

the Bosnian family

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Renad was just a young boy when he lost his father in the brutal war in Bosnia. The loss of his father left a gaping hole in his heart, one that seemed impossible to fill. To make matters worse, Renad also suffered from the sugar disease, and his sister had kidney problems. They were faced with one tragedy after another, but Renad refused to let it break him.

Despite the hardships he faced, Renad was determined to make a better life for himself and his family. He knew that the key to their survival lay in hard work and perseverance. So, he rolled up his sleeves and got to work. He married a kind and loving woman, and together they had four smart and beautiful children.

Renad's entrepreneurial spirit led him to start a business where he owned many cows and chickens. He knew that in order to provide for his family, he needed to find a stable source of income. And so, he began selling milk, eggs, and meat to the local community. His business grew quickly, as people were drawn to the quality and freshness of his products.

But running a business was no easy task. Renad and his family worked tirelessly, often spending seven days a week tending to their cattle and chickens. The early mornings and late nights were grueling, but Renad knew that it was all worth it to see his family thrive.

Despite the challenges they faced, Renad's children were bright and full of life. They excelled in school, always eager to learn and grow. Renad and his wife were proud of their children, knowing that they were the true joy in their lives.

As the years passed, Renad's business continued to flourish. He invested in new equipment and expanded his operations, always looking for ways to improve and grow. His reputation as a hardworking and honest businessman spread far and wide, attracting more customers to his farm.

But life was not without its obstacles. Renad's health continued to deteriorate, as the sugar disease took its toll on his body. His sister's kidney problems also worsened, requiring expensive medical treatments. Despite these challenges, Renad never wavered in his determination to provide for his family.

One day, as Renad was tending to his cows, a sudden storm rolled in. The sky darkened, and thunder rumbled ominously in the distance. Renad knew that he needed to act fast to protect his livestock from the fierce winds and pelting rain.

With his children by his side, Renad worked tirelessly to secure the barn and shelter the animals. The wind howled and the rain lashed down, but Renad refused to give up. He knew that his family's livelihood depended on his quick thinking and determination.

Hours passed, and finally, the storm began to subside. Renad emerged from the barn, soaked to the bone but victorious. His cattle were safe, thanks to his quick actions. The sense of relief and accomplishment washed over him, filling him with pride.

As the sun broke through the clouds, casting a golden glow over the farm, Renad looked out at his family and their hard-earned success. Despite the hardships they had faced, they had persevered and thrived. And Renad knew that as long as they had each other, they could weather any storm that came their way.

It was a warm summer day in Bosnia as I arrived at my uncle Amir's house, eager to spend time with him and listen to his stories from the war. My uncle had fought bravely in the war in Bosnia, enduring many hardships and sacrifices for his country. Being a retired veteran, he had seen things that most people could never imagine.

As I sat down with my uncle, sipping on traditional Bosnian coffee, I asked him to tell me about his experiences in the war. His face grew solemn as he began to recount the days of fighting, the loss of friends, and the pain of being separated from his wife and children for long periods of time. He told me about the time he got shot in the knee, a wound that still caused him pain to this day.

Despite the horrors of war, my uncle Amir found solace in his family. He and his wife had raised two beautiful daughters, who had grown up to be strong and independent young women. One of his daughters had even moved to Sweden to pursue her dreams, a decision that had filled my uncle's heart with both pride and sadness.

One day during my visit, my uncle invited me to join him for Friday prayers at the mosque. I was intrigued by the idea, as I had never been to a mosque before. As we entered the mosque, I was struck by a sense of peace and tranquility that enveloped the room. My uncle knelt beside me, his voice soft as he recited prayers in Arabic.

After the prayers had finished, my uncle took me on a tour of the mosque, showing me the beautiful architecture and intricate designs that adorned the walls. As we walked, I noticed a donation box near the entrance, filled with Bosnian marks. Feeling a sense of gratitude for the peace and serenity I had experienced in the mosque, I reached into my pocket and donated 8 marks to the mosque, a small token of appreciation for the community that had welcomed me.

As we exited the mosque, we came across a woman sitting on the street, her eyes filled with desperation. My uncle explained that many people in Bosnia had been left impoverished after the war, struggling to make ends meet. Moved by her plight, I handed her 20 marks, hoping that it would bring a glimmer of hope to her difficult situation.

As we walked back to my uncle's house, I couldn't shake the feeling of sadness that lingered in the air. Despite the natural beauty of Bosnia, there was a sense of lingering pain and loss that seemed to haunt the streets. The scars of war were still visible in the crumbling buildings and haunted eyes of the people we passed.

That evening, as we sat down for dinner, my uncle shared with me his hopes for a better future for Bosnia. He spoke of his dreams of peace and prosperity, of a country where his daughters could thrive and flourish. As I listened to his words, I felt a deep sense of admiration for his resilience and strength in the face of adversity.

As the night grew darker, I thanked my uncle for sharing his stories with me, for giving me a glimpse into his world of bravery and sacrifice. I knew that I would never forget the lessons I had learned during my visit to my motherland, of the importance of compassion, resilience, and hope in the face of adversity.

And as I drifted off to sleep that night, I said a silent prayer for my uncle Amir, for his family, and for the people of Bosnia, hoping that one day, peace would reign in their hearts and minds, and that the scars of war would finally begin to heal.

As I stepped out of the car and onto the gravel driveway of my aunt's house, I was greeted by the familiar sight of the neatly manicured lawn and colorful flowers that lined the pathway to the front door. I took a deep breath, inhaling the scent of freshly cut grass and blooming roses, feeling a sense of peace wash over me. This was my sanctuary, my refuge from the hustle and bustle of city life.

Aunt Maryam opened the door with a warm smile, her hijab neatly wrapped around her head, her eyes twinkling with joy at the sight of her visitors. Welcome, my dear, she greeted me, enveloping me in a tight hug. It's so good to see you again.

I smiled back at her, feeling a surge of affection for my mother's sister, the pillar of strength in our family. Aunt Maryam was the wife of a Muslim veteran, a man who had served his country with honor and had now retired to a quiet life in the countryside. She had raised her daughter, Lima, with love and care, instilling in her a sense of duty and responsibility that she carried with her to this day.

Lima, her husband, and two sons were visiting from the city, where they lived and worked. Lima was a store manager, while her husband was a builder, a man of few words but immense skill. Despite their busy lives, they always made time to come and visit Aunt Maryam, bringing with them a sense of vibrancy and energy that filled the house with laughter and chatter.

After exchanging pleasantries and catching up on the latest news, Aunt Maryam suggested that we all go out to the backyard and enjoy the sunny weather. The boys can play in the garden while we catch up over tea, she said, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

As we settled into the garden chairs, sipping on fragrant mint tea and nibbling on homemade cookies, Aunt Maryam turned to me and asked, Would you like to help your uncle with mowing the lawn today? It's getting quite overgrown.

I readily agreed, eager to spend some time outdoors and soak in the fresh air. Lima's husband, a tall and muscular man with a kind smile, joined us as we made our way to the shed to retrieve the lawnmower. We worked in companionable silence, the hum of the machine drowning out our thoughts as we focused on the task at hand.

After an hour of hard work, the lawn was neatly trimmed and the garden looked pristine once again. As we wiped the sweat from our brows and took a well-deserved break, Aunt Maryam came out with a tray of cold drinks, a look of appreciation on her face. Thank you for your hard work, both of you, she said, handing us a glass of refreshing lemonade. It's always a pleasure to have you here.

Later that afternoon, Uncle Ahmed suggested that we all go to the mosque for the evening prayers. I eagerly agreed, eager to connect with my faith and seek solace in the

serene surroundings of the mosque. As we entered the prayer hall, the soft murmurs of the faithful filled the air, creating a sense of peace and tranquility that enveloped me like a warm blanket.

