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Publishing Planned: 21/02/2021
(Mother's Goodbye-World Anniversary ... '72)
$2^{\text {nd. }}$ b $\underline{\underline{0}} \mathrm{O} \mathrm{k}$




Completion: 14/08/2021
(Pak Independence ... 14/08/1947)
(Myne Birth-Date ... 29/10/1941)

Completion: 05/05/2021
(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 ...



## Introduction ... by Tariq Hameed ... A bit about my Child-hg-0 ${ }^{\mathbf{0}} \mathrm{d}$ !

A Voracious Reader; Underlined Un-Underst-od, in Black, then Green, then Red ... till Dictionary by Heart! Was Myopic: Friends t뜨﹎ㅡㄴ 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!
$1^{\text {st }}$. Step: Sch $\underline{\underline{c}-01}$... Be in Bed by 9? Couldn't Read! Contrived an Invention; Wires, Cells, 'n Lil Lamps;
 $2^{\text {nd }}$. Step: Sch $\underline{\underline{c}}-\underline{\underline{l}}$... Myopic? Couldn't Read the Black-Board ... So, Ô Chalk's Sound 'n Moving Fingers: Be My Guides? Every Move was Revelation 'n Indication! What 'twas being Said 'n Writ? Thus Knew All. $3^{\text {rd }}$. Step: College ... Summary Masters? Start by Diction: Who Finished $1^{\text {st. }}$. could leave the Class-R $\underline{\underline{C}}-\underline{\underline{0}} \mathrm{~m} . .$. 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

1. My Mother ... 'Mongst $1^{\text {st. }}$. Lady Doctors (India) ... Gave me 100 Words to Memorise by Day ... NO Errors! Thus aged 9, I knew the English Dictionary by Heart! A Voracious Reader ... I Noted Every Word read! 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!
2. My Uncle ... Scribe 'n Hafiz-e-Qura'an ... till Aged 20, Instructed me "Atomic Letters", in Urdu 'n English;

Letter, Dot, Accent Separated: that 60 years later, I created the "Atomic 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"!

 "Aye, there Lyes the rub": so in this tamlet 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 Imagine. 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 ... Lampions big of Light, Blinking 'n Flickering, so Blown-up in Multi-Fluid Colours 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 Crayoned cricks ' n cracks of chalky traits, I justly Heard, the Black-Board Talk back to me:'n Revealed by PIag. Cc , the Writing on the Wall ...
so Un-Veiled, the False-h t -ad d of the Persons of Convenience?
Rhythm of Daffodils (Wordsworth) ... 567 Words ... A Single Phrase ... No Punctuation Mark

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

## BCok

... New Writ Technique Perusal Scan/Read ... VIBG YOR ... RAINBOW ... Words in a Page only : in a $1 / 22$ Minute ...
Noor-us-samaawat.com Qr-Thoughts Site of Tariq Hameed_ www.noor-us-samaawat.com

## 'tseen nine' $n$ fifteen <br> Be-ob 1

Volume I ... (Written 'tween $9 \& 15$ of age )

English is myne Miss-sTresse... Tariq Hameed
(Beowulf) ... An Anglo-Saxon EPIC Poëm ...

## Colour Code ... on Page -090--115-

Dedicated to :
... AROSYPETAL
... 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 B $\underline{\text { cog }}$ ks !!!
Without any Harm,, nor to Self, or to NoOne !!! Sans faire Mal ni à Soi,, ni à Personne !
$\square$ *thBk-E-01*9-15* ${ }^{*}$.pdf

## THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

## "k re en nine n \&ifke e n




| Roma | Italia | Presentation | -0/5- |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Roma | Italia | 1993 | -06- |
| Based | Schweiz | 1993 | -08- |
| Roma | Italia | 1993 (9-15 years) | -08/09 |



## the $16^{\text {th. }}$. of January 1957 (Lahore)

LIVRE
01
01


It was the 9th. Birthday of my Brother ... who
Innocently Clapped Hands and Asked for his Present?
He got none! (. . . Then I stoppea writing . . . till 1966 ...)

| 12. | Hut on the Hil | Start at agéd 15 | Lahore : | Punjab | 1/10 | 1957 (Jan) | -71- | 15 years |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 13. | Hut on the Hill | .. \& 60 years later | London: | England | 6/10 | 2017 (Jan) | -76- | 75 years |
| 14. | Personal Data | Signature Analy | *Deu | nd*** 1993 | T.H. | onnalité | -86- | 52 years |


| MY PHILOSOPHY | MA PHILOSOPHIE |
| :---: | :---: |
| IN LIFE | EN VIE |
| $\ldots$ | $\ldots$ |
| EVERYONE'S GUILTY |  |
| UNLESS | TOUS COUPABLES |
| PROVED INNOCENT | SI NON |
| THUS |  |
| I HAVE | PROUVE INNOCENT |
| NEVER |  |
| SUFFERED |  |
| IN THIS WORLD |  |

... 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 Oranges!

Thus, Learnt I ... the $11^{\text {th }}$. Commandment ... THOU shalt NOT CHEAT thy EAT!
My Mother ... $1^{\text {st }}$. 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 Res ect what you Teach me? Or am Lyer? Both Ways, such Life's NOT worth Living!

Thus, Learnt I ... the $12^{\text {th }}$. Commandment $\ldots$ THOU shalt NOT SELL thy Soul!
? Roma Italia

| Born: 29th. October, 1941 ... | Tariq | Naturalised French |  | 16/01/1978 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Papa: Khan Sahib Mian Abdul | Hameed | Hijrat Authorised: Prakistan | $\ldots$ | 16/01/2011 |
| Mama: Bégum Méraj Hameed | Suharwardi | UK Accorded : Join Family | ... | 15/01/2015 |
| Sis: Tahira Hameed | ... 01/03/1943 |  |  |  |
| Bros: Mian Kausar Hameed | ... 16/01/1948 | ... Papa pass | ... | 16/01/1957 |
| Server: Ashraf Mian Bihari | ... Teller \& Confident (Illiterate) ... "Bury me in Thorns as in Life" |  |  |  |

## Ustad My Masters

1. Hafiz Muhammad Azeem
2. Feroz Nizami
3. Faiz Ahmed Faiz
4. Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj
5. Ahmed Mirza Jamil
\{TH 'Atomic':

Primary:
University:
Advanced:
International:
Systems of Production (on Computer: '69-'74) ... Europe: Latin (South)

## Global Primary

1. M.I.S. (Industrial Giant : BSN) $\{*\}$
2. M.I.S. Data-Bases : Liquids (Ciba-Geigy)

## Inventions

3. 'Atomic' Urdu \& Arab Alphabet
4. 'Atomic' Urdu Key-Board (Computer)
5. 'Atomic' Urdu Computer (Localisation)

## Concepts

6. Qura'an Evolutive Dimensionnal structure
7. Qura'an Translation Methodologies simplified

| (Taught cript, Mhink, Hon ur) | $\ldots$ | Scribe of Qura'an (Uncle) |
| :--- | :--- | :--- |
| (always offered me a cup of tea) | $\ldots$ | PTUS」C (Classic) |
| (a chain smoker) | $\ldots$ | Poetry (Lenin Prize, 1962) |
| (Died in my arms) | $\ldots$ | Theater (Writer \& History of) |
| (Think Wrist not Mind) | $\ldots$ | Noori Nastaliq (Calligraphy) |

(He invented the Modern 'Fonts' in Urdu \& Arab)
based on studies of Hazarat Ameer Khusro ... Darbar-e Balban, 1272\}

St. Anthony's High School ... Lahore
Government College (Ravians) ... Lahore, Punjab
Institute of 'Chartered Accountants' ... England \& Wales

## National.Chart.of.Accounts.fr on Computer ${ }^{*}$ \}

Né : 29ème. Octobre, $1941 \ldots$
Père : Khan Sahib Mian Abdul
Mère : Bégum Méraj Hameed
Sœur : Tahira Hameed
Frère : Mian Kausar Hameed
Serviteur : Ashraf Mian Bihari
Ustad $\quad$ Mes Maîtres

1. Hafiz Muhammad Azeem
2. Feroz Nizami
3. Faiz Ahmed Faiz
4. Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj
5. Ahmed Mirza Jamil

| Tariq | Naturalisé Français ... | 16/01/1978 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Hameed | Hijrat Autorisé : Prakistan ... | 16/01/2011 |
| Suharwardi | GB Accord : Joindre Famille | 15/01/2015 |
| ... 01/03/1943 |  |  |
| ... 16/01/1948 | Père part | 16/01/1957 |

## \{TH 'Atomic':

Premier :
Université :
Hafiz Muhammad Azeem
Feroz Nizami
Faiz Ahmed Faiz
Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj
Ahmed Mirza Jamil

Supérieur:
Internationale :
Premier Globale

1. M.I.S. (Géant Industriel : BSN) $\{*\}$
2. M.I.S. Base de Données : Liquides (Ciba-Geigy)

1973

## - Based <br> *Schweiz* (Chimie)

## Inventions

3. 'Atomique' Urdu \& Arab Alphabet
4. 'Atomique' Urdu Clavier (Ordinateur)
5. 'Atomique' Urdu Ordinateur (Localisation)

## Concepts

6. Qura'an Evolutive Dimensionnelle structure
7. Qura'an Traduction Méthodologies simplifiées
... Unicode.org Consortium
... NADRA Nat. IDs +200 Millions
... Microsoft : Alphabet Atomique
... Quod Erat Demonstrandum ... *Euclid*
... QEDs Vahis Révélés ...
... QTMs Mot sous Mot ...
(Troisième \& Multi-Dimensions ... de la Structure Qura'anique "Revélé")

| $\begin{aligned} & \text { New TH } \\ & \text { Scope } \end{aligned}$ | Gold <br> Bil'ghaib <br> $\Delta \mid-1{ }^{\text {I-IA }}$ |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Emera } \\ & \text { Ancie } \end{aligned}$ |  | Mauve | $\begin{array}{r}\text { Cyan } \\ \text { Actual } \\ \hline\end{array}$ | $\underbrace{\text { D }}_{\text {Canary }}$ Insan | Pale <br> Chaos <br> Insan | Pepita | Fauchia |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| *Created* | .0. Pure | 1. Attrib | 2. Pro-N |  | 4. Conj. | 5. | dren |  | \% |  |
| G B | 128,128,090 | 128,128.128 | 000,255, |  | 200,000,200 | 100200200 | 0,255,200 | 200,100 | 1 |  |

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 word was my Passion then, my reason to be ... Learned ... when young: which has now Changed to the easy word, my reason to be ... Heard ... 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 Colours: as such I resorted to other means for precise Understanding and Comprehension. I Started 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 Knowledge, instead of simply Knowing Knowledge, un-Knowledged!
Thus ... in perception, all Senses are Unified ... composed and recomposed ...
... Surprisingly Specific ...

## Dedication

... To my Rosy ... She was all Rose ..
Rosy in Heart
$\boldsymbol{\bullet}$, 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 never Know ...

## ... Roma : Italia

This is a beg on Beauty
This is a BC-Dk on Beauty

So Please DO NOT read it
written with Beauty.
if you cannot Beautifiy your Life
or Live on with Beauty.
This is also a be-ob on Human Beings
Beautiful Beings who can become better:
It shows no ways no methods
but it can Hopefully 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 Read it

## if you try your best

NOT to be better.
UnFortunately, to become known, since commerce is now
Our Sole Soul, Dearly, very Dearly;
This bo-ak must be published: 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 Fault! Pity! None's Fault!
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 bo-ok on Beauty
with Beauty:
so res ecting PG-gred Beauty
and (my bG-ogk on Beauty Abandoned!) Dear, Dear Friend!

But one day if I can, I will Gift it ... Free; yes Free!
To you ... and the World ... of Shackles and Jackel's-Hides ... Free and Free and Free ...
... (p.s. 2016 ... by modern means ... I've put it on www ... $\underline{\boldsymbol{W}}$ ao $\underline{\boldsymbol{W}} e^{\prime} r \underline{\boldsymbol{W}} e a k \ldots$ hi hi ... Quote, but plz, just acknowledge author's name) ...

1. Qalat: Baluchistan

A Tale from Life
(9 years - 1950 Aug.) My First Story ...
'Twas Nobody when born: 'n all Bound to Lve, Cherishing what Destiny 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.

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
flowered to ble-oming Blossoms
'n Crevices Blossomed to blo-oms,
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 hand '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 fo-ot-steps roamed o'er a lonely Hill.
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 face that his welling Tear-drops not be seen.
Down the Hateful lane went then he; for never to return.

He wept quietly and through a blur of Streaming Tears, ô a Shimmer
Imagined, a stunned Tear-stained face did Glimmer.
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 $1 \mathbf{\underline { 0 }}-\underline{\theta}$ ked out 'n away, far away,
Through a haze of flakes a-falling and Tears a-flowing,
'hind the de-gmed 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-he-od fancies as flirtful puffs of Airy had been blown away.
The Memory of hazy brown Mountains had faded to mist,
but in their midst stot-0d still etched,
in crisps of Smoke, a Vision, a Lovely girl,, her locks Strayed about her frer-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 fresh raindrops fell,
the lonely roads Echoed his solitary fe-gt-falls to dwell.
These street-Lamps cast a dim diffuse LIGHT
which mingled with the darkness beYond all Night
and Melancholy Reflections Glimmered on:
Though by the road-side sto-gd yew-Trees all alone,
of rain-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 Ena, he searched on onwards on.

## Then Spring came

and green anew grew the grass;
Flowers Sprouted all around and Birds Sang:
'cause he had found her,
' n found her, at last!

