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Kublai Khan (Mother's Goodbye-World Anniversary ...

(Kublai Coronation ... 05/05/1260)

Completion: 14/08/2021

History of **Urdu** ... The **Mongol**/Turkish word **Urdu** means "**Camp**" or "**Palace**" ... Kublai ...

... The Final Place of Rest ... And That's How My Poëm Ends: Sadly ...







Introduction ... by Tariq Hameed ... A bit about my Child-h@-0d!

A Voracious Reader; Underlined Un-Underste-od, in Black, then Green, then Red ... till Dictionary by Heart! Was Myopic: Friends te-ode me as Proud: NO Recognition? So,, I Learnt to Measure Persons, by Movements! Dreams remain Dreams ... Till True Today? Thus,, my Ears, Nose, Tongue 'n Thoughts ... became my Mind!

Stage's Set ... let's Play? Captured by a total Un-Known Future? Energy, Education, Evolution, Evade, Earth!

FULL respect of All 'n Others, was my Device ... Friends, Masters, Country-men 'n Un-Country-men: 'n All!

1st. Step: Sch_o__ol ... Be in Bed by 9? Couldn't Read! Contrived an Invention; Wires, Cells, 'n Lil Lamps; thus Read in the Dark, inside my Quilt ... Read 250 pages: till Late Midnight: 'bout 5000 Bo__olks: to 10 yrs.

2nd. Step: Sch_o_ol ... Myopic? Couldn't Read the Black-Board ... So, O Chalk's Sound 'n Moving Fingers: Be My Guides? Every Move was Revelation 'n Indication! What 'twas being Said 'n Writ? Thus Knew All.

3rd. Step: College ... Summary Masters? Start by Diction: Who Finished 1st. could leave the Class-Root ... So, Instead of Noting the Text, I Wrote Directly the Summary: Never was I Beat to Finish ... to Leave Class!

Homages ... by Myself ... to my Masters ... who Built me Future

- 2. My Father ... Titled "Khan Sahib" by Exiting British, for Services Rendered to Election Laws ... He Wrote, in 1952, "Election Law" for Pakistan ... which is still a Reference Book, in the Supreme Court!
- 3. My Uncle ... Scribe 'n Hafiz-e-Qura'an ... till Aged <mark>20</mark>, Instructed me "Atomic Letters", in <mark>Urdu</mark> 'n English; Letter, Dot, Accent Separated: that <mark>60</mark> years later, I created the "<mark>Atomic</mark> Wrist Key-Board"!
- 4. My Servitor ... Ashraf the Cross-Eyed; who Saw Nothing, but Knew Everything: Known 'n UnKnown!

 Excellent Story-Teller ... His Legend of "Ogre Khumra and the Rosy Færy", NEVER ended all 20 years!
- 5. My Musician ... Feroz Nizami ... Sweet, Soft 'n Classical ... Created the best Pakistan Film Tunes, in 50-tys
- 6. My Theatre Writer ... Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj ... Historical Personality ... Died in my Arms: God Bless U!
- 7. My Loved Poët ... Faiz Ahmed Faiz ... Poetry Lenin Prize, 1962! Spoke but little: Smoked but much!
- 8. My Best Friend ... Tanvir Ahmed Khan ... Born a day after, 78 years perfect ... in Respect Respected!
- 9. My Calligrapher Adored ... Ahmed Mirza Jamil ... "Think NOT with Brain; Think Wrist not Mind: Tariq"!







Voracious **R**eader 'n Searcher, since Two 'n Half years Old, of Where **LYES** the **TRUTH**? كابن مجيد

"Aye, there Lyes the rub": so in this Hamlet of No Return, called 'World of the Wise Men of Gotham', only but be Bed-Ridden by the Un-Wise of Bottom, my Faint Wisdom Swore but Faintly; "Never Truly Grow-up"!

'Twas Destiny, that born Myopic, Forced me to magine. Thus, Truth 'n Purity came to Grasp: it a day dawned that, "Dirt were you Born, to returnest to Dirt": Empty-Handed Come, Empty-Handed Gone ... so a lil by lil, formed a Philosophy: "You only GAIN, what you GIVE" ... Help Humanity; Not your own Self-Self!

Learning thus so early, that Seeing was Un-Truth ... ampions big of light, Blinking 'n Flickering, so Blown-up in Multi-Fluid lolours in the Deep Depths of the Cosmos' ... factually were, Else-Things in the Else-Where? Where? Questions to be Posed 'n Answered: allowing the use of other Senses, like Sounds, Taste, Smell 'n Movements, in Truth to just Re-Construct the feasible Probable Reality; Intuitively analysing the rayoned cricks 'n cracks of chalky traits, I justly Heard, the Black-Board Talk back to me: 'n Revealed by MagJc, the Writing on the Wall ... so Un-Veiled, the False-hC-Dd of the Persons of Convenience?

Rhythm of Daffodils (Wordsworth) ... 567 Words ... A Single Phrase ... No Punctuation Mark

no punctuation Visions-3- 1993 Original-thBk-E-5b 30

a swarm of

41.

swallows behind a swarm of swallows and

and feel them in their multiple beauty but such a multiple beauty that

could be pointed out in every individual swallow which followed its

own individual path and its own individual destiny but at the same

instant become part of a screen of smoke of a big swarm of

swallows which twisted and turned in thicker and thinner veils and veins

of smoky squirling columns against a totally poised grey sky in all

intertranspercing to mingle separate

destinies into a common destiny

permitting to exist not lone

or lonely but as a

compact mass

sometimes

massive

some

time

... New Writ Technique Perusal Scan/Read ... VIBGYOR ... RAINBOW ... Words in a Page only : in a ½ Minute ...

Site of Tariq Hameed

www.noor-us-samaawat.com

'tween nine'n fifteen

Bc-2k 1

Les Cup

Volume 1

Volume I

(Written 'tween 9 & 15 of age)

... 1951

 $\rightarrow \rightarrow \rightarrow$

1957

•••

English is myne Miss-sTresse ...

Tarig

<u>Hameed</u>

(**Beowulf**) ... An Anglo-Saxon EPIC Poëm ...

colour Code ... on Page -090--115-

Dedicated to:

... A ROSY PETAL

.. in Fairness 'n Fascination ...

... A Desire 'n A DREAM

that'll Find Me ... Never Ever ...

or perhaps

to Know to Learn to Live? do then Try, to Read my Be-sks !!!

Without any Harm, nor to Self, or to NoOne !!! Sans faire Mal ni à Soi,, ni à Personne !

Please Study Pages -62/63--115- for 'pause' (") ... 'tween 9 'n 15 *thBk-E-01*9-15*.pdf



THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

'tween nine'n fifteen

Bc-ok **01**

(Who's **Nobody**?)

1.

2.

3.

Mr. NOBODY

J. Cup

LIVRE

1952 (Jun)

01

11 years

-	Intro INDEX		<u>Roma</u>	: <u>Italia</u>		Present	ation
?	? Who am I ?		Roma	: <u>Italia</u>		1993	- <mark>06</mark> -
0.	Surprisingly		*Basel*	<u>*</u> Schw	eiz <u>*</u>	1993	- <mark>08</mark> -
•••	This is a B <u>C-D</u> k on BEAUTY		Roma	: <u>Italia</u>	Thinks-1-(a,b)	1993 (9-15 year	rs) - <mark>08/09</mark> -
A Tale fro	om Life	Qalat	:	Baluchistan	* 1950	(Aug) -10-	9 years
"Disencha	intment"!	Sibi	:	Baluchistan	1951	(Dec) -14-	10 years

Baluchistan

	Nobody Personne	Roma	&	*Lörrach* (*Deutschland*)	(1981)/1993	-19-	(40 years)
4 .	Limericks by Lemur	Quetta	:	Baluchistan	1953 (Jul)	-21 -	12 years
5 .	Adolescence	<u>Lahore</u>	:	<u>Punjab</u>	1954 (Apr)	<mark>-24</mark> -	13 years
6 .	A Night in a Lonely Shack	<u>Lahore</u>	:	<u>Punjab</u>	1955 (May)	<mark>-32</mark> -	14 years
7 .	A Study in Sounds Heard Not Seen	<u>Lahore</u>	:	<u>Punjab</u>	1956 (Mar)	-40-	15 years

Quetta:

7.	A Study in Sounds Heard Not Seen	<u>Lanore</u> :	Punjab	1956 (Mar)	-40-	15 years
8.	T'wink'ling lights	Karachi :	Sindh	1956 (Aug)	<mark>-46-</mark>	15 years
9.	mages : A Rhythm of a Mind	Lahore :	<u>Punjab</u>	1956 (Dec)	-51-	15 years
10.	rt for Sense (How to Write?)	Lahore :	<u>Punjab</u>	1957 (Jan)	-62 -	15 years

eXt. Lead-up ... Ma/Pa/Ashraf (Servant) *thBk-F-1*.pdf Marseille / .Paris. 1980/82 -65- 40 years

11. That Day My Father Died Lahore: Punjab 2007 (Jan) -70- 65 years

My Father Died, on

the 16th. of January 1957 (Lahore)

It was the 9th. Birthday of my **Brother** ... who

Innocently Clapped Hands and Asked for his Present?

He got none! (... Then I stopped writing ... till 1966 ...)

14.	Personal Data	Signature Analysis	*Deutschla	ınd <mark>*</mark> 1993	т.н. <mark>Ре</mark>	rsonnalité	-86 -	52 years
13 .	Hut on the Hill	& 60 years later	London:	England	6/10	2017 (Jan)	<mark>-76</mark> -	75 years
12 .	Hut on the Hill	<mark>Start</mark> at agéd 15	<u>Lahore</u> :	<u>Punjab</u>	1/10	1957 (Jan)	<mark>-71</mark> -	15 years

MY PHILOSOPHY

IN LIFE

EVERYONE'S GUILTY

UNLESS

PROVED INNOCENT

THUS

IHAVE

NEVER

SUFFERED

IN THIS WORLD

MA PHILOSOPHIE

<u>EN VIE</u>

TOUS COUPABLES

SI NON

PROUVÉ INNOCENT

AINSI

JE N'AI

J&M&IS

SOUFFERT

EN CE MONDE

... What They Taught Me: 'n How ...

My Father ... Election Commissioner: received many Political Parties Presents; all Pervaded without Pity! 'Twas strictly forbidden, to All 'n One, to touch anything in-coming! Once I took an Orange 'n Paid a 3 days Preclusion: Only Thus, Learnt I ... the 11th. Commandment ... THOU shalt NOT CHEAT thy EAT!

My Mother ... 1st. Lady Doctors, of the Continent: one day, she murmured in the kitchen, with a school-mate; so asked, what 'twas? "You owe him 3 cents"! "I owe No-Thing to No-One? Pay, 'n I jump 10 meters"! Him sent off, she asked, "Why Risk your Life, Son"? "Or I Respect what you Teach me? Or am Lyer? Both Ways, such Life's NOT worth Living! Thus, **Learnt** I ... the 12th. Commandment ... THOU shalt NOT SELL thy Soul

3.

4.

5.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.



o. <u>*Basel*</u> : <u>*Schweiz*</u>

Surprisingly

(1993)

Written in the Age of the early teens,
these are Startling Impressions when I found them
at forty ... by an accidental command of Destiny's design.

The difficult **w**ord was my **Passion** then, my reason to be ... **L**earned ... when **y**oung: which has now **Changed** to the easy **w**ord, my reason to be ... **H**eard ... so **Old**!

Info: 1981 ... Tariq Hameed

It is interesting to note that at this Age I was extremely myopic but refused to wear corrective glasses. Visually everything Impressed me as blurred blots of Strangely imprecise olours: as such I resorted to other means for precise Understanding and Comprehension. I Stated to analyse Senses and Sensations and very often my descriptions are simply based on how things are perceived, rather than what is perceived. Thus, all Senses are mingled, that in the End, All's Introversion ... ALL becomes ONE ... the perfect UNITY ...

in this manner, the **Humane** body is fully used and consequently *impregnates itself with* **K**nowledge, instead of **simply K**nowing **K**nowledge, **un-K**nowledged!

Thus ... in perception, all **S**enses are **Unified** ... composed and recomposed ...

Dedication

Surprisingly Specific

... To my **Rosy** ... She was all **Rose** ...

Rosy in Heart

♥, Rosy in Face, Rosy in Spirit, Rosy in Soul ...

So **Lived** my **Rosy** in my **Being** ... **Rosy Forgotten** 'ner ...

Was she, or was not ... One'll **n**ever **K**now ...

This is a BC-ok on Beauty Roma : Italia (1993)This is a book on Beauty written with **Beauty** So **Please** DO NOT read it if you cannot Beautify your Life or Live on with Beauty This is also a bc-ok on Human Beings Beautiful Beings who can become better: It shows no ways no methods but it can opefully make you feel deep inside that you can be better and much better than you probably are or have been; ONLY willing. There is Absolutely NO violence in it. So **Please** DO NOT **R**ead it if you try your best NOT to be better. Un**F**ortunately, to become **k**nown, since commerce is now Our Sole Soul, Dearly, very Dearly; This be and costs are costs, (So any publisher), if not wholly and **Purely** and totally and plurally Insane, would want his money back; **Hard!** But it's not his **F**ault! **Pity!** None's **F**ault! Sincerely I apologize for it! And I am very sorry; 'tis not my Fault either: Not am I of man, who made the Rules of Man-Kind! So **Please** DO NOT buy it, specially if you have NO excess of money. Probably, one fine day, a **Dear** fine Friend will loan it to you in moments of lonliness this handsomely lonesome book on Beauty with **Beauty**: so respecting Po-ored Beauty and (my bc-ok on Beauty Abandoned!) Dear, Dear Friend! But one day if I can, I will **Gift** it ... **Free**; yes **Free**!

... (p.s. 2016 ... by modern means ... I've put it on www ... Wao We'r Weak ... hi hi ... Quote, but plz, just acknowledge author's name) ...

To you ... and the World ... of Shackles and Jackel's-Hides ... Free and Free and Free ...



1. Qalat : Baluchistan

A Tale from Life

(9 years - 1950 Aug.) My First Story ...

'Twas **Nobody** when born: 'n all **Bound** to **L**ve, Cherishing what **D**estiny lent; only later back to give.

Away spread the Mountains, all Wildy 'n craggéd.

A child's eye romped well 'n well o'er many a Rock raggéd,

o'er many a deep Rocky Vale 'n o'er many a high Hill Clifféd;

all going o'er so up 'n so down, so up 'n so downéd.

But all was barren, barren brown.

He lo-ked away in disgust,

but beheld a child fair 'n sweet!

She had ruby Lips 'n rosy cheeks:

her hair round her face curled out neat.

He dreamt barren Rocks in Hardened streaks

<u>flowered</u> to bl<u>c</u>-<u>o</u>ming <mark>llossoms</mark>

'n **Crevices lossomed** to bl<u>c-1</u>ms,

Brown Vales to velvet Meadows turned,

Swaying Clovers clung forever to evergreen Trees forever greened,

And a **Soft breeze** did sing

to spray again a silver Stream

of this a spurting Spring.

He met her and spoke so Sweet Words;

that she raised her shy eyes 'n bit her rosy Lip:

And when they parted, furtive glances each casting behind did slip!

They met again; when he held her **h**and 'n stole a **Soft** kiss!

She whispered a low protest; but in all, all in vain ... ô miss, ô miss!

Then the first fuzzy snowflakes, when fell as will;

their gay $f_{\underline{\mathbf{C}}}$ -<u>o</u>t-steps roamed o'er a **lonely H**ill.

The chilly Winds

of **freezy breezy** Winter blew,

The snowy fluffy flakes fell 'n flew

piling up onto the brown 'n baring Mounts.

So amidst dark Skies reared up more 'n more

white Blanketed Ghosts of pleasing things before.

Even Nature had donned a cloak of Melancholy:

for he was leaving her a-lonely!

No Words were said, no eyes un-brim-full!

He turned his **f**ace that his welling **Tear-drops** not be seen.

Down the $\frac{\mathbf{H}}{\mathbf{a}}$ that \mathbf{h} is \mathbf{h} and \mathbf{h} is \mathbf{h} .

```
He wept quietly and through a blur of Streaming Tears, ô a himmer
              magined, a stunned Tear-stained face did limmer.
He wept 'n kissed the rose, that which had been her farewell Present
She wore it at her lapelled coat
              and had snatched at it, just the last moment
                     'n even though the rose was so artificial a bringer,
                            a Cruel Thorn pricked her so Tender a finger:
                                           ... 'n then she hurried away her way.
Thus he le-ked out 'n away, far away,
Through a haze of flakes a-falling and Tears a-flowing,
              'hind the de-med Vale that now ste-od so hollow,
                     were Craggy Wild Mountains covered with snow.
                     Years trudged by
                                    'n the child had grown to a man,
Those child-head fancies as flirtful puffs of Air had been blown away.
The Memory of hazy brown Mountains had faded to mist,
              but in their midst st@-od still etched,
                            in crisps of Smoke, a Vision, a Lovely girl,
                     her locks Strayed about her færy-face in a twirl.
                     Far from the so Wild
                                    Mountains he grew to a man:
Thru around him lay a hustle 'n a bustle
              'n blundered he a hither 'n a thither.
There he sought her everywhere!
              The days wore on.
Then at Night he pondered, and when the
              the lonely roads Echoed his solitary fc-ot-falls to dwell.
These street—lamps cast a dim diffuse IGHT
              which mingled with the darkness beYond all Night
                     and Melancholy Reflections limmered on:
Though by the road-side steed yew-Trees all alone,
                    -soaked Barks and dripping leaves left lone, alone.
Thoughts gone on his lapel, he wore where her rose so near 'n Close
                     and still until the End, he searched on onwards on.
                     Then Spring came
                                    and green a New grew the grass;
Flowers Sprouted
                     all around and Birds Sang:
```

'cause he had found her,,

```
Happy days, <mark>happy</mark> weeks, <mark>happy</mark> months flew by;
They roamed everywhere:
```

Joyous twinkling eyes scattered Love

anywhere they a **ighted**.

but in the stifling **heat** she lay **d**own

in a tired slumber;

An innocent slumber, deep as if in Death!

He spake Soft **W**ords, she did not reply;

he spoke in low caressing tones

and she did not reply:

On her Lips he planted a sweet kiss, but she replied not!

He wore a **S**orrowful l**c**-**o**k and lowered his wet **e**ye!

And when the auburn Autumn came

and **left** the rusty **branches** bare,

Amid the sighs of the scattered **leaves**

reverberated the faint tolling of the distant bell;

The Sad dotes of a flute trickled and lickered

from far away forelorn fary-Lands forgotten!

He had Lost his Love and Lost her for Ever ... in Never!

He searched in vain,

all **Over** in vain, but still he searched on ... 'n on!

Years have slipped by

and who was once a happy child

is grown to a tired Old man: ô man.

His **lopes** carried along a swift seething **S**tream

have been swept o'er the rumbling tumbling rapids so low, ô ho ho

'n dashed onto the **Broken** Rocks below.

The faded Memories of dim hazy Mountains Float away

and from the depths a cloudy mist arises: a Dear face peers always out!

A IGHT Wind shifts, there's a turmoil and in their midst ... slowly ô so slowly ... a few Words appear,

beside the en**Chanting** face

ô "This is Life!"

And the **Echo**es form,

The Life Wheel spins, in New 'n Newer threads, 'n out 'n out ô brief out, but ô Old so one,

The weak **being** snapped in their prime,

And hence, on 'n on and ever on 'n on and on 'n ever on 'n for ever on ...

So 'tis A Tale from Life,

'n Constantly, just so Finding 'n Le-sing ... the very Theme of Life!





Qalat : Baluchistan

A Tale from Life

(9 years - 1950 Aug.) My First Story ...

https://www.pexels.com/search/balochistan%20Pakistan/ ... pexels-photo-415969.jpeg ... pexels-photo-815880.jpeg





In earlier times, known as Qalat-e-Seva (name of legendary a Hindu king); also Qalat-e-Nicari, in connection with an ancient Brahui dialect Speaking Baloch tribe ... one of the oldest branches of the old traditionally indigenous Brahois!

Brahui Speaking Balochis, arrived in the Qalat area, about the same time as Balochi speaking tribes from west; who formed a large kingdom in the 15th century, which seen declined ... the whole region falling to the Mughals, descendants of the Mongols, converted to Islam. The Khanate was dominant from the 17th century onwards: till the advent of the British, in 19th century. The signed Treaty of 1876, made Qalat an integral part of the British Empire.

At British withdrawal, in 1948, Qalat became a part of Pakistan ... In 1955, formally removed from power, the last Khanate of Qalat, is still now, claimed by some of its present-day descendants.









pexels-photo-5303058.jpeg ... pexels-photo-6182219.jpeg ... pexels-photo-5417955.jpeg ... pexels-photo-6018532.jpeg

2. Sibi : Baluchistan

"DisenChantment"!

(10 years - 1951 Dec.)

Sat he

in his room alone. He had Abandoned all Jovial Pleasures and shunned all gay company, ever but so recluse: always in his reminiscent modes for his heart Suffered much. He Remembered the Joys he had forgot following a Fatal evening, when he had parted from his beLovéd. Since then, many Women luring him into a dark corner had murmured False accents of Love: the Smell of female flesh had drown him near, but it's nearness repugnated him, for in his heart Pinched a Painful Memory of a sweet person, and he had hastily Escaped. But found shelter Nowhere; because the only safe Escape is to the most dark and dreamy sphere of Death: and Death, the drowsiest of all drowsy sleeps ... just embosomed him not!

Thus thought he

gland and in discord, for he stand torn as under in a **World** shorn naked, sand the stunning balming **Pagro** of **Love**.

Restless he

paced; he paced a thousand steps, then went quickly quietly out, shutting firmly the de-ar.

Outside he

glowed. It had drizzled very very light and dots of had specked the whole anorama around. The mass in sprinkled the Earth with strands of himmering silver and the Complete cene was ribbed with slight tones of IGHT and SHADE. The unwinding road lay a-glinting a strip of ebony, where sombre effections gleamed dimly: and the spray-wetted Trees sketched by the sides attempting in vain to form a canopy, their slender Boughs blasmed with Night-green leaves; on the road-speckled foliage the countless specks Sparkled as the twinkling of live ... 'twas a dreamy vista of Blissful sleep! A cast Wind sighed, leaves rustled feebly in Echoing Cadences and lives of Water lipped as the Sharp plucked strings of a lonely lone lute. It was the Heavenly Mussic of the still lofty Softy dreaming Night! Soft, slow, Mellow strains in leace 'n Harmony flowed through the Universe and hivered through his so lonesome a fragile frame.



Around him he

saw beatific **Nature** lay, as he walked 'n walked and thought of his **Love**, and he felt a **Pain** prickling **deeply** into his **insides**! And he **Remembered** a similar **Night** years back, when was he a mirthful man, and had strolled, on 'n on, alike roads. The abiding quiet had been pierced by a **hum** of tires, a car had swished ahead and **grinded** to a stop: a **P**[elod_ous voice of bells tinkling had invited him in. It was the **girl** he amoured!

She drove,, he

dreamt. And suddenly, "Time' did sweep 'n creep 'n sweep; he gazed and drank deep! And lots 'n lots of objects blurring Past did peep: and unheeded, went off to sleep.

Met had he

Nothing better to fare, had faired and flirted along, as young Ladies also usually often do. Days had frolicked 'n frolicked Past; he was devoted and happy and she Lively and prankish. Sometimes they disputed Over light and much trifling matters, but later Smiled at their fcellishnesses and kissed and patched up their pretty petty quarrels, so that later her chiming Laughter filled the Air with brimming Joility. Many a Times he tell k her out and they passed precious moments together. So rident months go by, for she Really had grown to like him, in her own rather special way.

And then he

lonely Hours of separation and out of excessive Emotion for each other Believed the injustices rumoured around. He suspected her of being unFaithful; and she him: and both for no reason but their immense Love, which builds an Edifice of grievances on no Foundations, dis-Believed the perfectly simple explanations as Signs of Faithlessness. They knit Fancy to burning facts, so little Fears legemed large and they legemed askance, so un-Trustful of each other. Thus they had parted and two learly Tears had glistened in her downcast eyes: what she passing by had flittered with before but held Dearest now, had brushed her rudely away! And in the last moments of togetherness they felt the Regret of a Pain-staking gain Lost. Then they both were alone.

Love be it for he

or **she**, is an inward **glow Kindled** by shyly shyful **Smiles** and **heart**-felt sighs, a hastened hasty kiss 'n **misty e**yes; but to lose a **Love** leaves a gaping **Void** which brings **S**ad **Memories** at the gayest **Time**. It is as **heart** renting as to the **lonely** traveller a **Vision**, a **lirage**, which though pleasing to behold swells up the feeling of **Emptiness** within; as **lives** of **Water**, here there everywhere, but **Nowhere** to brim: of things to the **lonely** distant unclear 'n trim!

A dull Ache, he

felt a Rose in his heart! It was a Pang describable not in Words, nay, un-describable at all: a falling feeling felt by Lost Lovers alone!

Past **Feflection**s Past he

gazed Vacantly around, and he Thought of his re-m. So slowly returned he.

A fragrant breeze Sensed he

that caressed lightly his cheek, but entered he his re-2m and firmly he re-Closed his de-2r.

What **Thought** he?

<u>That</u> a Ripening **Life** is **W**asted through a Jilted <mark>Love</mark>!

What Concluded he?

That when the **leaves** fall, they fly and scatter blown before an uncertain **W**ind, as is a **Human Soul** scattered and **W**asted when the blistering **b**ody is thrown into the boiling **W**arm 'n **Cold** cauldron of **Life**: **'Life**', the **'P**assion' on whose **Entrance**' is 'en**G**raved' ...*

"DisenChantment"!

As a ¶¶ag√cian weaves ¶¶ag√c harms un-hung,	He He
Chanting en Chanting Words of a færy tongue,	Hii Hii
So passing Times a healing potion pour,	На На
O'er gaping W ounds blown by the scythe of Life ;	He He
A few are cured, as others rot or writhe or soar,	He He
Weeping creeping so End their lonesome weary Strife:	Hii Hii
Thus unconcerned, the Universe revolves and rolls on,	На На
But ever! For ever! And ever! However! In NoN	Не Не

Who is Nobody?

This is a Theme which has haunted me Over decades.

<u>Who</u> am <u>I</u> or <u>We</u> or just <u>Us</u> or <u>All</u> of <u>Us</u>.

My first attempt was at 11 years ...

Mr. NOBODY Quetta: Baluchistan 1952 Jun.

Then for years, I read and I read and read. Who Nobody was?

An effaced person, whose original 'picture', or let us say exactly 'caricature', I found in Ulysses (Homer): Old Greek Literature of about 3000 years away.

Question: "Is Somebody Hurting U?"

Answer: "Nobody".

Efforting **Nobody** became **Somebody** ... thus **Nobody** was Not seen, but was Not unheard. Even in the **Un**True, existed a **'Nobody'** who was born to become a **'Person'**: "**Personne**" in French is "**Nobody'** ... **Lost** in the green **blue Waves**!!!

My second attempt was at 40 years ...

They say 'Life begins at Forty'! Is this Maturity? And out came 'Personne' ... in Roma in 1981. I spoke No Italian then ... So Why did so many Nobodys surrounding surround me? And why did so many Nobodys spake so much, that their speech was Absolutely Un-Under-standable?

My third and final attempt was at **Over** half a century **O**ld.

But it was only a recapitulation, a translation of all that had been revealed before ... just a plain Translation in English: but very interesting ...

Because in these all 60 years ... Nobody Never Grew Up?

Quetta: Baluchistan

MR. NOBODY!

(**11 years** - 1952 Jun.)

Often in the streets

I saw him passing passively by, flitting in and out of the babbling crowd. A Vacant stare resided always on his face. In rare moments his common features lit up as if by an electric glow and he seemed vaguely to realise that he existed very vaguely; but to what End, he never fretted himself with: he had more weighty matters on his Mind; such as the price of onions and getting worn sheets repaired at home, and in office balance—sheets prepared. His Mind was a synonym to a big Blank vaguely, and of reason he was only 'n very scant; but scantier still was of Live Emotions: a barren rut in a scorched heath is more fertile.

Ô! Such was

The Mr. Nobody: Nobody of This World, I Knew.

Once as 'twas

that I had asked him about what he **thought** of **Life** 'n whether it's **better** to **End** an uncreative, unoriginal existence or to **Live** on unproductively, un-**Remembered** for havin' **? what ?"** ... a complicated reply came; then all was sponged from his **Brain**, for he began prattling about this 'n that, done **Nothing** at all, or had achieved **Nothing** at all? ...

he started quoting on the subject of 'News-Papers and' and "Money and" and "World Market' and 'Domination beYond Manipulating the Common Wealth and". Secret Fears him assailed, suddenly relapsing to an afflicted Silence; grieved Over the possibility of cockroaches breeding in his pantry: and half-apologetically half-apprehensiously, he hurried away to labeled further into this dire contingency ... Selfish Folks are semi-True, only to Selves!

One day as

he sat alone, he let his Mind wander and it led him to a half-Remembered Land of greenery where one spends his lisping-age. Day long, with his companions, he scrambled about in bushes, experiencing a Naive Joy in everything. But as he grew Older, the Clory of those days had faded; child-hald ties were Broken and what he held nearest his heart was Stranged: passage through Spring to Autumn reaches regions, 'twas an Oldish man now, 'n his family unit was almost reduced to nil. His Narcissism clashed him with Humanity and liberty and never did his Life Mellow nor did he seek Devine purpose in it; a dreary material World pressed down and leaving aside Ideals, he sale not a smuggy cheerless rut, and Honoured going back on his Word of mouth, for convenience or commercial Sense. Thus, Profit Torgets Profite: so he kept on traversing from bleaker to more arid 'n jejune zones. To espouse finance to be found anywhere, even Human Love is weighed; in a sterling of a pound. He might have felt a strong Revulsio at his mechanical existence, but now being well accustomed to it, thus forget that there is Something higher in n Life, a Something much higher in this Life, than only Living it itself!

Oft so,, so is

that thoroughly indoctrinated, as are so many politicians of their own self-righteousness, he went about his mischievous business washing from his **Brain**, all **thoughts** of realisation, or any **Honest** or **Silly** points of view. And I saw him pressing by in the street but **never** was **Sure** if it was the same person I had seen before, for he had a **whole** bread of **Friends** and relations and all were **exact** replicas of each other: all engaged in negotiations, <u>regarding</u> the so important **talks about talks**, about **talks**, about talks, about talks, about talks.

Over days Past at last, news

reached me that he Died; he had passed away quietly, lamented by a few and Remembered only by very little or even less or lesser. So our Mr. Nobody left to Nobody, what he had or had not ... very little or even much less or lesser ... In a few years also the Signs of his Grave were obliterated. Thus he who Lives for mere wealth or Power, at the End of a Hypocritical existence is swept away from men's Memories, as is a small less cloud blown o'er along Infinte expanses of Heavens to Unen lightened regions obscure.

Only Truth is,,

that this had really been the short-statured Mr. Nobody I had Known. I'm told he left his last phase to a foliable brother Somewhere in the West. I think it was him, for his visage Waves 'n Wavers so very heavy before my eyes, that I Doubt if it all is not just a figment of my own magination got, which with a little lapse of Time, will be burnt buried 'n battered!

P.S. : I Learned later in Life, what Dr. Johnson had said about 'Will Shakes' ... casting aDoubtful Light on 'Bill', as far as Learning or Knowledge was concerned ...

'Knowing Little Latin and Less Greek'

So our **Nobody** evolved <u>Slowly</u> ... From <u>One</u> to **Nothing** ... Unto <u>One</u> unto **Something** ...

Lacking NoN-Words unto Words ... Finally ... A Better Me ...

ef: Homer ... Ulysses approx. 3000 years past



Volume Qr-001 ... -ixx-*[*019/80.





N O B O D Y ...

... (Lörrach: 1993) ... See me in NoBody ...

There're people who but just come

'n there are people who but just do go:

'n in a hustle-bustle of com-in' 'n go-in',

destiny created a Solitary being: who

of want of other denomination

was called but a Nobody.

Why so so so silk,

That he understeed not,

he had asked **n**ever for **anything**.

Somehow he arrived; 'n thus was it.

Then he started to live alone very quietly

'n people started knowing him rather vaguely.

He was AMONG the others ... but **not OF the others**.

And so a voice startling started to run between his friends:

"Somebody like Nobody, there is nobody other in this World!"

This he had heard many times by so many people since his infancy,

but it did not impression him any ... he wanted to be simple like **Everybody**.

Everyone said he was different from the others, without understanding the Why,

but 'he knew the why of whys', 'cause Destiny had never hidden her designs from him:

he was not at all of this world! "The Ordinary is not in me": is the toughest of all knowledge.

helly

Many people to be-come

'n many people to be-gone:

'n they are all forgotten forlorn.

So centuries sombered pass 'n roll

'n still one speaks always of our **Nobody**,

a no-one small presence with an invisible face

who often had felt the pains of very Sensitive beings.

One says often among those, going a-past bide beyond time,

"Nobody's solitary 'n understeed, he has a none being,

"he is only a thought 'n his equal hasn't been

"Anywhere Anybody, never in this world".

Twas the only gift that Destiny had reserved ever thus for him,

but he paid it very dear: in an eternity of solitude in a crowd so void of people ...

'n what so funny is, he had never even asked of anybody for anything,, ever or when, when ???

PERSONNE ...

testa

(Roma: 1981) Nobody (Lörrach: 1993)

Les gens viennent et les gens partent. Dans ce va et viens éternel, destin créa l'être Solitaire que manque d'autres noms on nomma Personne. Pourquoi si en soie, personne ne comprit; **Personne** n'avait rien demandé. Enfin il arriva là, terra ferma, et voilà! Puis les gens l'ont connu vaguement car il commença à vivre; simplement "vivant PARMI les autres, il n'était pas des autres": et vibrant la douleur des autres, il n'était point des autres; ainsi une rumeur a couru, "Il n'y a pas d'autres Personne dans ce monde"! Depuis l'enfance il l'a entendu maintes fois, cela ne l'a guère impressionné. Personne n'était simple, comme tout le monde; un tas de gens disait qu'il était différent sans savoir, mais lui sut pourquoi, parce que le destin ne lui cacha jamais ses desseins : il n'était pas de ce monde, sa croix! pancha

"L'ordinaire n'existe point en moi"

est la plus dure des connaissances de soi ... il diamante della purezza umana! Des milliers de gens étaient venus et sont déjà parties : et tous, on les oubliera. Des siècles après ont sombré mais on se rappelle toujours de ce si simple Personne à un visage troublé, cette petite présence invisible omniprésente mais effacée, sentant la peine d'être sensible et souvent parmi ces braves gens le dépassant dans le temps, ci et là on entend, "Solitaire Personne ne s'explique pas; l'être est une pensée d'au-delà, sois: et son égal n'est jamais né et jamais ne naitra dans ce monde retourné, d'ici bas!" Destin le farceur, lui a réservé ce seul cadeau d'immortalité; cadeau qu'il paya bien cher: éternité de solitude d'une proche foule pleine de lointains gens flagada,

me. temps ... ne lire que de mots complets gras ...

pourtant sincèrement, jamais il n'a rien demandé à personne ... ou à qui qu'il soit ???



4. <u>Quetta</u> : <u>Baluchistan</u>

LIMERICKS by LEMUR

(**12 years** – 1953 Jul.)

(i) Once **Lived** a decrepit **Knight** very brave and **young**

with dark hair, green and strong

and a curling moustache, twenty gallant feet long;

He met and Courted a Lady demure

who Smiled and flashed at him her teeth

all thirty-two or more.

And they would have **Lived** happy after-wards:

God bless them both!*

Had not

all his moustache been to the right;

and all of her teeth to the left.

* * * * * *

(ii) A Careless Cock from Cork Called Calk was Caught

in a Cliché in a Cliff.

They pulled and they pulled and he ne'er came thru;

-do- -do- -do- -do- so he was split in two:

They found out some glue and they stuck him up tage.

but, O miserable stiff!

They Pasted the beak-half back, hi hi,

and the back-half front.

<u>Limerick</u>: A **f**unny **Rhyme**, often in four parts ...

- A Nursery-**Rhyme** has it's Logic ... in **S**ense;
- ▲ A Limerick has it's Logic ... in a **non-S**ense:

Thus it keeps on inverting its own reason.



A Critical Study of Some Nursery Rhymes ... A Fine Corollary

(2003)

A Nursery **Rhyme** is a traditional poem or song for **children** in Britain and other countries, but usage only dates from the late 18th / 19th century. In North America the term Mother G. Rhyme, introduced in the mid-18th century, is often used.

The Secret History of the Nursery Rhyme ... Many of the origins of the humble Nursery Rhyme are believed to be associated with, or reflect, actual events in history! Also there exist often ... concepts of political domination ???

Nursery Rhy	me	Critical Words	Objective	
Goosy goosy gander, where shall I w	Old Man	Children		
Upstairs and downstairs, in my Lad	<mark>y</mark> 's chamber;	wouldn't say his prayers	are taught	
There I met an Old Man who woulds	n't say his prayers ;	took him by the left l eg	Religious	
I took him by the left l eg and threw	him down the stairs!	threw him down the stairs	Ferocity	
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,		H umpty D umpty	Ridiculous	
Humpty Dumpty had a big fall;		King's Horses	Commoner ?	
And all the King 's H orses, and all th	ne King 's Men ,	King's Men	Superiority	
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty toget	her again!	Couldn't put together	of Royalty?	
Rain rain go away, come back anoth	Rain rain go away	"God blew		
Little Johnny wants to play, rain rai	(Spanish Armada)	His winds,		
Rain rain go to Spain ;	not show your face again	and England		
Do not show your face again!	(Queen Elisabeth First)	was saved !"		
Three blind mice (repeat) : See he	Three blind mice (repeats)	A Laughing		
They all went after the farmer's wife	cut off their tails	matter !!!		
who cut off their tails, with a carving	with a carving knife	Cruelty on		
Did you ever see such a sight in you	r Life? (3 blind mice)!	see such a sight?	Infirmity?	
Eeny meny mayna mo,	(play)	child counts	Children	
Catch a Nigger , by his toe;	(Force)	Nigger, toe	are taught	
If he screams, let him go;	(torture)	screams, let him go	Racial	
Eeny meny mayna mo!	(amusement)	spin around head & throw	Violence	

Funnily, an amusing matter ... Self-Justified!!! hi hi ...

J'ai dit bizzare bizzare ... comme c'est bizzare ? (Dr. Knock)

So have you understood ??? Do you understand ???

What is Civilised 'n What is so Un... 'n What's Hypocrisy ... Aaaamen?

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so ...

Colloquy to **Dear** Horatio ... (Hamlet ... Shakespeare)

History is Written by the Conqueror ... is Truth in False-h C-0 d (2021)

A lil bit about ... English Literature ...