I took my place in the prayer line, bowing my head in silent prayer as the Imam recited verses from the Quran. I felt a deep sense of gratitude and humility wash over me, a feeling of being part of something greater than myself. As the prayer ended, I reached into my pocket and pulled out two Bosnian marks, a small donation that I hoped would help those less fortunate than myself.

As we made our way back to Aunt Maryam's house, I felt a sense of contentment and fulfillment that I hadn't experienced in a long time. The simple act of mowing the lawn, praying at the mosque, and spending time with loved ones had filled me with a sense of joy and gratitude that I would carry with me long after the visit had ended.

That night, as I lay in bed, I opened my notebook and started writing, capturing the emotions and experiences of the day in black ink on white paper. The words flowed freely, a torrent of creativity and inspiration that poured out from my heart and soul. I knew that this was just the beginning of a new chapter in my life, a chapter filled with adventure, complexity, and a deep sense of purpose.

As I drifted off to sleep, I couldn't help but smile, knowing that I had found my voice and my passion in the most unexpected of places – my aunt's house, surrounded by family, faith, and love. And as the stars twinkled in the night sky above, I knew that there was no limit to what I could achieve, as long as I held onto the values and beliefs that had guided me on this journey of self-discovery and growth.

As the bus bumped along the winding roads of Bosnia, I stared out the window, lost in my thoughts. The visit to Aunt Dis had been bittersweet - she greeted us with tearful eyes and warm hugs, but the shadow of her husband's death in the Bosnian war loomed over us all.

Aunt Dis was a strong woman, raising her son alone after her husband's tragic passing. Her son now had a wife and four children of his own, all living together in a small but cozy house on the outskirts of Sarajevo. Her daughter, my cousin, lived in a nearby village with her husband and two kids. It was a tight-knit family, bound together by love and shared struggles.

Today, as we sat around the kitchen table sipping strong Bosnian coffee, Aunt Dis's daughter revealed her latest health troubles. She had been diagnosed with kidney problems, and the cost of treatment was overwhelming for her family. My heart ached for her, knowing the financial strain that any illness could bring.

Without hesitation, I reached into my pocket and pulled out 100 euros, converting them into Bosnian marks. The look of gratitude in my cousin's eyes made my heart swell with a sense of pride and relief. I had promised my mother a year ago that I would send money from Holland to help our family in Bosnia, but circumstances had prevented me from fulfilling that promise. Now, sitting in Aunt Dis's kitchen, I knew that I had finally done the right thing.

The rest of the day passed in a blur of laughter and shared memories. Aunt Dis regaled us with tales of her youth, painting a vivid picture of Sarajevo before the war. My mother and I listened intently, savoring every detail as if it were a precious gem.

As the sun began to set, we bid farewell to Aunt Dis and her family, promising to visit again soon. The bus ride back to Sarajevo was filled with a sense of contentment and peace. I sat in my seat, scribbling furiously in my journal as the landscape whizzed by outside.

The hills of Bosnia rolled past, shrouded in mist and mystery. The air was crisp with the promise of autumn, and a sense of adventure tingled in my veins. I closed my eyes and breathed in the scent of pine and earth, letting the memories of the day wash over me like a gentle tide.

In that moment, I realized the true power of love and connection. No amount of money could ever match the warmth of a hug from Aunt Dis, or the laughter of my cousins. Our family was not defined by wealth or material possessions, but by the strength of our bonds and the depth of our love.

As the bus finally pulled into the bustling streets of Sarajevo, I felt a profound sense of gratitude wash over me. Aunt Dis's family may have faced hardships and struggles, but they had also shown me the true meaning of resilience and grace. And for that, I would forever be grateful.

Once upon a time in a bustling town, there lived a young Muslim girl named Aisha. She was known for her kindness and compassion towards others, especially those less fortunate than herself. Aisha was a firm believer in the teachings of Islam, particularly when it came to the concept of Zakat - the practice of giving a portion of one's wealth to help those in need.

One sunny afternoon, Aisha was walking through the crowded streets of her town when she came across a Muslim woman sitting on the pavement, her eyes filled with desperation. The woman explained that she had been struggling to make ends meet and was in dire need of financial assistance. Without hesitation, Aisha reached into her purse and handed the woman 20 Bosnian marks, a generous gesture that brought tears to the woman's eyes.

Feeling a sense of fulfillment from helping someone in need, Aisha continued her journey, making her way to the local mosque. As she approached the grand building, she felt a sense of peace wash over her. She knew that giving back to her community was not only a duty but a privilege. Aisha placed 5 marks in the donation box, grateful for the opportunity to contribute to the mosque's charitable efforts.

After offering her prayers, Aisha made her way to another mosque in town, where she donated 2 marks to support the upkeep of the sacred space. As she left the mosque, feeling a sense of contentment in her heart, Aisha witnessed an elderly grandmother struggling to cross a busy railroad. Without a second thought, Aisha rushed to the woman's side and offered her arm for support, helping her safely navigate the treacherous tracks.

As Aisha and her mother continued on their journey, they stopped at a local market to buy food and a delicious pie for their family dinner. While browsing the stalls, they once again came across the same elderly woman they had helped earlier. Aisha felt a surge of empathy for the woman and decided to give her an additional 10 marks, hoping to ease her struggles even just a little.

Later that day, Aisha visited her great-aunt Dis, a wise woman of 91 years who had always been a pillar of strength and guidance in her life. Aisha knew that her great-aunt needed extra care and support, so she lovingly handed her 30 marks as a token of her appreciation and respect.

Throughout the day, Aisha embodied the spirit of Zakat, giving without expecting anything in return. Her actions were driven by a deep sense of compassion and a desire to make a positive impact on the world around her. As she reflected on her day, Aisha felt grateful for the opportunity to help those in need and to spread kindness and generosity wherever she went.

In the end, Aisha understood that the true value of wealth lies not in its accumulation but in its ability to uplift and support others in their time of need. Through her selfless acts of giving, Aisha had not only fulfilled her duty as a Muslim but had also enriched her own soul with the joy of helping others. And so, with a heart full of gratitude and a spirit of compassion, Aisha continued on her journey, eager to make a difference in the world, one act of kindness at a time.

It had been nearly a year since I had taken my last sip of alcohol. Eleven long months of sobriety, thanks to a ritual that was shrouded in secrecy and mystery. A ritual that had changed my life in ways I never could have imagined.

I still remember the day I first heard about the ritual. I was at a support group meeting, sharing my struggles with the other members. One woman, a kind and gentle soul named Maria, took me aside after the meeting and whispered about a man who could help me break free from the chains of addiction. She told me that he was a mystical healer, a man who practiced ancient rituals that were not spoken about openly.

I was skeptical at first, but desperation drove me to seek out this man. And now, here I was, sitting in his dimly lit den, surrounded by flickering candles and the smell of incense. The man, whose name I never learned, stared at me with piercing eyes, as if he could see straight into my soul.

Without a word, he motioned for me to sit on a cushion on the floor. I complied, feeling a mix of fear and excitement coursing through my veins. He began chanting in a language I couldn't understand, waving his hands in intricate patterns around me. I closed my eyes and tried to quiet the doubts and fears that bombarded my mind.

As the ritual continued, I felt a strange sense of peace wash over me. It was as if a weight had been lifted from my shoulders, and I could breathe freely for the first time in years. Tears streamed down my face as the man finished the ritual with a final flourish, and I knew in that moment that something profound had shifted within me.

After the ritual was over, the man gestured for me to join him at a low table that was set with steaming plates of cevapi, a Bosnian dish of sausages that filled the room with a mouth-watering aroma. I eagerly dug in, savoring the flavors that exploded in my mouth. The food tasted like nothing I had ever experienced before, each bite a symphony of spices and textures that danced on my taste buds.

