chill. The mother bird spread her soft wings over them, whispering warmth and comfort.

“Hush, my little ones,” she murmured, her voice tender as the morning breeze. “The night is gone, and the sun will soon kiss the sky. I will bring food for you, my precious babies.”

The little ones chirped weakly, their beaks opening in hunger. The mother smiled, her eyes full of hope. She kissed each of their tiny heads before

Received: 12 February 2026

Revised: 4 March 2026

Accepted: 14 March 2026

Copyright ♥ authors 2026

627

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.26643/ijr/36>

spreading her wings and flying into the misty air. Below, the earth glittered with dew; every leaf was a crystal, every gust of wind carried a secret song of life.

She flew over the fields, past the sleepy river and quiet huts, searching for grains or worms to feed her children. At last, she saw a courtyard where people had spread crops to dry under the winter sun. Her heart leapt with joy. She glided down silently, picked a few grains with her beak, and thought, 'My babies will smile today.'

But fate, like a sudden gust of wind, can change everything. As she gathered another grain, a net fell over her. She fluttered wildly, her wings beating the air in panic. Some children ran out of the house, laughing and clapping. "We caught a bird! We caught a bird!" they shouted. One boy said, "Let's keep her. We'll tie her wings so she cannot fly, and we'll play with her every day."

The mother bird trembled. Her heart raced—not for her own life, but for her four hungry chicks waiting in the nest. Tears, like drops of dew, rolled from her eyes. She thought of her babies, their empty stomachs, their soft cries echoing through the cold morning air. Time passed slowly—an hour, two, then three. Her wings felt weak, her hope fading with every heartbeat.

Just then, a woman's voice called from inside the house. "Children, what are you doing?" She stepped out, her eyes kind but firm. When she saw the trapped bird, her heart softened. "Let her go," she said gently. "She must have babies waiting for her. Tell me, how would you feel if someone caught me and tied my hands, leaving you alone?"

The children looked at her, their laughter fading. Silence filled the air. The oldest one whispered, "I'm sorry, Mother." They untied the net, and the mother bird felt freedom return to her wings. She rose slowly, trembling

but alive, and circled once above the courtyard before flying away—faster than the wind, lighter than sorrow.

When she reached the nest, her heart almost stopped. The chicks were crying faintly, weak but alive. She dropped the grains before them, feeding each one gently. Her tears mixed with the morning dew as she whispered, “I am here, my children. I am here.” The nest trembled with joy. The breeze played through the branches as if singing a song of forgiveness and love.

Moral Reflection

A mother’s love knows no boundaries—neither fear nor pain can stop her from protecting her children. Even the smallest creature carries a universe of love within her heart. This story reminds us that compassion is the purest form of strength.

— *Written by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)*

Love and Dream Are Dancing in the Eyes

A timeless story of love, faith, and return by Mehadi Laja(Mokhdum Mashrafi).

In a quiet village, nestled between green fields and winding dust roads, lived two lower-middle-class families. They were not poor, yet life was simple — measured in the rhythm of the seasons and the color of the soil. Their houses stood a little apart, but their lives were close, tied by friendship and the laughter of their children.

One family had one son and four daughters. The other had one daughter and two sons. Their children were almost the same age, growing up side by side — their days filled with games, quarrels, and endless laughter. They played village games: “King and Queen,” “Family,” where one became the husband, another the wife, and the rest their make-believe children. Beneath the open sky, they acted out dreams they didn’t yet understand.

As time flowed gently, childhood turned to youth. And between them, something began to bloom — shy, uncertain, beautiful. The only son of one family and the only daughter of the other began to see each other not as playmates, but as something deeper.

Love had quietly entered the village.

Their brothers and sisters noticed and warned them, whispering that their parents would never approve. Yet love is not a thing that listens to reason. The boy and girl met in secret — in the quiet of dusk, by the river, near the banyan tree — anywhere their hearts could breathe freely.

When meeting became impossible, they made a secret promise.

There was a Royal Poinciana tree — its branches blazing red beside the road, visible from both of their homes. “If ever we cannot meet,” they whispered,

“we will look at the Poinciana tree — at 8 in the morning, at noon, at 3, at 5, and at 11 beneath the full moon. We will search for each other’s eyes among its flowers. The petals will carry our love.”

And so it was.