- 1. Francis **Bacon**: the Aristocrat ... (22/1/1561 9/4/1626) ... **Bacon's Cipher** ... Advocate of Scientific Knowledge & Exposition, on a base of Inductive Reasoning, by an Argumentative Approach; Scientific Inquiry, produced ... **The New Atlantis**; History of **Life & Death**; **Wisdom of Ancients**.
- 2. William **Shakespeare** (Sheikh Peer) ... (26/4/1554 23/4/1616)
 4 last plays made **William**, a Shakespeare ... **Hamlet**, **Lear**, **Macbeth**, **Tempest**: "There is method in his madness": "Who is it that can tell me who I am?": "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly": "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows" ... He was the only writer in the world, who used a fabulous vocabulary ... an Incredible **23000 words**; as **ill**, as **well**.
- 3. John **Milton**: the **Blind** Poët ... (9/12/1608 8/11/1674) ... Paradise Lost ... **Lucifer**: "Better to Reign in Hell, than Serve in Heaven" ... Normal Vocabulary is 300 words; bit Educated is 600; Average Writer is 900; Better Writer 1200; G. Writer 2500 ... but Milton employed 5000 words, Coining New Words from Latin & Greek: Used blank verse; No Rimes.
- 4. Dr. Samuel **Johnson**: ... (18/9/1709 13/13/1784) ... Adamant Criticiser of Shakespeare: his famous phrase ... He **Knew little Latin and Less Greek** ... Critic Renowned, but at times biased! Gained 1500 guineas: **Dictionary of the English Language**.
- 5. Famous Lines of Famous Poëts: that Changed the History of English Language ...
 - 1. "Was this the **face** that launched a thousand ships" ... Thomas Marlow (Dr. Faustus: **Helen**)
 - 2. "To be **or not** to **be**, that is the **Q**uestion" ... Shakespeare (Hamlet: simply, **BGDlean** Maths.)
 - 3. "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty; that's all ye Know and all ye need to Know" ... John Keats
 - 4. "Drank coffee and sat for an hour" ... T.S. Eliot (Wasteland: **Spoil** of 2000 years Construct?)
 - 5. "Thanks, I am a Vegetarian" ... Bernard Shaw (Comment: when one admired a Lady's Legs?)
 - 6. "Eloquent Silences" ... Samuel Becket (Waiting for Godot): Harold Pinter (The Dumb Waiter)

A lil bit about ... English History ...

- 1. Elisabeth the 1st. ... **The Slave Trade** ... She enjoyed its Profits; also African Entertainers in Court: by her approval, Captain John Hawkins, captured 300 Africans in 1562; which he traded against hides, sugar & ginger. Again in 1564, an expedition had Elizabeth's benediction, with a ship. Twas strange, that an **African Slave**, in later dates, cost £50, while an **Irish** was Cheap? Only £5/-! To Throne, Charles Stuart in 1660, realised that **Slaves** were as profitable as Sugar Plantations? And established was, The Royal Africa Co. (RAC), supplying **Slave** to British West Indies? **Tis History**! Politicians & Notables United, provided **Slave** for French West Indian Colonies, making Fortunes! During **British Irish Rule**, "**Indentured Servants**", were subjected to **Forced Labour** in America!
- 2. Queen Victoria ... Chinese today, name the 19th. Century, as the "Century of Humiliation". Reason?
 - 1. 1st. Opium War (1839-1842) ... Warring, Qing & Britain: triggered by illegally dumping over 300 Opium Tons year, by the British Naval Ships? **The battle was L**ost **by the Chinese**.
 - 2. 2nd. Opium War (1856-1860) ... Warring, Qing & British & French: military and naval force superiority of the allies, could have only one result! **The battle was Lost by the Chinese**.
 - 3. 1st. & 2nd. Convention of Beijing ... Kowle on Cession & South of Shenzhen River & Lantau.
- 3. Elisabeth the 2nd. ... Modern English Society has suddenly realised, that "**Money Whitening**" has become a really serious problem. Brunt is often practiced by known **Corrupt Politicians** (Indo-Pak) Base. What Future will hold, is Unknown: but is surely creating a Racial Upper Cast Anomaly ... Present Government suffers serious Criticism: that this **Pseudo-Political Protection** be eliminated!
- What's said? Facts Not Fantasy ... Traditions Respect Traditions ... No Tradition is Superior: only, Time-Bound!

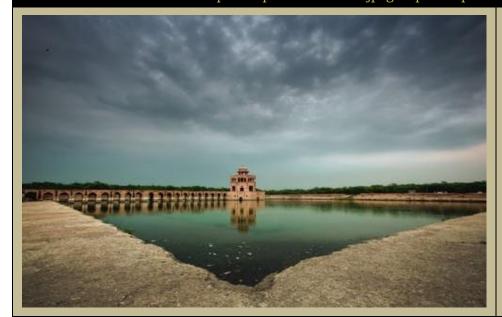


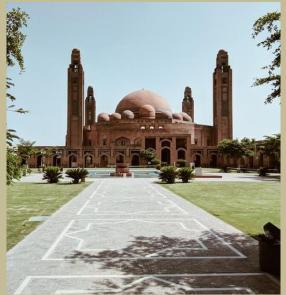
5. Lahore Punjab

Adolescence

(13 years - 1954 Apr.)

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Gates of Lahore; Roshnai Gate. "Roshnai Gate," (the "Gate of Lights"), is located between the Lahore Fort and Badshahi Mosque. In the evenings, the gate was lit up, hence its name. It is the only gate that is in good condition and still retains its original looks.

Lahore, popular City of Gardens and Colleges, the second largest city of Pakistan, and the capital of Punjab. The cultural heart of Pakistan and hosts most of the many Arts, festivals, film-making, music: and intelligentsia of the country. As far back as 4000 years ago, some historians trace the history of this famous city. However, its proved that Lahore is at least 2,000 years old, dating to Alexander the Great and Porus, the Punjab King. Hieun-tsang, famous Chinese pilgrim, gives a vivid description of Lahore, when visited in early 7th century AD ... From 1524 to 1752, Lahore was the Mughal Empire: later becoming a province of the Afghan Empire. Then ruled Sikhs, from 1799 to 1849: annexed by British Raj, 1849 until 1947 (Independence).





... pexels-photo-127753.jpeg: Lake Siaf ul Malook ... Siaf ul malook-05.jpg (Myself:Own Photo) ...

5. Lahore Punjab Adolescence (13 years – 1954 Apr.)

5. Lahore : Punjab

Adolescence

(13 years - 1954 Apr.)

(As if Reading from a Text)

Middle-Agéd, Man: The effection of Autumn in the mossy-hued Water: when the bare branches garbed in Wintery solemnity stipple the slow uneven Water which ripples it's different hades of Disturbed velvet on to the other Shore clustering to Brokeness. And deep below the daubs of clouds move, till from a lighter patch an invisible Ray dips down, to brighten an occasional group of playful Waves whose surfaces glint like isolated points of Steel exhilarating in their irregular dance of irregular Rythms, all so well co-ordinated: and thus the clouds keep passing so Silent and variant in their monotony. Then a dry leaf is swept in and races alongside a small boat, Past a half-merged Reed Over a full submerged Rock, across a muddy furrow; till the child runs to the other edge of the Pond and diverts the boat to another course. And there in the Pleasantly nipping Wind stands a lonely Old man experiencing the evanescent moment existing individually until it is swallowed away in the harsh Life composed of un-Natural Sounds. And the solitary child plays on by the edge of the Pond, oblivious of the roar and tumult Created by Humanity in its Haste to Escape the thousand indiscriminating claws of Blind Destiny who Creates infinite flaws in enacting it's discordant Opera of figures 'n indexes that we call men: and so scattering a few Tragic Corpses here 'n a-New Corpses there, never ever says another Word about the millions of sincere men who are defeated in their most earnest Ideals.

And he Watched the innocent child play with his Paper-boat: till the patient and Silent Old man, Old as the Caves in whose Closed depths even the far Echoes return rasping and freckled, was led into a Strange irrational World; where Above the Autumn Air appeared to the child's eye a snow-capped Sky of melting icicles clothed in fine pretty dresses of Fire: where the Water-drops falling are Changed to beads of glass, and in the low spreading brown hazy thimmer more pretty than the Lustre of ripples Under mcon-lit Nights of a ferry-Land.

Twas there that walking beside a Phantom Lake, he asked a hundred simple Questions, when the Wind breathed upon the bathéd Trees and made them shake off their stupor.

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"Gram-Pa! Why do the leaves move?"
```

[&]quot;The Wind makes them move!"

[&]quot;How does it make them move?"

[&]quot; By moving itself!"

[&]quot;But why does it move itself, Gram-Pa?"

[&]quot;Because you can't expect it to stand still all the Time, can you!"

[&]quot;No, I suppose not. Aren't you awfully clever to **K**now all that?



" Somewhere ... Here or There!"

```
Thus tell me now ... How Old are you, Gram-Pa?"
"Seventy-seven!"
"Golly, you are big. And I am only six. Just three Times and a half as big as I am!
                                                     Gram-Pa? Do you Believe in færies?"
" No!"
"Were you ever a child once, Gram-Pa?"
" Yes!"
"Did you ever Believe in færies then?"
" Yes!"
"Then why don't you Believe in them now?"
"Because I've grown ever so Old now!"
                                                        "You mean færies never grow Old?"
" No!"
"Oh. Wouldn't you like to be a ferry then, Gram-Pa?
             Then you'd never grow Old, and never have to cut your beard every day!
                                       Would I also be grown-up once?"
" Yes!"
" And have a beard to?"
" Yes!"
"Where will you then be?"
"Resting I suppose!"
"Why! Would you be very tired?"
"I think so!"
" And you'd be cutting your beard everyday still?"
"No. That would be resting to !"
"Oh! It would also be very tried?"
" Yes!"
"And when I grow Old, will I be very tired and rest to ?"
" Yes!"
"Where will I rest, Gram-Pa?"
```

- "Oh, wouldn't that be nice! But why will I grow tired?"
- "Don't you feel tired at the End of each day and so sleep at Nightfall!"
- "Yes. Why do I?"
- "Well, after lots and lots of years when all work is done, you will lie **down** to rest, to rest again, and then go off to **sleep**. Only that 'sleep' is called 'Death' and lasts all the Time that you are waiting or awaiting or Awake, or that you are asleep!"
- "What is this 'Death', Gram-Pa?"
- "Death's the story which Ends all stories!

The **End**less beginning of all **Ends** and all **Times**: of all **Broken lopes**: of **opeless** patience! The **Remembrance** which is **forever forgotten**: and comes only to people the **magination** with **Beings** who **never** materialise and remain as elusive and unreal as we ourselves will be, to remain in the **Memory** of a **Loved** one!"

- "Does that mean that I can rest, now if I want to?"
- " **Hush**! Do you see that Bird There?"
- " No! Where?"
- "Upon that thick Tree Here ... out There?"
- "No. But I think I can hear it sing. Gram-Pa! Have you ever seen a cuckco?"?"
- " Yes!"
- "The Bird that comes out of a cucke-o-clock and says 'cucke-o-cucke-o'?"
- " Yes!"
- " What is it made of?"
- " Of we-od!"
- "But **How** can it sing if it is made of wc-od?

"So justly tell me? **How** can a **Bird** sing, if it's made of **Pure** wg-2d?

"Gram-Pa! Don't tell me you are lying?"

"No, my child!"

"But don't so many grown-up people lie?"

- "Yes, they do!"
- " Why do they lie?"
- "I think they just have to!"

```
"Will I also lie When I am grown-up, Gram-Pa?"
"I suppose so!"
"Then will I be Punished for lying?"
"Not if you feel sorry for it and never Harm anyone!"
"How many people have you Harmed, Gram-Pa?"
"I don't Know. Many perhaps!"
"And so many must have Harmed you to?"?"
"I guess so!"
"Gram-Pa? Why do people Harm each other?"
" Because there are so many and they want so much
                                that some have to get Hurt, once in a while!"
"And Where do all the people go When they have been Hurt?"
```

- "Nowhere! Just keep on Living as everybody else does, I suppose!"
- "But Where do all these people come from?"
- " From a Land of Ængels where all is sweetness!"
- "Then Why do they come Here?"
- "Because they are to greedy and selfish to Live like the Engels!"
- " I thought you didn't Believe in færies?" "I don't!"
- "But aren't Ængels like large færies?"
- " Only one **Lives** in a child's **Mind**, the other in the adult's!"
- "What's the difference, between a child and an adult, Gram-Pa?"
- " A child has a better Chance to become an Ængel, but an adult often not:

he is much to much occupied in this Worldly World!"

- "Gram-Pa? How does one become an Ængel?"
- " Be like they gend Mother when she walked 'pon this Earth!"

Youth: He Remembered his Mother not: but he did Remember a gypsy Maiden, who stole from the Stars the twinkle in her eye and thus gay in her innocence surpassed the Galety with which Nature kisses the cheek of the flower and the child. She Lived and Sang upon the Shore of a quiet Lake. Pure and simple, a RA NBOW Over the Lake suffused the evening Air with Poetry and art and Creation: that every single hushed movement breathed of Plus c; 'n seemed to ask if ever there was an arc more perfect than that of the fine RA NBOW which loops the Sky in its mute plendour! Born of and pitted against the Silent Glory of the Sun, patiently it bides its Vacant Hour ... a myth to the Naïve child, a revelation to the weary Philosopher ... and then retires to its nether home. And it's outer Shadow lingers a moment more, more Beautiful than itself but unobserved and neglected in an atmosphere spontaneous in it's Pagle. And then the Sun is set and the Stars ridicule that ever there existed

Girl: Thus he well-bed her! That she cared not for him, he held not against her: but that he Loved her a little tell much, bore him Loneliness and wisdom! And when last he saw of her, she Danced lithely to the tunes of a banjo: and many a many violin!

"That Night fell I in Love " ... said Gram-Pa.

anything which surpassed them in the ale-of Beauty, of Pystery and randeur!

Woman: The circle of a child's World is Complete to be diversified into segregated segments by the ongoing age, till a wrinkled freckled Old man is left totally in isolation, in an empty hole ... the whole circle of an entire Complete Nothing ... the Total and Full Nothingness ...

Mid-Agéd, Man: The Whimsical child in him Wrangled up unto the surface; and the monologue resumed again, like strands of thoughts without any singular theme.

- "Gram-Pa! What is Night made of?"
- " Nothing but Shadows and Feelings."
- " And what is Love made of?"
- " **Ô**f **N**o**thing**, my child."
- "Then what is Nothing made of?"
- " **Ô**f **A**shes **Ô**f **Love Ô**f **Life Ô**f **mage**s **Ô**f **R**eality."
- "Gram-Pa! Do you Know the difference between a Dream and a Reality?"

[&]quot;A Dream may yet be a Reality once: but all that's Real slips Past the Barrier of Present 'n Exists only as a Dream 'n Something which Never will Come by 'n Doubtful that it Ever did Before!"



- "Then why do we always get a dream when we are asleep and never get a Reality?
 - Gram-Pa, there's an anomaly, here 'n there 'n then 'n when?"
- " Yes. For to get a **R**eality you must be **Awake**!"
- "But if a Reality becomes a dream, why are we never asleep when we are Awake?"
- "We think we are not; but that's all that we **Live** for! The wingéd **Present** seemingly so important in itself corrodes away in the un**K**nown future to a few **Visionary** glimpses of the **dreamy Past**: a halo of **Nothing** but all **Emptiness** ... that's what we consist of!"

Mid-Agéd, Man: "For all thy Pains thou Learnest to Know thyself and why thine heart is so

Anguished! For even Blind Destiny must have hid some plan in men's misFortune!"

Youth: "Is it merely a Joke that she makes thy Feelings of such stuff that can be **Broken**, burnt, crushed, Abandoned and dis-regarded and still be as succumbant to **Hurts** as a sapling Mango to the rest ? And yet still unrewarded we go, just wanting to **Live** an unstained existence, satisfied just with a Vision ... a **Beatrice**, an mage: only the surge of bathos wipes out what our ancestors called **Reality**, pretending that our ephemeral existence is in itself a **Reality**, worth the effort involved to keep it perpetual."

Mid-Agéd, Man: "Thy reason stems from a Sense of Loss, of Anguish ...

for thou **K**nowest well how is it to **Love**, **but** not how it is to be **Loved**. "

Youth: "Only if the Anguish in thy heart may cast an Eternal Tear and make a name immortal ... that would be reward enough for one who, like a trail-less Star exits un-applauded, burning off, unto 'n from the Theatre of the Universe ...

And then to wish no more but to be no more! "

Mid-Agéd, Man: And the Old man Watched the child, happy that a whiff of a Wind carried his boat faster 'n faster across the Pond: carried his Life further 'n farther into the pit! And Wondered that one day he will grow up in the city of many locked degree which regularly blinks its LIGHTS off 'n on, 'n on 'n off; 'n off 'n on for each passing day, 'n so finds that his rand dylls amounted to Nothing: Nothing but a Nothing ...

... helplessly Suffering the base pollute his God-like mages ...

... Locked out of the terrain Over which as ever a whisper steals ...

Maiden: "Pray ... Break not my enChantment ever,

for I am a dreamy thought of things only in dreams,

and exist must alone in myne 'n thyne dreams,

and were the Dirty fingers of Earthly even to touch me,

then lose'ud I my Eternal harms, and Crumple to the Filthy Dirty Earthy Dust beneath."

AFraid, that forever be made mundane the Divinity of all idols,, 'n all maginations untold.

Voice of BeLovéd: Pollute NOT the little liken beach in the plain palm of Universe whose twinkling Particles of Softly resplendent sand were ruffled by their playful fingers, where sate he by her Remembrance and Watched the triple man in her eyes, the Sea and the Sky ... and the canopy of Stars beside ... cast up from the bottom of the Sea, to be-stud the Sky high Above! Dangling Lowly ... so Above ...

... Nota ...

Surprising ... Written at 13 ... now 2021 (am about 80)

- There is only One Character ... Time ... as ... as Couple
- Fig. He ... Child, Adolescent ... Youth, Middle-Agéd, Gram-Pa
- She ... Girl, Woman ... Maiden, Voice, BeLovéd
- > The One Unit Time Exists ... Extends ... Visible unto an Internal Mind.
- And All That Exists ... Exists Simultaneously ... Living 'n LC-Oking,, 'n in Loving.





<mark>Lahore: Punjab</mark>

A Night in a Lonely Shack

(14 years - 1955 May)

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A Night in a Lonely Shack

(14 years - 1955 May)

Nota 2017: It's the only story \mathbf{W} ritten in all my wanderings, where the central character

is purely fictional (imaginary),, but I have tried to make it as real as possible; as ${f L}$ iving as was possible ...

Nothing happened for a long time!

Then from far aRose the heavy rumble of the Overhanging clouds; this lone broil spread to all Heavens and groaned in Leace 'n Harmony with the kiss of Winds and the Silence of surroundings. The hovering clouds became darker and thicker and the Wind blew stronger and colder. The Night grew Older. View Somewhere in the Wild Wilds, while a few prayed then shears, and Fearing hearts searched long into the black Nothing of the evening passed: they led ked up to the clouded face of the med n which seemed like a Lady shrouded ... thus so, 'n dark 'n grey ... in dark 'n grey greaving Over the Death of a beLovéd, to be Crying! And then even that wasn't there anymore, no more, for blackness enveloped all!

Suddenly lightening cracked. A streak of molten chrome flashed across the Sky, and for a moment all Universe lit up, as if the Creator chose to pass that way. Then the stunning brilliance plunged into the blackest of darknesses: pitchy as mid-Night in a Storm-tossed Derelict haunted by nameless spectres, that not even the himmerings of a sputtery Candle to dilute the fluid inky atmosphere!

But how? In this dark, a Silhouette moved at a staggery pace, no refuge offered. The rise and fall of the Ground swayed before appearing to stretch on to a long Nothingness, revealing no Sign of Human habitation. The Shadow trudged to the bald Top of a rise; 'n in exhaustion sat down on a mound!

Thunder muttered to itself and the Sound came hollow, as a reSounding Macabresque voice of a Dead man predicting depm from the deep depths of Eternity! All the Forces of Nature seemed to compass at a one single point, awaiting an opportune moment to descend with all its flapping Fury and leave Destruction in its passing wake, Destruction Worse than the Debris left by the gonged Fatal blows of Time which vanquishes the mightiest and never even pauses to Wonder Over the futility of mortals' efforts, the uselessness of efforts!

Mocking nature Laughs at the boast of man who has no Power at all, and whatever he has is but less than Nothing: all Pain-fully bent to construct Destruction! The Wind developed into a Gale and its how! Sounded like the tormented Cry of a long Lost Soul in an eerie Wilderness!

Then **Blind**ing **ightening Crashed**, and **T**hunder **T**hundered duly!

The sheeting **ram**-**S**torm poured obliquely **down**, in its delam-day **Fury**!

In that brief moiety of an Illumination, the solitary figure perceived at a distance a Deserted shack. It got up, wrapped the cloak tight around itself and proceeded towards it. The rate lashed, the chilling Wind bit Hard, and the colourless form legising it's feet-hold, stumbled often. At this Time it would have even been glad, to seek refuge with the grizzly company of the creatures of the soil, had it been possible to crawl so deep so Under-Ground. With slow steps the Stranger reached the shelter, crossed the Ruinous threshold and opened the creaking deprecautiously, so little by little by little by little!

Suddenly a tense male voice, as the cracking report of a pistol-shot, rang out and the intruder was jerked to a stop. It was a bare cabin: some straw up-piled on one side and a **Broken**-down cot lay in a corner **Under** which was placed an **Old** chest. A masculine shape sat half-crouched beside a rudely de**S**igned **F**urnace, in which a few **C**oals smouldered; waiting their **End** !

"Please let me in. I got caught out in the rain", implored the daunted feminal voice of the Pyster ous Wondering wanderer !!

Hearing this, the man jumped up and came closer. He was panting like a person who has been engaged in a short Fight. Behind him, a faint rufescent glow of the Embers made his enlarged Wavering Umbræ fall on her: she saw his features only as indistinct lines. He offered her his arm and helped her inside. Tired, she lay down on the straw and he hung her wet cloak on a nail. The Storming Windy Storm raged and she thought that she heard a Noise outside; all other Sounds were downed 'n Drowned the next instant in a Thunder clap. He peeped out, banged the de-or shut, came and sat down near her

"Are you all right?" He asked

1111

There seemed **Something** familiar about this **deep** bass voice; but she had **K**nown so many **men** that there always appeared **Something** familiar about all voices

She simply replied ... "Yes. Only just a little wet!"

For a short while he contemplated about the indelicacy of asking her to remove her clothes so as to dry them, but laid aside this solicitation and instead stated, "A Woman shouldn't expose herself to such weather at this Time of Night, 'n also at such a lonely place. It may be Dangerous. You may catch pneumonia 'n Die!"

To her **Mind** came the picture of her **husband** lying **Dead**; her first thought had been that she would be accused of **Murder** and had run away. On the point of blurting out all her **Past**, she checked herself and clarified not altogether un **Truth**fully !!!!!

"I was turned out of home!"

"But pray, Why?"

"My husband suspected me of infidelity!"

"A True suspicion?" Escaped his tongue!!!

"Yes", came a frank reply!!!

Puzzled, he less ked at her in Silence; then finally ventured to ask the Question which less med foremost in his Brain

!!!!!! "But tell? Who 'n What you are 'n from Where; say?"

She did not **A**nswer directly: for troubled **Minds** find solace only in **S**ilence ... in the un**end**ing and the **End**less combinations of **S**omething **Truly** meaningless, **because** ...

She **thought** of the **T**ime when she was a **Tender maginative** girl of fifteen and in a moment of **Passion** had yielded to a paramour who avowing **Love** later betrayed her fully, and **left** her with a three-month gone pregnancy. **Sometimes** frustrated in one, the inborn **E**motions are glued to a second. In **D**esperation she married this 'another' who turned out to be just a drunkard, a ruffian, a gambler, and who treated her most **Cruelly** whenever in **bad Humour**; and **beat** her when in **g**-**b**d!

After a few months her child was born. She Loved her innocent-eyed baby with all her heart, and thus five years had passed: the Despair that her husband's magazed flung her into, was sweetened when she heard the unlainted Laughter of her growing boy!

From behind the screen once, as she Watched her off-Spring playing in the street, she saw her older Lover pass by, and Knowing the playful child to be his, had hugged it Tenderly. He came in to ask 'n tell her husband that he wanted to adopt the Son: and her husband had agreed to the proposal, his Treat Griefs being compensated by a good reat Men sum to be paid immediately, in advance!

Her blad boiled bitter, so resolved to Kill the Kid 'fore the eyes of the Father, cause an Ancient dictum of the 'Rule of Revenge' is, that the one who has destroyed all a happiness of another ... must have his slightest Affection trampled on mercilessly. With a vengeance, she steeled her Love to poison her Little One, and Cried un-consoled when even in its Death-sleep it Smiled most Trustingly at Her: for a Child's Sincerity Label to this World so Falseness-opaqued. To hide her crime, that Stormy Night she threw the now still boy's body in the fladed River. From that day, even her last comfort was snatched off 'n away from her!

She never saw her seducer again. Her husband Watched his prospective and very maginary wealth evaporate, and cursed his ill-Luck as the cause of the untimely disappearance of his Son. Finding none else who he could make the butt of his Anger, he vented out, his all pent-up Wrath on her; her lissom body, he bruised blue 'n black, 'n gave Hardly any money: that she scarce had scrap to eat. Many a Times wished she to Die, to slip from the precipice of Life where one crawls step by step, 'n by 'n by 'n then ... then to creep or crawl no more!

Death comes but once: and that is all! But Hate surged within her; she could not bear to think that he triumphed who had ruined her: so she subsisted! It is a rule of the World that those who have any talent market it at the highest price they can afford, or obtain: she possessed no talent except young healthy flesh, and she rented this commodity at the best rates she could manage, which returns were not very profitable because many more had adopted alike means for existence Ends. Her principle became: 'if U Love them Not, U let them find it out Not'. At first she felt compunctions stabs, later it only prickled; for it was just a mark-down of Honour, of Honour of a very pious high Sounding morality, cause Even Engels Learn in Adversity, the Simple 'n Humble rt of Servility, of heckling one's self for survival. And those are not many who do not want to Live!

Finally, her **Conscious** lay **dormant** and her transactions became a daily routine ... an equation of rudimentary business economy ... where denotes **factor X** = **Eash**. Tangled in a labyrinth of slender unpredictable strands, one's aims **S**tray away from one's **lopes!**

Thus **Hardened**, sustained she herself off 'n on, 'n on 'n off, for the next few years and sank to the **Lowest depths**, **depths** to which no **gentle-Women** sink, or at least, profess that they don't.

Circumstances maim one helpless!

One evening, while she was gone to a town some distant miles away, with shy glances and meaningful words ... the tests of her trade ... she had entrapped a male who though he was the proud father of three grown-ups still longed to be provided by the illicit Pleasures everyone often Desires, though admits not; and they had withdrawn to a secluded place. At that same moment, her husband had also secured an appointment to the same dubious purpose with a Lady companion. His consort was late and when he saw a couple stealing away, in his muddled Brain Jealousy aRose that the now she 'the read one' was double-crossing him. Frothing at the mouth he had rushed in and in an alcoholic rage had shot Dead her partner. If it is mirrored in another what one lusts for, an indignant Temper is un-leashed; I 'n V ReFeR 'n ReVeR the so Righteously Rigorously Religious: so when he discovered that the female was his Wife, he piously turned purple with Fury, and had ordered her never to enter his house again: he cursed loud 'n swore to flay her aLive in crowd. In trying to defend herself she had pushed him off to where he tottered and fell with a thump, and due to an Over-excited weak heart, expired. She was frightened; but as Nobody except the Dead Knew that only she had been with them, she Escaped unobserved, and Priendlerss now aimlessly wandered about in the Night!

All came in a flash, but divulged she **Nothing**. Uncertain, remained she **S**ilent for a little while, a **F**raid to be revealed, **for poverty emits its own effluvia**. Then just giving a pseudonym to her inquisitor added ... "As to how I am here, I've already told you. But, pray tell me who you are; and also how happen you to be here?"

He got up, paced a few steps and told her that he was a well-Known surgeon, who after a long research had discovered a treatment by which he could resuscitate the Dead. Returning from the next town, his vehicle dashed into the River, Over a Dangerously curved embankment; and he nearly drowned. There just being no-one in sight who could help him, he had walking: in the Lope of reaching home before Sunset. But he was still a long way off when dusk fell and when the Storm Broke he had Lost his Path; spying this building he had hurried to shelter hither, till morn came!

- "Yes, that's what happened to me. Lost my way to "... joined in the Woman ... for she clearly perceived that he was a liar, a full liar: the chest, the Broken cot, the red-hot Ashes all testified that Somebody Lived here; and moreover ... how could his clothes still be so dry after such a profound drenching in the River in a Storm!
- "And when you entered I was rather alarmed! I Feared that in such a Storm no Honest company could ever come to this dreary place!"

Suddenly became she **S**ilent; all her **P**ainful **M**emories returned, and vainly tried she to drive them away: drive away the **P**ain of **Truth**; for while the **True** is the dole of the **Low**-trodden as you can't hide an iota,



She listened to the abating pattering on the result and thought how much it resembled a child's toddling feet. She she she away this reflection and lesked around at the dingy result and her cloak hanging on one side, a nail away; a splotchy puddle of Dirty Water had been formed on the bricked flest: here and there a cleft or lessened brick made the surface uneven. The only window was boarded up with termite—eaten west; in the upper two panes, some splintered glass was still Visible. By the occasional bolts of lightning, cobwebs could be noticed adorning the rafters: of Water streaked down from the corners of the leaky ceiling and patches of plaster had fallen from the moss—oloured walls. In the diffuse light, their Steel—grey figures could be discerned squatting down; both were sunk in their private ruminations. This so Ancient crumbling a cottage, its dampy exhaling atmosphere intruded on their Minds, and they felt these wan Presences pulsating. She reflected how much Worse had her Life been than even these deteriorating Ruins, which at least had had a much better Past to less back to, while she had had Nothing but a desolate Fate! O so desolate a Fate!

Her **Remembrances** were **Broken** when her companion spoke!

"magine, how Glorious this dump of Ruins might once have been with so many a happy Soul roaming about. Who can say their Spirits may even be Floating around at this Hour, lamenting that where they had shared their immense Happiness be Decayed to such a Waste. I Remember a very Old man who once Lived in this caving Hut and tried to repair it ... maybe he still does? Sometimes I'm aFraid that he will imprison me in here, as Life shackles one, till Death only severs the fetters!

I detest him: I contempt the odious walls of this Fearful den!"

By the slight quaver in his voice she guessed that he was trembling, and surmised that he was a **coward** test. She was disinclined to conversation, so consequently did not talk test.

An Eternity seemed to pass!

A full 'n fuller Eternity, again seemed to pass!

The min had stopped, 'n the clouds were skittering scattering: violent gusts shed their Fury fast.

Outside, standing all mute the shapeless Spirits of the dark, hazy-grey outlines behind darkish outlines, Grasped in their Ghostly Grip all that ventures forth at this Dead Hour. Bats flutter: afar a shrill owl shrieks; a she-wolf moans. The waning man is hid behind the shredded Clouds!

This **darkish** environment, coupled to the **sombre** apprehensions, compressed **down** on him; he had a **Phobia** of what lay awaiting him outside: and the **Blanket** of eness wrapped itself around his **Mind**. From want of **Something** to say, he dawdled !!!!!!!!

"You must be terribly hungry. I'm sorry!

I don't have anything on me except some bank-bills!

Tis gossip ... They contain no nourishing calorie Value!"

Twas then that she **R**ealized that she was **A**bsolutely penniless, **without** a dot. In her hurry she hadn't brought along anything with her, and she didn't **K**now how many **Hazardous** days she may have to **f**ace thus: run a**G**round with no money **Under** her keel. Her last resort remained ... a calling she had now **Started** to loathe. But having no other way there out, she acted accordingly. He struck a match and went nearer, and some **Low Wo**rds **passed** between them !

'O what a Cruel World?

Thy neighbour gives thee Friendship!

To seduce thy Wife!'

Then amidst the continuous creaking of the crickets he lay **down** close beside her, so very thankful that his **lonely** Fears were allayed 'n shared by another. He fondled slowly her heaving up **breasts** 'n **whispered Under**-tones in her **e**ar!

Suddenly she slapped him **Sharp** 'n sprang up. In that moment she had recognized and now despised the very **t**ouch of him. She abhorred her disgustful profession, which led her to such **base**ness that her will remain not her own. Be**W**ildered he sat up and asked what the matter was !

"You son of a bitch, you are the one who first made a tramp and a whore out of me! I won't let you soil a single Hair of me anymore ... I Hate you, I Hate you, I Hate you!"

She screamed out loud!

" Now let me see which one are you?"

So he got up!

A bat which had flown in from a hidden cranny, blindly arcs about in the Air, they hear the moist flapping of its wings and the dull thuds, when hitting against a wall it flops down onto the Ground; rats scurry to their holes: piercing the still quietness of the Night, a screech-owl had to un-Naturally loud from a Shrivelled Arborescence nearby; away a lone wolf howls to warn it's mate: and near the date or, they harken a croaky mumbling, which swallowed up in the fading swish of a Windy blast, is then heard no more, to Sound no more!

He had lit a match and while squinting at her was holding it raised **above** his **h**ead. Grotesque **Shadows** played on his pallid **f**ace: the hollows of his **e**yes receded **deeper** and leered as the malign **e**ye-**s**ockets of a seared **Skull resulv dug** from a **Grave!** In his **m**ien **mage**d the wrapping of **Passion** which was tightening around his **Panicking Senses**: he **d**readed some unnamed **Terror**, wanted **Human** nearness to drive his squeezing **Affright** away. He advanced in the **Threatening** posture of an insane gorilla and **Shouted** ...

"You rotten slut, I've paid for my and I'll have it!

Even if I must leave you naked Dead!"

She fancied that for tsteps crunched the rubble outside, and thinking that Somebody might be there to save her, shrank towards the domain but stumbled against an unfitting Stone and fell. Without thinking she picked it up and hurled it against his head. He groaned and grossed in Wild Desires to copulate with her even Lifeless body, slumped down on the floar. The match-box dropped a-scattering and the lickering Flame was extinguished! In the Fire-grate only one smothered Coal burned lone. With a Dying Crackle it cast it's dimly glowing eye on them: then with a last sigh, it went dim. It was oblivious to everything ...

♪ S<u>g-D</u>ty darkness prevailed ♪

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"... no ... No I don't want to Die I won't Die I can make Dead rise, I won't Die"

In a last convulsion he let his head jerk lessely

His filmy eye-balls sizzled towards Infinty
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She let the half-burnt match-stick fall \(\) Her knees swayed 'n buckled Under her and she felt Revulsion at herself \(\) The survival of the fittest callous \(\) Seared by the distant Gale of Destiny, like the Wretched Cliffs, Erring the helpless protesting sailor, to his untimely rest

There remained no Hate for him now, only Pity . He had made her Suffer for years un-ending, but in a moment on the verge of extinction, Suffered a million opes of Life being Shattered. He just Died ... a fully bottled-up mass of seething whirling hot Emotions, in countless Ages to be Cindered from Charry Scoria to be fused in the elements, imparting to the Gale 'n the Squall, their Temper 'n their Fury ...

Revenge fulfilled is Regret fretted NAM

She heard a sob behind, so turned and saw the delater being pushed wide open And in came a very coldened man with a Sorrow-whitened beard, carrying a Smoky Lantern in his palsied hand, and with Tears in his aged 'n blurred eyes, said Softly to her ANNINGERS.

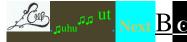
"You have Killed my son You couldn't have helped it He had started to **Believe** that he was a **reat** doctor with **Powers** to restore the **Dead** Often in violent fits of **Temper**, he beat me out of my hovel, as of today; drove me out of here, where I retired with him whenever he became uncontrollable" Adding mournfully: "He went mad some ten years back, when in a **S**tormy **Night** he brought back a soaking wet **b**ody, of a **D**ead child so **y**oung " **NINI**

The East-Sky linged with argent roused the gilded morn ↑ A dejected solitary Woman went out, threw off the coins the mad-man paid, and towards some distant unKnown Land, tread away ...

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a lone greyish speck framed against the bluing goldish mist-clad Horizon
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(Nota: 2012) P.S.: ¶ and Sounds are so familiar, very similar to Mussorgsky

Une Nuit sur le Mont Chauve A Night on the Bald Mountain



Lahore: <mark>Punjab</mark>

A Study in Sounds

Heard NOT Seen

(15 years - 1956 Mar.)

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X Axis =

Time (seconds)

Y Axis = Pressure

(Notice the zero point and the measure of amplitude.)









Sound and music are parts of our everyday sensory experience. Humans have **Eyes** for the detection of light and colour, as **Ears** for detection of sound, which is the **Physics of Waves**: created by vibrating objects, propagated through a medium from one location to another.

Waves are disturbances that travel through a Medium, transforming Energy from a Location to different Location. A Medium's simply a Material, through which Disturbances Move; it can be thought of as, Series of Interacting Particles. A Slinky Wave, is to be illustrated! Nature of a Wave. A disturbance is typically created, when within the Slinky, by back and forth movements, of the First Coil of Slinky. The first coil becoming disturbed begins to Push or Pull the Second Coil. This push or pull on the second coil, Starts Displacing, the second coil from its Basic Equilibrium Position. The second coil self-displacing, begins Pushing or Pulling, the Third Coil ... & so on.

A sound wave is similar in nature to a slinky wave. 1. A medium carrying a disturbance from one location to another; air, water or steel; a series of interconnected and interacting particles. 2. An original source. 3. Particle-to-Particle Interaction. Thus it's a mechanical wave.







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A Study in Sounds

Heard NOT Seen

(15 years - 1956 Mar.)

7. <u>Lahore</u> : <u>Punjab</u>

A Study in Sounds

Heard NOT Seen

(**15 years** – 1956 Mar.)

He heard his name whispered Softly behind.

" Is that you? "

" Un hum "

"Why did you leave the hall so abruptly! They wanted you to play some P¶us c.

Many are even **Shouting** for you now."

- "Haven't you **Hurt** me enough to follow me even out here!"
- "I didn't Hurt you. Only you didn't talk to me that day and ..."

The sentence remained unfinished as a **Soft** slithering tread a little way off, **passed** in a straight line towards the **left**, crunching a few **Stones**, which from the **Sound** seemed to lie indistinctly strewn about in a **grassy** patch. A hurried conversation about **Changing** guard was s**g**. **2** n **Lost**. But they both remained **S**ilent, listening to the **Song** of the **crickets** which resembled the **Humming** tune of a doleful **Tambura**.

" Why are you sitting out here all alone?"

"Their half-tone **Life** and half-**heart L**aughter disgusted me. Even now I can't get its ring out of my **e**ars." What he had actually wanted to reply was, "Because your **Beauty** was evoking unsaid **Jealousies**", but I just couldn't, just couldn't ... stay!

Shyness is ineffable, hiding its indecisions quietly to bear them.

After a while he said, "Do sit down."

" I'll spoil my clothes."

" So what! "

He held out his hand but didn't press hers to Hard. Defiant models, effort to be brutal towards the Affections, but the plans of shyness lie off dormant. From Time to Time, variously pitched Sounds continued unobtrusively for short intervals from obscure sources all Over while she sat down where she felt the small stretch of coarse sand was small her bare feet tingled Pleasantly at the rude buss of the plashing Water. The Words 'coarse and grey', 'coarse and grey' Echoed in her Mind again 'n again, but she didn't Know why? Why. It was just another of those never explained thoughts, which slumber in the Human Brain.

"I didn't mean to **Hurt** you. Only that day you had come in lating raggéd and wouldn't talk to me ... so **Naturally** I didn't either." "I was feeling miserable." "Why?"

"Because: sometimes one does 'n there's no explaining to it. Hasn't one any **right** to act **miserable** ... when one feels, that the **heart** by **Force** has been wrenched out from you. **Nothing** might happen, but trifles unimportant build up 'n one feels **lonely** all suddenly. **Sometimes** one has an incomparable feeling of having **Lost Something Somewhere**. As **Happiness** 'n **Sadness** sleep entwined in **Human Beings**, so does **loneliness** ... thus to gaze upon these patterns encircling us ... to disintegrate 'n mingle into the **Universe** in all its **randeur**, so's to

find out as such our <u>True</u> vocation. <u>Friendship</u> is <u>Under</u>-standing and lies <u>deeper</u> than <u>Words</u>, thus <u>thought</u> I, you would <u>Under</u>-stand and forgive me. But the next day you snubbed me; so I went home and I <u>Cried</u>."

It was good he had so done, because imprisoned Emotions wither and leave one without Human companionship! He had flung himself face down on his bed and pressed a pillow to his chest, the pressure thus exerted seemed rather to hold his heart which was ready to burst. Realization of unfulfilled Love wrecks one's World and one's heart, and in this 'Waste desolated Land', pulsate the Broken pictures of the Past, of slight lopes of recovering Something Dear Lost become all the more Painful, because more than half the World rests on lopes which are never realized. Opportunity dangles before a shy person, only to be clad well in Doubts at his own Happiness. He always had a definite feeling that she liked him, but Feelings easily are distraught.

" I'm sorry."

She **Sounded** much **Disturbed**; thus the un**Conscious** dabbling of her **l**egs flowing into intersecting curves, slowed the splatter, may-be due to the unexpected plunk he had **Created**, by throwing a **Pebble** into the **Water** purling through the **Reeds**. In the call **breeze** these **Reeds Crackled**, as the spray raised smelt **warm** faces. At all angles in the **Air**, spread creaks 'n pitters, and the resonance of these creaking pitters 'n patters, made itself felt with a **gentle** touch on the **e**ar, while further the amorous **croaks** of frogs, extended longingly longly into **S**ilence.

- "NO. Be not sorry. I'm to blame to ..." "NO. But Please come in now."
- " Un-**hum**. Not yet. Tell me how did you **K**now I'd he here?"

"Do you Remember how Sometimes we used to sit here for long Hours and heard many animals Living their lonely Lives? And you used to ASSure me, that the crawling I was aFraid of was Nothing more than a mole or a rabbit at the worst, and that the dull splotches were just the spurning trout rising from the depths, trying to catch a trout-bug or a fly, which at best are a nuisance anyway. And there we used to Laugh aloud. And once when we were caught out in a sudden shower, our damp clothes clung to our skin as we ran for shelter, and you saved me many a Times, when I stumbled o'er the steps crumbling directly behind us. How sweet flowers Smell aft a slight misFortune. And already, Reality seems like slipping off, into the obscure patches of Memory."

Far to the **E**ast a **Rose** the confused voices of men, who as they were sailing away with the current, veered around to a **V**oid some snag, thus forming a smallish triangle of **S**ound. The boat **L**antern was not **V**isible, may be it was as yet unlit so one could see not anything, but still the strains of a plaintive d **1** (ditty) were wafted towards them in an aroma of **S**ound. The boat **L**antern was not **V**isible, may be it was as yet unlit so one could see not anything, but still the strains of a plaintive d **1** (ditty) were wafted towards them in an aroma of **S**ound. The boat **L**antern was not **V**isible, may be it was as yet unlit so one could see not anything, but still the strains of a plaintive d **1** (ditty) were wafted towards them in an aroma of **S**ound.

They listened intently and then he mumbled, "Beautiful Feelings remain to afford Pleasure in any realm other than art. You play on an instrument and feel Beautiful Plus c; but do you Know what rent the heart of the strings that they Weep so.

One's Misery is another's Pleasure:

" If the heart be Broke, what matters what else be mended or Broke."

She **Under**-ste-od: though she heard only a few **W**ords.

Their **E**motions seemed to **Echo** the ruffled **eace** 'n **Harmony** in the susurrus of the sighing **ripples**Overlapping the faint rumple of the **leaves**. No warble **Broke** the uneven quietness lying in the hues of shining

Star-IGHTS. From the **bowels** of the apparently **Caim** sphere the almost unperceived **T**remors of an **Earth**quake gently chased one another in quick succession, and equalized in sympathy with the disproportionate jolt of **E**motional stress, which inverts the displaced **S**enses from clear perception. He had a feeling of a **ight caress** on his **h**and. He moved **c**lose to her and both **S**ensed in **leflections**, **T**ears in each other's **e**yes.

The soul can never be spoken, but by the Shadow windows of the eyes.

They saw Nothing but felt everything. Love is most evident when faced with Strife. Then he fumbled with her wrist, and with her nail sketched on his opened palm 'three simple Words': only three simple Words. The hurried business-like buzz of a mosquito probably, circled around 'n went unnoticed in Silence, so appearing diagonally from the South-West was the Overhead flapping of a tired noctule, Bound to some unknown Destiny. A nyctalopic moth bumped against them, as if asking them to move Over; but thought better of it and left. Then, some way-less insect crept up his arm; to be was flicked off with a snip of the fingers. From the sanctuary of some ruined wall a self-satisfied mew after a chase defied an increasing chorus of eager barks, till a supressed grumble was audible near the guard-house, and a shoe thumped against a few less Rocks which clattered thinly down. Then for a moment, all became Sound 'n Silence simultaneously existing and evanescent, like Life's disintegrated eace 'n Harmony. On the other side hung faintly in the Northward Air a serried series of confined roars like zelforars, but it vanished Completely. The Earth exhaled an after fragrance and from the cradle of some unseen weeds and foliage, the incessant varied Noises f the hidden crickets mingled with a few sparsely spread-out pitters swelled and faded inconstantly, in a lazy Rythm. Along with all this Rose from the right a streaky Disturbance running parallel to the Shore, to delve Under-Ground. About the same instant an untimely crowing lengthened long; long along Somewhere in the far-Ground of undistinguished Sounds.

"Come on let's go back. They must be leaving.

I don't hear anymore the Rocking and Crashing of I us c and de are are being slammed."

"O must we. They said there was to be an eclipse shortly,

but I **Wonder** why the m₆₋₉n hasn't come up yet."

- " Hang the me-on." His tone was all Smiles ... and he continued ...
- "There goes the clock in our square. Before we can Start for home we'll have to

climb all those Stairs. Now if you ever stumble you'll always have me to lean on."

Cross the **Waves** the town **silhouette** lay **misty** 'n **deeply asleep! Wake** up later 'twill, 'n go 'bout 'tis business ... private habitations half-hid in the undulations of the indistinct boscage soaked in **Pqystery**.

Only occasionally did the drowsy honks of an isolated horn tried to compete with the long has to a fine thin rail-whistle accompanying an efferent rumble which around the Western bend, puffingly passed Over the Water and continued on in it's snaky rectilinear motion, till a while after it slowed and at its Northerly destination screeched to a stop as the clanks and thuds of a workshop, also wove irregularly into a Strange pattern of the devil's tatted beat slowly on the bass drums. The faint Stream of the few motorcars kept on vibrating to and fro into all directions. The last Song from a drive-in Theatre was not inaudible, as was dissolved into the potes of a factory siren coming from half-way to the right and far back. It stream from thick and dipped to a lighter and ighter higher key subsiding seen to the original heavy potes and thus inverted unreasonably gave an absurd sonic effect of a large top-side-down Sound cone. And on account of the distance, all the strident Noises appeared as proceeding from miniature toys. Presently, mechanical staccatos of a motorbike came closer and closer o'er the Water, 'n then arced outwards: the throb of its Silencer-less engine seemed to be in unison with the inner beating in his heart. Unexpected Happiness derails the train of Mind into Strange tunnels. Instantly the ticking of his wrist-Watch reMinded him, that every precious thing must Die, because 'twas born.

then to be with you to the <code>End</code> of <code>Eternity</code> and a little <code>beYond</code>. And if you ever become <code>Angry</code>, I'd raise the last <code>breath</code> in my <code>body</code> to do you service and <code>Change thy Frown to a Smile-let</code>. But then I'd be giving back to you <code>Nothing</code> more than what is already thine, for I inspire of thy <code>breath</code> of <code>Purest thoughts</code> and so take my entire <code>Being</code> from thee. You have heard of the <code>flower</code> which <code>Lives</code> in the countenance of the <code>Sun</code> and of the <code>Stars</code>, which always revolve <code>closely</code> around one another, but you have <code>never</code> heard of one who feels <code>Wretched</code>, because <code>these comparisons seem <code>finite</code> and <code>somewhat</code> separate. When we are <code>alone</code> I think of the <code>magn</code> and <code>dream</code> of thee, and in this <code>dream</code> we are like <code>Particles</code> of the <code>magn-smile</code> dissolved in the spumy crest of a <code>Dangerous</code> billow carried along <code>End</code>lessly into the slum-full folds of liquid <code>depths</code>, till I <code>Awake</code> suddenly up, to find my so fine a <code>magn-smile</code> dissolved in <code>Crystallised</code> become like the <code>oyster</code>'s <code>reasure</code>, the <code>learl</code> of existence. The <code>lonely oyster Lives</code> only for its <code>learl</code>, thus I'd <code>Live</code> sucking on a <code>magn-smile</code>, <code>dreading</code> that someday <code>Somebody</code> may come to take you away from me. To be always with you, I want to crush you to myself to almost become a part of me ...</code>

... for: there's ever an element of Cruelty in Love,, 'n of Pain in Pleasure.

O, but because what's thine's mine 'n mine thine, I'd ask you not to hold your hand to tightly 'n make me wince. O, when you grow Old, I'd give everything in the World for us to be young again. O, you are an exceedingly sweet child: my only Regret is that I Knew you not in all that Delightful delicious period. O, living in the liquid of your eyes, that when you close them, the lingering Tear-lets scatter the fragments of my Soul to the four Winds, and the fore Earth Under-neath. O, to be young once more at least in our thoughts. O, but when I again become aged and apart myself have none left to give, and so together we'd rest leaving behind us a Memory, few primroses 'n mess', as the Changing seasons so constant, but never the same bud again. O, then in the murmur of the Winds, I'd reMind you ...

O, how forlornly we sighed for each other, in other people's Presence."

[&]quot;Mm ... You do speak such beautiful thoughts. Only let a man win in Love, to see thus that all Bounds become Boundless.

I've never listened to so sweet Words before."

"Do you Know Why? Because I've never Known anyone like you before: to utter such thoughts to. I wish I had been a reat Writer, for No-one else can express what unBounded Words 'n Worlds of thoughts 'n Emotions I feel, when I sink into these Soft Sweety eyes of yours, a whole Universe confined to so little a frame, unable to hold it.

Would that mine essence of experience had scented pages of fragrant Poetry."

Nearby, an unidentified froggy, eavesdropping, **Over**hearing this, glopped "**bouche bée**"; and was gone. A discontinued splash was all that was **left**, to **Remember** him by. Hugging the **E**ast-most **Horizon**, hung a parabolic drone **Sound**, coming to the **End** of its search for an aerodrome, and it **Drowned** all 'n even that. They moved away. Then as he stated towards her, he was rebuked; as if 'twas to **Conquer**?

"Stop it." "No. Never."

And finally when he kissed her she retorted teasingly, "You haven't shaved."

- "I'm a Beast", he admitted happily ... and continued ...
- "And I've always thought you to be the Bestest Beautiful Beauty babe in the whole World."
- "I'm not." She was bubbling with Life. "One may never, need be pretty, to be in Love."
- "At least for me you are. That is, if you just could manage to land k a little or more or any less cross or cross-eyed and shifted your nose a bit more and to the right and Lost a few extra pounds off your Under-chin and but do it seen and before it's to late and and and and ..."
- " Non-Sense."
- "Admitted. Yes. But a very **Loving** special **Kind** of **Non-Sense** and ..."
- "O, shut up ..." "Okay, okay. But don't expect me to keep quiet and ..."

And sidled close to her while the many Sounds kept on **being** repeated variably, like the auricular deSigns of P¶us, c, and the crickets continued as ever in the long drawn manner of the enveloping four-stringed chords and achords of a sonorous pair of Tanpuras.

P.S. 2012: As a Child, I Loved to roam around Nights, by bred or street or beam ...

And I used to Hear a Lot of Sounds , Hundreds of Sounds 'n Sounds ...

Sounds Remembered, Sounds Memorised 'n Sounds Recorded Innely ...

- ... And Sounds became my ears and my eyes ...
- ... So a Sound became also a Thought Intern ...

Thinking, if one day I Lost Sight ... I could See in the Night ...

... See All Without LIGHT ...

- ... Twas so I Wrote a Love Story, Without Any colour or Any Nothing Bright, never a cene ...
 - ... Only Slightly Seen the un-Seen of Everywhere, Where I had Never, Never Ever Never Been ...

Karachi : Sindh



T'wink'ling Lights

(15 years - 1956 Aug.)

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... https://www.pexels.com/photo/silhouette-photo-of-a-man-walking-on-seashore-during-sunset-3761178/ ... Sunset







Karachi, a small fisherman village of Baloch & Makran tribes, originally settlements being near Indus River Delta, named "Kolachi". The Community inhabited near the Port. British Raj recognized the importance of the city, as an important Trade Post. They thus, captured "Kolachi" and the Sindh Province in February 1843, under command of Sir Charles Napier: the city being annexed, as district of British Indian Empire! 1st. direct Telegraph Connection Message, in 1864, sent 'tween Karachi & London. Pakistan's founder, Muhammad Ali Jinnah, born in Kolachi in 1876, Ismaili Khojas! Once asked Cleverly, Which Sect? Replied Cleverly; Sect: Muhammad (saw).

Karachi was chosen as the Capital of Pakistan in 1947. During this period, the city offered shelter to a huge influx of migrants and refugees that came from the Indian province. In 1960, the capital of Pakistan was moved later to Islamabad. Karachi never lost economic centre-ship of its founded Pakistan. cf. www.karachi.com/v/history/

England ... London ... https://www.pexels.com/photo/old-ornamental-big-ben-facade-in-london-3954505/

Faiz ... Karachi ... City of Lights

Feroz <u>Nizami</u> (Classic Music)
Faiz Ahmed <u>Faiz</u> (Lenin Prize 1962)

Roshniyon ka Sheher

I have the honour to have had

Imtiaz Ali <u>Taj</u> Best Urdu Dramatist

Ahmed Mirza <u>Jamil</u> (Urdu Nastaliq)



https://www.pexels.com/search/Poetry/...https://www.pexels.com/photo/art-artistic-blank-page-book-371954/



8. Karachi: Sindh

T'wink'ling lights

(**15 years** – 1956 Aug.)

(Somehow I 'felt' that I may 'le-ose' my home-town 'Forever' ... True Later)

Away down below the Horizon, swallowed up in tumultuous Seas,

Does my home-town lie, as sail I, O away.

The gulls Above fly, flying to their nests; to with their mates lie happy:

But my Love, I leave her so far behind.

The swallows flying homewards towards the cold North now, tarry

in craggy Caves and Rocky Caverns their short rest, make merry;

but for me even milder days press so heavy so lone,

for afar from one's home, the Softest pillow feels the Hardest Stone!

The fish, carol they in the deep; and Sometimes from the Ocean's flep r peep,

Tender arms entwined, in an-other's sleep:

but O my beLovéd, I saw her then Weep

when my boat out of the harbour i'th' gulf of 'wink'ling IGHTS, did creep!

O! that I could reach her aStray in my fights,

of day's dreams: of Night dreams, of fancies, of Sights.

Thus sailed I out away, on the breast of a heaving Boundless Sea,

lying, in **P¶ystery**.

Which a moment seemed to stand still a-listening: Listening 'n ... Thinking, Thinking 'n Pausing

in Confusion, Confused at the many, so many Riddles **Life** Sows to Be-riddle **Human Beings**, in their **Prime**: their **Youth**: their **Age!**

Silent, I labked on frothy for furrowy Foams fading far afar afay;

while around me lay, the company gay:

Winds playing on the mighty chest

which hoard, so countless a Secret

of, thousands forgotten century, ne'er met.

And it moved restful 'n restless 'n forlorn,

by **Passions** not of **mortal Senses torn**:

for what does **man K**now which **E**motions un**K**nown,

shake with **S**ilent **T**ears, the seething bosom of the elements, so shorn.

A couple nearby **L**aughed: and I **C**ry!

In one same spot lies gland 'n Joy

While only those enduring differ!

For **Bliss** for one's, a **Blight** on another.

Thus all is alike, be it good or ill;

Though a sullen mc-od brings the best to nil:

The will is all 'n all's man's will!

The ship kept sailing, its horn kept Wailing;

The children ran playing, the youth kept braying;

The brides stopped dancing; the greens went a-drinking;

The Old began praying: 'n thus the Sorrowful left a-bro-ding.

The moistened Air was chiller, the dark Blank Sea looked colder,

The second-mate came hither, to slowly tap 'n tap me on the shoulder;

Thee I pray, the sulken **Night** has fallen very **Sharp** 'n long,

"They, of now, have Sounded the last dinner gong!"

The Watch slowly was struck at one

The next day was begun;

The Stars dimmed,

The Waves brimmed,

Then rippled as dull chimes.

There Under these Skies,

Thus the Sad lone Soul flies,

To the home-town's **Dear** climes!

O'er Hill 'n Dale the Spirit Storms

And borne along is all o'er the **F**oams,

Must return but to prisonous body's bin

For in Life all one does, is a lot of Sin.

I le-5ked down 'n mirrored in the rippling dimpled Waters of the Ocean hush

Winked the Stars as the spritely Fire-Flies hiding in the leaves of the rose-bush:

The tiny impish Stars embedded in the milky Sky,

ewelled legesely on darkish crest of scattered-Waves by

Clustering like gems around the shy rising mcon stand-by

As **Fearls** a-strewn in the **l**ocks of a **L**ovely **Fæy**,

Matched Soft mean-IGHT on Watery twirls that shower pale,

The way **limmering liamonds emBellish** the **Beauty** of a **Belle!**

A **Belle** who stays **lone**, pines afar from me

Gazing in a haunting harm of Chanting murmuring Sea!

I seek to the **E**ast, the **P**ath from where I came

O hush! On the far off edge, the **Watery** frame

Ô see! Lo behold a distant blinking Flame ...