As we ate, the man spoke to me in a soft voice, sharing wisdom and insights that resonated deep within my soul. He told me about the power of forgiveness, of letting go of the past and embracing the present moment. His words touched something deep inside me, stirring up emotions that I had long buried beneath layers of addiction and self-doubt.

In the afternoon, we feasted on delightful Bosnian pastries that melted in my mouth, each bite a reminder of the sweet abundance that life had to offer. The man regaled me with stories of his travels and adventures, filling my mind with images of far-off lands and exotic cultures. I listened with rapt attention, hanging on his every word as if they were precious jewels to be cherished.

As the day drew to a close, I knew that I had been forever changed by the man and his mysterious ritual. My journey to sobriety had been a treacherous one, filled with pitfalls and false starts, but now I saw a light at the end of the tunnel. The ritual had unlocked something inside me, a wellspring of strength and resilience that I never knew existed.

I hugged the man tightly before leaving, tears of gratitude streaming down my face. As I walked out into the cool night air, I felt a sense of peace and serenity wash over me, knowing that I was on the right path at last. The road ahead would not be easy, but with the man's guidance and the power of the ritual behind me, I knew that I could face whatever challenges came my way.

And so, with a heart full of hope and a mind clear of doubts, I set out into the world, ready to embrace the adventure that lay ahead. The man and his ritual had given me a second chance at life, and I vowed to make the most of it, one day at a time.

It was a typical Monday morning when I stumbled upon a book that would forever change the way I approached productivity. *Extreme Productivity: How Working 70 Hours a Week Gets All Your Tasks Done, Accomplishes Your Goals, and Makes Your Dreams a Reality* promised a revolutionary approach to reaching peak performance and achieving extraordinary results. Intrigued by the bold claim, I decided to dive into the groundbreaking methodology that challenged conventional wisdom and unlocked the secrets to supercharging productivity like never before.

As I began reading, I was immediately drawn in by the author's compelling argument for working smarter, not harder. The concept of dedicating 70 hours a week to my tasks and goals seemed daunting at first, but as I delved deeper into the strategies and techniques outlined in the book, I began to see the potential for transformation in my own life.

The key, it seemed, was to embrace a mindset of extreme dedication, focus, and efficiency. By working strategically and purposefully for 70 hours a week, I could propel myself towards success and accomplish my goals with precision and speed. It was a challenge unlike any I had ever faced, but the promise of reaching unprecedented levels of productivity and success fueled my determination.

As I incorporated the principles of extreme productivity into my daily routine, I started to notice a shift in my mindset. I became more focused, more disciplined, and more determined than ever before. Tasks that once seemed insurmountable now appeared manageable, and goals that once felt out of reach suddenly seemed within grasp.

But it wasn't just about working harder; it was about working smarter. The book taught me how to prioritize my tasks, eliminate distractions, and maximize my time and energy for optimal results. It was a revolutionary approach that challenged the status quo and pushed me to think outside the box.

As the days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months, I watched in amazement as my productivity soared to new heights. I was accomplishing more in a day than I had previously thought possible, and my dreams began to feel within reach.

But with great success came great challenges. As I pushed myself to the limit, I encountered obstacles and setbacks that tested my resolve. There were moments of frustration and doubt, moments when I questioned whether I had what it took to truly achieve my goals.

But with each setback came a renewed sense of determination. The book had taught me to persevere in the face of adversity, to push through the obstacles and keep my eyes firmly fixed on the prize. And so, I pressed on, fueled by the belief that with hard work, dedication, and a revolutionary approach to productivity, anything was possible.

And then, one day, it happened. I reached a milestone that I had once only dreamed of, a goal that seemed unattainable just months before. I had made my dreams a reality, thanks to the transformative power of extreme productivity.

As I closed the book for the final time, a sense of gratitude washed over me. I was grateful for the challenges that had pushed me to grow, for the setbacks that had taught me resilience, and for the revolutionary approach to productivity that had unlocked my full potential.

Extreme Productivity had been more than just a book; it had been a catalyst for change, a guide to reaching peak performance, and a roadmap to achieving my dreams. And as I looked towards the future, I knew that with the lessons I had learned, there was no limit to what I could accomplish.

Once upon a time, in a bustling city where dreams were made and broken, lived a young woman named Sophia. She was a hardworking individual with big dreams of becoming a successful entrepreneur. However, year after year, she found herself stuck in the same place, unable to make significant progress towards her goals.

Sophia longed to achieve greatness, but she struggled to take the necessary steps to get there. She was constantly battling procrastination and self-doubt, unsure of how to break free from the cycle that held her back.

One day, while browsing through a bookstore, Sophia came across a book that caught her eye. The title read *Implementation to Greatness* and the cover was adorned with vibrant colors and inspiring imagery. Intrigued, Sophia picked up the book and began to flip through its pages.

As she read the words written by author Jasmin Hajro, she felt a sense of hope stirring within her. The book spoke of the crucial importance of implementation in achieving greatness, emphasizing the fact that it was not enough to simply have a goal or a dream.

Feeling inspired, Sophia decided to purchase the book and delve deeper into its teachings. She devoured the pages, absorbing the valuable insights and practical exercises that Jasmin Hajro had laid out for his readers.

With newfound determination, Sophia set to work on implementing the strategies outlined in *Implementation to Greatness*. She set clear, actionable goals for herself, creating a solid plan of execution to ensure she stayed on track.

Each day, Sophia took consistent and focused action towards her goals, pushing past her self-doubt and overcoming the obstacles that had held her back for so long. She began to see progress, little by little, as she applied the principles from the book to her own life.

But it wasn't all smooth sailing for Sophia. Along the way, she faced challenges and setbacks that tested her resolve. There were moments when she wanted to give up, when the weight of her dreams felt too heavy to bear.

However, Sophia persevered, drawing on the wisdom and inspiration she had gathered from *Implementation to Greatness*. She refused to let fear and doubt hold her back, determined to turn her dreams into reality no matter what.

As time passed, Sophia's efforts began to bear fruit. She launched her own successful business, achieving the greatness she had always longed for. Her story became a beacon of hope and inspiration for others who were struggling to break free from their own limitations.

And as Sophia looked back on her journey, she knew that it was Implementation to Greatness that had propelled her forward, guiding her every step of the way towards the life she had always dreamed of.

So, are you tired of feeling stuck in the same place, year after year, without making significant progress towards your goals? Do you long to achieve greatness but struggle to take the necessary steps to get there? If so, it's time to grab a copy of Implementation to Greatness and begin your own journey towards success. Your future self will thank you for it.

We were on our way to visit Mama's aunt, who lived in a small village high up in the mountains of Bosnia. The journey required us to take a bus through the bustling city of Sarajevo before heading further up into the rugged terrain. Mama had always spoken fondly of her aunt, who was a resilient woman despite facing unimaginable loss in her life. Her husband had passed away many years ago, followed by her sons who had tragically died in the war.

As we made our way up the mountain, I couldn't help but feel a sense of unease. The landscape was beautiful, yet haunting, with remnants of the war still visible in the form of abandoned buildings and bullet-ridden walls. I could only imagine the pain and suffering that Mama's aunt must have endured over the years.

When we finally arrived at her aunt's house, I was struck by how isolated it was. Surrounded by dense forest and overlooking a vast valley below, the small cottage seemed like a world unto itself. As we entered, I was greeted by the sight of Mama's aunt, sitting at the kitchen table with a weary smile on her face.

Despite her hardships, she welcomed us warmly and immediately launched into a series of jokes and anecdotes, lightening the heavy atmosphere that hung over the house. It was clear that she had a sharp wit and a keen sense of humor, using laughter as a way to cope with her solitude.

As we sat down for a meal, I noticed how worn and tired Mama's aunt looked. The lines on her face told the story of a life filled with sorrow and loss, yet her eyes sparkled with a hidden strength that belied her frail appearance. I knew that she must have faced countless hardships in her lifetime, yet she remained resilient and courageous in the face of adversity.

