

The Protected By Allah

# A Chain In His Hands



## The Maniac With Chains

**In The Name of Allah The Most  
Merciful**

**Whom We seek help from Him**

**...A Chain  
In His Hands...**

**The Maniac with Chains**

**Written by:**

**The Protected By Allah**

I could not believe what my eyes saw.. My life, oh my life!.. My position, oh my position!.. What happened?.. What destroyed the company's shares in this horrific way?.. What is this that threatens my social and family life?.. What is this that will drag me into the hell of profession and destroy my future and reputation as a successful CEO forever??!

I left the office while the life had darkened before my eyes and the world around me had gone black.. I began to feel despair creeping in with every step and hitting me with every thought. I rode my luxury car with eyes full of unhappiness, fear and pain. As for my car, it went too slowly through the crowds of the public street; it took advantage of my mind wandering in amazement while I was leaning on the car window, but I suddenly woke up to a voice crowding my thoughts left and right until it reached my mind saying:

- Uncle, do good to me today, and Allah will do good to you tomorrow!

I turned around and leaned back quickly toward the interior of the car at the sight of that beggar next to my ear. I was hastily closing the window in annoyance as my eyes glanced at the chain that bound the hands of that young beggar, which I don't think leaves him more than about ten centimeters. How can he live with it?! What a strange message to me to pity him... Indeed, how they humiliate themselves and torture their souls for a little money...

But wait, I remembered how deceitful and cunning they are; They have taken their dignity as a commodity that earns them more than what honest work earns. They are crazy. They are mentally ill!

I smiled through the clouds of sadness on my face; Mocking them with this epithet that I had given them, when my eyes penetrated the blackness of the tinted windows of my car to see on his worn clothes a sentence embroidered in a stark color: "Careful... Mentally ill."

What??. As soon as he walked away, I lowered the glass again to stare and verify what my eyes claimed... Unbelievable!.. I had just been saying that "Mentally ill" is an epithet they have worn, and he's already wearing it actually! It's never happened in my life before.

I frowned in disbelief; Does this mean... This means that my luck has changed from a successful manager to another type of successful hunchback!... I shook my head to shake this nonsense off of me; It seems that I will be the one who will become mentally ill in the end... I closed the window, closed off hope with it, and returned to drowning in my torment...

That day was the beginning... the beginning of sliding from the peak of glory to the valley of failure and bankruptcy, penny after penny, and into the darkness of loneliness. It did not take long until my services were dispensed with, and my CV was marked as a failure. I am the CEO of L. M .D; the

famous company, whose failure and declining influence were dangerously spreading.. What bitter praise..

Who will accept a failed manager?!.. Moreover, will an honorable manager like me accept to work.. as less than a manager?!.. However, the most important question is : Will the manager's wife, who comes from a wealthy family with glorious origins, accept to belittle her status and live the life of.. ordinary people??! .. The answer is: There was a quarrel that took place over a period of months until it ended with her pulling the girls' hands and going to her family's luxurious home in the hope that she would find a luck that suits her luck, as she put it!!

The final result - after about a full year had passed since that aforementioned day - was that I had become single, a failure, in debt, and tormented by memories of wealth, success, honor... marriage, fatherhood, and nobleness ... Alone in every sense of the word; After my friends abandoned me out of

arrogance and I abandoned others out of embarrassment..

I ended up walking in the market, staring with envy at the merchandise of the competitor which kicked me, throwing me into a sea of darkness.

"Wait and you will see and taste that the beautiful days do not last!".. This is what I was muttering when I heard the sound of chains being rattled behind me as I stared angrily at the storefront, I saw in the elegant reflection of the glass the ghost of a young man walking in four quick steps to pass off what I pass with one step. His feet had that short chain that almost made him stumble, had he not become accustomed to gripping it in a way that deceived hearts to make them forget that he is a tortured creature..

But how can he get used to this while I am free but not accustomed to what is easier than it?!.. Does a person get used to torment to the point that he forgets that its name is 'torment'?!.. But how can he

forget when the people around him are jumping freely?!

I ran without thinking to catch up with this strange creature, I was asking myself: What brought slavery back into our society, so that people would find it permissible to see someone in a condition like this and go about their work?! Didn't this arouse compassion in the heart of any observer??

Finally, he entered a door, I entered behind him to realize that it was the back corridor of an old mosque. I did not realize this until I was overcome by the reproach of the mosque, whose Arabic geometric features reminded me that I do not know the shape of mosques except in pictures that might pass by on the Internet by chance.

But let me forget this and follow the young man quietly. Finally, he stood in an isolated and dark corner to pray. This was the first time I had stood next to someone performing prayer movements in front of me, therefore I felt confused, so I stood in



the dark to watch this show in front of me; I called it a show because, by God, it was a show !

A man with his hands and legs tied, kneels and prostrates, and gets up quickly with poise, as if he feels that he is a free person, like a feather! Although I have lost a lot of weight due to anxiety, it is definitely a sport that I cannot do though I am free, indeed, the reason is the knee pain that I suffer from, as I have paid my knees' health as a price for that company whose economy has collapsed before my eyes; that was by sitting most of the day behind that wooden desk, busy and devoted to things that had been scattered by the rebellious winds, like ashes flying in a storm of darkness...

The young man rose from the darkness of that corner, muttering a prayer to leave quickly before I stopped him and said:

- Wait a minute!.. I would like to exchange a word with you.

