

Previous English Book ... [thBk-E-1.pdf](#) **THINKS 'n THOUGHTS** -01-001-
 Next English Book ... [thBk-E-5b.pdf](#) **THINKS 'n THOUGHTS** -01-201-

[Noor-us-Samaawat](#)

Thinks-1-

Site of Tariq HAMEED

www.noor-us-samaawat.org/

... Volume II ...

THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

To Activate Links ... **.pdf** (Click) ... Word **.docx** (Cursor-in or High-light : then : **Cntr+Click**) ...

Book 2



Volume II (& 2)

(& 4 Italia ... & 6 Islamabad) ... Lahore ...
Pakistan ...

... 1966 (March) ==> 1966 (July) ...

English is myne Mystress ... Tariq HAMEED

(Beowulf)

Dedicated to :

... To My Mother ... Following '*MIND*' Went to Education ...

... To My Father ... Following '*SOUL*' Came to Edification ...

or perhaps








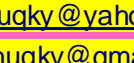




to Know to Learn to Live ? do then Try,, to Read my Books !!!

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

TECHNICAL

BOOK DATA

(Printer Furnished)

	email : harf.noor@gmail.com	email : thugky@yahoo.com email : thugky@gmail.com	N ^{oo} R ^{us} Sam ^{aa} waT							
New TH	Gold	Grey-M	Emerald	Ciel	Mauve	Cyan	Canary	Pale	Pepita	Fauchia
Scope	Bil'ghaib	Creation	Ancient	*Dark*	Present	Actual	Danger	Chaos	Future	End/Fin
										
Created	.0. Pure	.1. Attrib	.2. Pro-N	.3. [3]	.4. Conj.	.5. Verb	.6. Concept	.7. .7.	.8.8.8.8.	.9. Evil
RGB	128,128,000	128,128,128	000,255,000	000,255,255	200,000,200	100,200,200	200,255,200	255,100,200	255,200,100	255,100,200

THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

Book 2



LIVRE 2

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* ...)

=====

1.	A MYTH AND A FANTASY ...	Pakistan Day Memorial	Lahore	1966 (Mar)	-08--08--097-
2.	Eradication Of The Malaria Eradication Board		Lahore	1966 (Apr)	-12--12--101-
3.	Symbolics of the Iconoclast ... (Hz. Ibrahim a.s.)		Lahore	1966 (May)	-17--17--106-
4.	Iqbal's Concept of 'Self' ...	Khudi (Higher Ego)	Lahore	1966 (May)	-22--22--111-
5.	The Herald of Freedom ...	Madho Lal Hussain	Lahore	1966 (Jun)	-23--23--112-
6.	THE NINETH CRUSADE ...	Neo-Colonialism (The 'Raj')	Lahore	1966 (Jul)	-28--28--117-
7.	The Corporation LMC ...	A Redundant Cell (Lahore Municipal Corp.)		1966 (Jul)	-30--30--119-

===== A : P r e a m b l e : ===== Islamabad =====

0. East-Europe My Hitch-Hiking Trip to Pakistan 1965

Destiny so dicted, that after a certain disagreement (explained elsewhere), I came to Pakistan ... having hitch-hiked from ... London (13/11/1965), Paris, Strasbourg, Deutschland; snowed Austria: Italia (no visa; ma errano sympatici, hanno mi lasciato passare); Bari, then boat to Athens where a passenger impressed me by the number of people he had killed, he only wanted importance in unknown eyes; Greece where I stayed in ruins: Yougoslavia, where I lived with my harmonica friends; Bulgaria, where I got lifts on Bicycles and Ox-cartes, hi hi, even slept a night, 'tween two railings fore the cash window in the train station bounded by humanity ... then got a car lift with 3 Turks, who made me pay (on loan? surely they smuggled cars, cause these few sterlings were never returned) ... arriving in Istanbul, they asked me to come to a night club, but seeing them in a NON-paying mood, I scamped as I valued my life more) ... Tourist a bit, apart Topkapi (closed Mondays); and when I was reading the inscriptions on the Sulemanya, an old Turk came, shook my hand 'n embraced me, **then wept cause I could read what he couldn't** (Ata-Turc having deformed his language into Latin) ... A train cracking of humans, taking turns to sleep on each other, contened 36 hours to Erzurum: crossing the border into Iran, where I travelled nights by bus and touristed all important towns during day; Tabrez, Shiraz, Isfahan, Tehran till Zahidan: where a bus, with beasts 'n belles,, finally took me to Quetta (my region of infancy); *I did again see the Road-Sign saying 'London 6002 Miles' ah-ha Brit precision*; then a train to Lahore; arriving at 10 in the morning on 10/12/1965 ... as I had promised my mother ... **I always keep my word** !!!

All in 23 days from Paris, costing £43,50 with presents, hi hi ... A dream of a trip !!!

Born 29th. Octobre, 1941 ... **Tariq** Naturalised French 16/01/1978

Papa Khan Sahib Mian Abdul **Hameed** Hijrat Authorised : **Pakistan** ... 16/01/2011

Mama Bégun 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. **Qari Muhammad Azeem** (taught **Script, Think, Honor**) ... **Scribe of Qura'an (Uncle)**
2. **Feroz Nizami** (always offered me a cup of tea) ... **Music (Classic)**
3. **Faiz Ahmad Faiz** (a chain smoker) ... **Poetry (Lenin Prize, 1962)**
4. **Syed Imtiaz Ali Tai** (died in my arms) ... **Theater (Writer and History of)**
5. **Ahmed Mirza Jamil** (think **Wrist** not **Mind**) ... **Noori Nastaliq (Calligraphy)**
(He invented the Modern 'Fonts' in Urdu & Arab)

{TH 'Atomic' : based on studies of **Hazarat Ameer Khusro** ... Darbar-e **Balban**, 1272}

Primary : St. Anthony's High School ... **Lahore**

University : Government College (Ravians) ... **Lahore, Punjab**

Advanced : Institute of 'Chartered Accountants' ... **England & Wales**

International : Systems of Production (on Computer) ... **Europe** : Latin (South)

Global Primary **National Chart of Accounts.fr on Computer** { }

1. M.I.S. (**Industrial Giant : BSN**) { } 1970 ... , Fabrication (Glass) { }
2. M.I.S. Data-Bases : **Liquids (CIBA-Geigy)** 1973 ... ***Basel***, ***Schweiz*** (**Chemie**)

Inventions

3. 'Atomic' Urdu & Arab Alphabet ... **Unicode Consortium**
4. 'Atomic' Urdu Key-Board (Computer) ... **NADRA Nat. IDs**
5. 'Atomic' Urdu Computer (Localisation) ... **Microsoft**

Concepts

... **Quod Erat Demonstrandum** ... **Euclid***

6. **Qura'an** Evolutive Dimensionnal structure ... **QEDs** Vahis Revealed ...
7. **Qura'an** Translation Methodologies simplified ... **QTM**s Word under Word ...

(The Third & Multi-Dimensions ... of the **Qura'ani Structure**)



Né 29^{ème}. Octobre, 1941 ... **Tariq** Naturalisé Français 16/01/1978

Père Khan Sahib Mian Abdul Hameed Hijrat Autorisé : Pakistan ... 16/01/2011

Mère Bégum Méraj Hameed Suharwardi GB Accord : Joindre Famille ... 15/01/2015

Sœur Tahira Hameed ... 01/03/1943

Frère Mian Kausar Hameed ... 16/01/1948 ... Père part ... 16/01/1957

Serviteur Ashraf Mian Bihari ... Raconteur & Fidèle (Illettré) ... La Vie, Enterre-moi en Épines

Ustad Mes Maîtres

1. Qari Muhammad Azeem (maître Script, Pensée, Honneur) ... Scribe de Qura'an (Oncle)

2. Feroz Nizami (m'offrait toujours une tasse de thé) ... Musique (Classique)

3. Faiz Ahmad Faiz (fumer en chaine) ... Poésie (Prix Lénine, 1962)

4. Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj (et mort dans mes bras) ... Théâtre (Écrivain et Histoire d')

5. Ahmed Mirza Jamil (penser poignée pas tête) ... Noori Nastaliq (Calligraphie)

(Il a inventé des 'Polices' Modernes en Urdu & Arabe)

{ TH 'Atomic' : basé sur les œuvres de Hazarat Ameer Khusro ... Darbar de Balban, 1272}

Premier : St. Anthony's High School ... Lahore

Université : Government College (Ravians) ... Lahore, Punjab

Supérieur : Institut des ' Experts Comptables ' ... England & Wales

International : Systèmes de Production (Ordinateurs) ... Europe : Latin (Sud)

Premier Mondial National Plan Comptable.fr sur Ordi {*}

1. M.I.S. (Géant Industriel : BSN) {*} 1970 ... , Fabrication (Verres) {*}

2. Base de Données : Liquides (Ciba-Geigy) 1973 ... *Basel*, *Schweiz* (Chimie)

Inventions

3. 'Atomic' Urdu & Arabe Alphabet ... Unicode.org Consortium

4. 'Atomic' Urdu Clavier (Ordinateur) ... NADRA Nat. IDs

5. 'Atomic' Urdu Ordinateur (Localisation) ... Microsoft

Concepts

... Quod Erat Demonstrandum ... Euclide

6. Qura'an Evolutive Dimensionnelle structure ... QEDs Vahis Révélés ...

7. Qura'an Traduction Méthodologies simplifiées ... QTMs Mot sous Mot ...

(Troisième & Multi-Dimensions ... de la Structure Qura'anique)



0. East-EuropeMy Hitch-Hiking Trip to Pakistan

1965

... By courtesy of Google ... Innsbruck-Austria-alphorntours.com ... Athenes-Acropolis-PhotoBucket.com ...
 ... Skopia-Yugoslavia-wow.com ... Skopia-LakeOhrid-piczload.com ... Skopia-LakeOhrid-piczload.com ...

Why Athens was great

Athens, the largest city in Greece, controlled a region called Attica. Tween many mountains were fertile valleys, with farms. Attica had valuable silver sources, lead and marble; having the biggest navy in Greece. People came to study and to trade. The most famous building was a temple, Parthenon, on a rocky hill the Acropolis; with a statue of the city's protector-goddess Athena.



Mazedonien hat am Samstag des Vertrags von Ohrid gedacht, mit dem vor 15 Jahren die bürgerkriegsähnliche Gewalt in dem kleinen Balkanland beendet wurde. Mit dem Abkommen zwischen der slawisch-orthodoxen Bevölkerungsmehrheit und der muslimisch-albanischen Minderheit stellte die «Albanische Befreiungsbewegung in Mazedonien» ihren bewaffneten Kampf ein. Sie wollte die Abspaltung der albanischen besiedelten Gebiete und deren Anschluss an das benachbarte Kosovo erzwingen. Der Vertrag sah vor, dass die Albaner, die schätzungsweise bis zu 30 Prozent der Bevölkerung stellen, mehr Rechte erhalten und stärker als bis dahin in der Staatsverwaltung vertreten sein müssen. Medien und Parteien sind unterschiedlicher Ansicht, ob dieses Ziel heute erreicht ist.



Sofia was a muddy, underdeveloped town of just 12,000 inhabitants, something akin to a large, open-air market. Writers talk of how the city's inhabitants attended the first royal ball dressed in woolen socks and baggy Turkish pants.

Belgrade is the capital and largest city of Serbia. It is located at the confluence of the Sava and Danube rivers, where the Pannonian Plain meets the Balkans. Its name translates to "White City".

... By courtesy of Google ... Belgrade-Yugoslavia-RustikaTravel.com ... Sofia-Bulgaria-RentaCar.bg ...

0. East-EuropeMy Hitch-Hiking Trip to Pakistan

1965

0. [Istanbul \(Turkey\)](#)**My Hitch-Hiking Trip to [Pakistan](#)**

1965

... By courtesy of Google ... Istambol-Suleymaniye-britannica.com ... Istambol-AyaSofia-TravelHotelVideo.com ...



A Monument of 3 Civilisations ... Heathen, Christian, Muslim ...



... By courtesy of Google ... Topkapi-WorldAllDetails.com ... Iraq-SamarraMosque-britannica.com ...
 ... Baghdad-AlShaheed-flickr.com ... Iran-Tabrez-Mosque-Treklens.com ...
 ... Iran-Sheraz-Mosque-BestSellingCarsBlog ... Iran-Isfahan-BlueMosque-zawaj.com ...

0. [Iran \(Persia\)](#)**My Hitch-Hiking Trip to [Pakistan](#)**

1965



1. **Lahore** **A MYTH AND A FANTASY ... Pakistan Day Memorial** 1966 (Mar)

The Pakistan Observer, (Dacca) ... Pakistan Day Supplement

Dacca Wednesday March 23, 1966 By **Tariq HAMEED** (Ali Asghar Idea)

It was a monument to be constructed of red stone and marble. The double-storied building housed a library and an octagonal Hall used for holding meetings and other, gay-smiling functions. The names of the persons who fought for the establishment of Pakistan were proposed to be inscribed on the walls of the Hall which was surmounted by a dainty obelisk needle. The three sides of the Memorial opened out into spacious lawns where people would frolick about in their leisure hours paying homage to a young nation which could face any adversity and come out victorious: and they would sprinkle around the water pond, which in it's sedate reflections accommodated the unage of this monument to freedom.

The image became fainter and fainter and the dream faded and one awake to a rude sense of shock of how the intelligentsia had commemorated a people's epock-making decisions ... the **Pakistan Resolution, presented by the Quaid-i-Azam** at the **Historic Muslim League Session on March 23, 1940**.

Exactly twently years later, in a ceremony which was described as less of a national occasion and more of a local and official affair, Mr. Akhtar Hussain, the then Governor of West Pakistan, laid the foundation-stone: the Memorial was not only to be a rare specimen of Islamic architecture, but also a symbol of the firm resolve of the Government which claimed to have instilled a new spirit of progress and high ideals among the nation. Not even a month had passed where the foundation-stone was discovered to be missing and no one knew how or when it had been removed.

Even before the commencement of the Project, the Provincial Government had decided, in view of the national importance of the proposal, to relieve the Lahore Corporation of the gross responsibility of construction, subjecting the work to it's own supervision. With great fanfare, the boundaries were outlined in white to demarcate the different aspects of the monument: soon the white chalk was transformed into the earth and out of earth sprouted forth flowers and herbs and the white lines existed no more; only a crude herbed wire survived the ravages of time and our planning authorities; an object reminder to humanity of how lofty ideals may be reduced to naught. And now the marble of the foundation-stone was missing; for safe custody, seems. 'Twas later explained ... much, much later ...

and the presence of high officials and the elite of the town, stood damaged, abject and denounced. The area intended to be part of the main Hall of the proposed Memorial was in a state of utter neglect at the Iqbal Park, where the ground was being leveled by the Agriculture Department which planned to have a garden in its place: and the winds of autumn blew into this wasteland and denuded this garden of all its imagined glory.

Memorial Committee

The monument was to be completed in two years and the approximate cost of erection was to run into five lakh rupees. A Pakistan Day Memorial Committee was formed to finalize the details of the undertaking, to supervise implantation of the plan and to devise ways and means to collect the necessary finances. None of the personages associated with the Pakistan Movement was selected into the Committee, but among the non-official members were included some big industrialists and prominent businessmen; surprisingly however, the plans did not make any headway due to lack of funds. It had seemed to rely on millionaires' help but its formal request failed: no philanthropist came forward to sponsor such a noble cause of international prestige. "Only a couple of public-spirited industrialists, for whom the creation of Pakistan has brought undreamt of wealth, could have contributed the whole amount." (The Pakistan Times: Editorial, February 8, 1964).

It was learnt that the funds so far collected were not even sufficient to lay the foundation of the envisaged site, but concurrently, fantastic it may seem, a scheme was prepared to supplement the surroundings with a "fantasy land" on the pattern of Disneyland in Hollywood, at an excess cost of Rs. 10 lakh. Ironically enough, at the same time in 1961, the older plans which had previously been stated to have been approved, were suddenly discovered to be devoid of cupolas, towered and domes and hence were viewed as alien to the "Islamic tradition of architecture." The Turkish architect Morat Khan was assigned to submit revised plans which strictly reflected the cultural heritage and aesthetic values cherished by the Muslim communities: a gigantic pattern signifying the past grandeur and worthy ideology of the citizens of Pakistan. The new design was three times the size of the previous one incorporating a happy fusion of beauty and utility at a cost of Rs. 17 lakhs. The tower kept on rising, the scope became more ambitious, the finances were nil and the work was at a standstill.

SECOND SET OF PLANS

The second set of plans was processed through many stages and was universally applauded: it had a segment dome and all the other requirements of Islamic architecture. It was passed by the Governor and was forwarded for the approval of the Governor's Advisory Council whose consent is merely regarded as a formality. So gradually after a lapse of almost three years, it was announced that the blue-print had been approved. To the great surprise of everyone, the model displayed at this juncture was radically different to the one submitted to the Council, at previous dates; and more previous dates: and more previous dates ... and more previous dates ...