During our conversation, Mama's aunt spoke of her past, recounting tales of her youth and the happy memories she shared with her husband and sons. It was clear that she held onto these memories dearly, cherishing them as a source of comfort in her old age.

As the evening wore on, I felt a deep sense of compassion for Mama's aunt. Despite her outward bravado, I could sense the loneliness that gnawed at her heart, like a silent companion that never left her side. I knew that she needed more than just company – she needed to feel loved and cherished, even if just for a fleeting moment.

In a spontaneous gesture of generosity, I reached into my pocket and pulled out a wad of Bosnian marks. Placing them in her hand, I saw a flicker of surprise and gratitude in her eyes. It was a small token of appreciation for the strength and resilience she had shown throughout her life, a sign that she was not alone in her struggles.

As I looked into Mama's aunt's eyes, I saw a glimmer of hope shining through the darkness. It was a reminder that even in the face of overwhelming odds, there is always a sliver of light that guides us through the darkest of times. And in that moment, I knew that Mama's aunt would never truly be alone, for she had found a companion in the kindness of a stranger.

As we drove through the winding roads of Svratek, a small village nestled in the rugged mountains of Eastern Europe, I couldn't help but feel a sense of both excitement and trepidation. This was my first time visiting my aunt's sister, a woman I had only heard stories about but had never met in person. My aunt had warned me that her sister's health was not the best, and that she had been struggling with various ailments for years. But nothing could have prepared me for the sight that greeted me as we pulled up to her modest little cottage.

Aunt's sister, whose name was Maria, was a striking figure with her wild mane of silver hair and piercing blue eyes. But what caught my attention the most were her legs - they were incredibly thick and swollen, making it difficult for her to walk. She hobbled towards us, a smile playing on her lips despite the obvious pain she was in.

My dear niece, it is so wonderful to finally meet you, she said, her voice tinged with a hint of sadness.

I knelt down to give her a hug, feeling a pang of sympathy for this woman who had clearly been through so much in her life. As we settled down at the kitchen table, Maria's husband, a grizzled man with a weather-beaten face, started to recount his experiences from the war.

I was just a young man when the bombs started falling, he began, his eyes distant as he relived the memories. We were huddled together in a small village, waiting for the next attack. It was pure chaos, with grenades exploding all around us. I thought I would never see another day.

He went on to describe the hardships they had faced during those dark days, how they had survived on little more than sheer grit and determination. And then, he spoke of the humanitarian aid that had arrived - food, medicine, shelter. But his face darkened as he recalled how little of it had actually reached them.

We were left to fend for ourselves, with no help from the outside world, he said bitterly. It was a miracle that any of us made it out alive.

As I listened to his tale, a shiver ran down my spine. The horrors of war, the brutality of man's inhumanity towards man - it was a sobering reminder of the fragility of life.

But amidst the darkness, there was a glimmer of hope. Maria's son, a young man named Stefan, had managed to build a successful business from the ground up. He had taken advantage of the growing economy in the region, using his ingenuity and hard work to carve out a niche for himself. And now, he was the pride of the family - the one who had finally made it.

Stefan was a tall, handsome man with a confident air about him. He greeted me warmly, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

Ah, so you're the famous niece from America, he said, flashing me a bright smile. I've heard so much about you.

We chatted for a while, swapping stories and sharing laughs. Stefan told me about his business ventures, how he had overcome countless obstacles to get to where he was today. It was clear that he was a man of ambition, someone who was not content to settle for mediocrity.

As the evening wore on, I found myself drawn into the warmth of this close-knit family. Despite their hardships and struggles, they had managed to find solace in each other's company, in the simple pleasures of life. And as we sat around the crackling fire, listening to the wind howling outside, I couldn't help but feel grateful for the bonds of love that held us together.

In the end, it was a tale of resilience and fortitude, of overcoming the odds and emerging stronger on the other side. And as I bid farewell to my aunt's sister in Svrate, I carried with me a newfound sense of appreciation for the triumph of the human spirit, even in the face of adversity.

Once upon a time, Mama and I decided to visit Mama's aunt's daughter, Mary, who had been hospitalized for quite some time. Mary had been battling a serious health condition that had caused her to lose a significant amount of weight. She went from being a healthy 100kg to a frail 50kg. Mama's aunt had been devastated by her daughter's illness and was struggling to come to terms with the possibility of losing her.

As we arrived at the hospital, we were greeted by Mary's aunt with tears in her eyes. She explained to us that Mary's condition had worsened in the past few weeks, and the doctors were hesitant to proceed with surgery as they feared she might not survive it. Mama and I were shocked to hear the news and immediately went to visit Mary in her hospital room.

Mary looked pale and weak, but her eyes lit up when she saw us. She weakly smiled as we approached her bedside. Mama held her hand and whispered comforting words to her while I sat beside her, trying to offer any support I could. Mary's aunt sat quietly in the corner, wiping away tears as she watched her daughter struggle to stay alive.

As we spoke to Mary, she told us about the pain she was experiencing and how she longed to be healthy again. She was determined to fight for her life, but she was scared of the uncertainty that lay ahead. Mama and I listened intently, feeling a mix of sadness and helplessness as we watched Mary suffer.

After a while, Mama pulled out an envelope from her bag and handed it to Mary's aunt. Inside was a sum of money that Mama had collected from friends and family to help with Mary's medical expenses. Mary's aunt was touched by the gesture and thanked Mama profusely for her kindness. She knew that the money would go a long way in helping Mary receive the care she desperately needed.

As the days passed, Mary's condition continued to deteriorate. The doctors were still unsure whether or not to proceed with surgery, and Mary's aunt was torn between wanting to save her daughter and fearing the worst. Mama and I visited Mary regularly, bringing her flowers and words of encouragement to lift her spirits.

One day, as we sat by Mary's bedside, a sudden commotion broke out in the hospital. Doctors and nurses rushed past us, their faces filled with urgency. Mary's aunt panicked and turned to us for answers, but we were just as confused as she was. We watched in horror as the medical team hurriedly prepared for an emergency procedure on Mary.

Mama held onto Mary's hand tightly, praying for her to come through the surgery safely. I stood by the bedside, feeling a mix of fear and hope as I waited for news on Mary's condition. The next few hours felt like an eternity as we sat in silence, hoping and praying for a miracle.

Finally, the doors to the operating room swung open, and the surgeon emerged with a solemn expression on his face. Mary's aunt rushed to him, desperate for any news on her daughter. The surgeon looked at us and hesitated before speaking.

I'm sorry, he said softly. Mary didn't make it.

Tears streamed down Mary's aunt's face as she collapsed into Mama's arms. We were all shattered by the news of Mary's passing, but we took comfort in knowing that she was no longer in pain. As we left the hospital that day, a sense of sadness lingered in the air, but we knew that Mary would always be remembered for her strength and courage in the face of adversity.

As we stepped out of the car, the cool breeze of the town of Ilijas welcomed us. The cobblestone streets were lined with quaint little shops and cafes, and the sound of laughter and chatter filled the air. Uncle waved goodbye as he drove off, leaving me and mom to explore the town on our own.

We decided to start our afternoon by doing some shopping. The shops were filled with colorful trinkets and handmade goods, and I couldn't resist picking up a few souvenirs to take back home. Mom bought a beautiful hand-painted scarf, and we both admired the intricate designs of the local pottery.

After browsing for a while, our stomachs started to grumble, so we headed to a nearby restaurant to grab some lunch. We ordered the traditional Bosnian dish, cevapcici, and eagerly dug in as soon as the steaming plate arrived at our table. The grilled sausages were perfectly seasoned and accompanied by a side of fresh salad and warm bread. We savored every bite, each mouthful bursting with flavor.

