



In The Name Of God

Woolen hat



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woolen hat

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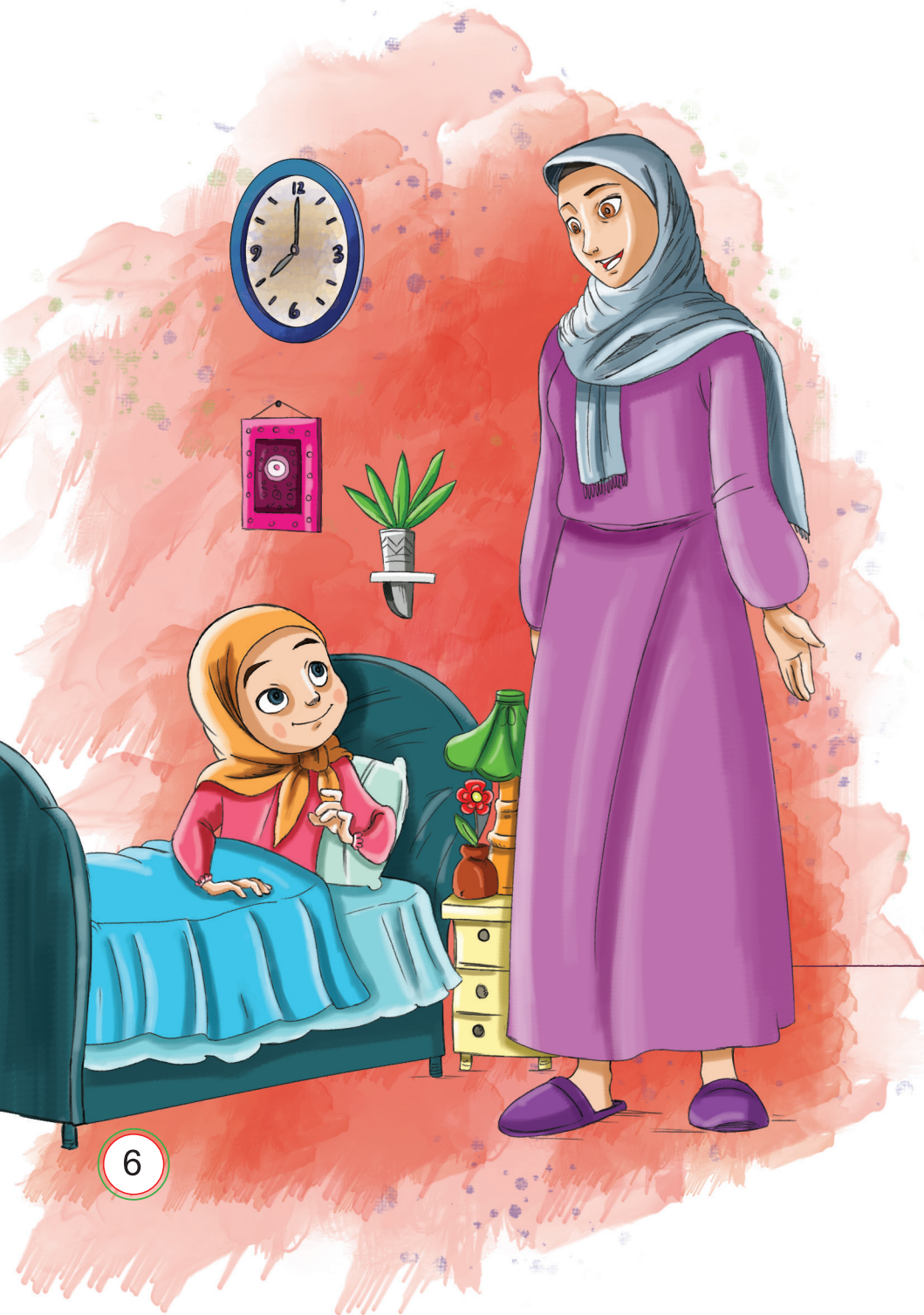
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**Roghayeh! Roghayeh my daughter! Wake up.
Your school is late!**

**Roghayeh jumped up when she had heard her
mom's voice. Oh mom! Why didn't you wake me
up earlier? I'm so late for school.**

**Mother said: "My daughter, you have grown up.
You are twelve years old. I should not wake you
up. Hurry up so you won't be too late!"**

**Roghayeh looked at the clock. It was eight o'clock.
How late it was! She threw away her pink quilt and
jumped off the bed. "Nazi" fell out of bed. She
took it and put it on the table. Nazi was a beautiful
rag doll that her mom "Mehri" had sewn it for her
birthday. Roghayeh liked it very much.**





Roghayeh did not have time to wash her hands and face. She put on her school uniform hurriedly. She ate a small piece of bread and cheese her mom had prepared for her. Then she took her bag and walked to school.

Mother said:

“My darling, where is your mind? Where are you going without a scarf?”

