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Sessional Assignment
Total Marks: 20
BSSE- 2nd Semester
Subject: Presentation and Communication Skills

Note: Write down a story in the form of 40 dialogues, describing a ceremony which had recently been attended.

“A MARRIAGE CEREMONY”

“You heard about the delay in Baraat” someone said.

“No, heard nothing like that” I replied.

“They say that the boy’s family get problem with this marriage.

The Guest again whispered.

“Nothing I knew that” I replied denying. Although, maybe I knew why Baraat was late, maybe I didn’t.

It was a wedding ceremony of Mr. Asghar’s daughter, Ammara. Mr. Asghar and I knew each other for more than one year. We were like friends, although I was his son’s age. I may have known Ammara way longer than my birth, way back to the creation of my soul.

Yes, I had my soul in her, I was in pure love with her. How we get apart, uh, is a long story. For now the Baraat is late.

“Is everything okay Asghar Sahib?” I asked keenly.

“May not be.” He answered confusingly.

“Mind if I ask why” I questioned friendly.

“I don’t know what to say.” Again.

“Asghar Sahib, say it, I might be helpful.” I again replied with consciousness.

“You can’t help let the Baraat come again” he said with the pain in his eyes.

“You can’t save the disgust I and my daughter will face” I pushed a chair towards him and told him to sit down and tell me everything.

“Asghar Sahib, please tell me everything!”

“What can I possibly say?”

“Everything tell me from start.”

“Remember when I was called earlier by Ahmed?”

“Yeah I remember” Ahmad is a Ammara’s fiancé and her husband to be.

“He said that He can’t marry Ammara.”

Mr. Asghar was crying when he said those words.

“Oh! I exclaimed. But why?”

“I don’t know my friend! That’s what he said.”

“He must’ve given any reason.” I insisted.

“The only reason He give was that it was for the happiness of Ammara.”

“What will you do know?” I asked.

“Die of guilt and shame” He answered.

Again tears in his eyes

“What the hell Asghar Sahib.”

“What else can I do?”

“I don’t but dying is not an option”

“What else can I do?” He yelled.

“Asghar Sahib get a bit normal.” I asked him to cool down as he had blood pressure problem, Then I proceeded.

“Why not else any of your relative to Ammara to save your honor?” I murmured.

“What?” He replied.

“You heard what I said Asghar Sahib.”

“Who could do that now?”

“Ask anyone you trust.”

He thought for a while, stood wondered a bit. Then come back to me.

“So what do you think Asghar Sahib?” I asked.

“Will you marry my daughter Ammara.” He answered with a burst.

“Will you save my honor?”

“I beg to you please marry her.”

“Asghar Sahib please don’t beg.” I hold his hands.

“For you Asghar Sahib, for your honor, I can do anything.”

“So will you marry her?” He asked.

I nodded my hand in Yes.

The Stage was set within an hour. Asghar Sahib made the announcement and I was declared as a Hero as a savior.

I married Ammara. The Molana Sahib read our Nikkah. We were officially married now.

I couldn't forget the happiness I saw in Mr. Asghar's eyesn that day and the respect he had for me.

"I am forever in your debt man!"

He yelled with joy and pride.

I nodded and hugged him.

But was I worth that respect, who knows! Maybe I know.

That night was the first night of us together as couples. I gifted her a ring, she was happy to see it.

Then she said, "So, you did what you said."

I replied" Anything is possible to achieve my soul, anything!" and the night went on way it need to be proceed.

But was anything readily valid to achieve. Was it valid in love to ask her fiancé to stop the marriage? To tell him about us both.

To be main reason for a pain of friend, to be a Hero affront, and the evil who planned everything up. Was it all valid?

Maybe I didn't know but might know.

Was it all valid?

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