Happy days, happy weeks, happy months flew by;
Joyous twinkling eyes scattered Love
anywhere they alighted.
They roamed everywhere:
but in the stifling heat she lay down in a tired slumber;
An innocent slumber, deep as if in Death!
He spake Soft Words,, 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 Sorrowful lag-ond lowered his wet eye!
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 Jotes of a flute trickled and Flickered
from far away forelorn fery-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 Hopes carried along a swift seething Stream
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 LIGHT Wind shifts,, there's a turmoil and in their midst ... slowly ô so slowly ... a few Words appear, beside the enChanting face
$\hat{o}$ "This is Life!"
And the Echoes 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 Ledesing ... the very Theme of Life!

1. Qalat: Baluchistan https://www.pexels.com/search/balochistan\ Pakistan/


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 so-gn 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
in his rog-ogm alone. He had Abandoned all Jovial Pleasures and shunned all gay company, ever but so recluse: always in his reminiscent medods: 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
 stunning balming PTag.c of Love.

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

Outside he
beheld a Haven. A Shadowy Night permeated all unwieldy objects of a day, an un-Earthy Beauty glowed. It had drizzled very very light and dots of rain had specked the whole Panorama around. The mogn aRose 'n sprinkled the Earth with strands of Shimmering silver and the Complete scene was ribbed with slight tones of LIGHT and SHADE. The unwinding road lay a-glinting a strip of ebony, where sombre Reflections gleamed dimly: and the spray-wetted Trees sketched by the sides attempting in vain to form a canopy, their slender Boughs blogeded with Night-green leaves; on the rain-speckled foliage the countless specks Sparkled as the twinkling of dews ... 'twas a dreamy vista of Blissful sleep! A colol Wind sighed, leaves rustled feebly in Echoing Cadences and drops of Water dripped as the Sharp plucked strings of a lonely lone lute. It was the Heavenly PTus dc of the still lofty Softy dreaming Night! Soft, slow, Mellow strains in Peace 'n Harmony flowed through the Universe and Shivered through his so lonesome a fragile frame. thBk－E－05a＊52－yrs ．pdf－015－4～ベャ THINKS ＇n THOUGHTS－015－－115

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 PTelod•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
her at a party and as young men often do，had instantly fallen deeply for her；but she having 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 foldishnesses and kissed and patched up their pretty petty quarrels，so that later her chiming Laughter filled the Air with brimming Jollity．Many a Times he toded 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
was upset．Jealousy stalked pryingly into their helpful existence，for they could not bear the long 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 log－odmed large and they leded askance，so un－Trustful of each other．Thus they had parted and two Pearly 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 eyes; but to lose a Love leaves a gaping Void which brings Sad Memories at the gayest Time. It is as heart renting as to the lonely traveller a Vision, a Mirage,, which though pleasing to behold swells up the feeling of Dmptiness within; as drops of Water, here there everywhere,, but Nowhere to brim: of things toder but tee distant unclear 'n trim!

A dull Ache, he
felt aRose 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 Reflections Past he gazed Vacantly around,, and he Thought of his rog-0 . So slowly returned he.

A fragrant breeze Sensed he that caressed Lightly his cheek,, but entered he his rodem and firmly he re-Closed his diogr.

What Thought he?
That a Ripening Life is Wasted through a Jilted Love!
What Concluded he?
That when the leaves fall, they fly and scatter blown before an uncertain Wind,, as is a Human Soul scattered and Wasted when the blistering body is thrown into the boiling Warm 'n Cold cauldron of Life: 'Life', the 'Passion' on whose 'Entrance' is 'enGraved' ...*

## "DisenChantment"!

As a $\mathbb{P} \mathbb{T}$ ag $\delta$ cian weaves $\mathbb{P} \mathbb{T}$ ag $\delta$ charms un-hung,
Chanting enChanting Words of a frery tongue,
So passing Times a healing potion pour,
O'er gaping Wounds blown by the scythe of Life;
A few are cured,, as others rot or writhe or soar,
Weeping creeping so End their lonesome weary Strife:
Thus unconcerned, the Universe revolves and rolls on,
... $\mathrm{He} \mathbf{H e}$
... Hii Hii
... На На
... He He
... He He
... Hii Hii
... На Ha
But ever ...! For ever ...! And ever ...! However ...! In NoN ...... He He

## Who is Nobody?

# This is a Theme which has haunted me Over decades. <br> Who am $\underline{I}$ or We or just Us or All of Us. 

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 UnTrue, 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 Old.
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?
3. 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?
"? , Ah! , ! , Hm ... ...! , and so and so and blah and blahs;
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 $1 \mathbf{\underline { c } - \mathbf { o g } k}$ 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 Glo y of those days had faded; child-hodod ties were Broken and what he held nearest his heart was eStranged: passage through Spring to Autumn reaches yellower 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 so-on settled into a smuggy cheerless rut, and Hon ured going back on his Word of mouth, for convenience or commercial Sense. Thus, Profit forgets Promise: 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 forgot 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 bro-gd of Friends and relations and all were exact replicas of each other: all engaged in negotiations, regarding the so important 'talks about talks', about talks about talks," about talking 'n talking 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 rainless cloud blown o'er along Infinte expanses of Heavens to UnenLightened 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 fo-glish brother Somewhere in the West. I think it was him, for his visage Waves 'n Wavers so very hazy before my eyes, that I Doubt if it all is not just a figment of my own Imagination 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 a Doubtful Light on 'Bill', as far as Learning or Knowledge was concerned ...
'Knowing Little Latin and Less Greek'
So our Nobody evolved Slowly ... From One to Nothing ... Unto One unto Something ...
Lacking NoN-Words unto Words ... Finally ... A Better Me ...

There're people who but just come
' $\mathbf{n}$ 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 so silk,
That he underst he had asked never 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.

Many people to be-come
'n many people to be-gone:
' $\mathbf{n}$ they are all forgotten forlorn.
So centuries sombered pass ' $\mathbf{n}$ 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 understeg-0 d , 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 ???
testa
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, pourtant sincèrement, jamais il n'a rien demandé à personne ... ou à qui qu'il soit ???
4.
(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 Cou ted 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 Coded was Caught
in a Cliché in a Cliff.
They pulled and they pulled and he ne'er came thru;
-do- -do- -do- -do- -do- so he was split in two:
They found out some glue and they stuck him up tode,
but, O miserable stiff!
They Pasted the beak-half back, hi hi,
and the back-half front.
Limerick: A funny Rhyme, often in four parts...

A A Nursery-Rhyme has it's Logic ... in Sense;
A A Limerick has it's Logic ... in a non-Sense:

## A Critical Study of Some Nursery Rhymes

(2003)

A Nursery $\mathbf{R}$ hyme 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 Gede 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 Rhyme | Critical Words | Objective |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Goosy goosy gander, where shall I wander; <br> Upstairs and downstairs, in my Lady's chamber; <br> There I met an Old Man who wouldn't say his prayers; <br> I took him by the left leg and threw him down the stairs ! | Old Man <br> wouldn't say his prayers took him by the left leg <br> threw him down the stairs | Children are taught <br> Religious <br> Ferocity |
| Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a big fall; And all the King's Horses, and all the King's Men, Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again! | Humpty Dumpty <br> King's Horses <br> King's Men <br> Couldn't put together | Ridiculous <br> Commoner ? <br> Superiority <br> of Royalty ? |
| Rain rain go away, come back another day; Little Johnny wants to play, rain rain go away; Rain rain go to Spain; <br> Do not show your face again! | Rain rain go away <br> (Spanish Armada) <br> not show your face again (Queen Elisabeth First) | "God blew His winds, and England was saved!" |
| Three blind mice ... (repeat) : See how they run ... (repeat); <br> They all went after the farmer's wife <br> who cut off their tails, with a carving knife; <br> Did you ever see such a sight in your Life? (3 blind mice) ! | Three blind mice (repeats) cut off their tails with a carving knife see such a sight? | A Laughing matter !!! Cruelty on Infirmity ? |
| Eeny meny mayna mo, (play) <br> Catch a Nigger, by his toe; (Force) <br> If he screams, let him go; (torture) <br> Eeny meny mayna mo! (amusement) | child counts <br> Nigger, toe screams, let him go spin around head \& throw | Children are taught <br> Racial <br> 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 gedod 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-Od

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; Sceptically \& Methodologically Observing Mother Nature's Order ... 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; Geq-gd 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 Question" ... Shakespeare (Hamlet: simply, Bodelean 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 $1^{\text {st. ... The Slave Trade ... She enjoyed its Profits; also African Entertainers in Court: by }}$ 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?
3. $1^{\text {st. }}$. Opium War (1839-1842) ... Warring, Qing $\&$ Britain: triggered by illegally dumping over 300 Opium Tons year, by the British Naval Ships? The battle was Lost by the Chinese.
2 . $2^{\text {nd. }}$. 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.
4. $1^{\text {st. }}$ \& $2^{\text {nd }}$. Convention of Beijing ... Kowlegen Cession \& South of Shenzhen River \& Lantau.
5. Elisabeth the $2^{\text {nd }} . .$. 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.)
ttps://www.pexels.com/search/balochistan\%20Pakistan/ ... pexels-photo-4610272.jpeg ... pexels-photo-2383832.jpeg pexels-photo-2240891.jpeg ... pexels-photo-2734406.jpeg ...


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)

## (As if Reading from a Text)

Middle-Agéd, Man :
The Reflection 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 Shades 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 Shimmer more pretty than the Lustre of ripples Under megen-lit Nights of a שry-Land.
'Twas there that walking beside a Phantom Lake,, he asked a hundred simple Questions, when the Wind breathed upon the bathed Trees and made them shake off their stupor.
"Gram-Pa! Why do the leaves move?"
"The Wind makes them move!" "How does it make them move ?"
" By moving itself!"
" But why does it move itself, Gram-Pa ? "
" Because you can't expect it to stand still all the Time, can you!"
" No, I suppose not. Aren't you awfully clever to Know all that ?
"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 æries ? "

"No!"
" Were you ever a child once, Gram-Pa ? "
"Yes!"
" Did you ever Believe in æries then ?"
"Yes!"
"Then why don't you Believe in them now ? "
"Because I've grown ever so Old now!" "You mean feries never grow Old ?"
"No!"
"Oh. Wouldn't you like to be a frery 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 tiog ? "
"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 teleg ! "
" Oh ! It would also be very tried ? "
"Yes!"
" And when I grow Old, will I be very tired and rest to-g ? "
"Yes!"
" Where will I rest, Gram-Pa ? "
"Somewhere ... Here or There!"
" Oh, wouldn't that be nice ! But why will I grow tired ? "
" Don't you feel tired at the 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 Bndless beginning of all Ends and all Times: of all Broken Hopes: of Hopeless patience! The Remembrance which is forever forgotten: and comes only to people the Imagination 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 cuckeq-0 ? "
"Yes!"

"Yes!"
"What is it made of?"
" Of wt-ged! "
" But How can it sing if it is made of wog-0 d ?
" So justly tell me ? How can a Bird sing, if it's made of Pure wog-od ?

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

[^0]" 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 te-o. ? "
" 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 Fingels where all is sweetness !"
"Then Why do they come Here ?"
"Because they are tielo greedy and selfish to Live like the Fingels !"
"I thought you didn't Believe in æries ?" "I don't !"
"But aren't FDngels like large æries ? "
" 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 Aingel, but an adult often not:
he is much tod much occupied in this Worldly World! "
"Gram-Pa ? How does one become an ADngel ?"
"Be like they g-ف-ed 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 Gaiety 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 PTus.c; 'n seemed to ask if ever there was an arc more perfect than that of the fine RAlNBOW which legeps the Sky in its mute Splendour! Born of and pitted against the Silent Gloy 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 misty moment more,, more Beautiful than itself but unobserved and neglected in an atmosphere spontaneous in it's TPTag $\delta \mathrm{c}$. And then the $\underline{\underline{\text { Sun }}}$ is set and the Stars ridicule that ever there existed anything which surpassed them in the aleog Beauty, of PIIfstery and Grandeur!

Girl : Thus he we-ged her! That she cared not for him, he held not against her: but that he Loved her a little te-g 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.

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 ? "
" Ôf Nothing, my child. "
"Then what is Nothing made of ? "
" Ôf Ashes Ôf Love Ôf Life ôf Images Ôf Reality."
" Gram-Pa! Do you Know the difference between a Dream and a Reality ? "
" 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 Reality 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 unKnown future to a few Visionary glimpses of the dreamy Past: a halo of Nothing but all 巨mptiness ... 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 frost ? And yet still unrewarded we go, just wanting to Live an unstained existence, satisfied just with a Vision ... a Beatrice, an Image: 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 Knowest 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 Bternal 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 te-g will grow up in the city of many locked de-grs 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 Grand Idylls amounted to Nothing: Nothing but a Nothing ...
... helplessly Suffering the base pollute his God-like Images ...

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 Dternal Charms,, and Crumple to the Filthy Dirty Earthy Dust beneath. AFraid, that forever be made mundane the Divinity of all idols,"'n all Imaginations untold.

Voice of BeLoved : Pollute NOT the little Silken 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 megn 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 $13 \ldots$ now 2021 (am about 80)
$>\mathrm{He} .$. 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 LQ-Dking,"'n in Loving.

## 6. Lahore: Punjab

## A Night in a Lonely Shack

(14 years - 1955 May)
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6. Lahore : Punjab A Night in a Lonely Shack
(14 years - 1955 May)

Nota 2017: It's the only story Written in all my wanderings, where the central character
is purely fictional (imaginary), but I have tried to make it as real as possible; as Living 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 Peace '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 sho-dk their heads,, and Fearing hearts searched long into the black Nothing of the evening passeal: they loged up to the clouded face of the moden which seemed like a Lady shrouded ... thus so, 'n dark 'n grey ... in dark' $\mathbf{n}$ grey greaving Over the Death of a beLovéd, tog-0 stunned 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 Shimmerings 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 dedem from the deep depths of Dternity! 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 howl Sounded like the tormented Cry of a long Lost Soul in an eerie Wilderness !