As soon as he heard my voice, he flinched and ran away as if he were a horse fleeing from a beast that was lurking in the darkness of the forest! But I ran after him, that is if my modest abilities were called running, but in any case they were sufficient to catch a person in a chain, so I grabbed his shoulders and turned him towards me. But as soon as I could see him, he screamed at me like a crazy monkey and start squealing and making terrifying movements with his face, spitting, foaming, and shaking like a maniac. All I had to do was leave him, dazed and frozen in my place, watching him leave, dragging his feet quickly, but his trembling seemed anxious.

Unbelievable! If someone had told it to me, I would not have believed him. That young man was just praying with poise and reading with correct words and clear calm - in comparison to this madness - so what can a state like this be called except sanity??.. And what can those screams and movements after it be called except madness??

In short, my curiosity was not satisfied, but rather it grew stronger and more determined.. I finally moved my feet while muttering:

- This is not a maniac.. This is not a maniac.. Why is he pretending to be?.. This is nonsense!

I went out, scanning the street with my eyes looking for him. Actually, some time passed before the residential lanes led me to the main street, where there was crowding, honking, and the sounds of angry or rushing car engines. However, at the traffic light they were there; The fraudulent beggars, with their blackened bodies, were humiliating to people, abusing humanity with these shameful actions.

I went forward in search of my wanted weirdo, I remembered seeing him on the street that I had previously seen him a year ago when I was riding in my luxury car. At that time, I was one of those he was pursuing, not the one who is pursuing him!

I went on, putting my hands in my pockets, observing the hands and feet, until I found him jogging as best he could to pass the cars before they passed because the traffic light had opened, he returned to the sidewalk, happy with his earning .. I asked sarcastically:

- Since when was a maniac to the extent of a monkey - which he tried to make me think- able to avoid cars with such poise??!

There I was able to read it; That same phrase: "Careful, Mentally ill."

- I will not leave you until I know the extent of this imbalance! - I whispered.

I spent some of my free time watching him until sunset, then he went first to the mosque and then to a destination while I still follow him.. All the way, he was swaying due to his fatigue, but as soon as someone touched him, he would start a wave of madness, then calm down at the earliest

opportunity... It was a long journey which exhausted me, not to mention him.. And yet we continued to walk and walk, and walk again!.. Turning and turning until I suspected that he was trying to distract me from him. In the end, when the call to Evening prayer was called, we were at that same mosque, moreover he entered and prayed while I was almost crazy, tiredness was dripping from me..

I really began to be convinced that he was mentally ill, going around and around, but I was stubborn enough to hide my opinion and insist on extracting his secret from his ribs!

Indeed, I continued to follow him from a distance as he circled for another hour before he finally made a new turn, but... A new circle began; We go around and around.. We go around.. and around to the degree that my brain was almost spinning, I no longer knew; Is he spinning because he's crazy, or is he going crazy because he's spinning??

Then I really thought that he was trying to mislead me, so I retreated to my house, but those events were running through my mind, I tried to forget them with difficulty until I fell asleep due to the extreme fatigue, but the image of his face with his crazy movements was imprinted in my dreams!

That night ended and nights after passed, then I was finally able to manage my affairs until I opened, with debts and with difficulty, a store that sells electrical appliances. I know that I chose expensive goods, but I wanted to reach the summit in the quickest way, even if by the most difficult means and with a thousand debts. According to my management plan, I must pay off the debts within nine months!!

Indeed, day after day, I built penny upon penny, as they say, and banknote upon banknote, until I almost paid off those debts and set out freely like a bird that escaped the clutches of a cat that was torturing it and displaying its fangs in front of it

with the intention of tearing it apart.. Yes, I will soon recover within - a year or two - my dignity and my honorable smile among the rich!

I could not be patient, so I started messaging my wife and daughters and telling them that things were fine, and that we would return to being a loving family, especially the waters would return to their normal course as they say, it was but a misstep in my professional life, indeed, every horse has a setback, and I will surely return to how I was and better!

It was a beautiful morning, with a warm sun and the smell of a beautiful spring. I walked with a good soul and full of hope, I greeted my neighbors in the market and exchanged conversations with them with a smile, the spring breeze were cheering our souls! I went to open my store, my employees were both waiting for me in front of it, they greeted me politely and were ready to work when I opened the store and came in. But when I did, there was

moisture in my nose, and the echo of the opening of the door ringing throughout the store reaches my ears; the reason is that my large store is empty!

Yes, completely empty, as if it wasn't stocked with goods yesterday!.. I couldn't believe it! I hit my head against the wall.. I must be dreaming!.. It must be a nightmare!.. My worker grabbed me and tried to calm me down to no avail. I ran into the street screaming like crazy:

- You thief... you coward... come and confront me... you will not escape... catch him, people... catch him!

The neighbors stood around me in amazement, having just seen me beaming; So what tipped the scales and shattered the glass of serenity??.. But I broke through their gathering and ran without resorting to anything; I try the best wall to hit my head against among the walls of city buildings!

On the other hand, I also tried cars; Which one is better to hit my head by? From street to street I ran,



hoping that one of them would take my soul, but I think you guessed that my hope did not come true! The reason is that someone saved me; I stood in the street defiant with my eyes closed when I felt two hands pulling me and throwing me to the ground. The car passed quickly, throwing dust on my nose, I started coughing because of the dust and because of my tears that entered my respiratory tract.. Cough.. Cough.. Cough..

Darkness fell while I was still moving from one place to another, I think I had visited the entire city. Finally, I stood at the call to prayer for the Evening prayer - especially I was tired - watching that aforementioned madman as he sneaked away to pray in that old, well-built mosque..

After time, he came out walking limply due to his chains, heading the same way and making the same turn. Of course, I followed him; Maybe because I was controlled by madness like him, I think maybe if

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