The fireflies danced around that tree at night, making its blossoms shimmer. The harvest moon poured silver light over the red petals. The cuckoo sang its soft *ku-ku-ku* song, and the wind carried the fragrance of their love from one heart to the other.

Soon, the whole village came to know. But love so pure could not be denied. At last, their families agreed, and the two were married beneath the same wide sky that had seen their childhood.

Their love was now bound in truth.

After marriage, the young man dreamed of a better life. He wanted to earn, to stand on his own feet, to make his beloved proud. So he decided to go abroad for work. His parents sold a little land; her parents did the same. They gathered enough money, and soon his journey was arranged.

Before leaving, he held her hand and said softly,

“Believe in love. I will think of you every second.”

She smiled, though her eyes glistened.

“And I will wait for you every second,” she whispered.

He left.

The first months were kind — letters, phone calls, laughter shared across distance. Then came joy: she was with child. But one morning, everything changed.

Foreign police came, asking for his passport and visa. The documents, made by those who had sent him abroad, were false. He was arrested, imprisoned — and suddenly, all contact was lost.

In the village, days turned to weeks, and weeks to months. No word came. Then rumors began to spread like dust in the wind. People whispered that he had married a foreign woman, that he had children there, that he had forgotten his wife.

His family refused to believe it, but the gossip did not stop. His wife gave birth to a son, but the villagers mocked her, pitied her, and insulted her faith.

Years passed.

Her parents urged her to remarry. One evening her mother said gently, “My child, your husband is gone. They say he has another family now. We cannot let you live alone forever.”

The young woman looked through the window — at the Royal Poinciana tree, still bright with scarlet blooms.

“Mother,” she said softly, “can I let the world call my love a lie? “Mother, can I destroy the name of my love — my husband — before everyone’s eyes? Look outside — the flowers are still the same. The same red, the same fragrance. Once, he and I looked at them together, searching for each

other's eyes among the petals. Even now, the moonlight falls the same way,
and I feel him near.

If my love is true, he will return. Love that is true never dies.”

Her parents wept but said no more.

She waited.

Fifteen years passed like wind through the fields.

Then one season, the Royal Poinciana tree bloomed more fiercely than ever
before. The fragrance was stronger, the color deeper — as if the earth itself
had remembered.

One afternoon, as the clock struck three, she looked up — and there,
standing at the edge of the courtyard, was a man with long hair, a tired face,
and eyes that carried years of pain and hope.

It was him.

After fifteen years, he had come home — freed from prison, back from the
foreign land, back to the wife and son who had never stopped waiting.

And under the blazing red canopy of the Royal Poinciana tree —
their eyes met again.

The same eyes that once searched for each other among the flowers.
The same love, unchanged by time, by distance, by the cruel hands of fate.

The tree whispered in the wind,

“Love is truth. And truth always returns.”

— *Written by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)*

One Color from the Palette of Waiting Love

A Short Story by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)

The sky was painted in soft hues of dawn, and the sound of birds echoed through the valley. By a small pond surrounded by wildflowers and tall grass, two cousins—Sara and Sunny—played together as they did every morning. Sara, three years older, had a spark in her eyes that carried both innocence and wisdom. One day, as they sat beneath the banyan tree, she took his little hand and said, ‘By the pond, the trees, and the clouds, I promise you—we are husband and wife forever.’

Sunny laughed shyly, his cheeks blushing. ‘You’re silly, Sara,’ he said, but his heart believed her. They sealed their promise with a kiss on the cheek—a moment of pure childhood love beneath a sky that watched silently.

Days turned into months, and the bond between them deepened. Their laughter filled the air, their games carried whispers of unspoken love. But fate, cruel and unseen, had other plans. One afternoon, while Sunny was playing near the road, a group of strangers approached. Within moments, they took him away. The shouts faded, and the pond, once filled with laughter, became silent.

Years passed. Sara grew into a young woman, her heart still tied to the boy who had once promised her forever. Every morning and every night, she stood by the pond, whispering his name to the wind. Her parents urged her to move on, to marry, to forget the fantasy of childhood. But she refused. ‘He will come back,’ she said. ‘He promised me.’

Sunny, meanwhile, was sold far away to a wealthy family in a distant land. Though treated kindly, his heart never belonged there. Each night, he looked at the stars and wondered if Sara still remembered him. Time

changed his face but not his soul. He learned, worked, and waited—for the day he could return home.