Then Blinding Lightening Crashed,, and Thunder Thundered duly!
The sheeting rain-Storm poured obliquely down,, in its de-0 $m$-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 rain lashed, the chilling Wind bit Hard," and the Colourless form loded 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 deger cautiously, 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 deSigned Furnace, in which a few Coals smouldered; waiting their Bnd
!
"Please let me in. I got caught out in the rain", implored the daunted feminal voice of the
PTysterdous 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 $\mathbf{S}$ torming Windy $\mathbf{S}$ torm 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-gr shut, came and sat down near her !!!

## "Are you all right ?" He asked

!!!!

There seemed Something familiar about this deep bass voice; but she had Known 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 untruthfully
!!!!!
"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 lag-0 foremost in his Brain
! ! ! ! ! ! ! "But tell? Who 'n What you are 'n from Where; say ?"

She did not Answer directly: for troubled Minds find solace only in Silence ... in the unending and the Wraless combinations of Something Truly meaningless, because ...

She thought of the Time when she was a Tender Imaginative 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 Emotions are glued to a second. In Desperation 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 Hum ur; and beat her when in gedeod !

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 mog-ods flung her into, was sweetened when she heard the unTainted 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 Great Griefs being compensated by a geg-od Gre t Men sum to be paid immediately, in advance !

Her bleded 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 logeops up transparent to this World so Falseness-opaqued. To hide her crime, that Stormy Night she threw the now still boy's body in the flg-0ded 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 Imaginary 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 Bnds. 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 Hon ur, of Hon ur of a very pious high Sounding morality, cause Even Fingels Learn in Adversity, the Simple 'n Humble Art 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 $\boldsymbol{f}$ actor $\mathbf{X}=\boldsymbol{\epsilon} \mathbf{~} \mathbf{a s h}$. Tangled in a labyrinth of slender unpredictable strands, one's aims $\mathbf{S}$ tray away from one's Hopes !

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 tol 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 New 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 $\mathbf{R e V e} \mathbf{R}$ 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 Friendlerss now aimlessly wandered about in the Night !

All came in a flash, but divulged she Nothing. Uncertain, remained she Silent for a little while, aFraid 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 Started walking: in the Hope of reaching home before Sunset. But he was still a long way off when dusk fell and when the $\mathbf{S}$ torm 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 tod "... 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 Silent; all her Painful Memories returned,, and vainly tried she to drive them away: drive away the Pain of Truth; for while the True is the dole of the Low-trodden as you can't hide an iota,

Hypocrisy's stare is the luxe of circles up-graded, up-Stairs !

She listened to the abating rain pattering on the rod and thought how much it resembled a child's toddling feet. She shoged away this Reflection and logked around at the dingy rod and her cloak hanging on one side, a nail away; a splotchy puddle of Dirty Water had been formed on the bricked fle-gr: here and there a cleft or 16-0 sened brick made the surface uneven. The only window was boarded up with termite-eaten we-g d ; in the upper two panes, some splintered glass was still Visible. By the occasional bolts of Lightning, cobwebs could be noticed adorning the rafters: drips of Water streaked down from the corners of the leaky ceiling and patches of plaster had fallen from the moss-Coloured 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 lequ back to,, while she had had Nothing but a desolate Fate ! Ô so desolate a Fate !

Her Remembrances were Broken when her companion spoke !
"Imagine, how Glo ious this dump of Ruins might once have been with so many a happy Soul roaming about. Who can say their Spirits may even be Nloating 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 tog-0. She was disinclined to conversation, so consequently did not talk tot-0 much !

## An Bternity seemed to pass !

## A full 'n fuller

The rain 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 meg-on 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 Realized that she was Absolutely penniless, without a dot. In her hurry she hadn't brought along anything with her, and she didn't Know how many Hazardous days she may have to face thus: run aGround 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 Words passed between them !

## ' O what a Cruel World ? <br> Thy neighbour gives thee Friendship! <br> 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 ear!

Suddenly she slapped him Sharp 'n sprang up. In that moment she had recognized and now despised the very touch of him. She abhorred her disgustful profession,, which led her to such baseness that her will remain not her own. Bewildered 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 he-g ts un-Naturally loud from a Shrivelled Arborescence nearby; away a lone wolf howls to warn it's mate: and near the degre 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 head. Grotesque Shadows played on his pallid face: the hollows of his eyes receded deeper and leered as the malign eye-sockets of a seared Skull freshly dug from a Grave! In his mien Imaged the wrapping of Passion which was tightening around his Panicking Senses: he dreaded 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 felogtsteps crunched the rubble outside，and thinking that Somebody might be there to save her，shrank towards the de－gr，＂，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 flle－gr．The match－box dropped a－scattering and the Flickering 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 ．．．
－SGo－oty darkness prevailed 。
She groped about，found the match－cover and swept up a few sticks，，and struck one He lay fully spattered in blog－${ }^{-0}$ ．He stirred a little；it faintly Dawned that the clutching hand of Death the visitor most PIIyster．ous of all，approached him fast，，and in an agony he raved
＂．．．no ．．．No 」 I don＇t want to Die よ I won’t Die 」 I can make Dead rise，I won’t Die＂よ In a last convulsion he let his head jerk le－bsely ．

His filmy eye－balls sizzled towards Infinty
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 $\quad \circ$

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 Hopes 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 $₫ \boldsymbol{\circ}$

## Revenge fulfilled is Regret fretted 。よか $^{\circ}$

She heard a sob behind，so turned and saw the deor being pushed wide open－And in came a very Oldened 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
＂You have Killed my son You couldn＇t have helped it He had started to Believe that he was a Gre t 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 Stormy Night he brought back a soaking wet body，of a Dead child so young＂よよよよ

The East－Sky Tinged with argent roused the gilded morn d A dejected solitary Woman went out， threw off the coins the mad－man paid，，and towards some distant unKnown Land，tread away ．．．
a lone greyish speck framed against the bluing goldish mist－clad Horizon
（Nota：2012）P．S．：If and Sounds are so familiar，very similar to Mussorgsky Une Nuit sur le Mont Chauve ．．．．．．A Night on the Bald Mountain
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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.)

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 PTus‘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 solen Lost. But they both remained Silent, 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 Laughter disgusted me. Even now I can't get its ring out of my ears." 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 tol-0 Hard. Defiant meds, 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 smegthed, and 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 '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 16-0.0king 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 Grandeur, so's to
find out as such our True vocation. Friendship is Under-standing and lies deeper than Words,, thus thought I, you would Under-stand and forgive me. But the next day you snubbed me; so I went home and I Cried. "

It was geded 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 Hopes of recovering Something Dear Lost become all the more Painful, because more than half the World rests on Hopes 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 unConscious dabbling of her legs 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 co-gl breeze these Reeds Crackled, as the spray raised smelt fresh, blown Lightly onto their 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 ear, while further the amorous croaks of frogs, extended longingly longly into Silence.
" NO. Be not sorry. I'm to blame te-e. " "NO. But Please come in now."
" Un-hum. Not yet. Tell me how did you Know 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 East aRose the confused voices of men, who as they were sailing away with the current, veered around to aVoid some snag, thus forming a smallish triangle of Sound. The boat Lantern was not Visible, may be it was as yet unlit so one could see not anything, but still the strains of a plaintive $\mathrm{d} \downharpoonleft \cdot \boldsymbol{J} y$ (ditty) were wafted towards them in an aroma of Romance 'n Sadness. The me-g Closed its eyes, 'n Fire-Flies went to sleep.

They listened intently and then he mumbled, "Beautiful Feelings remain to-g Cruel to afford Pleasure in any realm other than Art. You play on an instrument and feel Beautiful Palus ${ }^{\circ} \mathrm{c}$; but do you Know what rent the heart of the strings that they Weep so.

One's Misery is another's Pleasure:
like the flowers which burn their hearts out to incense the World."

## BGe.

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

She Under-steg-g : though she heard only a few Words.

Their Emotions seemed to Echo the ruffled Peace '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-LIGHTS. From the bowels of the apparently Calm sphere the almost unperceived Tremors of an Earthquake gently chased one another in quick succession, and equalized in sympathy with the disproportionate jolt of Emotional stress, which inverts the displaced Senses from clear perception. He had a feeling of a light caress on his hand. He moved close to her and both Sensed in Reflections, Tears in each other's eyes.

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 10 - ${ }^{\mathbf{g}}$ se Rocks which clattered thinly down. Then for a moment, all became Sound 'n Silence simultaneously existing and evanescent, like Life's disintegrated Peace 'n Harmony. On the other side hung faintly in the Northward Air a serried series of confined roars like zogroars, but it vanished Completely. The Earth exhaled an after-rain 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 PIus`c and dio-ors are being slammed. "
" O must we. They said there was to be an eclipse shortly,
but I Wonder why the mod ${ }^{-0}$ n hasn't come up yet. "
" Hang the megegn." 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 $\mathbb{P} \llbracket$ ystery.

Only occasionally did the drowsy honks of an isolated horn tried to compete with the long hogeds of 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 tatte-od 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 jotes of a factory siren coming from half-way to the right and far back. It Started from thick and dipped to a Lighter and Lighter higher key subsiding sq-oden to the original heavy fotes 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.

He got up and said to her, " I feel like Loving you all the years in Infinty and a few moments more," then to be with you to the End of Bternity and a little beYond. And if you ever become Angry, I'd raise the last breath in my body to do you service and Change thy Frown to a Smile-let. But then I'd be giving back to you Nothing more than what is already thine,, for I inspire of thy breath of Purest thoughts and so take my entire Being from thee. You have heard of the flower which Lives in the countenance of the Sun and of the Stars, which always revolve closely around one another,, but you have never heard of one who feels Wretched, because these comparisons seem finite and somewhat separate. When we are alone I think of the meg and dream of thee, and in this dream we are like Particles of the mizzling mog-smut dissolved in the spumy crest of a Dangerous billow carried along Endlessly into the slum-full folds of liquid depths, till I Awake suddenly up, to find my so fine a meg-on-beam Cystallised become like the oyster's Treasure,, the Pearl of existence. The lonely oyster Lives only for its Pearl,, thus I'd Live sucking on a mog-on-drop, dreading that someday Somebody 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 ...

## ... 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 tode tightly 'n make me wince. O, when you grow Old, I'd give everything in the World for us to be young again. $\mathbf{O}$, 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 agéd and apart myself have none left to give,, and so together we'd rest leaving behind us a Memory, few primroses New 'n fresh,, 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. '
" 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 Great 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, Overhearing this, glopped "bouche bée"; and was gone. A discontinued splash was all that was left, to Remember him by. Hugging the East-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 stog-@ped towards her, he was rebuked; as if 'twas to Conquer?

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"Stop it."
" No. Never."
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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 led 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 soleg and before it's trod 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 PIus ${ }^{\circ}$, 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 breon or Stream 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 Scene ...
... Only Slightly Seen the un-Seen of Everywhere,, Where I had Never, Never Ever Never Been ...



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 fle-gr 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 t'wink'ling LIGHTS, did creep!
O! that I could reach her aStray in my flights,,
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 $\mathbb{\mathbb { P }}$ Iystery.
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 leded on frothy fuff 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 Know which Emotions unKnown,
shake with Silent Tears, the seething bosom of the elements, so shorn.
A couple nearby Laughed: and I Cry!
In one same spot lies glogem 'n Joy

## While only those enduring differ!

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

Thus all is alike, be it geded or ill;
Though a sullen med 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 gre-ems went a-drinking;
The Old began praying: ' $n$ thus the Sorrowful left a-brog-oding.
The moistened Air was chiller, the dark Blank Sea 1 deded 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 Foams,,
Must return but to prisonous body's bin
For in Life all one does, is a lot of Sin.
I la-ged 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,,
Jewelled log-ogsely on darkish crest of scattered-Waves by
Clustering like gems around the shy rising moden stand-by
As Pearls a-strewn in the locks of a Lovely Fæy,
Matched Soft mog-EIGHT on Watery twirls that shower pale,
The way Glimmering Diamonds emBellish the Beauty of a Belle!
A Belle who stays lone, pines afar from me
Gazing in a haunting Charm of Chanting murmuring Sea!
I seek to the East, the Path from where I came
Ô 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
Glistering on the ripples which gulp these Sparks on Fire
Ploating in black depths, a swaying replica of heights
Glittering Flickering Shivering Images of LIGHTS
Rising from the Sea; rising Above the Sea
The LIGHTS ' n eidolæ coalesce:
Blinking twinking, blinking twinkling

## Lumined forms

as glow-Worms,
imPearling the Ocean
and studding Water's motion, quivering Rays Shivering 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-meg-gns ascending up until,
And sleepy, the Stars are drowsing,
The multitudes of Fires ever arising
Dancing Glimmering gay-fully jingling
Nearer clearer the Myriads Winking
Chiming tinking chiming tinkling:

## A Wonder Wondrous: a Wondrous Wonder!

The veils do ope and reveal my city left without Hope
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 do-er of a house in a Dell, where Lives my beLoved:
She passed by; and raised her hair hand to pinky Lips, and blew a dream kiss!
O! that I could melt into my Love
That the Past and the ruture may blend ... And that the Time, then be Ended!
The populace of Flickering Lamps, 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 PథIyster_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 Emotional Words, which Echo persistently from the folds of Memory, 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 Shadows of the Nloats, these longings glide 'n sway away, into the oblivion of Night
far from that which is bright,
leaving no traces
of our Loved Lost faces:
of the absent, the Memory sweet, is Tinged 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 enDeared so well.
O, swifting away so far away ... one by one by one,, as the Hours do pass,
From the Shaded glen where cuckog-calls are coy," where spreads silky-grass,
BeYond brimming brog-ogks 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 Nloating in cold Winds, best Love philtre.
Coloured mists flow in and hide it, in the thinly Painted hazy wispy curtains,
From the Air than aRose PTelod`ous sme-oth tones, as all faded in TMag $\delta \mathrm{c}$-strains.
In the bay of Soft Flickers: nests this vernal Isle of twinking twinkling Lowly LIGHTS,,

