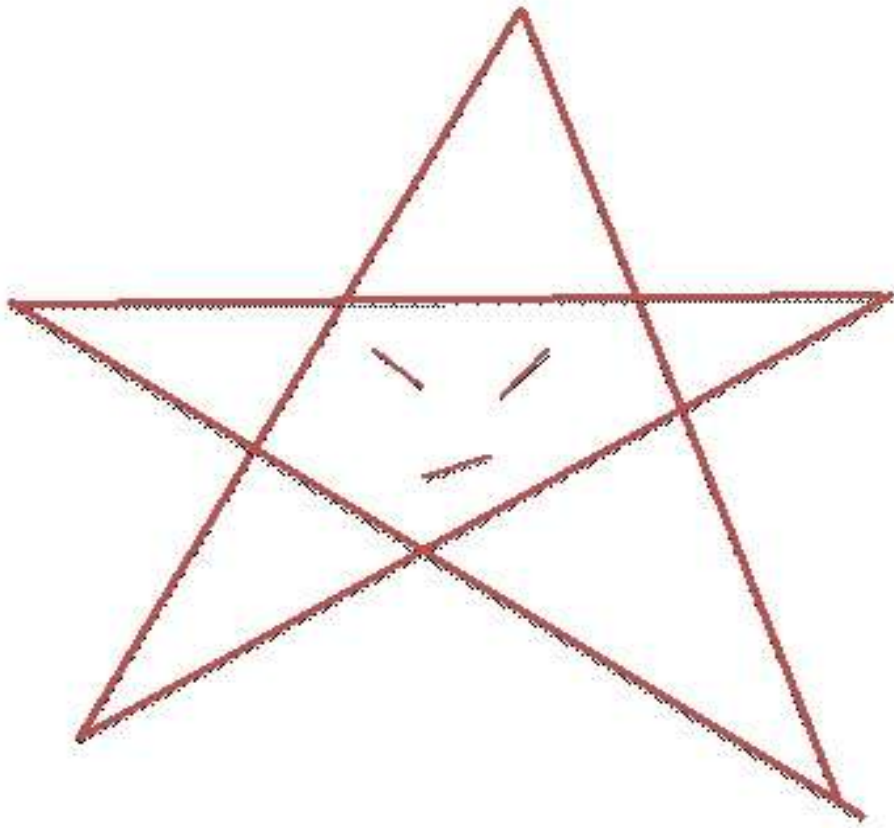


Contents

Message from author.....	3
Acknowledgement.....	4
Prologue.....	5
Chapter 1: First scene	6
Phase I: Initial Life.....	10
Chapter 2: Bereft Aarti	11
Chapter 3: Initial life	16
Chapter4:Saharabad riots.....	24
Chapter 5: Re-life: Faizan and Aarti first meet	28
Chapter 6: Escape to Shailpur: First beat of love	34
Chapter 7: The Separation: Faizan returns Saharabad alone.....	39
Chapter 8: First blow: Suzzane's death	44
Chapter 9: Second blow: The Bankruptcy.....	50
Chapter 10: Third blow: Abduction	56
Chapter 11: In the shadow of terror.. ..	61
Chapter 12: A poignant grief.....	71
Chapter 13: First steps towards Politics	73
Chapter 14: Daddy's back	83
Chapter 15: First propose to Aarti	89
Chapter 16: The Vicious Plan	96
Chapter 17: The Face off: Father vs Son	102
Chapter 18: I Quit	113
Chapter 19: The Truths of Saharabad Riots	122
Chapter 20: Riot Trauma	127
Chapter 21: Faizan saves the day	131
Chapter 22: Rise of the 'Son': The promise to Father	140
Phase II- The Accidental Prime Minister.....	148

Chapter 23: The accidental Prime Minister	149
Chapter 24:Threat of the 'Dragon'	160
Chapter 25: The Muslim Prime Minister: India awakes	168
From the Author.....	177
Highlights of the upcoming 'Muslim Prime Minister II'	178

Message from author...



"It fills my heart with sheer dismay and sorrow when I learn about innumerable communal violence and losses of human lives in a country like India, which is also the land of Buddha and Mahatma Gandhi- the two far-famed faces of peace, harmony, & non-violence. 'The Muslim Prime Minister' is an attempt to restore that lost feeling of 'togetherness' between people irrespective of their race & religion. It also emphasizes the fact, once again, that religion was made to preserve humanity and not humans to preserve religion".

