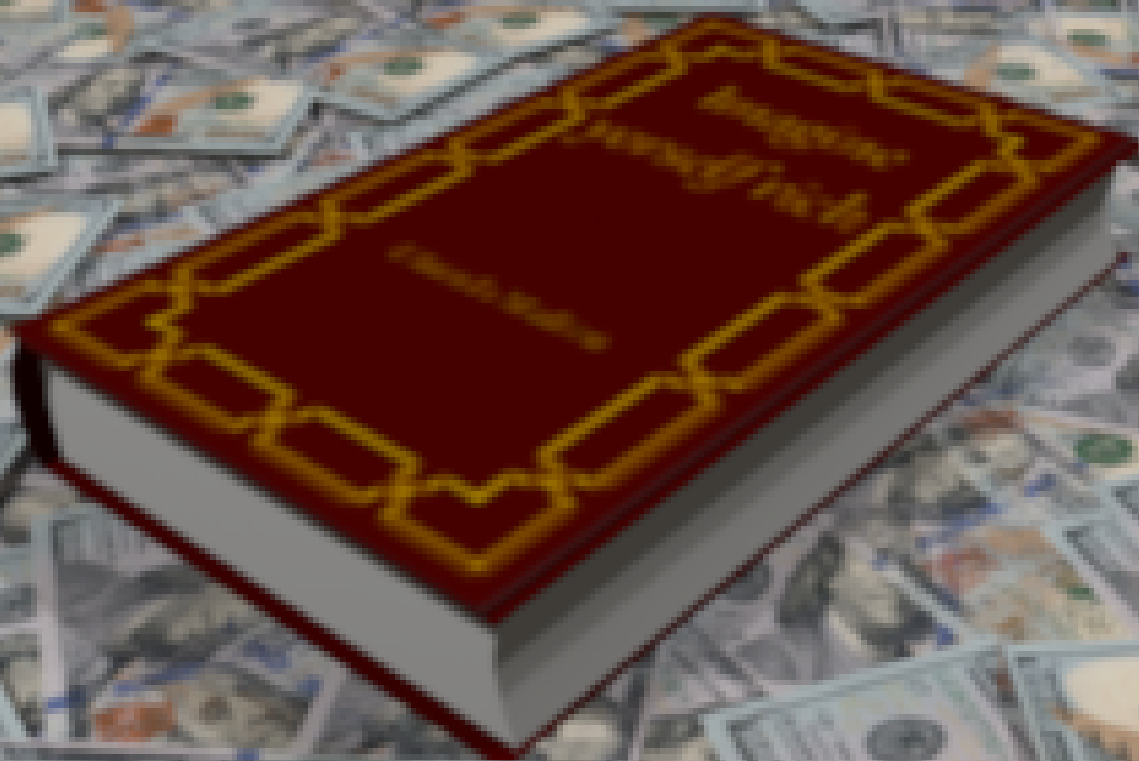


The Book of The Millionaire



The Protected By Allah



Edit with WPS Office



**In the name of of Allah
the Merciful**

**The Book
of
The Millionaire**

**Authorised by:
The protected by Allah**



The minutes were passing violently by all those who were standing in the waiting room of that luxurious hospital in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia..

The heart rate was raising questions and curiosity in the souls of those who were in front of the intensive care room.. one two.. one two..
- No, it doesn't beat regularly..

That is what the young man "Malten" whispered while he was hiding his head between his shoulders.. he is witnessing a fateful moment in his life..

While the important employees and close servant - who were attend- were recalculating fearfully.. what will happen?.. and will there be an impact on what will happen?.. Let's answer oh destiny!!

The sound of the pulse device surprised them with a rapid decline, with which the morale of many decreased, their hearts accelerated, and their eyes expanded, while destiny counted to ten and...
Toooot!!!

This was followed by a horrible silence, so the people who were standing exchanged looks with touching meanings in the last light before the lights of the care room went out and the doctors came out, announcing condolences on the death of the deceased and the loss of the dear..



Immediately his girlfriend dropped down bursting out crying and weeping, and seeing her, the chief of the servants and the others became crying, consoling and embracing each other and then the waiting room turns into mourning and wailing..