## 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-sot-gthing Memories of the en-Kindled Past. Around me, Soft eddies ripple PIusdc on Rocks embedded in these Calms, resplendent of so sog-0 thing restful sands ...
"You are young and of Love you are full," 'n yearn to Gift it all: till you are left Pure Null!" How swift does Time 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
Lahore Punjab
Images : A Rythm of a Mind
https://pixabay.com/images/search/brain\ waves/ ... quantum-physics-4550602__340.jpg https://pixabay.com/vectors/brain-mental-health-think-5398414/


Frequency Band
Gamma ( Y )
Beta ( $\beta$ )
Alpha ( $\alpha$ )
Theta ( $\theta$ )
Delta ( $\delta$ )

| Frequency | Brain States |
| :--- | :--- |
| $\& g t ; 35 \mathrm{~Hz}$ | Concentration: Acute |
| $12-\mathbf{3 5 ~ H z}$ | Anxiety Domain: Active |
| $08-12 \mathrm{~Hz}$ | Very Relaxed: Passive |
| $04-\mathbf{0 8 ~ H z}$ | Deep Relaxed: Inward |
| $\mathbf{0 . 5 - 4 ~ H z}$ | 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 ... We Listen to Reply ..
The ' 7 Wonders of the World'...1. 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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## Images: A Rythm of a Mind

Once upon a Time, far beYond where so dappled Clouds do hide the Mountain Tops, a Land of Fæve Did exist. In this, the Never-Never-Land of Fancy And Imagination, all the year round where Forever, in a State of Continuous Now, SpringTime did Live Mellow 'n the Autumn never Came,, except to Paint the Trees in pretty Colours 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 Glades Sprouting with so many flowers Like the Iridesence in the Edges of any Prism; and Where Stars be-studded by a Sapphire me-on Changed As many hues as small RAlNBOWs decking the Sky In the colelness 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 Imagination
And must wistfully scale the depress of Reality, He grew lonely and lonelier and left the frery-Land
To be born in this World,, to seek so after Happiness.

He was born anew in a picturesque Valley ... Bound on three sides by high Mountains. It opened out, and from a rise in the middle was Visible the Gre t Lake with the contours of its farthest Shore mingling into the line of the Horizon. 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, eternal the Dimness beYond: and just an instant before dark, the snowy peaks and the near Edges 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 Paint-box of Nature were spilt across the Sky,, while nearer the Water lilac and vellow 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 Shades of verdant in the sprog-high growth ' $n$ more. And all this ambient Beauty of the Myriads 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 puture 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 Gradeur of the Past concentrated into one flighting moment; and he saw Visions of majestic Emperors courting Defeat in the Splendour 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 faces; and he Remembered his Dead teacher who had Learned him his trade, 'twas an untutored but a Wise man: there are Gre ter Philosophers'mongst Peasants than amongst Scholars; 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 Images 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 gedodpledged 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 SHELL of self-torture, where the Words 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 Diamonds. "

Con idering himself as instrument in the Destruction of a fellow Being's Hopes, he determined to Punish 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 Pruit in maturity, yet they are very Painful to relinquish in the freshet of Strange Emotions. Search after Happiness leads through Thorny Paths, because fickleness confuses Happiness with gratification. Ironically, an early Memory of child-h $\underline{\underline{\mathbf{D}}} \mathbf{- 0}$ d came to him: "Why am I born?" "Not to Suffer like others!" was his Answer to this simple puzzle.

When he had Con iderably 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 gedodey 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 Image 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 Con idered himself able to disPassionately 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 mo-gd identified himself with its aldgess. At the Dawn of Universe the vesper $\mathbf{S t a r}$ Lost a companion and thus it stands alone like a constant Lover, to the Ends of Creations, thinking that the Image at the bottom of the pellucid Lake, whose Edges dre-op with narcissus Florets Smiling up from the Water, would rise once and be United to him forever: forever Hoping, realizing not that in the darkness of Pain, Glimmers of Hope enhance the glogeon, 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 Landscape, a paysagist's Masterpiece, were drenched in the oncoming Night: the Meadow-like grass spread like a velvet cushion along the fringe of the specular lage-gn, and the erogenous $\mathbf{S}$ crubs 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 pog-d.
Then in the distance he saw a Blaze of LIGHTS,
like the Irides in laminated interiors of SHELLS mingling into
the randy whites of Mother-of-Pearl; then picked his way, to awaiting fair-Grounds.
He passed a Fire burning red 'n glowing, as a Lamp in a dark-rem. A fake TPGag $\int$ cian wearing a flowing Strange robe stelod 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 delighted. 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 mushre-om of individually glowing Particles, as tracks of LIGHT in Overexposed pictures of Fire-Worms: then all a seven Colour lying in cuts of a mirror, kept growing duller as the glaze of Nacreous Shades in Powdered glass. And when he log 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 meg-odds 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 Gracefull like a rery skimming on the edge of the breeze, kissing nectar with Tender Lips from skeiny petals. All the continuous forms of Beauty in the Sky tog-0 $k$ their depth and Lustre 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 told ol 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 Pearl-ivory teeth. Her shoulders were of the smog-gthness 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 Charms of being stroked behind the ear: but her Charms were more the Charms reeking with innocence of being vivaciously aLive, of being full of an animated Gaiety as the Reflections upon a Blank wall of skeins, of LIGHT in Water, and of being totally unConscious of this all; of the Charms in the freshness of a Mountain Wind 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-ng-on, 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 Splendour! 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 RAlNBOW in the Sky ...

A Visible concentration of Nature in all her innocence and in all her simple Beautu!

For him this was a moment of rhapsodic Emotions. Everything else seemed to blur out; and she alone remained Sharp in the focus of Reality, with the Lamp-glows Glistering in her moistened eyes,, selectively standing out in relief against a distorted back-Ground composed of blobs of dancing LIGHTS, like the film of spectra rings in a stretched soap bubble projected on a wide screen.

And gradually this blown-up back-Ground of Prismatic Taints in the corny rictuses of a cracked plate of glass, well so well Sharpened, that the details of the Iridesence were markedly Visible through her superimposed idol, slowly parted in two visive Images; and in this state of diplopia he Wondered why he never had any multi-Coloured dreams...

One's dreams are oft in the photographic scale of grey,
for no Sharp Radiance is Refracted in the Camerated antas of the Mind.

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 Reflections 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 dripping Friends he 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 Image 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 Grand-Mother told him not to play with Fire or he would have bad dreams. What a TPlag $\delta \mathrm{c}$ 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 Gre test 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 lowed 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 Glo $y$ of an early morning.

It was now that he met a Friend who seemed to have Under-gone a Gret strain and embarked on a long tale as how yester evening he had met a girl, who 巨nded 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 feet: 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 Hope, for this may yet transform me into a Romantic; 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.

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-0d-bye and cuddles off to sleep,, while I gaze on her long after and Tenderly caress her with the sincerest of sincere Emotions".

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 pgegr men can't by Stealth." And his Friend just gave him a quizzical loge and said not a Chant. All of us are kids and becoming so unreasonable, can't ever be Under-stog-od: neither do we like to be,,
for some of us, Live in a private World beYond the Stars: and will there remain always.
Stogn he left his Friend, 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 turquoise ...

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 tolde" 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 Answer.
"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 Over there' will you do it ta-e?
She received again an affirmative reply.
Meanwhile her Friends after every patch of conversation
kept fle-ollishly 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 Diamonds, 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 logedking for ... Thus 'tis so," Self Reveals oft Human Stupidity. The girls became aFraid of the commotion," $n$ thinking him to be a mad-man edged away; 'n when he leg-gked 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 megn 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 ... sto-ed a withered 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 meg sporadically struggled out from behind its cover of clouds, to platinise each individual Fogweed-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 LIGHT, 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 Imaginary keyboard of blacks 'n of whites. In the distance he saw the Lacustrine Waters where the mog-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 Grand separate,, and he felt puzzled that whenever one wanted to, one could never retrace in any of one's dreams, any of the faces of one's most Loved ones. His this Brain-Storm was jeopardized into a single orbit, by one who never 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 IMind:
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 scenes expanded to whole Panoramas, are always Artistically 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, allegt And suffused with enChantment! 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 fain bosom of Nature!

Startled he realised, that she was rounding already the feg 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 Fantastic mental make-up of many a normal person. But stegn he came to a plank, which evenly was split across into two, and due to the Great Caution exerted, oddly by error his felogt cut it. Then quite unreasonably, he Started to step on the cracks and pass Over the planks: until he Overte-od 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 Images 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 gle-omy 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 pe-gr man 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 unDying devotion, would you Love me?"
There she told him all ... Her father had Died recently: she was left not only without protection, but without feled, 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 $\leftrightarrow$ down deep below, fell a-sight 'o his. And on the profound Reflections in the Sky Above which seemed like an immense Glittering vault of Steel with no redeeming features,, except the half-patch of the megn-glow. Twas now that her Words "May God be with you" reached him 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 Image, 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 Peace '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 PTIystery is solved by another P®Iystery! 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.

## BGO.

 "thBk-E-05a*52-yrs".pdf-060-4Human Life is a mosaïc fragmented from slivers of Hope and Despair,, but has God ever plumbed with bleeding fingers of the Despair of having all Hope 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 Dternity 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 Image 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 Know 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?"
He hit the surface flat and Lost Consciousness: all efforts at Life becoming futile, because his Feelings were tog-o sincere 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 Hope 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 rain, to nourish the Flord with their bled, biered on the silts of Rivers, to go back to their Ageless Mother: with these old Ideas, in time to give New births to Old 'n New combinations!

Against the he-g of the Sky on the woden 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-heg 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 $\qquad$ and had one analysed her Mental State, this prayer would have been found 'pon her willowed Lips:
"How I wish I had no Feelings for then I'll feel no Hurt no pain no Sadness."
Worth is realized only when the Bound Binding links are disconnected:
that's why Lovers have misUnder-standings ... to grow more 'n more, fond of each other!
But what if the chains are Lacerated never to be re-catenæted together! She 10-0 $k$ ed 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 ma-en 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 ' $n$ their solitude United, with a sub-tryst series of thirds of Softencal wg-od- fotes. 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 'n 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 Bnd it, the Life of those who meant never any Harm, but were still stamped Under the shod heal of Fortune.

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 $\mathbb{P G} \mathbf{I u s}_{\curvearrowright} \mathrm{c}$ : 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 mog-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 bre-e k which murmurs simple PTus.c
And slips thorough an arch in the wede which 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 me-gds: they Live here, On a side inside the tedge against a mound of Rocks
In a cottage built o' bambo-o shot-0 ts ' n palm leaves lone, Bathed: in many a blue LIGHT of many 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 me-gn-LIGHT on untrodden grass;
And in the midst ... of this so golden Autumnal tapestry
I feel the Shades to move and I hear the stillness of PTystery
Soft whispers whispering: to my Mind's Rythm ... an untold story of Love.
10.

Lahore: Punjab
Art for SENSE (How to Write?)
(15 years - 1957 Jan.)
(Contradiction of ... "Art for Arts' 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 Hope also Breaks, having Broken all the rest ...

The Castel of Hopes is Erected a Thousand Once,, to fall to Ruins to the Sands of Time,, so be it.
... I do not Know what I have Written,, nor do I Know why have I done so ...
but I do Know where to leg-og for, while Writing! A Candle burns in LIGHT and the Smoke goes unnoticed,, like an Artist 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 'Imagination 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 NEVER can be cut to Diamonds ...
but What is, IS ... so,, even in the effort to regulate the Old Images to my New 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 Con ider the gap between the comma (,) and semi-colon (;) to be t-0 Sharp and Steep, so be it. Thus, I have developed a New Stoppage,, which I propose to call the 'pause' $(g)$, 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 scenes,, so be it," if you will,"
just call it my innovative idiosyncrasy,, if you really will, will, will," $川, ~ و s o ~ b e ~ " ~$

I am not a native born to this language,, but I sincerely Hope 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 Imagination, 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 Truth 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 ${ }^{i t}$, ...

* oft that I be exempted with Grace,,
* 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,
* o 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 tog-0 te-o 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 mod-od, ' $n$ Pensive Grace,"
* or t'riddling quietly by," ever Softly by,, at a slowly lumbering pace,, so be ${ }^{\text {it }}$,..


## 10. Lahore: Punjab

 ART for SENSE (How to Write?) (1957-15 years Jan.) https://pixabay.com/ ... pexels-photo-962312.jpeg ... pexels-photo-1020478.jpeg ... pexels-photo-1270184.jpeg Art for Art's sake, a slogan translated from the French dictum I'Art pour Art, coined in the early $19^{\text {th. }}$ century by the French Philosopher Victor Cousin ... Phrase expressing a Belief held by $19^{\text {th. }}$ Century Writers and Artists, associated with Aestheticism, including Oscar Wilde, who held that Art or Artistic Expression needs No Justification: Neither that it needed to serve Political Didactics ... or any other possible Ends.I Disagree Completely: my moto's Logical : Art 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 $1^{\text {st }}$. World War) Wasteland Raindrops were falling, pittery pittery pittery pat ... Sound \& Sight united ...T.S. Eliot. Coined English!