After twelve long years, when he was twenty-three, Sunny finally found his way back. The village had changed; the fields were smaller, the trees older. But the pond still shimmered under the same sky. He hurried toward the old banyan tree, his heart racing, his eyes searching for the girl who had once been his world.

Near the pond stood a small mud hut, its door half-open. A familiar voice seemed to echo in the air. ‘Sara!’ he called, his voice trembling. For a moment, there was silence. Then a figure appeared—pale, thin, yet unmistakably her. Sara looked at him, her eyes wide with disbelief. ‘Sunny?’ she whispered. He nodded, tears glistening in his eyes.

They stood facing each other as time stood still. She ran to him and embraced him, crying into his chest. ‘I knew you would come back,’ she said between sobs. ‘I waited every day. The pond, the trees, the sky—they all know my heart.’ Sunny smiled through his tears. ‘And I never forgot you, Sara. You were the light that guided me home.’

For two days, they lived in a dream—talking, laughing, remembering. But happiness built on years of sorrow is fragile. On the third morning, Sunny left to search for his parents, promising to return by sunset. Sara watched him walk away, her heart uneasy, the wind whispering an unfamiliar sadness.

Days passed, then weeks, but Sunny did not return. When he finally came back, his clothes were torn, his face pale. He had searched everywhere, but his parents were gone. As he approached Sara’s hut, an eerie silence filled the air. The door creaked open, and what he saw froze his soul.

Sara lay motionless on the floor, her face pale, her body weak and lifeless, Sara did suicide after a long long time inflammation love wait, she reached last point of inflammation of waiting love and she found love sweetness on suicide death. A wilted garland rested beside her head. It seemed she had waited until her last breath, believing he would come. Sunny fell to his knees, his cry piercing the quiet air. 'No, Sara! I came back! I'm here!' But the wind carried only his own echo.

Grief consumed him. With trembling steps, he walked toward the pond—the same pond where they had pledged their eternal bond. The sky wept as rain began to fall. 'If love cannot live without her,' he whispered, 'then I shall not live without her either.' And with that, Sunny stepped into the pond's cold embrace. The water closed over him like a final promise kept.

When dawn broke, the village found two garlands floating on the pond—one of red hibiscus and one of white lilies. The breeze carried their scent, and some said they saw two doves flying together across the morning sky.

Moral Reflection

True love is timeless—it neither fades with years nor bends under distance. Sara and Sunny's love teaches us that waiting is not weakness, but the purest proof of faith. Even when life separates souls, love finds a way to reunite them beyond time and tears. When a person wait long time for love by inflammation mind than after long time when his/her lover comes than his/her previous life inflammation makes he/her tasteless about love and than he/she finds her love taste by death or suicide.

— *Written by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)*

The Adopted Child

A Short Story by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)

In a quiet town surrounded by fields and gentle hills, there lived a couple whose hearts longed for the laughter of a child. Years passed, but their home remained silent. Every evening, the wife prayed beneath the flickering light of a lamp, whispering, 'O Lord, bless this empty cradle with life.' But time gave them sorrow instead of sound.

One day, the couple heard of a poor family living on the edge of the town—a family with many children and a newborn boy. Driven by love, they visited the small hut. The poor mother held her baby close, her eyes tired but kind. The childless woman said softly, 'We will give him everything—love, care, a good life. Will you let him be ours?' Tears rolled down both mothers' cheeks. Poverty defeated attachment, and the baby was given into new arms of affection.

The couple named him Arman. From the very first day, he filled their home with joy. His laughter echoed in every room, and his mother, whom he called "Mother," never let him feel unloved. She sang him to sleep, watched his first steps, and wept with joy when he said his first word.

Years passed. Then, like a late miracle, Mother discovered she was expecting a child of her own. When she gave birth to a baby boy, the family rejoiced again. Later, a little daughter followed, and the house overflowed with love. But amid the joy, something changed.

The father, once gentle, began to distance himself from Arman. His affection shifted toward his own blood. He often scolded Arman for small mistakes and praised the younger ones for everything. Mother noticed the

change but said nothing—she feared that speaking might deepen the divide.

