

## Chapter 14

At home, Sumayah found a letter from Ahmad awaiting her and she eagerly read it. She forgot about the strange young man at the park. That night, she wrote a reply to Ahmad's long letter.

The next day was warm and sunny. So Sumayah decided to take a walk in the public park.

Before long, she heard someone say, "How nice to meet you again." Sumayah turned and saw Hamid. "I beg your pardon! You are mistaken." she said.

She tried to ignore him but he insisted, "I don't think you have such a poor memory. As for me, since I saw you last, I have not stopped thinking of you. An of my wealth, which is in the millions, is at your service."

Sumayah looked at him and said indifferently, "Oh, yes. Now I do remember you! You are the man who lives for money."

Hamid replied, "That's correct. Wealth, as you know, brands the fortunate."

"It is a pity that such men lack any other significant qualifications," she remarked.

"Money can bring other qualifications," said Hamid.

Sumayah said, "None but of fashion, which is very unimportant for a man."

Then Hamid said, "Your style is strange compared to your personality."

Surprised, Sumayah said, "What do you know of my personality?! My style, as you call it, is not strange. I don't know why I should answer you. In any case, I have tried to advise you. You may realize one day that money is not everything. If you think that with money you will succeed in life, you are quite wrong."

Sumayah was annoyed to have seen the young man again, and she left as soon as she finished speaking without the least intention of waiting to hear his reply.

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