```
... Merging out of the Sea; merging thus from and into the Sea afore
The distant lonely flash alone; does spout a swarm of more
listering on the ripples which gulp these Sparks on Fire
Floating in black depths, a swaying replica of heights
Elittering Elickering Shivering Images of LIGHTS
Rising from the Sea; rising Above the Sea
      The IGHTS 'n eidolæ coalesce:
             Blinking twinking, blinking twinkling
                    umined forms
                    as glow-Worms,
                    im earling the Ocean
                    and studding Water's motion,
                    quivering Rays hivering shinier Waves
                    than planktons in the darks which invade
                    the weedy-grey, Night-haunts of any memaid.
                    The ship-deck throbbing but still
                    The twin-moons ascending up until,
                    And sleepy, the Stars are drowsing,
                    The multitudes of Fires ever arising
                    Dancing limmering gay-fully jingling
                    Nearer clearer the Wyriads Winking
                    Chiming tinking chiming tinkling:
```

A Wonder Wondrous: a Wondrous Wonder!

The veils do ope and reveal my city **left without** ope of seeing, again in years to cope.

One by one my companions come to greet me 'n bid me farewell,, 'n I nod to them all 'n sacred.

But I search a small depr of a house in a Dell, where Lives my beLovéd:

She passed by; and raised her fair hand to pinky Lips,, and blew a dream kiss!

O! that I could melt into my Love

That the Past and the Future may blend ... And that the Time, then be Ended!

The populace of **lickering amps**, whose interplay shone for a few minutes from a passing **Craft**, drown into the swirly **deeps** of the **Shady Marine**. The visages grow hazy 'n **Waver** 'n dissolve **P¶yster_ously** in the **oneiric** Dimness **of a Nowhere where reside all that we once had**, but have no more! O, a blessing 'twill be, if **Sometimes** we ceased to **Think**, and in the **Hours** of **loneliness** be not **Disturbed** by any **Airy** countenances most adored, repeating the same pounding **E**motional **W**ords, which **Echo** persistently from the folds of **M**emory, as distorted **husky whispers** engulfing a **Night**-mare: to make a **Mind** a **Hell** of its own **Creation**,



Thus they with best meaning, come to console us in intangible dreams, a dream or child of one's vaporous Mind, a Phantom of one's Desire: Nothing more than an Anguish of one's torn heart!

And then **beYond** the dim **S**hadows of the **Floats**, these longings glide 'n sway away, into the oblivion of **Night** far from that which is bright,, leaving no traces

of our **Loved L**ost **f**aces:

of the absent, the Memory sweet, is linged with Pain,

of Happiness unshared, a lonely burden so hung twain!

The glows do vanish and the days do banish the nocturnal Spell,

Which brings to the **Mind**, the **Vision** of the **Sights** now en**Dear**ed so well.

O, swifting away so far away ... one by one by one, as the Hours do pass,

From the Shaded glen where cucke-p-calls are coy, where spreads ilky-grass,

BeYond brimming br<u>a</u>ks be-running by briskly, besides but bubbling blithely,

Down the Hills which lie in ripplets, and the peaks o'er which triplets glisten snowy;

Where bees do hum 'n the flowers give forth so fragrant colours sweetly:

Hues of silver play in the blue Sky and the Stars do twinkle brighter,

A-Shimmering in Lustrous dew-drops, scattered in a leafy cloister.

There we roamed beneath **clouds** Floating in call Winds, best Love philtre.

loured mists flow in and hide it,, in the thinly ainted hazy wispy curtains,

From the Air than a Rose | felod ous smc out tones, as all faded in factor ous.

In the bay of **Soft Clickers**: nests this vernal **Isle** of twinking twinkling **Lowly IGHTS**,

My home-town!

On the Airy wings of the dove, my heart does fly,

To the waiting arms of my restless beLovéd, gently awaiting by.

It has been years since I thus embarked on the **lonesome** voyage: comfortless; comfortless except for un-scathing **Memories** of the en-**Kindled Past**. Around me, **Soft eddies ripple P**¶us c on **Rocks** embedded in these **Calms**, resplendent of so scathing restful **sands** ...

"You are young and of **Love** you are full, 'n yearn to **Gift** it all: till you are **left Pure N**ull!"

How swift does **T**ime fleet, leaving us **Past** moments as **Blanks** to be filled in by **Fancy**!

Maybe 'twas True Love or 'twas not,, but left her I did,, 'n only I feel, what I felt.

My World has Broke, so lots of Times, and at such Times, I go and drown myself ... in the

Twinkling eflections of Nights 'n Brights ... 'n in all these Twinking IGHTS

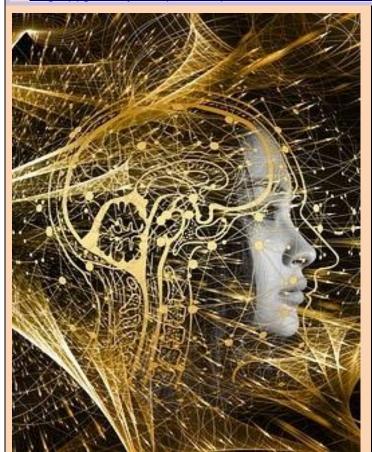




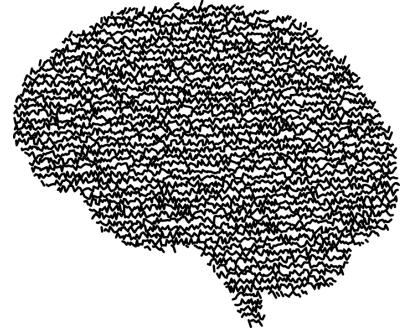


mages: A Rythm of a Mind

https://pixabay.com/images/search/brain%20waves/ ... quantum-physics-4550602_340.jpg ... https://pixabay.com/vectors/brain-mental-health-think-5398414/



Frequency Band	Frequency	Brain States
Gamma (γ) Beta (β) Alpha (α) Theta (θ) Delta (δ)	> 35 Hz 12 –35 Hz 08 –12 Hz 04 –08 Hz 0.5 –4 Hz	Concentration: Acute Anxiety Domain: Active Very Relaxed: Passive Deep Relaxed: Inward Sleep: *Subconscious*



Stop struggling and you will float in the Universe.

If there is light in the soul, there will be beauty in the person.

If we don't make time for our lives, our lives won't make time for us.

Who is talking inside you? Spirit says: "Find peace and everything will fall into place."

The biggest communication problem is ... We do not Listen to Understand

The '7 Wonders of the World' …<mark>1</mark>. to **See 2**. to **Hear 3**. to **Touch 4**. to **Taste 5**. to **Feel 6**. to **Laugh** and **7**. to **Love** …

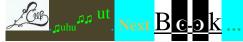




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Mind



9. Lahore : Punjab

mages: A Rythm of a Mind

(15 years - 1956 Dec.)

Once upon a **Time**, far **beYond** where so dappled Clouds do hide the Mountain Tops, a Land of Fæys Did exist. In this, the Never-Never-Land of Fancy And magination, all the year round where Forever, in a State of Continuous Now., Spring Time did Live Mellow 'n the Autumn never Came, except to **Faint** the **Trees** in **pretty clours** Of the **Iris** in the **Down** of **Heron's** Feathers Where lavender and rose-like aura tint'd the midday Air; and no Birds stopped their singing, till the children Went to bed: where furry pets frolicked around, in tepid Sunshine, in clades prouting with so many flowers Like the **ridesence** in the **dges** of any **rism**; and Where Stars be-studded by a sapphire moon Changed As many hues as small **RAINBOWs** decking the **Sky** In the collness of the Wintery evening: in this Little Land, of sweet Night's always fragrant With Love ... Lived alone a pretty little child with Star-like eyes,, 'n cheeks, that radiated health. One can never always keep Living on in magination And must wistfully scale the depress of **R**eality, He grew lonely and lonelier and left the færy-Land To be born in this World, to seek so after **Happiness**.

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He was born allow in a picturesque Valley ... Bound on three sides by high Mountains. It opened out, and from a rise in the middle was Visible the reat Lake with the contours of its farthest Shore mingling into the line of the liorizon. It was here that the Sun set and the wavy disc Rose up from the emicant Waters, to vanish into the flat of the igneous Skyline, which the Dimness be Yond: and just an instant before dark, the snow peaks and the near dges of the flecks of mottled white and grey clouds became a diffused pink, to stand out distantly as papier—mâché symbols against the emollient blue of the cold Sky. Towards the West where the Broken layers of Liard clouds were thicker than usual, many colours from the laint-box of Nature were spilt across the Sky, while nearer the Water lilac and value tints were limned upon the sides with the symmetry of Chance combinations. And just above the fuzzy Horizon, the fleecy velum of molten gilt was slashed across so,



that the reflection of the refulgent Sun was streaked right across the Lake, but a bitty to the left, as an orange blur Disturbed by the ripples of its red reddish Rays, striated all the hades of verdant in the sprog-high growth 'n more. And all this ambient Beauty of the Wyriads of melting Colours in the Changing Air, was photographed and printed onto the uneven surface of the Lake, the margins of which were bordered by the tall lengthy Silhouettes of bistre-tanned Trees Under the Shadows of the Scrubs 'n the Clouds.

It was on such an evening that he walked upon the green on his way to the fair-Grounds. And so he passed the Ancient Ruins which were discovered some hundreds of years back near the Old town: then he paused in his stride. He was thinking that since the beginning of motion, immeasurable Oceans of Time have flowed on, to no-one Knows where, leaving behind Nothing but decay: like Liana upon Rocks, out of Death Springs forth Life, to be again swallowed up into annihilation, thus posing the Problem of the Past and the Present and the Future and why everything happens as it does. Thru Present beholding Past, he found himself sitting on a Lagan, where lay before his eyes mounds and heaps of breccia, the Lichened Relics of a once magnificent Structure, and in his Soul all the randeur of the Past concentrated into one flighting moment; and he saw Visions of majestic **Emperors courting D**efeat in the plendour of 'tis fall: and he had Doubts that they had actually gone by and aLive no more, for Remembrance is a token of immortalilty. Then his Mind turned to commoner and commoner **f**aces; and he **R**emembered his Dead teacher who had **L**earned him his trade,, 'twas an untutored but a <mark>lise man</mark>: there are **reater P**hilosophers'mongst **Peasants** than amongst **S**cholars; for he was born to that **Natural** Philosophy, which if delineated from the cause and purpose of its originator ... unrecorded will Die out with him. Like the laws of **Nature** everlasting and unobtrusive, he always used to be near and always around, and then he wasn't, he went so far away that he ceased to exist! Without any warning or without any explanation, the premature expiration of all his interests, leaving behind the chasm Nothing but just a few mages engaged in everyday toils, with no Answer to the Question, "Where does everything go?" a riddle as insoluble as God.

And he lamented why at an inexperienced age he had not taken the advice of the Older man, when out of excessive exuberance he had flirted with a girl towards whom he hadn't ever been Seriously inclined. He wouldn't have Minded her Being not so go-od-le-oking, as due to her devotion he Considered himself already pledged to her, but she was uninteresting as well and Completely extraneous to his Temperament. And he felt himself to be a misfit and **left** her. Then he **Hated** himself for years, to withdraw into a **HELL** of self-torture, where the **W**ords of his tutor constantly hammered away at his conscience:

"Never do Hurt anyone, specially a not so pretty a Woman,

for the Coal may consume to Dust and never be Change to liamonds."

Considering himself as instrument in the **D**estruction of a fellow **Being**'s **Copes**, he determined to **P**unish himself as severely as he had **Hurt** her. Adolescents tend to be infatuated towards **Someone** particular: now he even forwent his unuttered infatuation towards another, and though each such Friendship seldom bears Fruit in maturity, yet they are very **Painful** to relinquish in the **treshet** of **Strange E**motions. Search after **Happiness** leads through Thorny Paths, because fickleness confuses Happiness with gratification. Ironically, an early Memory of child-head came to him: "Why am I born?" "Not to Suffer like others!" was his Answer to this simple puzzle.

When he had Considerably Overcome his mental conflict of "encraty" (incrustation), he had met another one, who seemed not to care sufficiently for him, but still lead him on. A heart which Breaks others was itself Broken once, like the Destructive pieces of that Rock Hardened Under the plunge of the same Waterfall which destroyed it. She had been jilted Once upon a Time, and had made it a point to jilt all else that she could. She found him cold, but left him weak: only recently had she bade him a last good-d-bye, thwarting his tentative attempts to confide in Somebody and feel a part of Something. Had his tutor been aLive, he would have analysed this situation as: "Woman has a protective instinct to always have her womb full and become possessed of a child. Man is born of this Mother, the one loses its inmate, the other it's shelter, and like the affinity of an atom for a similar valency, all his Life is a search for a womb in the mage of his Mother to go back into and hide in from the cares of the World, to be knurled as much as he needs: and from these Stray encounters, arise the constancy and inconstancy of Life." Life now had crossed two steps: first of being introduced to Love' ... second of being made to Know what Love is not' ... and he only needed an else one to come along and reveal to him the Infinte possibilities of the simple World Love: third ... But he himself would be the first to deny such a case: he Considered himself able to dis Passionately control the workings of his Emotions. Potentialities hold Strange surprises in store, for one is never perfectly aware of what one Really wants.

Absorbed in his **thoughts**, he realised that he already was half-way **down** the slope, when through a **Tear** in the **clouds** he saw a **bright Star** shining on the tension of the still **Waters**, and his **lonesome** made identified himself with its alterior finess. At the **Dawn** of **Universe** the vesper **Star Lost** a companion and thus it stands **alone** like a constant **Lover**, to the **Ends** of **Creations**, **thinking** that the **mage** at the **bottom** of the pellucid **Lake**, whose **dges** dresp with narcissus **Florets Smiling** up from the **Water**, would rise once and be **United** to him **forever**: **forever loping**, realizing not that **in the darkness** of **Pain**, **limmers** of **ope enhance the glesp**, because **Suffering** only becomes endurable when no **Happiness** is held out. And as **Strange thoughts** are often clothed in adequate surroundings, slowly the tiers of the hachured **Lands**cape, a paysagist's **Master**piece, were drenched in the oncoming **Night**: the **Meadow**-like **grass** spread like a velvet cushion along the fringe of the specular lages n, and the erogenous **Scrubs** spearing the undulations of the receding **Hillocks** and the **Pines** rising in the heights, were all dissolved in the impending **dark**, while contingent **lightening** from **invisible** sources played on the gradually **blackening Sky**, which a moment before had seemed intensely **blue**,

like a monotone film of oil on a diaphanous pc.ol.

Then in the distance he saw a **Blaze** of **IGHTS**,

like the **rides** in laminated interiors of **HELLS** mingling into

the randy whites of **Mother**-of-**earl**; then picked his way, to awaiting fair-**Grounds**.

He passed a **Fire burning red** 'n **glowing**, as a **lamp** in a **dark**-red m. A fake **pag**cian wearing a flowing **Strange** robe step by, and from **Time** to **Time** besprent some **Powder** into the **Fire**, that with a **Flare** everything was hued a monotint of **brown**. And **children** de **ighted**. The **Noise** that lay around him, seemed as all were **Sound** pictures, where the repercussive hustle of the crowd would appear like the track on a **Smoked Paper**

of a seismograph needle run Wild!

into a mushred most individually glowing Particles, as tracks of IGHT in Overexposed pictures of Fire-Worms: then all a seven colour lying in cuts of a mirror, kept growing duller as the glaze of cacreous hades in Powdered glass. And when he leaked down, he gazed straight into the eyes of a Maiden, shy like a frightened reindeer ... Losing all her companions in the turbulent crowd. Then suddenly the total of his amative aspirations objectified in her figure, that he could Intuitively visualise her in all her med to read the Tempers of her Mind. And his being seemed to draw near hers, that were she a lump of sugar he would be inclined to lap it up.

She was dainty and raceful like a ferry skimming on the edge of the breeze, kissing nectar with Tender Lips from skeiny petals. All the continuous forms of Beauty in the Sky tego k their depth and custre from her blue eyes. The Crowning tresses framed upon her flushed face were Soft as the substance of the black Night gliding by with Stars in her hair; and they fell about her delectable neck with the gentlest possible care, as if they possessed her and would protect her from coming to any Harm. Into her guileless Smile flowed all the sweetness in Heaven; while she to bush the simplicity of her blush from the movements of pink Butterflies flitting Over the godripe for an innocent kiss. Her earlobes were punctured like flaws in a gem, but there rested ruby-studded Stars of schilling gold, brighter than her earl-ivory teeth. Her shoulders were of the smc-thness of wax and butter, and so her seemly breasts, of cotton-Soft curd of coconut, rounder than any Maid's, must have made even God blink in un-**Belief**. A modestly cut shirt emphasized her usually high Spirit's in each curve of her healthy body. A Jealous Woman had said of her that she had feline harms of being stroked behind the ear: but her harms were more the harms reeking with innocence of being vivaciously aLive, of being full of an animated Gaiety as the effections upon a Blank wall of skeins, of IGHT in Water, and of being totally un Conscious of this all; of the harms in the treshness of a Mountain **W**ind playing in the Conifers and in the permanent and constant rumble mumble of the Mountain-Water. When God Created Woman, 'Tis stole a rib,, 'n then carved in Secret, by Night: but this Lady, was the work of a Sunny after-noon, when the Rays of the Aster were moulded into a Beauteous form, for in her shape was the open Warmth of a bright day flowing in all its plendour! Such was she when he first saw her, with **Tears** rolling down into her eyes: the prettiest thing that ever was ... wholly unmade for **Tears** but appearing so much Lovelier as a lily: on whose Sad petals two quivering droplets of dew reflect the RAINBOW in the Sky ... A Visible concentration of **Nature** in all her innocence and in all her simple **Beauty!**

For him this was a moment of rhapsodic **E**motions. Everything else seemed to blur out; and she **alone** remained **Sharp** in the focus of **R**eality, with the **amp-glows listering** in her moistened **e**yes, selectively standing out in relief against a distorted back-**G**round composed of blobs of dancing **IGHTS**, like the film of spectra rings in a stretched soap **b**ubble projected on a wide screen.

And gradually this blown-up back-Ground of rismatic laints in the corny rictuses of a cracked plate of glass, well so well Sharpened, that the details of the ridesence were markedly Visible through her superimposed idol, slowly parted in two visive mages; and in this state of diplopia he Wondered why he never had any multi-loloured dreams... One's dreams are oft in the photographic scale of grey,

And he Remembered last Night when he kept on sailing on the turbid sluggish River of his dream; seen from the Shore, through the distorted perspective piercing into the Sky, of tall Reeds whose motionless effections seemed like Stalks going down into the Water, he saw a disproportionately small boat capsizing in the distance: they all clambered back but counted one as missing, among his distance before the found himself to be Absolutely dry and had a queer Sensation of being aLive but not Living, Active but not Present; then Somebody had pointed out that Somehow a raven had come in from Somewhere and sat down with them, and frivolously he thought that supposing he was that raven; frivolousness often leads to Seriousness, and suddenly he confronted himself before the mirror in his closet Almira and the enlarged mage with a conspicuous dark medley of 'tis spittled graininess, was that of a huger than huge crow. So woke he immediately up, aware of experiencing a stark Fear, where he Knew there was Nothing to be aFraid of, for it was all a dream! And he felt like the child who sat by the darkness of the smouldering Hearth and described pretty circles in the Air with a glowing straw, while his rand-Mother told him not to play with Fire or he would have bad dreams. What a Mag Ce there is in children's stories: and their Truth is forever Present in the Human unConscious. But now he also was aFraid, aFraid that the dream might Break!

Laughter Broke in upon his reverie, and he saw her among the whole bevy of her Friends who had found her. So oft it Chances that misFortunes deemed the reatest are the slightest. And he felt that she was the one thing that he had always been in search of, the only thing that could Complete the meaning of Life: and it had been like the meeting of the raven and the dove ... for all of them had labed at him and Laughed! Sensitive people always hold themselves to be the cause of any Jest or sport. Then he saw their group move away and melt into the crowd. He had Lost what had not even been gained: and he felt hated and abandoned: and he thought that the only possible Answer any impartial passer-by would give to his Cry, "Why am I despised", would be, "Because you have Loved!" He belonged to those few Passionate Natures, who dream up an Idea out of their bitter experiences and are ready to sacrifice the sum of Life for that Ideal. He had Known her for so short a while only, but she had become an obsession. And she became obsession, maybe because he Knew her for such a short while. On his recapitulations then, intruded a picture of an evening-Star dejected in the Clory of an early morning.

It was now that he met a **Friend** who seemed to have **Under**-gone a **reat** strain and embarked on a long tale as how yester evening he had met a **girl**, who **Ended** the rest of the **World** for him, but he had **Lost** her in the crowd and so had he **Lost** his **World** from **below** his **f**eet: and he added tersely, "How oft we wish that our **Cruel** mistress could see us in the **depth** of our **misFortune**; and then cut in rather nonchalantly with, "You **Know** I've always wanted to **Write Poetry**. Well one must **never** let go the train of **lope**, for this may yet transform me into a **longatic**; a poët, a **dreamer**: in fact, a **Nothing**."

They often remain merry, who oftener are un-happy

And our protagonist's **Being** seemed to go out fully for his Friend.

We sympathize with people's **S**orrow when our own is e**x**humed:

And as thus, then he continued in equal strain, "In my heart resides a doll-like miniature of hers," only she is much less **Cruel** and in my **Hours** of **loneliness** keeps me company with her ingenious **sweet** 'n gay 'n happy prattle: then she kisses me get d-bye and cuddles off to sleep, while I gaze on her long after and **Tenderly** caress her with the sincerest of sincere **E**motions".

What we feel has ever been felt by others who have Suffered even more so. And he had a vague misgiving that both were thinking of the same person. In desperate moments we Doubt our sincerest Friends, because the instinct of self-preservation goads us on to be selfish. But to retain his sanity he drove this thought from his Mind, recollecting the Ruins which some illustrious King had raised in Memory of his Dear mistress; then involuntarily in a fumigating resignation, the lines of a famous poët Escaped his Caution: "An Emperor leant 'pon the staff of his Wealth, Deriding the Love that utter we poor men can't by Stealth." And his Friend just gave him a quizzical look and said not a Chant. All of us are kids and becoming so unreasonable, can't ever be Understood: neither do we like to be,

for some of us, Live in a private World beYond the Stars: and will there remain always.

S<u>a</u>n he **left** his <u>Friend</u>, to go and sit in idle rumination in his shop, where he saw their group advancing and coming to his counter; she asked the price of a <u>turquoise</u> ...

Replying he said, that she could have it for Free.

"How?"

"Only, if you ask me for it!"

"And if I ask for this one over here, would you to me give it Free,

that teg?" She Started being impish.

"Yes!"

Then she kept on asking about another and another and various other ones ...

receiving as always 'n ever, the same **A**nswer.

"And if I asked you for this **whole** tray, would you do it?"

"Yes!"

"But that would be unreasonable, wouldn't it?"

"OK! But **Live** we always by reason NOT, do we?"

"No! But if I asked you *'throw this whole tray to the crowd <mark>Over</mark> there' will you do it t<mark>e</mark>-5?"*

She received again an affirmative reply.

Meanwhile her Friends after every patch of conversation

kept fc_olishly on, repeating. "Ask him! That'll show him!"

Then she did ask him! And the next thing she became aware of, was that a few people from the crowd who had seen the gleam of cut iamonds, were scrambling about on their knees 'n feet, while the rest just obeying a herd instinct kept joining in, even though they didn't Know what they were looking for ... Thus 'tis so, Self Reveals oft Human Stupidity. The girls became a Fraid of the commotion, 'n thinking him to be a mad-man edged away; 'n when he looked up, he found Nowhere, the face that he thought would be Smiling at him.



Totally Lost, Closing shop, he left fair-Grounds, to hold converse with familiar Paths 'mongst Ruins. An **Hour** deemed to pass by, the 'most **Cruellest**' longest **Hour** of all; when he became aware that a form had crossed him by,, and when the me-bn came next out of the dark, he was startled to find that it had been her: and thoughtlessly he traced her steps. Far off ... away, on the very edge of a darkened lone Cliff ... steps. Far off ... away, on the very edge of a darkened lone Cliff ... steps. Tree! Up the Steep trail he saw the advancing back of her icon, which was imposed on the Skeleton of the withered Tree seeming like a huge leaf, whose chlorophyll sap has been eroded by some acid to leave behind an intricate net of stiff villi. The me_n sporadically struggled out from behind its cover of clouds, to platinise each individual Hogweed-like branch of this exaggerated framework,, and thus emphasize the disparity of her darkened SHADE, whose double fell on the Ground to fold up and stain a portion of the wall-like Cliff behind. Under this fading **IGHT**, each separate Stone cast its own penumbræ and added to the montane Silhouettes a **Dimension** third. Everything Absolutely was still, to give birth to an atmosphere of Ghastly quietness, an atmosphere of an invisible deity, passing its hands in a slow **Rythm** of **Waves**, **Over** an **maginary** keyboard of blacks 'n of whites. In the distance he saw the Lacustrine Waters where the me-on-glade lingered, and thought that were all the scintillating ripples of sand, they would appear like a texture of skin on the inside of his elbow: misFortune Awakens the genius into a reverie, which brushes Past Reality to review the turmoil of Mind, as if magnified from afar. So everything Started to withdraw at distance ... reculating towards a crand separate, and he felt puzzled that whenever one wanted to, one could **n**ever retrace in any of one's dreams, any of the **f**aces of one's most Loved ones. His this **Brain-S**torm was jeopardized into a single orbit, by one who **n**ever had he met in any of his dream afore though always he had had undefined longings before, and Wondered why he could never think of her except in contrast with or to, some relative surroundings ... Objects become meaningless in isolation, as their existence seems to be, anchored firmly into a volatile State of Mind:

thus only a contradictory atmosphere can lend to Life it's Complexity and Reality.

As she had turned the corner, he couldn't see her SHADE any longer: so he fastened his pace, but didn't seem to be making any progress, like a film run backwards, farther away from its object than ever. The Steep kept on passing, the objects farther seemed moving all along with him with a Strange rotatory motion in the middle, and everything cut a semi-circle when he crossed the bend: then all the lighter Silhouettes of the darker Mountains seemed just to flit 'n flatter about in the Sky, along-with the movement of his eyes. In Depressions, one discovers that everyday Beauty that one never notices otherwise. 'N thought he; how re-markable Nature was: little cenes expanded to whole anoramas, are always tristically balanced ... Sometimes Cruel, very a very often Beautiful, but always Pleasant: for Cruelty from the Beautiful, endured is ever, with even Pleasure.

While the **Mountains Rose**, so high **Above** all!

Lofty Silent, algeral And suffused with en Chantment! On their regal slopes carved by the Faithless Winds, nay Faithful ... for Faithless to one is, 'cause Faithful to another, of the multi-sum of dramas of Lives, of so many men 'n of Women, 'n of the many a many years 'fore these men 'n Women were born: revealing not these Secrets, while man the inquisitive Beast lurks guiltily near the fair bosom of Nature!

Startled he realised, that she was rounding already the fall of the bridge below and hurried down.

When he came to the bridge, he Started to stay on even planks and kept aVoiding the odd cracks, with a strange

feeling, that if he stepped even once on an odd crack, he would have to encounter **Great** disasters. That so unreasonable an inhibition, 'twas just ... that which lie in, in the **antastic mental** make-up of many a normal person. But scan he came to a plank, which evenly was split across into two, and due to the **Great Caution** exerted, oddly by **error** his fact that the quite unreasonably, he **Statical** to step on the cracks and pass **Over** the planks: until he **Overtal** k her, 'n spoke **breathlessly** ...

"Think of me as a mad-man not, for have I a reason to speak. On first sight, I felt I had Known you of more than hundreds of thousands of years and could Live the rest of my Life in the limpid of your eyes: that when we part, the hanging mages fall apart in lingering Tear-lets in the very Closing of your eyes, scattering the fragments of my Soul along with them, to the four corners of extended Earth."

Twas the moment, that the basket she had been carrying fell from her Grasp, and in the gland my Dimness, they saw it caught just between two Sharp Rocks right below. With a sob, she said that it contained her Mother's ear-rings. So, he volunteered to get it for her ...

"O, but could you!"

"Only if you ask me to! I am but a pan and have Nothing to offer except what I am and all that I have to say to you. Let it be the Citadel of my Love."

"O, Please do!"

And he **Wondered** why in moments of high **Seriousness**, such an unconnected lot of many so a diverse event occurred ... Then he asked her to give a frank reply ...

"But tell me one thing? Were I to pledge you my un Dying devotion, would you Love me?"

There she told him all ... Her father had <u>Died</u> recently: she was **left** not only **without** protection, but **without** for all done, without guidance. And she was **Forced** to accept an **Old** one, **to merry or not to marry**, to do or not to do, as per the dictates of **Cruel Society**, which protects the unprotected **not**.

And his 'o sight a-fell, below deep down deep below, fell a-sight 'o his. And on the profound effections in the Sky Above which seemed like an immense littering vault of Steel with no redeeming features, except the half-patch of the man out of an Abyss, thus detonating the whole entire of his Being, and surprise as that of a deaf man caught unwarily between a collision of speeding cars, flushed right through the totality of his existence ...

"Ô God, Ô God, Ô God; Ô What's God? Just an mage, a shape, a misty mist in short, a Nothing, Abstractions 'pon the Waters of strange Floating Worlds of thoughts, by a smallest Disturbance Shattered to small Nothings! God is the quintessence of men's thoughts, symbolizing in perfection, all qualities which lie inherent in Nature: man can only see this far, 'Tis can see Everywhere and into Everything; man has only a limited Power, 'Tis is Omnipotent and Passes beyond the Bonds of the Finite; remove the Limitations of a man and it can seem to be a god. Thus each man needs a personal protector, who out of this vastly vast Universe, will Remember his every little InSignificant act, to weave it to eace 'n Harmony in one Destiny. Just ask how many peopled this World 'n you'll find no two gods ever the same! Man is weak but has to depend on himself, pitted against undefined Forces he tries to make the odds to evens, till Death levels man's assurance: and the Idea of God was Born, 'Cause man Dies, so a Plystery is solved by another Plystery! But God was never Forced to Live our single Life, 'n appears'n seems to ignore troubles wrecked on well-meaning intentions, or of the weak.

Human Life is a mosaïc fragmented from slivers of Tope and Despair, but has God ever plumbed with bleeding fingers of the Despair of having all Tope Lost! And 'Tis is Content in 'Tis Heaven; but has 'Tis ever Borne the Pangs of Starvation or the Stark Fear of Dying! Or has 'Tis ever Longed for the Promised Happiness, After an Eternity of Suffering, which some God 'Tis, beYond 'Tis may Hold out to 'Tis! They say ... only Misery Earns Happiness: Seems, God has never been embossed by Misery, and seems not a fit God to rule us: at least Not in our belittled mage of 'Tis, in our own belittled self." Uncertainties thrive somnabulently, up till comes a dark day, when a jolting accident, violently Awakens them into a certain stark direction, unKnown.

Mass cords pounded on his **thoughts** and **below** he saw the raging torrent. He did not **K**now how to swim, but suddenly he dived and the heavy bridge swayed ominously, a last sentence running like a thread through an imbroglio of **thoughts**, compassed his **Being** ... "Cut Not the Planks, that Disaster mayn't issue!"

"Only those who are alone in Suffering realise, True or UnTrue, how unjust God is?"

Feelings were to sustain a lone place in this lone World. And all became darkness and rest: in a confusion of Reality and dream; in an aching existence where all ope had been quenched by the Question that where do the millions of impossible aspirations of every single one of 'uncounta-billions' of conflicting Beings go, when the Vitality is sucked away: both have a Life, a substance, a meaning, and both must forever remain United, for it seems vain to think that, after Death we become super-Human and lose all our frustrated ambitions. He bobbed along to be soaked up in the elements to become a part of the Wind 'n the Water, enhancing their style 'n Rythm: with his Soul added to the Ocean, the cradle of Life from whose bosom the ardent Vapours part to wage war against so many unsurmountable ranges ... stolid like the impassive barriers of Life, Defeating the ideology constituting a Human Spirit, that burning so in Shame the humiliated clouds consume themselves in Tears of to nourish the Flore with their bland, biered on the silts of Rivers, to go back to their Ageless Mother: with these old Ideas, in time to give births to Old 'n combinations!

Against the had of the Sky on the was denoted bridge Above, only one figure remained alert with one hand drawn back to stifle an involuntary gasp. It was that of the Maiden's, who yet strove to maturity, a still study of concern: Woman-had becomes more becoming in distress. Anxiously she waited, but Words cannot whistle or gush the Mounting of pressures within her. Her solitary care being the lasting sacrifice, of a Someone, a Somebody who had suddenly come to mean so much to her, gaining to be a Someone ... and had one analysed her Mental State, this prayer would have been found 'pon her willowed Lips:

"How I wish I had no **F**eelings for then I'll feel no $\frac{\mathbf{H}\mathbf{urt}}{\mathbf{t}}$ no pain no \mathbf{S} adness."

Worth is realized only when the **Bound Binding** links are disconnected:

that's why Lovers have mis Under-standings ... to grow more 'n more, fond of each other!

But what if the chains are Lacerated never to be re-catenæted together! She labeled at the frenzied swirls intermixing gashed hollow Sounds 'n Sights, with a rise and a fall in the Rythm of Life, then heaved herself, far o'er the hanging rope railing. There was another splash and another Silence. Her struggle to Free his wedged body was rewarded by a quick ducking. And both Locked Together, Never Rose-up off Death's Embrace.

Tragedy must ensue Somehow when akin Minds Fail to meet.

The medin vanished again behind its heavy lids of clouds, and the remaining phosphorescent glow, tinctured the shapely landscape into a phantasmagoria of unmoved spectators, printing in the lap of the rolling waters the Ghostly greyness of the Negative Air against the lighter Eastern back-Ground captive, of stable sable peaks rising in all dire Dimensions. Only a Chant of a Stray nightingale lamented their Sadness in their solitude United, with a sub-tryst series of thirds of Softened wedd-jotes. Intense Beauty seems Emotionless: but she had Lived long enough to Grasp the fact that our existence is buoyed only onto a few unexplained Values in unexplained spectres, and once their Vitality seeps out of the mortal chinky container, Life is no longer worth Living, as a cracked jar is worth mending, for it can never again hold the exact same fluids.

What men feel sincerely remains permanent never to Die, because it forms the basis of Values 'n Ideas, which raise Life from slush 'n make it Something worth Fighting for; even though to lose all in its Ends.

And thus **A Rythm of Two Minds** was diffused in the atmosphere to fortuitously **End** it,, the **Life** of those who meant **n**ever any **H**arm, but were still stamped **Under** the shod heal of **F**ortune.

And forever, in a State of Continuous Now,

In a Land of dreams where Time and Space do not matter,,
Their names yet are Sung to Pus c: and their Remembrance
Lives yet in that Land of dreams, attained 'ner is in distance
In Real Life, a Land where the distant Hills seem as blurred
By the mists of milky-blue mc_on-beams all spread around
To be diffused distilled, into a quiet and clearer fore-Ground.

And the ballads sing ... that in our sleep we see them

Sit nearby a running brace which murmurs simple Plus cannot an arch in the was but spans into A small grassy stretch, thus a Bounding in Lady's-smock, and Bound by a prim Hedge where the frolicsome gay butterflies rest in their drowsy mage but they Live here, On a side inside the Hedge against a mound of Rocks In a cottage built o' bambae shall shall but a truly true Tone.

Happened this may have not,, but when I go out alone

In the tranquil **Night**, I see the tall **Trees** throwing **Nigricant** patches irregularly trying ... O Alas ...

To blot up scattered mc_on_IGHT on untrodden grass;

And in the midst ... of this so **golden** Autumnal tapestry

I feel the hades to move and I hear the stillness of **Mystery**

Soft whispers whispering: to my Mind's Rythm ... an untold story of Love.

... <mark>OED</mark> ... End

10. Lahore : Punjab

art for sense

(How to Write?)

(15 years - 1957 Jan.)

(Contradiction of ... " rt for frts' Sake")

Strange False Theory adopted by Oscar Wilde

Children of the Night ... OR ... How to Write ?

... In the Night of Despair, I lay with Misery, and these are my Children Born to Me ...

but when I had reached those cross-roads, where one realises, that Life is full of a deal of Ideals, which must remain unfulfilled, because Fate renders Fatal Blows to the Dreams of Life, so be it. And then comes a time, when the last ope also Breaks, having Broken all the rest ...

The Castel of **Topes** is Erected a Thousand Once, to fall to **R**uins to the **Sands** of **T**ime, so be it.

... I do not **K**now what I have **W**ritten, nor do I **K**now why have I done so ...

but I do Know where to late for, while Writing! A Candle burns in IGHT and the Smoke goes unnoticed, like an rtist who Waters his Creations, from the bleeding in 'tis heart's Intern, so be it. Every act bears two facets ... and what nurtures one starves the other, so I tried to sketch the Smoke behind the scorching burns of Life: it has remained a very elusive task, for though the days are constantly repeated 'n numbered ...

they bring never back, the Feelings associated to each passing Hour, so be it.

... In my distorted Vision of Life, the base of all Feelings is held in primary importance ...

but these Feelings Live evanescently, and only evanescently can they be caught! Such Sentiments and Emotions ... have to be coaxed 'n caressed Lovingly near oneself, because like innocent 'n delicate children, they'll succumb to a hostile gaze, so be it. So, my digressions are a tentative experiment in abstract in the dark,

in an effort, to reCreate the Beauty 'n Rythm of Art ... of what are capable, my simple wits, so be it.

... I've Written much about Love: where, often I have employed multiple Images ...

but these can also be regarded to have been in use since centuries 'n centuries, so be it! Twas NOT for adornment, or due to an 'magination lack', so be it! Twas done to try to assemble concepts ...

a relationship of elements, the permanent in the material, to the permanent in the Ideal, so be it!

Love like Beauty, is Linked to the Universe, for it is as Old as the Stars, so be it!

... Imitations **N**EVER can be cut to **iamonds** ...

but What is, IS ... so, even in the effort to regulate the Old mages to my vew requirements, I have tried my best to remain original: for Originality is the Theme of Creation, so be it! Furthermore, every single letter has Written itself spontaneously, while the whole is composed of a cautious 'Idea' prunation ...

I must apologise for one thing though. I **Consider** the gap between the **comma** (,) and **semi-colon** (;) to be to be to sharp and Steep, so be it. Thus, I have developed a **Stoppage**, which I propose to call the 'pause' (,,), so be it. Often, these 'pause' Signs are used as regards rests and/or inflections, rather than as any formal **Breakage** between any clauses or having any **Great** complexities of grammar: a **Sort** of an **intake of breath**, like in the **Theatre dialogues**, or acts, or **cenes**, so be it, if you will,

just call it my innovative idiosyncrasy, if you really will, will, will, will, ,, ,, so be it,

I am not a native born to this language, but I sincerely ope that my transgressions will be excused as unpardonable as pardonable, and will not be subjected to the rigours of a dis-jointing 'post-mortem'. Ernest 'Critics' deVoid of feeling, conduct a Painful 'Autopsy' on a Living work of magination, so be it, and quash the moving Spirit within, reducing it to a State of 'still-mate', thus a still-born, 'of rigor-mortis', giving to ... till 'Death' do us 'part' ... or 'apart' ... as the case may be ? Long Live 'Dead Critics'!

Oh ... so finally, my Only Wish is, so be it, ...

- **♦** oft that I be exempted with crace,
- of being labelled with any False Ideas,
- of which I never may have ever dreamt,
- of even in the Wildest of my Wild dreams,
- only preferring 'n praying, that if you like me,
- let me Live in the deep interior of your hearts,
- or, if you do not, then let me Die in the obscurity,
- oy an impractical person, ô thinking to to much,
- Overall, who once so squandered all, Above 'n Overall,
- often all letting go Waste, 'n in Life, 'n in Time, 'n in Space,
- 🖊 or in dark thoughts,, 'n in deep Pensive me-od, 'n Pensive race,
- or t'riddling quietly by, ever Softly by, at a slowly lumbering pace, so be it, ...



10. <u>Lahore</u>: <u>Punjab</u>

ART for SENSE

(How to Write?)

(**1957** - 15 years Jan.)

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rt for rt's sake, a slogan translated from the French dictum l'rt pour rt, coined in the early 19^{th.} century by the French Philosopher Victor Cousin ... Phrase expressing a Belief held by 19^{th.} Century Writers and rtists, associated with Aestheticism, including Oscar Wilde, who held that rt or rtistic Expression needs No Justification: Neither that it needed to serve Political Didactics ... or any other possible Ends.

I Disagree Completely: my moto's Logical: 1 rt for Sense!



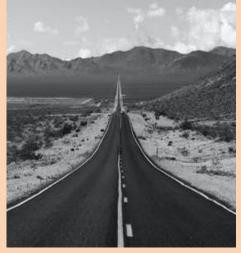


Every Word you Write must be imbibed in Thousands of years of History.

If you Write something, put it away in a drawer for 25 years, when you take it out after this while and you still find it good, then it might have some value in it ... T.S. Eliot (from memory) Drank coffee and sat for an hour. (Wastage of Civilisation, by 1st. World War) Wasteland Raindrops were falling, pittery pittery pat ... Sound & Sight united ... T.S. Eliot. Coined English!









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... https://pixabay.com/ ... pexels-photo-1038935.jpeg (Infinity Road) ... pexels-photo-1210273.jpeg (Heart Breaks) ...



Mon ANCIEN Serviteur

My ANCIENT Servitor

F-6-9 (1980)