As we finished our meal, we decided to indulge in some dessert. We wandered over to a bakery and eyed the display case filled with an array of pastries. Mom chose a flaky baklava, while I opted for a decadent chocolate éclair. We sat at a table outside the bakery, enjoying our sweet treats and sipping on freshly brewed coffee. The warm sun bathed us in its golden glow, and we felt content and relaxed.

But our afternoon took a sudden turn when mom winced in pain, holding her hand to her mouth. She had been having some toothache trouble for a while, and it seemed to have flared up again. I remembered seeing a dentist's office nearby and suggested we go check it out. Mom agreed, eager to address the discomfort she had been experiencing.

We walked over to the dentist's office, a small but inviting space with a sign that read Dr. Ivanovic, DDS. The receptionist greeted us warmly and ushered us into the examination room. Dr. Ivanovic was a kind and gentle man, with a reassuring smile that instantly put us at ease. He listened attentively as mom explained her symptoms, nodding thoughtfully as he examined her teeth.

After a thorough examination, Dr. Ivanovic diagnosed mom with a minor cavity that needed to be filled. He explained the procedure in detail, assuring mom that it would be quick and painless. Mom hesitated for a moment, but she trusted Dr. Ivanovic's expertise and agreed to go through with the treatment.

As Dr. Ivanovic began his work, mom clenched her fists, trying to stay calm as the sound of the drill filled the room. I held her hand, offering words of encouragement and support. Within a few minutes, the procedure was done, and mom let out a sigh of relief.

Dr. Ivanovic handed her a mirror, and she smiled, grateful for the skilled work he had done.

We thanked Dr. Ivanovic and the receptionist for their excellent care and made our way back into the sunshine. Mom's toothache was gone, and we felt grateful for the kindness and professionalism we had encountered in the town of Ilijas.

As the sun started to set, we headed back to the car, our hearts full of gratitude for the memorable afternoon we had shared. The town of Ilijas had given us a taste of its charm and hospitality, leaving us with cherished memories that we would carry with us forever. And as we drove off into the night, I knew that our adventure in this magical town was far from over.

As we arrived at Lana's house in Sarajevo, we were greeted by the delicious smell of barbecue wafting through the air. Lana's husband, a cheerful mailman, had been hard at work that day but still managed to whip up a feast for us all. We settled in the backyard, enjoying the warm autumn sunshine as we caught up with each other.

Uncle had kindly driven us to Lana's house, a beautiful home nestled in a quiet part of the city. The kids were running around, playing with the family dog while Lana's husband tended to the grill. It was a picture-perfect scene, with the golden leaves falling gently around us as we laughed and chatted.

Lana's mother and grandmother, who was an impressive 90 years old, also joined us for the evening. It was a rare treat to have four generations of the family together in one place. Lana's grandmother shared stories of her youth, painting a vivid picture of Sarajevo in days gone by.

As the sun began to set, Lana suggested we visit Avaz, one of the tallest buildings in the city with 35 floors. We all piled into Uncle's car and made our way to the towering skyscraper. The elevator whisked us up to the observation deck, where we were greeted with breathtaking views of Sarajevo stretching out below us.

We ordered coffee and pastries, settling in to watch the city lights twinkle in the gathering darkness. Lana's kids were fascinated by the view, pointing out landmarks and asking questions about the history of the city. It was a magical moment, the perfect end to a wonderful day.

As we sipped our coffee, I couldn't help but reflect on the past year. It had been a challenging journey, but I was proud to say that I was celebrating one year without drinking alcohol. The beginning had been tough, with temptations and cravings lurking around every corner. But with the support of my family and friends, I had managed to stay strong and keep to my commitment.

Now, as I sat on top of Avaz, surrounded by my loved ones, I realized how far I had come. The urge to drink had faded, replaced by a newfound clarity and sense of purpose. I was grateful for this moment, for the chance to experience life in all its beauty without the haze of alcohol clouding my vision.

As we left Avaz and made our way back to Lana's house, I felt a sense of contentment wash over me. The night was cool and crisp, the stars twinkling overhead. I knew that I was exactly where I was meant to be, surrounded by love and laughter, in a city that held a piece of my heart.

As we said our goodbyes and hugged each other tightly, I knew that this visit to Lana's house would be etched in my memory forever. It was a day filled with laughter, love, and

the joy of being alive. And as we drove away into the night, I felt grateful for every moment, grateful for the strength to overcome my struggles, and grateful for the cherished bonds of family that would always lift me up, no matter what challenges lay ahead.

As we stepped off the plane and into the hustle and bustle of the airport, I couldn't help but feel a wave of excitement wash over me. Lana's brother, Ali, greeted us with a warm smile and open arms. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a kind face and a twinkle in his eye. As we made our way to his car, I noticed the pictures of his wife and four kids hanging from the rearview mirror. It was clear that family meant everything to him.

As we drove through the busy streets of the city, Ali regaled us with stories of his children and the adventures they had been on. His youngest son had just started school, and his eldest daughter was a talented artist. It was clear that he was proud of his family, and it warmed my heart to see the love and affection he had for them.

When we arrived at Ali's house, his wife, Aisha, welcomed us with open arms. She was a petite woman with a warm smile and a gentle demeanor. It was clear that she was the glue that held the family together. As we settled in for the night, I couldn't help but feel a sense of peace and contentment wash over me. This was what family was all about - love, laughter, and shared memories.

The next day, Ali informed us that his mother-in-law had gone to do Umra, a Muslim ritual similar to Hajj. She had left for Mecca to perform the holy pilgrimage, and he was in charge of looking after her sister in her absence. We piled into the car once more and made our way to Mama's sister's house.

As we arrived, I could see the worry etched on Ali's face. Mama's sister, Aunt Fatima, was a frail woman with a kind smile and a gentle spirit. She suffered from blood circulation problems, and Ali was dedicated to ensuring she received the care and attention she needed. As we settled into her cozy home, I could see the love and devotion Ali had for his family shining through.

Days turned into weeks, and we became a part of Ali's family. We helped with the daily chores, played with the kids, and shared meals around the dining table. The bond we formed with them was like nothing I had ever experienced before. It was a feeling of belonging, of being accepted and loved for who we were.

But as the days passed, a sense of unease began to creep into our hearts. Ali started receiving strange phone calls late at night, and his usually cheerful demeanor began to darken. A sense of tension hung in the air, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of foreboding.

One night, as we sat around the dinner table, Ali's phone rang once more. His face paled, and he quickly excused himself from the table. I followed him outside, my heart pounding in my chest. He clenched his fists, his jaw tight with anger.

They found her, he muttered, his voice barely above a whisper. They found her, and they want revenge.

I felt a chill run down my spine as I realized what he was talking about. Mama's sister had been hiding from a dangerous group who sought retribution for a past mistake. Ali had been trying to keep her safe, but now it seemed that their past had caught up to them.

As the tension mounted, we huddled together in the safety of Ali's home, waiting for the storm to break. The night stretched on, fraught with fear and uncertainty. But through it all, one thing remained constant - the love and bond of family that held us together.

In the end, it was that love that saw us through the darkest of times. As the sun rose on a new day, we knew that we would face whatever came our way, together as a family united in love and strength. And as we stood side by side, facing an uncertain future, I knew that we would weather the storm, come what may.

As I walked through the bustling streets of my hometown, I felt a sense of purpose in my heart. I had recently come into a bit of money and I knew exactly how I wanted to use it - to spread kindness and generosity to those around me. And so, one by one, I began to bestow my gifts upon those who I felt were deserving.

First, I stopped by my grandmother Safi's house. She had always been a source of love and support for me, and I knew that she could use a little extra help. I handed her 30 marks, a small token of my appreciation for all that she had done for me over the years. Her eyes welled up with tears as she hugged me tightly, grateful for the unexpected gift.

Next, I visited my cousin Lana, who was struggling to make ends meet. I handed her 100 euros, knowing that it would make a world of difference in her life. She was speechless, her face lighting up with joy as she thanked me profusely.