Abhishek Sinha

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This book was written accidentally. I only realized it when the things had started taking shape of a novel. Although, I am the author of this book, there are many people I can thank who provided the impetus to reach the novel its final shape.

Starting with my family, I would like to thank my father Shri Madan Prasad Sinha and my mother Smt. Poonam Sinha who made me what I am today; my brothers Abhinav and Abhijeet who are literally like my two supporting hands.

I would like to acknowledge and extend my heartfelt gratitude to my school- Creane Memorial School, Gaya city and my English teacher Mr Surya Kant. I am grateful for their sincerity during school days.

Most of all I'm thankful to my colleagues Ajay Mishra, Vijay Kumar, Ravikant Gupta and my two brother like juniors Ajay Singh and Aditya Mittal to encourage me to write this book; to my loving brother from Kashmir, Faizan Javid Sheikh who passionately dictated me the beautiful Holy book, Quran.

I am also thankful to Microsoft Corp. and e-stores (Amazon, Flipkart) to make the editing, proofing, and publishing part possible.

Last but not the least I am thankful to the almighty, who was the storyteller of this novel, perhaps, the real author of this book.

Abhishek Kumar Sinha

Prologue

Consider the day when finally you realize you would never find your girl around you ever again in your life and that she is gone forever. All your life you been busy and now when she's gone you eventually realize the gravity of her presence in your life. One who was always there even if you did not notice. But she's just memories now. Moreover, imagine the weight of the guilt if you come to know she died saving you.

Step into the shoes of Faizan Ahmed Khan who remembers his initial days when he first met Dr Aarti, a medical school student, and how he eventually fell in love with her. It is a love story of a Prime Minister who is married to a Hindu girl and further depicts the causality between his personal life and politics. The novel focuses on the three phases- his initial life, his struggle to reach to the apex and finally his downfall. It would also throw light on the pious matrimonial relation of a PM husband and a doctor wife, most essentially, the role of Aarti, the wife, in Faizan's (the husband) life. Moreover, as you read, discover what actually did happen that made Faizan lose his Aarti, hence paying a bitter price for his only mistake in politics.

1. First scene

It was his hearing that day. He had risen as a messiah and then to a great Prime Minister. People had ranked him next to God, the people's man. But now he was just a convict. He walked towards the court amidst a large crowd who were standing for their hero. For their man. The whole area was echoing with the praise of the public "Long live Faizan Khan". The media persons had surrounded him with their questions but he was silent and silently he moved inside the court.

"Start the proceedings of the court please," ordered the honourable judge of Supreme Court as the lawyer of the Prime Minister arose to begin the trial.

But before his lawyer did anything, he interrupted and said, "Your honour, before the proceedings begin I want to say something" People buzz in response. "I accept all allegations put on me. I accept my active role in the riots of Saharabad. All the allegations put on me are true and I am solely responsible for everything. That's all".

All around silence covered the room for a moment and then sudden buzzing by people replaced it. The judge ordered everyone to maintain silence and asked him, "Mr Faizan, are you aware of what are you saying?"

"Yes sir. I know what I am saying. You can go ahead and give your decision," urged Faizan Khan to the judge.

"With respect to the statement given by the suspect himself the court orders to cancel the membership of the parliament of Mr Faizan Khan and sentence him for lifetime imprisonment. The court is adjourned", ordered the judge and left people in the court stumped.

Faizan Khan was arrested by the police and was sent to the central jail amidst millions of his fans who were protesting against his sentence to jail. It was so ironical that for the first time in

history a political giant as big as he himself had admitted his mistake but people still loved him and were protesting for him. But why were the people supporting him? Why were they ready to excuse his 'sin' when he himself had admitted his crime?

Nevertheless, these things were of no importance to him anymore. His desires, his dreams they all ended with the death of Aarti, his wife. He barely smiled or responded to anyone who came to see him. Solitary was his new companion and in prison he found his freedom.

Two decades passed and nothing changed in this dead man. He still kept himself isolated from everyone. He never talked too much. Most of the time he spent his time reading the holy book of Quran and obeying 'namaj' to Allah, the almighty God. People inside the jail whether the policemen, the inmates, perhaps everybody, they all respected him and wished him whenever they saw him. However, he simply used to smile back in response to accept their greetings. Yes, sometimes he used to guide the policemen, motivate the inmates to quit crime and to live a better life. And they all used to welcome his suggestions. Everyone admired his charm. Everyone was mesmerized with his simplicity. But when you ask him, something personal he would just smile and ignore.