[^1] https://pixabay.com/ ... pexels-photo-1038935.jpeg (Infinity Road) ... pexels-photo-1210273.jpeg (Heart Breaks)
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 Grand maître plus Grand 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 inesse 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'Ombre d'un arbre
il était un être très très simple
si Grand un maître plus Grand que d'autres
mon ancien serviteur
et quand j'enterre mon Âme
dans un soufflé très calme
sous l'Ombre d'un arbre
je pense à cet être
mon ancien serviteur
enterré sous les Ombres
d'un arbre qui Pleur
et son tariq qui Chante
et les Diseaul l'écoutent et dorment
when I'll Die my son
bury me under a tree in Thorn
in the Shades of its borne
'twas a being
so so simple
so Gre t a master the Greatest of all he recited me stories
of ' 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 Shades of its borne
'twas a being so so simple
so a Gre t master the Gre test of all
my ancient servitor
' n when I bury my Soul
in a wisp so calm
in the Shades of a palm
thinking 'twas he a psalm
my ancient servitor
buried in the Shades
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
ext. French. *thBk-F-3.pdf* ... Mon Ancien Serviteur 1982 p-13--63--247- lire d'un soufle, au Rythme des battements du Cœur!
...

Mon fils si tu parles
C'est une douce Rayure
Sur une douce Pierre
Qui une Bternite demeure
Donc tu veilleras sur tes mots.
Toute ta Vie monfils
Tu surveilleras tes actes
Ne salis pas ton proche
Ni tes aieux 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 Etre et ton Sort
Puis tu aideras tant de Gens
Ils te feront bien du Mal
Et tu Souris quand je parle
Mais tes actes sont pour toi
Noublies 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 Temps sera mûr
Et ton sang sera Pur
Tu pourras Aimer donc une femme à la hauteur de ton Âme
En Amour tu donnes ton Cour
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 Wternity 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 sears
The respect of your Being
You hold
In your hand
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 Writ as Love
You'll find much tie-g bove
As your Times will mature ' $n$ wait
And your blig-g d'll be Purèd
Only then you'd Love a maid
At the height of a Soul so made
In Love you give your heart
Never Hoping a return
Lone Destiny can oe'r-turn
You'll be worth your want as worth.
( $\mathbf{1 0}^{\text {th }}$. 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
ext. French. *thBk-F-3.pdf ... Ma Si Belle Mère 1982 p-14--64--248-
...

Simples sont les règles de ce Monde
Mais moins simple est de les pratiquer
Avec Gra deur 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 Quand 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 Paroles d'une Grande dame
Peu de Fiè té 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 Gra deur 'n Honesty
You'll follow your geq-od 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 Grand grown
You'll capt what I said
Am perhaps an Old Life in bed
But Souvenirs are only get-0d
When the Lovéd become Dead we-g.od.
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 lequgs on of at-0 daien
That these Oldnesses me she taught
Come never Old as brought
Since such an Ancient Start
Of Older times of Older guard.
Now tariq is so Grand
And his self is 'tis master
Lil so little a thing
Trace the curve of his Life
Lil bit of Words of a Gra d'dame
Lil bit of Hon ur 'n of Love
An' the respect of all
An' a lil bit all around at fall.
(Le $\mathbf{1 0}^{\text {ième. anniversaire de sa Mort ... j'espère ne l'avoir déçu Jamais. }}$
Pourquoi la Nature est si économe et avare de telles personnes ?)
Une Impératrice du Cœur ... Méraj Suharwardi Hameed ...

## Père

comme c'est réconfortant
de vous tenir le doigt
mais dans quelques $\mathbf{T e m p s}$
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

je vous comprends
le refus de faire du Mal
est devenir Grand
mais des deux Grandeurs
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 ?
si tu peux emporter
dans au-delà
de ce Monde
cette joue
frappe
mais apprends
déjà à laisser
ce que tu dois laisser
ici
so recomforting 'tis to see you hold my hand but after some Time where'll you be ?
why do you help all 'n sundry
who in their gequg 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 Great
of this pair in Greatness
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 learn
already to abandon
what must you abandon
here

## ..

quand le $\mathbf{T}$ 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 doigt
mais père
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 ?
et fils je t'
embrasse cette dernière fois
maintenant va jouer
dans les Jardins Epineux de ce Monde
ce n'est qu'un aspect du Paradis Perdu
et quand on se réUnira
dans l'au-delà
on Rira avant $\qquad$ .. n'est-ce pas ?
when the Thunder
of this World
will burst
then in your Rubble
'twould remain
elsewhere other ge-gds
than your other thinks ?
so re-comforting 'tis
to see you hold my hand
but
pa
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 ?
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 Lost
'n when we'll reUnite
in the Yond
one'll Laugh afore beYond ... na ?
un quart de siècle aujourd'hui qu'il n'est plus là, mais ses paroles réSonnent toujours, en tête et autours !

## a half century today that he's no more here, but his words reSound always, in heads 'n surrounds

11. 

Lahore: Punjab
16/01/1948
16/01/1957
16/01/1978

That Day My Father Died
He had 9 years
(My 15 ${ }^{\text {th }}$. year)
(My 36 ${ }^{\text {th }}$. year)
Dr. Azam Chaudhry (Sorbonne . Pario.)

2007 (65 years)
Brother's Birthday
Writ: 15/01/2007
French Nationality
Friend 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 ( $31^{\text {st. }}$. ... did Die Uncle ... also named same.
Abdul Hameed, Father of Sultan "Chotay" Bhai. Since so 50 years, I fest NONE $16^{\text {th }}$ Jan. Elders gone, Family destroyed,, I so became an Elder Young King ... Ö Over a $3^{\text {rd }}$ Century ... waiting that youngs' take over ... Since then, I have $\mathbf{0}$ \& I will have $\mathbf{0} \ldots$... Tis My Single Rule of Life ... Be it clearly Under-sterg. d . Today, I pass lone, this day alone, all alone ... for it Starts 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 Knew not that ... the Young at the dig-0r, 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 BL
In 1 HourSsss, I Learnt a World a 100 TimeSsss: \& Hypocrite am I, I; \& I for ever'rrrr.
ru also? Ô, a Bit? NOooo! So Let US Laugh \& Smile \& do a quick Quick-Step,, Eve-Yester \& Now \& Morrow. And Please, on the $27^{\text {th. }}$ of (01) January 2007, will Start an Islamic year with Muharram ... which was always Surely APT for SACRIFICES: Let Us Unite to Divide $\ldots \underline{\mathrm{U}} \& \underline{\mathrm{Me}} \& \mathrm{~b}=\underline{\mathrm{V}}$. Promise ???
-Iqbal- " Mullah ki Azan aur hai, Mujahid ki Azan aur? "... Let's b FRANK: True 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 SORT Heart, that I Write this 2-day !!! (a bit distorted) 2 Alll !!!
\& So Let us call all Mi Evil ... as THOUGHTS just FLY away ...

#  

 Hut on the Hill(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 Bnd ripple fades on the surface of the Calm Waters flirted by,, bye the Lightest breath of Air: just a dim Image of the Sunrise Reflected in the whitening Sky, and this widening circle, that spread from the PqIystery East, ASSured that the Steel-grey Mountains she-og away their quiet gravity, to reassume the Joyous green of the Under-growth, speckled with the slaty brown of the Rocks strewed about.

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

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

Ages ago, lageming 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 leaves settled like locust swarms on the quietly resting Trees,, till a gust of Wind makes them fly and strinkling the amber Earth with a carpet of lemon 'n brown orange woven from the wrinkles of camel tint Paper, Tinged all Over of red spots, in its ambary folds below.

Then on felt a Tremor

> ... 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 ... *thBk-E-05a*52-yrs

## (Now I open a parenthesis)

( ... ... ... This is a story of the 'gederd' of 'Knowledge' and the 'Evil' of Tgnorance', and of a How ?
... How all can be destroyed by 'prejudice' ... Religious Extremes are the Gre test Stupidities of the Universe!
"The Greater 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 'geogdwill' 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 'geq-edness' of 'heart' ..."? A Perfect 'Catharsis'?

Thus steams our story of 'Destruction by Ignorance' ... ... ...)
(Parenthesis Now thus closed)


but how to maintain ... far away in will
the neat Pure innocence ... of a sweet sweeter child ... ]l]
My Love asked me, "But I Know Nothing of you?" So I said, "We'll see, we'll see, I Promise we'll see." The WHY! * * * * * * * * * *
... The 'essence of Life' so 'relates' many much many 'cross stories' at the 'same physical time' ...
[I[ ... So as has become our habit ... we open again a parenthesis ...
]l]
... '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)
(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 Grand Ma Nature had begotten,, that his own two kiddy kids needed NO Red meat, ONLY needed they ... white milk,, ever so sweet ... Of a geged 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 Reflecting, 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 rorest midst!

To Discern a Lady ... loded 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, "Hon ur your Mother as Queen, for but before seden ... 'twill come 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 Angry'. 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 Bnds 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 scene, so murmured to himself," "But? If a god-gd goat can be
 so raw, far so far below, deep beloo00000w! 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 '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 Loving him!
(Story of Reasoned Self-Interest)
"Once the rat had taken his rest and fig-od and all that he could, he Started to bre-od,, and Changed his megd. And when the Noble falcon went off to sleep, for so tired was he that he couldn't an eye open keep, the 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 Hon ur is ... Waste NOT thy Bounty,, Dearth on Earth is Plenty,, for Mean's NO Donner.
(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 Greatness !

[[I ... Thus as is an established our habit now, we open again another parenthesis ... ]]]
"The Great Aristotle had a small student,, of the name Alexander. Once this unKnown Alexander, but did fall in Love,, with a Clever Cou tesan. 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 Sage. Then she told the King, Ö Watch of a certain reg-eg-hole,, in a certain re-em, at a certain Time. A certain Alexander the Great obeyed, to lö 'n to behold,, a certain Woman clad in inviting, entering a certain del-or," 'n teasing so a certain Wise-man ...
'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 Sage, for an Hour or so, and then left him, inviting him, for Nothing more ... A aMused 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 blegody folelol out 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, Ô Mortal Prince, for I've Known you from child-hedod 'n since,, Tutor was I, so certain a Tutor I remain!"

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)


## Sa'adi Shaykh of Persia

Of cunning and of 'stales', we can Tell many Tales, Of how the 10W can 'trod' the High, ho ho," 'n as per last, so 'opens' that what Dnds,, the Past !
[[I ... Thus as is well established a habit now, opening at last a last parenthesis ... ]]]
"In Persia, there Lived once a Sheikh, a Sage Sheikh called Sa'adi, the Sheikh. He had Written many a bog-0 $k$, 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 gedod bode 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 geded Woman, just walking astray. 'How do you do, Sa'adi my g豕-od man,, what's all this that you take away, so earnestly'? 'Only belogk 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 ... alll1111 I Know, you,, me, or we, or they,, however unKnown 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 Start 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 Beq-eks,, 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."
[I[ ... 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)


## (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 but ...
Old 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 Mystery ...
The Architect was so Magnanimous, that one could Peep into the Past ... A Strange Hut Shack Hut, with Arches and Arcs ... Ô $\mathbf{\underline { 0 }}$-gzing forth Perfumes, of Flowers 'n Gardens 'n Parks ... All desolate and quiet, 'tis Lost Splendour bright ... Where the Past Sculpted we-gd-work, let pass a sniff 'n whiff of Air ... Where now the Wind roared, with a Fury so rare ... That Strangers became breathless, when the curious became restless and the passers became step-less,, holding on to their mantels; of Fear of 10-0.esing 'em in an Bternity, of Sight 'n Sound!

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

## Hut on the Hill <br> $$
12 / 01 / \mathbf{2 0 1 7}
$$ <br> Sight 'n Sound

'Twas with the Lady I Loved, that I went to see again, of 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 telogk her out to see, what 'twas the InComplete of my Life; for she there, all other was Complete !

Twas a Stormy round; rain 'n Water on Ground; 'n Wind blew 'n leaves flew; 'n the Air todk a dark a hew ! Few 'n fewer around, in this visit to astound; 'n so in Past became I, Sight 'n Sound,,'n 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 ... 'n so became so kiddy, she 'n I! Ayc, aye! " When oft upon my couch I lie, in Vacant or in Pensive meded, they come upon the Mind's inner eye ... "

A hoard of golden Memories ... these daffy daffodils ... in this Hutty on the Hills ... (Wordsworth).
Then I went back into my child-hodod; for child-he-od 'tis, so Broken, when you leave your house, for the first Time. I had left the twinkling LIGHTS of the Illuminated city, tod a plane lone 'n lame, Landing up so to say, in the glo ious city of lil-1111London : 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 Grandiosely and told me, "We're now crossing the Thames River ". Surprised, I muttered, " This brgoter ? " 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 Hope still living)! Recollect, the famous Lon-Done SMOG of 1962 (Smoke + Fog) ... Five Surgical Masks on the Nose (fortunately, my cousin was a doctor): two months, so thick that you could not count your two fingers, at an arm's length; buses were closed 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 funny a small Sign-board spoke for self; inscribed "Dr. Death": hi-hi: (fortunately, he was a Dentist; for Dead Teeth), hi-hi!

## Souls 'n Spirits ... These were my first steps or toddles in Naked Lon-Done ... I lo-oked 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 $\mathbf{Z}$ ' that then was of 120 pages, I walked about 2 pages a day; thus perg 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 Started to walk on the road to the right ! Right ? Come at the Road 『nd, I descended a crank and Started 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 Start a walk again ... Yo Ho 'n a bottle of mumps ... Thus 2 months went by, bye-bye; and with Hon_ur, I can affirm, that London can proudly assert: it's the $1^{\text {st. }}$. City in this wHole a World, that's Complete Sight-Seen lil mi ...Later, years after, Paris, *Basel* 'n Roma Suffered a same Sort ... City Mortar's my Love!

Finding an Article-ship was a Blow ... my toddles were trumped 'n stumped; I had Seriously to work, but was fortunate in my studies, passing all eXams, 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 Hon ur 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 te-0 e her to a 'Hut on the Hill'! This second Time there was no Thunder no rain, no clamour no drain ... 'Twas a sunny day and the hut
 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 Rloated Presences unKnown, that any Thoughts 'n Thinks theirs be Known, to be heard 'n stog-0. in Pains 'n what would ... slowly they manifested, in Forms 'n Shapes; of Souls 'n Spirits: Softly gliding Softly biding their turn to explain their Lives 'n their Strives ... then the LIGHTS 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 Arts 'n Crafts,, of Beauty 'n Duty to one 'n other! Came a day, an Evil Sunday; when all were there 'n none aStray: an Evil of a Devil, nor of Pity'n nor of Piety ... Before we had Lived in Unity 'n Peace '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)

## 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 unConscious, 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 teotok Over, to Learn to me a Life estranged,, full of swells 'n Waves of Imagined had-beens !!!