Roghayeh came back. She laughed and a beautiful dimple appeared on her right cheek. She took the scarf from her mother, wore it, kissed her mother and left the house.





The school was nearby. Roghayeh ran towards the school. She had to go to the principal's room to get a class entry form. She knocked on the door shyly and entered the principal's room. The table was full of wool packages. Colorful wool! Roghayeh looked at them curiously, but she couldn't ask anything. She said: "Mrs. Fathi, please give me the class entry form." Mrs. Fathi looked at her and laughed while she was writing the class entry form, she said: "you wear your scarf inside out again!" Roghayeh was embarrassed and her cheeks went red. She looked down and made her scarf correctly. She peeked at the wool. How soft and beautiful they looked! She took the class entry form from the deputy, left the room and went to the classroom.





Their class was on the second floor. She knocked on the door and entered the classroom. She gave the form to the teacher and sat down next to the window facing the school yard.

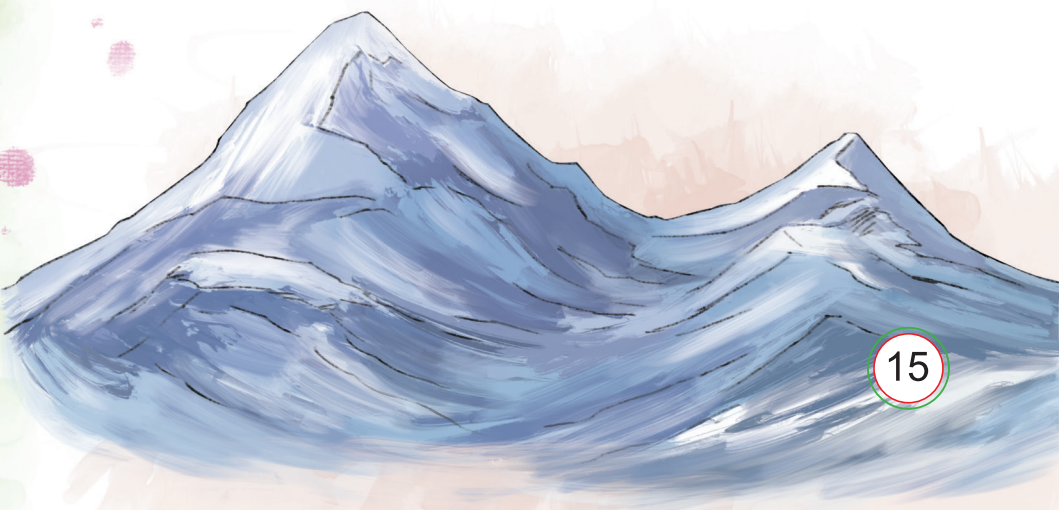
Iran's tricolor flag was fluttering in the wind. Roghayeh was drowned in dreams. Red, orange, blue, green. How beautiful they were! Surely, the principal wants to reward hardworking students with that wool. Roghayeh was the top student in their class. Clever and smart. She was a little careless, but she was beloved of teachers by her sweet talk at school. If the principal gives me a reward from that, I will knit a beautiful shirt for Nazi and a small bag to put her head flower inside. How happy Nazi will be! Or maybe it's related to the art class, because a new art teacher came to



their school yesterday. I think she'll teach us how to knit. I know how to knit. In class, she just thought about the colorful wool and why was all the wool in the principal's room?



When the bell rang, Roghayeh came out of her sweet dreams. The students went to the school yard. A few minutes later the voice of the principal was heard from the speaker. She asked the students to line up. The students all lined up. What did the principal want to say? She began to speak: “My dears! You all know it is very cold now and even colder in the mountains and war zones! We need warm clothes on the front. Some wool was brought for us from the support staff. You or any member of your family who know how to knit, come to my room and take them to knit hat, scarf, and sweater for warriors.”