I then made my way to the market where I purchased 50 euros worth of groceries for Lana's brother's kids. They had been having a tough time lately, and I wanted to ensure that they had food on their table. The children's faces lit up with excitement as I handed over the bags of food, grateful for the unexpected kindness.

I continued on my journey, stopping by Mama's sister's house to deliver 100 marks. She had recently fallen ill and was struggling to pay for her medical bills. The look of relief on her face as she accepted the money was priceless, and I knew that I had made the right decision in helping her.

I then visited my uncle, who had always been like a second father to me. I handed him 100 marks, knowing that he would put it to good use. He hugged me tightly, tears of gratitude shining in his eyes as he thanked me for my generosity.

I made my way to Aunt Vahy's house next, leaving 100 marks on her doorstep as a surprise. She had always been like a second mother to me, and I wanted to show her how much she meant to me. The next day, she called me in tears, thanking me for the unexpected gift and telling me how much it meant to her.

As I walked through the streets, I encountered a woman who was begging for money. I reached into my pocket and handed her 20 marks, knowing that every little bit helped. She looked up at me with tear-filled eyes, thanking me for my kindness.

I then made my way to visit my far cousin Dzem and his wife, who had recently welcomed a new baby into their family. I gave them 100 marks, knowing that the extra money would help them with the added expenses of a new child. They were overwhelmed with gratitude, thanking me for my generosity.

At the stores and cafés that I frequented, I left generous tips for the hardworking staff. They were always so kind and welcoming to me, and I wanted to show my appreciation for their hard work.

As I made my way back home, my heart was full of joy and satisfaction. I knew that the money I had given away would make a real difference in the lives of those I had helped. And though they all had their own sources of income, I knew that sometimes a little extra help could go a long way.

It felt good to be able to give back to those who had always been there for me, to show them how much I cared and appreciated them. And as I drifted off to sleep that night, I knew that the kindness and generosity I had shown would come back to me tenfold. For true wealth lies not in money, but in the love and compassion we show to others.

Once Upon a time, in the war-torn country of Bosnia, a young boy named Amir lived with his mother in a small, rundown apartment in the heart of the city. Amir was only 10 years old when they had to flee their home due to the conflict that was ravaging their country. As they navigated through the chaos and destruction, Amir heard stories of countless people who had lost their lives in the war. His mother, who knew many of them personally, would often speak of their bravery and sacrifice, but Amir could never fully grasp the magnitude of their loss.

As they settled into their new life in a refugee camp, Amir began to understand the stark divide between the poor and the rich in Bosnia. The camp was a microcosm of society, with makeshift shelters housing families who had lost everything, while just beyond the barbed wire fences, luxury homes and expensive cars belonged to the wealthy elite. It was a world of stark contrasts, where one could go from extreme poverty to excess wealth in the blink of an eye.

Amir would often wander around the camp, observing the struggles of the poor and the opulence of the rich. He would see families begging on the streets, children scavenging for food in the garbage cans, and elderly people huddled together in makeshift shelters. It was a harsh reality, but it was one that he had to come to terms with.

One day, Amir stumbled upon a group of rebels who were plotting to overthrow the corrupt regime that had brought so much suffering to their country. Intrigued by their cause, Amir began to spend more time with them, learning about their plans and their goals. They spoke of a better future, where all people would be treated equally and where no one would have to suffer the way they had.

As the rebels grew in numbers, so did their influence. They began to organize protests and rallies, calling for an end to the war and for justice to be served to those responsible for the atrocities that had been committed. But as their movement gained momentum, so did the resistance from the government forces, who were determined to quash any opposition to their rule.

One night, as they were preparing for a major protest in the city center, the rebels were ambushed by the army. Amir watched in horror as his friends were gunned down in front of him, their blood staining the streets red. In that moment, he realized the true cost of war and the sacrifices that had been made by so many.

Devastated by the loss of his comrades, Amir vowed to continue their fight for justice. He rallied the remaining rebels and led them in a daring attack on the government forces, taking them by surprise and forcing them to retreat. The people of Bosnia, inspired by their bravery, rose up against their oppressors and demanded an end to the war.

In the aftermath of the conflict, as the country began to rebuild itself, Amir looked around at the devastation that had been wrought and knew that there was still much work to be

done. But he also saw a glimmer of hope, a light at the end of the tunnel that promised a better future for all.

And as he stood there, surrounded by the ruins of the past and the hopes of the future, Amir knew that he would never forget the sacrifices that had been made and the people who had died for a cause greater than themselves. And he vowed to always remember them, to honor their memory, and to never let their sacrifice be in vain. For they were the heroes of Bosnia, the ones who had fought and died for a better tomorrow.

It was a warm summer afternoon when my family and I decided to visit the widow wife of my father's brother. We hadn't seen her in quite some time, and we wanted to catch up and see how she was doing. As we arrived at her small, cozy home, we were greeted by her daughter Sani, who had come to see us as well.

Sani was a striking woman, with dark hair and deep brown eyes. She greeted us warmly and led us into the living room where her mother was waiting. The widow wife, whose name was Amina, looked frail and tired, but she smiled warmly as we entered. She had aged significantly since the last time we had seen her, and it pained me to see the toll that time had taken on her.

As we settled into the comfortable couches, Sani began to tell us about her family. She proudly informed us that her son, Adam, was a dedicated undercover cop. Her husband was also a cop, as was her second son, James. She spoke about their dangerous work with a mix of pride and concern, knowing the risks that they faced every day.

We weren't allowed to talk about Adam's work, as it was classified information. Sani simply told us that he was doing well and that she was proud of him. She also mentioned that he would be marrying a beautiful woman next year, and that they were busy planning the wedding. We all congratulated him and wished him the best for his future.

As a token of our congratulations, we handed Sani 50 marks for the wedding. She thanked us graciously, and we could see the relief in her eyes. Planning a wedding was no small feat, and every little bit helped.

During our visit, James arrived home from work. He was a tall, muscular man with a stern expression, but his eyes lit up when he saw us. He greeted us warmly and sat down to join the conversation.

In his spare time, James worked as an über driver, providing transportation to passengers around the city. I complimented him on his entrepreneurial spirit and suggested that he work seven days a week to maximize his earnings. He chuckled and said that he already worked long hours as a cop, but he appreciated the suggestion.

As the conversation flowed, I couldn't help but feel a sense of admiration for this family. They were hardworking, dedicated individuals who put their lives on the line every day to keep their community safe. Despite the dangers they faced, they carried themselves with grace and resilience.

As the sun began to set, we bid our farewells to Amina, Sani, and James. We promised to visit again soon and offer our support in any way we could. As we drove away, I couldn't shake the feeling of awe and respect for this family of cops.

The next day, I received a call from Sani. She informed me that Adam had been involved in a high-stakes undercover operation that had gone awry. He was in critical condition at the hospital, fighting for his life.

My heart dropped as I rushed to the hospital to be by his side. As I sat in the waiting room, I couldn't help but reflect on the risks that these brave individuals faced every day. The line between life and death was a thin one, and I prayed that Adam would pull through.

After what felt like an eternity, the doctors emerged from the operating room with solemn expressions. They informed us that Adam had sustained severe injuries, but he was stable for now. The road to recovery would be long and arduous, but there was hope.

As I sat by Adam's bedside, I couldn't help but feel a newfound respect and admiration for his courage and dedication. He was a true hero, willing to sacrifice everything for the greater good. I vowed to support him and his family in any way I could, knowing that they had sacrificed so much for the safety of others.

As the days turned into weeks, Adam slowly began to recover from his injuries. His family stood by his side, offering their unwavering support and love. Despite the challenges that lay ahead, they remained united and strong.