After a few minutes, the drunk left and the idea came. The whole crowd demanded to see the deceased, and they entered hastily overlooking the dead, and the weeping party returned again, so that they did not hear the whisper that one of them whispered:

- Finally!

This was the young man Malten in the old brown coat, who was hiding his smile between his long collar.. and as soon as he was sure by his eyes of his uncle's death, he turned his back to the standings and left the grief to his people and received life with his chest and came out of the room while his mind almost jumped with joy as he hardly concealed his smile..

And as soon as he walked down the stairs of the hospital, life became very sweet in his eyes, and he whispered with a smile:

- Now, right away to the lawyer!

And the man jogged towards the city centre to that luxurious office that belonged to his uncle's lawyer.

He stood in front of the door of the varnished wood



and tried to improve the appearance of his hair and clothes before knocking on it, but whispered with laughter:

- Why?! .. I became richer than the owner of this office! .. He became who seeks my pleasure!

He knocked on the door with confidence raising his nose high, and the well-groomed old usher opened the door..

But as soon as he saw Malten in his old clothes, he darkened his face and prepared to expel this poor parasite away, while the young man gave him a judicious look and said:

- Get away from my face, old man, and call your master at once!

The usher furrowed his brows and intended to slam the door when Malten added:

- It seems that you do not know that you are in the presence of who! .. I am the new millionaire Malten! .. I have come to take over the affairs of my property after the death of that old man, my uncle!

Malten burst out laughing, while the brow was suspicious, but he realized that it was the same arrogant laughter of the Malten family, so he was forced at last to bring Malten into the hall of the large luxurious office, which if our friend had seen him yesterday, he would be astonished, but now he was looking from above and staring around him with the



outskirts of his eyes and everything inside him shouting:

- This is the office of one of the followers, so how about the master's house?!

Moments passed before the fifty-years-old lawyer appeared in his staid face and uniform and sat examining his visitor who has arrogant, hateful looks and preparing to bear his weight and paranoia!

As soon as he told him the matter and the lawyer was sure of the truth of his claim and the truth of his story, he said in a low voice:

- Perhaps, sir, you could have waited a few hours, at least after your uncle is buried!

Malten burst out in anger:

- And what is my relationship to this issue?!.. Inheritance and will work as soon as the inheritable dies, not as burying him!.. Now do your work and hand me the keys and the reins of affairs.. Let's move!

The lawyer swallowed his displeasure, then got up to the next room, Malten heard the sound of keys opening and the creaking of iron.

His saliva flowed and his dreams blossomed. Soon the lawyer returned with a look like a gloating look in his eyes, he presented him with a copy of an official document sealed and signed and accompanied by a book with a precious cover, and when Malten began



to read it, he remembered suddenly that he can't read, so he was shocked and then corrected the situation, saying:

- Read it for me..isn't this your job?!
- Yes, but I wanted you to check this yourself.

The lawyer sharpened his voice, put on his glasses, and began to read, but the young man Malten could hardly hear him among his dreams, and as soon as he finished, Malten said to him:

- I understood.. as it is expected.. now where are the keys?

The lawyer was dumbfounded, not knowing what to say, then answered in a confused voice:

- As if you didn't hear what I said, sir!
- And what did you say?..I mean these formalities are your specialty..as for me, they do not concern me.. what concerns me only are the keys, papers for banks, money...and these matters!

The lawyer sighed, having to deal with this simple, popular type of people, and re-read part of the document in a clear voice:

"And my heir must take the test that I deposited with my lawyer "Butler", which is a test in the book "Imagine Yourself Wealthy" that I wrote and attached to my will.. If he succeeds, he will be my heir"

Malten shouted angrily:



- Impossible!.. you are a fraud.. you covet my wealth!
- It is not impossible.. Nor is this fraud.. This is a document with your uncle's handwriting, signature and fingerprint.. Look.. That's why I wanted you to read it yourself..

The lawyer turned the document to show it to Malten, who violently snatched it from his hand and savagely tore it saying:

- Now there is no truth!

The lawyer stopped his laughter and said:

- Sir..this is just a copy of twenty copies other than the original document..that is how your uncle recommended his money and this is how it should be!
- No no!

Malten stood to attack the lawyer violently, while the latter tried to defend himself, so the book fell down from his lap and opened.

