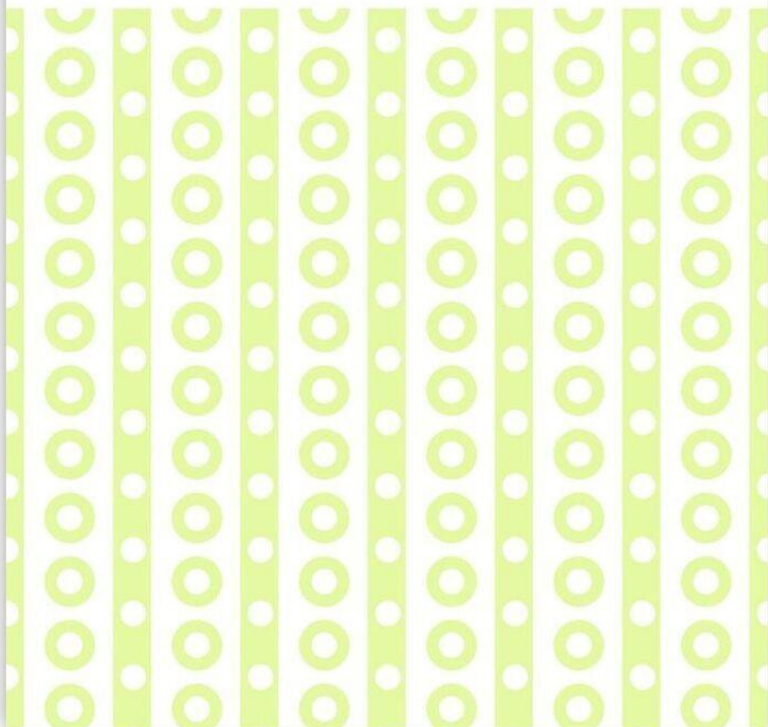


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Radzhabova Sayiorat
Under the protection of allah



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<https://litres.ru/74395457>

ISBN 9785007108324

Аннотация

This is a dramatic, true international story about a strong mother's holy fight to save her sick son's life, her difficult labor in Moscow, and her ultimate victory in the United Arab Emirates under the protection of Allah. A powerful book of devotion, love, and absolute survival

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Radzhabova Sayiorat

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ISBN 978-5-0071-0832-4

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CHAPTER 1. “Under the Protection of Allah”

“My life began in the beautiful land of Tajikistan, under the strict but just gaze of my father, Muqim. I grew up knowing the true meaning of honor, honest labor, and deep respect for my family’s heritage. From early childhood, I learned that whatever severe trials the Almighty sends our way, we must face them with absolute firmness and a pure heart.

No one could have imagined the terrifying storms I would have to endure in the years to come. I experienced the freezing cold of underground sewing workshops in Moscow and the grueling, exhausting labor in the massive warehouses of “Wildberries.” I worked day and night, without rest, solely to give my children a future and to save the life of my beloved son, tearing him from the hands of corrupt doctors.

I endured betrayal, slander, and human cruelty. But every

time my world collapsed and I was left completely alone in a foreign land, with no money in my pocket and a broken heart, an invisible force lifted me up. I was never truly alone. Step by step, through all the tears and agony, my life and my family have always been guided by a single, supreme will. This is the story of my fight, my absolute devotion, and my final victory alongside my husband, Francesco. Because everything I have lived through, I lived strictly under one indestructible shield {UNDER THE PROTECTION OF ALLAH...”

CHAPTER 2. “The Father’s House. My Childhood in Dushanbe”

“My childhood was spent in our beloved Dushanbe. I remember our home as a place filled with deep warmth, where every single corner was protected by the boundless love of my holy mother a true heroin and the unshakeable strength of my father, Muqim. We were a united, hardworking family, deeply proud of our land. From the time I was a little girl, I saw my mother dedicate every moment of her life to us children, teaching us honesty and dignity, while my father watched over us like an insurmountable shield.