In the end, Adam's story served as a testament to the sacrifices that law enforcement officers make every day. They put their lives on the line to protect and serve, never seeking recognition or praise. They are the unsung heroes who work tirelessly to keep their communities safe.

As I reflect on that fateful day at Amina's home, I can't help but feel a deep sense of gratitude for the courage and dedication of individuals like Adam, Sani, and James. They are the true embodiment of selflessness and sacrifice, and I am honored to have known them.

In the end, their story is one of resilience, bravery, and love. It is a reminder that heroes walk among us every day, quietly carrying out their duties without seeking recognition or reward. They are the ones who make the world a safer place, and for that, we owe them our eternal gratitude.

The town of Misoôca had once been a picturesque community, with charming houses lining the streets and friendly neighbors waving to each other as they went about their day. But all that changed when the war came.

Bombs rained down from the sky, destroying homes and shattering lives. Many families were left homeless, their once-beautiful houses reduced to rubble and ash. The people of Misoôca were left in shock and despair, trying to come to terms with the devastation that had befallen them.

But amidst the destruction and despair, a glimmer of hope emerged. The people of Misoôca refused to give up. They banded together, determined to rebuild their town and their lives. It was not an easy task, as resources were scarce and the scars of war ran deep. But with grit and determination, they slowly began to pick up the pieces.

One by one, the houses began to rise from the ashes. The people of Misoôca worked tirelessly, using whatever materials they could scrounge up to rebuild their homes. It was a slow and arduous process, but they refused to be defeated. Each brick laid was a symbol of their resilience and determination to overcome the horrors of war.

As the days turned into weeks, and the weeks turned into months, the town of Misoôca began to take shape once again. The streets were no longer lined with rubble, but with freshly painted houses and blooming gardens. The sound of laughter and chatter filled the air once more, as children played in the streets and neighbors gathered for impromptu barbecues.

But beneath the facade of normalcy, the people of Misoôca carried the scars of war with them. The trauma of losing their homes and loved ones haunted them, a constant reminder of the horrors they had endured. Yet they carried on, putting on brave faces for the sake of their families and their community.

Despite the hardships they had faced, the people of Misoôca never lost their sense of compassion and humanity. They reached out to those in need, offering a helping hand and a shoulder to lean on. They knew firsthand the pain of loss and suffering, and they refused to let anyone go through it alone.

As the years passed, the town of Misoôca flourished once again. The scars of war may have never fully healed, but the people had emerged stronger and more united than ever before. They had faced unimaginable hardships and survived tough times that most could never fathom, but through it all, they had never lost sight of the importance of community and compassion.

The people of Misoôca deserved the utmost respect and admiration for their resilience and strength. They had come through the darkest of times and emerged on the other

side, battered but unbroken. They were a testament to the indomitable spirit of humanity, and they served as a reminder that even in the face of the greatest adversities, hope and compassion could prevail.

And so, as the sun set over the rebuilt town of Misoça, casting a warm glow over the freshly painted houses and bustling streets, the people gathered together to celebrate their triumph over adversity. They knew that they had faced horrors that most could never understand, but they also knew that they had emerged on the other side, stronger and more united than ever before. And as they raised their glasses in a toast to their resilience and togetherness, they knew that they would always have each other to lean on, no matter what challenges lay ahead.

About the author

Jasmin Hajro grew up in Bosnia until the war started, the family moved a couple of times within the country when the fighting and shooting came to close.

Eventually Jasmin, his mother and sister were able to flee the country to the Netherlands. Father had to stay there and fight as a soldier in the war.

The family lived temporarily in a few asylum centers for refugees and finally got a house in the city Doetinchem.

Father got shot in the war, almost died, and was also able to leave the country.

The family was reunited for a short while, and soon Jasmin's parents divorced.

The kids went to school, father and mother worked. Father remarried.

Jasmin got a diploma from school, he was good in languages.

He had a difficult puberty, where used drugs and drank a lot of alcohol, he also broke the law a few times. After using too many drugs, he got into a coma and barely survived. After that, he completely left that life and those people behind him.

He worked at several jobs. He started in 2007 as a dishwasher at Landal greenparcs he worked his way up to cook and got lifetime employment.

After collapsing a few times, he also stopped drinking beer.

Unfortunately he started hallucinating at work, soon he couldn't sleep, focus or work.

He lost his work...

He started a investment company in december 2012

he failed. In 2015 while he couldn't find a job,

he got sales training from his sister

and he received packages of greeting cards, and started selling them in his neighbourhood. After a while ,he started designing his own unique greeting cards.

He was writing in journals for many years, and in 2017 he wrote and selfpublished his first book : Build your fortune.

He always kept on writing new books,

by now he has written more than 185 books

he also translates his Dutch books into English.

He has been diagnosed with his mental disability,

he now has 2 medicines, one against hallucinating and the other to be able to sleep.

He has gotten a income from the government to pay for living expenses.

His company is called Hajro ..

he sells his packages of greeting cards, door to door.

His company helps people with disabilities and with low incomes, by giving them money

It also donates to a few good charities.

Jasmin lives in Zelhem by himself and his 3 cats, Sjakie, Jinx and Jingle.

Jasmin is a nice and generous person. He visits his mother, his sister and her 2 kids every week. He gives away more than 100 of his ebooks at smashwords for free.

His journey continues to become a better salesman, writer, entrepreneur

and to help a lot of people with his books , and his teachings on youtube.

Please be supportive, buy more of his books

Learn from his video´s and livestreams

And share his work with your friends, family

and the booklovers that you know.

Thank you very much.

Imagine if you could read a book that would not only touch your heart but also change your perspective on life. A book written by an author who not only has incredible talent, but is also an inspiring go-getter in the face of challenges. Meet author Jasmin Hajro, an exceptionally talented writer who is not held back by his disability, but who turns his limitation into strength.

Jasmin Hajro's books take you on an emotional journey full of profound insights, powerful stories and incredible life lessons. Not only does he overcome the obstacles he faces, but he also shows you that there are no limits to what you can achieve if you are determined and believe in your own abilities.

What makes Jasmin Hajro's books really special is the sincere, moving way he tells his stories. He knows better than anyone how to touch you with his words and make you feel

deep down what it means to be human. His ability to convey complex emotions in an accessible way is truly extraordinary.

But there's more than that. By buying Jasmin Hajro's books you not only support a talented author, but you also contribute to creating an inclusive society. You show that limitations do not diminish someone's value or potential, but rather that we should value and learn from the unique perspectives and experiences of others.

Be inspired by the resilience, perseverance and courage of Jasmin Hajro. Buy his books not only for yourself, but also as a valuable gift for your loved ones. Discover the power of his words and let them encourage you to dream bigger, feel deeper and be stronger.

So don't hesitate, pick up a book by Jasmin Hajro and get ready for an unforgettable reading experience. Enrich your life with his thoughts, emotions and insights. Discover the beauty of being human through the eyes of an exceptional author. Every book you buy makes a difference not only in your world, but in the world of someone determined to prove that limitations are only a temporary hindrance on the road to greatness.

For Jasmin's entire lifestory, grab a copy of Life and business of Jasmin Hajro

Visit Jasmin and his organization at www.hajro.store

More books by Jasmin Hajro :

Build Your Fortune

Moneymaker

Recipe For Happiness

the Lifebuoy For Banks "Loyal Banking"

the Ultimate Winning Strategy, for entrepreneurs (which is for salespeople & business owners too)

Poems, jokes and book

Victory 1

Victory 2

Always employment & always money in your pocket, everyday.

Things You Don't Want To Know.

Challenges in having your own business, in real life.

how to Grow your money & Build a good retirement in 2 hours per month, for moms, dads, career women and busy people .

Overcoming tough times.

Secrets of writing and selling books.

Double your profits.

Double your profits, extended.