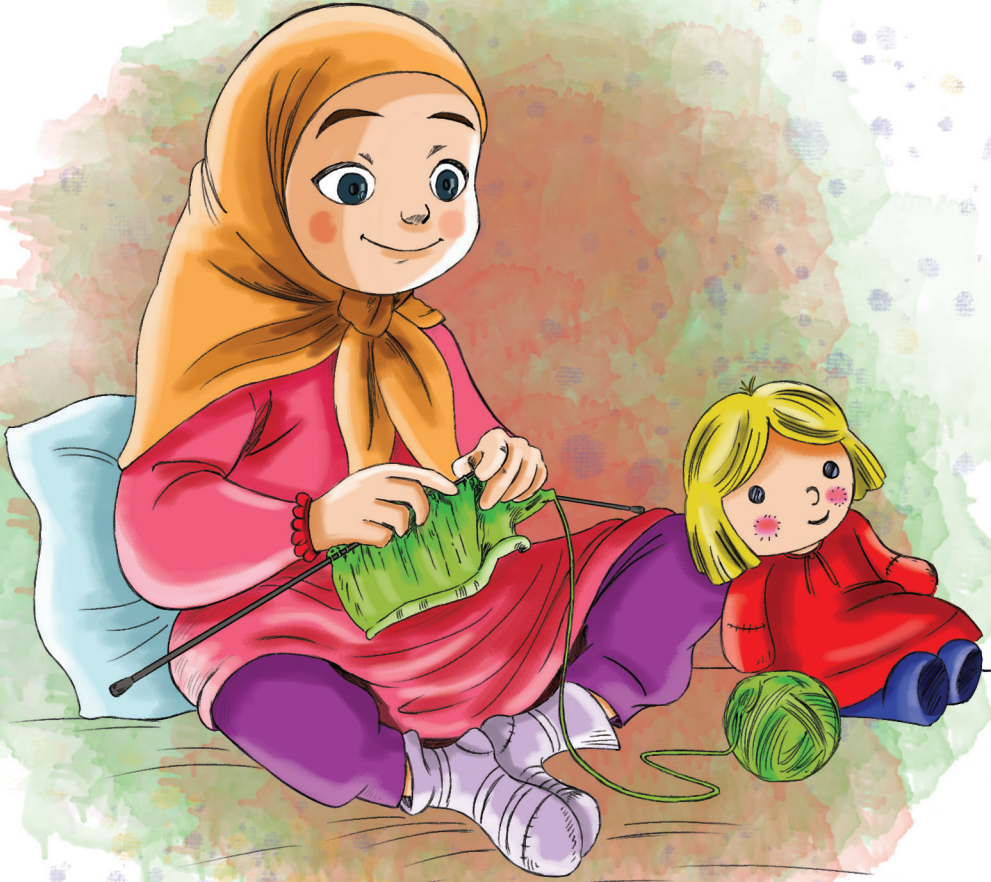


So, the secret of all the wool in the principal's room was this! Her mother had been knitting clothes for warriors for a long time and gave those to the support staff to be sent to the front. Roghayeh thought to herself:

“How great! I also learned to knit from my mother, so I can knit something for the warriors.”

When school time was over, Roghayeh went to the principal's room and took some green wool from the principal. She put it in her bag and set off. Roghayeh likes the green color very much. Green was the color of health and victory. She wanted to knit something for the soldiers, anything that she could. She wanted to give them health and victory, so she ran enthusiastically all the way from school to home.





When she got home, her mother was cooking in the kitchen. She hugged her mother and said happily: “Mom! Mom! Look, the principal gave me this wool. I’m going to knit clothes for warriors, too. How about a hat? I’d like to knit a beautiful hat.” The mother stroked her daughter’s beautiful face, kissed her dimple and said: “why not! Sure honey! You can start today.”

Roghayeh ate her lunch and did her homework, then she started knitting a hat. She knitted for an hour a day and finished knitting the hat almost after a week. She liked her green woolen hat very much. She showed the hat to Nazi. Roghayeh laughed, Nazi laughed too. Roghayeh said: “Dear Nazi, this hat is for the warriors. I promise to knit you a beautiful shirt.” Roghayeh thought to herself, my God! I wish I knew who will get the hat, an old warrior or a young one?!





Suddenly an idea came to her mind, so she picked up the pen, took a piece of paper from the middle of her notebook and started writing a letter:

“Hello warrior brother

I Hope you feel well. I am a twelve-year-old girl who knitted this hat for you. I don't know how you feel when you read this letter. Be sure, we all students, are thinking about you and we pray for your victory.”

She wrote their home address at the end of the letter. She folded the letter well and enveloped it.

She attached the envelope to the hat with a pin.

There were tears of joy in her eyes. The next day, she delivered the hat to the school.

Days passed. The war continued...

Roghayeh was praying for the health and victory of the warriors, and she was thinking about a green woolen hat. She didn't know who wore it and which warrior was protected against cold by her hat.





One day, it was eleven o'clock in the morning. The doorbell rang. Roghayeh put on her chador and went to the door. She opened the door. He was a postman. Roghayeh was very surprised to see him. The postman gave her a letter and left.

Roghayeh's all attention was on the letter in her hand. Who was the letter from? Her heart was beating fast. She closed the door and went to her room. She was very excited. She looked at the envelope carefully. Above and on the left side of the envelope was written: "war zone" sender's address: 1st Division, 2nd Company, Hazrat Rasool (s.w.a.s.) Battalion, Zip code: 61335-1154 - Ahvaz.

Roghayeh quickly opened the letter and read:

"Hello my teenage sister.

I'm one of the warriors who received your letter with the woolen hat. We appreciate your efforts. Thank you for praying for us. We hope to destroy the enemy and bring peace and security to you and others.

Seyed Javad 1363/10/2"

Roghayeh was very happy. She did not think that her letter was important to them and write an answer for her. She read it several times. She hugged and kissed Nazi. Her green woolen hat was on the head of a warrior named Seyed Javad. Roghayeh was impatiently waiting for her mother to tell her the story...