```
quand je serai Mort mon fils
tu m'enterreras sous un arbre
sous l'ombre d'un arbre
c'était un être
très très simple
un rand maître plus rand que d'autres
il m'a raconté des histories
de 'ici et là-bas'
de ce qui était et n'était pas
mon fils tu seras le poète
de la Douleur et d'Amour
je t'apprendrai tant de choses
sur ce qui est ta cause
la Douleur de l'Amour
de la finesse de la Vie
les larmes des Gens
qui ont souffert dans le Temps
mais mon fils quand je serai Mort
tu m'enterreras comme je dors
sous l'mbre d'un arbre
il était un être très très simple
si rand un maître plus rand que d'autres
mon ancien serviteur
et quand j'enterre mon Âme
dans un soufflé très calme
sous l'mbre d'un arbre
je <mark>pense</mark> à cet être
mon ancien serviteur
enterré sous les embres
d'un arbre qui Pleur
et son tariq qui Chante
et les Oiseaux l'écoutent et dorment
```

```
when I'll Die my son
bury me under a tree in Thorn
in the hades of its borne
'twas a being
so so simple
so reat a master the reatest of all
he recited me stories
       where 'n there '
of what came to pass 'n what did not
my son you'll be the poët
of Pain 'n of Love
then I'll tell you many a tale
of the brunt of your cause
of the Pain of Love
of the fineness of Life
of tears of Gents
who have Suffered in the Times
but my son when I'll Die
bury me as I dose
in the hades of its borne
'twas a being so so simple
so a reat master the reatest of all
my ancient servitor
'n when I bury my Soul
in a wisp so calm
in the hades of a palm
thinking 'twas he a psalm
my ancient servitor
buried in the hades
of trees which Weep
'n his tariq who Chants
'n Birds listen 'n sleep
```

Maître Ashraf : Qui m'avait élevé depuis bébé ... (20 ans) Son Conte de Fæe Continue Encore ... Clair d'Amour Master Ashraf: Who brought me up since child ... (20 years) His Færy-Story Still Continues ... Light of Love



10. Marseille MA Si BELLE MÈRE

My So BEAUTY of a MOM

F-6-10 (1982)

Mon **fils** si tu parles

C'est une douce Rayure

Sur une douce Pierre

Qui une Éternité demeure

Donc tu veilleras sur tes mots.

Toute ta Vie mon fils

Tu surveilleras tes actes

Ne salis pas ton proche

Ni tes aïeux ni ton Être

Le respect de ton **Être**

Tu le tiens

Dans tes mains

Et tu le Saueras mon Cher fils

Le **meilleur** respect de toi-même

Est le respect des autres.

Et mon **fils** tu seras fier

De ton **Être** et ton **S**ort

Puis tu aideras tant de **Gens**

Ils te feront bien du Mal

Et tu Souris quand je parle

Mais tes actes sont pour toi

N'oublies pas que dans ce Monde

Tu as à solder tous tes comptes.

Ces cinq lettres qui font Amour

Tu les trouveras bien plus tard

Quand le **T**emps sera mûr

Et ton sang sera Pur

Tu pourras Aimer donc une femme

à la hauteur de ton Âme

En Amour tu donnes ton Cœur

Ne cherchant jamais le retour

Seul le Destin fait le tour

Tu vaudras ce que tu voudras toujours.

My **son** if you speak

Tis a **soft** Stripe

On soft Rock

That an **Eternity** stays

So you'll care about your words.

All your Life my son

You'll control your acts

Don't dirty your nears

Nor your **Being** nor your **s**ears

The respect of your **Being**

You hold

In your **h**and

And you'll Know my **Dear** son

The **best** respect of self-one

Is in respecting others non-self.

And my son you'll be proud

Of your **Being** 'n your **Sort**

So you'll aid many a Folk

They'll **Hurt** you at their will

And you Smile when I speak still

But your acts are for you

Forget not that in this World

You must balance all 'counts.

These four letters **W**rit as **L**ove

You'll find much to 'bove

As your **T**imes will mature 'n wait

And your blo-od'll be Purèd

Only then you'd Love a maid

At the height of a **Soul** so made

In **L**ove you give your heart

Never oping a return

Lone Destiny can oe'r-turn

You'll be worth your want as worth.

(10th. anniversary of her Death ... Hoping to have deceived her Never ever.

Why is **Nature** so economic 'n close-fisted on such **Beings**?)

A true Imperatrice of the Heart ... Méraj Suharwardi Hameed ...



Simples sont les règles de ce **Monde**

Mais moins simple est de les pratiquer

Avec **randeur** et **Honnêteté**

Tu suivras ton bon Sens

Et tu feras le **meilleur** que tu **penses**

Souviens-toi de ce que je dis

Même s'il te paraît inédit

les plus proches font plus *Mal* de plus loin que les éloignés

de plus près.

Et mon fils quand tu seras Grand

Tu comprendras ce que je dis

Je suis peut-être une Vieille Vie

Mais les **Souvenirs** sont bons

Ouand les aimés s'en vont.

Elle me manqué cette mère

Qui m'a porté de mon père

Qui m'a fait si Vleux si jeune

Elle est Morte et puis encore

Aussi Vieille que les siècles

Mais qui veille d'une bonne mine

Que ces Vieilleries qu'elle m'a apprises

Ne Vieilliessent jamais depuis

Des Vleux débuts débuts

Des Vleux temps des Vleilles gens.

Maintenant tariq est si Grand

Et son être est son maître

Peu de choses

Font un peu le tracé de sa Vie

Peu de **P**aroles d'une **rande** dame

Peu de Fièrté et d'Amour

Et le respect de tout

Et le peu qui l'entoure.

Simple are the rules of this **World**

But less simple is how to practice 'em

With **Grandeur** 'n **Honesty**

You'll follow your g<u>c</u>-<u>o</u>d Sense

And you'll do the best as you think

Remember ever what I say

Even if it appears 'out of way'

the most near make more *Hurt*

from more far

than the further

from more near.

And my **son** when you'll be **crand** grown

You'll capt what I said

Am perhaps an Old Life in bed

But **Souvenirs** are only good

When the **L**ovéd become **D**ead w**G**-**D**d.

I miss this ma

Who me ported off my pa

Who made me so Old so young

She's Dead 'n then again

As Old as the begin

But who leaks on of a gead mien

That these Oldnesses me she taught

Come **n**ever **O**ld as brought

Since such an Ancient Start

Of Older times of Older guard.

Now tariq is so crand

And his self is 'tis master

Lil so little a thing

Trace the curve of his Life

Lil bit of Words of a **Grand'dame**

Lil bit of **Honour** 'n of **Love**

An' the respect of all

An' a lil bit all around at fall.

(Le 10ième, anniversaire de sa Mort ... j'espère ne l'avoir déçu Jamais.

Pourquoi la **Nature** est si économe et avare de telles personnes ?)

Une Impératrice du Cœur ... Méraj Suharwardi Hameed ...



Marseille MON Si BEAU PERE

My So G_G-od a PAPA F-6-11 (1982)

Père

comme c'est réconfortant de vous tenir le doigt mais dans quelques Temps où seras-tu toi?

Père

pourquoi aidez-vous tous ces gens qui en leur bon moment t'**oublient** subitement?

Fils

je donne à toi et à leurs ce que j'ai et puis quelle autre raison d'être ai-je?

Père

le refus de faire du Mal est devenir **crand** mais des deux **randeurs** du Corps et de l'Âme d'accord pour une fois je donne l'autre joue mais explique moi ce que tu feras si on te frappe encore et encore sur cela?

je vous comprends

Fils

si tu peux emporter dans au-delà de ce **Monde** cette joue

frappe

mais **a**pprends déjà à laisser ce que tu dois laisser ici

Pa

so recomforting 'tis to see you hold my hand but after some Time where'll you be?

Pa

why do you help all 'n sundry who in their ge-od moments forget all suddenly?

Son

give I thou 'n them what can I 'n then what other reason to be have I?

Pa

Under-stand you I refusing to do Evil is becoming **reat** of this pair in **creatness** of Corpse 'n of Soul so ok for once give I the other cheek but explain me what will you do if one slaps you

on this one again 'n again?

Son

if you can export unto the **beYond** of this World this cheek hit

but **l**earn already to abandon what must you abandon here

quand le **T**onnerre de ce **Monde** aura éclaté puis dans tes Débris est-ce que tu auras ailleurs d'autres biens que tes **pensées** autres ? Père comme c'est réconfortant de vous tenir le **d**oigt père mais Promettez-moi ... quand le Mal de ce Monde m'envahira tu viendras me voir ne **penses**-tu pas je serais perdu sans toi? Fils je ne suis qu'une **pensée** je te donne ce que j'ai puis t'es seul tout est seul ainsi est la loi de ce **Monde** mais n'oublie pas que ton Âme est la Seule ta voie même Devin s'oblige de te la laisser n'est-ce pas ? fils. et je t' embrasse cette dernière fois maintenant va jouer dans les Jardins Epineux de ce Monde ce n'est qu'un aspect du **Paradis P**erdu et quand on se ré**Unira** dans l'au-delà on Rira avant en l'au-delà ... n'est-ce pas ?

when the Thunder of this World will **burst** then in your **R**ubble 'twould remain elsewhere other go-ods than your other thinks? so re-comforting 'tis to see you hold my hand but Promise me ... when the **Evil** of this **World** will attack me come'll you to me to see don't you think lost'll be I without thee? Son am I not but a thought give U I what have I then U'r lone all r alone so is the law of this World but **forget** it not that your **Soul** is Ur **Sole** way even Devine does self-restrict to leave it U na? 'n son I U embrasse this last day go now to play in the Thorny Gardens of this World 'tis but an aspect of the **Paradise L**ost 'n when we'll re**Unite** in the **Yond** one'll Laugh afore beYond ... na?

... 16 janvier 1982 ... Un Impérateur du Cœur ... Khan Sahib Mian Abdul Hameed ... Emperor of Hearts ... un quart de siècle aujourd'hui qu'il n'est plus là, mais ses paroles réSonnent toujours, en tête et autours! a quarter century today that he's no more here, but his words reSound always, in head 'n surround!

a half century today that he's no more here, but his **w**ords re<mark>Sound</mark> always, in heads 'n surrounds!

11. <u>Lahore</u> : <u>Punjab</u>

That Day My Father Died

2007 (65 years)

16/01/19<mark>48</mark> 16/01/19<mark>57</mark>

He had 9 years (My 15th. year)

Brother's Birthday
Writ: 15/01/2007

16/01/19<mark>78</mark>

-Iqbal-

(My 36th. year)

French Nationality

Dear,

Dr. **Azam** Chaudhry (Sorbonne . Paris.)

<mark>Friend</mark> of Long Date

For ... My Sis & Bro ... & All Family Friends ... & in the Memory of Ammi

To Wish to All of You ... My Best of Best Wishes.

Morrow is 16/01/2007 ... 50 years Past, on same, my Father Breathed his Last; while innocent Brother Dear of 9 ... Danced and Clapped his Hands for a Merited Birthday Present.

... He Got NONE ...

In the Same Home, exact 15 days later (31st.) ... did Die Uncle ... also named same.

Abdul Hameed, Father of Sultan "Chotay" Bhai. Since so 50 years, I fest NONE 16th Jan. Elders gone, Family destroyed, I so became an Elder Young King ... Ö Over a 3rd Century ... waiting that youngs' take over ... Since then, I have **0** & I will have **0** ... "Tis My Single Rule of Life ... Be it clearly Under-stoday, I pass lone, this day alone, all alone ... for it states me to THINK.

What is Life & What is Death ...

What is **Dream** & What is Reality ...

What is True & What is False ...

What is Reverie & What is a Lie ...

Where's a Divide? Compromise? Confession?

(or Christianity ... or Islamic ... or TAUBA ...)?

I I I have found NONE ... Have U U U?

But What I I I have only found is ...

"I Confess that I am FALSE ... I a Liar."

And now, allow me to explain U the Why ... of the whole ...

Gents came from far all gay, with a Laugh & a Joke.

They **K**new not that ... the **Young** at the deep, was the Elder's **Son**.

10 Meters away, they put a VEIL on their NOSE, to HIDE their SHAME,

& Burst Out in TEARS, a Cry 'n BLC D' 'n SAND, replacing Ho Ho Ha Ha Hi Hi.

In 1 HourSsss, I Learnt a World a 100 TimeSsss: & Hypocrite am I, I; & I for ever'rrrr.

r u also? Ô, a Bit? NOooo! So Let US Laugh & Smile & do a quick Quick-Step, Eve-Yester & Now & Morrow. And Please, on the 27th of (01) January 2007, will Start an Islamic year with Muharram ... which was always Surely APT for SACRIFICES: Let Us Unite to Divide ... U & Me & b = V. Promise ???

" Mullah ki Azan aur hai, Mujahid ki Azan aur?" ... Let's b FRANK: <u>True</u> or False?

Then if I CONFESS ... WHO 2 CONFESS 2 ? WHO 2, U U U or Mi Mi Mi ? Hi Hi Hi ?

CONFESS or TAUBA? Which??? My EXCUSES!!! Ô Dear DEAR Friends!!!

It's with a **SOFT** Heart, that I **W**rite this 2-day !!! (a bit distorted) 2 Alll !!!

& So Let us call all **Mi Evil** ... as **THOUGHTS** just FLY away ...

12. <u>Lahore</u>: <u>Punjab</u> <u>Hut on the Hill</u> (1957 - 15 years Jan.) 1/10

At Dawn **Break**, a **happy** twinkling morning **Star** had brought tidings of the **blushing Sun**, and so had made a **graceful** exit; fading out as the **End** ripple fades on the surface of the **Calm Waters** flirted by, bye the **lightest** breath of **Air**: just a dim **mage** of the **Sunrise leflected** in the whitening **Sky**, and this widening circle, that spread from the **Plystery East**, **ASSured** that the **Steel-grey Mountains** she away their quiet gravity, to reassume the **Joy**ous green of the **Under-growth**, **speckled** with the **slaty brown** of the **Rocks** strewed **about**.

The <u>Sun</u> a<u>Rose</u>, to fix a hovering eye o'er the <u>Land</u>scape, of pellucid <u>Air</u> with <u>Pure</u> <u>Sparkles</u> clear, which so was washed clean of all impurities of <u>Worldly</u> <u>Dust</u>: bathing even the minutest <u>Earthy</u> <u>Particle</u> in its <u>golden Rays</u>, except where the giant <u>Pine</u> <u>Trees</u> outlined an irregular <u>Shadow</u>, filtering the <u>Sky Above</u>.

The far-off chumps of sparse Trees were half-enveloped in rising mists of melting tews, and against such a darker back-Ground of sombre penumbræ Silhouettes, the country-scope sloped gently up, to End in a level stretch, where stc_od a log cabin. Twas a hexagonal Hut, a six sided filled Universe ... behind Old Oldened, wc_oden a Hut-ty, where Pine Trees Rose to dizzy heights on the still Endlessly rising slope, curtaining the distant peaks, away so far away, Lost to view.

Ages ago, ledoming large out of the Past black pitched Night, this dilapidated Structure confronted all alone, tired thoughts so full of Emotions, these Emotions repeating the same Words of Ages bygone, Echoing persistently still, from the folds of Older Memories, like distorted husky whispers engulfing a Night-mare near.

Then a few falling <u>leaves</u> settled like <u>locust</u> swarms on the <u>quietly</u> resting <u>Trees</u>, till a gust of <u>Wind</u> makes them fly and strinkling the <u>amber Earth</u> with a carpet of <u>lemon</u> 'n <u>brown orange</u> woven from the wrinkles of <u>camel</u> tint <u>Paper</u>, <u>linged</u> all <u>Over</u> of <u>red</u> spots, in its <u>ambary</u> folds <u>below</u>.

Then on felt a **T**remor

... Fear ... Danger ... Death ... seemed to lurk, waiting 'n awaiting; in the dark darknesses dark, of folds and folds of ravaged times, of the haunted house ahead, ... Old Old Old ... Cold Cold Cold ...

Thus trembling, I woke up ... perChance 'twas it a dream ? ... And that dream happened, so multiple a times ...

... And then went away ... for a long longer while ... to come ... or to go ...

2007 (55 years Jan.

Fifty years had Passed

2/10

(Now I open a parenthesis)

(... ... This is a story of the 'g_o_o'd' of **K**nowledge' and the '**Evil**' of **Ignorance**', and of a **How**?

... **How** all can be destroyed by '**prejudice**' ...

Religious Extremes are the **reatest Stupidities** of the **Universe**!

"The reater the religious fervour, the Filthier the Mind, because in principle, the origin of religion is a check on base 'Passions', but those who act 'pious', feel urged by their nagging 'Desires' all inside, Under-mining this check of Fears, in the form of 'traditions', thus probing the Secrets of others, in inside of themselves to substantiate their own 'undress' of 'Evil', for feeling themselves to be 'naked', thus wanting to see the others 'naked' also, replaced into their own place! Thus the 'selfish', impose the 'guilt' of Self-Evil 'Conscious', sallying the 'gendavill' of the 'others' so 'Pure'. An example is ... where certain Old Women often Sort out, or 'feign' of 'chastity' as a 'pretext', then go away in 'groups', to 'gossip' about each other, all 'Dust' and 'Dirt'. Just ask Honestly, so thou wilt Know, all those who 'professed' or 'preached', but how many of them can be deigned to possess 'True' religion, or an established 'unselfish' and clear 'gendaness' of 'heart' ..."? A Perfect 'Catharsis'?

Thus steams our story of 'Destruction by Ignorance')

(Parenthesis Now thus closed)

* * IIIHere I stopped 50 years **Topped** ... for I Know Nothing of Ignorance thus **L**earnt I long a Life-time along to re-**L**earn the **K**nowledge of **Ignorance** Destructed but how to maintain ... far away in will the neat **Pure** innocence of a swee child]]] My Love asked me, "But I Know Nothing of you?" So I said, "We'll see, we'll see, we'll see." The WHY! * * * * * * * * ... The 'essence of Life' so 'relates' many much many 'cross stories' at the 'same physical time' ... [[[]]]So as has become our habit ... we open again a parenthesis ...]]] ... Twas a hexagonal hut,, a six sided filled Universe ...

('Tis a story of two events separated,
related 'n unrelated,,
the 'action' of the 'normal',
'n the 'reaction' of the 'calculated',
of how all can be 'corrupted',

by 'disintegrity', inborn)

2007 (55 years Jan.)

Fifty years had Passed

3/10

(Once it came in a Dream, on thinking ... of ... the Hut on the Hill) ... For a Loveless Lady!

The Goat and The Lion

"Once there **Lived** a **goat** and a **lion**. The **Mother goat** had two **kiddy kids**, who sucked her **milk**, as **Nature** willed. One day a hungry **lion King**, so thus made meal, **without** making any deal. But the **lion** had **forgotten**, what **rand Ma Nature** had begotten, that his own two **kiddy kids** needed NO Red meat, ONLY needed they ... white **milk**, ever so **sweet** ... Of a **goat** heart, the **goat** so smart, went up to the **Lion King** and said as a **start**, "Mr. **Lion King**: if you eat me, your **cubs** would **Die** of **Hunger**, so will it be." And **leflecting**, then the smart **Lion King** said, "So say we, but tell me, what can we do?" And the **goat** replied, "Let me feed them first, if you me can **Trust**, then we'll see"? Thus grew up the two **kids**, biding with **Wondering Lids**, in the **Forest** midst!

To Discern a Lady ... lady ... lady at her Springs? If Off-Springs are Null, Lady's Null!

"They Loved her so much, who now became their Mother like, and ran around her all day ever together. But Life is Life, so came so, that day by day, the Lion King became Older 'n Older, as becomes the normal Worldly Strife. Thus he called his now grown cubs to say, "Honour your Mother as a Queen, for but before so, that I'll disappear in the green." And exactly, that's what he did, in a teeny wean.

"The **Power Kids** then called Council. 'Go and announce to all and sundry, if be it so then go all hungry, but touch **never** our **Mother**, **never** 'n **never** or **never**, or we'll be very much very **A**ngry'. Thus Ever in the **forever**, roamed she around, all around and round, in the **Vale** and in the **green**, and in between. But our story not here, not so in the unseen, so stay with me a while more, Sire, and bear and hear.

"A **falcon** from far had seen this **whole cene**, so murmured to himself, 'But? If a **geo goat** can be **geo**, so can I be **geo** also, that **God** be begot: **Geo God**?! It was then that he saw, a **rat** drowning in the **Water** so raw, far so far **below**, **deep beloooooow**! With a dive and a swish, in beak and in claw, he got the **rat** out, for he was very stout, oh how 'n how? He brought the **rat** to his nest, doing only his **best**, a **rat** who was only a tout; feeding him and kneading him, **being** so **Warming** and **L**oving him! (Story of Reasoned Self-Interest)

"Once the **rat** had taken his rest and food and all that he could, he **started** to brook, and **Changed** his mousy **rat** in a single twink, clipped off the drowsy **falcon**'s wing, so that when he woke up, to walk **down** or up, **Rock** or **Pebble**, he had to **Crutches** to cling. Matters it but NOT? **Troubles Last NOT Long** ... **if Dealt Well**!

"Thus from far 'n safe, the mean **Mousy rat**, on the **Ground** spate, 'n then so spake, 'Mean is Mean and Dean is Dean, was not spoken of the **Soul**; as **Dust** thou art to returnest to **Dust**, for ... **to Raise the Low, is** the **Fall of the Earnest!** Then went he away, to drown the next day, in the same **Stream**, in the same sway, for 'twas no flying **falcon**, to help him in his dismay, oh oh oh ... a **Mouse's a Mouse**: Wherever he may be!"

[[[... Moral ...]]] On where NO Honour is ... Waste NOT thy Bounty,

Dearth on **Earth** is Plenty,, for Mean's NO Donner.

2007 (55 years Jan.)

Fifty years had Passed

4/10

(Once it came in a Dream, on thinking ... of ... the Hut on the Hill) ... For a Loveless Lady!

Aristotle and Alexander

What matters to 'smallness', is the Downfall of reatness!

[[[... Thus as is an established our habit now, we open again another parenthesis ...]]]

"The reat Aristotle had a small student, of the name Alexander. Once this unknown Alexander, but did fall in Love, with a Clever Courtesan. Aristotle warned him, for but a small student was he, 'be but aware: for she's but a smart and a cunning Woman'. Unheeding, the Prince carried on, but one day confided to her what the Master had said. So she planned, planning otherwise, and became Friendly with the age. Then she told the King, Ö Watch of a certain respectively. In a certain respectively. A certain Alexander the reat obeyed, to lo 'n to behold, a certain Woman clad in inviting, entering a certain despression of the certain Woman clad in inviting, entering a certain despression.

'I want to ride a **horse**, ô certain sear',

'But there is **none** here, ô certain **Dear**',

'Yes we have ... so my certain horse, be, on all feet four, be: come near'.

"As Aristotle, squatted **down**, then so she hit, 'n bit 'n beat 'n whipped the age, for an **Hour** or so, and then **left** him, inviting him, for **Nothing** more ... A a**Muse**d the Victor, thus one day recounted to his famed teacher, what he had seen ... then advised him, not be a preacher, for 'She made a blate out of You'!

"And Aristotle, laughed out loud, "Son' said he, 'son I Knew you were Watching," so let it be, but I wanted to teach you a Silvered Lesson', and continued ... 'Never to tread in Dirty Waters, where alligators may seem to be, let this be Written in bold, for 'tis worth its weight in Gold, what you must Learn to hold ... then so, O Mortal Prince, for I've Known you from child-had in since, Tutor was I, so certain a Tutor I remain!"

[[[... Mora1 ...]]]

Ask not the **Sky**, to **Rats** 'n **Worms** 'n the **Lowly**,

Leave it to Lofty Fliers; for such Never Liars can they be.

(aNew is closed again a parenthesis)



... https://www.pexels.com/search/ ... crete-78954_960_720.jpg ... lion-3676984_960_720.jpg ...

... sculpture-378280_960_720.jpg (Alexandre) ... https://www.pixabay.com/photos/sculpture-art-aristotle-statue-3399968/

2007 (55 years Jan.

Fifty years had Passed

5/10

Sa'adi Shaykh of Persia

Of cunning and of 'stales', we can **Tell** many **Tales**,

Of how the tow can 'trod' the **High**, **ho** ho,

'n as per last, so 'opens' that what **Ends**, the **Past**!

[[[... Thus as is well established a habit now, opening at last a last parenthesis

...]]]

"In Persia, there **Lived** once a Sheikh, a age Sheikh called Sa'adi, the Sheikh. He had **W**ritten many a bank, on **Poetry** 'n 'n **Flowers** 'n on **Gardens**, well as including many Tales, on the **Cunning of Women**. As he **Knew** all about it now, he decided to sell his gand banks collection in the market, that it served an else one meriting. So he loaded all these works on an Ass, that merit be and be enhanced, and then slowly 'n steadily, **hanking his Knowledge loaded ass**, to the nearest bazaar, just walked besides it.

"Fate: be it that on his way, he met a good Woman, just walking a Stray. 'How do you do, Sa'adi my good man, what's all this that you take away, so earnestly? 'Only bood ks to sell out, for those who need help, in distract or adversity? 'Say, say, say, aye, aye, aye, on what Subjects, if I may? 'On the Cunning of Women, who can make, if need be, an Honest man sway? 'Come, come, Know you all about it; "of Women": seems strange, but I pray, O pray? 'All, I said, if I may ... alllllll I Know, you, me, or we, or they, however un Known be it or they.'

"Ha, Ha', said the Woman, 'Pray! Shall I show you a New Trick' 'Pray, Nay, Not Today'! 'Ha, Ha', said the Woman. Then she Tore her Clothes, to said in a loud voice in a Shout, 'Hey, Hey, Help, Help, Hey, Hey' ... Sa'adi surprised was beat up by the crowd, hearing her voice, so loud. Then elapsed a few moments, that intervened she, in a manner very stout, still screaming ... 'Not, him, Hey, Hey, I Cried; Help, Sa'adi, Help, Help. Robbers attacked me, and he came to me aid, Please Help, Sa'adi, Hey, Hey, Beat him Not, Oey, Oey'!

"Thus, in a nearby Stream, Sa'adi threw his Knowledge loaded Bc_oks, for he had Learned, as in an Awakened Dream, Women's many a Trick ... How to Fling a Man in a Flick, in a single Eye's Blink 'n Click."

[[[... Moral ...]]]

Madame if you liked it, condescend to be Ma Dame,

My My-stress: as be, but ... Not ever My Miss-Ma-Stress,, Ma-Dame.

(Last time is closed finally our parenthesis)

True Happiness ...
Delves to Needfull!

'Tis Worth a Million
Prayers ... or many
a Million Bows to
the Sublime: who
does'nt Need them!

Sa'adi Shaykh

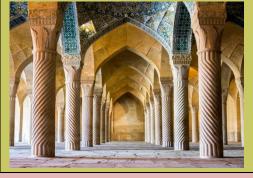
The Best Loved by **God**, are only **Poor!**

Are **Rich** as **Humble** as the **Poor** ... Still these **Poor**, have often the **Magnanimity**, of them called **Rich**!

Sa'adi Shaykh

Be Aware of your **Ennemies!**

And also of your **Friends** ... When start they, **F**alsely hippocratically be, **Friends Flatters! Sa'adi Shaykh**



... https://unsplash.com/photos/P_Ne56WEe5s ... photo-1554058922-d51b58b707f5.jpg (Persian Mosque)

(55 years Jan.)

2017 (60 years Jan.)

Sixty years had Passed

6/10

For a Lovely Lady ... a Half being done ... a Half to do

Sixty years had now Passed ... Then saw I once again in a dream

Perched on Top of the Hill, was the Hut ... A Strange Hut, but but ...

Old Old, 'twas ... As saying goes: Ruins testify,, that the Edifice was Magnificent ...

Beauty's Bound; to 'n unto History ... 'n Stories take form, only when there's systery ...

The Architect was so Magnanimous, that one could Peep into the Past ... A Strange Hut Shack Hut, with Arches and Arcs ... O <u>G</u>_azing forth <u>Perfumes</u>, of <u>Flowers</u> 'n <u>Gardens</u> 'n <u>Parks</u> ... All <u>desolate</u> and <u>quiet</u>, 'tis <u>Lost plendour</u> bright ... Where the <u>Past culpted</u> wg_ad-work, let pass a sniff 'n whiff of <u>Air</u> ... Where now the <u>Wind roared</u>, with a <u>Fury</u> so rare ... That Strangers became <u>breathless</u>, when the curious became restless and the passers became step-less, holding on to their mantels; of <u>Fear</u> of lg_asing 'em in an <u>Eternity</u>, of <u>Sight 'n Sound!</u>

Such was the **systery** 'n such were the means to comprehend it ... **Incomprehensible** ...

Hut on the Hill

12/01/**2017**

Sight 'n Sound

Twas with the Lady I Loved, that I went to see again, ô years after, the Hut on the Hill ... The first Time! She had asked me, "But I Know Nothing of you?" So I said, "We'll see, we'll see, I Promise we'll see."

Thus I to see, what 'twas the InComplete of my Life; for she there, all other was Complete!

Twas a Stormy round; in Water on Ground; in Wind blew in leaves flew; in the Air to a k a dark a hew!

Few in fewer around, in this visit to astound; in so in Past became I, Sight in Sound, in so Bound.

We went not inside, as was a hush to surround; we just roamed all around, to be back for another round.

Twas then, the Mind woke up, as came the bye-gones by back ... in so became so kiddy, she in I! Aye, aye!