One night, after dinner, her husband said, “He should go back to his real parents. They are poor, yes, but he belongs to them.” Mother’s spoon fell from her hand. “Never!” she cried. “He is my first child—the one I prayed for when the world was silent.” Their voices rose in pain. That night, the house that once echoed with laughter was filled with silence.

Days turned into weeks, and Mother made a quiet decision. She would send Arman to a good boarding school far away—not to abandon him, but to protect him from his father’s growing coldness. When she told Arman, his eyes filled with tears. “Will you visit me, Mother?” he asked softly. She held him tight and whispered, “Always, my son.”

At school, Arman studied hard but missed his mother every night. He kept a little drawing she had made for him—a picture of their home with three smiling children. Whenever he felt lonely, he looked at it and whispered, “My mother loves me.”

Years later, when Arman was in college, news came. His mother had met with a terrible accident. Without delay, he rushed home. In the hospital, he found his father sitting beside her bed, his eyes red. Mother’s face was pale, her eyes covered with bandages.

“She is alive,” the doctor said, “but her eyes are gone. She will never see again.” The words fell like thunder. Arman held her hand and cried silently. His father bowed his head in guilt and despair. After a long silence, Arman asked the doctor, “If someone gives their eyes, can she see again?” The doctor hesitated. “It’s risky, but possible.”

That night, Arman sat by his mother’s bed and made his decision. The next morning, he told the doctor to prepare for surgery. When his father learned

of it, he said, “No, son, you have your whole life ahead. Don’t sacrifice yourself.” But Arman smiled faintly. “My mother’s eyes are my world, Baba. If she cannot see, I have no light either.”

The operation took hours. When Mother opened her eyes days later, she saw light again. Her heart trembled when she saw Arman beside her bed, one eye covered with a white bandage. Tears streamed down her cheeks. “Why, my son?” she whispered. He held her hand and said, “Now you can see me again, Mother. That’s all I ever wanted.”

From that day, her husband never again spoke harshly to Arman. He understood what true love meant—not blood, but sacrifice. The mother’s sight returned, but it was the son who became her eyes, her pride, her light.

Moral Reflection

Love is not measured by birth but by the willingness to give everything for another’s happiness. True motherhood is not in bearing a child but in nurturing one. A mother’s heart is infinite, and a child’s gratitude eternal.

— *Written by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)*

Hero

A Short Story by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)

In the heart of a crowded city, two souls met by destiny. He was a young man named Arif, a rising actor in a small theater group, and she was Lamiya, a bright university student with dreams that glittered like the morning sun. They first met by chance, crossing the same road each day, exchanging smiles that slowly turned into words, and words into love.

Arif was poor but full of ambition. After his office job ended each evening, he hurried to the local drama group, where he played roles that moved hearts. Lamiya often sat quietly in the audience, watching him with admiration as he became kings, lovers, and heroes on stage. Their bond grew deeper with every curtain fall and every whispered promise under the dim streetlights.

After a year, they decided to marry. Their families hesitated at first—their homes were far apart, their dreams uncertain—but love overcame hesitation. The wedding was simple, filled with laughter and prayer. For a time, their life together was perfect. Arif's love for acting continued, and Lamiya supported him, proud of the man she had chosen.

But as months turned into years, the pressures of life began to erode their happiness. Arif struggled to earn enough, while Lamiya missed the peaceful rhythm of her old home. Misunderstandings crept in like shadows after sunset. Small quarrels became storms, and their once-sweet words turned into bitter silence.

One evening, after another argument, Arif left home, saying he needed space to think. Lamiya sat in their small room, clutching his photograph,

tears falling silently. Days passed, then weeks. Finally, she received divorce papers. Her heart shattered—but fate had one more secret to reveal.

Two months later, Lamiya discovered she was pregnant. The news both broke and healed her. She decided to keep the child, believing it was the last piece of their love. Her parents took her home, where she gave birth to a baby girl—a child of love and sorrow. But knowing her own strength was fading, she made a painful choice. She gave the baby up for adoption to a kind, childless couple, on one condition: that she could sometimes visit and be introduced as the child's 'aunt.'

Years passed. The little girl grew up in comfort and love. She had her mother's eyes and her father's smile. Unknowingly, she inherited Arif's passion for performance and began acting in local plays. The world applauded her charm, and soon, she was offered roles in films. Her name lit up on posters and billboards—her beauty captivating, her talent undeniable.