In those happy days, in the shadow of our majestic mountains, my heart was perfectly calm and serene. I did not yet know what it meant to face hunger, the freezing cold of foreign lands, or the bitter pain of betrayal. I played in the courtyard, looked at my mother’s beautiful smile, and felt completely safe, knowing

that as long as my father was alive, no one could ever harm us. It was a deeply blessed childhood, a period of absolute peace that the Almighty granted me to fill my soul with strength before the great storms of my life began...”

CHAPTER 3. “Youth in Dushanbe. First Dreams and Hopes”

“My youth blossomed in our beloved Dushanbe, like a young tree fully protected from world storms. In those years, my soul was clear, bright, and full of hopes for the future. I walked the streets of my native city, inhaling the pure air of our mountains, and dreamed of a happy, honest, and serene life just like the one my parents had built for us.

My father, Muqim, was my rock, my absolute pride, and my fierce protector. Under his firm gaze and under the loving wing of my holy mother, I felt completely invincible. I did not yet know the malice of the world, the lies, or the heavy greed of the people I would later encounter on my path in foreign lands. My youth was a period of pure innocence and clean dreams, a precious gift from the Almighty that filled my heart with warmth and unshakeable faith before the winds of destiny carried me far away from home...”

CHAPTER 4. “The First Marriage. The Beginning of Great Trials”

“The moment came when my carefree youth ended, and I had to leave my father’s house to begin my life as a married

woman. My first marriage, unfortunately, did not bring me the happiness that every young bride sincerely dreams of. It marked the beginning of my great and painful earthly trials, the very first step into a suffocating labyrinth of suffering that would deeply test my soul.

In that union, I came to know the full weight of disappointment and grief, but the Almighty granted me the inner strength not to break. It was during that difficult period that I realized I had to be strong as iron not just for myself, but for the destiny that awaited me. This marriage became my first school of harsh survival, a trial by fire that began to temper my flesh and spirit like steel, preparing me to fight for life and dignity...”

CHAPTER 5. “The Gift of Motherhood. The Birth of My Beloved Son”

“In the very midst of the darkness and pain of my first marriage, the Almighty granted me the greatest miracle on earth: I became a mother. The birth of my beloved son illuminated my world with a sacred light and gave a profound meaning to my every breath. When I held that tiny angel to my breast for the very first time, I made a solemn promise to myself and to Allah that I would do absolutely anything to protect him.

Motherhood awakened a fierce, lioness-like strength within my soul. No matter how difficult my situation became or how alone I felt, looking into my son’s eyes, I knew I had no right to ever give up. That little boy became my anchor, my ultimate joy,

and the sole reason I was completely ready to face any storm, any labor, and any sacrifice on this earth...”

CHAPTER 6. “The Birth of My Beloved Daughter Aisha”

“Following the birth of my son, the Almighty granted me another immense grace, a sacred gift that filled my soul with infinite tenderness: my beautiful baby girl, my daughter Aisha, was born. Her birth brought a pure, clean light into my deeply troubled world. When I looked into her tiny eyes for the first time, I realized that my responsibility as a mother had doubled.

I swore before Allah that I would protect this child with all my might, that I would raise her in honesty, purity, and the dignity of our lineage. Aisha became my little angel, my hope, and my constant companion. Looking at my two children, I felt that for their sake, I was ready to defy the entire world, to work until absolute exhaustion, and to endure any hardship, because they were my entire life...”

CHAPTER 7. “The Great Misfortune. The Illness of My Son”

“But the happiness of motherhood was suddenly shattered by a terrifying grief that shook my mother’s heart to its core. A great misfortune arrived in our village: my beloved son fell gravely ill. His little body was suffering intensely, and I saw his life fading away day after day right before my eyes, completely helpless to stop it.

Fear gripped my throat, but I could not afford the luxury of

crying or giving up. In those dark days, I realized I had to be strong as steel to rip my child from the arms of death. I began to knock on every single door, to search for doctors and medicines, praying incessantly to the Almighty to spare the life of my boy. It was the beginning of my first true, bloody battle against destiny—a trial that changed my soul forever...”