Nothing would have changed ever, only until one day when the jailor himself requested him to hoist the flag on the eve of the Independence Day, as always. Perhaps it had become like a tradition now that he would hoist the flag, always. And how could he deny since it was not just a job but honour for any Indian. And perhaps it used to be a wish from the entire living beings of the jail itself that the flag must be hoisted by their honourable leader. The atmosphere on the day of 15th August used to change dramatically inside the jail. Strong winds of patriotism used to blow that day which literally used to envelope the entire prison. Even the inmates used to be full of zeal and they used to proudly participate in the preparation of Independence Day celebration. When the flag used to be hoisted and National Anthem used to be sung you could hardly say that some of these people are criminals after watching their dedication towards the preparation for the celebration of the biggest festival. Such was the effect of his presence.

Meanwhile, that day after the celebration was done, the jailer humbly requested him to speak few words on that auspicious occasion. Perhaps this time they wanted to hear something more.

“Sir, on the behalf of every one present here on this auspicious day I request you to share your experience in politics. Please tell us about your early life and struggles related to it. Tell us how did you prevailed those situation when everyone was calling you a ‘Muslim’ Prime Minister and once when it was believed that a non-Hindu can never become a PM of India, you changed the thought and started a new era of faith and belief” requested the jailor to me while others were standing eagerly with their wide eyes open in belief that I won’t depress them.

“We desire to hear from the legend himself the story of that shy Faizan who always feared to speak on stage, to the one we know today, who whenever speaks, the whole world listens and histories are made” requested another.

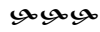
“Please tell us about the pious relation between Faizan Ahmed Khan and Aarti Singh and what actually happened in Delhi riots”, requested to me the jailer on behalf of everybody present there.

After refusing several times, the people there somehow successfully convinced him to speak. And then an 84-year-old man took out his spectacles to clean it and tried to put some light on his rusted memories of past days when he used to be young and riant. Several flashes of past memories covered his vision. Those precious schooldays memories, all those friends, that accidental meeting with Aarti, her presence, her smiles, those priceless moments and then her dead face, that fatal riot.

“Oh God...no, no, no...” he screamed in panic and suddenly became breathless. The jailer quickly asked for the doctor. Another policeman quickly gave him a glass of water. The policemen, the inmates, everyone present there too become worried for him. Their breaths tighten up for what abruptly happened to him.

After small medical check-ups, the doctor advised him to take rest. The jailer apologized to him for his mistake and held his hands to escort him to his compartment. But he denied, he denied because

now he wanted to speak. Perhaps speak everything about his life, his mistakes, and above all his wife Aarti who was not just a wife but also a faithful friend, a soul mate, perhaps the energy behind his success. He lowers his head and stares momentarily at an adornment she had given to him as a souvenir. There was silence all around in the vicinity and everyone took the seat on the ground to listen to their leader. With a little tear in eyes and a happy smile on his face, he spoke with a heavy voice.



PHASE I: INITIAL LIFE

2. Bereft Aarti

My eyes stick to a photo frame sometimes whenever I dream of my house, which is unfortunately now bereft of us. It should be still there, perhaps, in our bedroom. It is so strange that even at this stage of my life I still remember every moment, every memory linked with that house. We got it snapped when she had finally accepted to marry me and there was a kind of celebration all around the country. The TOIs, The HTs and many others had headlined in its first page 'Finally Aarti says yes'. But there were also some orthodox people who had protested against our wedding. That was a tough time for both of us. Whenever I see that picture moments freeze down, time slows its flow and past memories surround me all around. Then tears, before I realize, huh! ...eyes go wet, twinkling with tears and filled with emotions. We had snapped it in Saharabad, the place where it all began and all ended.

"Sorry we could not save your wife" this was exactly what they (the doctors) told me when I reached the hospital after I was informed by one of my friend that the hospital she works in has been attacked by the mob. Then they moved on leaving me desperate, helpless, and all alone in the hospital. My dear friends we all love someone in our life and that 'someone' too loves us more than anyone in life, does. That 'someone', who was always before our eyes when we needed them but we never saw them, thanked them. How pathetic! Sometimes we never respect what we have in present and sacrifice it for future. However, when they are gone, we realize their importance and unfortunately, it is often too late to recover the loss. Aarti was the same 'lost thing' for me now.