Happened again a third Time ... Twas this Time a mitigated day, nor Cold nor Warm, nor slow nor sped, neither lazy neither hazy ... Grass was greyed,, 'n Autumn delayed; dic-or was open, no need to knock,, knock 'n knock ? Inside, a muffled Laughter ... meeting Lost Souls roaming 'n flittering, some in Air or in stand by; holding bellies: supressed Laughter unuttered ... Welcoming us, burst out loud; without Sound, said: 'Just saw a funny thing, makes us not Laugh; hi-hi' ? Strange 'n Cynic ??? 'N the story so revealed ...
" $\mathbf{V}$ 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! Ô gę-dd-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? $\mathbf{1}$ week study, $\mathbf{1}$ week Spain, $\mathbf{1}$ week revise; you've never Failed. Full-Stop! By what Money ? Don't need cash; V hitch-hike! What's that? $\mathbf{U}$ thumb your way down the street $\&$ Somebody gives $\mathbf{U}$ 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 gedod 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 Charm ... then struck Destiny! Twas 6th. September, 1965; a ged-0. 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 News 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

15/01/2017

## Soft '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 ta-0 ol ... seeing such just justice, I conceded; 'n all's well that Bnds well! But made I a request; a concession, not right : to be granted, as rights facility ... of $\mathbf{6}$ months study leave, as my last eXams was 2 years after! This also, mutually was accepted; and on the $13^{\text {th. }}$. 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 $P_{\text {aris. }}$, 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 Greater was? His driving partner, No Right-Leg had neither ... happily they drove, in care 'n in speed, perfect pairing as each completing other! Bid me they G'bye in Münich, where tole $\mathbf{0} \mathrm{k}$ 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 tog a boat onto Athens ... 'n all thanks to Friends unKnown.

The fourth Time! '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 Reflection,, 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 Know, but do you? " We are on the way 'n find we'll out,, for that, we've never 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 Bternal Natural Law! Then if, Something must exist,, Something has to exist, as Obligation! "

Our heads 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 Light,, but Lightly came it 'n became Visible,, so 'twas always,, it only te. @ $\mathbf{k}$ 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 ??? "

## 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, enChanted when returned I to her; 8 delicious months passed. So short a few last months that I saw her in gedod health, in Bliss 'n Happiness. Time passed Positively; published Articles on complex subjects in so many a News-Papers (some in Vol-II; BE-0 $\mathbf{0} k-2$ 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 ged-od-bye 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-gr ... 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, gededies, Joys, buts 'n nots! They opened the conversation, "Son you have been a gedelod 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-ht-od on yourself; to become an open be-ok 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 youll join us 'n do the same as we do ... lead Humanity to gedod, to Truth, to Bternity, to become a part of Dternity: the only Truth that exists ... as Sound 'n Stable !"

Years ago, the Hut on the Hill, was probably another Vision, of child-he-g 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) ... [Con ider : Augustus = Cæsor : September, sept = 7: October, octagon = 8: November, nove =9: December, decimal = 10].. Question ? How did appear the eXtra 2 months??? Around the $15^{\text {th }}$ Century, to re-establish the solar correction, the calendar was ceased about July, which re-Started 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-gk 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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| 17. | -74- | 12. Hut on the Hill 2007 ( 55 years Jan.) Fifty years had Passed https://www.pexels.com/search/ ... crete-78954_960_720.jpg ... lion-3676984_960_720.jpg ... sculpture-378280_960_720.jpg ... https://www.pixabay.com/photos/sculpture-art-aristotle-statue-3399968/ |
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16. Schwarrwald Être Humain Being Human -47- (1983)

11.

## Qhoace*

Chat_Souri(s)ant
Cat 'n Rat
(1)

F-1-11 (1977)

... Chat Chat Chat ... tu tout ... i i i i i i i ...
... Rat Rat Rat ... ta ta ta ... tu ... i i i i i i i ...
C'est ainsi que j'ai Perdu 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 Impression

d'être surveillé par le Destin;
ces fentes obliques
si perçantes
incompréhensibles moitiés endormies
vous laissant
presque désintéressées,"
vous laissant libre
pour Forcer une Illusion
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
extrêmement brutale.

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 never 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 brutal.

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 Espoir ?
" En Éliminant le Hasard, on construit loternel
lui répondit le chat.
" Qu'est-ce que cela veut dire? "
" L'Espoir se maintient que
s'il reste en cours de non Réalisation!
Espoir est tout subjectif;
les faits intangibles
se réUnissent par Hasard
pour le rendre Réel, mais
l'Espoir en se Réalisant se Détruit :
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 Bternel 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 lélimination de léphémère. "

Elle l'entendit mais elle fut sans réponse!

C'est ainsi que j'ai Perdu
ma petite souris
qui me disait bien des non-dits ...

Witnessed one ne-onn '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 Hope ? "
" Eliminating the Hazard, an Dternal can one construct
replied to him the cat.
" What does it mean ? "

Hope is only held
if not actually Realised !
Hope is all subjective;
intangible facts
Unite by Hazard
for to make le-onk Real, but
Hope not Realised sets Destruct :
so, Hazard is instrument of Destruction of Hope.

I Love not Destruction,
so me eliminates Hazard;
in consequence, me tries
to construct
the Dternal state of without Hope!
What do you think,
display DE-grs 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. Roma Une Fourmi (Sur Mûr)

| sa destination <br> cherchant <br> monte un mûr <br> ainsi une fourmi <br> lentement <br> ascendante <br> dans une DTternité <br> en une solitude <br> en une silence <br> indispensable <br> que soit mal-placé <br> en InConnues Bternitées <br> car le prisonier <br> apparament <br> disparaitra <br> sans <br> une reason <br> si apparente <br> visible ou invisible <br> ainsi parla <br> Un In Connu <br> dit super <br> un homme <br> qui n'est que <br> la même <br> même fourmi <br> allo Puissante <br> allo faible <br> mais <br> divisée en twain <br> parle bien <br> mon Maître ashraf <br> le louch <br> voyant vaguement <br> les Étoiles <br> glissant et grimpant <br> vers le Haut | vers le Haut <br> glissant et grimpant <br> les Étoiles <br> voyant vaguement <br> le louch <br> mon Maître ashraf <br> parle bien <br> divisée en twain <br> mais <br> allo faible <br> allo Puissante <br> même fourmi <br> la même <br> qui n'est que <br> un homme <br> dit super <br> Un In Connu <br> ainsi parla <br> visible ou invisible <br> si apparente <br> une reason <br> sans <br> disparaitra <br> apparament <br> car le prisonier <br> en InConnues DTternitées <br> que soit mal-placé <br> indispensable <br> en une silence <br> en une solitude <br> dans une Bternité <br> ascendante <br> lentement <br> ainsi une fourmi <br> monte un mûr <br> cherchant <br> sa destination $\qquad$ | its' destination <br> searching <br> mounts a wall <br> thus an ant <br> slowly <br> ascending <br> unto an Bternity <br> in a solitude <br> in a silence <br> indispensable <br> that be it miss-placed <br> in UnKnown Bternities <br> 'cause the prisoner <br> apparently <br> will disappear <br> without <br> a reason <br> so apparent <br> visible or invisible <br> so spake <br> An UnKnown <br> said super <br> a man <br> who is but <br> the same <br> same ant <br> lo Powerful <br> lo feeble <br> but <br> in divided twain <br> spoke well <br> my Master ashraf <br> the cross-eyed <br> seeing vaguely <br> the Stars <br> crawlin' 'n creepin' <br> up-wards to Heaven/s | up-wards to Heavens <br> crawlin' 'n creepin' <br> the Stars <br> seeing vaguely <br> the cross-eyed <br> my Master ashraf <br> spoke well <br> in divided twain <br> but <br> lo feeble <br> lo Powerful <br> same ant <br> the same <br> who is but <br> a man <br> said super <br> An UnKnown <br> so spake <br> visible or invisible <br> so apparent <br> a reason <br> without <br> will disappear <br> apparently <br> 'cause the prisoner <br> in UnKnown Bternities <br> that be it miss-placed <br> indispensable <br> in a silence <br> in a solitude <br> unto an Bternity <br> ascending <br> slowly <br> thus an ant <br> mounts a wall <br> searching <br> its' destination $\qquad$ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |

Le Mystery 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;

16 ${ }^{\text {© }}$ sing dear ones is normal it happens on and off to all: but to lose one 16 $\underline{\underline{c}}$ - sely 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 Shrilled 'n they Cried; the whole Sky 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 never sets, or did not on the British Empire ... of the Past: 'n the Sun never sets still yet on a Uni Kingdom of the Crows, um um ...
.. thus $50,000,000$ Dead ... for one's Gre t Gra d Glo y ???
'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.

Le Mystère des Corbeaux
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 Gra deur et sa Glore ???
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 Grand Jour," génocide G'r'ueule Gra de Gronde Guerre Guère Grande.

Tariq Hameed ．．．Kalai－ka－Thakhta ．．．The Wrist Key－Board for Urdu，Arabic，Farsi \＆Turkish ．．．MQZ（National Language of Pak）
．．．Red ．．．Atomic Digit Letters ．．．Super－Imposed Diacritics ．．．Multiply Posed Image Elements ．．．

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { fill:// wivinaor-w-vamacuialiong/inhome.php\#(Q1 G5.0 }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { كم سى رُونبِّى مبّ ؟ }
\end{aligned}
$$

$\{T+\mid N /+1\} \ldots$ ．．．
$\{T+\mid N / 1+/ T 1\}$ ．．．
－بُّ
s安 事
．1．Change
＇Til in Short Words，
＇Til 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 RainDrops，in
Slight Lacking Light unto？
.4.
So Softens this Scene，
Then Tarim says sweetly
O，say it Not，
O，Say Not？
． 1.
Be Saint＇n be Softness；
If wanna be No－One
So Human Being BE！
． 2.
Then you＇d be a Being；
Now Animal but BE BE！
.3.
And When，
So if Wags＇this Tail Trig，
Rumours Echo unto：
．4．（So says Ghalib）
＇Til 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 Urdu, Arabic, Farsi \& Turkish ... MQZ (National Language of Pak)





Colour Code Explained

|  | Spiegazione Codice Colore | Code Couleurs Expliqué | Farbcode Erklärt |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| English | Italiano | Français |  |
| Colour Code: TH Invention | Codice Colore: TH Invenzione | Code Couleurs: TH Invention | Farbcode: TH Erfindung |
| Fast Jump Reading Help | Guida rapida alla lettura | Aide à la lecture rapide | Schnellsprung-Lesehilfe |
| Eyes self Select Colours | Occhi soli Seleziona Colore | Yeux Choisi les Couleurs | Augen Wählen Farben 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 |

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

Grammatical Activity Base is 1. Meaning 2. Anonymes/Synonymes Basi dell'Attività Grammaticale 1. Significato 2. Anonimo/Sinonimo Base d'Activité Grammaticale 1. Signification 2. Anonymes/Synonymes Grundlagen der Grammatikarbeit 1. Bedeutung 2. Anonym / Synonym

But NO Concept of Words Associations!
ma con NESSUN Concetto di Parole Associative! Mais AUCUN Concept Associative de mots ! 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 Bases : Devine, Spirit, Cosmos, Universe; Nature, Human, Danger, Nul, Colours \& etc! Sotto: Esempio: Elenco di queste Basi : Divino, Spirito, Cosmo, Universo; Natura, Umano, Pericolo, Nullo, Colori ecc! Dessous: Exemple: Liste de ces Bases: Divin, Esprit, Cosmos, Univers; Nature, Humain, Danger, Nul, Couleurs etc! Unten: Beispielliste dieser Basen : Göttlich, Geist, Kosmos, Universum; Natur, Mensch, Gefahr, Null, Farben: usw.!

| Devine Divino Devine Göttlich | Devine Dio God gods L |
| :---: | :---: |
| B. Cosmos Cosmo Cosmos Kosmos | Cosmo Galaxy Sky Dawn New Times Watch twinkle tintinnano inFiniti |
| Universe Universo Unvers Unlver | 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 Sweet dolce Bird færy happy pretty Past Present Futuro Lyes |
| G. Contacts Contatti Contacts Kont | Friends Being Umana Fanciulla Donna Mother O-Nonno child Nessuno |
| H. Water Acqua Eau Wasser | Water Aqua River ripple cloud drop gocce Starts Hazy Horizon Wave |
| 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 |
| Colours Colori Couleurs Farben | brown amber pink red argent gilt ebony green white giallo grey black |
| M. Shimmers Vibra Chatoyer Flimmer | Ra nbow Lights Images Paint Lustre Hopes Pearls Peace 'n Harmony |
| N. Mystery Mistero Mystére Geheinnis | Know Purity Truth Thought Pensò Paradis Fumo sleep LUCE Ombra |
| O. 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 DaÛber | Above Over down Heaven Hell Fire Destiny Chance rêve Anima Spirits |
| Sundry Vari Diverse Verschiedene | Bound Phantom End Awake tenebre, Visible never mud PITag.C. 」Jotes |


| 1. | Chinese | 918 | $11.922 \%$ | Sino-Tibetan | Sinitic |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| 2. | Urdu | 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?

Family Branch
Sino-Tibetan Sinitic
Indo-Semetic Mid-Orient
Indo-Europe Romance
Indo-Semetic Mid-Orient
Indo-Europe Germanic Where it Hurts? Only Simple Language?