Meanwhile, Arif's journey took a different turn. After the divorce, he poured himself into his work, eventually gaining fame in the film industry. He became known as a hero, adored by millions, but haunted by loneliness. He married twice afterward, yet each marriage ended in silence and regret.

The adopted daughter grew up in a loving environment, attending school and gradually starting acting in dramas at her adoptive family's house. Lamiya sometimes visited her, still acting as the daughter's "aunt." Eventually, the young girl entered the movie industry, and her first three films became box office hits. She was beautiful, talented, and charming.

Years later, destiny played its final act. Arif signed a new film—and his co-star was a young actress named Raya. From the first moment he saw her, something stirred deep in his heart—a strange, tender familiarity. Her

laughter, her eyes—they reminded him of someone he once loved deeply. Time passed, and a new film project brought the famous hero, Arif, together with the rising actress—his adopted daughter, now an adult—though neither realized their true connection initially. They fell in love during the shooting of the film and decided they wanted to marry.

During rehearsals, he watched her with quiet admiration, never guessing the truth. When Arif visited the young actress's home for marriage discussions, the single adoptive family revealed the truth about her biological mother. But fate always reveals its secrets in time. When the director organized a family dinner before the shooting, Raya invited her 'aunt'—Lamiya. When Arif arrived and saw her, the world seemed to stop. His hands trembled, his heart froze. Lamiya was there, and she asked Arif, "Do you remember me? This is your daughter, born after our divorce."

"Lamiya..." he whispered, his voice breaking. She looked up slowly, her eyes full of years gone by. Raya, unaware, smiled and said, "Aunt Lamiya, this is the actor I told you about—he's the hero in my new film!" The room fell silent. Arif's eyes filled with tears. He looked at Lamiya, then at the young woman who stood between them—his daughter, his lost love reborn.

Later that night, Lamiya met Arif outside. Her voice was calm but heavy with sorrow. "She doesn't know," she said softly. Arif nodded, unable to speak. The wind rustled through the trees, carrying their unspoken pain. 'I gave her to a good family,' she continued, 'because I couldn't raise her alone. You had your path, Arif, and I had mine.'

Arif's eyes burned with shame. 'I was a fool,' he said. 'I thought I could erase the past. But it followed me, in her smile, her eyes, her laughter.' He fell to his knees, tears wetting the earth. But when he looked up, Lamiya was gone—like a memory carried away by time. Arif's eyes filled with deep shame and sorrow. Overwhelmed by emotion, he whispered to Lamiya, "I

will leave the country tomorrowThe next morning, Arif disappeared from the city. Some said he moved abroad; others claimed he quit acting and lived quietly by the sea. But those who knew him said they could still see the pain behind his eyes in every film he had ever made—the story of a hero who could save the world but not his own heart.. ...” And indeed, he vanished, never to be seen in the country again

Moral Reflection

Life writes its greatest dramas with love and loss. The truest heroes are not those who win applause but those who carry regret with grace. Sometimes, destiny takes everything from us only to return it as a lesson in humility and forgiveness.

— *Written by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)*

The Heroine's Love

A Short Story by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)

In a quiet neighborhood of the city, where the evening breeze carried the faint aroma of jasmine, lived a young married couple—Sunny and Sara. They had been married for three years, and their love was as gentle as the first rain of spring. Sunny worked in an office nearby, while Sara spent her days painting, reading, and dreaming. Every evening, Sunny returned home with a smile, and together they would talk, laugh, and plan a future filled with hope.

One evening, as the sunset painted their room golden, Sara received a phone call from a film director who had once seen her at an art exhibition. He told her, 'You have a face that tells a thousand stories. Would you consider acting in my next film?' Sara was surprised but intrigued. When Sunny came home, she shared the news with excitement in her eyes.

Sunny looked at her for a long moment. 'Acting?' he said softly. 'You've never done that before.' 'I know,' she smiled, 'but I want to try. Maybe it will bring something new into our life.' He hesitated, then touched her hand. 'If it makes you happy, Sara, then I will stand by you.'