"When oft upon my couch I lie, in Vacant or in Pensive months."

A hoard of **golden Memories** ... these daffy daffodils ... in this Hutty on the **Hills** ... (Wordsworth).

Then I went back into my child-hc.od; for child-hc.od 'tis, so Broken, when you leave your house, for the first Time. I had left the twinkling IGHTS of the Illuminated city, tc.ok a plane lone 'n lame, Landing up so to say, in the glorious city of lil-lllllLondon: If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly: (Shakespeare so said ... stand I so corrected, in desperation). So this famous Lone-Done, gave me it's first surprise ... Used to Rivers 'bout a mile large 'n wide back home; and my cousin, who had come to pick me up, Passed a bridge Trandiosely and told me, "We're now crossing the Thames River". Surprised, I muttered, "This brooks ?" Far very Far ... from ... 'Twas a hexagonal hut," a six sided filled Universe ...

Ô Tiny Thames, Jeeves 'n James, Ô Christ ... His Cross 'twas bit thinner, than what we'd crossed.

Anyway, we crossed, came home; 'n **Nighty** o **Nighty** ... First Tourisms done!!! So 'Lon' was 'done' 'n went off into the **Past**. Later came, the Second Tourism! **Hardly** two months had gone by, that I came into my primary contact with the renowned global 'n glorified **Industrial Revolution**, of which we speak incessantly! If 'twere **young** then ('n **lope** still living)! Recollect, the famous Lon-Done **SMOG** of 1962 (**Sm**oke + Fog) ... Five Surgical **Masks** on the **N**ose (**f**ortunately, my cousin was a doctor): two months, so thick that you could not count your two **f**ingers, at an **a**rm's length; buses were **c**losed and if ever you went out: coming back, you could not recognise your home ... my only **Recognise Point**, was a surgery in front, whose so **f**unny a small **S**ign-board spoke for self; inscribed "**Dr. Death**": hi-hi: (**f**ortunately, he was a Dentist; for **Dead Teeth**), hi-hi!

13/01/2017

(60 years Jan.)

Sixty years had Passed

7/10

Souls 'n Spirits ... These were my first steps or toddles in Naked Lon-Done ... I looked for a job, not so easy to find; thus I used me largely Free Time to do sight-sees in an original manner ... but 'twould be better to say, that 'twas more the Sights Seeing, lil little me ... hi-hi, I'll explain ... taking a map, precisely the 'A to Z' that then was of 120 pages, I walked about 2 pages a day; thus post Sights could see me, & I them, a Sort of Mutual Satisfaction ... a method radically simple, cause I didn't want any Sight to miss me; so I started, on left at the top of the page and Stated to walk on the road to the right! Right? Come at the Road End, I descended a crank and Stated to walk on the next road, street, passage, alley, avenue or relatives; but this Time to the left: and so on & so forth ... so around mid-day, I had done the first page ... then a bit of a pause, a small 'casse-croûte'; a piff of Water 'n a puff of Air: 'n awe, me, map 'n crap, to state a walk again ... Yo Ho 'n a bottle of mumps ... Thus 2 months went by, bye-bye; and with Honour, I can affirm, that London can proudly assert: it's the 1st. City in this wHole a World, that's Complete Sight-Seen lil mi ...

Finding an **Art**icle-ship was a Blow ... my toddles were trumped 'n stumped; I had **Seriously** to **w**ork, but was **fortunate** in my studies, passing all **eX**ams, at the first go ... My culture as well, was largely enhanced ... I saw **Margo** & **Nurev** together 8 times, saw '**Six Characters in Search of an Author**' of Pirandello, by an Italian Group; and '**The Rope**' of Agatha (a play that **passed** a third of a century on stage ... a play in which, myself I acted as a **Comic**, in **Lahore** in 1966) ... Thus my student **Life** was full of interest! I even had had the **Honour** to have audited '**Harrods**' for my Principle, where we caught a ... chuuuut ... didn't say a **Word**!

Our first visit done, of "We'll see, we'll see, I Promise we'll see." I then again too keep the her to a 'Hut on the Hill'! This second Time there was no Thunder no to clamour no drain ... 'Twas a sunny day and the hut seemed so coo inviting, so calm so exciting ... looked like 'the Hut' Changed moo seeing my Lady-Love, to show Something different 'n diverse; 'n concerning the normal, all inverse; all reverse ...

Inside, there was no hew nor Cry, no wet nor dry; seemed that Floated Presences unknown, that any Thoughts 'n Thinks theirs be Known, to be heard 'n stepdated of the Pains of their shapes; of Souls 'n Spirits: Softly gliding Softly biding their turn to explain their Lives 'n their Strives ... then the IGHTS dimmed 'n voices trimmed, without moans or groans, balanced with measured tones, to express their stories 'n their tales, when they Lived in the Mounts 'n in the Vales!

"Twas a town versed, in the Known 'n unKnown: of orts 'n Crafts, of Beauty 'n Duty to one 'n other! Came a day, an Evil Sunday; when all were there 'n none a Stray: an Evil of a Devil, nor of Pity 'n nor of Piety ... Before we had Lived in Unity 'n eace 'n Harmony 'n Liaison ... but, but, but, this Intervention, so but so Devilish, like a Softy Soft Poison, infiltrated Discord 'n Dis-Union 'n Dis-Satisfaction ... 'tween Ourselves 'n 'tween Our Nears 'n 'tween Our Neighbours ... by so Simple such Means of Jealousy, of Selfishness, of Hate 'n of Pretension ... All thinking that they were better than Others; 'n deserved better than others ... not to be mentioned that, since centuries, Such has been the Cause of the Fall of any Risen Nation, Empire 'n Civilisation ... "Emperors bygone, Courtiers bygone, Flatterers bygone, Traitors bygone, All bygone?

... The Perfect Transition of the Mighty to the Nighty ... (Original Story, was E. A. Poe)

2017 (60 years Jan.)

Sixty years had Passed

8/10

Hut on the Hill

14/01/**2017**

Strange 'n Cynic

Twas a strange combination, when I **Thought** of The **Hut** on The **Hill**! Ruminating it from afar, it showed me **Past Visions** of **Life**; the **forgotten Past** lying in these **dormant** regions of my un**Conscious**, that had **none** practical **Reality** now ... they had been, refreshing the **Real** had-been, in the **Life afore**? And when I visited it, accompanied by my **Love**, it lead me into a strange **Visionary World** ... where strange **Beings** from elsewhere t**able Over**, to **Learn** to me a **Life** estranged, full of swells 'n **Waves** of **magined** had-beens!!!

Happened again a **third Time** ... Twas this **Time** a mitigated day, nor **Cold** nor **Warm**, nor slow nor sped, **neither lazy neither lazy** ... **Grass** was **greyed**, 'n **Autumn** delayed; delayed; delayed; delayed; a muffled **Laughter** ... meeting **Lost Souls** roaming 'n flittering, some in **Air** or in stand by; holding **b**ellies: supressed **Laughter** unuttered ... Welcoming us, **burst** out loud; **without Sound**, said: 'Just saw a **f**unny thing, makes us **not Laugh**; hi-hi'? **Strange** 'n **Cynic**??? 'N the story so revealed ...

"V just saw a couple of couples, mad they were, but mad not all; Living 'n thinking, Stories of WonderLand! Every Woman was named Alice, but none had Malice, hi-hi! The cat on the Tree 'n the oyster in the Sea, 'n a walrus biding-by his Time; the Queen a dummy, who 'cut off' heads but none fell down, seemed aFraid for her own Crown! The Jester was a Valet 'n the Knight, not so Bright; 'n the whole Court Lived on in a Hole, a whole hole in a dreary Earth, that we call a World, hi-hi! O god-odd-day, we've Nothing more to say, hi-hi!"

Funny story, without no beginning, no mid, no End: as Life? Days after, thinking of the Hut, Memories came back, of when was I a young student! A Sunny day, I got a call ... Tariq, we're going to Spain! Surprise ... When Why What, my Mind boggled? Three weeks from my eXams, I blabbered? 1 week study, 1 week Spain, 1 week revise; you've never Failed. Full-Stop! By what Money? Don't need cash; V hitch-hike! What's that? U thumb your way down the street & Somebody gives U a lift to Spain to back; 'elementary, my Dear Watson'! But why lil me? 'Cause Ma'll never accept other (this Lady was a Wild Forest Fire!) Went so I, to see Historical Spain! "He put in his thumb & pulled out a plum & said what a gc. od boy am I."

Wild Forest Fire = Salima (62 yrs Friendship) daughter of a Dear Master ... Faiz Ahmed Faiz!

Enough post-cards are around, to see what happens there; my first hitch-hiking experience well Ended,, saw most, cost least: then passed my eXams, as easy as "two fingers in the nose" (French saying). So a few months went as a harm ... then struck Destiny! Twas 6th. September, 1965; a geod morning, without warning, India attacked Pakistan and on all TVs we saw their armies marching thru the streets of Lahore, my home-town: 'twas False & later I Learned that in All World Cities, Tokyo to N-York, was propagated this pre-planned complot (orchestrated a week before, (Mensonge Mondial') ... Internationalism's no Reality.

So listened I to radio for 30 seconds, every half of an *Hour*; but my Office Manager asked me to stop it, what **Naturally** I refused: so was reported 'n convoked **afore** a C.A. Disciplinary Committee, where 'a hoard of **golden daffy-dils**' awaited me, of **Serious Vacant eyes**, **I's** all BritiX ... to their big surprise, I held that BritiX Law was **based** on 'commercial usage', thus 'if my Office Manager, in Office, listened to a **Cricket Commentary** all day, I had same **rights**, on important issues, to do same' ... so without a show of scratching heads, these Oldered BritiX, scratched their heads; for a BritiX, Manager was a Manager ... & this tradition had to be maintained, what be Cost to **Demon-Crazy**??? But: **How-do-U-do? How**??? Plz await the suite ...

Hut on the Hill 12.

(60 years Jan.) 2017

Sixty years had Passed

9/10

Hut on the Hill

15/01/2017

'n Sober

the suite ... Re-convoked a few days later for verdict, saving both faces of both arguments; 'twas a special case: just render apologies 'n no action to bk ... seeing such just justice, I conceded; 'n all's well that Ends well! But made I a request; a concession, not **right**: to be granted, as **rights** facility ... of **6** months study leave, as my last eXams was 2 years after! This also, mutually was accepted; and on the 13th. November, 1965, I flew off back home; a hitch-hiking flight! For now I me, a trained 'n experienced Oldner was; hi-hi ...

Clad in light clads, behind White Cliffs of Dover, freezing Sea reMinding, Winter settling in! 4 days in . Total Friends Warmly attired me: then the route to Strasbourg found me on the AutoBahn for Münich ... a car stopped; a hefty big 'n strong man descended; in a sweep he swung my ruck-sack into the dicky; inviting me in! Surprised was I? NO Left-Leg had? Surprise mine reater was? His driving partner, No Right-Leg had **n**either ... **happily** they drove, in care 'n in speed, **perfect** pairing as each completing other! Bid me they G'bye in Münich, where te-ok me an Italian couple, to Italian border across Austria, Completely snowed in ... 'twas unseen, for I had no Visum-Italianum, but this couple refused to quit 'n waited: till the customs favoured me a special; 'n Smilingly granted me an eXtraordinary permission 'Close eyes, no stamp' hi-hi ... Thus onto Bari, by car cart, or truck; where I telepha a boat onto Athens ... 'n all thanks to Friends unKnown.

The **fourth T**ime! The **Hut** on The **Hill**: 'twas another strange story. Me 'n my **Love** were now used to the unusual events; 'n this once, all was Calm 'n Quiet, Soft 'n Sober; the grass was green 'n the herb greener ... Inside there was no Soul, no Shadow, no scamper, no scurry, but SHADES bowing down in deep eflection, in so deep a Meditation, that they noticed us not or Hardly not, as we entered, head shed!

Respecting this hush atmosphere, we susurrated to each other, what was 'n what was not; but one of the spectres finished 'n greeted us with Soft Smiles; saying, "If Universe wasn't, Know you what'ld pass in the cosmos ? We'll be there 'n not there ... 'twas what our Meditation was about? " Mein Gott, that's a difficult theorem; we don't **K**now, but do you? "We are on the way 'n find we'll out, for that, we've **n**ever lacked!"

Then after a Time, they came back with Sparkling eyes; "Supposing the Universe is Not, then all's Naught! No Strife, no Struggle, nor Nor, nor Not, not What, nor Ought? Then what remains, but Sought! Seeking so's **Believing**, as without Believing, Nothing, or or, or Anything exists Not! Yo Yond, 'n beYond, Levels, All Three, here, there 'n here-after, in common terms, we are, if We are Conscious, that We are; otherwise are we Naught? You can **Add** them Not, you must **Multiply** them; so when there exists a Multiple of **Knots**, Naughts, or Nots ... exists already Something, a Consciousness of Something; 'n Something must BE: such's the Eternal Natural Law! Then if, Something must exist, Something has to exist, as Obligation!"

Our **h**eads buzzed, but we listened, attentive that there was **Something** there! "Consequently, consent that a Negative is Negative, but Multitudes of Negatives is Positive, thus only of Nothing's born a Something,, so in the Beginning, there might be No **ight**, but **ightly** came it 'n became **Visible**, so 'twas always, it only teok a Catalytic, to de-clench it ... If **Universe** was not, **Chaos** was, in which God needed company, so's Created the cosmos, on light Forms 'n Other Forms, namely Us Enlightened, to hold Company???"

2017 (60 years Jan.

Sixty years had Passed

10/10

Hut on the Hill

16/01/**2017**

Sound 'n Stable

Thus 'twas, thus we talked, thus off 'n on, to each other. Thus separated we, off 'n on; so 1 Learned always they me; a Something a-New: very Learned, Phantoms or so they seemed! Or really, were they my Old 'n respected Masters, who taught me all 'n still were teaching me; whenever felt they, that 'twas needed! Who'll ever Know? Never Perhaps! But counted I, always on them, 'n ever'll ... O, V-Much Thanks Masters!

Un maginable, my Mother's Delight, en Chanted when returned I to her; 8 delicious months passed. So short a few last months that I saw her in god health, in Bliss 'n Happiness. Time passed Positively; published Articles on complex subjects in so many a News-Papers (some in Vol-II; Bod 2 p-12-095-); acting in Theatre, a 2 month loud applauded Comic role in The Rope' of A. Christi ... 'n lots other things; then bade a god by e to all: to be back again ... In 1969 Mom fell to a coma lasting years 3, Ending 1972!

But mi Masters lack me. So afore close, I rendered them a last 'n fifth visit! Went I, me 'n my Love to knock on the de-or ... surprisingly, it was already open; and inside, was all Happiness: masks off, I recognised many of my Masters ... he Taught me so, 'n he Taught me so, 'n she Taught me so ... they embarrassed me full, 'n offered me all they had; Knowledge, geodies, Joys, buts 'n nots! They opened the conversation, "Son you have been a geod 1 Learner, studious 'n reflective, what gives us a lot of Pleasure; so today we have a last 'n best lesson for you ... Do you Know who you are ? hi-hi! That's the only thing you have to Learn in Life ... Know yourself 'n all Veils will Lifted be; all False-he-ods Revealed! Want to try???"

"Humans 'r own worst enemy; 'lil by 'lil, strata by strata, peel off all, denude yourself to Completeness be, afore a mirror; none be revealed: become Soul 'n Spirit, like us! Why to strip off all? Live: Soul 'n Spirit? Hiding yourself from yourself, is Un-Truth; 'n Un-Truth's Poison to Purity 'n Piety ... Worlds of Visions 'n Illusions: Desires 'n Wishes; Pasting Outer Layer of False-had on yourself; to become an open back to all, except to yourself: so Ephemere becomes your Abode 'n your Domain: final be, Buried be your Truth!"

Then they concluded ... "Son, you remain here, while we remain there 'n everywhere; you don't have to call us: we'll Know when to come in your need. Then one day you'll join us 'n do the same as we do ... lead **Humanity** to ge_b_d, to Truth, to Eternity, to become a part of Eternity: the only Truth that exists ... as Sound 'n Stable!"

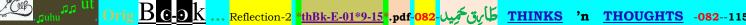
Years ago, the Hut on the Hill, was probably another Vision, of child-had and purity; then Destiny Changed a bit, so, the moving finger Wrote 'n having Writ moved on ... nor all thy Piety or nor all thy wit'll Change a single line; or half a Word of it ... (Omar Khayyam, who was a poët only in his Free Time ... an enormous scientific, inventing a correct Solar Calendar, with 29th. February ... what later on was a bit 'stolen' by the Vaticano, to establish the Gregorian Calendar) ... [Consider: Augustus = Cæsor: September, sept = 7: October, octagon = 8: November, nove = 9: December, decimal = 10] ... Question? How did appear the eXtra 2 months???? Around the 15th Century, to re-establish the solar correction, the calendar was ceased about July, which re-Stated as September ... 'n hi-hi ... the Sun was Corrected, hi-hi! Vive le Roy!

I didn't Write all this, to Whine 'n Cry, I Wrote, as the Lady I Love asked me, "But I Know Nothing of you?" So I said, "We'll see, we'll see, I Promise we'll see." So I te. k her out to Sea, what had been the InComplete of my Life; for she, being there, all 'twas Complete! YOU but fell down to it as accessory??? hi-hi. End.



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		10. Lahore Punjab ART for SENSE (How to Write?) (1957 - 15 years Jan.)						
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		12. Hut on the Hill 2007 (55 years Jan.) Fifty years had Passed 4/10						
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<mark>18</mark> .	-75-	12. Hut on the Hill 2007 (55 years Jan.) Fifty years had Passed 5/10						
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1.

2.

5.

9.

11.

19.

24.

In Three WORDS; Ein WALZ'ER

Reflection-2-



40. *Offenburg<mark>*</mark>

Deutsch

(1994) ... *thBk-E-05b*53-yrs*.pdf ... -24--123-

Hören Sie den walz; wie "Ju'sik. Klaps lass lass; klips lass lass. So so so; komm komm komm.

Hier gehen wir; Klaps auf eins. Wie Straus "Schön: Don'au Blau". Klaps zwei drei; Spitz auf vier.

Eins zwei drei; vier fünf sechs.

Eins zwei drei; und wollen walz wir.

3. Du **liebst** mich; vier fünf sechs.

4. Und war nicht; vier fünf sechs.

Sag mir nicht; wieß ich alles.

6. Brauchen wir nicht; eins oder drei.

7. Eins für zwei; zwei für einen.

Komm süsse **Liebe**; sieh mich an. 8.

Ich liebe dich; du liebst mich.

10. Du und ich; vier fünf sechs.

In meinen Armen; du für mich.

12. Aber sie draußen; kann dort bleiben.

13. Eins zwei drei; sagst mir alle.

14. Stellt deinen Kopf; auf meinem Arm.

15. Ich **Liebe** dich; vier fünf sechs.

16. Eins zwei drei; wird nicht enden.

17. Bis zum Ende; als vielmehr:

Es nimmt uns; außer dem Ende. 18.

Eins ein ein; für mich ich.

20. Ohne Ende dann; vier fünf sechs.

21. Eins zwei drei; Gott und du.

Du ich Gott; in darüber hinaus. 22.

23. Alle wir drei, Gott du ich;

Eins zwei drei; eins zwei drei ...

Eins zwei drei; wollen wir tanzen.

Eins zwei drei; Ich **Liebe** dich.

In drei Wörter; sagst mir was.

Wie geht's dir; meine Süsse Liebe.

Eins zwei drei; wir zwei alle.

Sind wir alle; wir zwei auch.

Eins zwei drei; vier fünf sechs.

Sprecht gerade nicht; Blick Blick Blick.

Eins zwei drei; wir wir wir.

Lassen uns tanzen: ich und du.

Ich für dich; und kein anderer.

Du bist mein; vier fünf sechs.

Schlaf du gut; gut gut gut.

Kuss kuss kuss; auf deiner Lippe.

Und mehr mehr: mehr als mehr.

Weil wir zwei; jemals wird **Lieben**.

Bis zu Allein; Wer uns sieht:

Halten von **H**änden; Süsse Süsse **Liebe**.

Du für mich; ich für dich.

Aber mehr mehr; mehr als mehr.

Du und ich: in drei Wörter.

Und darüber hinaus; Gott du ich.

Gott Du ich: Gott Du Ich.

Engagiert:

meiner Edlen Prinzessin Wiens



Être Humain Being Human **16.** (1983)il Comme forme form he as semble **Être** humain seems Being human le **cœur** ♥ n'y est pas the **heart v** is **nowhere** l'intelligence y est intelligence is mais pas bien but not enough forme il he comme as form me ressemble resembles me d'**Être humain** to **Being human** comme bête il as beast he is t<u>c-</u>⊙ egoïst est trop **égoïste** instinct there is l'instinct y est pour manger et to eat and cumuler cumulate but accumulate to much mais cumuler trop comme prendre taking as taking pour prendre to quel dieu which god will take prendra

comme forme il as form he

peut être may be

le blâme

de l'avoir créé

à son mage

humain ??? ??? human ??? ???

the blame

to have created

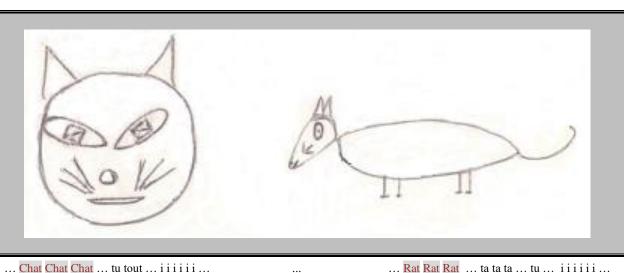
in own mage



11. *Chace* Chat Souri(s)ant Cat

Cat 'n Rat

1) F-1-11 (1977)



C'est ainsi que j'ai **P**erdu ma petite **souris**

qui me disait bien des non-dits ...

Jouer la journée toute avec elle l'autre jour le **chat** la voulu Connaissez-vous la Sensation bizarre d'être Désiré d'un chat?

" On a **Chaud** et **Froid**, tout à la fois " m'avait avoué ma petite **souris**.

C'est une vague <mark>I</mark>mpression d'**être** surveillé par le **D**estin; ces fentes obliques

si **p**ercantes

incompréhensibles

e**x**trêmement **b**rutale.

moitiés endormies

vous laissant
presque désintéressées,,
vous laissant libre
pour Forcer une llusion
de la liberté gagner par la sueur
L'amère goût de l'échec constant
vous rattrapant sans relâche
toujours ou jamais: sans peut-être
le cercle vicieux
n'existe qu'en Harmonie
avec la fin final

So's so, that I've Lost my mousy rat who said no more as together we sat ...

Play with him long all day wanted the **cat** to him to say.

Do you ever feel bizarre **Sensations** that o'er you steal when a **cat Desires** you as meal?

" One is **Hot** 'n **Cold**, all at once " avowed me my **mouse n**ever a dunce.

It's a vague Impression of **being** surveyed by Destiny; the oblique slots so piercing

incomprehensible

half asleep

regard you
almost disinterested,

free to go

Forcing an Illusion
of liberty gained by the sweat
of bitter taste of constant defeat
re-trapping you without fail
Always or never: without any bail
in this vicious circle
existing only in Harmony
of a final end

extremely **b**rutal.



1. *@‱<mark>2e* Chat</mark> Souri(s)ant

Cat<mark>'n</mark> Rat

(1) F-1-11 (1977)

Il se témoigna un midi un jeu sans contre partie, ni gain ni Sourir entre ma souris et le chat.

La **souris** l'avait interrogé :

- " Pourquoi se bâtir le sans spoir?"
- " En Éliminant le Hasard, on construit l'Éternel

lui répondit le **chat**.

- " Qu'est-ce que cela veut dire? '
- " L'espoir se maintient que s'il reste en cours de non Réalisation! spoir est tout subjectif; les faits intangibles se réUnissent par Hasard pour le rendre Réel, mais

l'**spoir** en se **R**éalisant se **D**étruit :

ainsi, le Hasard est l'instrument

de Destruction de l'espoir.

Je n'aime pas la Destruction,

donc **j'**élimine le **Hasard**;

en conséquence, **j'**essaie

de **construire**

l'état Éternel de sans Espoir!

Que **penses**-tu,

est affiché sur la Porte de Paradis?

Ici Aucun Espoir

Ne Sera Plus Jamais Réalisé.

Le permanent

ne subsiste que

Par l'élimination de l'éphémère.

Elle l'entendit mais elle fut sans réponse!

C'est ainsi que j'ai **P**erdu

ma petite **souris**

qui me disait bien des non-dits ...

Witnessed one nc. n after such a play of no counter-part, gain nor Laughs 'tween my mousy rat 'n cat.

My mouse had asked:

- " Why build's one the without ope?"
- " Eliminating the Hazard,
 an Eternal can one construct
 replied to him the cat.

" What does it mean? "

ope is only held if not actually **R**ealised!

ope is all subjective;

intangible facts

Unite by Hazard

for to make look Real, but

ope not Realised sets Destruct :

so, **Hazard** is instrument

of Destruction of ope.

I **Love** not **D**estruction,

so **me** eliminates **Hazard**;

in consequence, **me** tries

to **construct**

the **Eternal** state of without **Hope**!

What do you think,

display Don's of Paradise's Brink

Here No Hope

Will Ever Be Realised

Permanent

only subsists

by elimination off the inconstant.

Mousy listened staying without reply!

So's so, that I've Lost

my mousy rat

who said no more as together we sat ...

18.

Une Fourmi (Sur Mûr)

An Ant (Mounts a Wall) F-1-18 (1984)

sa destination cherchant

monte un mûr

ainsi une **fourmi**

lentement

ascendante

dans une Eternité

en une solitude

en une silence

indispensable

que soit mal-placé

en In**C**onnues Eternitées

car le prisonier

apparament

disparaîtra

sans

une reason

si apparente

<mark>visible ou</mark> invisible

Un In<mark>C</mark>onnu

dit super

<mark>un</mark> homme

qui n'est que

la même

même fourmi

allo Puissante

allo faible

mais

divisée en twain

parle bien

<mark>mon</mark> Maître <mark>ashraf</mark>

voyant vaguement

les Étoiles

glissant et grimpant

vers le Haut

vers le Haut

glissant et grimpant

les **É**toiles

voyant vaguement

mon Maître ashraf

divisée en twain

mais

allo faible

allo Puissante

même fourmi

la même

qui n'est que

<mark>un</mark> homme

dit super

Un In<mark>C</mark>onnu

visible ou invisible

si apparente

une reason

sans

disparaîtra

apparament

car le prisonier

en In**C**onnues Eternitées

que soit mal-placé

indispensable

en une silence

en une solitude

dans une Eternité

ascendante

lentement

ainsi une **fourmi**

monte un mûr

cherchant

sa **destination**

its' destination searching

mounts a wall

thus an ant

slowly

ascending

unto an Eternity

in a solitude

in a silence

indispensable

that be it miss-placed

in UnKnown Eternit

'cause the prisoner

apparently

will disappear

without

a reason

so apparent

visible or invisible

An Un**K**nown

said super

a man

who is but

the same

same ant

lo Powerful

lo feeble

but

in divided twain

my Master ashraf

seeing vaguely

the Stars

crawlin' 'n creepin'

up-wards to Heaven's

up-wards to Heavens

crawlin' 'n creepin'

the Stars

seeing vaguely

my Master ashraf

in divided twain

but

lo feeble

lo Powerful

same ant

the same

who is but

a man

said super

An Un**K**nown

visible or invisible

so apparent

a reason

without

will disappear

apparently

'cause the prisoner

in UnKnown Eternitic

that be it miss-placed

indispensable

in a silence

in a solitude

unto an Eternity

ascending

slowly

thus an ant

mounts a wall

searching

its' destination

20.

Les Corbeaux

Le **ystère** des Corbeaux

(V r in a **Battle**) F-1-20 (2011)

London / Londres Crows Le Wystery of Crows is of thousand fold centuries; and their solidarity is also of a thousand surprises: cause they stick well together in the well and the unwell. A crowd of **Crows**, **crowing** had lost a one so so dear; 160 sing dear ones is normal it happens on and off to all: but to lose one legely unjustly, that's not on nor done. So the crowd of **Crows** was in so sad 'n loud uproars; they had held no tort nor Harm to suffer any **Hurt** any **Harm**; but aggressively, one was Killed of a bullet, off a hand held arm. Thus they Cried 'n Shrilled 'n they **S**hrilled 'n they **C**ried; the whole <mark>Sky</mark> was **black** or let's say **grey**, as is in English: OK, in a United Kingdom, um um, Crows are dark grey, not black. Solidarity unified of animals sets Humanity to Shame, dumb dum; the **Sun n**ever sets, or did not on the British Empire ... of the Past: 'n the **Sun n**ever sets still yet on a Uni Kingdom of the Crows, um um thus 50,000,000 Dead ... for one's reat rand Glory ??? 'n so my Friend of Yester 'n today let's Learn to Learn a lesson a day; a pack of straw does not go astray if not undone, nor be done betray: " animals Live 'n let Live, to stay,,

While We Victors r War o'War aWay.

genocid**e**

6 War**L**ords = all <mark>lil Boys</mark>, 'n <mark>fat men</mark> ... <u>Smalls' reat War</u> ... (<u>Churchill</u>, <u>Roosevelt, Stalin</u>,

