

Good Advice Is Rarer Than Rubies

This is my story about how I went to get a permit to go to the London. I really did not want to go to the London. There lives my husband Mustafa Dar. My parents arranged engagement, then my parents died and he went to the London. He said that he would send for me and for this reason I went to Consulate.

On the last Tuesday of the month I went to the British Consulate. I arrived whit the bus alone. Then I went to the gates of the British Consulate and met the lala. Lalas are usually rude to the women. All women looked frightened. There I met Muhammad Ali, who gave me a piece of advice. He wanted to give me a false permit, but I did not want that. Then I went in the building to get a real permit. But I answered all answers wrong, so I did not get a permit to go to the London. Then I went whit Muhammad Ali to the pakoras. I was happy and Muhammad Ali thought that I got a permit. He was socket when I told him what was happening.

I am really happy that I did not get a permit to the London. Mustafa Dar is like stranger to me. I do not recognize him on the phone when he calls me from London. And this is all for my story how I am glad now staying hear whit my job and all.