

The Nights of Solitude

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Introduction

The present novel is taken from the real and adventurous life of a man named Farhad, who, after the stormy moments of life, feels the spring breeze in his loneliness with all his being. As an Immigrant, Farhad has to live in different countries before sitting in the United States, and he has been struggling with problems that could not be predicted. Farhad, a devoted father filled with love for his daughter, faces a situation that his daughter is unable to comprehend, and as a result he loses her. He falls into a solitary cage and he spends many nights of his life in its confinement. However, he is finally directed to a new life that helps him break free from this cage of loneliness, allowing his soul to soar to the heights of prosperity. The first chapter of this story reflects Farhad's years of effort and perseverance to build a stable family that he is fascinated by, but in the next chapter of his life, he faces a storm from the social environment that leads to the collapse of his family. Farhad, who no longer sees a motive for his life in this barren valley, waits for his physical death by taking refuge in alcohol. But a simple incident leads his life to a new beginning and he enters a new world. In this new world, he achieves the truth of life, the truth that leads to the absorption of positive energies in his life, and in this way,

he achieves a great freshness and vitality that he has never experienced before.

Acknowledgement

I'd like to dedicate this book to my Lovely Children, Vida, Omid, Daniel, Mandana and to my late older brother, Mohammad Naser, who may not be with us today but has always been in my heart. His Kind Heart and Unconditional Forgiveness have made him an unforgettable memory. His encouragement when I was a college student, urging me to write stories that would connect with readers spiritually, has been a guiding light for me. Thank you, Brother Naser.

I am also grateful to the dedicated individuals who helped bring this book to life. My project manager, Michael Owen, went above and beyond to make this happen. Moreover, I would like to thank senior consultant Irene Park and cover designer Adam, whose creative work adds beauty to the pages, as well as my English editor, Anna, for refining the text. The head of editors, Cinaria, and my Farsi editor, Alara, also ensured the language was just right – thank you for your invaluable contributions.

Part 1

RAISING A LOVELY FAMILY

Whispers in the Hall

After conducting back-to-back classes, I strolled wearily toward my room, the fatigue from a day of teaching weighing on my shoulders. In that tranquil moment, an unexpected voice disrupted my thoughts from behind.

“Dr. Farhad!”

I instinctively turned my gaze, meeting that of an unusual figure – a man with four broad shoulders, a long flowing beard, and a countenance marked by sorrow.

“Hello, I am Alizadeh from the university’s security department.” He introduced himself.

I nodded politely; my curiosity piqued. “Hello, brother.”

“Haji Asgari wishes to meet you. Tomorrow evening at four o’clock, please visit the security office.”

“Absolutely, Sir, but may I just know what the purpose of the meeting...?”

Before I could finish my sentence, the security guard interjected.

“You’ll figure it out at the office tomorrow.”

With a final nod, he bid me farewell and departed. The security personnel, it seemed, all shared a common demeanor—stern and intimidating, yet tinged with respect and Islamic decorum that defined their persona.

Something had clearly transpired, but what? I remained in the dark. I held my breath momentarily, contemplating the implications before finally resuming my path to my room.

The prevailing atmosphere in the country had become increasingly authoritarian, mainly due to the ongoing war with Iraq. The war had caused severe economic problems for our country, with unemployment spreading like wildfire. The presence of the security personnel allowed fear to take over everyone within the university, hence effectively silencing any dissent or protest, robbing both professors and students of their voices.

The following day, I arrived at the university's security office a few minutes before the designated time. Haji Asgari, a portly figure clergy with a generous paunch, occupied a prominent seat behind an imposing desk. He rearranged files with an air of self-importance. Our eyes met as I entered, and he offered a warm, albeit calculated, smile.