And as soon as Malten saw him open, he kicked him angrily, healed and tore him among the confused looks of the lawyer, then turned his eyes as if the world had narrowed him at the last moment, and he started screaming like a madman as he came out of the office depressed and sad, and as his voice disappeared, the lawyer put his hand on his head in pain:

- I think this man is the biggest disaster in my



professional history ever!

- I'm with you on this, sir!

As for Malten, he went out smashing the ground with his feet, erupting like a volcano and hitting the walls until night caught up with him and his feet were worn out. So he went to a park and lied down on one of its desks.. and sighed out in pain..

- Millionaire and sleeping on a chair in a park?!.. Ah!.. My uncle is a savage.. I have not received any good from him, neither he is alive nor dead.. Ah!.. "Imagine yourself rich"?!.. Who needs imagination when he is really rich?!

He rolled over the wood, sighing, and said:

- It seems that this must be done.. It is unreasonable for me to waste all that wealth just for a trivial exam paper.. but how?!.. how when I have not read a letter in my life besides memorizing a book or taking an exam?!.. Always these words were just words that I hear from schoolchildren or the miserable lazy comrades in the neighborhood.

He hit his face angrily and shouted:

- I didn't imagine that I would have to use it one day after all this life... But what to do?.. It is necessary to do this.. Must!

And a few minutes passed before he got up from the chair bursting out.. He would not know the taste of



sleep, while those obsessions hit and tortured him.. So he rambled the park and the streets with his angry steps until the lights of dawn appeared. He immediately went to the lawyer's office, hovering around him for hours.

As he saw the lawyer coming, he attacked him asking excitedly:

- Where is he?.. where is he?.. give me it now!

The poor lawyer tried to get his collar off Malten's hands and catch his breath, saying:

- What are you talking about? .. What do you want? .. You will kill me!

Malten let him down, saying:

- The book; My passport to the world of wealth! .. Where is it?

The lawyer replied angrily, taking his breath angrily and opening the office door:

- Of course I won't carry it with me.. It's here in the office!

The lawyer came in and gave the book to Malten who took it and turned the tattered, filthy pages in a fit of bitter remorse, and said in a low voice:

- Is there another copy instead of this one?

- No!..that's all..it is in your uncle's handwriting as you



can see..

The lawyer tried to hide his smile of schadenfreude, while Malten tried to hide his face and ran away trying to correct the positions of the papers completely, so he walked a lot under the weight of his wandering before...

Before he felt a fast ghost snatching what was between his hands, it made a terrible sound tearing from the pages which were in his hands, they had separated from their roots, so he was shocked for a moment before he realized the reality and went behind that thief..

- Stop, crazy.. Stop.. you don't know what you do!

His despairing voice disappeared when he was losing the trace of the book and wealth in one fell swoop, he cried sobbing like a small child, while the laughter of the gang around him rose:

- Crazy!

- Amazing show, Jim!

- What a crazy young man!

- His father must deprive him of his money for a month because he lost his book!

And they started laughing gleefully as they left while Malten collapsed on his knees, hearing nothing but the wailing of himself and the screaming of his soul, and the world around him turned black.



A time passed before he felt a lump on his back, he regained consciousness when he heard:

- Are you alive, man?!

Maltin raised his eyes to meet the eyes of an angry traffic policeman, shouting:

- What are you doing here in the middle of the street?!
.. You have disrupted traffic!

Suddenly Malten perceived the sound of angry car horns that were ringing in the place, so he got up heavy and moved away amid the curses that were raining down on him from all sides and walked.. walked.. and walked..

Night fell on him while he was wandering, not feeling his hunger or tired.. He did not know the number of days he had spent without food when he suddenly opened his eyes in a white place!

But he was not as hungry as he used to.. Yet his stomach was hurting him, and he tried to get up when he had a fit of convulsion along his body. He fell in shock and tried to catch his breath when he felt that his hands were tied.

- What is this tube on my hand? Or rather, in my hand?
.. This contains a transparent liquid, but .. What is this? On the other hand, blood!



A chill ran through his body as he contemplated this strange condition in which he was..

He tried to turn his head, but he also could not, and his feeling became tragic before he heard steps and a desperate face with clear prestige appeared on him.

He quickly rose up in surprise when he saw Malten's eyes open, and he had a sudden smile, so he hurried immediately shouting with joy:

- Doctor.. Doctor.. he woke up.. he woke up!