Days turned into weeks, and Sara began her new journey. She became the heroine of the film world—respected, graceful, admired. Her beauty glowed on the screen, yet she remained humble. She refused to act in intimate scenes and always used a stand-in for romantic moments. People adored her not only for her looks but for her purity of heart. Months turned into years. Some of her movies became box office hits. Meanwhile, her husband spent his evenings reading books and patiently supporting his wife. Sometimes, she returned home late after shoots, apologizing, "Sorry,

Received: 12 February 2026

Revised: 4 March 2026

Accepted: 14 March 2026

Copyright ♥ authors 2026

644

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.26643/ijr/36>

‘I’m slightly late.’ He always replied, ‘It’s okay, honey.’ Everything seemed perfect.

As her fame grew, so did her distance from Sunny. Not by intention, but by time. Late-night shootings, long journeys, and endless media attention slowly built walls between them. Sunny missed their quiet evenings together—the laughter, the warmth, the shared meals. When she returned late one night, he said gently, ‘You’re drifting away, Sara.’ She looked at him with tired eyes. ‘Please understand, Sunny. This is just a phase.’

But destiny had already chosen a different script. One morning, after a routine medical check-up, Sara sat in the doctor’s office, her hands trembling. ‘It’s cancer,’ the doctor said softly. ‘We can treat it, but it’s in an advanced stage.’ Her world went silent. As she walked out, tears blurred her vision. She thought of Sunny—his laughter, his patience, his love. ‘He will break if he knows,’ she whispered. ‘I cannot let him suffer.’

That night, when Sunny came home, she smiled more than usual. She cooked his favorite meal, laughed at his jokes, and kissed him tenderly before bed. He didn’t know she was memorizing every detail—his voice, his face, the way he looked at her. One day, the husband had to go on an office tour to a far city for a few days. When he returned, he heard the shocking news—his wife had divorced him. His heart broke. He rented a new house and tried to move on. The next morning, while he was at work, she signed divorce papers and left the house without a word.

Weeks later, Sunny received the papers. His heart shattered. A few days later, he unexpectedly saw his ex-wife face-to-face. She looked at him with kind and loving eyes, but he didn’t speak to her. Anger and suspicion filled his mind. He thought, perhaps she had fallen in love with another actor or someone in the film industry. Maybe that was why she had divorced him—

so that she could remarry quickly. Fear of public ridicule and loss of prestige led him to marry another woman quickly.

Months and years passed. Yet, the man noticed that his ex-wife never remarried. Sometimes, she visited his new house, speaking with his new wife, but whenever he returned home from work during these visits, she would leave suddenly, like a storm. Despite her illness and fragile state, she never sought remarriage.

Years passed. Sara's condition worsened, but she continued to act, hiding her pain behind her radiant smile. When her strength faded, she retired and lived quietly by the sea, writing her thoughts in a diary. She wrote about love, regret, and the strange beauty of silence. Her only wish was that Sunny would someday find peace.

One day, Sunny saw a newspaper headline: 'Beloved Actress Sara Critically Ill.' His heart froze. Without hesitation, he rushed to the hospital. But by the time he arrived, it was too late. She had taken her last breath. Her assistant handed him a small leather-bound diary. 'She wanted you to have this,' the woman said softly.

Sunny opened it with trembling hands. On the first page, written in her delicate handwriting, were the words: 'My dearest Sunny, I never stopped loving you. I only left so you wouldn't have to watch me fade away. Forgive me for the pain I gave you—it was the only way I could save you from mine.' Later, he learned the truth. During the time of his office tour, when she had been laughing, romantic, and affectionate with him, she was secretly feeling unwell. A doctor's visit revealed that she had cancer—severe and terminal. She knew she would not survive long, but she loved her husband deeply and did not want him to suffer from grief.

To protect him from unbearable pain, she decided to file for divorce temporarily, ensuring that her husband could live without the immediate knowledge of her terminal condition. Deep in her heart, however, she remained his “forever wife” in heaven. That is why she visited him again and again, even after he remarried—to say goodbye, to be near him, and to ensure he understood her love. She sometimes appeared angry, storming out after seeing him, because she was hurt by his quick remarriage—but it was a facade.

After her death, the husband read her diary, which she had left to be delivered to him. In it, she explained everything: her illness, her decision to divorce temporarily, her continued love, and her reasons for never remarrying. It was a revelation of her love, sacrifice, and understanding of his fragile heart.

The husband realized he had misjudged her intentions and her devotion. His remarriage had been for prestige, fearing ridicule if she married another hero, but her love had remained constant, unwavering, and pure.