Sometimes in life, there is someone, whose company is indispensable and in no way we are ready to accept his or her absence ever. They are important. They are life. Moreover, we want to thank them but often may be out of shyness or because of the wait for that 'right time' to come, we never say it. And at the time when the person is gone, we realize that the 'right time' was

always there and we just had to pick up one single day and utter out our feelings for them. I too wanted to say this simple word of 'thanks' to Aarti, my wife. I just wanted to say thank you, thank you for everything, for every moment she filled in with joy and contentment. Thank you for being there in every those single moment when I was alone, empty and broken.



Back in hospital, Zeeshan, a very close friend of mine read the situation, noticed his role, and took the charge.

"Doctor it is very tough time for my friend right now. I request you to leave him alone. I will be looking after the legal procedures further. It would be very kind of you if you discharge the dead body as soon as possible," said Zeeshan taking care of everything.

The humble doctor could understand our feelings. Perhaps they always do. The doctor assured him saying, "Sure sir, we understand your situation. Please take care of Mr Faizan. It is very hard time for him. He surely needs you."

'Hard time' that is what he said. Huh! Actually, it was not just the hard time for me but a time full of emptiness, questions, and disgust. I was not just depressed, but broken. I was confused about how would I lead rest of my life without Aarti. I was helpless. I did not know how to live without Aarti. It had been about 40 years now and she had become a habit. I just could not figure it out who would prepare my speeches. With whom will I discuss my planning? Who will take care of me, my life? I just did not know. I had no answers.

Zeeshan helped me move out of the hospital. I was moving slow and random like a thick piece of object. My face had turned pale, eyes red with tears and hairs disorganized. Neither could I listen nor could I see anything, may be because I didn't care to. Zeeshan just pulled me somewhere out of the hospital. As we moved out of the hospital, we were surrounded by a flood of media and public supporters. Though police was there for my security but they could resist only the people, not their questions.

“Sir, your own wife died in the riot what do you have to say?”

“She was a public hero. What actions will you take against the people involved in the riot?”

Zeeshan came in between and he asked me not to listen or answer them and just move with him to his home. But I did not want to leave like this and consequently I pulled my hand back and said to him, “No, I want to stay...stay with her. Zeeshan just let me go. Just let me go brother.”

Zeeshan denied and said, “You look tired and weak. Come let’s go home and have something to eat.” But I refused saying, “I have to tell her something. She is going away from me. I have very less time my friend. Let me go.”

I pulled his hand away from my hand and rushed to the ICU where my wife was lying cold and low. I was running as fast as I could, trying to save all the last moments with her. As I walked in the room, I saw her dead body lying like a piece of object- silent and motionless. A sort of feeling travelled down my heart. I could feel her, her presence. It appeared as if she is sleeping normally, as usual she used to. And at any moment, she would be awake and ask me “How was your day?” I went to her, sat down, and held her hand. Looking at her face, I moved my fingers on her hairs. A tinge of emotions moved down my throat ...a raw nerve was touched and I could not help myself sobbing. Zeeshan was looking everything from outside but he did not interfere. Perhaps he too was weeping, behind the walls. He was listening me talking to her. Yes, I was talking to her. Perhaps people with high common sense will call me mad but believe me if you have really loved someone you will understand. I was an atheist but she always wanted me to pray to God. And that day I did. I did make a small prayer for her. And I could not waste a moment disclosing this to her that I am no more an atheist as she wanted and I do prayers now for me and for everyone.

“I ...prayed him ... I swear I did. You believe me, don’t you? I requested him (the almighty) to give me my life back because that belongs to me...even for just a single day or for a single moment.

Heaven can wait..." I said in a melancholic voice. "But look what he did? He did not listen to me. He never listens to me. Neither did you. Aarti you cannot leave me here alone. I don't know where are my medicines. I can't find my handkerchief. I forget to take my watch. I don't eat dinners. And I can't sleep at nights. Everything's just messed up without you. So just wake up please. Come back. Come back in my life. I can't live without you..."

Tears? Yes, tears came in my eyes. But even that did not awake her. She remained muted and did not reply. A woman who used to turn restless over my one single minor cough was silent that day. Silent forever. This was not acceptable. No! And the Gods would have to answer for her condition. He was equally responsible. He was equally the faulty.