Soon the doctor came and looked optimistically and asked Malten:

- What's your name, sir?

- Malten...

The doctor asked a few questions to make sure of his sanity and consciousness, then turned to the other man and said:

- I congratulate you! He has passed the danger stage.

- Does that mean he will live, my friend?

This is expected if he receives adequate medical care.

- Do not worry about this; My conscience is enough!

The doctor laughed and joked:

- The important thing is not to hit him with your car again!

The two exchanged a smile while Malten was



shocked, not only by the car, but also by the news! ..
The man approached Malten and said:

- I don't know if you remember what happened..but you seemed to be straying..and since I am used to the fact that the road to my villa is usually deserted, I was in a hurry and did not realize what happened until it was too late..and..

The words clashed in the confused mouth of the man before he finally said:

- In any case, I hope you will forgive me.. and I will do everything in my power to compensate you for your harm, God willing, especially if you did not tell the police.

The man paused in shame, while Malten answered:

- The book.. give me back the book!

- What book are you talking about, Mr. Malton? You didn't have a trace of any book!

- Yes..because they stole it from me..the bastards!

- It seems that this book means a lot for you.. If you remember the descriptions of the thieves well, we may be able to catch them if God grants us success..

- A gang of street people.. No.. They must have tore it up and lit their tobacco with it.. Ah!

The man tried to say something before Malten interrupted him, saying with a sigh:

- None of you realize the value of that thing...no one!



- At least tell me in which street you were... so that I can send my men to search for them... and if the charges are proven against them, they can be punished!

Malten stopped wailing in astonishment and looked at the man inquiringly:

- Your men??

- Yes, men.. ah.. I understand!

The man stroked his hands, laughing, and added:

- Because of my excessive interest in you, I forgot to introduce myself! .. I am the judge "Mohammed Lolam" ..

He was silent for a moment, then went on earnestly, his face covered with awe:

- No!.. the word ' judge' does not mean in my dictionary anything but justice and integrity.. and from that I judged myself to help you and compensate you, even though I could have ignored what happened and let you die in that remote countryside and the dark night!

Malten replied, his tone changed:

- Well... I'm not lying anyway, sir; They actually stole it from me.. next to the public theater house..

- This is far.. I mean I know that gang, but you were very far from that place..

- That's because I was so sad about my book that I started walking without awareness or thinking..



That's because my loss of that book does not and will not be equivalent to any other loss throughout my life!

- I see, I'll look into it right now and tell you.

The judge stood up and said:

- Speed may now be useful.

The judge immediately took off, while Malten was filled with some hope and said to himself:

- Strange.. He is much more humble than the judge is usually!.. But at last you smiled at me, O world!.. Even if he did not find the book, this man might be able to judge in my favor and save me from my uncle's commandment..

Malten could not express his emotion properly in the midst of all those bandages and splints, but his smile widened on his face as he thought:

- It would not occur to that judge that this book has that great value and that by doing this he contributes in the birth of a new millionaire.. well.. as soon as those properties belong to me and I become a millionaire, may I'll bestow this judge with a generous reward.. or...

Malten thought for a moment, then added:

- No! .. Why will I reward him?! .. He is doing this to



compensate me for all this harm he caused me.. Ah.. How many days will I spend tormented between these splinters, hoping to return to my nature?!

But it is okay if it is this the price of the wealth.. Yes.. many people pay their longest life to become rich, and despite that precious price they fail!.. On the other hand, the servants will make me comfortable and that will not affect me much!

And so Malten spent the whole day moving from dream to dream dreaming of the judge's return to give him the good tidings on a gold platter studded with diamonds!

Night came and finally brought the judge with him. Malten looked at him anxiously, while the judge came forward and sat quietly after saluting and exchanged looks with Malten then he said:

- I hope you are getting better now.

- I do not know; I don't feel my body when I think of my book, sir.. Please tell me immediately without introductions.. Did you manage to get it back or did they burn it and it's too late?

- no..

- no?!

- Yes, as you heard; No.. Their leader told me after a long conversation that he had sold it to a student...

- He sold it?!...sold it?!...how to sell it when it was torn and dirty?!

- Torn and dirty?!.. The book you are so obsessed



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