Tears blurred his sight. He whispered to the wind, ‘You were always my heroine, Sara. Always.’ And as the waves crashed softly against the shore outside, Sunny felt her presence—like a quiet promise carried in the sea breeze. This is a story of love, sacrifice, and understanding—an evergreen tale of devotion that transcends misunderstanding, time, and even death.

Moral Reflection

True love is not always about staying—it is sometimes about leaving to protect the one you love. Sara’s story teaches us that love’s greatest strength is sacrifice. Even in separation, true affection endures, eternal and unbroken. This is a story of love, sacrifice, and understanding—an evergreen tale of devotion that transcends misunderstanding, time, and even death.

— *Written by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)*

Received: 12 February 2026

Revised: 4 March 2026

Accepted: 14 March 2026

Copyright ♥ authors 2026

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.26643/ijr/36>

A Poor Man's Love (Based on a True Story)

A Story by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)

In a small village surrounded by green fields and dusty roads, there lived a man whose life was as humble as the earth he walked upon. He had no land of his own, no house to call his shelter. With his wife and only child, he lived from day to day—working on other people's land, earning just enough to fill their stomachs. Their life was poor, yet filled with love and quiet dignity.

Over the years, the man and his wife saved small amounts from what little they earned. They sold their cow and their goats, piece by piece gathering the dream of a home. At last, one day, they bought a small piece of land at the edge of the village. With their own hands, they built a tiny mud house—simple, but full of hope. For the first time in years, they felt the warmth of stability. The man would often tell his wife, 'This house may be small, but it's ours. No one can take this roof from us.'

Years passed. Their child grew, the house aged, but happiness remained. Until one season, fate changed its course. The poor man fell gravely ill. His body weakened day by day, and soon he was too sick to work. The village doctor said he suffered from a complex disease that needed expensive treatment in the town hospital—money they did not have.

His wife wept by his bedside. 'We can sell the land,' she said, 'and take you to the hospital. You will live.' But the man shook his head weakly, his eyes calm and resolute. 'No,' he said softly, 'if we sell this house and land for my treatment, and I still die... where will you and our child go? You'll be homeless again, wandering from place to place. It's better if I go alone than to take your shelter away.'

Received: 12 February 2026

Revised: 4 March 2026

Accepted: 14 March 2026

Copyright ♥ authors 2026

648

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.26643/ijr/36>

‘Don’t say that,’ she cried. ‘Your life is worth more than land.’ He smiled faintly. ‘No, my love. My life is borrowed, but this land—this little home—will protect you and our child even after I am gone. A husband’s duty is not only to live for his family, but also to die for their safety if needed.’

For days, the wife begged him to reconsider, but his mind was firm. His health worsened, yet he refused to sell the house. One evening, as the sun faded into the fields, he called his wife and child near. Holding their hands, he said, ‘Promise me you’ll stay strong. Live in this home. Raise our child with courage. And when people ask about me, tell them I chose to die so that you could live in peace.’

The next morning, as the first light touched the roof of their little house, the man breathed his last. His wife’s cries echoed through the village. She told everyone, through her tears, about her husband’s final words and his sacrifice. ‘He gave his life,’ she said, ‘so that his family would not lose their home. He died with love, not fear.’

The villagers mourned deeply. They said he was poor in wealth but rich in soul—a man who chose death to preserve his family’s dignity. His wife continued to live in that small house, raising their child as he had wished. Whenever someone asked about her husband, she would look toward the sky and say, ‘He didn’t leave me with money. He left me with love.’

And yet, as the years went by, whispers began among the villagers. Some said, ‘She is still young. She should remarry.’ Others looked at her with greedy eyes, thinking of the small plot of land she owned. But she ignored them all. Her heart still belonged to the man who had given his life for her peace. Every evening, she lit a lamp in front of his photograph and prayed to creator Allah—not for wealth or comfort, but for the strength to honor his sacrifice.

Moral Reflection

True love is not measured by how long two people live together, but by how deeply one heart sacrifices for another. This story reminds us that even the poorest man can give the greatest gift—love that endures beyond life. A man's wealth is not his property, but the purity of his heart and the legacy of his sacrifice.

— *Written by Mehadi Laja (Mokhdum Mashrafi)*

With Respect,
Mokhdum Azam Mashrafi (Mehadi Laja)
Research Associate, Track2Training, India
Researcher from Bangladesh