Questions Un-Answered? \& Un-Wanted?

|  |
| :---: |
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|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |

## ... 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, $2^{\text {nd }}$. 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 $\mathbf{5 1 0}$ million; Nepal $\mathbf{1}$ 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 silk Belt \& Road.

Pakistan ... The Name comes from $\mathbf{P}=\mathbf{P u n j a b}, \mathbf{A}=A f g h a n, \mathbf{K}=$ Kashmir, $\mathbf{S}=$ 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. Kyrgistan ... 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. Tajikistan ... Reserves: mineral rich country with more than $\mathbf{6 0 0}$ documented deposits of $\mathbf{5 0}$ 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 $\mathbf{1 0}$ Million.
Kazakistan ... 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 $\mathbf{3 4}$ 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.
Azarbaijan ... 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.
Turkey ... Reserves: antimony, coal, chromium, mercury, copper, borate, sulphur, and iron ore. Nearly half of 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 $1^{\text {st }}$. 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?

Urdu is the Main Reason ... that the World|Politics are Changing and a New|World is Emerging ... Silk Belt \& Road

## ... Urdu ... Language Distribution ... Lassan-ul Erd ... Belt \& Road ...

## Urdu deserves well, the Merited Name ... Future World Language ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality ! Comparing Language Statistics ... ISTANS at HEART of the ruture silk 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 Silk 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. Silk Road brings Urdu.
3. 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 Silk 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.
6. Turkmenistan Languages: Turkmenistan is the crossroads of World Civilizations; important stop on Silk Road, of main Role in the Muslim World; a language, based on Teke dialect is a member of Oghuz branch of Turkish.
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 ... Silk Road, Lingua Comoda.
7. 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 $\boldsymbol{1}^{\text {st }}$. 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 silk Belt \& Road: an Initiative, but NOT a Competitor.
8. Pakistan ... The Name comes from $\mathbf{P}=\mathbf{P u n j a b , A = A f g h a n , ~} \mathbf{K}=$ Kashmir, $\mathbf{S}=$ 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 Miracle 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 Complot \& Sabotage ... Alieniate Folks of own History . Primary Order Cultural Massacare: Faboulous Population? Grand-Millions: very MUSLIM? True Racial Bias?

Urdu is the Main Reason ... that the World|Politics are Changing and a New|World is Emerging ... Silk Belt \& Road

## ... Urdu Silk Belt \& Road ... History Trace : <br> $\qquad$ puture...

 ... Past ... The silk Route dates from $2^{\text {nd. }}$ BC. spanned Asia to the Mediterranean, across China, Himalayas, Arabia, Turkey, Greece, till Italy ... until the $14^{\text {th }}$. AD: with a heavy trade of silk, as 'tis name. The secrets of Silk 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 Silk 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 silk Route fell into disuse from the $14^{\text {th }}$. 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 $1^{\text {st }}$. \& $2^{\text {nd. }}$. World War ... with the Liberation of Pakistan, India \& eventually China!
... Present ... The Awakening of the silk 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 Face: thus enabling an Elevation of the Poor-Classes to an Hon urable 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 Hon ur, Homes Humility and Humanity ??? Thus is the Story of the renewed
... Gawadar ... The South-most Land-Port of the Silk 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 8 ${ }^{\text {th }}$. Sept. 1958!

IDUture ... 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, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Azarbaijan, Turkey : Each Language having Words in Urdu: a Lingua Comoda.

1. 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 4. Water Dominance: ... Mountains, Glaciers, Lakes \& Rivers, constitute enormous Reservoirs of Soft Waters 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 7. Space Research, based on Multi-G: ... To be commonly shared \& equitably distributed, for Global Welfare \& Pakistan's Language: 'n Last Not Least ... The Miracle Language : The Language of the World ... Urdu. Urdu deserves well, 'tis World Merited Name ... Lassan-ul-Erd ...'Tis Fact 'n Reality !

## ... Urdu ... Traditional Silk Route ... History : Trade: Culture: Peace ...

Origin ... Dubbed silk Route, as heavy silk trading that took place since $2^{\text {nd }} . \mathrm{BC}$; 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 silk 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 Silk 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 $\mathbf{3 1 0 0} \mathbf{B C}$ (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.
3. Dark Ages: $\mathbf{5 0 0}$ 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 $8^{\text {th }}$. 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: $\mathbf{3 0 0}$ years! $\mathbf{2}$ 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, Prophets \& Peace, Rise Ever in East!... Modern Colonialism ... Camouflage Wars ... The $2^{\text {nd }}$, 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 9 ${ }^{\text {th }}$. Crusade ... Reality ? ... Human Beings Cannot Change their Genes! However, NEW WORLD, with the Population we have, MUST COME TO TERMS! Choose Peace or the BND!

China: NO History of Colonialisation! Humiliation Hounded, in Hon urable Homes Humility \& Humanity ??? Thus is the Story of the renewed Future Silk Belt \& Road: a Hope for Equals to be Equals in Hon ur!

## ... Urdu ... Future Silk Belt \& Road ... 'Twill be : Peace: Technology ..

## 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 $\mathbf{1}^{\text {st }}$. Euro Colony in India (1510)... Thus till the $16^{\text {th }}$. 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-O1 of the set Church! Churches, Missionaries, \& Mullahism: only Solve a Mystery by another Mystery: 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 Peace!
... 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 Peace: Trade in Peace: in Short ... to Live in Peace! West has NO Other Choise but to Change Politics, Hippocracy, Attitudes: Equals so be Equals in Hon ur! Nothing is yet certain ... for POWER-Holders can PLAY strange PRANKS on POWER-HOLDERS ???????
... Puture Polygon ... How'll All shape-out? Foreseen Interaction is Undefined ... Probabilities?

1. 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 Hon urable Life! History Proves ... thus being Self-Contained over 6000 years, itll maintain its Non-Expansion in Peace!
2. 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. (Peace with China)
3. Arabs: Once Rose from a Small Town, Madina,, to Conquer Empires ... Let Giants aSleep Lie Once Awoke, Conquered Millions of Km/Sq in 10 yrs; includes Holy Lands: Nobly \& Holyly! 4. Persia: Inspired by Persepolis ( $\mathbf{5 1 5} \mathbf{~ B C}$ )! Tis Culture filters India! Most long Extensive Borders today are Afghanistan (North), Pakistan (East); Links Undeliable. Geo-Dicts Destiny : Live Together in Peace!
4. 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 Ruture!
... Belt \& Road ... Belt is Land-Bound \&o 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 inuture... White West Technological Industry is totally China Based: Cheaper Fabrication! Enormous Research has put China, on the Fore-front of Scientific Impossiblities: Modernism Cumulation!

[^2]
## Tariq Hameed <br> Personal \& Family History

## 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 Eye!

https: //uns plash .com/ s/pho tos/pl umer iarubra

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






07:37 W

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


| G-G-G-G-G-Grand | 7 | Hafiz Allah Baksh | Qura'an | Memorised |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| G-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 |
| 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.


## B er

NATIONAL LANGUAGES authority Pakistan

Committee Convenor MARia HAMEED






Urdu "Atomic" Keyboard (ARABic SCRiPT) PAK. ft is now the Pakistan National Standard 1 (Alif) is $13.07 \%$ of Tor. Usage So ... It is placed on Right Index (Strongest \& Fastest key Operator)
Particularity
or
Shift 2 $T$ his is Functional Now as Arabic. Farsi + Urdu Since 1999 on a Global Level: Includes ALL 1. $61 \%$ of language is on pure "HOME KEys
2. Attains speeds of $2 \$ 0$ letters per minute
3. Wrist Based (NoT Elbowilike A ZERTY/QWERTY)
4. "Atoms" can create $2000+$ new Alphabet Letters * Unity ex.: $e, e^{,}, \dot{e}, \hat{e}, \ddot{e} \cdots \ddot{e}=e+\ddot{-}$ (2 Atoms) ex.: $c, \bar{c}, \grave{c}, \hat{c}, c ̧ \quad \cdots \quad \xi=c+\zeta$ ( 2Atoms)
Advantage: MS Stole ... Theft made it EilobAL Universal European Alphabet $26+$ ? Atoms $e, g .: O, \dot{O}, \dot{O}, \hat{o}, \dot{\theta}=0 \cdots \cdots \cdots \quad$ etc. So $V$ can have/Ainsi ... Universal Latin Keyboard
 stolen

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 $3^{\text {rd. }}$ Let!
.7. To Universal Cultures!


Urdu Tariq Computer Microsoft Sponsored

.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:
2. 61
3. $9 \%$
.7. For Universal Usages!


6رت

Urdu Seminar 06/06/1999



1st. Software Urdu
Pak Competition
Tariq Hameed
Was the True
Heart \& Soul
NATIONAL LANGUAGE AUTHORITY PAKISTAN
FULL MEMBER OF UNICODE INC.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { FIRST URDV SOFTWARE COMPETITION \& EXHIBITION }
\end{aligned}
$$

Atomic Alphabet: Letters, Dots, Accents (Top/Low) Atomised ... (UniCode 'Diacritics') ... 7 Concat-Images.


European Atomic Alphabet ... 13*4=52 (a pack of cards)
abcdefghijklm*nopqrstuvwxyz
ABCDEFGHIJKLM * NOPQRSTUVWXYZ







1960
elle
avait 17
ans

Nicole-Jordy.wpl : Championne de Monde d'Harmonica
... 1965 : Delft Hollande : Accordion Times-00-
-88- ...

## 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


My German Grand-Mother ... (Germany/Deutschland *Offenburg*) ... Meine Deutsche Gross-Mutter

 ... A Part of my Personal Life ... Ma English (Honours Pak) Chartered Accountant (UK) IT Consultant (Invented World 1st. Accounting Package, on Punch Cards in 1970: France) IT Miracle (Invented World 1st. Chemical Data-Base, Punch Cards in 1972-74: Basel-Swiss) Linguist \& Poet (4 Languages) Atomic Alphabet (Arab) 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
8\% Thailand
Main Items were
Carpets
Clothes, Decon
Silk Scarfs,
Ties, Jewelry
Thus my main Clients being Women, I came to have a good Insight into Ladies Minds $8 \%$
Problems: of Mother, Wife \& Sis \& Daughter

Met Millions
in 7 Languages

Ma English (Honours Pak) Chartered Accountant (UK) IT Consultant (Invented World 1st. Accounting Package, on Punch Cards in 1970: France) IT Miracle (Invented World 1st. Chemical Data-Base, Punch Cards in 1972-74: Basel-Swiss) Linguist \& Poet (4 Languages) Atomic Alphabet (Arab) 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.
3.2. 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 $\mathbf{U}$ 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 $\boldsymbol{U}$ to fail, that may not even ends meet; so be patient \& slow down: to GAIN by acting prematurely NOT.

## Beob

5.2. Health: Quite healthy \& energetic, $\mathbf{U}$ 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 : Timing 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 Greatness of your Heart 'n your Soul: a sole goal role!
- You disdain the Concept of Oscillating Engagements, or of Total Liberty; this is what goes against your Concept of the Purity of Sentiments ...

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 Elegance!
- Etymologically speaking, Masks are the Essentials of your Life ... the Notion of the Mask, 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?
BE OR NOT ... Be? Where's the Question? (BQ-olean Mathematics)
13. *Cannes* POURQUOI? $\begin{array}{llll}\mathrm{W} & \mathrm{H} & \mathrm{Y} & ?\end{array}$

## Pourquoi ?

Le poison du mensonge .
Enfle les artères de l'Humanité?
Pourquoi ?
La parole est imbibée d'intérêt ...
Et le mot ne vaut que du faux?
Pourquoi ?
La vue est voilée ...
Quand la Vérité est dénudée?

## Pourquoi ?

L'Amour est aveugle ;
Celui qui aime, Souffre :
Et celui qui profite, Souri!

## Pourquoi ?

Faire Ta Création en négation de Tes Lois
Où ne Rèignent que des goujats de bon appétit,
En Pur désaccord ;
Dans ce décor de Ta Bon é Supposée:
Mais pourquoi ... Répond-moi ... Pourquoi ?
Face à face cette Question déchirante de la Pensée ..
Dieu, Tu es muet ? Pourquoi ?
Mieuxx vaut une déité en Pierre
Dure, une idole éphémère, sans cœur ;
Au moins on n'attend ...
Ni justice ... Ni Sentiment !

## Pourquoi ?

## Un Homme Pense

Se dépense profondément
Pour les Questions de principes
Une recherche d'Honn ur
D'Esprit et de Gradeur
Et tout ce qui est maintenant devenu insipide !
C'est ainsi, que la Gra deur a Questioné l'Esprit
" Qu'est-ce que tu feras, Âgé et Affaibli? "
Enfin, l'Esprit a Souri:
" Simplement
Je ne serais pas Âgé ou Vieux,
L'étendue des Temps et Tendus des Cieux
Au contraire, le prouvera mieux!
Puis, la Vie Pourri et jette son Dé
Dépassé,
Que l'être Hon rable, vient seul pour Passé dans un Vide ?

## Why ?

The poison of Lyes ...
Swell the arteries of Humanity?
Why ?
Speech drips of interest ...
And the word is but falsehe-0 d?
Why ?
The view is veiled ...
When Truth is unVeiled 'n mude?
Why ?
Love is blind ;
One who Loves, Suffers :
And those who profit, Smile!

## Why ?

Making Thy Creation in negation of Thine Laws
Where Reign only the hungry slum of heavy appetites, Of Pure disaccord;
In this decor of Thy Boun y Supposed:
But why ... Reply me ... Why?
Face to face this splitting Question of Thoughts ...
God, Thou art mute ? Why ?
Better an idol in Stone
A Hard, an idol in Stone, heartless ;
At least one awaits not ...
No justice ... No Sentiment!