Triumph 1 (boxset)

Triumph 2 (boxset)

Victorious series (boxset)

Through the crisis

Victory 3

My story

My little masterpiece

Victory 4

I don't feel like writing, says the author

Hackers are scouts

Being real and true: in times of fake and pretend

100 % sales rule

Quotes for success

Entrepreneurship course

3

Last 10 years

Unknown millionaire

This is the real secret to success, forget mindset, shiny objects and the law of attraction

Zucchini, dagen van een schrijver

Suiker maakt je dik (Sugar makes you fat)

P.a.w.

Geluk in een ongeluk (Good luck in bad luck)

Nederland is super (the Netherlands is great)

How they keep you poor

Tired ?

How to make money online

21 Ways to stop procrastinating

Discovering your life purpose

21 Secrets of building self confidence

Life and business of Jasmin Hajro

Fix your shit

You shine bright

Daily prayers for muslims

The adventures of Skippy (childrens book)

Productivity crash course

Gay is natural

21 Strategies to kill laziness

21 Secrets for living a happy life

How to master communication

21 Ways to stop procrastinating

21 Secrets of building self confidence

21 Secrets of effective stress management

Mastering the art of mindfulness

21 Practical ways to master self discipline

21 Secrets for a happy relationship

21 Strategies to kill laziness

How to love your work and never work again

the Art of taking really good care of your vagina

the Secrets of achievement course

How to raise confident children

How to form success habits

Implementation to greatness

Recommended books :

Recipe for happiness

Best buy, how not to get scammed

the Ultimate Winning Strategy, 2nd edition

P.a.w.

Faster way to riches and success

This is the real secret to success

Life and business of Jasmin Hajro

Peace

Recommended children's books :

(to give as a gift or to read to your kids or grandkids, fun stories and valuable lessons)

the Adventures of Skippy

Saving pennies with Mimy

Dutch titles :

Bouw jouw fortuin

Moneymaker

Recept voor geluk

de Reddingsboei voor banken, loyaal bankieren

de Ultieme Winnende Strategie

Gedichten, grapjes en boek

Victorie

Victorie 2

Altijd werk en altijd geld op zak, iedere dag

Dingen die je Niet wil weten

Victorious serie

Work to shine serie

De kunst van goed advies geven

Coole jongen

Jouw eigen bedrijf starten en succesvol maken, in de keiharde realiteit, waar het niemand interesseert

Te persoonlijk, handgeschreven

Te persoonlijk, handgeschreven 2

Moeilijke tijden overwinnen

Beveiliging en bescherming van jouw zaken en jouw bedrijf

Victorie 3

De pen die je 100.000,- euro oplevert

Tieten, hoe schrijf ik een boek ?

Voor jou

Grote ballen

Vrede

Legacy serie (2 delen)

Mijn verslaving overwinnen

Gewoon doorgaan

Ondernemen met hersenschade

Entrepreneurship cursus

Dirty money

de Ultieme winnende strategie, voor schrijvers

My story

De geheimen van goede sex, 30 boeken schrijven, een levenspartner vinden en geld verdienen zittend op je reet

Het geheim van afvallen, het geheim van goed leven en mijn schrijfsels

In loving memory

Ziba

Actie als strategie

Running out of time

Hajro story en catalogus

Voor Saartje

Exposium

Rahima en Idriz

Suiker maakt je dik

Dagelijkse gebeden voor moslims

Geluk in een ongeluk

De avonturen van Ixi

40 Praktische manieren om te stoppen met je zorgen te maken

Opgelicht door een goed doel ?

Kinder bedtijd, voorlees verhalen voor het slapen gaan

De magie van inspiratie, verhalen die levens veranderen

Nederland is super

Zucchini, dagen van een schrijver

Vrede

Wijsheid voor je betere leven

Kinderen leren van dieren (kinderboek)

Introducing Jasmin Hajro's books: discover, share and become a fan!

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while protecting yourself from being scammed
and losing money, heart disappointments and time..

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How did I get through 2020

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The Ultimate Winning Strategy

how do successful companies earn more and win

Last 10 years

It's personal...and business

quitting drugs and alcohol

starting to build a better life

then getting mental problems

and ending on the street

failing with my first company and

then starting a new company

asking for help and getting rejected multiple times

untill finally I get the help that I need

because my sister and a friend went with me

my last 10 years with a lot of tough times

maybe my experiences can help you

If you want to live happier and wealthier, why don't you try it

Excerpt book Peace

Introducing "Peace" by Jasmin Hajro - a groundbreaking exploration into the existence of universal intelligence, commonly referred to as God. In this thought-provoking book, Hajro skillfully presents a logical and rational perspective on the age-old question of the divine, offering readers a refreshing and insightful understanding of the universal intelligence that underpins our existence.

Through the pages of "Peace," readers will embark on a journey of enlightenment, delving into the very fabric of the universe to uncover the logical explanation for the existence of universal intelligence. Hajro's compelling insights and meticulous reasoning will challenge conventional beliefs and inspire a deeper contemplation of the mysteries of life and the cosmos.

With clarity and precision, "Peace" invites readers to explore the interconnectedness of all things and contemplate the profound implications of universal intelligence on our lives. Whether you are a seeker of spiritual truth, a philosopher pondering life's deepest questions, or simply someone with a curious mind, this book offers a transformative perspective that transcends traditional dogma and encourages a more profound understanding of our place in the universe.

Engaging, thought-provoking, and intellectually stimulating, "Peace" is a must-read for anyone seeking a logical and coherent explanation for the existence of the universal intelligence, shedding new light on age-old questions and providing a foundation for personal growth, spiritual awakening, and a deeper sense of peace and understanding.

Join the countless individuals who have been enlightened and inspired by "Peace" by Jasmin Hajro. Embrace a new understanding of the universal intelligence and embark on a journey toward greater peace, knowledge, and enlightenment.

Excerpt book Faster way to riches and success

What other books forget to tell you ,and how to join the top 10%

To become successful and rich while you are still young.

Has goal setting not worked?

What is the real difference between success and failure?

And between the top 10% and the other 90%

How can you shorten the path to getting rich

How to be a success every day

This booklet gives you the answers that you have been looking for...

If you are paying the price for success every day, you are a success and becoming a greater success

This is what other books fail at telling you about getting success and riches

Reviews :



Shobana Gomes

4.0 out of 5 stars

Faster Way to Riches and Success

Reviewed in the United States on February 25, 2023

This book generally talks about the practicality of doing the right groundwork in order that the business expands and excels. Mr. Hajro gives his views and personal experiences, citing business experts and their models to success.

In Mr. Hajro, the desire to inspire and lead people by example is prevalent just as he outlines in this book. This quote sums up his actionable thoughts well: all successful people are action-oriented, they're always moving - Jasmin Hajro

Top review from the United States



Shobana Gomes

5.0 out of 5 stars

The Jasmin Hajro Story

Reviewed in the United States on February 8, 2023

Jasmin Hajro was born on July 6th, 1985 in Bosnia and Hercegovina.

He grew up in the village of Gora and went to school there.

When the war started, the family moved a few times in Bosnia, and eventually, Jasmin, his mother, and his sister fled the country. His father stayed back to fight as a soldier.

The family fled to the Netherlands where he resides now.

Jasmin suffered serious personal tragedies, both mentally and physically before he started his company in 2015, Hajro, selling greeting cards and gift mugs door to door, and ventured into writing after work. He wrote and self-published his first book, *Build Your Fortune*, in 2017.

He is now the author of more than 51 books.

His books are published in both the Dutch and the English languages.

The Hajro company donates to two charities in the Netherlands. An inspiring read of Jasmin's personal tragedies and the journey that spurred his writing endeavors.

As Jasmin's books are cancelled and put off sale in the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg, there is no point in staying...follow his alternative moves on Rumble, X and Telegram

Visit Jasmin at hajro.biz (english)

hajro.store (dutch)

or bosance.com (bosnian)