CHAPTER 8. “The Hospitalization and Medical Injustice”

“We began a painful calvary through the hospitals. But instead of finding help and compassion, I clashed directly against the freezing wall of human greed and medical injustice. My son was in desperate condition, yet corrupt doctors refused to treat him without money, completely ignoring their oath and the agony of a desperate mother.

My heart filled with a just, cold indignation. I had no money, but I possessed the invincible power of a mother’s love. Seeing how they played with my baby’s life, I realized I could not trust these people. I took full control of the situation with absolute firmness, determined to fight that corrupt system with my head held high. I would not stop for any chief physician or director, because my son’s life was worth more than all their greed...”

CHAPTER 9. “My Fight Against the Ministry of Health”

“My despair transformed into a force of solid steel. Unable to bear the extortion and indifference of the doctors any longer, I decided to go straight to the top, declaring war on the Ministry

of Health. Completely alone, like a wounded lioness, I crossed the thresholds of those government offices to demand justice for my son.

The officials looked at me with coldness and superiority, but my voice did not shake. I faced every single bureaucratic obstacle with total firmness, speaking the absolute truth to the face of anyone who tried to dismiss me. It was an exhausting fight, a true miracle accomplished through my faith, and in the end, the wall of indifference collapsed: I obtained the necessary treatment for my boy. That day I learned that when you fight for a just cause with the name of Allah in your heart, no earthly power can defeat you...”

CHAPTER 10. “The Salvation of My Son. The Victory of Faith”

“And the miracle happened: the Almighty heard my prayers, and my determination triumphed. My son was treated, his life was saved, and death retreated from our home. When I saw him smile again and breathe without pain, I fell to my knees, crying tears of immense gratitude toward Allah.

This was my first great victory, the absolute proof that a mother’s faith and love can move any mountain. My son returned to life, and I was ready to start from scratch, to work hard to maintain my children, knowing that after defeating death, I would never fear anything on this earth again...”

CHAPTER 11. “The Painful Decision. The Departure for

Russia”

“Life after my son’s recovery demanded new strength from me. We had no money, the debts accumulated for medicines weighed heavily on my shoulders, and I had to feed my little children. It was then that I made a painful decision that broke my heart: to leave my children in the care of my mother and depart alone for Russia to do the hardest labor.

Leaving my homeland and my little ones felt like tearing my soul from my breast. I cried all my tears on the path to the airport, but inside I knew I had no other choice. I had to go toward the cold and the unknown, with firm hope in Allah that my sacrifice would provide a piece of bread and a secure future for my family...”

CHAPTER 12. “The Cold of Moscow. Labor in the Sewing Workshops”

“Moscow welcomed me with a freezing cold and the indifference of a foreign metropolis. I began working in underground sewing workshops, where the days never ended. My hands were wounded by needles, my back ached from the endless hours spent sitting on a chair, and the air was heavy and oppressive.

In that basement, I did not see the sunlight for weeks. I earned very little, the bosses always tried to deceive us, but I endured everything with firmness. Every time my strength abandoned me and I wanted to fall to the ground, I looked at the photos of

my children on my phone and kept sewing. I knew that every ruble earned with my blood would fly to Dushanbe to feed my creatures...”

CHAPTER 13. “The Loss of the Bag. A New Trial of Poverty”

“But destiny decided to strike me even harder. On an unfortunate day, in the chaos of the big city, I lost my bag. Inside was everything I had: the little money earned with months of hard labor and, what was most terrible, all my official documents.

I was left on the street, in a foreign land, without identity and without a single ruble for bread. It was a moment of pure terror and absolute poverty. But my dignity as a Tajik woman did not allow me to beg or to cry in front of strangers. I wrapped myself tighter in my coat, looked at the gray sky of Moscow, and said to myself: “Allah has taken everything from me, but He has not taken my faith. I will start from scratch, I will work even harder, and no one will ever see me defeated”...”

CHAPTER 14. “The Forced Return to the Homeland”

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