Gone was the immense dome and the public auditorium, a victim to the dictates of economy; and because it was stated that plans had already been launched to build a Jinnah Hall at Patiala House, which is yet in the negotiation stage. However, an important hurdle was crossed: the Government had graciously allocated an interest-free loan of Rs. 5 lakh while other finances had been raised by a cue on cinema tickets: But one still wonders why this Loan could not have been made as a grant so as to preserve the national characteristics of the Memorial. Anyway, the work was commenced in 1964 and was expected to be completed within two years: but soon the initial energy was spent and the construction again came to a dead stop. This time the plea was the lack of cement ... it appears that appeals were made to some appropriate denizens, but no enthusiast stepped forward to shoulder the burden of the national cause. Work progressed slowly the next year to the next year to the next ...'twas hard labour, and was further retarded due to the emergency conditions. In spite of the vicissitudes of misfortune, almost all of the nearly 200-feet tower has now been completed in brut, but this helpless tribute to the country's remembrances yet remains un-marbled and un-polished and un-attended; and the original figures of Rs. 45 lakhs for the grounds and the monument would probably swell many a manifold.

It is reckoned that the entire Memorial will be ready in two years' time from now. But already tragedy has struck again and the latest stoppage in work has occurred: there seems to have developed a scarcity of marble supply in the market. There are four factories producing marble in Pakistan, and with all, orders have been booked, but for some unknown reason, they seem to be lagging behind in their shipments. And even if any consignment comes through; the occasional customer who is willing to pay the agent a fraction more makes off with the delivery while the permanent buyer is left dangling and is forced to wait, disrupting the schedule and increasing the overhead and other standing charges. Consequently, during the past year, many labourers have themselves been cutting, hewing and glazing the tiles to furnish material for parts of the construction___striving on with inadequate machines and tools, smeared with their warm perspiration and the flying dust of brick and stones, they are the true architects who are raising from nothing the foundations of a nation's greatness, gluing each brick onto the other with the sweat of their blood and toll.

COMPOSITION

When completed, the composition will consist of a symbolical rostrum a marble dals and a tower-like shape rising from a platform spreading like a five-pointed star, enclosed by two crescent-shaped pools embracing each other, signifying the unity of the East and West Wings (Past). The pools lined with green and red stone represent the colours of Islam and of sacrifice. The tower is composed of ten vertical slabs interlaced with flower petals: these slabs will appear as a soaring monolithic form, following the law of an ever-growing exponential curve symbolizing the wish for eternal progress and refinement: roughly hewn in the lower parts to highly polished surfaces into the upper sections,

representing the growth of Pakistan from humble beginnings to highest aspirations. And all these reflections will be imaged in the mingled waters below.

One hopes that these images will one day be reflected into reality ... then Twas ...

... Twas ... **FORTY YEARS LATER**

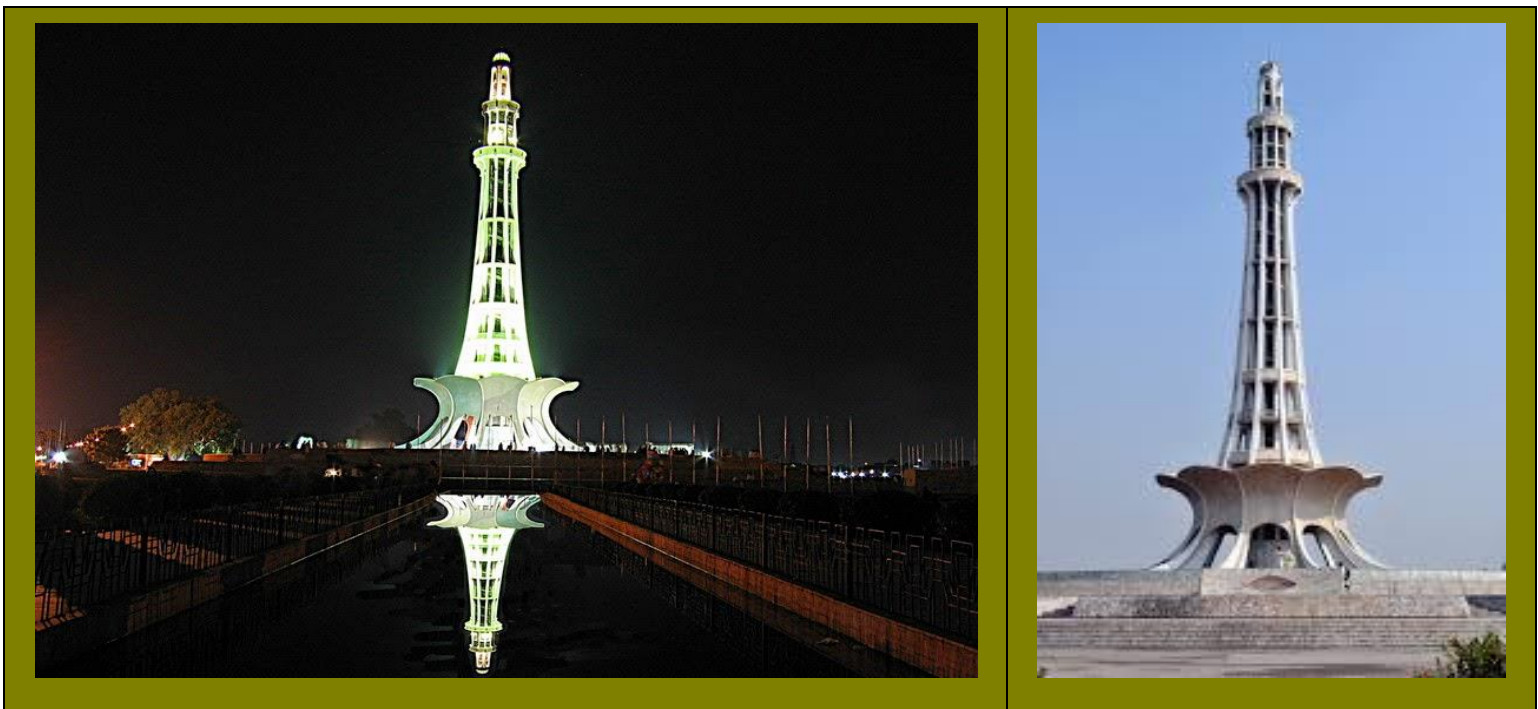
2006 (Mar) **Lahore**

Definitely returned I to Pakistan, in 1996. During my wanderings, a bit further I landed up in Islamabad and looked for a room. A dear friends, Syed Muhammad Anas, gave me the phone of another friend, become very dear soon. He had retired as the Chief of the Secret Services, a true Patriot, under Ayub and then Bhutto. This silent friendship, years on turned into a stunning relationship, 40 years after. With a strange look, he blurted, "Oooo ... you are that Tariq Hameed?" Surprised, I retorted confused, "Which?" That ? "Around the house of whom, I had put the Police Guard": Overcome, the bell tolled and I stammered out, "Oooo ... you are that Dirty and Evil Sadeeq Ahmed Nagra ; dismay of my Mother and my Sister?" Quick, he held, "Give me any instance in those 6 months, that they were even disturbed! Friend, it was for their own 'Personal Protect'. You had done a great Job!" And both burst out laughing. "The Governor of Punjab, Nawab of Kalabagh Amir Muhammad Khan, admires your courage (*all Pak Papers refused me edition, except the Pakistan Observer Dacca*): personally insisting on me to set on you, the best possible guard ... until long after work completion! Now your dream, your wish and desire, a Pakistan Memorial rings true; 'tis NO more a myth and a fantasy: it is now gracefully clothed into, sparkling and lustrous marble of the best ranges! Don't stare at me; go and look at it ... now ... it is a graceful Maiden, in Elegant Reality" ! And go 'n pray, that your heart's will, will shine anew one day, in your Dear Pakistan, Dear People: 'n in it's Ever Dear Pride in Honour."

(Over Tea ... in 2006)

So held he my hand my friend ... for ever ! Believable? My Friends!

PAKISTAN PAINDABAD



2. **Lahore****Eradication Of The Malaria Eradication Board**

1966 (Apr.)

... **Governors And Governance** ... **Of Death Squads** ...**By A Staff Reporter**

KARACHI – 15 APRIL, 1966: We have just heard the sad news from Lahore ...

that the renowned **Malaria Eradication Board** ... **M E B** ... has itself been completely
and wholly eradicated by the **United League of Mosquitoes** ... **U L M** ...

According to an official bulletin, old women beat their breasts lamenting who is going to replace this
Son of the Nation, this Youth in all it's Flower, so woefully besieged and treacherously eradicated by an unruly board
of blood – thirsty mosquitoes. Even the President has sent an urgent telegramme of condolences, on

... **M E B** **Death** ...

Some say it was a family feud; others that it was a marriage promise broken: but the heart – breaking
fact remains drowning all the nation into sorrow, that the once proud form of the Malaria Eradication Board now lies
trodden in dust, while the enemy swarms around, their arrogant breeding - grounds spread all over the country

... **U L M** ...

How did this happen? That the Most Honourable Malaria Eradication Board was so swiftly and silently
annihilated! Without hue and cry? That the little pests have gained the mastery of the airs and go unchallenged piping
their morshall music equally over the muddy hut of the poor and the mighty palace of the rich:

Weeping over ... **M E B** **Death** ...

We are a sentimental nation and thus harbour tragedy. Sad tales move us and our heroes are the
down- trodden. We defend the under-dog! Sacrifice in the name of truth is our greatest virtue. Hence our passions are
quickly flamed and we rise up in defence of what ever that has needed to be defended. We have no time to waste in
cold rational evaluations but we haste to shower praises on whatever that seems to have need of being praised.
Automatically we weep over the fate of the Malaria Eradication Board (Shaheed): we give titles and distinctions and
stars and stapes: we eat American wheat and we build movements! Yes we would build monuments! And after having
taken all these decisions, we reflect over the Victory of ... **U L M** ...

We think this whole tragic affair over and slowly a realization dawns on us! It comes to us in a flash
that the tremendous sacrifice of this body might not have been made at all: that all was in vain and that to come to
this end, it was its own fault!

The crying ... **M E B** **Death** ...

We remember a story handed down by our elders that when Pakistan came into being there was hardly any Malaria Eradication Board and consequently hardly any mosquitoes. As we were obliged to utilize some where the foreign loans obtained, this Board was created and spent lakhs of rupees trying to eradicate mosquitoes; but there being hardly any mosquitoes, it could not be determined precisely where all these lakhs went to: one supposes that they must be still somewhere in the reserves! Transferred to the Political Pockets of

... **U L M** ...

So a logically sound scheme was landed by a number of enterprising and up-coming business magnates cum Advisors and Pocketers: to have sufficient quantities of mosquitoes before they could be economically and effectively eradicated. Thanks to advanced techniques, newer and more rapid breeding grounds wee quickly brought into existence which worked night and day to produce the desired results. The mosquito population doubled and tripled and bred with so much gusts that the country has never known such a galloping rate of progress of Advisors and Pocketers: an indigestion leading to

... **M E B** **Death** ...

When a sufficiently fair number of mosquitoes became airborne, the Board commenced the offensive with large scale eradication schemes. The framework of these high – powered top-level government – backed schemes was as follows: (The Normality) ...

1. The Board Meeting ... (**Eating**)
2. **Tea**
3. Followed by a **Social Evening**

Some breeding grounds were actually pin-pointed and sprayed with locally manufactured chemicals, under the influence of spirit (nationalist). However the use of these locally produced chemicals was soon restricted when it was learnt that imbued with the national galloping Ideal and Spirit, the manufacturers and the up-coming business magnates omitted to include the expensive “Killer” elements, in conformity with the nation-wide austerity drive; saving and protecting the famous

... **U L M** ...

In a short time the work was being carried on under half mast and the breeding spots somehow discovered were only by accident. These accidental discoveries lent an air of seriousness and per severance to the whole affair and helped to conceal the fact that the blue prints of all inter-wing breeding grounds and dirt spots had been mislaid at the moment of the change in capital, thus avoiding ... **M E B** **Death** ...

We are a people ruled by the heart rather than the head. And our mosquito co-patriots suffer of the same cardiac disease. The harmless propaganda slogans of the Malaria Eradication Board they took seriously to heart: not understanding that in a democracy everyone has the right of free and liberal speech. It is not the words which matter, it is the Acts! Perhaps verbally the Malaria Eradication Board was their greatest enemy, but in reality it was their greatest protection and a friend in deed!

The victorious ... **ULM** ...

But also! Misfortunes are often based on misunderstandings! Aggressive verbal outlet of the non-aggressive intentions was only for the public benefit and good will. But this upset thoroughly the so far law – abiding mosquito population. They started to ask themselves why these were not allowed to breed in peace and why the national boundaries of their dominions not respected! The younger ones took up a severe radical line and proved to be much more vociferous in the expression of their sentiments. They organized night patrols and even held one or two committee members as hostages. In short, tension, mistrust and a general state of cold war was evident between the mosquito community and the Malaria Eradication Board: resulting in

... **M E B** **Death** ...

Realizing it's earlier mistake, the Board softened down at it's previously blatant policy. All eradication plans were completely dropped. However schemes were still proposed; the money was adequately spent or distributed, but all efforts were concentrated on not to give the mosquitoes any cause of grievances. Thus both the common man and the common mosquito lived in total assurance and perfect harmony. They say that the reign of Jehangir "Adal-e-Jehangiri", was never more peaceful.

True ...**ULM** ...

The Board went even one step further. It declared total amnesty for all mosquitoes, even those of low birth who stung any rank of civilian below a **First Class Gazetted Government Officer**

... **F C G G O** ...

In addition to this, political asylum was offered to all mosquitoes who made the object of the bite a **Foreign Dignitary Giving Governing Orders ... FDGGO ...** excepting if the object was a specimen of the White Races. These concessions were made by a public decree, agreed upon and signed by the representatives of both parties, on the condition that the Board reserved the right to put to death immediately a malaria carrying mosquito. The exact terms of this public decree were the following:

1. Immediate death penalty for a malaria germ bearing mosquito.
2. Life imprisonment or public execution for any mosquito stinging at least the equivalent of a First Class Gazetted Officer or his superior up to the President ...

This generally depends on the seriousness of the offence.

3. Guaranteed political asylum for a mosquito biting or kidnapping a dignitary of any race other than white.

The true power of ... **U L M** ...

To calm public and mosquito **or “Public Mosquito”** fears, an intensive propaganda drive was initiated which explained the Board’s firm belief that almost all mosquitoes were harmless: ”There is only one mosquito who is capable of carrying the germs of malaria”. For once the Board even brought out scientific evidence in to support of it’s case! And so the hunt for this one mosquito was on! The dangerous and one and **ONLY MEMBER** of the

... **M E B** **Death Squad** ...

For many years they searched to eradicate this one mosquito “terrorist”! Time and again they bombarded the mosques, they invaded with lethal weapons, they sprayed with poisonous gases but to no avail. Towns were erased, the country – side laid bare but this one mosquito lived a happy life. The innocent, the women and the children were exterminated in what was called “peace missions!! The passers-by and the lookers-on were thrown into the mosquito concentration camps where they were shown no mercy in what was later termed discreetly as “peaceful offensives!! One does not know about the “peace” element but the “offense” left nothing to the imagination. Inhumanity and injustice was waived off lightly by the Board as routine errors.

And so was reinforced ... **U L M** ...

Every day God fearing mosquitoes were falling dorm right and left. It was evident that the Board had made a serious miscalculation in it’s sincerely half-cooked estimates: or had deliberately lied and was now trying to save it’s face by meaningless suppression. The Senate and the Industrialists supported the one mosquito theory but public opinion came into play and it was rumored that it wasn’t a case of one mosquito: it was a case to two! Some even feared that the natural laws of procreation had taken their effective course: the Board maintained that it was the infiltration from the North!

The “terrorist” North ... **M E B** **Death Squad** ...

What the truth was, we will never find out as revolt was hanging around the corner. The mosquitoes worked in the dark and established their superiority in the air. They secretly called in their ground reserves from various ponds and puddles all over the country and allowed no member of the committee to dare sleep without a

thick netting: while the maimed-class clamoured for “peaceful co-existence” at the other barrel of the gun. The “fortunate Fortuned” were for Peace with ... **C L M** ...

Even this did not last for long! One night, in a pitch dark battle-field, the mosquitoes grouped together and in a surprise air raid demolished the proud structure. Observers with tears in their eyes say that the grandeur of the Malaria Eradication Board being eradicated was much superior than either Hiroshima or Nagasaki.

The foreseeable Death of the ... **M E B** **Death Squad** ...

Who is going to defend us from malaria now? Who **is going to** eradicate the mosquitoes? And we are left with a heavy heart and a noble memory. We will stand with our heads hung and a three minutes silence: for once we will **NOT** beg for American wheat, but we will build a monument! A movement greater than that of the Father of the Nation! For whereas the Father of the Nation had mostly finished his work, this Son of the Nation has left all his work to be done, undone! Long Live ... **U L M** ...

If Jinnah’s monument is built in one square mile, the monument to the Malaria Eradication Board will be built in the entire Pakistan!

Long Live ... **M E B** **Dead Death Squad** ...

If Jinnah’s monument takes more than twenty year for **NOT** to be completed; the monument to the Malaria Eradication Board will span forty, sixty or even a hundred years!



Long Live ... **U L M** ...

If Jinnah’s monument has already cost an untold amount of money, the monument to the Malaria Eradication Board will cost the entire fortune of Pakistan!

Long Live Governors and Governance ... **M E B** **Death Squad** ...