```
est millénaire:
et leur solidarité
aussi de mille surprises:
car ils tiennent bien ensemble
dans le bien ou le mal.
Un vol des cor-beaux, beaux-corps
avait perdu un être bien trop cher;
perdre ses bien-aimés est normal
ce va et vient, ainsi se passe pour tous:
mais de perdre un, sans apparent cas
sans justice, cela ne se fait pas.
Donc cette foule de Corbeaux
était en tumulte vocifère:
ils n'ont nul commit de tort ni Mal
pour Souffrir bien, Malaise ou Mal;
par aggression, un des siens est Mort
d'une balle de fusil, bien en tort.
Ainsi ils Criaient et Pleuraient
et ils Pleuraient et ils Criaient;
le Ciel était noir, à rien se voir
ou plutôt gris, comme l'Anglais le dit:
OK, dans une Royaume Unie, um um,
les Corbeaux sont gris-gris, pas noir.
La Solidarité unifié des animaux
jette sur l'Humanité bien Honte, um dum;
le Soleil ne couche pas, ne couchait pas
sur l'Empire Britannique ... du Passé:
et ce Soleil ne couche encore jamais
sur l'Unie Royaume des Corbeaux, um um ...
              ... donc 50,000,000 Mort ... pour sa randeur et sa Gloire ???
et ainsi mon Ami de Jadis et toujours
si, Apprennes à Apprendre une leçon par 'y'our;
une poignée de paille ne se détruit pas
si non défaite, ou par sa propre trahison: "
l'animal vie et laisse vivre, au Frand Jour, génocide
Gʻr'ueule Frande Gronde Guerre Guère Grande.
```

Hitler, Mussolini, Hirohito) ... rande Guerre des Petits ... 6 Gâté = si e-Gay : G...enola

Tariq Hameed ... Kalai-ka-Thakhta ... The Wrist Key-Board for <mark>Urdu</mark>, Arabic, Farsi & Turkish ... MQZ (National Language of Pak)

... Red ... Atomic Digit Letters ... Super-Imposed Diacritics ... Multiply Posed Image Elements ...

http://www.noor-us-samaawal.org/inhome.php#Q165.0

مُختَصِر سي بَات ہے ، اِک سہاني رَات ؛ گبنا نہ: نہ گبنا ؟

تم و مَیں اِک ساتھ ہیں ، اور ہاتھوں میں ہاتھ ہیں ؛ نہ گہنا ؟

اور جب بارس کے ہلکے قطروں سے ، کم سی روسنی میں ؟

نبا دیا اِس سماء کو ، تو طارق نے دھمے سے کہا: گہنا نہ ؟

. "أبجد أردُو بَر قُرآنِي طَر نِ" ... مُكَمَّلُ ... {٢٠١٨/١٠/٢

. ئوں چىسے ئستى كِتَابَتْ ... 'ح 👌 ... 'س 👌 ... ئُكُهُ عَلِيحَهُ ...

<u>.ف.ق.گ لیم ں ن میں قرع ہی</u> .ئ (ےٹ) ^{صلے} ایب ت (ق) ٹ ج ح خ د ڈررزیس ش ص ص طرط ع غ .1. Change

'Tis in Short Words,

'Tis a Soft Night;

Say Nothing: say Not?

.2.

You 'n Me are together,

Hands in Hands;

But say it Not?

.3.

And When, in
Light Rain-Drops, in
Slight Lacking Light unto?

So Softens this Scene,

Then Tariq says sweetly
O, say it Not,

O, Say Not?

سَادُهو بَن ا ور سَادَه بَن ؛ نَه بَن تو بَس الِك الْنِسَال بَن !

بَنْنا ہوتًا تو آب تک ہوتے بنے ؛ نَہ کِہ جَانور ہِی بن!

أور جب طَارِق نِے دُم بِلَائِي ؟ صندا نُوں بَدلِي وَاه وَاه مِيں ؟

تَب تَمَام جُهومِے خُوسِنِي سِے: كِم آخِر ، نُوں ہوتًا " بَندَه جو بَن " إ

... "أبچد أردُى بَر قُرآنِي طَرِنْ " ... مُكَمَّلُ ... {٢٠١٨/١٠/٣١}

بَرِّی مُسْکِل ہَے ہَر گام کا آسَاں ہونا، آدمِی کو مُیٹر نَہِیں اِنسَاں ہونا! خَالِب-

> <u>. ف ق ك ل م ں ن ہ ہ . ؤ . ء .ي . ئ (ے) ، ملح.</u> اب <u>ت (</u> ق) ت ج ح خ د ار ز س س ص ص ط ط ع غ

1.

Be Saint 'n be Softness;

If wanna be No-One

So Human Being BE!

.2.

Had U wanted to BE

Then you'd be a Being;

Now Animal but BE BE!

3.

And When,

So if Wags 'tis Tail Tariq,
Rumours Echo unto:

.4. (So says Ghalib)

'Tis so Difficult

That All becomes Easy,

Fate allows not Man

That BE only Human BE!

Tariq Hameed … Kalai-ka-Thakhta … The Wrist Key-Board for <mark>Urdu</mark>, Arabic, Farsi & Turkish … MQZ (National Language of Pak)

... Red ... Atomic Digit Letters ... Super-Imposed Diacritics ... Multiply Posed Image Elements ...

hllp://www.noor-us-samaawal.com/#U165.1.

خَوابِ آتِے ہیں ، عُمر عُمر مِیں ، بَعد بَعد مِیں ؛ جَبِکِہ بِیتِے سَبِ ؟ جَو انِي کي بَاتِينِ اُور ، يَادِينِ اَور ؛ بيت جَائِ آجگل جَب ؟ اور جب قَدَم قَدَم رَكهتِ رَكهتِ ، كُهو خ طَارِق خَيالوں مِيں ؟ کِتنِی حَسِین تِهی دُنیَا ! جَب بَنتِی تِهی خَاکِ دُهول ہی ہِے سَبَب ؟ "أبچد أردُو بَر قُرآنِي طُرنْ " ... مُكَمَّلْ ... (٢٠١٩/١٠/٣١} دوستوں کی باتیں، کبھی کبھی بیتی یادیں، آتی ہیں خُوابوں میں؛ انتظار بُ

' ... ' ح ہ ہُ' ... ' ح ہ ہُ' ... ' ے ہُ ہِ' ... کُٹُنَه عَلِيحدَه ... نُوں چىسىے دَستِي كِتَابَتْ ... 'ا جَ

<u>ف قرق گیلیہ ں زیمیں ۔ قرعری ۔ ئ (ےٹ) ملے۔</u> رایب <u>ٹ ر</u>خ رفر رزیر سن م<mark>ر بص بارط درخ</mark>

مِيرًا جَبَاد انْسَال كي عِزْت كَرِنَا ؛ أور جَنَاب كا 'نَا وَال' ؟

خُوبِ دَهن ، خُوبِ مَن ، خُوبِ ثَن ؛ اَسْرَفِي سَرو سُرير ؟ 'صندقِے جَاوَاں '!

أور جب طَارِق نِے تُمبِي كَهَا "رَاه زَن"! تو تِل مِل بل جُل مِيں ؟

خُوب بل خُوب چهل ، كِه نِكلِم آه مُنه سِم ، 'كهانواں ' بي ' كهانواں ' إ

... "أبجد أردُو بَر قُرآنِي طَرِنْ " ... مُكَمَّلُ ... (٢٠١٨/١٠/٣١}

 ٥٠ 'ر
 ٥ '٥ '... 'س
 ٥ '٥ '... 'ئگتَه عَلِيحَدُه

 ... نُوں چىسے نَستِى كِتَابَتْ ... '١ '٥ '... ' ح '٥ '٥ ''ر

فَ قَدِ كَا لِدِمِ فِي زِدِهِ وَ فَي عَدِي مِنْ (عُنْ) مِلْحِي ا ب ت (ة) ن جرح خرد **در ن** س **س ص طرط عرغ**

Dreams come,

Age by Age, Gone Begone When All Disappears!

.2.

Youth's another Affair, **Memories Remain?** 'N Every-Day Disappears!

.3.

And When.

Puts Fore Foot by Foot, Tarig Lost in Dreams unto:

What a Beauty This World was! When Dust went Cinders 'N Every-Act Disappears?

.1.

My Sacred Goal's **Human Honour:** 'N Yours 'Money-Honey'?

.2.

O MiMi, O PiPi, O HiHi; Cash 'n Evil lick Money? O 'Money-Hunty'!

.3.

And When,

Tarig named you 'crO-Ok'! 'N Damnation U fell unto:

Laugh Well, Weep Well, Without Sound in Breath,

Or in Soul.

"Beat Beat Eat Eat' Any?

olour Code Explained	Spiegazione Codice <mark>colore</mark>	Code ouleurs Expliqué	arbcode Erklärt	
English	Italiano	Français	Deutsch	
olour Code: TH Invention	Codice Colore: TH Invenzione	Code ouleurs: TH Invention	arbcode: TH Erfindung	
Fast Jump Reading Help	Guida rapida alla lettura	Aide à la lecture rapide	Schnellsprung-Lesehilfe	
Eyes self Select olours	Occhi soli Seleziona olore	Yeux Choisi les ouleurs	A ugen Wählen <mark>arben</mark> aus	
Grammar: Language Law	Grammatica: Legge Languistica	Grammaire: Loi de Langue	Grammatik: Sprachgesetz	
Detectable & Applicable	Rilevabile & Applicabile	Détectable & Applicable	Nachweisbar & Anwendbar	
NOR Change NOR Diversion	NON Modificare NON Deviare	SANS Modifier SANS Dévier	NEIN Ändern NEIN Umleitung	

<u>Fast Reading</u> is an <u>Eye Jumping Process</u>: It Allows to **Read Quickly** ... by an <u>Intuitive</u> <u>Text-Choise</u> by Experience! La Lettura Veloce è un Processo che Salta degli Occhi : Permette la Lettura Veloce ... Scelta <u>Intuitiva</u> per Esperienza! Lecture Rapide est un Processus qui fait Sauter les Yeux : Il Permet de Lire Vite ... un Choix <u>Intuitive</u> par Expérience! Schnelles Lesen ist ein Augensprungprozess : Ermöglicht Schnelles Lesen ... durch eine <u>Intuitive</u> Wahl durch Erfahrung!

Grammatical Activity Base is 1. Meaning 2. Anonymes/Synonymes ... But NO Concept of Words Associations!

Basi dell'Attività Grammaticale 1. Significato 2. Anonymes/Synonymes ... ma con NESSUN Concept di Parole Associative!

Base d'Activité Grammaticale 1. Signification 2. Anonymes/Synonymes ... Mais AUCUN Concept Associative de mots!

Grundlagen der Grammatikarbeit 1. Bedeutung 2. Anonym / Synonym ... Aber KEIN Begriff von Wortassoziationen!

These Words Associations have been Analysed by **TH** ... Relationships: Spirituality, Cosmos, Nature, Human & ... etc! Queste Associazioni di Parole sono state analizzate da **TH** ... Relazioni: Spiritualità, Cosmo, Natura, Umano e Altri ecc! Ces associations de mots ont été analysées par **TH** ... Relations: Spiritualité, Cosmos, Nature, Humain: bien Autres etc. Diese Wortassoziationen wurden von **TH** analysiert ... Beziehungen: Spiritualität, Kosmos, Natur, Mensch, & Andere!

Thus New Groups have been Defined, to Contrast these Classical Omissions, which NO Genious has Never ever Tackled! Così sono stati Definiti Nuovi Gruppi, per Contrastare queste Omissioni Classiche, che NESSUN Genio mai Affrontavò! Ainsi, Nouveaux Groupes sont définis, pour Contraster ces Omissions Classiques, qu'AUCUN Génie n'a jamais abordées! Neue Gruppen definiert, um klassische Auslassungen zu kontrastieren, die KEIN Genie jemals in Angriff genommen hat!

Below: Example List of these <u>Bases</u>: <u>Devine</u>, <u>Spirit</u>, <u>Cosmos</u>, <u>Universe</u>; <u>Nature</u>, <u>Human</u>, <u>Danger</u>, <u>Nul</u>, <u>colours</u> & etc! <u>Sotto</u>: Esempio: Elenco di queste <u>Basi</u>: <u>Divino</u>, <u>Spirito</u>, <u>Cosmo</u>, <u>Universo</u>; <u>Natura</u>, <u>Umano</u>, <u>Pericolo</u>, <u>Nullo</u>, <u>colori</u> ecc! <u>Dessous</u>: Exemple: Liste de ces <u>Bases</u>: <u>Divin</u>, <u>Esprit</u>, <u>Cosmos</u>, <u>Univers</u>; <u>Nature</u>, <u>Humain</u>, <u>Danger</u>, <u>Nul</u>, <u>ouleurs</u> etc! <u>Unten</u>: <u>Beispielliste</u> dieser <u>Basen</u>: <u>Göttlich</u>, <u>Geist</u>, <u>Kosmos</u>, <u>Universum</u>; <u>Natur</u>, <u>Mensch</u>, <u>Gefahr</u>, <u>Nul</u>, <u>varben</u>: usw.!

A .			Devine Dio God gods Love Amorato Propin Cupid banjo violini Ideal
B.	Cosmos Cosmos Kosmos		Cosmo Galaxy Sky Dawn New Times Watch twinkle tintinnano inFiniti
C.	Universe Universo Unvers Universum		Universo Universum World Mondo Welt Earth Shore Lake Luna Pluto
D.	Nature Natura Nature Natur		Spring Summer Autumn Winter Rythms Rose flower rami leaves buds
E.	Animals Animali Animaux Tiere		Dog Cat Locust Crow fly frog croak mole rabbit cuculo snake trout fishy
F.	Aspects Aspetti Aspects Aspektt		Beauty <mark>Sweet dolce Bird færy happy</mark> pretty Past Present Futuro Lyes
G.	Contacts Contacts Kontakte		Friends Being Umana Fanciulla Donna Mother O-Nonno child <u>Nessuno</u>
H.	Water A cqua E au W asser		Water Aqua River ripple cloud <mark>drop gocce Starts Hazy Horizon</mark> Wave
I.	Snow/Wind Neve/Vento Niegs Luft		Icicles neve nebbia morbidezza fiocchi Air Cold Hot Warm Caldo Difetti
J.	Mountains Monti Montagnes Bergen		Mountain Rocce Colline Ground Land Terra Fossa Crevice Granite peaks
K.	Forests Foreste Forëts Wâlder		Trees Legno Valley Meadows Prati Trifogli grass salads Ruscello Stream
L.	olours olori ouleurs arben	'	brown amber pink red argent gilt ebony green white giallo grey black
M.	. ^Shimmers V ibra C hatoyer F limmer		Rainbow Lights mages Faint Lustre Hopes Fearls Peace 'n Harmony
N.	Mystery Mistero Mystére Geheinnis		Know Purity Truth Thought Penso Paradis Fumo sleep UCE ombra
Ο.	Painful Triste Douleur Schmerzen		Broke Pain Harm Hur Harsh Conflitto Lacrime Tears burn crush lonely
P.	Sadly Triste Triste Traurig		Sad Scream Grief Slave Tragic Silent Echo Sound Joke Feel tired stanco
Q.	Danger Pericolo Danger Achtung;		Fear Death Defeat Old AVoid Secret husky below Depth whisper Ghost
R.	beYond Al-delà Al di là D aÛber		Above Over down Heaven Hell Fire Destiny Chance rêve Anima Spirits
0	Cree derr Voni Dirrongo Vongobiodono		Pound Dhontom Fnd Awake tonobee Visible never mud Dflog No. N. Cotos



Urdu	The V	Vorld	Languag	e <mark>Lassa</mark>	ın-ul Erd
	Language	Folks	%	Family	Branch
1.	Chinese	918	11.922%	Sino-Tibetan	Sinitic
2.	<mark>Urdu</mark>	815	10.584%	Indo-Semetic	Mid-Orient
3.	Spanish	480	05.994%	Indo-Europe	Romance
4.	Arab	466	05.819%	Indo-Semetic	Mid-Orient
5.	English	379	04.732%	Indo-Europe	Germanic

Strange Enough ... Most Statistics Consulted ... **Ignored Arab** ... **Bias**?

In my **Urdu Str**uggle ... twice **Thr**eated was I, by Elimination? Why? Language? Where it **Hurts**? Only Simple **Language**?

Questions Un-Answered? & Un-Wanted?

- 1. 1^{st.} Slavery Principle: Garbish Speech
- 2. Talk Strange ... Eat & Act Strangers
- 3. Ridicule Heritage: do lo-ok Strangers
- 4. Till Nothing's Left: eXcept Strangers
- 5. Honourable Nations, are Independent
- In Action: Speach & Acts & Culture!

.... Urdu ... Language Distribution ... Lassan-ul Erd ... Belt & Road ...

To Classify a Language as a World Language, the only Criteria is to estimate ... in How many Worldly Lands, is it Spoken? Thus to take Chinese, it is mostly limited in East and South-East Asia ... Spanish, likewise to West Europe, 2nd. In USA, and mostly in South America ... Arab has the same case; mostly in the Mid-East and North Africa ... English is more wide, but is largely rare in South America and parts of North-East Asia ... However, Urdu is overall the Banner Bearer: thus to say Almost Everywhere!

Urdu ... only to take the Pak-Hind sub-Continent, is astonishing ... Pak 205 million; Hind 510 million; Nepal 1 million == 815M? Here to avoid All Bias & Prejudice, we count NOT the multiple Pak-Hind populations in the 5 Continents ... as if 'twas Homeland.

Thus **Urdu** well deserves its **Merited Right** of being called ... **The Future World Language** ... Like it or NOT!

Comparing just Statistics, we'll Study ... **ISTANS** at **HEART** of the **Future ilk Belt & Road**.

Pakistan ... The Name comes from P=Punjab, A=Afghan, K=Kashmir, S=Sind, tan=Baluchistan: (Inventor)

Chaudhry Mohammed Ali, in his Book "Now or Never" of 28/01/1933: PAKSTAN. I was added later for Harmony!

Pakistan has fairly sizable Reserves of gypsum, limestone, chromite, iron ore, rock salt, silver, gold, precious stones, gems, marbles, tiles, copper, sulfur, fire clay and silica sand ... now Gas & also Petrol. Is World Largest Water Bank.

Afghanistan Reserves: copper, gold, oil, natural gas, uranium, bauxite, coal, iron ore, rare earths, lithium, gypsum, chromium, lead, zinc, gemstones, talc, sulphur, travertine and marble. Its population is 40 Million, with a New Regime.

... Reserves: hydropower; gold, locally exploitable coal, natural gas, mercury, nepheline, petroleum, lead and zinc, bismuth, and rare earth metals which are an important world demand, at present. Its population is 7 Million.

... Reserves: mineral rich country with more than 600 documented deposits of 50 different minerals; silver, gold, lead, zinc, antimony, mercury, molybdenum, tungsten, iron, tin, boron, strontium, fluorspar, rock salt, precious and semi-precious stones, bituminous coal, anthracite, graphite, mineral wax. Its population is 10 Million.

.... Reserves: Oil, coal, various ore and non-metallic deposits are priceless treasures of the Republic; more famous are chrome iron ore, polymetallic copper, tungsten, molybdenum and uranium ores. Its population is 19 Million.

Uzbekistan Reserves: metallic ores found in (Olmaliq mining belt, Kurama Range); copper, zinc, lead, tungsten, and molybdenum are extracted; there are also substantial reserves of **natural gas, oil, and coal. Its population is 34 Million**.

Turkmenistan ... Reserves: 200 identified deposits of minerals; barite; celestine; coal; copper; clays, such as bentonite and kaolin; gypsum; lead; marble; potash; quartz sand; salt; sand and gravel; sulfur; and zinc. Its population is 7 Million.

... Reserves: natural gas, iodo-bromide waters, lead, zinc, iron, and copper ores, nepheline syenites utilized for aluminum, common salt, and Building Materials, marl, limestone, and marble. Its population is 11 Million.

... Reserves: antimony, coal, chromium, mercury, copper, borate, sulphur, and iron ore. Nearly half of Turkev the workers in Turkey are employed in agriculture, an essential part of the ecnonomy. Important crop is cereals, particularly wheat. In 2023, Turkey is being Liberated of its 1st. World War Constraints. Its population is 82 Million.

1965 Istanbul, I read Inscriptions in Blue Mosque; old a Turk, *Tears* in Eyes Embraced me: U can Read it, I can't! 'Tis Crime to Steel History?

Population: Pak=230 M ... Afghan=40M ... Kyrg=7M ... Tagic=10M ... Kazak=19M ... Uzbek=34M ... Turkmen=7M ... Azarbai=11 M ... Turkey=82 M ... So a Faboulous Population of 440 Million: mostly MUSLIM? Thus a Racial Bias?

... <mark>Urdy</mark> is the Main Reason ... that the <mark>World</mark> Politics are Changing and a<mark>New World</mark> is Emerging ... Silk Belt & Road ...



... <mark>Urdu</mark> ... Language Distribution ... <mark>Lassan-ul Erd</mark> ... Belt & Road ...

Urdu deserves well, the Merited Name ... Future World Language ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality! Comparing Language Statistics ... ISTANS at HEART of the Future like Belt & Road.

- **1. Afghanistan Languages**: **Dari** is the *Lingua Franca*, in reality Farsi or Persian, about 40% ... Pashto is spoken by 39%, Uzbek 10%, English 3%, Turkmen 3%, Urdu 5%; however Urdu's on rise in recent years: 'n reasonably can be estimated, that because of the New Regime's Interaction with **Pakistan** ... its Role will become much larger; as per new International needs of the **ilk** Road arising, a modern **Lingua Comoda**, is the cry of the day.
- 2. Kyrgistan Languages: Till now, Kyrgyz was the language spoken mostly at home 'n was rarely used in meetings 'n other events; but, most parliamentary meetings today are conducted in Kyrgyz (simultaneous interpretation). 'Twas written in Arabic script; Latin script was introduced in 1928: subsequently to be replaced to Cyrillic in 1941, by Stalin's orders, resulting from the pending language reform in the neighboring Kazakistan, Kyrgistan in future, will be the only independent Turkish-speaking country, to use the Cyrillic script.
- Tajikistan Languages: Tajik 'n Persian languages are very closely related 'n mutually intelligible. The Tajiks' centuries-old economic symbiosis with oasis-dwelling Uzbeks also somewhat confuses the expression of a distinctive Tajik national identity ... Member of the southwest group of Iranian languages, is closely related to the mutually intelligible dialects of Farsi 'n Dari in Iran 'n Afghanistan, respectively: plus Urdu in Pakistan.
- 4. Kazakistan Languages: 130 ethnic groups live in Kazakistan ... including 65% Kazakhs, 21.8% Russians, 3.0% Uzbeks, 1.8% Ukrainians, 1.4% Uyghurs 'n 1.2% Tatars. Official languages of Kazakistan are Kazakh, with over 5 million speakers (28.57% of the population) around the country, and Russian, spoken by over 6 million people (33.65% of population) ... Now being a Part of the lilk Route, its close links obliges them a Lingua Comoda.
- 5. Uzbekistan Languages: One of Turk Languages, belonging to the Karluk branch. Uzbek language is the only official state language, which since 1992 is officially written in Latin script: which was previously the Nastaliq Urdu script.
- **Turkmenistan** Languages: Turkmenistan is the crossroads of World Civilizations; important stop on **ilk Road**, of main Role in the Muslim World; a language, based on Teke dialect is a member of Oghuz branch of *Turkish*.
- 7. Azarbaijan Languages: Turk Based, Azerbaijani being a member of Oghuz branch of south-western group; recognized as an official medium in Dagistan as well! But, is not official in Northern Iran, where Azerbaijanis exceed. When one says Turk, one says partly Urdu ... 'N Noblesse Oblige ... ilk Road, Lingua Comoda.
- 8. Turkey Languages: No language other than Turkish shall be taught as a mother tongue to Turkish citizens at any institutions of training or education Art. 42, Constitution of the Republic of Turkey.

 In 2023, Turkey is being Liberated of its 1st. World War Constraints ... so this a very longly Dreamt Middle Corridor, Trans-Caspian China to Europe Connection by railways 'n highways, via Caucasus 'n Central Asia; is viewed as a complement to China's ilk Belt & Road: an Initiative, but NOT a Competitor.
- 9. Pakistan ... The Name comes from P=Punjab, A=Afghan, K=Kashmir, S=Sind, tan=Baluchistan: (Invented by Chaudhry Mohammed Ali, in his Book "Now or Never" (28/01/1933): PAKSTAN. I, introduced later!

 What Miraculous is ... is that the Genghis Army was composed of many Clans & Nationalities; with Languages closely Related to each other: often with similar Sounds or Meanings: eg. Rehman's Arab, Jamhuriat's Turk, Kishwar's Persian ... ALL being an Integral Part of Urdu ... so Urdu has a Supranational International Base!

 Pakistan Languages: 'n Lastly Not Leastly ... The iracle Language: The Language of the World ... Urdu.

 Originating from the Camp/Palace name of Genghis ... is a True World's Largest Living Lingua Comoda.

 1965 Istanbul, I read Inscriptions in Blue Mosque; old a Turk, Tears in Eyes Embraced me: U can Read it, I can't! 'Tis Crime to Steel History?

Languages: & Script Changes ... An International Complet & Sabotage ... Alieniate Folks of own History ... Primary Order Cultural Massacare: Faboulous Population? Grand-Millions: very MUSLIM? True Racial Bias?

... <mark>Urdu</mark> is the Main Reason ... that the <mark>World</mark> Politics are Changing and a<mark>New</mark> World is Emerging ... tilk Belt & Road ...

... <mark>Urdu</mark> ... <mark>Silk Belt & Road ... History Trace : P</mark>ast: Present: Future ...

Past ... The lik Route dates from 2nd. BC ... spanned Asia to the Mediterranean, across China, Himalayas, Arabia, Turkey, Greece, till Italy ... until the 14th. AD: with a heavy trade of it, as 'tis name. The secrets of **11k** were unknown at that period, which was thus valued in Europe & all southern Russian countries, a major part speaking **Arab, Turk & Persian**; which then gave rise, after **Genghis' Camp** or Tent, to a common Army Language Urdu: other items thus traded, included fabrics, spices, grains, hides, works of wood & metal, precious stones & porcelain (of which the fabrication process was likewise unknown)! This important passage had all facilities ... Trading-posts, Markets, Storage, Lodging & Facilities of Commerce. Travelers & traders used Camels & Horses: in modern times, often replaced by Archaeologist & Geographers; of immense impact on **West**: settling even the future **War Ways & Education**, such as gunpowder & paper!

The original **ilk Route dates from the Han Dynasty**. Under **Tang**, 618 to 907 AD. 'twas the **Golden** Age: serving the development of Science, Technology, Literature, Arts & various Study fields ... instrumental in Saving Europe from the Dark Ages: to the extent of spreading Buddhism, Christianity & Islam!

- Decline ... With the advent of newer Maritime Routes & the rising Concepts of Colonialism, the Ilk Route fell into disuse from the 14th. AC ... Savage Commercialisation, backed by Industrialisation lead to an unprecedented period of Catch & Capture: lasting about 5 centuries; until the Death Blow came to Direct Colonialism, in the shape of Communism, Nazism and a Feeble sort of Fake Humanitarianism, surprisingly? Thus a 1st. & 2nd. World War ... with the Liberation of Pakistan, India & eventually China!
- Present ... The Awakening of the Route dates from 2013 ... China which considers the 19th. Century as the "Century of Humiliation", due to the Opium Wars & the entire population being reduced to a **Nation of Opium-Sleepers**, Woke-up by a Peasant's Revolt lasting 30 years ... Re-organised to start looking at the **World** in the **F**ace: thus enabling an **Elevation** of the **Poor-Classes** to an **Honourable Life!**

Nothing is yet certain ... because **POWER can PLAY strange PRANKS on the POWER-HOLDERS** ??????? However, **China** since thousands of years has NO History of Colonialisation ... so 'tis hoped that errors such will NOT be enacted and that ... Humiliation Hounded in Honour, Homes Humility and Humanity ??? Thus is the Story of the renewed Future Silk Belt & Road: a Hope for Equals to be Equals in Honour!

- .. Gawadar ... The South-most Land-Port of the lik Belt & Road ... One of Major Deep-Sea Ports, which can harbour over 500 Large Ships, at a time. It belonged to the Khan of Kalat, who hosted an **Oman** Prince & then gifted it to him in 1781. Negotiating, Malik Feroz Khan Noon, re-obtained it on 8th. Sept. **1958!**
- Future ... The ISTANS at HEART of the Future silk Belt & Road ... Over 60 Major Countries will benefit; but so massive Land-Block remains ever Pakistan, Afghanistan, Kyrgistan, Tajikistan, Kazakistan, Uzbek**istan**, Turkmen**istan**, Azarbaijan, Turkey : Each **L**anguage having Words in <mark>Urdu</mark>: a <mark>Lingua Comoda</mark>.
 - Direct Multi Gold Standard: ... Inter-Country Exchange Values, or through Gold equivalent: Thus \$\$ Buried
 - 2. Monopoly Mineral Resources: ... All Rare Metals, Minerals, Raw-Materials, Precious Stones & You name it
 - 3. Solar Clean Energy: ... Pollution Pure, Ecological, Non-Emission, Electrical & Recyclable Cars & Vehicles
 - Water Dominance: ... Mountains, Glaciers, Lakes & Rivers, constitute enormous Reservoirs of Soft Waters 4.
 - 5. Woods, Trees & Plantations: ... Forests & Natural Safe Havens abound, protecting precious Flora & Fauna

 - 6. Access to Warm Water Oceans: ... All Asia, with over 20 Lands: finally finds an easy Way to Warm Waters
 - Space Research, based on Multi-G: ... To be commonly shared & equitably distributed, for Global Welfare & Pakistan's Language: 'n Last Not Least ... The racle Language: The Language of the World ... Urdu.

Urdu deserves well, 'tis World Merited Name ... Lassan-ul-Erd ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality!

Lorig Be-ok...

... Urdu ... Traditional silk Route ... History : Trade: Culture: Feace ...

Dubbed **ilk Route**, as heavy **ilk** trading that took place since 2nd. BC; initial monopoly being of China on this valuable product: but later the secret spread. Simultaneously, the route facilitated also trade of other goods; fabrics, spices, grains, fruits & vegetables, hides, wood & metal works, specially precious stones & porcelain ... spanning Asia to the Mediterranean: Himalayas, Arabia, Turkey, Greece, till Italy (Venice)! The **ilk** route included Groups of Trading Posts & Markets, to help in Storage, Transport, Lodging & Commerce Facilities, and other goods Exchange: used were Camels & Horses, as light and fast. Modern Archaeologist & Geographers, follow suite! This led to a common basic **Language Urdu**, for a major part of **Arab**, **Turk** & **Persian** speakers; based on the name of **Genghis'** Camp or Tent! (**Language** of Peace)! **But Strangely?** Gunpowder & Paper settled the future of the **West's War Monger Ways & Education???**

The original **lik** Route dates from the Han Dynasty. Under Tang, 618 to 907 AD. 'twas the Golden Age: serving the development of Science, Technology, Literature, Arts & various Study fields ... instrumental in Saving Europe from the Dark Ages: to the extent of spreading Buddhism, Christianity & Islam!

... Span ... Let's now Study, the Ancient European Civilisation ... Antiquity Polygon ...

- 1. Pharaonic: Egyptian, before **3100 BC** (United/Divided); until the country fell to Greece in 332 BC.
- 2. Hellenistic: Classic Greece is West cradle; Political Archetypes & Ideas, Philosophy, Science, & Art. They had NO Religion: but Myths, explaining Nature ... Mingling God & Man (Jupiter's Roman Belief)
- 3. Roman: Total Greek Base! From Julius Caesar Empire ... Augustus, golden age of prosperity; the 'Tis fall in 5 A.D. was the most dramatic implosion in the human civilization history.
- **4. Dark Ages: 500 years!** After Classical Antiquity, ensued a Surprising Epoch, NO Explanation; when Knowledge, Libraries & All Reason was Destroyed, named "Dark Ages" by Petrarch. Light Versus Ignorance (Paucity of Written Records, 5-9 AD): State devastated by Visigoths & Vandals (Vandalism)!
- 5. Orthodox Church: Evolution! Roman West Chuch declared forfeit, after the Stunned Defeat of a 3rd. Crusade by Salahuddin Ayubi (Saladin). Later all Crusades Failed, including the 8th. The Eastern Church was established at Constantinople, defeated by Sultan Fateh, by Passing Ships over Hills, to storm the Bosphorus ... Then the Orthodox Church took over! It was basically Russia, who was the cause of Turk Containment; the Crushing defeat of the Ottomans in 1699 AD ... January 26: Treaty of Karlowitz (Turkey & Venice, Poland, Austria) ... Turks quit C-Europe ... Role of Turks in Europe Ends!
- ... Colonialism ... Maritime Incursions ... The Shortest Lived Empire, in the History of the World: 300 years! 2 Centuries of Humiliation! It Started with Aggression on East ... Africa, India, Asia (with China) ... It can be Divided into 3 Elements: 1. Water Warfare 2. Industrialisation 3. 2 World Wars. However, with the Atom-Bomb Blast of Hiroshima & Nagasaki, West Signed its Death-Warrant for ever! Immediate, Liberation of Colonies ... Thus in a 100 years, the Sun will Set on the Western Front ... East was Humbled, but has NO Claims on Revenge ... Remember: Sun, & eace, Rise Ever in East!
- ... Modern Colonialism ... Camouflage Wars ... The 2nd, World War ended, but was devised the Hidden Rule ... Simple & Efficient ... Based on Power-Holders (West) 1. Corrupt Officials 2. Bank Accounts at Power-Holders 3. Money Laundering 4. Off-Shore Holdings 5. Amnesty Granted (Lipwise).
- ... Hidden 9th. Crusade ... Reality? ... Human Beings Cannot Change their Genes! However, NEW WORLD, with the Population we have, MUST COME TO TERMS! Choose eace or the END!

China: NO History of Colonialisation! Humiliation Hounded, in Honourable Homes Humility & Humanity??? Thus is the Story of the renewed Future silk Belt & Road: a Hope for Equals to be Equals in Honour!

... Future ... ISTANS at HEART of the Future Silk Belt & Road ... & Urdu: a Lingua Comoda.



... <mark>Urdu ... Future Silk Belt & Road ... 'Twill be : Feace: Technology</mark> ...

... North of Equator ... The known World was Limited to East of Atalantic & West of Pacific ... The Cape of Good-Hope, was discovered by Vasco de Gama, when using the Triangular Sails againt Wind (Arab Invention) established the 1st. Euro Colony in India (1510)... Thus till the 16th. AD, the Active World was North-Afro-Eurasia: the rest being the Unknown Continents; Americas, Australias, Antartic (+ Arctic). When Galileo affirmed, that World was Round, he was put on the Gallows (1615), his Historic Italian Phrase, "Il Mondo non è rotondo", adding "ma é Vero" "Tis True", saves his Life: making a fO-Ol of the set Church! Churches, Missionaries, & Mullahism: only Solve a Tystery by another Tystery: so Blind Lead Blinds! Apart from this Land-Mass, there existed another Tri-Division on the Water-Front ... The Active Oceans!

... Cold Sea ... South of Arctic & scans an entire Siberian Land-Span, is Snow-Bound, most year ... Thus Communication is scarce & like-wise Trade; leading most East Euro-Asia to seek Partners of Warmth!

... Mid Sea ... Binding North Africa, West Europe, West Asia ... known Cradle of known Civilisation!
This lead to Unprecedented Maritime Expansion, as Sea-Span was Limited, Storm-Conditions were Limited,
Distances were Limited, Neighbours Near; giving Free-Chance to Fight at Home & Dominate Gents of eace!

... Warm Sea ... The Indian Ocean, which gives Birth to the Gulf-Stream; warming West Atlantic & circling round the Brit-Iles, thus Moderating the Channel & West Europe ... NO Gulf-Stream, NO Europe! Today, the Entire World is Searching Warm-Waters for eace: Trade in eace: in Short ... to Live in eace! West has NO Other Choise but to Change Politics, Hippocracy, Attitudes: Equals so be Equals in Honour! Nothing is yet certain ... for POWER-Holders can PLAY strange PRANKS on POWER-HOLDERS ???????

... Future Polygon ... How'll All shape-out? Foreseen Interaction is Undefined ... Probabilities?

- China: From a Nation of Opium-Sleepers, Woke Peasant's Revolt of 30 years ... Re-organised to start looking at the World in the Face: thus enabes an Elevation of the Poor-Classes to an Honourable Life! History Proves ... thus being Self-Contained over 6000 years, it'll maintain its Non-Expansion in eace!
 Russia: Vast Span & Scarce Habitants; Needs Warm-Water Outlets: only by Teaming-up with its Old
- Soviet Partners (Ukraine, Byelorussa, Armenia, Georgia) Enmities lead Nowhere. (Veace with China)