"I never prayed to you but she did, always. You owe her devotion and that trust in you. She cannot listen to me. So please send my last message for her. Just tell her 'Thank you'. Thank you for being there at all the time I needed her. Tell her that she was not just a good wife but also a good friend, and perhaps my soul. Tell her that I feel myself graceful for every support of her. Tell her that how much I loved her. Tell her...please..." I said sobbing and spent the whole night with her trying to live those last moments, every single moment left with Aarti, my Aarti.



Next morning some noise of arguments woke me up. When I stepped out, I found some ministers of my cabinet arguing over any issue.

"She was a Hindu. So her funeral must be performed according to the Hindu traditions otherwise Hindus will not like this and may protest against us."

"No, no, since she married to a Muslim so she becomes a Muslim and her body should be buried down otherwise Muslims may not like this and protest."

The debate slowly turned serious. I was standing behind them and felt disgusted with their behaviour. Eventually it became important to interfere in between.

“She was a Hindu and her funerals will be performed in complete accordance to the Hindus tradition. No more discussions on this issue please”, I interrupted angrily in between.

Mr Ashraf Khan, our party leader, was also present nearby. Cunning and selfish in behaviour, he came close to me and said, “I know its difficult time for you. But just look at yourself. You look tired and weak.” He ordered one of his men to get me a glass of juice. He then held my hand, acted of being sad and said, “It looks as if it’s been only couple of days passed when I saw you both as newly married couple.(He takes a long breath) I miss her too. However, these are things of past and you will have to prevail this bad time, at least for her. We have elections in this week and people want to hear you. They too are sad. They mourn for you. This is the time to take advantage of the sentiments of these people. You just prepare your speech well and leave the rest on me.”

“I will not be able to speak in public right now and I apologize for that. I am sorry,” I said cutting him in between rudely. His tongue instantly was twisted and he muted for a while. “Only thing that I am worried about right now is my wife’s funeral, that’s it. Please excuse me I gotta go,” I said rudely and left.

Zeeshan was present nearby. Ashraf Khan knew only he was the one whom I would listen. Therefore, he went to him and said, “Console him. He is crucial for our victory in election. You are his friend... he will listen to you. Go now.” Though Zeeshan knew, it was not the right time to do that but he could do nothing but follow the orders. Therefore, he replied positively to Ashraf Khan and left.

Late that dayr, the cremation was done with proper rites & rituals. I kissed Aarti for the last time and lit her body on fire. I watched the flames growing gradually. And as they grew, I could see the past memories surrounding me and literally taking Aarti from me away and away with the flames.

3. Initial life

My complete name is Faizan Ahmad Khan, son of Ahmad Khan, a Muslim party leader and for your concern, ladies & gentleman, no, I was not so serious since birth but riant, especially in final years of my graduation. I never got my graduation completed, unfortunately, because of the outbreak of the riot in the city then. But I never felt sorry for that may be because collecting green notes were never my desires. I was always fascinated towards doing something different, something out of the box but never exactly knew what. Talking about the behaviour and qualities, I had every quality that a 24-year-old lad of a rich and politician dad generally possess. I was jubilant. I was crazy. A bit careless and an apple eye for my parents. The only quality that separated me from my parents was that I was a semi-atheist i.e. I was a bit impious in his existence. Sometime I would pray and sometime not. I barely kept fasts and visiting the mosques were seasonal events. Unfortunately, according to my mythical philosophy, God existed only in the minds of hypocrites. And it were these philosophies that sometimes resulted into severe tongue lashes from my father.

“Idiot, be afraid of his anger or you will be doomed to hell someday.”

These used to be actual words from my father to me. Apart from Faizan, I had few nicknames that my father used to address me with quite respect. Some of these were- idiot, jolter head, dumb, shameless and of course his favourite one -useless. The only shield I had against Abbu was granny.

She would always protect me from his fury saying, “Why do you compel him to obey Allah. When the right time will come Allah will himself make him believe in his existence and show him the right path?”

Abbu did not have courage to argue granny but as a clever politician he would always throw his ‘emotional bomb’ as his last weapon saying, “I am not his enemy Ammi but he must follow Islam. He has grown up now. People have started talking about his impish behaviour...” But granny used to cut him in between asking

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