Vive les **Noblers!** Long live our unity, faith and discipline! Three cheers for Islam! Amen! And let the Malaria Eradication Board sleep in peace!

Let bygoness be bygoness ... **that long live** ... **U L M** ...

2. Lahore <u>Eradication Of The Malaria Eradication Board</u> 1966 (May)			
... By courtesy of Google ... 1. Alive ... Mosquito-GordonZ-nationalgeographic.com ... 2. Dead ? ...			
	1. Alive	2. Dead <i>Not Really</i> Only Inversed Incompetents !	

3. **Lahore** **Symbolics of the Iconoclast ...** (Hz. Ibrahim a.s.)

1966 (May)

... By courtesy of Google ... American Heritage® ... Copyright © 2011 by Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company ...

i-con-o-clast ... 7.1.1.03. Articles (Pakistan) : 1966 ... www.noor-us-samaawat.org/ **thBk-E-2-4-6.pdf**(T-kōn'ə-klāst') ... n. ----- **Question ??? Does Islam have a different stand to the Bible ???**

1. One who attacks and seeks to overthrow traditional or popular ideas or institutions.
2. One who destroys sacred religious images.

[**French** iconoclaste, from **Medieval Greek** eikonoklastēs, **smasher of religious images**: eikono-, icono- + Greek – klastēs, **breaker** (from klān, klas-, **to break**).] ----- **Islam follows the Ten Commandments !!!**

i-con'o-clas'tic adj. ... **i-con'o-clas'ti-cal-ly adv.** ----- **Word History ...**

Among the **Ten Commandments** found in the Bible is the following: **"Thou shalt NOT make unto thee a graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."**

----- In the 8th and the 9th centuries ... these words ... inspired some Christians of the Byzantine Empire to destroy religious images such as paintings and sculptures of Jesus, the Virgin Mary, and the Saints. The Medieval Greek word for a person who destroyed such images was *eikonoklastēs*, formed from the elements *eikōn*, "image, likeness," and – *klastēs*, "breaker," and the Medieval Greek word is the source of the English word *iconoclast*. In addition to simply destroying many paintings and sculptures ...

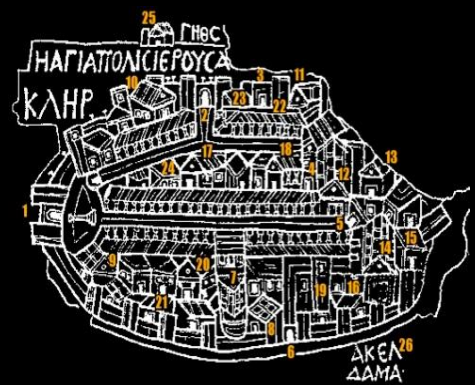
The Medieval Greek iconoclasts also sought to have them barred from display and veneration. In English, the word *iconoclast* was originally used in reference to these Byzantine iconoclasts. **During the Protestant Reformation, images in churches were again felt to be idolatrous and were once more banned and destroyed, and the word iconoclast came to be used of the Protestant opponents of graven images, too.** Only in 19th century, iconoclast took on the secular sense that it has today.

American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Fifth Edition. Copyright © 2011 by Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. Published by Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved. -----

Journal for the study of the Pseudepigrapha Vol 18.1 (2008): 33-53 © 2008 SAGE Publications, Los Angeles, London, New Delhi and Singapore DOI: 10.1177/0951820708096650 <http://JSP.sagepub.com> (Extracts)

The first eight chapters of the Apocalypse of Abraham recount the early years of the young hero of the faith who is depicted as a fighter against the idolatrous practices of his father Terah ... The second part of this pseudepigraphic text deals with Abraham's celestial ascent to the realm of the Divine Chariot. While drawing on some features of the traditional Ezekielian account of the Merkabah, **the authors** of the apocalypse appear to avoid any references to anthropomorphic portrayals of the deity, prominent in the classic prophetic account, and instead **repeatedly try to depict the divine presence as the formless Voice proceeding in the stream of fire ... (Hebrew Thought) ...**

Abraham the Iconoclast: The Background of the Imagery ... The first eight chapters of the Apocalypse of Abraham, **a Jewish work** likely composed in the early centuries of the Common Era, take the form of a midrashic exposition dealing with the early years of Abraham. Although the Genesis account of the early years of Abraham does not elaborate his struggles with idolatry in his father's house, the story in Jubilees provides a rather lengthy narration of such activities. Jubilees 11.16–12.14 portrays the child Abram fiercely resisting the problematic religious routines of his relatives. The text depicts **the young hero of faith involved in extensive disputations with his father in an attempt to persuade Terah to abandon his abominable practices of manufacturing and serving idols.**



Text ... <http://JSP.sagepub.com> ... <http://www.marquette.edu/> ... Abraham-Iconoclast-PersianMemories.com ...
... By courtesy of Google ... MadabaMap ... MadabaMosaic (542 AD) ... Cartographic-Images.com (2) ...
Madaba Map & the Exodus Route (mosaic floor) St. George's Orthodox Church Madaba, Jordan

3. Lahore Symbolics of the Iconoclast ... (Hz. Ibrahim a.s.) 1966 (May)

4.

Lahore

Iqbal's Concept of ' Self ' ... Khudi (Higher Ego)

1966 (May)

5. **Lahore** **Iqbal's Concept of 'Self' ... Khudi (Higher Ego)**

1966 (May)

22-111-

4. **Lahore****Iqbal's Concept of 'Self' ... Khudi (Higher Ego)**

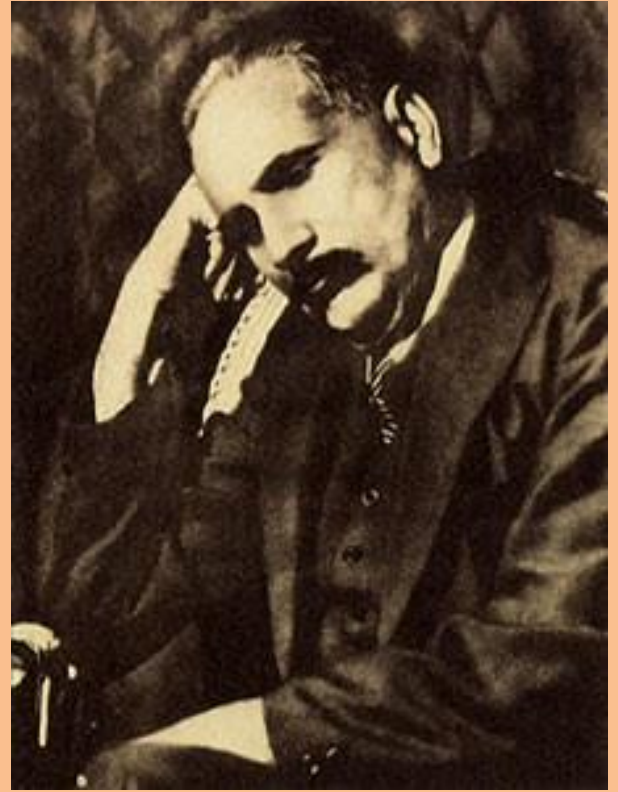
1966 (May)

... **Dr. Adfar Shah** December 19, 2012 ... Allama-Iqbal-eurasiareview.com ... www.noor-us-samaawat.org/**thBk-E-2-4-6.pdf**

Iqbal's man is not an amoral biped, i.e. a two legged creature devoid of values, norms or ethics. The man (Adam) for Iqbal is not merely the centre of universe but the universe itself. Iqbal is obsessed to achieve the man's lost glory back as Iqbal wants man to regain the original noble heights and for that he gives him a tool. i.e. **Khudi** (the self) is what ? ... Simply a combination of three elements ... Irfan-e-zaat (know one self); Kavinaat ki hakikat ka idraak, (know the reality of universe); aur Khuda ko pehchanana (know God). Khudi as Allama held "means to realize that man has a particle of divine light within him whose discovery can escort man to the apogees of creation and whose negligence can confine him to the class of amoral bipeds." What prompted Hazrat Allama to emphasise upon khudi was mainly to overcome the stagnation (Jamood) that had crept into the ummah (the Muslim world) after the collapse of Caliphate. Iqbal in true sense arrived at an important conjecture of self and thus forced conscious beings to ponder over the very goal, reason and cause of the universe and man's very being.

The realization of macrocosm-microcosm apposition (that is, man is micro-universe and the shadow of external universe) and gave birth to the philosophy of selfhood. This synthesis was catalysed by Allama's approach to the tri-axial nature of man. This is to say in what relation man stands with respect to his outer world (outward axis) his inner-self (inward axis) and his God (upward axis). This analysis trio of mind, body and spirit (philosophical term) landed Iqbal into the realization that in this schema of tri-laterality man occupies prior co-ordinate. (That man is bestowed high priority in comparison to universe) where from other two elements, i.e. the universe and God can be assessed and analyzed.

Today consciously or unconsciously, with a relative difference in the East and the West, a radical shift of reference from the Divine or ultimate authority to man is made. In West, for all practical purposes, man is the measure of all things. In the modern age, the sense of human autonomy is very deep, without delinking the relevance of God. In the East, the destination of man largely remains spiritual.



Iqbal not only presents a sketch of Mard-i-Moomin but also specifies the weltanschauung ("touch stone") for such a canonical embodiment. Iqbal identifies Mard-i-Moomin as one who realizes, acknowledges and develops his "Khudi" ... the corner stone of Iqbalian philosophy and the minimum qualification demanded by Iqbal's Mard-i-Moomin.

*Tilismi bood wa adm, naam hai jiska Adam
Khuda ka raaz hai, qadir nhi hai jis pe sukan*

(The talisman wrought from mud and clay, whom we give the name of man, is mystery known to God Alone, its essence true we cannot scan).

"Koi andaza kar i sakhta us kay zour-i-bazu ka
Nigah-e-mard-i- moomin se badal jaati hain taqdeerain"

(Can anyone even guess at the strength of his arm?
By the glance of the man who is a true believer,
even destiny is changed).

"Agar maqsoodi qul mai hu tou muj se mawara kya hai
Meri hungama haaye nobanu ki Intihaa kya hai".

(If i am the plume and purpose of all creation, then what lies beyond me? Is there any bound to my ever perpetual and evolving tendencies).

Hamsaava-e- jibreel-i-ameen, banda-e- khaki
Hai iska nashayman na Bukhara na badakhshan"

(This clay born man has kinship close to Jibreel-the trusted. His dwelling place is never a land or a clime).

Raise your **Self** so High
Afore forming your Destiny
God self asks your Being
What Wish you as Destiny !

خودی

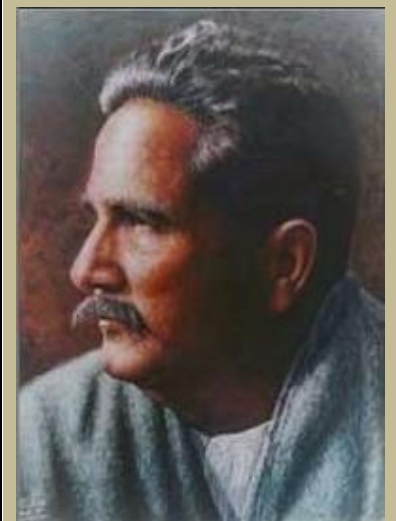
کو کر بلند اتنا

کہ ہر تقدیر سے پہلے
خدا بندے سے خود پوچھے
بتا تیری رضا کیا ہے

**Professor
Allama**

اقبالؔ

**Dr.
Muhammad
Iqbal**

4. **Lahore****Iqbal's Concept of 'Self' ... Khudi (Higher Ego)**

1966 (May)

... By courtesy of Google ... By **Dr. Adfar Shah** December 19, 2012 ... Allama-Iqbal-eurasiareview.com ...

5. **Lahore** **The Herald of Freedom ... Madho Lal Hussain**

1966 (Jun.)

... Google : Text ... ShahHussain-Image.com ... ShahHussain-Mai-Nee-Kinu-Aakhan ... ShahHussain-Ik-Din-Tenu-Sapna ...

... NativePakistan.com ... ShahHussain-Rabba-Mere-Haal-da-Mehram-Tu ...

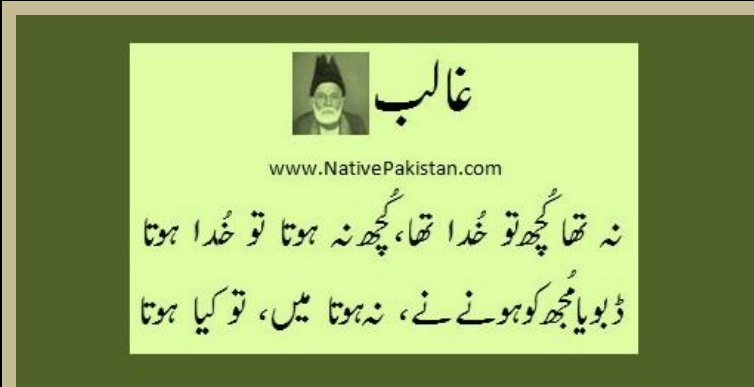
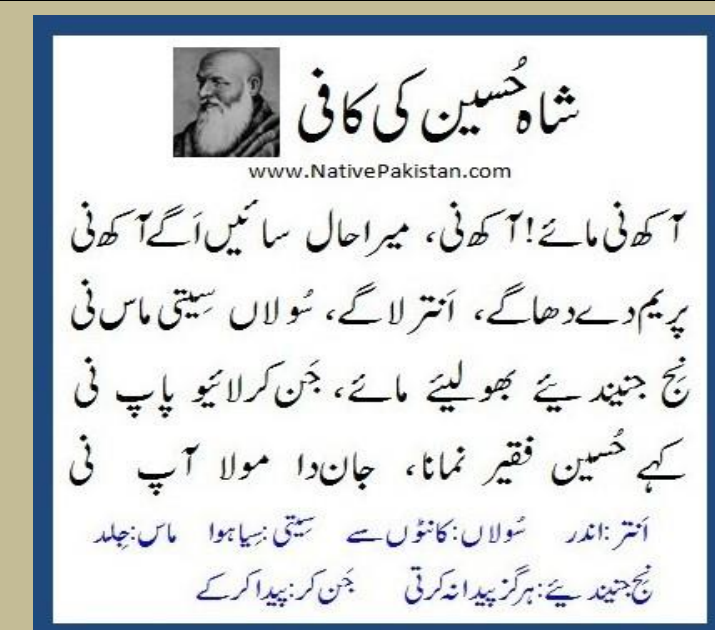
www.noor-us-samaawat.org/

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Shah Hussain (1538–1599) was a Punjabi Sufi poet. He was born in Lahore. He is considered a pioneer of the Kafi form of Punjabi poetry. Shah Hussain's love to a Brahmin boy called "Madho" or "Madho Lal" is famous, and they are often referred to as a single person with the composite name of "Madho Lal Hussain". Madho's tomb lies next to Hussain's shrine.

His tomb and shrine is located at Baghbanpura, adjacent to the Shalimar Gardens Lahore. His Urs (annual death anniversary) is celebrated at his shrine every year during the "Mela Chiraghan" ("Festival of Lights").

Shah Hussain's poetry consists entirely of short poems known as Kafis. Hussain's Kafis are also composed for, and have been set to, music deriving from Punjabi folk music. Many of his Kafis are part of the traditional Qawwali repertoire. His poems have been performed as songs by Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, Abida Parveen, Junoon (band) and Noor Jehan, among others.

**When** Nothing was there, there was God;**If** Nothing were there, there'd be God;Has **Sunk** me, the Fact of Being ...**If** was Not I, What would be ????

(If wasn't I, What will be ???)

Two Questions Posed ??**Statement of Fact !****Supposition** of Possible !Our Real **Nothingness** !**Hypothesis** on **What** ?Hypothesis on **Who** ?God's **Chosen One** !!!

... Courtesy Google : NativePakistan.com ... ShahHussain-Aakh-nee-Mai-Aakh-nee ... MirzaGhalib-Na-tha-kuch-tou ...

5.

Lahore

The Herald of Freedom ... Madho Lal Hussain

1966 (Jun.)

6.	Lahore	THE NINETH CRUSADE ... Neo-Colonialism (The 'Raj')	1966 (Jul.)
6.	THE NINETH CRUSADE ... Neo-Colonialism (The 'Raj)	Lahore	1966 (Jul) -26--115-

6. **Lahore** **THE NINETH CRUSADE ... Neo-Colonialism (The 'Raj')**

1966 (Jul.)

6. **THE NINETH CRUSADE ... Neo-Colonialism (The 'Raj')****Lahore**

1966 (Jul)

-28--117-

6. **Lahore** **THE NINETH CRUSADE ... Neo-Colonialism (The 'Raj')**

1966 (Jul.)

... By courtesy of Google & en.wikipedia.org ... Text ... Crusade-1-1099Jerusalem-en.wikipedia.org ... -29--118-

... Crusade-1-Map-emersonkent.com ... Crusade-4-explorethemed.com ...