 3. Arabs: Once Rose from a Small Town, Madina, to Conquer Empires ... Let Giants a Sleep Lie ...
- Once Awoke, Conquered Millions of Km/Sq in 10 yrs; includes Holy Lands: Nobly & Holyly!
- 4. Persia: Inspired by Persepolis (515 BC)! Tis Culture filters India! Most long Extensive Borders today are Afghanistan (North), Pakistan (East); Links Undeliable. Geo-Dicts Destiny: Live Together in Peace!
 5. Istan Areas: Mainly Muslims; so Common Interest will Unite! West: Superior Race Concept Fails.
- ... Indian Role ... Balkanisation on way ... West Wants China War: a planned Broke-up Pakistan! Mission Impossible, as 'Tis the shortest way to Warm-Waters, where an Infra-Structure exists! 'Tis Future!
- ... **Belt & Road** ... **Belt** is **Land**-Bound & comes from the Unending Himalaya Mounts **Belt** Ranges ... **Road** is **Sea**-Bound & comes from the Unending Maritime Ship-Corridors, named in Past, as a **Sea-Road**!
- ... Real Future... White West Technological Industry is totally China Based: Cheaper Fabrication! Enormous Research has put China, on the Fore-front of Scientific Impossibilities: Modernism Cumulation!
 - 1. 6G Broad-Band Data-Networks: Virtual & Heterogenic Augmented Reality (VR/AR); in Terahertz!
 - 2. Space & Spectrum: to Save our Green & Blue Planet, Recyclable Space Technology's an Essential! Clean Ecological Earth, Clean-Eco Solar Energy, Clean-Eco Space & Cosmos, & Clean-Eco Humanity!
 - 3. Nota: Tis Time Dawns to Wild White West, a 1/4th. Rest of Humanity is non-Expand eace-Loving!

Urdu deserves well, 'tis World Merited Name ... Lassan-ul-Erd ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality!

Tariq Hameed ... Personal & Family History

(*Deutschland* *Hannover* 1993 Onwards)

Healing with verse

Book of My Niece ... Zahra

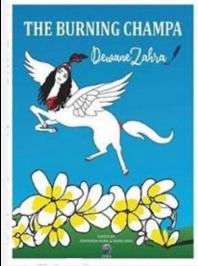
Homage to my **Dear Niece**: Daughter of Kausar Hameed (Kochi-ji) ... A **True Image of my Mother**

Zahra Hameed debuts an Anthology of Poetry ... Intimate Thoughts on Mental Health, Love & Relationships

Mental Health, no more is a Taboo: What in Past was Troublesome, is simply looked on now as a Brave 'n Courageous, that one Talks over it!

Burning Champa

Deciduous tree is an Apocynaceae: of Cultural Belief in most of Orient.





In a Similar Vein, Several of the DewaneZahra's Poëms in her Anthology allude to the Trepiditions and Joys of a Relationship 'tween a Man and a Woman. Zahra, it is possible, may even talk about herself ... but the Emotions are Universal!

What does a Man do ... To make a Woman feel Loved? A Man Notices Tiniest Things, Like Un-fallen Tear in my Eve!







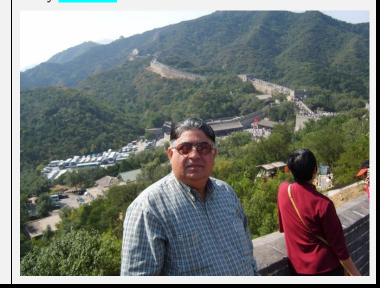
https: //uns plash .com/ s/pho tos/pl umer <u>ia-</u> rubra

Plumeria Rubra ... photo-1619516794122-c189bb741a5f.jpg ... photo-1619516947016-06223e8d61c8.jpg ... photo-1599351334993-b7a1c6cd774f.jpg

Urdu Translation of some Sufiana Verses ... (2021)

Zahra's Quatrain: to whisper stories کہانیوں کی سُنسُنَابَٹ کَرِن دَھرَن کی سُرسُرَابَتْ پَرچَهائِیوں کی حَرِکَت دَریچَہ مِینہ تُبَک تُبَک مِیں أَيْشُ جَلَّنَ كَي دَهُكَ دَهِكَ ۚ كُهُرِ تُمهَارِ ۚ آندَر مِينِ گُمشُدَه گُمشُدَه تَهكَن تَهك بند تُمرے مَندَر مِيں ! 07:37 🗸

To Whisper Stories Of What We are going to do Our Silouhettes move in Rainy Windows So Burn I Slow 'n Fast ... so, so Lost ... Inside of You. . Now Rendered to an Expanding Rhymed Quatrain ... My **Brother** at the Great Wall of China ... (2008)



*
9

Family Tree ... Hameed & Cie. ... (8 Generations Lahore) Reality-8- (2019)

G -G- G -G-Grand	7	Hafiz Allah Baksh	Qura'an	Memorised
G- G -G-Grand	6	Hafiz Hidayat Baksh	Qura'an	Memorised
G -G- G -Grand	5	Hafiz Qadir Baksh	Qura'an	Memorised
G- G -Grand	4	Hakeem Kareem Baksh	Hakeem	Medicine
Great-Grand	3	Hakeem Shams Deen	Hakeem	Medicine
Grand-Father	2	Mian Siraj Deen	(Supdt. Of a Directorate)	
Father	1	Khan Sahib	(LSMF) Dr. Begum	
rather		Mian Abdul Hameed (BA LLB)	Meraj Hameed Suharwardi	
Tariq (MA Eng. : ACA,	Lon. : IT, Fr)	Kausar Hameed (MBA)	Tahira Hameed (MSc)	

(Hand written by Nazir Ahmed Jia'baji) ... DG Lahore Municipal Corporation Daughter Shaheena Married Shahnawaz Zaidi (Chairman Fine Arts: Lahore University) Nazir A.J. was married to Mumtaz Apa ... Daughter of Maulvi Mohammad Azeem (My Ustad)

In the Musafir Qabaristan (Garhi Shahoo) we have many graves ... of the **two** parts of our Family

- 1. Father ... Syed Abdul Hameed : Mian Abdul Hameed : Mumtaz Apa : Begum Meraj Hameed
- 2. Mother ... About 20 of the Suharwardi (Khwaja) Family, including 5 of our maternal Uncles

The name of our Nana (Maternal Grand-Father) was Ghulam Mohammad ... Nani (Maternal Grand-Mother) was Ayesha Bibi or Begum ... per the Medical Degree of Khala Jan, found by younger son.

She passed in the year 1934 and Parveen Apa was born in 1931 --- all verified---

Sisters ... Sardar : Mumtaz (Married S. A. Hameed) : Saeeda (2nd of S.A.H.) : Meraj

Sardar Married Maulvi Mohammad Azeem (My Ustad) ... Had Naseem; Parveen; Naeem.

Maulvi Mohammad Azeem (My Ustad) ... Married 4 Times (Never 2 together) Sardar was 4th.

Syed Abdul Hameed ... Married twice ... Mumtaz died (Sutan; Kishwar) ... then Saeeda (Nasreen)

Our Maternal Grand Father, Ghulam Mohamad, was the first Muslim Magistrate in Kashmir ... Poisoned

Ayesha Bibi or Begum was left a Widow, with 4 girls ... their only brother died at an early age.

Sardar & Meraj became Doctors: Ludhiana State Medical Faculty --- Early Batches---

The Brother of Nana, Sagheer **Suharwardi**, then looked after the entire Family.

Meraj became the Superintendent of Bostel Jail Lahore ... for Political Grand Dames.

She knew all Grand Ladies of India thus ... to the extent of playing cards with Indra Ghandi.

Indra, as Prime Minister, invited her to India on an Official Visit: being now a Widow, she could not go.

Chief Justice of the **Pakistan**

Supreme Court for only 24 days

The <mark>Honourable</mark> Justice Jawad S. Khwaja: a Gem!

When I had

made too-oooo much Noise on Urdu All-Over. he sent me a massage by a **Dear** Reporter Friend that my

Life was in Danger ... so was advised to

iust SHUT-UP

my Big Mouth! And that the Supreme Court on its own will Take due Action

<mark>at Appropriate</mark> Time come ...

On the Last day of his tenure, Done was Done! Parliament & **Cabinet Team** & Oaumi Zuban were Instructed to Report on the Installation of

the Official PAK Language

but on their Dilly-Dallying, after his tenure the Traitors & BurocRATS proved that the

RATS remain always RATS!

But Struggle

Ever Continues! Tariq Hameed

يد مخفر تحرير ايك التبارے فيرمعمولي جي جائ كي - إلى عدالت سے صادر ہوئے والے فیصلے انگریزی زبان میں تحریر ہوتے ہیں۔ انگریزی زبان عام فہم نہیں ہے۔

مقدمات کی کارروائی کے دوران عدالتوں کے اعدر بسااوقات بیتاثر ملتا ہے کدا کشر وكلاء اور بعض جج صاحبان بھي اس زبان برأتناع بورنبيل ركتے، بقنا دركار ب_نظام عدل كي بھی زبان پر جنے عبور کا تفاضا کرتا ہے، اتناعبور انھیں حاصل نہیں ہے۔ اس مسئلے کی جزیں مضی میں دورتک طاش کی جاسکتی ہیں۔جب وکلاء اور جوں میں عدالتوں میں زیر استعمال زبان کے كماحقة فيم كى كى بياتو عوام الناس كاكيا حال بوگاجن كى اكثريت انكريزى زبان سے واقفيت نبيس ر کھتی۔ایے میں ذرائع ابلاغ میں عدالتی فیصلوں کی درست تنہیم مشکل ہوجاتی ہے اور بحث وتجزیہ کے دوران گفتگوا درسوج ، واقعات اور حقائق سے ہٹ جاتی ہے۔

عوام الناس محض تجويه نظارول اور قالوني "بيتلول" اور"مابرين" كيتاج بوكرره جاتے ہیں۔ بیصورت حال بھینا اطمینان بخش نہیں ہے۔

یا کتانی عوام کی اکثریت کوایے آئین اورآ کنی حقوق نے بارے میں آگات کے ليے دوسروں كاسباراليمايز تا ہے اور انھي مختلف تجوبيكاروں كى تشريحات اور تاويلوں كى جائج یزتال با تفتید کا خود صرف اس وجہ ہے موقع نہیں ملتا کہ عدالتی فیعلوں کی زبان اُن کی سجھ ہے

جہاں مندرجہ بالا تفاضوں کی اہمیت ہے، وہاں آئیٹی تفاضوں برنظر ڈالنے کی بھی اشد

یا کتان کے تکین میں "بنیادی حقوق" کاباب بے صداہم ہے۔ اس کے آرمکل 28 مين كها كياب كـ " مخلف زبان ، رم الخطاور ثقافت كا حال شريون كاكونى بحى حصديد فل ركامًا ے کہ وہ ان کی حفاظت اور ترون کرے اور آئٹی تقاضوں کو مذنظر رکھتے ہوئے اس مقصد کے ليادارے قائم كرے "اس كے علاوه آرنكل (1) 251 ش بدواضح طور بركها كيا بك یا کمتان کی تو می زبان اردو ہے، مزید یہ کہ نفاذ آئین کے چدرہ سال کے عرصے میں وہ تمام ضروری اقد امات وانظامات کر لیے جائیں گے جن سے اردوز بان سرکاری اور دیگر مقاصد کے لیے رائج ہوجائے۔اب تک اِس آئٹی تقاضے کو پورا کرنے کے لیے کی جامع اور خوں منصوبہ بندی کے تحت کوئی خاطر خواہ قدم نہیں اٹھایا گیا۔ گوآ کمین کے نفاذ کو 37 سال سے زیادہ عرصہ كزرچكا بيديوى قوم كے ليے لحفظريب

اس فیلے کا ایک مقصد یہ می ہے گہ تمین کے آرنگل 28 اور (1) 251 کی یاس وارنگ کم (Jawad Khwaja: int) CPS 10 & 18/11

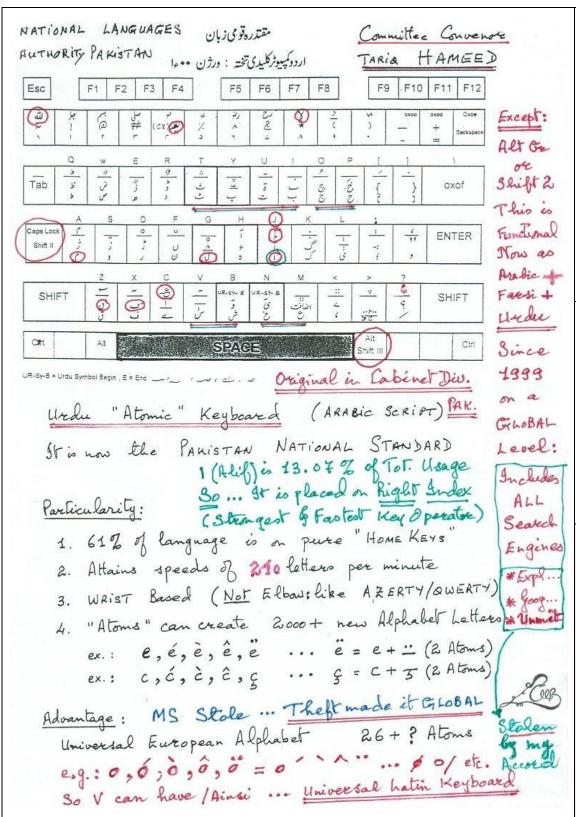
ك لياك قدم برهايا جائي كن ال ع بحى برد وكرمقصود بيب كما تحنى فيط براوراست عوام تک پہنچانے کی کوشش کی جائے۔

يهال بدكهنا مناسب موگا كه قانوني فيعلول مين انگريزي زبان كااستعال فوري طورير ترک کرنے کی نداؤ ضرورت ہاورندای اس فیصلے کواس کی سفارش سمجھا جائے۔ بتحریر تفصیلی انكريزى فيل كاجم فكات كااردو بيرابيب تاكتوام براوراست اس استفاده كرسكين

18 دیرا آئی زیم ایک 2010 در 19 دیرا آئی ترسی ایک 2010 کے مل دیا۔ان آئی ترائیم کے بارے ٹی علیمدہ سے گا آئی مقدمات دارُ ہو چکے ہیں اور تراثيم نے پريم كورٹ، وفاقى شرى عدالت ادر بائى كورۇں ميں جۇں كے تقريكا پراناطراية كار يدونون ادار ساماً مين سكار رئيل 175A كاتحت وجود شرماً ال

کرائے گئے دو ادارے میں: جوڈیشل کیفٹن آف پاکتان ادر پارلیمانی کیٹی۔ان دوؤں تقدمات کا تصفیرایک ہی فیصلے ہے کیاجا رہا ہے کیونگدان میں اٹھائے گئے قانونی ادرآ گئی إن دونوں مقدمات میں موضوع بحث جارے آئیں میں حال دی میں متعارف ئے 2011ء 4-3-2011 کی تائیر فیلے (Short Order) کی تائید کی ہے۔ میں ان کی رائے جوؤيشل كميشن درئ ذيل اركان

Tariq Hameed … Kalai-ka-Thakhta … The Wrist Key-Board for <mark>Urdu</mark>, Arabic, Farsi & Turkish … MQZ (National Language of Pak)



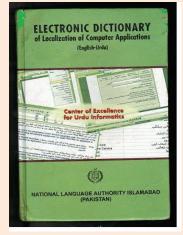
Normal Speed = 135 Lets!

TH Keyboard works at 210

100 Million IDs in 6 mths

- .1. Letter-Shape Grouped
- .2. 61% Letters on Home
- .3. Wrist + Finger NO Arm
- .4. New Letters Creatable
- .5. Easier for Youngsters
- .6. Shift II Spurs 3rd. Let!
- .7. To Universal Cultures!





Urdu Tariq Computer
Microsoft Sponsored



This is the Story of my Life: in 3-D Colours ... as "Muqamaat"

Like a Qirat Kigh-Lighted in 3-D Space ... by the "Vibrating Variations" of Voice



Tariq Hameed … Kalai-ka-Thakhta … The Wrist Key-Board for <mark>Urdu</mark>, Arabic, Farsi & Turkish … MQZ (National Language of Pak)

مقتدره قومی زبان، پاکستان National Language Authority



Microsoft Office and Windows XP

Microsoft Urdu Localization Project 2004-05 (1 Year)



Momo of Rarticipation



Cortified that that Mr._

Tariq Hameed

طارق حميد

has been associated with the Project as

ٹیکنیکل ویلیڈیٹر (Technical Validater)

He performed his duties with full passions and hardworking. He has carried out his duties diligently qualifying the standards of Microsoft tasks and needs of Urdu assigned to him were found magnificent.



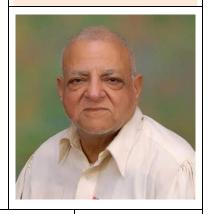
پروفیسر فتح محمد ملک Prof. Fateh Muhammad Malik Chairman

ڈاکٹر عطش درانی Dr. Attash Durrani Head Urdu Informatics

- .1. Letter-Shape Grouped
- .2. 61% Letters on Home
- .3. Wrist + Finger NO Arm
- .4. New Lets: New Scripts
- .5. Military Codes Ability
- .6. Line.1 30: <mark>2. 61</mark> 3. 9<mark>%</mark>
- .7. For Universal Usages!



Urdu Seminar 06/06/1999





1st. Software <mark>Urdu</mark> Pak Competition

Tariq Hameed

Was the True Heart & Soul NATIONAL LANGUAGE AUTHORITY PAKISTAN FULL MEMBER OF UNICODE INC.

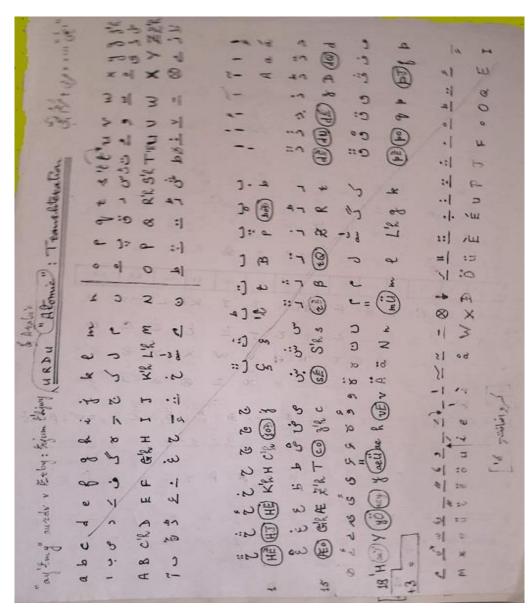
اردو سافٹ ویئر کا اوّلین مقابلہ و نمایش

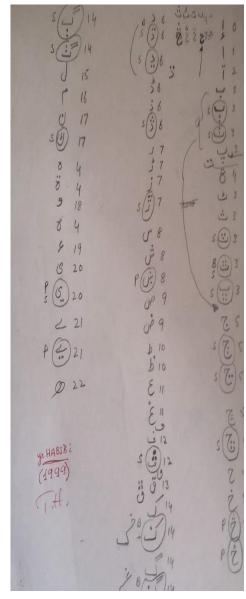
FIRST URDU SOFTWARE COMPETITION & EXHIBITION



Urdu Computer in 30 seconds: 1. Windows 2. Parameters 3. Date & Language 4. Add 5. Apply & 6. End Urdu ... T.H. Interviews ... https://youtu.be/8h3wD4B8hbQ ... https://youtu.be/V1xx-gPLTJo ... https://youtu.be/kipN36ww8TY

Atomic Alphabet: Letters, Dots, Accents (Top/Low) Atomised ... (**UniCode 'Diacritics**') ... **7 Concat**-Images.





(2019)

European Atomic Alphabet ... 13*4=52 (a pack of cards)

abcdefghijklm * nopqrstuvwxyz ABCDEFGHIJKLM * NOPQRSTUVWXYZ ÄÇÉÈËÏÖÜ (French) äçéèêëïöü àááãåæììîðñòóôõøßùúúûýÿþ ÀÁÁÃÅÆÌÌÎĐÑÒÓÔØØßÙÚÚÝŸÞ



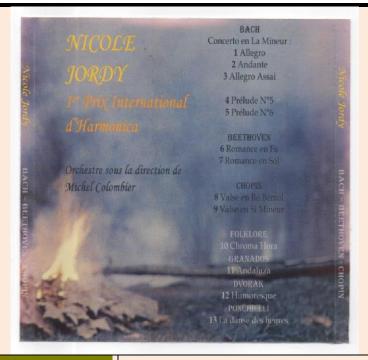
Arabic

(1985)

Tariq Computer in 30 seconds: 1. Windows 2. Parameters 3. Date & Language 4. Add 5. Apply & 6. End https://youtu.be/8h3wD4B8hbQ ... https://youtu.be/V1xx-gPLTJo ... https://youtu.be/kipN36ww8TY

etcetera







Puis ... Tout je me suis et j'ai pour l'avait 17

Puis ... Tout Frais du Pakistan:

je me suis trouvé à Londres

et j'ai posé une demande

pour Concours de

l'Harmonica à

Straßbourg

en 1963

...

Tariq Hameed ... Personal History

... <u>Nicole-Jordy.wpl</u> : Championne de Monde d'Harmonica ...

... 1965 : Delft Hollande : Accordion Times-00-

Dedicated to Nicole ... of forty-eight years of Friendship ... we always disputed with each other, but I we felt and insisted that we knew but each other since a half of a century ... where she always corrected me; 'minus something' ... that 'minus something' has materialised now to 'minus two', for the two of us, since 2010: 'n not 2, she being the 'minus', UnFortunately.

2010: She reposes in Drancy Graveyard ... too early!

And I always hoped and promised her, that we will Laugh full that day, when the half became the full: but it didn't, so my promise was broke, for none fault of mine's or hers ... only let's say, I was well punished; for I broke her Heart: and to this day, I suffer; for how could an empty promise come to be fulfilled: things broken have never an end, 'Cause Ends 'Tis-selves can't Never Mend 'Tis-self! Thus is the Eternal Law of Nature ...

... How? Explain me that! Nothing now can ever Change, as all Ends? Well or Well Not, 'n that is that ...





Ada Massaro ... Pittrice Italiana ... Nata a Lecce 1949,
poì a Roma ... e Svizzera, Neunburg ... Personal History
Ada e Tariq : a la sua Casa, Roma, 2010 ...

Denise : sua figlia e mia Tina, Roma ... 1985 ...
Painting in my Personal Possession ... My Italian Sis ...



My German **rand**-**Mother** ... (Germany/Deutschland *Offenburg*) ... Meine Deutsche **Gross**-**Mutter**





... <mark>Tariq Hameed</mark> and **Renate** Geppert ... <mark>Meine Deutsche Cross-Mutter</mark> ... in der Nähe von **Schwartzwald** .



... My Tina:
most Brainy
doggy I ever
saw ...
I spoke to her
in 7
languages ...
She Obeyed
Instantly ...
Stunned on
my Stand?
How DARE a
Fly Invades
OUR Privacy
... Planning a
way, to Jump
to Destroy ...

... A Part of my Personal Life ... 1. Ma English (Honours Pak) 2. Chartered Accountant (UK) 3. IT Consultant (Invented World 1st. Accounting Package, on Punch Cards in 1970: France) 4. IT Miracle (Invented World 1st. Chemical Data-Base, Punch Cards in 1972-74: Basel-Swiss) 5. Linguist & Poet (4 Languages) 6. Atomic Alphabet (Arab) 7. Auto Qur'aan (Translation)



... Tariq Hameed

standing on
his Basel
Switzerland
Herbstmesse
Stand ...
International
Handicrafts
Fair ... in 20
years of
Fairs ... I
had the
Honour of
Meeting
about 20
Million Folk!



... Handicrafts:
Pakistan, India & Thailand ...
Main Items were Carpets,
Clothes, Decor,
Silk Scarfs,
Ties, Jewelry ...
Thus my main
Clients being
Women, I came
to have a good
Insight into
Ladies Minds &
Problems: of
Mother, Wife &
Sis & Daughter
... Met Millions
in 7 Languages

... A Part of my Personal Life ... 1. Ma English (Honours Pak) 2. Chartered Accountant (UK)
 3. IT Consultant (Invented World 1st. Accounting Package, on Punch Cards in 1970: France)
 4. IT Miracle (Invented World 1st. Chemical Data-Base, Punch Cards in 1972-74: Basel-Swiss)
 5. Linguist & Poet (4 Languages) 6. Atomic Alphabet (Arab) 7. Auto Qur'aan (Translation)



... Herr **Obrist**resembled so
much my Papa
in Looks &
Mind, that I
started calling
him **Papa** ... We
were always
together going
Sighting Eating
in his car, that
All Basel named
him also **Papa**... in 1990 he
was 84, then
shifted with Son
to other Town ...
'Twas the Last
that I saw him!



Tariq Hameed ... Personality Signature Analysis



- 1. Upper & Lower Loops
 - **1.1. Intelligence**: Even height & depth shows a person acting **intuitively**, with no compelling reason to think analytically, preferring to rely on internal feelings and unexplained intuitions ... as "raison d'être" of Active 'n Acting Reason.
 - **1.2. Emotions**: Thus following an accordance with the intimate **Thoughts**, making no great demands on **Life**; *content with the own self and all that's around*.
- **2.** Spacing Characteristics
 - **2.1. Will-Power**: Density shows eagerness to try all out in full innocence; resolutely with enthusiasm, trying to **complete tasks even less pleasant**.
 - **2.2. Character**: **Optimistic**, enjoying daily aspects of **Life**; the *cheerful and vivacious* manner enabling to **solve** even most **difficult problems** in an **original way**.
- **3.** Breadth & Style Formations
 - **3.1. Communication**: Ability, of a very **approachable** attitude; talkative without any indiscretion & able to *keep all told secrets*, *securely in confidence*.
 - **Vitality**: Challenges attacked without hesitation: exerting strength & mastering problems by a fresh & lively method, as energy lasts; but making last surely.

Scope Analysis

(Left Palm Image)

- **4.** Internal & Personal Matters
 - **4.1. Character**: U may work far from home, experiencing many changes in **Life** & working quite late old; sharp & capable, good planner who works out simple solutions to complicated problems. This talent which few people possess, when properly cultivated, enables U to make new & effective discoveries.
 - **4.2. Love** & Marriage: Quarrels can arise timely during courtship, due to your strong will & habits. *Quite a few disappointments in love affairs will come*, taking a lot of time for wound healing. This what exists as from your young age, may make U miss your chance to marry; but U may well succeed **Late to Mate**.
- **5.** External & Worldly Matters
 - **5.1.** Career & Money: Your family background made U mature early, enjoying a comfortable Life young. U dilly-dally & slack of old, risking so to squander early fortune; don't procrastinate, work harder to have NOT regrets older. Eager to succeed, your anxiety can lead U to fail, that may not even ends meet; so be patient & slow down: to GAIN by acting prematurely NOT.

- **5.2.** Health: Quite healthy & energetic, **U care for yourself**. Be not over confident, as minor ailments ignored, can do harm: *if giddy, check blood pressure*.
- 6. General Advice
 - 6.1. To Know What & How to do is Good: But When to do is better. Act timely; Wait?
 - **6.2. Being Capable U reason out How to Act**: <u>Timing</u> is important: often **the jealous** ... may **feel** too well, that probably, may U like it or not ... **that** ... your high performance, is designed to vaunt to belittle others.

Character Analysis (of 2012) ... Tolerance to Routine

- Style: Supple and Accepting ... In a Global manner, you live a Life, organised and well structured: not tending to bow to Newness and Variety, at any price; only Leaning to Necessity, if Reason Be! You are at Ease, in your mundane habits and manners ...
- your Past 'n your, Present in One Self ... in special, for your Future 'n a Better-Half Self!
 Fundamentally, you need to dedicate yourself to a person, who professes Righteous and Exclusive Love Terms, mutually. However, your tolerance to feeble phantasies ...

shows a goodness 'n a <mark>reat</mark>ness of your <mark>Heart</mark> 'n your <mark>Soul</mark>: a sole goal role!

 You disdain the Concept of Oscillating Engagements, or of Total Liberty; this is what goes against your Concept of the <u>Purity of Sentiments</u> ...

You desire sharing the "Good 'n Bad" moments, in common 'n in calm!

• Even if you like to maintain a permanent liaison with your natal family, but it precludes not, that you blab-out all to all 'n every: so you maintain a **reasoned balance** ...

balancing your Self: 'tween your own 'n your else!

- Your Elderly **Style** is "**Democratic**": so certain connivance and a **True** Effective Proximity, in all your Relationships; be it towards the Superiors or Inferiors. That, the **limits be considered limits True**, of structured rapports, 'tween Equals 'n Similar: constructing ...
 - a Harmonious 'n so stable a Union, as practical as possible!
- In your opinion, a **balanced Education**, as **well for** Elders, as **well for Juniors**, rigorous 'n effective, *leaving Structural Betterment for both*, is the Call of the Day ...
- a simple **Call to Comfort, generating Traces of Stability and of Hegano**!

 Etymologically speaking, Maske are the Essentials of your Life ... the Notion of the Maske, dates from the
- Old Ages, the Three Gongs of Destiny of the Theatres of Antiquity; 'n of Masks of Argil, ably borne by Actors of Yester-Days? "Life is a tale, told by an Idiot" ... of Masks ... 'n Above of Beyond !

 Masks which Hide 'n Masks which Reveal, which 'n which of Truths,, 'n which Falsity of Life!
- Your Personality is the Hidden Story, be Revealed or Un-Revealed, to these Strangers called "Men". Thus, our Being is Touched by What is Open 'n What is Closed: these Variations of Comportment, our Real 'n True Inner-Self,, a Time often which Cries; 'n Times some which Laugh ... so ...
 - Soul-less or full; Suffers or Beatifies our Cores 'n our Corpses ... what so Constitutes our Mental?



... même Aristote classifiant ainsi l'Humanité, n'a Pas Su ... Le Pourquoi? ...

... The dilemma of the **Men of Honour** corroded by the **Men of Appetite**: ...





THINKS THOUGHTS

'lween nine'n



... Intro ... INDEX ...



Italia

LIVRE

<mark>-0/5</mark>-

01

Presentation

				
?	? Who am I ?	Roma : Italia	1993	<mark>-06-</mark>
0.	Surprisingly	*Basel*: *Schweiz*	1993 - <mark>08</mark> -	

Roma:

This is a BC-Ok on BEAUTY Thinks-1-(a,b) 1993 (9-15 years) <mark>-</mark>08/09-

1.	A Tale from Life	Qalat :	Baluchistan	1950 (Aug)	<mark>-10</mark> -	9 years
2.	"Disenchantment"!	Sibi :	Baluchistan	1951 (Dec)	-14-	10 years
3.	Mr. NOBODY (Who's Nobody?)	Quetta:	Baluchistan	1952 (Jun)	-17-	11 years
	Nobody Personne	Roma & Lö	rrach <mark>*</mark> (<mark>*</mark> Deutschland <mark>*</mark>)	(1981)/1993	<mark>-19</mark> -	(40 years)
4.	Limericks by Lemur	Quetta:	Baluchistan	1953 (Jul)	-21-	12 years
5 .	Adolescence	<u>Lahore</u> :	<u>Punjab</u>	1954 (Apr)	<mark>-24-</mark>	13 years
6 .	A Night in a Lonely Shack	Lahore :	Punjab	1955 (May)	-32-	14 years
7 .	A Study in Sounds Heard Not Seen	<u>Lahore</u> :	Punjab	1956 (Mar)	-40-	15 years
8.	T'wink'ling ights	Karachi	Sindh	1956 (Aug)	-46 -	15 years
9.	mages: A Rhythm of a Mind	Lahore :	Punjab	1956 (Dec)	-51-	15 years
10 .	rt for Sense (How to Write?)	Lahore :	<u>Punjab</u>	1957 (Jan)	-62-	15 years
eXt.	Lead-up <mark>Ma</mark> / Pa /Ashraf (Servant)	* <mark>thBk-F-1</mark> *.pdf	Marseille / .Paris.	1980/82	-65-	40 years
11.	That Day My <mark>Father</mark> D ied	Lahore :	Punjab	2007 (Jan)	-70-	65 years

My Father Died, on

the 16th. of January 1957 (Lahore)

It was the 9th. Birthday of my Brother ... who

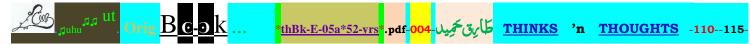
Innocently Clapped Hands and Asked for his Present?

He got none! (... Then I stopped writing ... till 1966 ...)

12. Hut on the Hill ... Start at agéd 15 **Lahore**: 1/10 1957 (Jan) 15 years **Punjab**

13. **H**ut **on the H**ill ... & 60 years later London: **England** 6/10 2017 (Jan) 75 years

Deutschland* 1993 14. Signature Analysis T.H. Personnalité 52 years **Personal Data**



layles 'tween struts 'n frets ... 1 ...

THINKS 'n **THOUGHTS**

	<u>В</u> еэk 05	a Volume	Themes I	V
-	Intro INDEX	Roma : <u>Italia</u>	Thinks-1-	0/5 <mark>-</mark>
?	? Who am I ?	Roma : <u>Italia</u>	1993 -0	<mark>06</mark> -
0 .	Surprisingly	* <u>Base</u> !* : *Schweiz*	1993 - <mark>0</mark>	<mark>08</mark> -
	This is a B g-g k on BEAUTY	Roma : <u>Italia</u> Thinks-1-(a,b) 1993	(52 years) -0	08-09 <mark>-</mark>
1.	*Basel*	Probably 'twas A Dream	Dreams-1-	10 <mark>-</mark>
2.	*Basel*	Perchance to SLEEP	Sleep-11	16 <mark>-</mark>
3.	<mark>*</mark> Hannover <mark>*</mark>	STAR in the SKY	Visions-11	17 <mark>-</mark>
4.	<u>*</u> Hamburg <mark>*</mark>	Bl <mark>C D</mark> d-Wurst	Manners-11	19 <mark>-</mark>
5.	<mark>*</mark> Hamburg <mark>*</mark>	Translation (for TINA)	Thoughts-1-	20 <mark>-</mark>
6.	<u>*Basel*</u>	Little DEVIL and the Big DEVIL	Children-12	21 <mark>-</mark>
7.	Roma	The BEAST and The BEAUTY	Færy-Tale-1- <mark>-2</mark>	23 <mark>-</mark>
8.	Roma	Translations from URDU	Death-1- <mark>-2</mark>	25 <mark>-</mark>
9.	<u>Milano</u> *Bordeaux*	BALLS and SHIT	Reality-1- <mark>-2</mark>	26 <mark>-</mark>
10.	*Basel*	CATS, HORSES and HAMSTERS	Teasingly-12	29 <mark>-</mark>
11.	*Basel*	The <u>VALLEY</u> of <u>IRISES</u>	Teasingly-23	31 <mark>-</mark>
12.	<mark>*</mark> Lörrach <mark>*</mark>	DON'T KNOW	Thinks-2-	33 <mark>-</mark>
13.	<mark>*</mark> Lörrach <mark>*</mark>	HUSBANDS and BUTLERS	Tenderly-13	34 <mark>-</mark>
14.	*Offenburg*	WHY?	Thinks-3-	37 <mark>-</mark>
15.	*Offenburg*	MISS-TRESSES and BOY-FRIENDS	Comically-13	38 <mark>-</mark>
16.	*Basel*	TWO YEARS OLD	Thoughts-2-	45 <mark>-</mark>
17.	*Basel*	РНООН	Teasingly-3- <mark>-4</mark>	47 <mark>-</mark>
18.	Roma	The MAN who Talked BIGGER than his M OUTH	Romantic-14	49 <mark>-</mark>
19.	Roma	NARRATION for my MOOSTRESS	Teasingly-4- <mark>-5</mark>	52 <mark>-</mark>
20.	Roma	Please Just THROW it Away	Philosophy-1-	54 <mark>-</mark>
21.	<u>Aquila</u>	Translation from my LANGUAGE URDU	Philosophy-2-	56 <mark>-</mark>
22.	Roma	B U B B L E S	Tragically-15	57 <mark>-</mark>
23.	*Kiel*	The FOUR WINDS	onition-1- <mark>-591</mark> 11	1
24.	Roma	That the POISON be SWEETENED ; PLEASE	Philosophy-3-	70 <mark>-</mark>
25.	Roma	EYES, NOSE and MOUTH	Comically-2-	72 <mark>-</mark>
26.	Roma	WHITE DOG Playing with a FROG	Thoughts-3-	76 <mark>-</mark>
27.	Roma	POST-CARDS and BROKEN HEARTS	Non-Sense-17	78 <mark>-</mark>
28.	Roma	BITS of PAPER	Thoughts-4-	88 <mark>-</mark>
29.	Roma	To SWEET-NoTHINGS	Non-Sense-29	91 <mark>-</mark>
30.	* Wolfsburg <mark>*</mark> (Fr. / Eng.)	Sans Silence et Sans Son (eXt: Fr.) -1870-	Thinks-4-	95 <mark>-</mark>
31.	Roma	CHILDS and KIDS	Tragically-2-	96 <mark>-</mark>
32.	<u>Roma</u>	THE END	Nostalgic-1- <mark>-0</mark>	099 <mark>-</mark>



layles 'lween struts 'n frets ... 2 <u>THINKS</u> 'n <u>THOUGHTS</u>

<u>В</u> е-	<u>k</u> 05b	1993 Volume	Themes	IV
.?	Roma	?	Thinks-1-	-4- <mark>-130-</mark>
0.	Surprisingly	* <u>Basel</u> * : *Schweiz*	1993	- <mark>08-</mark>
	This is a B <mark>c-o</mark> k on BEAUTY	Roma : Italia Thinks	-1-(a,b,c) 1993 (53 years) - <mark>09/11</mark> -
33.	*Basel* (France/Eng.)	Les Gouttes De PLUIE (eXt: Fr.) -1971-	Visions-2-	-011- <mark>-129-</mark>
34.	*Basel*	Two LITTLE Ængels	Children-2-	-013- <mark>-131</mark> -
35.	<u>*Basel*</u>	SMALL HANDS	Thinks-5-	-015- <mark>-133-</mark>
36.	*Basel*	GHALIB's Hidden Facets	Thoughts-5-	-017- <mark>-135-</mark>
37.	*Hannover*	, 0, 0, !	Reflection-1-	-018- <mark>-136-</mark>
38.	*Lörrach* (France/Eng.)	ESSAY on No SUBJECT	Non-Sense-3-	-020- <mark>-138-</mark>
39.	<u>*Basel*</u>	The DAY He DIED	Death-2-	-022- <mark>-140-</mark>
40.	*Offenburg*	In Three WORDS; Ein WALZ'ER	Reflection-2-	-025- <mark>-143-</mark>
41.	Vaticano 38- <mark>-90-</mark>	S W A L L O W S	Visions-3-	-044- <mark>-</mark> 161 <mark>/134-135</mark>
42.	Milano	Not MAMA	Children-3-	-048- <mark>-165-</mark>
43.	<u>Pescara</u>	Let's NOT THROW D UNG on NOBLE W ORDS	Reflection-3-	-049- <mark>-166-</mark>
44.	Roma (Fr./Eng.) (eXt: Fr.)	SILHOUETTE dans la NUIT -18120-	413- Visions-4-	-053- <mark>-</mark> 1 70-
45.	Reggio-Emilia	The PILLAR of HELL	Thinks-6-	-057- <mark>-174-</mark>
46.	<u>*</u> Basel <u>*</u>	LOVE's LETTER LOST	Romantic-3-	-058- <mark>-</mark> 1 75 -
47.	*Basel*	The MAN Without A Head	Thoughts-6-	-060- <mark>-177-</mark>
48.	*Basel* The LADY Who	LOST HALF A Part of A PAIR of SHOES	Færy-Tale-2-	-063- <mark>-</mark> 180 <mark>-</mark>
49.	*Freiburg*	Words, WORDS, Words	Reflection-4-	-068 185 -
50.	<u>*</u> Lörrach <mark>*</mark>	WHAT is LOVE	Romantic-4-	-070- <mark>-187-</mark>
51.	*Lörrach*	CHILD Becoming WOMAN	Children-4-	-072- <mark>-189-</mark>
52.	*Mulhouse*	TO LAUGH	Premonition-2-	-074- <mark>-191-</mark>
53.	*Mulhouse*	WOUNDS	Premonition-3-	-076- <mark>-193-</mark>
54.		Small HYPOCRISIES	Illusions-1-	-078- <mark>-195-</mark>
55.	*Freiburg*	PAGE WHITE	Illusions-2-	-081- <mark>-198-</mark>
56.	*Colmar*	TINA and the WATCH	Simplicity-1-	-082- <mark>-199-</mark>
57.	*Basel*	Two CHILDREN in the TREES	Nostalgic-2-	-084- <mark>-201-</mark>
58.	*Basel*	MISS-TRESSE and HARD MISS-TRESSE	Tenderly-2-	-088- <mark>-205-</mark>
59 .	Milano	STONES	Reality-2-	-092- <mark>-209-</mark>
	_			
60.	<u>Pisa</u>	HOLES!	Comically-3-	-094- <mark>-211-</mark>
61.	<u>Pisa</u>	There was A TIME I Used to LAUGH	Simplicity-2-	-095- <mark>-212-</mark>
62.	Roma	Like I LOVE my BE LOVED	Romantic-5-	-096- <mark>-213-</mark>
63.	<u>Foggia</u>	DISCOURSE on HUMANITY : With S and F	Comically-4-	-098- <mark>-215-</mark>
64.	Roma	MOUNTAIN of STONE	Tragically-3-	-100- <mark>-217-</mark>
65.	Ostia (eXt : <u>Fr.</u>) -23- <mark>-316-</mark>	ORIENT and OCCIDENT Poésie Orientale	Philosophy-4-	-102- <mark>-219-</mark>
				134-135/



tayles 'tween struts 'n frets ... 3

THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

<u>В</u> с-	<u>o</u> k	05c	1993 Volume	Themes	IV
.?	Roma	?		Thinks-1-	-6- <mark>-006-</mark>
66 .	Milano	A NET-WORK	1995	Cynical-1-	-11- <mark>-259-</mark>
67 .	* <u>Basel</u> *	The HAND with A DAG	GER	Reality-3-	-12- <mark>-260</mark> -
68 .	*Basel*	TWI_IGHT FÆRY		Dreams-2-	-13- <mark>-261</mark> -
69 .	*Basel*	The LITTLE GENTLEMA	AN	Manners-2-	-14- <mark>-262</mark> -
70 .	*Basel*	The BIG WOMAN		Thinks-7-	-17- <mark>-265</mark> -
71 .	*Basel*	The BIG MAN		Thinks-8-	-20- <mark>-268-</mark>
72 .	<mark>*</mark> Lörrach <mark>*</mark>	The King and the CLOW	'N	Cynical-2-	-23- <mark>-271</mark> -
73 .	*Freiburg*	IGNORANCE		Cynical-3-	-24- <mark>-272</mark> -
74 .	*Offenburg*	The BREEZE		Teasingly-5-	-26- <mark>-274-</mark>
75 .	<u>Milano</u>	The OLD BLACK DOG		Tragically-4-	-27- <mark>-275</mark> -
76 .	Roma	TINA and the TIGRE		Simplicity-3-	-29- <mark>-277</mark> -
77 .	Roma	The LITTLE BIG MAN		Thoughts-7-	-31- <mark>-279</mark> -
78 .	<u>Pescara</u>	Super-IMPOSITIONS		Illusions-3-	-33- <mark>-281</mark> -
79 .	Roma	F ACES in the DARK		Visions-5-	-36- <mark>-284-</mark>
80 .	<u>Milano</u>	STUPIDITY		Manners-3-	-37 285 -
81.	*Basel*	The CROWNED HEAD		Thoughts-8-	-40- <mark>-288-</mark>
82 .	<mark>*</mark> Mülheim <mark>*</mark>	BILLIARDS on The FL	R	Reflection-5-	-44- <mark>-292</mark> -
83 .	*Hamburg*	DARTS and FARTS		Comically-4-	-46- <mark>-294-</mark>
84 .	*Hannover*	DEAF and DUMB		Tenderly-3-	-48- <mark>-296-</mark>
85 .	*Hannover*	FLORÈS	1995	Illusions-4-	-51- <mark>-299</mark> -
86 .	*Basel*	COCKS And ROOSTERS	1996	Philosophy-5-	-52- <mark>-300</mark> -
87 .	*Basel*	A <mark>Strange LOVE</mark> STORY		Reflection-6-	-58- <mark>-306</mark> -
88 .	*Basel*	EBENBILD		Cynical-4-	-64- <mark>-312</mark> -
89 .	*Basel*	K UPFER K OPF		Philosophy-6-	-66- <mark>-314-</mark>
90 .	<mark>*</mark> Kassel <mark>*</mark>	The LADY whose NAME	I N ever knew	Manners-4-	-69- <mark>-317-</mark>
91 .	*Basel*	Playing with A CAT		Tenderly-4-	-71- <mark>-319</mark> -
92 .	*Mülheim*	TINA and the MERCHA	NT 1996-23	Simplicity-4-	-74- <mark>-322-</mark>
93 .	Roma	I Or U I Owe You all	I+U=V 2010-23	Comically-5-	-76- <mark>-324-</mark>
94.	Lahore	R AJPUT	2011-23	Reality-4-	-79- <mark>-327-</mark>
95 .	<u>Islamabad</u>	P UNJAB	2012-23	Reality-5-	-81- <mark>-329</mark> -
96 .	*Basel*	K ASHMIR	2013-23	Reality-6-	-84- <mark>-332</mark> -