## Why ?

## A Human Thinks

Struggles profoundly
For Questions of principle
Seeking Hon $\mathbf{u}$
In Spirit and Greatness
And all now becomes insipid!
So 'tis, that Gre tness Questioned Spirit
" What will you do, Aged 'n Feeble? "
So done, the Spirit Smiled:
" Simply
I will not be Old or Agéd,
The expanse of Times ' $n$ Tides ' $n$ Skies On contrary, will prove it better! "
Thus, the Rotted Life away throws its Dic Astray,
Comes an Hon urable being, lone to Pass off unto Void ?
... Le dilemme d'un Homme d' Honn ur mangé par les Hommes d'appétit ...
... même Aristote classifiant ainsi l'Humanité, n'a Pas Su ... Le Pourquoi ? ...
... The dilemma of the Men of Hon $\mathbf{u r}$ corroded by the Men of Appetite : ...

THINKS 'n THOUGHTS
'tween nine'n fifteen

## B $\underline{0}$ - $\underline{k}$

趋
LIVRE

| Roma | Italia |  | Presentation |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Roma | Italia |  | 1993 |
| Basel |  | 1993 | 8 - |
| Roma | Italia | 1993 | 15 years) |

-0/5-
-08/09-

1

2.
3.
3. MOBODY (Who's Nobody ?)

## Nobody ... Personne

4. Limericks by Lemur
5. Adolescence
6. A Night in a Lonely Shack
7. A Study in Sounds Heard Not Seen
8. T'wink'ling Lights
9. Images : A Rhythm of a Mind
10. Art for Sense (How to Write?)
eXt. Lead-up ... $\mathrm{Ma} / \mathrm{Pa} /$ Ashraf (Servant)
11. That Day My Father Died


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 H | tart at agéd 15 | Lahore | Punjab | 1/10 | 1957 (Jan) | -71- | 15 years |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 13. | Hut on the Hill | \& 60 years later | London: | England | 6/10 | 2017 (Jan) | -76- | 75 years |
| 14. | Personal Data | Signature Anal | ${ }^{*}$ De | (** 1993 | T.H. P | sonnalité | -86- | 52 years |

## tayhes 'trean stauts 'n fucte... 1 THINKS 'n THOUGHTS



## tayles "troeen a'ruls' $n$ frets... 2 thinks 'n thOUGHTS



## keypes 'troeen durute'n frote ... 8

 THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

## BGO 02

## Penser aur Pensóes

## PENSER sur PENSÉES

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| ... | Derniè | re Pensée |  |  | Roma |  | 1993 |  | -09- |

Titles $\ldots(1) 20+(2) 18+(3) 21+(4) 21+(5) 20+(6) 20+(7) 10+(8) 10+(9) 15+(10) 15=170$

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## A GRAMMATICAL MIRACLE

Rhythm of Daffodils (Wordsworth) ... 567 Words ... A Single Phrase ... No Punctuation Mark
41.
(Vaticano)
$\begin{array}{llllllll}S & W & A & L & L & O & W & S\end{array}$
no punctuation Visions-3- 1993 Original-thBk-E-5b

## of

swallows behind a swarm of swallows and
when you turned the other
of swallows rapidly
way round another swarm
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

## 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 miraculously 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

https://www.publicdomainpictures.net/en/hledej.php?hleda=swallow ... clipart-vogel-schwalbe-illustration https://www.publicdomainpictures.net/fr/hledej.php?hleda=\�\�1\�\�phant
elephant-sunset-painting-vintage ... elephant-sunset-silhouette-15254990481SC ...

## I N D E X ...

1. $\square$ |l .. Surat : 105 ... Aayat : 5 ...
... It is a story illustrating the fate of those who tried to attack the Ka'aba.Introduction ... QEDs ... Qura'an Evolutive Dimensionnal structure ... Concepts ..Word under Word ... Mot sous Mot ... Wort unter Wort ... Parola sotto Parola ...Translation discrepencies .URDU, English, Français ... Aayat All in دarl.,. Unique Words Occurances \& Meanings ... So Aayat are also Unique ... R:549 .... Translation discrepencies ... Add/Omit UN-Allowed ??? ... Ayat 1 : ERRORS? 23 Mullah?. Full Surat Translation ... Kurdî, Latinæ, Greek, Esperanto, Hebrew ... Ayat 1-5 ...QEDs ... Word Usage Count \& Global Occurance ... Quran Evolutive Dimensional struct(2). QEDs ... The Primary Numbers Recalculation Methodology ... Applied by \& to Qura'an-062-.. Translation Method ... Applied to Qura'an ... Exactitude, Clarity, Past, Present, future ..... QEDs ... The Three Dimensional Time \& Space Methodology ... Applied by \& to Qura'an
.. QEDs ... The Word Usage Count \& Global Occurance ... Quran Evolutive Dimensional structure . QEDs ... Global Atomisation Technology \& Unicode Atoms ... Applied by \& to Qura'an.

"

(an in
النّهُ النُّهُ
بِسُْرْ النٌٌ










طَابِرُْ حَمْیْدٌ


## $-2--x v-*$ O 015 other Tales U

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 | $\underline{\text { Dec. 1999 }}$ |  | Dec. 1991 |  |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| Full Moon 1980 |  |  |  |  |
| Perigee | 22, 18 h |  | $21,10 \mathrm{~h}$ |  |
| Solstice | 22, 11 h |  | $22,9 \mathrm{~h}$ |  |
| Snnnn | 22, 8 h |  | $22,9 \mathrm{~h}$ |  |

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 $22^{\text {nd }}$, 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) |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| $\mathbf{1 9}$ th. | 1866 Dec. 21 | 357,289 | 1893 Dec. 23 | 356,396 |
| $\mathbf{2 0}$ th. | 1912 Jan. 4 | 356,375 | 1930 Jan. 15 | 356,397 |
| $\mathbf{2 1}$ 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 2?? Nota: Date of a Gra d Prophet ... J. Christ ... Before C (in Minus $\boldsymbol{H}$ )... After C (in Plus \#) ... Christ ô Christ ô Christ ? Christianity ? ? ? Hi Hi ... Very Good Mathematicians SIR ... Where's the YEAR ZERO 0000 ???? ... False Gregorian Cal. by 1 yr ... Hi Hi

1. This year the full moon will occur on the Winter Solstice (December 22nd)..
```
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 (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 Clear and there is a snow cover where you live
 Blag..ak URDU "thBk-Q-01A*66-yrs .pdf-





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Atomic Digital Olumerical
Unicode $^{\text {Diacritical Marks }}$


「．جهان جهان هيى اوى كهين هيى ！

غ تو صرن، بعل آباد ؛ بعل ع 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 Trig，to this World，in this World unto？
．4．Ever remains BUT a ‘HALF’！Never a Being＇FULL’ ．．． Thousands＇n Thousand of Pains After？


URDU *hBk-Q-01A*66-yrs*•pdf-
THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

NTC: National Translation Center
We have now available, the top-mest expertise of Netional and International standing and repute, in the all fields relating to Trasslatology.

2 Provide a "High-End" Longuoges Conversion Service
Anolyze carefully thus, the basc Undu Elements:

* the text and context flow of the primary data
the terminelogical and technical motter comten
- Determine so, the underlying rules of Urdo Computer Grammar
- Lounch a Multi-Nationd level Undv Editor (all functiondiities)

Develop scientifically on Autonatic Trenslation System: ATs (Mechine Troosilition popularly nomed MT)

This is a pieus and demanding, Avt a kng-tem project, olmost in the realm of fantasy. however, we are confident of our gool as each one of ar collaborators is a master of many tongues and cruffs:

## Confidentiality

Is our keyword! Working in coardination with tap-ciess lowyers and advacates, we assure our clients of an absolute security guarantee, on their data, on ther files; and all other relative infarmation, them concerning.

## Usage: A Managerial Tool

We construct our Andyys

- on Total Reliabivity

On large-scole Data Warehwuse Dinessioning
on "High-End" Manogerial Comerience (not aperstor daminated)

## Methodology

Moving Data, frem Poper to Corouter, is the oring reed of the dop Thus, our systems are designed for $100 \%$ occurscy.

Our elder, M. A. (English). F.CA (Qoodon), Computer Expert, occepts NO Errarsi
He Canceived and Implemented the World's 1" Chencal Databose
Stable Colors were developed on it for Mercedex, Porche (and Pakistani Carpets)
*BORD: Bosic Operatisnel Research Dota (CTBA, Switzerland: 1972)

* Irnovations Multi-Relofional. Partial Lackings, Automatized Queryings

This was just short words. Now. Let us hove a longer telk
antrmans
oceff exantres
Dr. Azam Cheudary
Tariq, Hameed

## $\square$

NADRA/STS PROCESS FLOW: FUNCTIONAL CHART


PRoCESS: Zoro TexT Rese. / 4 min . CPU/ 13 Kara Instructions
 Marta Tabe (10) 3. Batcheo Talle 4. DB hinmas
 supavisos Acherty $\rightarrow$ Pre Procos IV $\rightarrow$ Pre- Proums III $\rightarrow \begin{aligned} & \text { Opentor Conkrd } \\ & \text { On-hine ifet. Ched }\end{aligned}$


PROCESS Every Significant Click is Hemarisel Start/ENA Time | RECORDING BASE | 1. SHifT | 2. BATCH | 3. Sinala UID |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| NET-WORK | Non-Centralised : Client-Unit Managed |  |  | ARCHITECTHRE Net-work Traffez Negligible: Chient-Uur Usege Maximum

The Honorable Chief Executive
of Our Beloved Country

Respected Sir,

Probably my advice is uncalled for, but I would certainly like to bring up a fee 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.

## 2. Corruption Roots

> Lack of "Action Transparency" But then the "Control" was Central
> Limited number of persons Smaller the group, more is it bribable

In mutual interest of yourself and the country, any type of future parliamentary or decisionary authority, should have much wider and deeper rooks, 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 "HighLevel" Pension-Seekers.

History has always proved, that a Well-Intentioned Leader oft is a Prey to the Personal Self 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.

## Tariq Hameed : 29/10/1999

thooky@gmail.com

For over 6 months, Gen Agha Cordially Invited me to Lodge in his Own Office as DG ...

Day \& Night I Worked on Urdu \& Qura'an Digital 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? $\Delta I_{|-| \Delta}(\mathrm{God})$ is with you ... and all you Need,, is Nothing but Perseverance ' $\mathbf{n}$ Confidence ' $\mathbf{n}$ Patience ' $\mathbf{n}$ Faith'!
$19^{\text {th }}$. 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 ' $\mathbf{n}$ 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!

## 

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 ... Res ectful to his Superiors, Cou teous to his Equals'n Kind 'n Con iderate 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 Sages 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


## HCameed

Voracious Reader'n Searcher, since Two'n Half years Old, of Where LYES the TRUTH? "Aye, there Lyes the rub": so in this Wamlet 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 Imagine. Thus, Truth 'n Purity came to Grasp: it a day dawned tha "Dirt were you Born, to returnest to Dirt" ... Empty-Handed Come,'n Empty-Handed Gone ... thus lil by lil, forme a Philosophy: "You only GAIN, what you GIVE" ... Help Humanity; Not your own Self-Self!

Learning thus so early, that Seeing was Un-Truth ... Lampions big of Light, Blinking 'n Flickering, so Blown-up in Multi-Fluid Colours 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 Crayoned cricks 'n cracks of chalky traits, I justly Heard, the Black-Board Talk back to me: 'n Revealed by PIag $\delta \mathrm{c}$, the Writing on the Wall ...
so Un-Veiled, the False-h $\underline{\underline{c}-0}$ d of the Persons of Convenience?
Only pictures 'n b $\underline{\underline{\mathbf{C}}-\underline{0}} \mathrm{ks}$ 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 b-

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 Engels ... To be or not to be, that's the Question?

Write 'n Put 25 years in a Drawer. If U find, it still g-G]d? It Might have some Value in it ... T. S. Eliot.
... TARIQ... ONLY PERSON IN WORLD ... WAITING TO PUBLISH TILL 80 ... كَاكِتَحِيل
... TARIQ... ONLY PERSON IN WORLD ... WAITING TO PUBLISH TILL 80 ...

Publishing Planned: 21/02/2021

Subbai SChan

Completion: 05/05/2021
(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

'ot aumned he depp: Camp Rava in bea,


## That.Spirits.to.the.Ninth.Heaven.Arise <br> ...

## Beethoven's. $9^{\text {th }}$.Sympohony.first.recording.(Bruno.Seidler-Winkler, 1923)

Beethoven's.9 ${ }^{\text {th }}$.Sympohony.(Hymn.to.Joy)...https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nZV2EuA9fwM

Publishing Planned: 05/05/2021
(Kublai Khan's Coronation ... 05/05/1260)

Publishing Planned: 05/05/2021
(Kublai Khan's Coronation ... 05/05/1260)
$2^{\text {nd. }}$ b $\mathbf{G}-\mathbf{-} \mathrm{E} \mathrm{k}$
'rveen 9 'n 15

3rd. b
Jaykes 'Jween

Completion: 14/08/2021
(Pak Independence ... 14/08/1947)

Completion: 29/10/2021
(Myne Birth-Date ... 29/10/1941)

An Emperor, Leaning on Staff of his Wealth:
Humiliated, Us Poor Souls' Love, by Stealth?
اكبر المبادى: Taj Mahal : Akbar Allahbadi
https://www.pexels.com/photo/black-and-white-photo-of-the-taj-mahal-7582485/

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { 6 سهانا } \\
& \text { هم غُريبون كى محبت } \\
& \text { 6 ارُايا ـ م مزاق ؟ }
\end{aligned}
$$




[^0]:    " 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 !"

[^1]:    https://pixabay.com/photos/taj-mahal-sunset-taj-mahal-india-4808227/ ... taj-mahal-sunset-4808227_960_720.jpg

[^2]:    Urdu deserves well, 'tis World Merited Name ... Lassan-ul-Erd ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality !