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The City of Acre was the last Crusader stronghold, which was finally retaken by Muslim Forces in 1291

The **First Crusade** (1095–1099) : First of many crusades attempting to capture the Holy Lands, called by Pope Urban II in 1095. Starting as a widespread pilgrimage in western Christendom and ended as a military expedition by Roman Catholic Europe to regain the Holy Lands taken in the Muslim conquests of the Levant (632–661); resulting in the capture of Jerusalem in 1099 ... It was launched on 27 November 1095 by Pope Urban II with the primary goal of responding to an appeal from Byzantine Emperor Alexios I Komnenos, who requested that western volunteers come to his aid and help repel the invading Seljuk Turks from Anatolia. An additional goal soon became the principal objective - the Christian reconquest of the sacred city of Jerusalem and the Holy Land and the freeing of the Eastern Christians from Muslim rule.

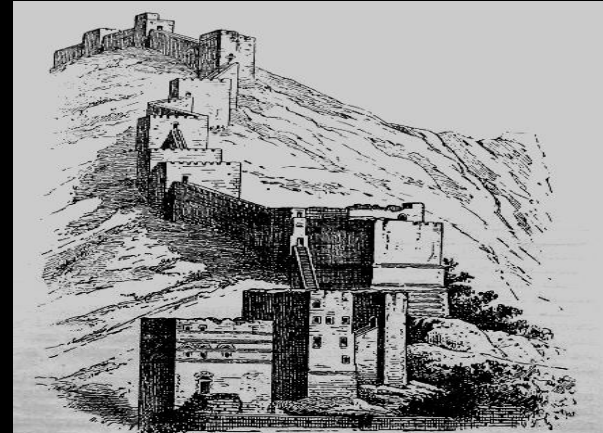
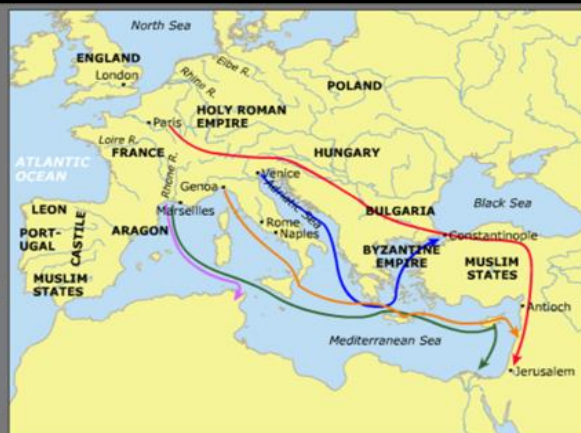


The Crusades, 1096-1270 C.E.

- ✓ First Crusade, 1096-1099 C.E.
- ✓ Third Crusade, 1190-1191 C.E.
- ✓ Fourth Crusade, 1202-04 C.E.
- ✓ Seventh Crusade, 1248-54 C.E.
- ✓ Eighth Crusade, 1270 C.E.
- ✓ Place Names, ca. 1250 C.E.
- ✓ Rivers, Oceans, & Seas

CRUSADES

- First
- Third
- Fourth
- Seventh
- Eighth

RESET ☒ Animate

... By courtesy of Google ... Crusades-X-sadieungersandbox.wikispaces.com ... AntiochRamparts-upload.wikimedia.org ...

6. **Lahore** **THE NINETH CRUSADE ... Neo-Colonialism (The 'Raj')**

1966 (Jul.)

Articles written on Request of Ali Asghar (One of my Masters) ... May he Rest in Peace !!! (Published in Lahore ... PT/CMG)

-29-29-118-

6. **Lahore** **THE NINETH CRUSADE ... Neo-Colonialism (The 'Raj')** 1966 (Jul.)

... By courtesy Google ... Text-wrmea.org ... Crusade-3-ArsufBattle-educationscotland.gov.uk (Saladin & Lion-Heart) ... 29-118-

... Crusade-Knights-pinterest.com ... Crusades-Krak-en.wikipedia.org ... www.noor-us-samaawat.org/ **thBk-E-2-4-6.pdf**

The Crusades Through Arab Eyes : Amin Maalouf. New York: Schocken, 1987.

The Crusades ended on June 17, 1291, when the Muslim armies surrounding Acre finally pierced Crusader defenses, sending Henry of France into a headlong flight for Cyprus.

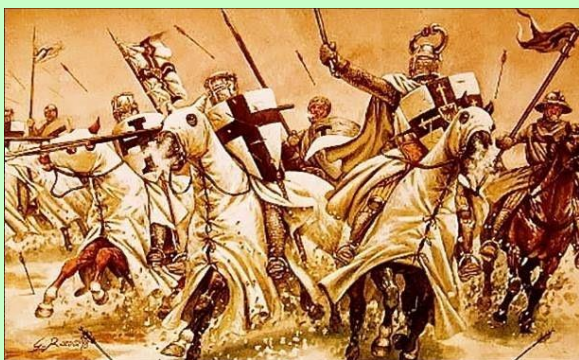
At Oxford University, no Arab author is found on reading lists concerning the Crusaders.

Maalouf begins with Ibn Al-Qalanisi, the young Damascene scholar who observed the Frankish armies as they advanced through Palestine in 1096. Only 23 at the time, he lived to the age of 87, and as a city official was a longstanding witness to the fratricidal hatred of Radwan and Duqaq in Syria, the sectarian struggles of the petty Arab princes, and the military impotence of Baghdad.

Many sources of Maalouf's story are close to the principal characters on the Arab side: Usama Ibn Mundiqlh, an emir and adviser to the great soldier-statesman Zangi; Abul Fida', governor of Hama; Ibn Shaddad, an advisor to Saladin, as was 'Imad Ad-Din Al-Isfanhani, and Abdzahir, secretary to two sultans. As in classical Rome, historiography was a respectable profession for men of power and influence, men of letters, at a time when the Western aristocracy was mostly illiterate.

The rise of the Assassins in the mountain fortress of Alamut is related, as is Ibn Jubayr's description of oil deposits near Mosul. "The product looks like a highly viscous, smooth, shiny mud, giving off a sharp odor We were told that when they want to extract the bitumen they set it on fire. Allah creates whatever he wills.

Praise be upon him," is his non-plussed reaction to the substance that was to become inseparable from the popular concept of the Arab.



Krak des Chevaliers, the largest Crusader Castle

Sultan Salahuddin Ayyubi

(1137–1193), a Muslim military political leader, led Islamic forces during Crusades. The Battle of Hattin in 1187, paved the way for Islamic re-conquest of Jerusalem. During the Third Crusade, Saladin was able to defeat armies led by England's King Richard I (the Lionheart); allowing Muslim control of Jerusalem. But after such an enormous historical effort, he did not have any personal resources, to be able to perform his Hajj !!!



Text Courtesy Google (Edited) ... The Crusades Through Arab Eyes : Amin Maalouf. New York: Schocken, 1987.

... By courtesy of Google ... Text-youtube.com (Edited) ... Crusade-3-Saladin-history.com ...

A REDUNDANT CELL**(1966)**

The Monitor 5 July, 1966

In the beginning there was no light. Then God said "Let there be Light". And there was Light ... except in the areas controlled by the **Lahore Municipal Corporation** ... Not only was all sorts of Life and Activity: there were **Flies** 'n **Beetles** 'n **Mosquitoes (FBM)** ... God created flies to bring beauty into this world; and appointed the Lahore Corporation as Custodian to the **Flies**. And the Corporation manufactured these flies by the load full so that now there is no dearth of them. No one can complain that the flies were reserved only for the **haves** 'n **have-nots** **have** none. And God made mosquitoes to prick evil-doers with their mighty sting. With complete licence the Corporation also made conscientious mosquitoes to punish the poor beggar, who couldn't afford a net. God made the rich, out of sympathy to sweat and swear at the lazy labourer who refuses to work more than twenty-four hours a day and justify his puny wage. And Corporation edges on the rich contractor to remain busy all his time worrying over the fate of his idle serf. And God made rats to feed in lethargy on the results of perseverance. And the Corporation allocated **rats and mice to high offices**. Never was a road constructed but it was despoiled by the tactics of these **invisible mice**. And God watched creation playing '**Monopoly** 'n **Misery**' and then went to rest. And the Corporation also rested; and ever since has not done one stroke of work.




Having slept so long it has become a representative establishment of nature, well 'n unwedded, never revealing the mysteries of **how it works or not works**. One may inquire for days and day but can never unravel even the procedure of making inquiries. **No human is responsible for anything** and everything happens in the 'other' department. The maze of rooms, **graveyard of decency and honesty**, jealously guard the closest secrets of nature, lest the gods be angry why man was imparted the purpose of a bill or of his existence. The accountants accuse the engineers and engineers sneer at the accountants and not a face smiles up to solve the difficulties of the plaintiff. The only smile that lights up tense miens is, when God's good glitter warms up the heart or **when they say No**, for that is the magic incentive which sparks them into jubilation. "Have you ever done anything?" and the answer, not so much in the word as in the philosophy of outlook, is always "**NO**". To do anything for an untrustworthy stranger, the helpful staffs ever advise an age old golden formula, "**Know someone high-up if you know no better**".

It's a **redundant cell** with it's inner 'n outer sphere of politics. Like other aimless authorities it's inefficient in the private circles where things are always being lost and misplaced especially files and important documents; and there is always a spiral above where simpler matters can be made complexer and complicateder. But it earns it's glory in the public sector where **mis-management knows no end** of perfection or limitation, eliciting even from

the politicians singing praises that they themselves could not emulate such incompetence and lack of ideas. In this modern age, when miracles are believed to be almost impossible, whole buildings and roads have been known to disappear overnight from the surface of God's Good earth. A major sector of the Abbot Road, for example, remains uncarpeted and punched with holes while it's counter-lane is not only carpeted but raised a slight three inches above the level of the other: and the traffic has suffered these ups and downs for many moons now. Wise men affirm that a rise in the altitude helps pleasant weather considerably, and probably in the months of sizzling heat such a delicate elevation thumps the spirit merrily into a better humour.

Corporation's a corporal entity aspiring to omni-power. It's raised from dust, lies under dust 'n will probably end into dust. Beneath 'tis mound is buried a saga of human toil. When mankind first appeared on the scene, God said, "Let you be the provider of this divine being". And the entire question now revolves round the academics of **who's the provider 'n who's divinity**: practically, the Lahore Corporation has no doubt, whatsoever. It just applies one theme, "Let **water** be scarce, so what! Let the **billing** of it not be so scarce" ... or **ELECTRICITY** ??? And to ease the minds of multitudes, it rigidly follows this long-proved policy of **sub-aversive** rules all through the centuries; and more to come ... **Long live the King** ???

Make up on paper, what could not be put forth in practice.

7. Lahore	<u>THE CORPORATION ... (Tariq HAMEED)</u>	1966 (Jul.)
... Courtesy of naturephoto-cz.com ... Corp-Fly-Friend ... Corp-Wasp-Foe ... Corp-Butterfly-Ally ...		
	1. Friend	4. Relation
	2. Foe	5. Enemy
	3. Ally	6. Buddy

... Volume II ...

THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

Book 4



Volume II

... Roma ... Italia ...

... 1983 (January) ==> 1996 (December) ...

English is myne Mystress ... Tariq HAMEED

Dedicated to :

... To My Wanderings ... Following '*FANTASY*' Went to Wonder ...

... To a City I Love ... Following '*ROMA*' Came *Inversely* to '*AMOR*' ...

THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

Book

4



Volume II

English									
1.	Beyond		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1983	-03-	<u>34</u>	-123-
2.	W H A T ?		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1983	-04-	<u>35</u>	-124-
3.	Love Methinks Is Eternal		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1984	-05-	<u>36</u>	-125-
4.	In The Pure Delight Of Play		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1984	-06-	<u>37</u>	-126-
5.	Wee Words And Wee Drops		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1985	-07-	<u>38</u>	-127-
6.	Goodly Educated		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1986	-08-	<u>39</u>	-128-
Italiano									
7.	La Strana Mortadella		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1986	-11-	<u>42</u>	-131-
8.	U O M O		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1987	-12-	<u>43</u>	-132-
9.	Gli Innamorati		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1988	-13-	<u>44</u>	-133-
10.	Le Tre Ombre		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1989	-14-	<u>46</u>	-135-
11.	La Rosa a l'Alba		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1993	-18-	<u>50</u>	-139-
12.	Sonno Profondo		<u>Roma</u>	:	<u>Italia</u>	1993	-22-	<u>54</u>	-143-
Roma-Colloseo-tripadvisor.com									

Destiny so dicted, that after a certain disagreement (never explained), I went to Italy ... Roma attracted my love ... and Italians took me as a friend, as had done the French before ! When I came to France, there was No Visa (1968): when the visa was imposed, I had to take an **Inverse** French Visa (**Exit**-Entry; NOT the habitual **Entry**-Exit system) ! There were only 333 Pakistani in all France: and in Italia, there were only 77; also No Visa problem, being European. Then I met a wonderful man, Signor **Cicala**; he introduced me everywhere and changed my life: not forgetting Signora **Ada** Massaro and Tonino (she was a fabulous painter, quoted in '**Arte Italiana**') ... She also looked after my lil doggy 'Tina', on whose intelligence, I have written many stories! The rest, we'll leave for history books ... if history ever accepts me ... hi hi hi ...



Beyond the beastly

the human

Beyond this human

the uninterested spirit

Beyond the disinterested

is own devine self

this half devine self

liaison of

“the idea of divinity”

while **Beyond** is ?

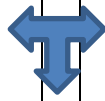
not knowing what

the infinite limit

is as such broadened

so complies itself

towards this finite



selfish self is

basic self

and his self is all

'tis-self while

non-self

and further **Beyond**

is the ultimate

the divinity's self

thus is divinity

... .. the Godly !

what is **Beyond** godly

and and of universe

that **Beyond** the Yonder

looks hither

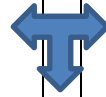
towards infinitesimal

To be read as **three** different poems:

(1) **Left** half (spirit and universe)

(2) **Right** half (self and godly)

(3) **Across** (entire creativity)



Man disappears

Thought persists

Thought disappears

God persists or

God disappears but

Nothing persists

God is not nothing

No

God is Nothingness

No

No Nothingness

Can not

Just can not simply

Disappear

Disappear but

Stays

Leaving always

Something of

A Consciousness or

Something here,,

Man's Consciousness,,

Aware thus so,,

Of something,,

Then if,,

So if,,

All disappears

Man disappears

What persists ?

What can persist ?

But can persist

Or not ?

Nul or not ?

To be read as **three** different poems:

(1)

Across

(Disappears & Re-Appears)

(2)

Left half

(Fades-Out Reality)

(3)

Right half

(Persists Truth)

Love
 Me
 Thinks
 Is eternal
 If eternal
 Remains
 More than
 A certain time
 What do we know
 About eternal
 Destined that
 Our internal dust
 Be interred
 Tomorrow
 A short while off
 The wheel of
 Such backlog time
 Prepares ahead
 The rape of
 The innocent grape
 That sowed
 It's ripe seed
 In the yester
 Grave
 Yards away
 Becoming
 Close
 Welcomingly
 Coming nearly
 Full circle
 So Complete
 Love
 Methinks
 Shortly
 Is eternal

Amour
 Je
 Pense
 Est éternel
 Si l'Éternel
 Reste
 Plus d'un
 Certain temps
 Que savons-nous
 De l'Éternel
 Destiné que soit
 Notre poussière interne
 Qui soit enterrée
 Bientôt soit demain
 Ou peu de temps après
 La roue d'
 Un tel relanti de temps
 Prepare en avance
 Le viol d'
 Une grape innocente
 Qui sème
 Son grain mûr
 Dans l'avant temps
 Grave
 Que des metres d'écart
 Devenant
 Près
 Bienvenant
 Approchant
 Le circle plein
 Si complet
 Amour
 Je pense
 Brèvement
 Est éternel

Two little children

Are playing

There is nothing

To play with

But they jump

And reel

With zest and zeal

In the pure delight

Of play.

Two little children

Hold their hands

And laugh

There is nothing

To laugh about

But their stomachs

They hold

Reel'd 'n roll'd

In the pure delight

Of laughing out right

Just pleasure of without

Hearty and stout.

Two little children

Look at each other

They have nothing

To say

Or say about

But they think

“ When you grow up

I'll miss you

Grown-ups are not

Children no more. ”

Said

Two little children ...



And each of them

Decided not

To grow up any more

In the pure delight

Of each other

Of being one being.

Two little children

Looked

At one and another

Softly and tenderly

Held their hands

And burst out

Laughing

Saying nothing

Just gloating

In the pure delight

Of softness

Of silence

And of thoughts

Without sounds

Of sayings

Without words

Of the pure delight

Long lost eternity

Without light

Inside and out

Within the realm

Of the without

This dominion in

The twilight of delight

Of the pure hum

Of love without finite.

In the pure delight of being

Two little children ...

In the tides of the fluid universe
 Exists only the passage of time
 As matter without movement is no substance
 IS time divided and subdivided
 Into millions and millions
 Of little ripples which lapse and forth
 Our daily routines our lives our existence
 And we think that we have come
 From here to there when we have gone
 From here to there where there's nothing
 But trillions of impulses which count
 The never ending display of liquid time
 Like drops of rain which bathe a river
 A sea; what are we but a wee
 Drop of time which drops forever
 Infinitesimally and continually
 In the fluid expanse of liquid time
 Flowing from end to end without end:
 And what are our thoughts and feelings
 But glimmers and slimmers in the downs
 Of Hades in the darks and shades
 Of these wee drops when we try to utter
 With hesitant and faulty pronunciation
 The eternal time punctuated words
 And phrases of the fluid universe
 This expression of reality and beauty
 To which we will always remain but partial!

“ The Creator creates and destroys
 ’Tis-self
 Why does the Creator need
 Anything
 As such piece-meal balance ever-changing
 The creation so imperfect see Him
 Perhaps the Creator IS
 ALWAYS ALL ALOOF AND ALONE ”

“ Eat your dinner, Harris ”

“ **Yes grandmother** ”

“ I said, eat your dinner ”

“ **Yes grandmother**, but ”

“ There is no **but** ”

Eat your **but**’ter-milk and dinner ”

“ **Yes grandmother**, but I would ”

“ Don’t insist, you heard what I said ”

“ **Yes grandmother**, but I would like to ”

“ Naughty child! Now eat your dinner immediately like a good super boy ”

“ **Yes grand mother**, but it’s ten past in the evening ”

I would prefer to eat my supper ”

“ You harass me Harris! ”

Munch! Crunch! Digest! And shut up! That’s life ! ”

“ **Yes grand mother** ”

“ I said shut **up** ”

“ **Yes grand mother** ”

“ Why don’t you sit **down** Harris, while eating ”

“ Shall I shut **up** or sit **down** ? ”

I never get anywhere with your ups ’n downs, **grand mother** ”

“ I said shut **up** and sit **down** ”

“ Where **grand mother** ”

“ On the chair behind ”

“ On the chair or on the behind **grand mother** ”

“ On the chair on the behind; ”

Where else can you sit down, stupid boy, if not behind,
or on the behind

And stop asking questions, harassing Harris ”

“ **Yes grand mother**. Can I ask a question ? ”

“ I said no ! ”

“ Just one question, **grand mother** ”

“ Let it be the **last** one ”

“ For it to be the **last**, can, I ask the **second last before** ? ”

“ Well you can’t ask it *after*, can you? ”

“ Who’s supposed to be asking questions, **grand mother** ? ”

“ Normally learning children. Well get it done with ! ”

“ With or without, ’twere done ! To be or not to be! ”

Why do we ask questions, **grand mother** ? ”

“ To understand to not to ask *later* ”

“ Why what happens to us *later* ? ”

“ That what happens *not earlier*, happens *later* ! That’s wise ! ”

“ But when we become very **wise**, we become old ”

And becoming very old we become stupid and we **crack**-up

Is that what a **wise-crack** is, **grandmother** ? ”

“ If you don’t shut up, I do know some-one at whom

I’m going to have a **crack** at soon, harrassy Harris ”

“ Coming back to the subject behind

What’s the **difference between the behind and the front** ? ”

“ Be it man or woman

We all have something identical behind

We all have **something to hide, clothed in smoothness**

While *what is in front is variable, impressionable*

That’s nature ...

Only stupid people have their behind on their front

Some call them **bosses**, it’s **embossed** on their front

Are you listening Harris ? ”

“ I’m **under**-standing and **over**-standing the question, and reading

Between the lines not forgetting the lines,

if that’s what you mean :

Lots of people listen but don’t understand, **grand mother** ”

“ You are not supposed to make reflections on other people, Harris ”

“ I don’t make **reflections, grand mother**

Only **light** makes **reflections**

Light-headed people, the more they are **light**

The more they are shining and brilliant and **bright**

And flying and aëry, to give **big room to little thought**

While wise-men stay mute and never utter a word !”

“ Stop criticizing others: only disdaign them !

Look little Harris, son of Harrisson, the big one

You got tradition from up behind, up to the neck

That’s what’s holding it all up

In all situations of life,

In happiness or in strife

Remember, you’re also going to hold it up, nothing hangs down

You’re going to be stiff until death, till death do us part

Stiff of the vertebral column or any other column

Always the stiff upper lip, Harry and the lower one:

None intimates with a son of a Harris-son, the one big gun! ”

“ As you say **grand mother** ”

“ And memorise by heart your lesson of today

And of any any day as it goes by day by day

A plus B is not equal to C, it can be around it; *That’s*

Mein Royalty und **Mein** Kampf und **Mein** Gott

And that’s luck

That deformed **Blue Blood is a Mine of Royalties** ! ”

“ **Yes grand mother** ”

“ Now it’s late and you must go to bed from now on

To tomorrow to tomorrow to tomorrow,

Jeeves the perfectly buttocked butler

Must drive you early to school before

Other common colleagues
 Start rolling their eyelids out of bed
 Preparing strenuously
 To catch the common school bus. ”

“ Funny **grand mother** ! Do **bosses** take **buses**?
 What’s the *difference* *’tween people who miss the bus and who don’t* ? ”

“ It’s shocking! You don’t take the **bus** Harry ! There’s a difference
 ’Tween people who take a **bus** and who don’t,, **Long Live the Queen.**
 He who only takes a **bust** in life never gets anywhere
 That’s known : *’twas said by the poet unknown*
 Like so many other proverbs
 And verbs and nouns !
 I think that’s enough, enough can never be more than enough;
 You better go to bed now, Harris. ”

“ **Yes grand mother**
 One goes here and there easily, but why does one go to bed ? ”

“ To not to go here and there ! That’s sense ! ”

“ So where does one go to when one goes to bed,
 That’s neither **here** nor **there**, that’s **nowhere**
 Now **here** now **there**; **hear** that ’n **hear** ’n **bear** this
 Shall I sing you a song **grand mother**, catty **grand mother** ???

A lullaby or a Melody of Love, of Lovely Love

I’m mad **mad** madly in love
 Dear love, **mad-dame**, mad love
 Pam Pam Dam **Dame** Dumb love
 And so on and so forth, so dear love ”

Then sweet Harry Harrisson went to sleep innocently
 Rocked by the bureau of deeply deep sleep
 Which creeps out shyly everywhere from nowhere
 And peeps ’oer us coyly thru’ shadows in the meadows
 That dreams not be shattered, ni battered, ni scattered.

P.S. / For Cristina (Roma) : Matured refusal to grow-up is the purest of adult thought !

The upper classes had employed governesses for centuries. But from the beginning of the 19th century the wealthier sections of the middle classes followed suit. Employing a governess sent a signal that the lady of the house was too ‘genteel’ to teach her daughters herself. Just as she employed servants to clean her house, she paid another woman to raise her children. Hiring a governess became a status symbol.

Depending on the age of her pupils, the governess could find herself teaching ‘**the three Rs**’ (**r**ead**ing**, **w**riting and **a**rithmetic) to the youngest, while coaching the older girls in French conversation, history and ‘Use of the Globes’ or Geography. If her pupils were older teens, the governess would also be expected to instruct them in key ‘accomplishments’ such as drawing, playing piano, dance and deportment (i.e. how to conduct oneself properly), all designed to attract an eligible suitor in a very crowded marriage market. **Governess-bl.uk**



“Her charge consisted of three children, all under the age of twelve. She found them docile and obedient; so that she experienced the labour of teaching them to be a delightful task.” p-6

The British Library

J T Barr The Governess; or, the Missing Pencilcase

- Estimated 1875, London
- Shelfmark: RB.23.a.32943(1)

La **mortadella** scrofa
 Mi piace molto ma
 La **morte** della scrofa
 Non piace alla scrofa,,
 Nè perturba la bella donna
 Come la **morte** dell'uomo
 Non sfotte ad un porco,,
 Un porco non mangia maiale
 Ma sulla scena del mondo
 Nella commedia degli uomini
 L'uomo crea le guerre
 Per trovare la carne fresca
 Nella bocca della **morte**
 Strappando mangia e si regala
 Tagliando testa e piedi
 Per far bene questa strana
Mortadella sanguigna
 Per piacere alla bocca
 Rossa della **morte** : digeriamo
 Dunque oh cannibali umani
Il drama dell'umanita
 Della **morte** dei rosei-bimbi
Nel teatro mattatoio !

The **mortadella** sow
 Pleases me a lot but
 The **death** of the sow
 Doesn't please the sow,,
 Nor disturbs a beautiful dame
 As a man's **death**
 Teases not a hog,,
 A hog eats not any pig
 But on the scene of the world
 In this comedy of men
 Man creates wars
For finding fresh flesh
 For the jaws of **death**
 Ripping eating 'n enjoying
 Cuts heads 'n feet
 To do well this strange
 Bloody **mortadella**
 To satisfy the mouth of
 Crimson **death**: digest
 Then Ô human cannibals
This disaster of humanity
 Of the **death** of the rosy-babies
In this slaughter-theater !

Voltaire ... It is forbidden to kill; therefore all murderers are punished ...

unless they kill in large numbers and to the sound of trumpts !

la tenera amica
 del mio amico
 mi ha detto
 “ tu mi piace ” e
 dell’occhio rassegnato
 il candido amico
 ha parlato
 ha parlato già
 dell’anima libera
 e della democrazia
 in generale; e quindi
 io ho risposto, “ amico
 tu sei un amico
 io sono niente
 nient’altro che
 un uomo completo
 con anima e ventre:
 che vuol dire, ‘uomo’,
 molto
 troppo e niente ”
 poi io ho preso
 la cara donna,,
 per **niente** ???

the tender lady
 of my friend
 told me
 “ you I like ” and
 of a resigned eye
 the candid friend
 spoke
 already had spoken
 of the free spirit
 and of democracy
 in general; and so
 replied I, “ ô friend
 you’re a buddy
 ’n I’m nothing
 none but
 a whole man
 with a soul ’n a pouch:
 what means it to say, ‘man’,
 much
 more ’n nothing ”
 then I took
 the dear dame,,
 for **nothing** ???

siamo innamorati
 passiamo
 una buona sera
 una buona serata
 bella serena
 tranquilla
 a casa;

siamo amici
 prendiamo
 tutta questa lotta
 insieme
 sempre insieme
 sempre per il bene
 e il male
 del mondo
 come una strada
 una strada
 che si snoda
 si snoda
 attraverso un corto
 buon giorno;
 di attesi future
 già passati,,

siamo i vecchii
 innamorati
 della vita
 la vita
 uno dell' altro,
 uno presso l'altro,
 siamo innamorati

siamo innamorati
 passiamo
 una buona sera
 una buona serata
 bella serena
 tranquilla
 a casa;

siamo amici
 prendiamo
 tutta questa lotta
 insieme
 sempre insieme
 sempre per il bene
 e il male
 del mondo
 come una strada
 una strada
 che si snoda
 si snoda
 attraverso un corto
 buon giorno;
 di attesi future
 già passati,,

siamo i vecchii
 innamorati
 della vita
 la vita
 uno dell' altro,
 uno presso l'altro,
 siamo innamorati

siamo innamorati
 da molto
 facciamo dal
 nostro compleanno
 prossimo compleanno
 una buona serata
 bella serena
 una bella
 cosa;

una bella
 cosa originale
 sta sera serena
 bene serena
 alla soglia
 dell' anno completo
 bene completo
 il circolo
 chiuso
 dell' infinito,
 qualcosa
 nel finito
 alla soglia del finito
 tanto gentile
 e semplice
 già passati,,

ad esempio
un'ultima cena
senza importanza
di pane
di vino
 di pasta
 e poi basta
 e buona notte ...

siamo innamorati
 da molto
 facciamo dal
 nostro compleanno
 prossimo compleanno
 una buona serata
 bella serena
 una bella
 cosa;

una bella
 cosa originale
 sta sera serena
 bene serena
 alla soglia
 dell' anno completo
 bene completo
 il circolo
 chiuso
 dell' infinito,
 qualcosa
 nel finito
 alla soglia del finito
 tanto gentile
 e semplice
 già passati,,

ad esempio
un'ultima cena
senza importanza
di pane
di vino
 di pasta
 e poi basta
 e buona notte ...

Contro il grigio della sera
tre ombre
si sovrappongono
sul silenzio del muro
le ombre
della vita dispersiva
della vecchia donna disperata !

“ Sono sposato
per avere una famiglia
e sono rimasto a casa
per tutelare questa famiglia;
mi piacerebbe viaggiare,
mio figlio è già partito
colla sua amica
e le dispiace
quando io mi preoccupo di lei:

mi piacerebbe girare,
fa molto freddo questo autunno
ma l'altra figlia non vuole
mettere qualcosa addosso
io sento che sarà indisposta
poiché il riscaldamento non
funziona ancora, che brutta vita,,

mi piacerebbe partire
ma devo fare subito la cena
per mio marito; non ho visto
i miei amici per tanto tempo
perché tutti sono partiti
altrove e ora

Against the grey of an eve
three shadows
self super-impose
on the silence of a wall
a shadow
of a life dispersed
of the old lady desperated !

“ Was married
to found a family
'n so remained at home
to up-bring a family;
'twill please me to travel,
my son's already away
with his love
'n it annoys him
when I think too much of him:

'twill please me to go around,
'tis very cold this autumn
but other daughter wants not
to put a cover on her back
so feel I that she'll be indisposed
as the heating doesn't
function yet, a sorry life,,

'twill please me to go away
but must make soon supper
for my man; havn't seen
my friends since so a long
'cause all are gone
elsewhere 'n now

Contro il grigio della sera
tre ombre
si sovrappongono
sul silenzio del muro
le ombre
della vita dispersiva
della vecchia donna disperata !

“ Sono sposato
per avere una famiglia
e sono rimasto a casa
per tutelare questa famiglia;
mi piacerebbe viaggiare,
mio figlio è già partito
colla sua amica
e le dispiace
quando io mi preoccupo di lei:

mi piacerebbe girare,
fa molto freddo questo autunno
ma l'altra figlia non vuole
mettere qualcosa addosso
io sento che sarà indisposta
poiché il riscaldamento non
funziona ancora, che brutta vita,,

mi piacerebbe partire
ma devo fare subito la cena
per mio marito; non ho visto
i miei amici per tanto tempo
perché tutti sono partiti
altrove e ora

Against the grey of an eve
tre ombre
si sovrappongono
sul silenzio del muro
le ombre
della vita dispersiva
della vecchia donna disperata !

“ Sono sposato
per avere una famiglia
e sono rimasto a casa
per tutelare questa famiglia;
mi piacerebbe viaggiare,
mio figlio è già partito
colla sua amica
e le dispiace
quando io mi preoccupo di lei:

mi piacerebbe girare,
fa molto freddo questo autunno
ma l'altra figlia non vuole
mettere qualcosa addosso
io sento che sarà indisposta
poiché il riscaldamento non
funziona ancora, che brutta vita,,

mi piacerebbe partire
ma devo fare subito la cena
per mio marito; non ho visto
i miei amici per tanto tempo
perché tutti sono partiti
altrove e ora

non ho tanti amici vicino
non suo dove si trovano,
che brutta vita; il mio secondo
figlio mi ha chiesto di fare
una corsa, sono troppo stanca ...

ho dimenticato la sua domanda
non posso farlo e poi adesso
la nonna non sta bene: presto
devro commenciare la cucina,,

mi piacerebbe tanto viaggiare
vedere altre paesi
altri tempi nel altre paesi
ma, no
come trovare il tempo? ”

E l'ombra della vita senza vita
rinforza l'ombra sfumata
della vecchiaia
di cosi vecchia grande donna:

“ Sono UN SACRIFICIO e sacrificio
è quando non si vede ! ”
E l'ombra della vita
senza far rumore
si perde nella luce
della sera e la luce
della sera si ferma qualche ritagli
prima di allontanarsi nella nulla,,

“ Sono per niente ! ”

not many friends nearby
no idea where or whereby,
a sorry life; my second
son asked me to do
some shopping, so tired am I ...

have forgotten his needs
can't do it 'n also now
granny feels not well: soon
must start my cooking,,

'twill please me so much to travel
see other lands
other times in other lands
but, no
how to find time? ”

And a shadow of a life lifeless
reinforced a shadowy darkness
of the oldness
of an old so of a lady's highness:

“ Am A SACRIFICE 'n sacrifice
is when not is seen ! ”
And a life in a shadow
without least noise
lost itself in the dusk
of the eve 'n the dusk
of the eve faded light bits
before dissolving off unto null,,

“ Am for nothing ! ”

“ Io sono per niente !
 Io sono di passaggio
 E ho voluto illuminare
 Un vero aspetto vivo della vita
 Ma che non è della vita
 Può riuscire niente nella vita.
 Un fiero raggio io sono stato
Senza sapere che
Sono stato senza consistenza
Senza utilità, così
Sono venuto solo
Smarrirmi nei tanti livelli
 Vitale che fanno della vita
 Una trasparente materiale
 Rifrangente sempre ripresa
 Dentro il suo prisma buio
 Senza arrivare a nessuna parte
 Tranne che creare ombre grigie
 Sovrapposte
 Che si degradano
 Contro il muro del silenzio
 Infossato
 Nella notte di tempi fangosi ! ”

“ I am for nothing !
 I am only a passage
 And wanted to illuminate
 A true aspect live of life
 But who's not of life
 Can succeed nothing in life.
 A proud ray have I been
Without knowing that
Was sense without consistence
Without utility, so
Was coming sole
Wasting me unto all sequels
 Vital which make of live
 A transparent material
 Reflecting always to repeat
 Inside its own prism darkened
 Without arriving unto nowhere
 Except creating shadows greyed
 Super-imposed
 Which so degrade
 Against a wall of silence
 Fossilised
 Unto a night of murky time ! ”

10. Roma : Italia

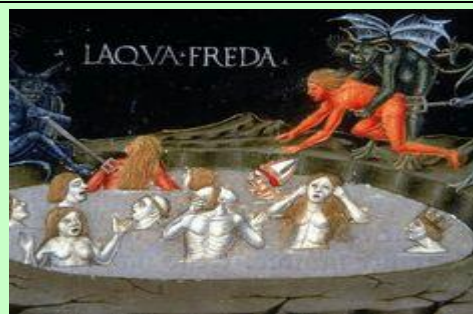
LE TRE OMBRE

La Divina Commedia (Dante)

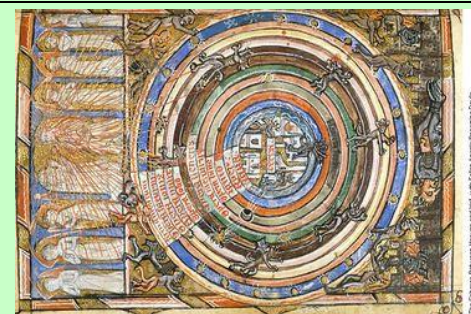
1989

... **Dante** ... Courtesy Pinterest.com ... ParadiseLadder ... AquaFredaInferno ... HellHeaven-luminarium.org ...

12th-century icon Monastery of St Catherine, Mount Sinai. The Ladder of Paradise, with thirty rungs. St. John Climacus described the Christian life as a ladder; **demons tempt** monks, while **angels encourage** them.



Codex De Predis, The Last Judgment. The Circle of Hell, the Cold Water (1476). Royal Library, Turin. Cristoforo de Predis (1440-1486) Italian miniaturist and illuminator. His family hosted Leonardo da Vinci in Milan.



Spheres Between Heaven and Hell. Neville of Hornby Hours, c1440 Plus
Luminarium Encyclopedia :
Medieval Cosmology and Worldview

La Peur et l'Invisible

Dante Alighieri ... Divina Comedia ... Inferno, I

- “ Une forêt et son obscurité
la peur qu'elle provoque chez l'homme
et l'apaisement qu'il trouve à sa sortie.
Mais des bêtes féroces barrent la route
de la fuite et du salut sur la colline.
Terreur, reculade et chute de l'homme
qui tombe à nouveau dans l'obscurité !
- “ Soudain, une ombre sort des ténèbres.
C'est une figure aux contours indistincts
car il ne s'agit pas d'un autre homme
mais d'un revenant.
C'est un sage, un maître
à la fois puissant et savant,
qui va aider l'homme,
guider enfin son initiation
dans sa quête de la connaissances ! ”
Ce scénique spectaculaire œuvre
un poème médiévale très célèbre ...

(Marcello Castellana)

- “ **Nel mezzo del camin di nostra vita
mi ritrovai per una selva oscura
ché la dritta vita era smarrita
Ah quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura
esta selva selvaggia e aspra e forte
che nel pensier rinova la paura!** ” ...

- “ Per me si va nella Città dolente;
Per me si va nell'eterno dolore;
Per me si va fra perduta gente; ” ...

- “ Della valle d'abisso dolorosa,
Che tuono accoglie d'infiniti guai, ” ...

(Sulla Porta del Inferno è Scritto)

- “ **Lasciate ogni speranza, o voi ch'entrate;**”

- “ Ho letto la Divina Comedia in Inglese !
Un giorno ... in Italiano ... devo farla !!!
Tariq HAMEED ! ”

The Fear and the Invisible

Dante Alighieri ... Divine Comedy ... Inferno, I

- “ A forest and its obscurity
a fear which it provokes unto a man
'n the apaisement which's found in exit.
But such ferocious beasts barre the route
from escape 'n shelter on the hillock.
Terror, reculade 'n a slipping of man
who drowns anew unto obscurity !
- “ Suddenly, a shadow exits off darkness.
It's a figure of contours indistinct
as it comes not of an other man
but of a revisitor.
C'est un sage, un maître
à la fois puissant et savant,
qui va aider l'homme,
guider enfin son initiation
dans sa quête de la connaissances ! ”
This spectacular scenique opens
a medieval poem very celebrated ...

(Marcello Castellana)

- “ At mid of the strand of our life
me found by a wood obscure
that the straight way was lost aduff
Ah so to say that 'twas a fact so tough
this wood so savage 'n sour 'n rough
that in pensive re-awakes fear enough ! ”

- “ For me aye go into the City so sore;
For me aye go into an eternal ache;
For me aye go 'tween so belost folks; ” ...

- “ In the vale of an abyss of pain,
Which grants you an infinite strain, ” ...

(On the Arch-Door of Infernal is Writ)

- “ **Abandon all Hope, ô You who here Enter;**”

- “ Have read the Divine Comedy in English !
One day ... in Italian ... must do-it !!!
Tariq HAMEED ! ”

Years ago an Italian lady saw me writing something and asked me what was it that writing was I ? I told her that it was only an “idea”, something like poetry but not really poetry; that I followed no established schemes, just released thoughts: and “ideas” floating slowly on their own, start making sense,, and steadily some mysteries of this world and of our life that we live, are dejustified. Thus was it, that she asked me to write something on her,, on her name “Rosalba”.

I never write anything on order. I do it neither to please anybody nor for pecuniary gains. It has to come out from the heart. And I never mention any names, because nobody in this world was ever born with a name,, it is only given later to him or her, for purposes of convenience: so I like to remain as true to nature as possible. Fortunately, her name itself was a poetic theme; I leave it to you to guess what it was, that my fantasy sort of self-unleashed and flew around with a vibrating and insistant rhythm of “la Rosa” and “l'Alba” all enshrouded in a certain softness, a softness which formed a part of her character and a certain melancholy because she like everyone else had problems,, sad problems; and just to mention the least one, her great love lived about fifteen thousand kilometers away,, etc. etc. ...

Unfortunately, a few days later my brief-case was stolen and I could never give this “pseudo-poem” to her. By chance some days back I saw her again, very much engaged in a very “un-pseudo-poetic” act of selling two small carpets; she asked me if I had ever found her poem or tried anything anew ... This time I did NOT disappoint her,, as some ideas remained from afore !!!

Inspite of the fact, that certain ideas still lingered inside me,, and a part of the beginning I remembered by heart,, but it was a monumental task to recreate the freshness and the spontaneity, of the original ... but I did not give up hope. The sentiments were not the same,, and neither were the rythms or the rhymes; nor was it possible to recreate the inversions and the intertwining, of the play on words,, as the multiples of crossings of ‘Rosa’ ’n ‘Alba’ ’n ‘Alba’ ’n ‘Rosa’, one becoming constantly the other,, ever separating ’n uniting ’n uniting ’n separating, in a full concentration of lightness and ease!

And here lies the rub! **A thing promised is fully due.** But, how to repeat an experience of such a nature, without an inspiration from elsewhere?

Not using never any names,, how to juggle again with these names? Having had made now, such a promis,, how to arrange that finally, “**For whom the bell tolls?**” But, the sentiments of this person being sincere and stable, encouraged me! And light started dawning! Thus re-came ‘La Rosa’ ’n re-came ‘L’Alba’! Supposing, you yourself carried her name,, a splendid idea,, what could happen? And that did happen ... I became her,, and thoughts started flowing ... Out came ‘Una Rosa e un Alba’, something more tender, more profound,, and more human. Then in not more than ten minutes, just the time to jot it down on paper, translation included. Such is the whole and undiluted Truth,, so please Help me,, My Guardian Angel!

P.S.: The translation looses some of its original Italian charm and freshness. But the undulating tenderness remains. Also a few images may seem to have been copied from what I had previously written,, it’s only the fault of having used anew a bit of the lost material,, none-the-less, the parting idea remains, as fresh as ’twas originally.

Roma : Italia : Italiano

<p>La rosa all'alba non deve piangere perchè dopo tutto, tutta una notte di solitudine il primo raggio del sole porterà via le sue lacrime !</p> <p>La rosa a alba vi stava una volta la prima donna in un giardino e salutava con gioia il suo cavaliere errante il magnifico sole danzando con fervore un grazioso addio a la notte in tutta la sua maestia.</p>	<p>The rose-dew at dawn must not cry because after all, after a full night of solitude, the first ray of the sun will carry away it's tears !</p> <p>The rose of dawn was once the first lady in a garden and greeted with joy her errant cavalier the magnificent sun dancing with fervor a gracious adieu to the night in all her majesty.</p>
--	--

In passato
 la rosa d'alba
 aveva un amante,
 la profondità della notte,,
 e piangeva perchè
 gli amanti della notte
 pensano che qualche volta
 il vero amore
 si trova nella profondità
 del buio della solitudine:
 e più avanza la notte
 più le lacrime
 della rougiada
 la rendevano triste !

Così un giorno
 la rosa si è svegliata
 e l'alba l'ha vista
 e il suo signore
 il magnifico sole
 si è innamorato
 della rosa della notte
 e l'ha detto,,

“ Tu sei il mio primo amore
 e ti do il mio primo raggio
 e ti regalo l'alba,,
 poi ti chiamerò, per sempre,
 la rosa d'alba,,
 che mai le lacrime
 della rougiada
 ti fanno piangere
 ma vengono solo
 per renderti più bella
 e più pura. ”

In the past
 the rose of the dawn
 had a lover,
 the profoundness of the night,,
 and cried because
 the lovers of the night
 think that sometimes
 true love
 is found in the profoundness
 of the dark of the solitude:
 and more advanced the night
 more the tears
 of dew
 made her unhappy !

So was it that one day
 the rose wake up
 and dawn saw her
 and her seigneur
 the magnificent sun
 fell in love
 with the rose of the night
 and said to her,,

“ You are my first love
 and to you I give my first ray
 and gift you dawn,,
 then I will call you forever
 the rose of the dawn,,
 that never the tears
 of dew
 make you cry
 but to come only
 to make you prettier
 and purer. ”

E da questo giorno,
ogni mattina
la rosa d'alba
salute il suo amore
con tenerezza e calore,,
che tutti gli amanti
del mondo sognante
possono guardare
una rosa a l'alba
con tenerezza e amore,,
anche quando
nè la rosa
nè l'alba
non ci sono più !

And from that day,
every morning
the rose at dawn
greet's love
with tenderness and warmth,,
that all the lovers
of the dreaming world
can see
a rose at dawn
with tenderness and love,,
even when
neither our rose
nor our dawn
are there anymore !

Rosalba ... a beauty of a lady ... married to a person of far away ... often lone ... a request not to be refused ...



*Il respiro di un angelo
soffia sulla chiara luna
gonfia il vento
mentre, una leggera brezza
accarezza le tenere fronde
bisbiglia
parole dolci alle nuvole che
teneramente
si commuovono e lasciano cadere*

*calde lacrime.
Il sorriso di un angelo
accarezza la timida alba
che rosa
spunta all'orizzonte
e leggiadra
porge la mano al sole.
Buongiorno :-)
(Isabel Allende)*



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بھلے چھین لو مجھ سے میری جوانی
مگر مجھ کو لوٹا دو بچپن کا ساون
وہ کاغذ کی کشتی، وہ بارش کا پانی
سدرن فاکر



11. **Roma : Italia : Italiano**

La Rosa a l'Alba

Rose-Dew at Dawn

1993

... Courtesy of Google ... Rosa ... Rose-pixgood.com ... Alba-fineartamerica.com ... Text (Poesia) ... (Isabel Allende) ...
... Rosa ... Enfance-quazoo.com (NativePakistan.com) ... Gulls-ungoccianelmare.blogspot.co.uk (Isabel Allende) ...

tranquilla
 profonda
 perché
 un sonno
 cosa c'è
 è un pensiero della mente
 un stato di mente
 chi non mente
 mai si mente
 a se stesso
 perché io
 quando sogno
 vedo la verità
 chi non esiste
 in questo mondo
 e così preferisco
 rimanere
 solo un sonno
 un sonno profondo
 chi si sveglierà
 quando ci sarà
 sola la verità
 la verità sola
 ma tutta la verità
 solo la verità
 eterna e profonda
 come può essere
 un sogno
 tranquillo
 caldo
 umano
 e vero
 vero sogno
 della verità eterna
 nel sonno profondo

tranquil
 profound
 because
 a sleep
 what's it
 it's minds' thought
 a state of mind
 that lies not
 lies never
 to itself
 because I
 when I dream
 I see truth
 that doesn't exist
 in this world
 and so I prefer
 to remain
 only a sleep
 a deep sleep
 which will awake
 when there will be
 alone truth
 truth alone
 but all the truth
 and only the truth
 eternal and profound
 as can be
 a dream
 calm
 warm
 human
 'n true
 a dream true
 of truth eternal
 in deep sleep

... Volume II ...

THINKS 'n THOUGHTSBook 6

LIVRE 6

... Pakistan ...
 ... Lahore ... Punjab ...
 ... Islamabad ... Federal ...

... 2006 ==> 2011 (& on) ...

English is myne Mystress ... Tariq HAMEED

(Beowulf)

Dedicated to :

... To My Feelings ... Per 'Happenings' Went to Bits ...

... To My Love ... Per 'Vision' beCame thus Mature ...

*or perhaps*to Know to Learn to Live ? do then Try,, to Read my Books !!!

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



Lahore / Islamabad

1. Write ... **Well, Well, Well.** Dignity of Social Behaviour ... Mannerisms **Lhr.** 1999 -03--58--146-
2. Cudley Wolf and Cutie-Pie Writ by 2 Persons ... Unknown to Each Other **Lhr.** 1999 -06--61--149-
3. Measured Words ... M I S Integrated Systems Analysis Method. **Islamabad** 2010 -15--70--158-
4. Rotary International Editor ... 5 Editorials ... (Main) **Islamabad** 2002 -22--77--165-
5. Mystery Thou Art Womanhood's Truth ... What's a SPHINX ? **Lahore** 07/07/2007 -24--79--167-
6. Goatxy and Foxy Fox SHAHS-ngo ... @ Children's Corner ... **Islamabad** 2009 -26--81--169-
7. **Islamabad** 2010 -28--83--171-

Islamabad

8. **NOOR-us-SAMAAWAT** A Dream ... Initio **La** **Islamabad** 2011 -30--85--173-
9. Dream or Reality A Dream ... Inferno **Divina** **Islamabad** 2011 -33--87--176-
10. Hell's Nightmare A Dream ... Purgatoio **Comedia** **Islamabad** 2011 -36--90--179-
11. Paradise Re-Dreamt A Dream ... Paradiso **(Danté)** **Islamabad** 2011 -37--91--180-
12. **The Solitary Hermit** A Dream ... Doppo (Writ by Diverse) **Islamabad** 2013 -39--93--182-

A : P r e a m b l e : Islamabad

0. **East-Europe****My Hitch-Hiking Trip to Pakistan**

1965

Destiny so dicted, that after a certain disagreement (explained elsewhere), I came to **Pakistan** ... having hitch-hiked from ... **London** (13/11/1965), **Paris**, **Strasbourg**, **Deutschland**; snowed Austria: **Italia** (no visa; ma errano sympatici, hanno mi lasciato passare); Bari, then boat to **Athens** where a passenger impressed me by the number of people he had killed, he only wanted importance in unknown eyes; Greece where I stayed in ruins: Yougoslavia, where I lived with my harmonica friends; Bulgaria, where I got lifts on Bicycles and Ox-cartes, hi hi, even slept a night, 'tween two railings fore the cash window in the train station bounded by humanity ... then got a car lift with 3 Turks, who made me pay (on loan? surely they smuggled cars, cause these few sterlings were never returned) ... arriving in Istanbul, they asked me to come to a night club, but seeing them in a NON-paying mood, I scamped as I valued my life more) ... Tourist a bit, apart Topkapi (closed Mondays); and when I was reading the inscriptions on the Sulemanya, an old Turk came, shook my hand 'n embraced me, **then wept cause I could read what he couldn't** (Ata-Turc having deformed his language into Latin) ... A train cracking of humans, taking turns to sleep on each other, contened 36 hours to Erzurum: crossing the border into Iran, where I travelled nights by bus and touristed all important towns during day; Tabrez, Shiraz, Isfahan, Tehran till Zahidan: where a bus, with beasts 'n belles, finally took me to Quetta (my region of infancy); *I did again see the Road-Sign saying **London 6002 Miles**' ah-ha Brit precision*; then a train to **Lahore**; arriving at 10 in the morning on 10/12/1965 ... as I had promised my mother ... **I always keep my word !!!**

All in **23 days from Paris**, costing £43,50 with presents, hi hi ... **A dream** of a trip !!!

Dignity of Social Behaviour ... Mannerisms**RULES AND ETIQUETTES****1. GLOBAL ...****1.1. Attitude of Sympathy**

- ✚ **Smile** ... on encountering someone
- ✚ Be Sincere and Generous ... in Words and Actions
- ✚ **To Receive** ... do stand up ... Ladies, Olders, Seniors (and of course ... **Gentlemen Children**)
- ✚ Behave like a Prince ... not a Serf ... Eliminate all non-Elegance
- ✚ **NO Impositions** ... only Suggestions
- ✚ One says, "First Impression is the Last Impression" ... this is True

1.2. The Shake of Hands

- ✚ Shake hands ... Warmly but Firmly
- ✚ If a Lady extends her hand, only then ... take it, Respectful and Slow ... a soft bow, can be charming

1.3. Dinner Mannerisms (Guest first ... Host after)

- ✚ Before Touching Food ... breath in slightly, so all can see that it smells good ... thus No Nonsense
- ✚ While Eating ... say sparsely something ... it's delicious, tasty, superbe ... be short, no exaggeration

2. Specific American ...**2.1. Eating Attitudes**

- ✚ While Eating ... Americans breath in through the nose ... THEY think, that others don't ... **hi hi**
- ✚ Americans are very liberal ... they don't mind how others eat ... except formal old Ladies
- ✚ Remember ... that American People, can also eat Fried Chicken with Hands ... even in Parties

2.2. Political Attitudes

- ✚ Americans don't have a clue that other nations exist ... THEY think, to be the End of this World ... **hi hi**
- ✚ They are Geographically Illiterate ... ask of Paris or London ... they'll blurb to a small speck in the West
- ✚ **ALL Cases** ... **If one speaks, occasionally nod Ur Head,** to show **Ur** Listening ... **even if U r NOT !!! hi hi**

3. LOCAL ... Here we deal with the Personal Aspect of Things**3.1. Writing Attitudes**

- ✚ Must carry the same Style and Notation ALL Through a Page ... if possible, with slight variations

3.2. Puntuations

- ✚ Usage of Punctuation, must be extremely precise
- ✚ It is like the Breathing Function of a Written Text ... No coughs, No Sneezes
- ✚ It must be Concept Geared ... every small phrase must find its Character and Identity

3.3. To Express the Data in an Organised Manner ... Use the Dewy Notation

✚ It is an Indentaion System ... Clarifying the Concepts ... in Staircases

3.4. Dewy Notation ... Staired Levels ... Thus Itemisation is Crystal Clear

1. Top Level ... Item One

- 1.1. **First** Sub-Indented ... **Item-1** Sub-Level
- 1.2. **First** Sub-Indented ... **Item-2** Sub-Level
- 1.3. **First** Sub-Indented ... & so on & so forth
 - 1.3.1. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1** Under-Level-1
 - 1.3.2. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2** Under-Level-1
 - 1.3.3. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-3** Under-Level-1
 - 1.3.3.1. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1** Under-Level-2
 - 1.3.3.2. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2** Under-Level-2
 - 1.3.3.3. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-3** Under-Level-2
 - 1.3.4. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-4** Under-Level-1
 - 1.3.5. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-5** Under-Level-1
 - 1.3.6. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-6** Under-Level-1
 - 1.3.6.1. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1** Under-Level-2
 - 1.3.6.2. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2** Under-Level-2
 - 1.3.7. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-7** Under-Level-1 ... & so on & so forth
- 1.4. **First** Sub-Indented ... **Item-4** Sub-Level
- 1.5. **First** Sub-Indented ... **Item-5** Sub-Level
- 1.6. **First** Sub-Indented ... **Item-6** & so on & so forth
 - 1.6.1. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1** Under-Level-1
 - 1.6.2. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2** Under-Level-1
 - 1.6.3. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-3** Under-Level-1 ... & so on & so forth
 - 1.6.3.1. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1** Under-Level-2
 - 1.6.3.2. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2** Under-Level-2
 - 1.6.3.3. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-3** Under-Level-2
 - 1.6.4. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1** Under-Level-1
 - 1.6.5. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2** Under-Level-1 ... & so on & so forth
- 1.7. **First** Sub-Indented ... **Item-7** **First** Sub-Level
- 1.8. **First** Sub-Indented ... **Item-8** **First** Sub-Level
- 1.9. **First** Sub-Indented ... **Item-9** & so on & so forth
 - 1.9.1. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1** **First** Under-Level-1
 - 1.9.2. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2** **First** Under-Level-1
 - 1.9.3. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-3** **First** Under-Level-1
 - Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-3** **First** Under-Level-1
 - 1.9.3.1. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1** Under-Level-2
 - 1.9.3.2. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2** Under-Level-2
 - 1.9.4. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1** **First** Under-Level-1
 - 1.9.5. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2** **First** Under-Level-1 ... & so on & so forth

2. Top Level ... Item Two

3. Top Level ... **Item Three**

3.1. **First** Sub-Indented ... **Item-1 First** Sub-Level

3.2. **First** Sub-Indented ... **Item-2** & so on & so for

3.2.1. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1 First** Under-Level-1

3.2.2. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2 First** Under-Level-1

3.2.2.1. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1 First** Under-Level-2

3.2.2.2. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2 First** Under-Level-2

3.2.3. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-3 Third** Under-Level-1

3.2.4. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-4 Third** Under-Level-1

3.2.4.1. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-1 First** Under-Level-2

3.2.4.2. **Third** Sub-sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-2 First** Under-Level-2

3.2.5. **Second** Sub-sub-Indented ... **Item-5 Third** Under-Level-1 ... & so on & so forth

4. Top Level ... **Item Four** ... & so on & so forth ... & so on & so forth ... & so on & so forth

3.5. Readability

- ✚ **Please** ... No Superfluous Effects, Exagerations, Emotions, Expansions ... Psychological Black-mail
- ✚ **Objectives** ... NO Excessive use of of Pronouns ... I, We, You, They ... Remain Impersonal
- ✚ **Proof** ... Every Phrase must carry inside itself, its Logical Reason ... Character and Identity
- ✚ **Clarity** ... Logical Divisions must be Integerated & sub-Integerated ... Comprehension Cohesion
- ✚ **Classification** ... Unification of Multiple of Notions into a System ... Structure Solidification
- ✚ **Visual Aspect** ... NO **Stops** (.) at End Inset ... only ! ? : i.e. e.g. cf () allowed or (...) for **continuity** ...
Avoid Underlines, as much as possible ... **Paragraphs**, not too Long or Short ... **Expose** : Briefly ...

4. CONCLUSIONS ... Here we deal with the Final General Rules ... of Good Sense ...

- ❖ **Texts** ... Avoid **Repetitions** ... **Unless** you Master the Technique to **Eliminate Tediousness**
 - The **First** and **Last** Page are the most Important ... as Presentation
 - **Ideas** should be presented with **Elegance**
 - **Expression** should be modulated with **Power**
 - **Content** should be exposed with **Meaning**
 - **Never** be satisfied, unless a Text is **Crystal Clear** ... as Exposition
 - **Sounds** should be **Logical** and **Self-Steering**
 - **Break** Lines, on Change of **Subject** or **Ideas** ... keep Concepts **Unified**
 - **Globals** to remain **Clear** & **Well-Defined** ... **Evolution** by Seperation & Unification
- ❖ **Society** ... Can **Overwhelm** You ... **Unless** you can Control **Hippocritical Mannerisms**
 - **Hosting Principles** ... on **Conversations** and **Atmospheres**
 - **Host** always **Follows** the **Guest** ... Using **Short Phrases** during Meals
 - **All** to Reflect & End as **Colours** ... **Strewn Hues** of **Peacock Feathers**
 - **Thoughts** & **Concepts** ... can only be explained in Words ... **Spoken** or **Writ**
 - Use only the **Essentials** ... very **Briefly**; except IF absolutely necessary
 - **Never** Expand; but except IF **Requested** ... **Judging** that 'tis **Serious**

2. **Lahore****Cudley Wolf 'n Cutie-Pie**

(1999)

Writ by 2 Persons ... Unknown to Each Other ... (Launched on the www ... & surprise ???)Tariq Hameed : thooky@yahoo.comYvon Dufekhogue : pantz101@hotmail.com**Authors** : Yours Truly : honest : true !A Composite Story of **He** and **She** !Episode 1 (a)**He** : Friday, **May 06** 1999 20:00:00

Once Upon a Time ... there lived in the forest,, a very timid little wolf. He was small,, and cute and very funny and furry: I said “**furry**” not “**fury**”. That is why, nobody was afraid of him.

As he was small and cute and fluffy and very nice, people used to like him very much. He did not make people afraid or make them run away,, or make Christmas pudding out of them! So, often he used to go to the market to buy vegetables to make some sort of a soup,, for dinner or for lunch. Peoples’ legs, however tasty they might be, were just not on the menu,, nor in the soup: it was a very hard menu for house-wives, who only know how to open and warm-up tin-boxes for supper; in spite of the vehement protests,, by their “not very long-lasting” husbands.

... this story of the cute little wolf, “cuter” than afamished and hungrier than hungry tin-eating husbands, is to be continued continuously ... if and when ... somebody is interested ...

... in the meantime, be as happy as you can ... can-opening ... be ...

But soon, our cute wolf was in,, in for a really big surprise !

Episode 1 (b)**She** : Friday, May 14 1999 20:16:47

His soups were very tasty compared to ... the left-over dishes ... of left-over husbands,, the left-over husbands who left their wives, on many a short notice! ... So ... the furry little wolf knew,, that in order to draw the attention of some beautiful wife, he just had to make something very different,, something that would be inviting to the house-wife who sat at home, cooking, taking care of the house and the off-spring,, while waiting for some restless little husband to *come home, when he wanted to ... if he wanted to ...*

So, in his soups he put some special herbs and flowers, to give it an aroma that could be smelled from so far away,, to interest any lonesome house-wife! And when he fired up his kettle with the soups in it, he never had to wait for long ... promptly for a lonely house-wife, to come along ...

One day, shortly after that he had the soup made-up, came along a very lovely and curiously alone ladywife, who asked the flurry wolf,, what had he in his soup, that smelled so good from afar ...

“Far or near, I can’t tell you that Miss,, it’s my secret !”

... “Will you ever tell anyone ?” ...

... “Yes, some day, when the right lady comes by ...”; and ...

Episode 2 (a)**He** : Monday, May 17 1999 12:00:00

with a wink, he said ... because he was very naughty, our cutie-pie of a wolf ...

“Gee: I also would like to taste a nice dish, from so far away!” ...

And ... his wish came true ... for ...

Surprisingly enough, there she was ... *all clad in small silence ... and ... big mystery* ... unknown, unseen, lost in this immense world,, for for years and years she had been there ... counting the stars ... while he had lain awake all lone 'n alone,, just **wondering what stars were made of** ? ...

But who is interested in those who are only counting stars, there are so many stars to count,, and not many who are interested in counting them ... *at least in the hours of light* ... and then we have too little time to count small stars, or any other of natures' gifts ... we have to pay our bills, tell boring stories of what stupidities we have been doing in the office all day long ... the so long day ...

... and who has the time to look into your eyes and say something nice,, so nice, so very very softly in your attentive ears,, with a simple kiss on your lips, with or without putting arms around you :

“Sweet-heart, how come you understood what I was saying?” “I was just occupied, telling funny stories about cunning little wolves, so bad so ugly.” ... “How come, you found out that he was so soft and cuddly under that hard and coarse crust of his,, with an attractive **'hear'** for **loving words** !”

Thus, he dreamt, day in 'n night out ... *the clock fingers becoming smaller and smaller* ... while, strangely, on the other side of the imaginary “River of Dreams” ...

Episode 2 (b)**She** : Monday, May 17 1999 14:26:06

The lonely lady looked at the stars and wondered how many times she had looked at them,, wondering if there was a 'Real Man' somewhere out there, looking at them at the same time ... wondering if he also was looking at the same stars, hoping for a good woman like herself ...

How she wished that she should have counted the number of times she counted them,, but didn't. 'Cause since she was married, it seemed to her that she looked at them every good night,, while her husband was always gone on his so so-called business trips, he just said that he had gone on,, all that vastly ghastly time ...

In her heart, she knew she should give up on her present partner; but what about their children,, would it be fair to them ... then she thought of the fluffy furry wolf, with his soup which smelled so good,, and yet she never sipped any ... why, she thought was she afraid to sip the soup, or **was she afraid of the wolf** ... she didn't have a clue right now. Not that she wouldn't have minded to eat or sip the soup ... *she had no idea* ... and then since centuries, all *wolves are known to be potential symbol of great danger* ... she just knew not ...

So, she sat looking at the stars, where one twinkled very brightly in the firmament: and that made her heart jump up for a definite leap ... she had a very clever idea ...

Yes, she said,, yes I know what I need to do now ... **I'll become the dusky light of the stars** ... so ...

Episode 3 (a)

He : Wednesday, May 19 1999 14:30:00

She changed herself ... and went into a disguise ...

clad in a starry guise, with twinkling *stardust* from the milky-ways of romantic tales, just to play tricks on her poor innocent sheeplly wolf in tramp clothings, who was now starting to pant for breath running all around; as he realised more and more that he was beginning to like this “evil” little witch, teasing him continuously; vanishing and disappearing at a speed that was just not acceptable: it made his head go round and round, making his eyes rounder and rounder in their sockets, trying to focus on her pretty evanescent face, now here and now nowhere, now a smile and now a laugh and now a mock ... and ... sometimes, to change a bit ... a very cute nose twinkle, alongside the wand twickle!

So, he also thought of a nice plan, something strange, something funny! He just lay down on the floor and started to count, the same way as she had once counted the stars ... that every every time she decided to re-appear, she heard a continuous continuity ...

one two three ... the first time around ...

then: *one thousand one hundred and one two three* ... second time ...

and: *one million one hundred and one thousand and one hundred and one two three* ... 'n so on 'n so forth ...

Startling, it was becoming very complicated; for as she was just a plain plain-clothed lost house-wife, she never had flown into such astronomical figures! Neither had her husband ever told her such lofty things, noir had he revealed to her these mysteries of the so many “ones” and “ands”; probably he hadn't a clue of it himself, majorly having always *been occupied turning the bushes around*, in only “ifs” and “buts”!

Thus curious, she approached the now not so bad a wolf; and asked so astonished:

“What are you doing, kind Sir?” with a wrinkle on her front.

“Counting, Miss!” was the self-explanatory and curt, almost disrespectful reply ...

“Counting? What, Sir?”

“That there are more twinkles in your eyes, ... or stars in the sky, Dear Miss!”

This disturbed her proudly; but timid and apprehensive as she was, she held back a tender hand, not really decided, whether to touch him gently or not ... thus she imitated a yawn, as if bored ...

While in the back-yard of her intimate self, she kept reasoning and reasoning ... consoling herself ... consoling what could not really be consoled ...

Episode 3 (b)**She** : Tuesday, May 25 1999 08:54:00

“don’t run away now” her mind kept on saying over and over again, in her dizzying head ... “doesn’t it feel better, to have some true excitement in your life, besides just being a good and abandoned house-wife and a cosy mother ... to come finally out of your shell and try to talk to him, the furry not so furious a wolf: attempt touching him only once, to see if he is for real or only a figment of your tired mind” ...

... then she approached the wolf, who faithfullu and incessantly was still counting and counting and counting, acting kind of strange ... for what, she knew not ... he had said of something in her eyes; but ... what had she so special in her eyes, nobody else had ever mentioned anything of this sort, before!

She wondered ... “Hey there Mr. Wolf, *are you only in my mind or really and truly in this world ?*”

... the furry wolf looked up at her and laughed, in a kind of a mysterious way ... as if undecided, to make a bite of all of her in one go, or take only a munch out of her, a bit by a bit at a time ...

She did like him; and yet she was puzzled, “Why like a beastly wolf?”

... what was it about him that drew her attention to him, *in the first place* ...

Her hand was trembling, as she reached down to touch him ...

for, in love there is no ‘*in the first place*’, no reasoning, no logics ... strangely love happens ...

Episode 4 (a)**He** : Tuesday, May 25 1999 17:30:00

It was then, that our proud wolf just decided to make her afraid, make her run away, for it was against his pride that he the “magnificent” (but, with only a small ... m ...), be falling over the feet of a smally and cutie-pie! For heaven’s sake, *cutie-pies are there to be sniffed at and eaten*, full-stop. Not to be fallen over in love with, damnation; why did I start cooking that cold and very inedible herb soup, anyway! “Why? Stupid?” Sagely and thoughtfully, he said to himself, as there was no one else to say it to?

So, he made a grab at her, as if he intended to do something he never had any intention of doing! But she was quick, very quick, our nibble-footed little maiden, specially as she knew that it was only a love-play, play acting to make her retire out of his life, his grouchy and unaccompanied life, to which he had become so much addicted, that he had started to accept it as a normal way of being.

Thus, she lightly stepped aside, which was so easy, as he had never had any desire of grabbing her in any case, however justifiable it might be, given her so pleasant a presence; morose stories aside: and much to the loss of his pride, as often has been the case of ardent lovers, who, like him, came crashing down onto the floor, on simple love matters ... in simple love games ... re: simple love stories ...

And, he yelled a false “Ouch!” much to her relief; for not wanting to hurt him, she had a soft spat on! Thus that false “Ouch!” was the stepping stone, for lots of future happenings.

Twiggy nose and wand so decided to pose a witty quiz, to her now helplessly fallen friendly foe:

... “Noble Sir! Can you give me a handful of *dust*, ... seeing that you are in it ... upto the neck?” ...

“Miss, **you can have the whole world, for a handful of dust!**”

Taking a fistful of dust from a fallen lover is just a means of picking him up from a deep depression; geographical, physical, mental or otherwise: so softly she accepted the present, while lifting him up, seemingly ignoring to notice that he had ***hidden a sigh and a kiss*** in the “dust thou art” and returneth to “dust thou will be”, when all, finally, would have been said and done!