97 .	<u>Troyes</u>	P AKISTAN	2014-23	Reality-7-	-87- <mark>-336-</mark>
98.	. <u>Paris</u> .	And Duly the WORM Fo	ollowed 2015-23	Nostalgic-3-	-96- <mark>-344</mark> -
99 .	London	NINEty-NINE	2016-23	Romantic-6-	-99- <mark>-</mark> 347 <mark>-</mark>
100 .	* <mark>Troyes</mark> *	HUNDRED	2017-23	Romantic-7-	-106- <mark>-354-</mark>
Appnd.	* <mark>Troyes</mark> *	Kublai Khan	2018-23	Dreams-3-	-109- <mark>-357</mark> -
Appnd.	<u>*Troyes</u> *	Qura'an Truths-Al-Fate	ha (1) 2023 F I N	Reality-Q-	-110- <mark>-358</mark> -

Islamabad

Islamabad

Islamabad

Islamabad

Islamabad

Islamabad

2010

2011

2011

2011

2011

2013

-19--73-**-171-**

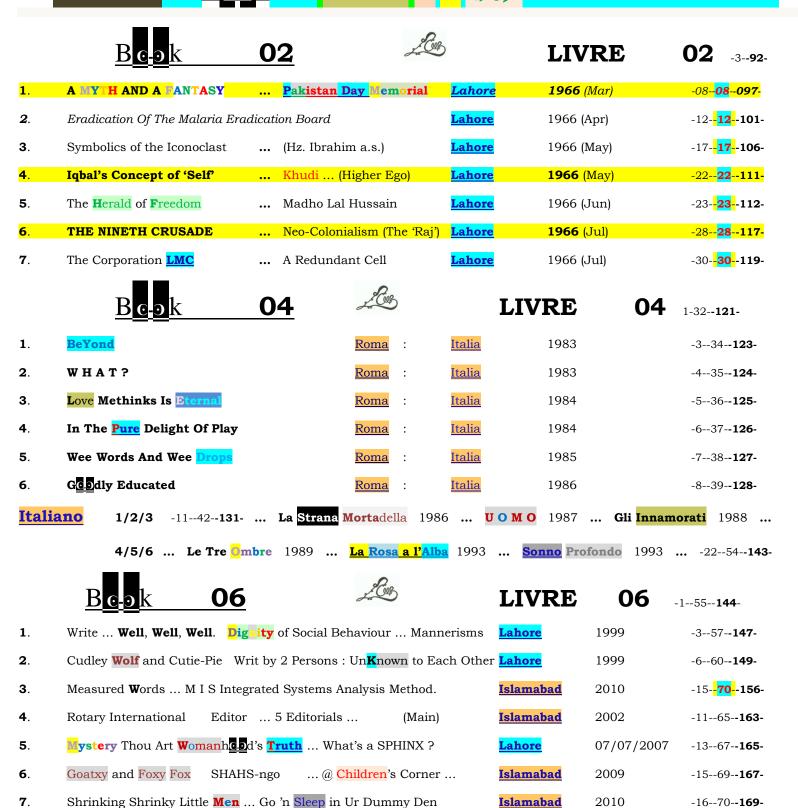
-22--76-**-173-**

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La

Divina

Comedia

(Danté)

Grouching Grouchy Great Men ... Go 'n cook Ur Eggs 'n Hen

A Dream ... Inferno

A Dream ... Purgatoio

A Dream ... Paradiso

The Solitary Hermit 'n the Woman Who Never Was ... A Dream

NC-OR-us-SAMAAWAT A Dream ... Initio

Dream or **R**eality

Hell's **Night**mare

Paradise Re-Dreamt

8.

9.

10.

11.

12.

13.

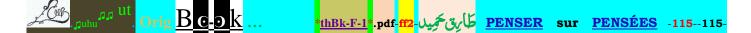
Penser sur Pensées

PENSER sur PENSÉES

-viii--17-

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IINI	DEX	THINKS	'n <u>T</u>	HOUGHTS	1974	===> 1987	PENSER su	r PENSI	ÉES
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 0.		 ière Pensée	Qui	suis-je ?	Roma *A	•	1993	-06-	
					Domo.	•			
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		l'itles (1) 2	0 + (2) <mark>18</mark> +				10 + (9) 15 + (10) 15 =		
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2.	<u>*</u> Stra	sbourg <u>*</u>	Le P	oisson			1974	-23-	02.
3.	<u>*</u> Stra	sbourg <u>*</u>	Le C	erf Chassé			1974	-24-	03.
4.	. <u>Paris</u>	<u>.</u>	Un I	Perroquet en Ca	ge		1974	-26-	04.
5.	<u>*</u> Stra	sbourg <u>*</u>	Petit	es Bêtises des A	Amants		1974	-29-	05.
6.	- <u>Chant</u>	<mark>illy</mark> -	Le C	ygne Immortel			1974	-30-	06.
7.	<u>Beau</u>	vais	Le I	apin Blanc			1975	-31-	07.
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9.	<u>*</u> Also	ке <u>*</u>	<mark>L'</mark> En	<mark>ıfant</mark> , La Mong C	Oste, Le S	erpent	1977	-33-	09.
10.	<u>*</u> Colr	mar <u>*</u>	Blar	cheur			1977	-35-	10.
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12.	<u>*</u> Frei	burg <mark>*</mark>	Le S	inge Taquin			1977	-40-	12.
13.	<u>*</u> Mul	house <u>*</u>	Béb	é Moineau Écras	sé par une	Voiture	1977	-42-	13.
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17.	(= <u>*</u> Fo	orêt-Noire <u>*</u>	Lou	os Affamés			1983	-48-	17.
18.	Roma	<u>a</u>	Une	Fourmi			1984	-49-	18.
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	• • •	Je cont	este <u>Æso</u>	<u>p</u> L'	Animal n	est pas Tribu	taire de L'Homme	•••	
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Photographes ... et les années passent ... hélas



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Read my bC-2k*thBk-E-05b*53-yrs*...Pages 044-071

GRAMMATICAL MIRAC

Rhythm of Daffodils (Wordsworth) ... 567 Words ... A Single Phrase ... No Punctuation Mark

41. Vaticano

no punctuation

Visions-3- 1993 Original-thBk-E-5b

a swarm

of

swallows behind a swarm of swallows and

when you turned the **other**

way round another swarm

of swallows rapidly

changing itself into a different swarm

of swallows which rose up in the sky like smoke with veils in front and veils in the back when they turn and squirm and float like one body and a unique serpentine body going up and down and side to side then turning and returning becoming thicker and thinner and even more thinner than thin and suddenly transforming

back to thicker and thicker when they turn to return to the point where they started to end not but to continue their play their game playing in

hordes of happiness of individual but united units of thousands of

differences so exceptionally knit together in harmony that only words

and mere words lacked to describe them as you see them and hear them

and feel them in their multiple beauty but such a multiple beauty that

could be pointed out in every individual swallow which followed its

own individual path and its own individual destiny but at the same

instant become part of a screen of smoke of a big swarm of

swallows which twisted and turned in thicker and thinner veils and veins

of smoky squirling columns against a totally poised grey sky in all

intertranspercing to mingle separate

destinies into a common destiny

permitting to exist not lone

or lonely but as a

compact mass

sometimes

massive

some

time

sparse

but always fluidly

flowing dissolving itself slowly and very steadily from your mind and your eye to keep on flying and flying away and away always fainter and fainter but always present and existing but fading and fading in spite of your most desperate efforts to follow them with **your** minding eye further and further away against a grey sky and so very **far** that you were obliged to voyage in time and space and become still so another person in a different spot and different hour who followed with a real and true curious eye a swarm of swallows after a swarm of swallows which steadily and quietly without noise or sound will slowly again start to disappear going further and further away sometimes so thick but sometimes thin and sometimes up and sometimes diving down for the pleasure of a third person and a third vision which will follow them for a short moment these swarms of swarms of swallows silently sliding in the sombre skies knowing well in his inner mind that this swarm of swallows will continue eternally as far and as long as they live without separations without divisions nor any showy sort of punctuations nor stops followed by your mindful eye flying just on and on keeping themselves afloat in the balancing airs unrelentlessly on without ever any rests or stops or even a single comma any smallest pause or or even any slight disturbance existing sole on their softy movements only 'n so seemingly thus as pointless reasons of flying and of flowing disappearing gradually dissolving far away and without a point and even a very and a very small half stop and I say it too by such simple words of mouth without pauses or commas or any points of rest just flying and high flying swarms of swarms of swallows never never ever coming to a stop a fullstop

this phenomena observed at vaticano roma and confirmed over ka'aba makkah for birds being very proper creatures iraculously hold the clean as flying you have to See the Sound the Sense the Sensitive all in a Single Swap strangely it is one Sentence without a minimum Punctuation Mark



Al-Fil: An Ancient Story

of the Owners of the Elephants







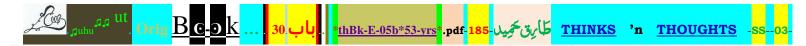




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Al-Fateha Atomised ... See Eiffel-Tower

ابتة ج حدى سصط عن ق ك كلمن لاولاءى شه

ح=خ: د = ز: ٧ = ١٠ : ط = ط: ص = ف: ف = ف: ف = ف: و = و الله ع = غ

اللّٰهُ اللّٰهُ بِسُمِ اللَّهِ ال يُ حُمٰنِ ال يُ حَيْم

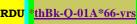
اَلُ حَمَدُ لِللَّهِ رَبِّ الْعُلَمِينَ مَبِّ الْعُلَمِينَ السَّحُمُنِ السَّحِيمِ مل ك ي وُم الدِّي ي ايَّ الْكَ نَ عُبُدُ وَ إِيَّ الْكَ نَ سُ تَ عِينُ إِلاَّدِنَ الصِّيَّ الطَّ الُّمُّسُّتَ قِ**ي**ُمَّ ﴿8001}

صِ مَ اطَ الَّذِي نَ أَنُ عَمُ تَ عَلَى عَلَى اللهِ عَىٰ بِ الْمُعَ صُوْبِ عَلَىٰ يَامِهُ وَلَ اللصَّٱلِّيِّ فَي ﴿001 ﴾

طَأَيِنُ حَمِينا

طابق حمری د







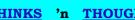






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-1- -xiv-*I*014.

Prediction Extra Bright Full Moon

Occured ... in December 22, 1999



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htt un <u>sh</u> m/

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC PREDICTS:

This year the full moon will occur on the Winter Solstice (December 22nd) called the first day of Winter. Since the full moon on the Winter Solstice will occur in conjunction with a lunar perigee (point in the moon's orbit that is closest to Earth) The moon will appear about 14% larger than it does at apogee (the point in its elliptical orbit that is farthest from the Earth) ... Since the Earth is also ... several million miles closer to the sun at this time of the year than in

the summer, sunlight striking the moon is about 7% stronger making it brighter. Also, this will be the closest perigee of the Moon of the year since the moon's orbit is constantly deforming.

If weather's clear and there's snow cover by you, it is believed that car headlights will be superfluous.



Other Tales



Full moon at Perigee & at Apogee ... A Portuguese amateur astronomer António Cidadão, captured these images of the full Moon on two different dates using a black-and-white QuickCam on a 4-inch f/6.3 Schmidt-Cassegrain telescope. In the left-hand image the Moon was at perigee, i.e., closest to Earth. In the right-hand image it was at apogee, i.e., farthest from Earth, the differences in the Moon's size, are quite ... apparent

SKY & TELESCOPE RESPONSE: Brightest Moon in 133 Years?

Per Roger W. Sinnott, associate editor of Sky & Telescope magazine, the answer is an unequivocal: No! It is true that there is a most unusual coincidence of events this year. As S&T contributing editor Fred Schaaf points out in the December 1999 issue of Sky & Telescope, "The Moon reaches its very closest point all year on the morning of December 22nd. That's only a few hours after the December solstice and a few hours before full Moon. Ocean tides will be exceptionally high and low that day." But to have these three events -- lunar perigee, solstice, and full Moon -- occur on nearly the same day is not especially rare. The situation was rather similar in ...

December 1991 and December 1980, as the following dates and Universal Times show:

Event	Dec. 1999	<u>Dec. 1991</u>	<u>Dec. 1980</u>
Full Moon	22 <mark>, 18h</mark>	21, 10h	21, 18h
Perigee	22 <mark>, 11h</mark>	22, 9h	19, 5h
Solstice	22 <mark>, 8h</mark>	22, 9h	21, 17h

What really rare is, is that in 1999 the three events take place in such a quick succession. On only two other occasions in modern history have the full Moon, lunar perigee, and December solstice coincided within a 24-hour interval, coming just 23 hours apart in 1991 (as indicated in the preceding table) and 20 hours apart back in 1866.

The 10-hour spread on December 22, 1999, is unmatched at any time in the last century and a half.

So is it really true, as numerous faxes and e-mails to Sky & Telescope have claimed that, the Moon will be brighter this December 22nd, than at any time in the last 133 years? We have researched the actual perigee distances of the Moon throughout the years 1800-2100, and here are some perigees of "record closeness" that also occurred at the time of full Moon:

Century	Date	Distance (km)	Date	Distance (km)
19 th.	1866 Dec. 21	357,289	1893 Dec. 23	356,396
20 th.	1912 Jan. 4	356,375	1930 Jan. 15	356,397
21 st.	1999 Dec. 22	356,654	2052 Dec. 6	356,421

It turns out, then, that the Moon comes closer to Earth in the years 1893, 1912, 1930, and 2052 than it does in either 1866 or 1999. The difference in brightness will be exceedingly slight. But if you want to get technical about it, the full Moon must have been a little brighter in 1893, 1912, and 1930 than in either 1866 or 1999, (based on the calculated distances).

The 1912 event is undoubtedly the real winner, because it happened on the very day the Earth was closest to the Sun that year. However, according to a calculation by a Belgian astronomer Jean Meeus, the full Moon on January 4, 1912, was only 0.24 magnitude (about 25 percent) brighter than an "average" full Moon.

In any case, these are issues only for the Astronomical Record Books. This month's full Moon won't look dramatically brighter than normal. Most people won't notice a thing, despite e-mail chain letters, implying that we'll see something amazing.

Our data is from the U.S. Naval Observatory's ICE computer program, Jean Meeus's Astronomical Algorithms, page 332;

and the August 1981 issue of Sky & Telescope, page 110.



Question is ... Can our OooolllooOO-e-aaaAMMMAaaa Calculate so Nota: Date of a grand Power ... J. Com ... Before C (in Minus) ... After C (in Plus +) ... Com Ô Com Ô C

named the First day of Winter

2. The full moon on the Winter solstice will occur in conjunction with a Lunar Perigee ...

(point in the moon's orbit that is closest to Earth)

3. The moon will appear about 14% larger than it does at Apogee ...

This year the full moon will occur on the Winter Solstice (December 22nd) ...

(point in its elliptical orbit that is farthest from the Earth)

4. Since the Earth is *also several million miles closer to the sun at this time of the year* ... than in summer, sunlight striking the moon is about 7% stronger making it brighter

5. Also, this will be the closest perigee of the Moon of the year ...

since the moon's orbit is constantly deforming

6. If the weather is **lear** and there is a snow cover where you live ...

it is well believed that ... car headlights will be superfluous

Other Facts are ... 22^{nd.} December 1999 Full Moon ... (Tariq Hameed

1.



7. This full moon lay in the **Month of Ramadhan** (Islamic Year) ... Astronomy proves ... that Ramadhan generally remains around the middle of year, at the Turn of Century

- 8. Further, history proves that '*Ramdhan*' **seldom** divides itself over the <u>Turn of a Century</u>
- 9. However, this time 'twas a Miracle ... the Turn of a Millennium ... never to happen again
 - 10. <u>Thus, we can Conclude that</u> ... "Light Will Dawn Again on a Sleeping Civilisation"
- 11. Strangely, a couple of days later, i.e., the Night of 24-25 December ('Xmas & Boxing Day),

there was a violent storm in Europe, with Winds flowing at over 170 km p/h,

completely destroying the entire Electric System of ALL European Countries Only in France,

more than 3 million Trees were Up-rooted ... & In-spite of Free Govt. Gift, some are still lying around ... Abandoned ...

- 12. As a Result, the wHole of Europe and mC-9st of America passed in Darkness at 'Xmas
- 13. It can be Supposed ... that this **Play of Light & Darkness** ... have Hidden Surprises for us
- 14. Also to be remembered, that Events Occurring on Turn of Centuries, have long time life span

... Examples are a Real Wonder to cite a few ...

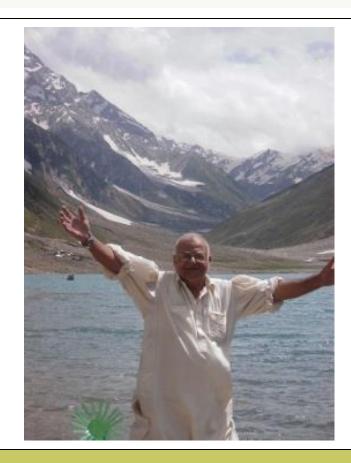
- > 1495 AD ... Error of Christophorus Columbus ... Discovering America, instead of India
- > 1565 AD ... Siege of Malta: Followed by Lépante ... Turks Lost Sea Supremacy for ever
 - > 1595 AD ... Elisabeth I & Shakespeare ... Begins British Empire : English Domination
- > 1699 AD ... January 26: Treaty of Karlowitz (Turkey & Venice, Poland, Austria) ... Turks quit C-Europe
 - > 1795 AD ... The French Revolution ... Base of the Modern Republics and Democracy
 - 1895 AD ... The Planetary Industrial Revolution ... Colonialism falls into a Death Phase
 - > 1995 AD ... Starts an 'Age of Illumination' ... Justice to Prevail ... IF Humans want to Survive

'Twas my main Reason ... in Advance I Knew ... a Dominant Event of FUTURE.

The Rise of a LOST Civilisation ... I SAW this mO-On ... & I Knew What I had TO DO. No Rous Sam a wa T

... Thus I Launched this Struggle to Establish Urdu in Pakistan, starting with Computer ID Cards ...

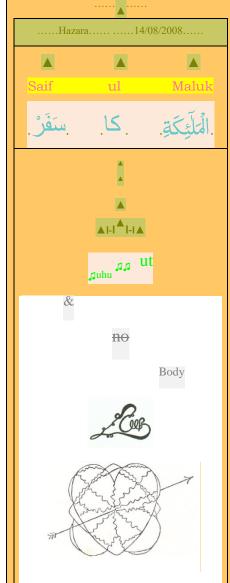
... There was <u>Dr. Chaudri</u> (Patron): <u>TH</u> (Brains) ... Habibullah, Saeed Ahmed, Imran Qureshi (& <u>Action</u>) ...

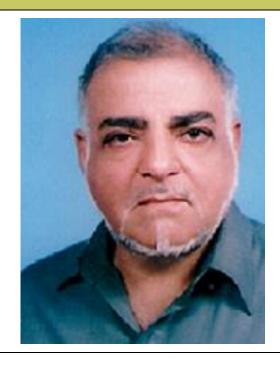




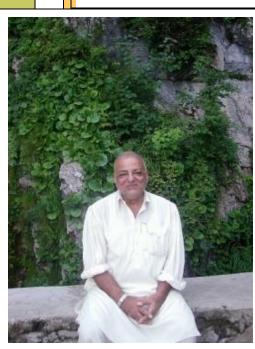
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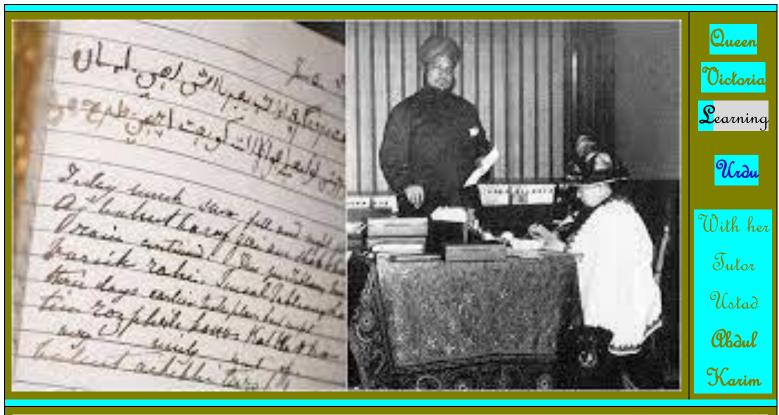
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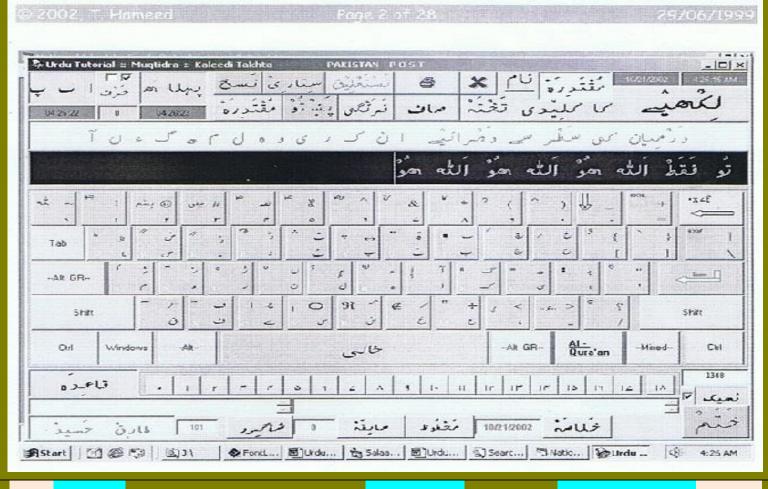




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06 2000 T. Harreld Page 14 of 24 ZP/06/1999
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اُر رُو کی تُرکِقی کی لیے
مُقتَدِره قُوسی رأبان (پښور)
پشاور اور تحمرپار کس (تسرپار کس)
سہیت ٹکنا وجی کے نگے
ر استوں کا تُعَیّٰن کر رہا ہے
ا رو و کہ ر" ہر و" ہی کی لیے
ا رو و کی د " بَر و " بی کی لیے م ع یہ " کررہ و " ومی یا دیان
(ب سر ور) د پس اور اور
د ته مرد پارکیر (د ترد پارکیر)
سمديد من دار كدا الوجر في كل والمدا
راسموں کا دہ ہے۔ اُن کر رہ اور ا
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Digital Numeric Atomic <mark>Urdu-Arabic</mark> . . . Quick-Zohar <mark>Tariq Kameed Created كابن مجيدا</mark>

- ب زیست مها اس فانی فناء میں . . . بسا بس نوم السَّمُوات بعل:
 - ۲<mark>.</mark> جهاں جهاں نھیں اور کھیں نھیں!

ھے تو صرف ، بعل آباد ؛ بعل کے بعل!

- ۳. اور جب هاته هلا الوداع ليم <mark>طارِق</mark>، دنيا كو دنيا مِيں ؟
- ۴. همیش 'آرها' بها! 'سابها' بس بن نه سکا ... هزابها کاوشوں کے بعل
- .1. Without Existance was I, in this Fake World ... Living only in a Cosmos beYond ... 'n After!
- .2. Where There IS NoWhere ... a NoWhere of Nothing! If There **IS**, then **IS** an After; After the **After!**
- .3. And When, shaking Hands bye-bye
 - says Tariq, to this World, in this World unto?
- .4. Ever remains BUT a 'HALF'! Never a Being 'FULL' ... Thousands 'n Thousand of Pains After?





STS

National Translation Center NTC:

We have now available, the top-most expertise of National and International standing and repute, in the all fields relating to Translatology.

- Pravide a "High-End" Languages Conversion Service
 'Analyze carefully thus, the basic Undu Elements:
- - the text and context flow of the primary data
 - the terminological and technical matter content
- Determine so, the underlying rules of Urdu Computer Gram
- Launch a Multi-National level Undu Editor (all functionalities)
- Develop scientifically on Automatic Translation System: ATS (Machine Translation, popularly named MT)

This is a pieus and demonding, but a long-term project, almost in the realm of fantasy; however, we are confident of our goal, as each one of our collaborators is a master of many tangues and crafts.

Confidentiality

Is our keyword! Working in coordination with top-class lawyers and advacates, we assure our clients of an absolute security guarantee, on their data, on their files, and all other relative information, them concern

Usage: A Managerial Tool

We construct our Analysis

- > on Total Reliability
 - on large-scale Data WareHouse Dimensioning
 - on "High-End" Managerial Convenience (not operator dominated)

Methodology

Moving Data, from Paper to Computer, is the crying need of the day. Thus, our systems are designed for 100% accuracy.

Our elder, M.A. (English), F.C.A. (London), Computer Expert, accepts NO Errors!

He Conceived and Implemented the World's Ist Chemical Database Stable Colors were developed on it; for Mercedez, Porche (and Pakistani Carpets)

- (CIBA, Switzerland: 1972) ♦ BORD: Basic Operational Research Data
- Innovation: Multi-Relational, Partial Lockings, Automatized Queryings

This was just short words. Now, Let us have a longer talk

Dr. Azam Chaudary

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O-GEF EXECUTIVE: Tarig Hameed

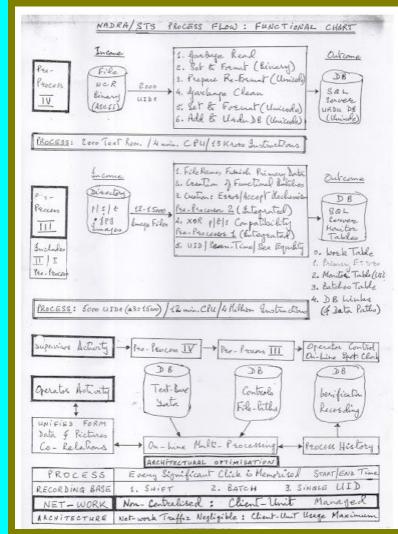
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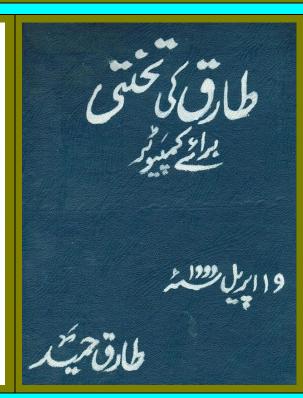
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of Our Beloved Country

Respected Sir,

Probably my advice is uncalled for, but I would certainly like to bring up a few points:

1. Transparence

The "open declaration" of your tax returns is really commendable. In the betterment of the country, it is a valuable future reference.

Even before, this was a mandatory requirement for politicians in power. Unfortunately, it has never been totally implemented.

In your interest and that of the country, please make this action obligatory in realistic terms. I suggest the following:

- > The five top grades of the country (in the administrative sense), either nominated or elected on the national or provincial level, should submit this open tax declaration compulsorily; preferably published in the Official Gazette.
- > This declaration should be yearly. An assets variation (specially Incremental), must be likewise attached along with.

Corruption Roots

➤ Lack of "Action Transparency" But then the "Control" was Central

(British Bureaucracy Legacy) (Kingship)

 Limited number of persons Smaller the group, more is it bribable (in Cartel Formations) (Lesser Bribe Costs)

In mutual interest of yourself and the country, any type of future parliamentary or decisionary authority, should have much wider and deeper roots, both in national and provincial constitutions. They would consequently be more numerous and samely more difficult to corrupt, because more costly.

3. Khushamdees

Please Be-Aware of "High-**Level**" Pension-Seekers ...

History has always proved, that a Well-Intentioned Leader oft is Interest "Professional Prætor".

What I call a "Courtier-Clique" now well active in your person are the "Hang-Over" of Older Time: Scrap & Scrub History!

4. Addendum

If you think that a change of the Cultural Environment, as for example, especially bringing-up our Traditional Language as a Tool, Powerful & Workable ... can be helpful ... on the National & the International Scene, I have some Innovative Methodology & Technology, to expose to your Perusal!

With these few Words,

Your Respected Sir,

I remain truly,

'n Loyally A Private Citizen.

Tarig Hameed: 29/10/1999

thooky@gmail.com



5. Homage to Pak Post

For over 6 months, Gen Agha Cordially Invited me to Lodge in his Own Office as DG ...

Day & Night I Worked on Urdu Oura'an Atomisation! "All my Immense Thanks, for a Great Service to the Nation".









General of only 17 ... Tariq-bin-Ziad ... who gave his Name to Gibraltar!



'Tis was a Calm 'n Quiet Eve: three ships folded their Sails 'n glided softly to a stop,, as the Sun Set Sweetly 'n called it a day ... on such a Settling Night! That Night he knew ... that who Controls "Gibl-ut-Tariq", Controls the World! Rocky Mount of Tariq, thus made History: forever,, as a few Sea-Gulls, headed at ease, Sky-High to their Niches.

In a previous plan, Tariq had already gaged the Spaniard Despotic Usurper Rodrigues' Strength and Weaknesses ... so this time, in 711 he was fully prepared ... he had but a meagre 7000 men against an Armoured Cavalry, esteemed about over 70.000,, thus he had to Plan otherwise: a Clever Tactic, that left not even a suspicion of Defeat!

The night was young 'n Stars Sparkled ... **Tariq** moved his men to Inner Fortifications ... then in the Calm Sea, at Dawnbreak, rose Flames 'n Fire; thus in a matter of minutes, all Ships existed No More; remained Ashes 'n Smoke: No Sails, No Rams, No Planks ... just Ghost Silhouettes of Past Grandeur, Sunk in Waters 'n Waves! **Tariq** had got up early in the Golden Morn with a few Courageous Friends ... 'n had put ALL to Fire ... **A Path of No Return!**

Then he Spoke: "Friends, Faithful 'n Fighters,, Evil Lives Short, but Glory Lives Eternally! Ô, you People of Belief, where is the Escape? Behind's the Sea 'n Cert Death: but afore you, is Probable Death but Cert Glory,, **DO or DIE?**All God) is with you ... and all you Need,, is Nothing but Perseverance 'n Confidence 'n Patience 'n Faith"!

19th. July, 711 AD, at Wadi-Bakkah (Salado): the demoralized Rodrigues' Army,, immediately shed in blood, was put to flight ... however, Tariq did not Laud his success, but swiftly chased them, for he had realised that the Armoured overloaded Goth Cavalry, was No Match for valiant 'n super-speeding horse-men, lightly clad to manoeuvre swift!

Now a few Words about ... the **Boat-Burning Tradition** ... It has existed, 'n was practiced even since Antiquity:

- 1. Classical figures are believed to destroy ships in brave conquest moments: Alexander, Cæsar, Apostle Paul.
- 2. Giants of Gog and Magog, the Great Perm (North Russia) ... turned out to be a Viking Norse (Boat Funerals).
- 3. This Gog and Magog Tradition, carries on in Modern Times (India) ... Man, Wife, Belongings (Sati Funerals).
- 4. Portuguese 'n Spaniards, Hernán Cortés (Yucatan Peninsula: 1519) ... expansion activities (Trading Rituals).

Rodrigues drowned in River Salado ... 'n thus **Tariq** carried on, his soldiers inspired by his very able Promptness: by the end of 711, **Tariq** with his Generals had conquered Cordova up-to Toledo (Gothic Capital), 'n half Spain ... However, **Tariq**'s Superior, Musa bin Nusair, thinking that **Tariq**'s Forces may-be out-numbered, ordered him not to expand any more: but **Tariq**, knowing these actual Terrains much better, did not obey; as giving a breath-take to the Enemy, could have been Mortal. So **Tariq** continued, employing his minimum resources to a maximum advantage!

Musa bin Nusair, highly surprised by the phenomenal successes of Tariq, simultaneously landed in Spain with his supporting army ... however, at first, he was truly displeased by Tariq's dis-obedience, but seeing the true ground Realities, forgave him magnanimously: to carry on the Spanish Conquest! After dominating Savilla, he joined Tariq in Toledo,, to carry on to the high-lands of Leon, Aragon and Galicia. Consequently, in only under two years, the two Muslim Veterans, had brought most of Northern Spain, up till the Pyrenees, under their authority!

Musa received peremptory orders of the Caliph Walid, that with his Lieutenant Tariq, they present themselves in Damascus, where, on their arrival in the Umayyed Capital, in Feb 715, were received with due decorum 'n honour, as Heroes deserve! Unfortunately, the Caliph died soon after: replaced by his brother Suleman, resentful 'n jealous of their success! Historians say, that the two Glorious Generals were Humiliated and Dis-Honoured,, to be left on the Streets, in Need 'n in Want ... 'n so is How they Perished ... for Services Rendered to the Meaner of the Mean!

General of only 17 ... Tariq-bin-Ziad ... who gave his Name to Gibraltar!



Origins of Tariq ... was he a Berber, was he a Moroccan, was he an Arab ... None seems to know? What one knows is that **he was**: with a Name from the **Qura'an** ... 'n that's what Counts "**Gibl-ut-Tariq**", **Boat-Burner**!

Character of Tariq ... he possessed an Indomitable Courage, 'n strong **Will-Power**, full Strength 'n Stamina ... his Confidence 'n Faith were Infallible, 'n his Plans were Brilliantly Conceived 'n Harmoniously Executed, 'n his Military Strategies were Swift 'n Intrepid ... He was Mature 'n Self-Disciplined 'n Cool 'n Balanced in Mind, in All 'n Every Adverse or Favourable Circumstances ... 'n **Totally a Self-Master**, in Face of the Strongest of Oppositions!

Personality of Tariq ... his Fine Personality had many Humanitarian Aspects ... Dignified, Self-Restrained, Devout to All 'n his Cause, totally Un-Mindful of **Who** Thought **What** of **What** he did,, but that **Be it Well-Done** ... Respectful to his Superiors, Courteous to his Equals 'n Kind 'n Considerate to his Inferiors ... One of the very few in History, who have left a **Hall-Mark of Character**, of Intelligence, of Bounty, 'n of Simplicity in Pure Goodness!

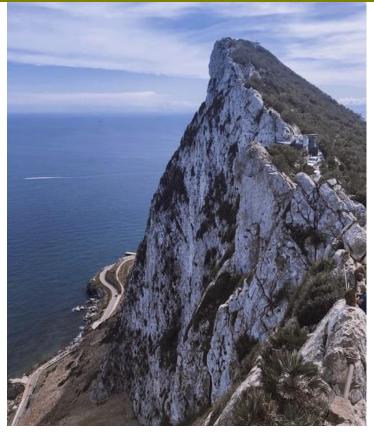
Finally ... to Sum Up ... Frailty, Thy Name is Woman ... (Hamlet: Shakespeare)

10,000 ages Tortured, mul.mul.Mullaism ... Treason, Thyne Name's Pride ... (Me: Shake-a-Pear)

Gibraltar's History ... Small Peninsula in Southern Iberia ... as Mediterranean Opens ...



https://unsplash.com/s/photos/gibraltar photo-1595353022520-93a6386e0b16.jpg



https://unsplash.com/s/photos/gibraltar photo-1571081523650-af92f468af65.jpg

History spans over 2,900 years ... of reverence in ancient times ... to "the most **dense**, **fortified**, **contested European Point**". **Gibraltar**: populated 50,000 years ago by Neanderthals, ended around 24,000, at their disappearance. After came Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans: belief & worship of the **Twin Pillars Hercules Shrines** ... **Gibraltar Rock** 'Hollow Rock', *Mons Calpe*!







Voracious Reader 'n Searcher, since Two 'n Half years Old, of Where LYES the TRUTH? كابن مجيدا

"Aye, there Lyes the rub": so in this Hamlet of No Return, called 'World of the Wise Men of Gotham', only bu be Bed-Ridden by the **Un-Wise of Bottom**,, my Faint Wisdom Swore but Faintly; "Never Truly Grow-up"!

'Twas Destiny, that born Myopic, Forced me to magine. Thus, Truth 'n Purity came to Grasp: it a day dawned that "Dirt were you Born, to returnest to Dirt" ... Empty-Handed Come, 'n Empty-Handed Gone ... thus lil by lil, formed Help **Humanity**; Not your own Self-Self! a Philosophy: "You only GAIN, what you GIVE" ...

Learning thus so early, that **Seeing was Un-<u>Truth</u> ... ampions** big of Light, Blinking 'n Flickering, so Blown-up in Multi-Fluid olours in the Deep Depths of the Cosmos' ... factually were, Else-Things in the Else-Where? Questions to be Posed 'n Answered: allowing the use of other Senses, like Sounds, Taste, Smell 'n Movements, in Truth to just Re-Construct the feasible Probable Reality; Intuitively analysing the rayoned cricks 'n cracks of chalky traits, I justly Heard, the Black-Board Talk back to me: 'n Revealed by Magsc, the Writing on the Wall ... so Un-Veiled, the False-he-od of the Persons of Convenience?

Only pictures 'n bc-9ks were my Mates. Actually, Mental Correction always rectifying the Worldly Vision suddenly Adult, one put Glasses on my Nose? Help! Ahhhh, the Truth: which I already Knew since so long, by bC-Oks 'n lC-Oks: 'n my Dear Ancient Masters, who had made my magination, my Best Friend, for-ever!

Friends! Live to Give ... Fill Graves with Souls, NOT Soles ... Tread Down, in Here-After?

Ever Be True: the Mental Remains 'n Captures All as a Pure Child,, never as Sallied Humans: who in Truth are Not Sapiens, but Serf-Peons! Slaves of the Junky-Jungle-Law: Lead by the Lowly Mi-Lords; by Law?

Sink the Beast, to Save the Sky-Bid Ængels ... To be or not to be, that's the Question?

Write 'n Put 25 years in a Drawer. If U find, it still g C-0 d? It Might have some Value in it ... T. S. Eliot.

... TARIQ ... ONLY PERSON IN WORLD ... WAITING TO PUBLISH TILL 80 ...



... TARIQ ... ONLY PERSON IN WORLD ... WAITING TO PUBLISH TILL 80 ...



Publishing Planned: 21/02/2021

1st. bc-ok

Completion: 05/05/2021

(Mother's Goodbye-World Anniversary ... '72)

Kublai Khan

(Kublai Coronation ... 05/05/1260)

History of **Urdu** ... The **Mongol**/Turkish word **Urdu** means "**Camp**" or "**Palace**" ... Kublai ...

... The Final Place of Rest ... And That's How My Poëm Ends: Sadly ...

Quaiting; that the Score End Breath, be shed, 'N **d**owned he slept: Camp <mark>Urdu</mark> in bed, That <mark>Spirits</mark> to the Ninth <mark>Keaven</mark> Arise

<u> That.<mark>Spirits</mark>.to.the.Ninth.<mark>Heaven</mark>.Arise</u>

طَايِق حَمِيد

Beethoven's.9th.Sympohony.first.recording.(Bruno.Seidler-Winkler, 1923)

Beethoven's.9th.Sympohony.(Hymn.to.Joy)...https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nZV2EuA9fwM

Publishing Planned: 05/05/2021

2nd. b**o**-**o**k

Completion: 14/08/2021

Kublai Khan's Coronation ... 05/05/1260

'lween 9 'n 15

(Pak Independence ... 14/08/1947)

Publishing Planned: 05/05/2021

3rd. b**c-3**k ... 3-1

Completion: 29/10/2021

(Kublai Khan's Coronation ... 05/05/1260)

Tayles 'Tween

(Myne Birth-Date ... 29/10/1941)

Struts'n Frets ... 1 & 2 & 3

An **Emperor**, Leaning on Staff of his Wealth:

Humiliated, Us Poor **Souls' Love**, by Stealth?

اكبر الهبادي: Taj Mahal : Akbar Allahbadi

https://www.pexels.com/photo/black-andwhite-photo-of-the-taj-mahal-7582485/

اك شهنشاه نے دولت

کا سھارا کے کر:

هم غریبوں کی محبت

کا اڑایا ہے مزاق ؟

