Integrity, Trustworthiness, and Wisdom

نویسنده: گروه تحریریه هم‌داستان

تاریخ انتشار: 2 Azar 2585 باستانی برابر با November 23, 2026 میلادی



The air in Tehran was crisp, and the scent of ancient pines drifted through the courtyard of the Prime Minister’s residence. Dawn had barely broken when Mirza Taghi Khan, Amir-Kabir, sat in his modest room, meticulously examining treasury documents. In an era when state offices were passed around among princes and influential courtiers, Amir had made a decision that left everyone astonished: entrusting the headship of one of the country’s most sensitive financial departments to an unknown young accountant named "Mirza Ahmad".

Before the ink on the decree had even dried, a prominent courtier, a man draped in a gold-brocaded cloak and holding amber prayer beads, restlessly entered the room. After the customary pleasantries, he leaned forward and spoke in a hushed, concerned voice: "My Lord, forgive my boldness, yet I deemed it wise to offer a warning. This Mirza Ahmad whom you have chosen for the treasury is the son of that poor bookbinder whose shop lies in the back alleys of the old bazaar. He has neither noble lineage nor anyone at court to vouch for him. Is it not perilous to hand the keys of the treasury to someone who, until yesterday, had never even seen a gold coin up close? His eyes and heart are unaccustomed to wealth, what if he falters?"

Amir Kabir calmly set down his reed pen and cast a profound gaze upon the man. A faint, bitter smile touched his lips as he said, "In fact, that is precisely why I chose him".

"?Stunned, the courtier asked, "Because of his poverty

Amir rose from his seat and stood by the window. He pointed to the courtyard, where Mirza Ahmad, dressed in a plain yet neat and clean robe, clutched his satchel of documents tightly under his arm and walked with steady strides toward his office. Softly, Amir spoke: "Three months ago, without his knowledge, I deliberately placed a minor error in favor of the treasury within the accounts of one of the provinces, an error worth ten gold coins, which no one without a keen eye would notice, and had it remained hidden, it would have reflected well on his own record. Not only did Mirza Ahmad go two nights without sleep until he found that ten-coin discrepancy, but upon realizing the extra money had been overcharged from a peasant in Kashan, he ran on foot ".after the courier himself to return the man's rightful money

Amir turned toward the courtier and continued in a firm voice: "My dear sir, **a contented heart is not forged by gold and silver; it is forged by honor**. One who was raised on dry bread and his father's integrity knows the true price of dignity and would not sell it for a thousand loads of gold. I have no fear of calloused hands that smell of ink and honest toil; my fear for Iran lies in soft ".hands accustomed to effortless coins, which are never satisfied

The courtier lowered his head and, without uttering another word, stepped backward and exited the room. Amir Kabir sat back down at his desk, dipped his pen into the inkwell, and wrote :beneath Mirza Ahmad's decree

"**.Trustworthiness and wisdom are the highest noble lineage in this land**"