



## One Way

On the morning when *Hewad* went to get his college credentials, I went to get things that my family sent me. Then I got on the bus to come back. I was so tired that I relied on the rice bag that had been sent to me. The ringtone of someone came up, and caused my thoughts to start. My mind was busy thinking that I had made my cousin, *Shayan*, desperate for his life, and even attempting suicide in 2-3 times. It was so distracting that the bus stopped the station of home, but I was unaware of it. Then it moved around very fast and went over to the next station. When I got off the bus, one followed me to say that I had left my mobile. I also did not know the way of back from that station to the house, and if my mobile was not there at that time, I could not come back by the Google map quickly to get home with my fatigue.

When I got home, I decided to make an Iranian dish for lunch, which was very tasty. But it became very much, too. That's why I called *Hewad* and asked him to buy "Sangak" bread in his way. We ate a very tasty lunch and then we packed it halfway to eat if we were hungry till the end of the night. Then we went to the "*Imam Reza*" Holy Shrine to see it. The mirrors and golden colors used in this shrine provided a warm environment for our lovely afternoon. *Hewad* insisted to go and see the "*Naseem Lebanon*" café, too. So, we went to that cafe and I tried a fresh strawberry drink there.

The thought of *Shayan* was not out of my mind, the morning of the next day. I had doubts that his life could be restored by me. I sat on the chair and laid a cup of coffee to drink in front of the morning newspaper. When I raised my cup of coffee to drink it, I saw the announcement of the International Congress of Clinical Psychology, which was scheduled to be held in *Mashhad* in the next few days. By reading the announcement, my mind became busy that probably the finest psychologists of the world will also be present, there. For a moment, I told myself to go and tell the story of *Shayan* to one of them, and get the prompt of a treatment from him. On the day I arrived at the Congress, I met a congressional professor and said, "I have a friend who is disappointed and I think that the future of his life is in your hands."

"Your friend needs to come and talk about it if it is needed." said the psychiatrist looking straight at my eyes.

I told him that *Shayan* was not aware of our meeting and he couldn't meet him too.

"It's interesting. Well, dear gentleman, what can I do for him now? , " said the Doctor.

"*Shayan* has already come to many doctors for his illness, and all of them have been discouraged him from his treatment. "I replied.

The doctor answered me if this was the case, then one should not expect him to have a miracle. He asked me to go to his office again to treat the illness of *Shayan*. So I had to finally get his office address, and I could go to the doctor's office later on my appointment for treatment. The meeting with the doctor did not quite satisfy me. However, the Congress was not finished yet, and I wanted to do my best to restore *Shayan*'s life. After drinking a cup of coffee between the hours of the congress, I went to an Italian medical lecture, whose expertise was hypnosis therapy. At this meeting, the physician emphasized that we can treat our loved ones with the focus and medical forces. My mind was involved with the problem. So I did more research to find a famous book on the subject. I bought it shortly and read it several times. At the end of each chapter there were exercises that I tried to increase my skill, with the help of them. From the beginning that I had bought the book, I started practicing before bedtime to see if I could cure *Shayan* remotely, every night.

I hoped to have good news for the recovery of *Shayan* during this period. One day I picked up the phone and got the house number to thank for the packages my family had sent and also to say that the packages had arrived. As always, my dad replied my call. I explained to him that during this time I was studying I had gone through a lot of new places. Then I discovered that my uncle and cousins are our guests, there. They really liked to have a video conference with me, and they'd like for me to tell them what I was doing here and where I had gone in the meantime. I set up a video conferencing with the audience and I told them a few days ago that we were going to one of the neighbor towns, *Bojnord*. That city itself had nothing. But its path was good. We walked in the yellow fields of wheat and watched the sunset. Then I remembered that I found a beautiful stone in the park of the city, yesterday. I showed it along with the rest of the rocks I had already found and engraved, and then I said that I would paint a picture of a fish on this new stone, like the rest. At last, I saw in the video conferencing for a moment the face of my cousin, *Shayan*. From the shine of *Shayan* I saw in his eyes, it looked like he'd been a lot better than the last time I had seen him.

~~~ ***The End*** ~~~

**About the author:** Tahereh K.V. Dehkordi is an Iranian writer and a Computer student. She is passionate about discovering World's hidden places, international languages, art and music.

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