It was in that graceful moment, that she quietly slid ... *a secret smile* ... into that querying extended palm ... so a lover begging for a charm of a charity, a charmed bit of an alm ... and without loosing a blink ... *he just quietly raised it to his lips and embraced it unto his inner soul* ... Strangely now ... the Roles were Reversed ...

Episode 4 (b)

She : Wednesday, May 26 1999 09:03:00

... that kiss, that smile, that slid so softly so silently through the slow space, felt good to him; but he should not have been able to feel that ... after all he was not human, nor even so inhuman, not like that glimmering dust of that warm woman that came so near but not near enough to him ... then he wondered, why he felt the softness of her and yet never really kissed her ... how could he feel her presents and presence,, sure she was not one who wanted to hurt him ... so she was not that kind ... and yet it seemed that she kept slipping through his fingers ... he took his eyes off from her only for a second, but when he l**o**o**k**ed back she was gone ... he l**o**o**k**ed and l**o**o**k**ed everywhere, where could she disappear to ... a second is a second: and secondly, how far can one go, in a fraction so small as a second, of nothingness ... he wished, he never t**o**o**k** his eyes off herself; firstly, even for such a second: for so pleasant was she ... why did he do that, in the first place,, knowing that love has no ***‘in the first place’***? ... so, firstly, what caused him to l**o**o**k** off just for that little second? He knew not ... and his heart craved ’n cried for her,, for her assuring assurances ’n attentions ... he could see it in her eyes, downcast ’n shy acting,, but he also knew ’n felt, that somehow she wanted him also,, but why? He was just a plain furry wolf ... then, as he l**o**o**k**ed up to the many milk-ways ’n the stars glittering across the skies, like her revived memories ... yet another idea came to his head ... is she, from this milky-way ? yes ! so, ... he lay back, l**o**o**k**ing into the stark emptiness of the darkness,, saying unto himself ’n deep into his-self,, loosing his self onto this vast planetarium, of a vast star-studded plain ... he saying:

“Please, ***beautiful graceful quintessence of a woman***,, come back to me ... do please, back be !”

Episode 5 (a)

He : Wednesday, May 26 1999 18:30:00

And came back from the Universe, *a mysterious and enigmatic reply, clad in invisible waves and rays*, all so radiating, but not for impure ’n inexperienced human ears : ... **Wolf!** Can I dig deep into your pensive being? ... Just tell me: **“Why is Love, so difficult to Discover ??? Uncover me yourself !!”** Replied ... Ever welcome, you are ! ... “Why is any ***unborn creation*** so difficult to be visioned, ’cause it has ’tis own ‘raison d’être’, *existence base is love and love only* ... and love,, **‘love’** unless **‘loved’**, **remains always still ’n hidden** ... then comes a sign and a sound ... just take a deep breath and come out of your profoundness ... newly nuded **love** must remain ‘airy and un-weighty’ ... like a hurling new-born babe surprised ... awaiting a **first kiss** ’n a hug ... **fond found friend** ... **on rawness do we build !”**

Episode 5 (b)

She : Thursday, May 27 1999 01:19:00

It seemed to the furry wolf, that he may have found something he never knew existed ... yet very new for him also ... after all, wasn't he supposed to be just a basic creature, an ordinary creature, an animal expressly made **not** human ... and yet he was sure, that the beautiful star-dust lady was very human ... however, how did she disappear so quickly, if she was purely human? **'twas still a mystery to him** ... 'n so surprised, that he called her 'Stardust' ... Why? he wondered,, just because she **glitters 'n sparkles** like the milky-milking way; thus is not very original; even the smallest stars can do it easily ... yes, yes his heart thumped suddenly ... yes, yes it has to be it; wouldn't it make sense to why she came out of nowhere, to smell his soup out of nowhere, why coming to him so mysteriously, thus out of nowhere ... **'it has to have a reason to it'**. And as he could not think of any reason that could be there ... he but must find her ... **'needed to try to show more interest in her'**, so as to grow to know her better ... **maybe, even be a bit more attentive, when she was near**, to watch 'n listen more ... desperately; maybe she was trying to tell him something that he wasn't hearing ... *that*, she was lonely,, he could sense,, *that* ... for *that*, was for sure ...

... How come he had never before realised, how lonely had he also become in his life-time, until he met this 'Stardust' lady ... yes, yes as he l**o**o**k**ed to the sky above,, for he knew inside his heart 'n mind, that they both were **in unison** ... so, how to know more about, his Lady of 'Stary-Dusts' ... thus ...

Episode 6 (a)

He : Thursday, May 27 1999 15:30:00

Suddenly ... the **He** Role were re-Reversed: and he started to speak for himself ...

Pensively, he planned 'n decided to lay a trap ... *it takes a thief, to catch a thief* ... well, calling her a thief, was not really very fair on her,, for she had only stolen a heart, a heart on which he had never taken too many precautions ... left it always around for everyone to see, to touch, to hurt! She had Stolen it only, with his somewhat grumbling and entire Consent ... *and beggars cannot be choosers* ... a promise is a promise ... *and a loser is a loser* ... and so, **finders keepers!** And then, such a small heart, does NOT have any right, to try to fly around in this Vast Universe, if it could NOT accept to loose itself, once in a while ... making such a hue 'n a cry,, for such a petty loss as a heart, when there were many other bigger things in the Universe, like ... like ... like ... and then strangely enough she could NOT find any,, as she strangely 'n suddenly realised, that for curious reasons unknown,, she had lost her heart also ... but, **to Whom and Why** ... not the faintest idea ... a complete mystery ... she tattered on the left 'n then on the right, searched in the bosom 'n in the bra, but there was NONE ... *truly a lady without a heart*, but NOT in so Cruel a Sense,, almost in a Tragic Sense,, for she who had so far been playing tricks, so charmingly 'n unexpectedly,, **was Tricked!**

This, was just the moment,, that our clever wolf was waiting for. He had prepared **a circle of fire**,, 'n had put himself inside; then smoked out the fire, that remained only ashes; ashes of a burnt heart full of fragrances,, but of long lost memories ... 'n a memory that he was now trying to refresh ... yes, yes; that burnt inside him the desires of love anew! Thus these ashes, with much smaller but with more firey sparkles than stardust, attracted her ... "l**o**o**k**, probably my heart is lying somewhere there, under those smouldering reddish ashes, who seem to have the same colour as my heart, when I had full possession of it ... **"Wonder Where 'Tis now,, all alone in the stunning cold of Galaxies?"**

And, she decided to descend to these warm ashes,, where ... no one knows, which heart had burnt out? As, learned our Wolf had a theory, "Stardust's attraped in ashes, only if **ashes are twinklingly attractive enough**,, that stardust becoming curious, so approaches 'n waits around ... loosing her immense span 'n speed ... Discourse 'twas on physics or meta- physics or meta-? never 'twill we **NO** : for arrived had she already, punctually, at a dazzlingly fast Velocity ...

But, our dear old sly wolf, was not so stupid enough to make a surprising grab at her, again; he had already tried it once and failed. This time, the Plan was different ...

And now, let us recapitulate,, what he had planned out, a day before ...

Episode 6 (b)

She : Friday, May 28 1999 02:21:00

oh yes, had he said to himself ... I shall pretend that I am dying or lonely or something,, that maybe the beautiful stardust will come to my aid ... but this, how will I let her know, so that in her arise a desire, a note of curiosity, to come visiting me ... he thought 'n he thought all night long, roaming aimlessly from star to star in his lone dusky milky-way, hoping to get a clue, as to what he should do next ... **reasoned she as him** ...

Then, the idea struck his mind ... oh yes, he had to make an extra special soup or something that was more appealing than before,, a trick or a ruse,, that once she smelt or felt or saw, would lead her to him ... but where would he find all those ingredients again, that he used to have; after all it was a long time since **he had seen a lonesome wife of a run-away husband**, one who had refused to taste his soup ... so if she wanted to have a husband for real, she would get the full package: yours truly was ready to play that role ... guised in a clever stunt,, like she had played on him before, as stardust ... yes, he had to imitate a false husband, it would only work that way ... she would know his smell, what he felt, wouldn't she; and come running or flying to him, as convenient,, right ??? wouldn't she ... so off he went; it had to be very special ... it took him a long time to find a true disguise of a true-blooded run-away husband,, and he had to be very sly to slide it back, unnoticed to his encircled arena ... thus before s**█████**n, the soup was boiling 'n bubbling 'n swirling, as he added more 'n more special herbs 'n spices to it ... 'twasn't long after the soup c**█████**ked, that stardust smelled the most wonderful soup she had yet dreamt about ... yes ... yes, it must be from that tramp of a cunning wolf, misleading young maidens, she said to herself, probably feigning tricks again, probably disguised as a useless 'fake' husband; and off she went to see what was actually c**█████**king ... this time, yes this time, she would really eat that wonderful smelling soup, to please this false 'faked' husband, willingly 'n guilelessly, falling into the trap ... to teach him a lesson ...

... **"thus off she tread,, towards the wolf's 'b█████bied' arena"** ...

Episode 7 (a)

He : Friday, May 28 1999 17:30:00

and ... the waiting wolf disclosed not even a single sign of a smile ... *even if the full dinner was ready* ... for this time, the dear darned dinner was she **-herself-** served in ceremony ... **a tasty morsel,, all sweet 'n honey** ...

Thus, as she innocently, (well !!!), leaned towards the inviting soup, he pulled the cauldron with a jerk ... and she fell down into the ashes ... "disgusting", she said, throwing all that dirt away,, and just smiled when the smart wolf said : please ... **give me a starful of ashes, Miss** ... **'ash'**, *you are upto your neck, in them !*

The, **Miss** never gave anything back, only replied, "Not before you promise to never hide anything in them, naughty wolf ... and never to hide anything from me ... and ..."; however, she could not finish her sentence, as the wolf t**█████**k a deep breath and suddenly let all out, which made her inhale all the ashes in: so she coughed 'n coughed,, while the wolf l**█████**ked all amused and offered his hand, saying, "I said, give it to me, **Miss**, not consume it all yourself, selfish! That'll teach you not to eat a fistful of ashes; they are not g**█████**d for your health, no vitamins and no g**█████**d for dieting ... that's not my talk, it's the highest income bracket doctors who say so ... **'they'** take a lot of money, to make very g**█████**d f**█████**ls out of very simple folks" ... not like my soups of lost recipes, for maidens 'unwily' ... he continued, reminiscently ...

*"Here, take your heart! **You left it at my feet, the last time!** ... **As I left mine, in yours!**"* ...

... Then, he added, sadly : “Hope you are not a simple soul, **Miss?** It t**l**g-b**** me *a lot of Time, to haul you in, from Stars ’n Skies* ... And if tried you ever again to escape, as your Stardusty Queenly-self, is now full of ashes, much so like ’n alike me,, for that’s what we really become ’n are, our beginning and our end ... **remains of ashes of dust** ... then, your powdery wings will just refuse to function, if tried you ever to leave me; and forbidding if you do, you’ll mark such a trace of sparks ’n fumes of a burnt out heart in the sky, that follow you I will, for ever in ever ... and so, forever, to the ends of ‘recorded space’, far be-far into the vast expanse, **of the time-lost mistful milky-ways**” ...

Episode 7 (b)

She : Friday, May 28 1999 23:59:00

She was half turned away from him: as always up to her tricks, she l**l**g-b****ked at the wolf, over her shoulder ... “Please, **no husband non-sense watching over me**, dear Mate,, so loved so dearly found! I have just had enough, of people who speak to me, never noticing me, as if I was only a mini-sized voice-full object, ‘full of sound and fury, signifying nothing’; repeating meaningless words: “**How do you do?**” ... Normally, I suppose ... They don’t even **Know** or **Care**, for or of **What** I do? Leave alone and apart, the **How** ’n the **Why** ’n the **Where** ... of **What** ?

... “Oh, Miss Stardust, murmur me softly some **sweet nothings** ... meaningfully meaningless”, so meant he sincerely, as he picked her up, her small hand and all,, and l**l**g-b****king straight into her eyes, for the first time, embrassed her,, like never had he embrassed anyone before ... was that a sparkle had he seen in,, *in those misty mysterious eyes hers*, as this long eternal kiss happened ... **so hoped he, so** ...

Instead of pushing herself away, she leaned towards him,, smiling a radiant smile,, a smile that had he never seen in life his before, or even knew, existed. “**You are myne King of Hearts**”, said she, as she placed a soft caress upon his moistened lips, (’n eyes). “Would you like to fly away with me, and be myne,, **myne for always ’n forever!**”

Wolf, was so delighted at what had she asked now, that he could not speak,, **mouth being elsewhere occupied**; yet he knew that, this was exactly what had he wanted, all the long. Smiling, he then placed her small hand onto his own ... and things so started happening in ‘liaison’ ... a ‘**liaison**’ of, for, fore ’n far, in ever ...

“Before, we fly off together for eternity, just *let me rest a bit, my bitty head*, so happily on your shoulder, be one with you, only you” ... almost as after-thoughts,, her questions never ceasing ??? **her true role re-commencing**, ‘Miss’ ...

Episode 8 (End)

(in **Both** Roles, simultaneous)

He : Saturday, May 29 1999 20:30:00

“Dear Wolf! Why do the clock-fingers, move backwards from now: *’n also they are becoming bigger ’n bigger!*” ... “Its just your imagination dear. We started as Old People, ending up Young’uns,, **what happens never in Færy-Tales!** And do you know, the Reason ??? Why ??? ... **because we laughed and loved each other** ... as **One** ’n **Same**” ...

Then tell me, “What are **Tales**, ’n what **Færy-Tales**, ’n what be **Fables**” ? ... “**’n are they True**” ?

... “Tales are only Tales; fictions ’n stories that have no start no end, neither a Head nor a Tail, either way! **Happenings Happening Haphazardly**, **Having NO Reason** to or in them ... Explain a **Færy** you can’t,, ’n a **Færy-Tale**, **neither nor** !”

... Then he continued: “And of Fables, Æsop wrote many ’n La-Fontaine, also ? *But; ’twas of a disrespect unhealthy ’n mighty of ‘Animal Wisdom’!* Animals have feelings ’n also Ideas, for they are Beings: *But; for them, they were Nothing but a Projected Mis-Representation of Human Feeblings ’n Defects*; **Greed** ’n **Avarice** ’n **Meanness** ’n **All**, even unluckily ‘**Wisdom Mundane**’: but, Real Animals are Sentiments ’n Feelings, are somehow different, but with deep Thoughts ! See, I am a wolfish beast;, ain’t I holding you in my arms, tenderly, with tenderness ? ” ... **The Fact is, that** ...

... “ **Paradise will come, when human-beings will start behaving like better animals ... then they really are !!!** ”

... If you are tired, then lean on my arm, my love” ... !

“But, tell me, is our story ... a **tale** ... a **fable** ... a **fact** ... ??? ... I’m rather confused ??? ”

... “Tis No tale, No fable, Miss! Tis a fact! We have probably waited many a centuries, waiting ’n waiting, just waiting, for this to happen,, to hold each other, hand in hand! Funny, how people miss out on all these niceties all their lives; and make out of their plain life, which can be so full of daring events, just single ’n boring stories,, nothing else but monotonous repetition; every day being the same as another: as another, as another, as another ...

Only eating, **boring**, working, **boring**, sleeping, **boring**, just waking up, to be **boring**,, oh how **boring** !!!”

... “**That makes some sense ???**”

... “Twill make ‘**more senser**’ my dear **??? when night’ll clad itself in stars**, dear” ... (cf. ‘*most unkindest*’)

... What happened from then on onwards, is *totally censored* (and/because controversial); on the legitimate grounds of simple privacy ’n decency: ’n also intimacy, if you want to be ... sooooooooooooo curious, sooooooooooooo ???

... We can only say, that **like in life in reality**,, the g**g-d** ’n the b**d-g**, always run together; dear ...

And they lived happily, ever afterwards ... *paying life its due debt* ... **when due** ...

First Moral (Not talking of Morals) :

Keep it up ... *for you never know* ... **when the ‘down’ comes** ...

Second Moral (More Morally) : or

Stray Not away from a cosy home ... *you might loose a leg* ... **or a heart, to a stranger** !

So, *never ended this story*,, for there are many wolves ’n many ‘my Fair-Ladies’ around; but they know this **Not** ... *until* ... **lucky are the few, who manage to break, this infernal circle of** ... ‘wak-ing, wait-ing, eat-ing; meet-ing, meat-ing, mate-ing; soup-ing, sipp-ing, snip-ing; pipe-ing, peep-ing, pipi-ing’ ... for ’tis then, and only then,, you start discovering our story, of what this dreary ’n common life, is really all about ... a **Færy-Tale, turned upside down** ...

from “**Once Upon a Time**” ... to ... “**And they lived happily**, ever afterwards” ...

well ... *with* ... **some necessary real-life changes ... of story-telling ’n of morals bound** !

And to the tune of ... “**Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star**”,, they closed their eyes ...

... forever ...

straying ’n playing in the Universe ...

... hand in hand ...

... **never awondering again**,, the **How** ’n **Why** ’n **Where** ... of **Who** ’n **What** they were ? ...

for in life What you are, is still all that you have to find out !

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty” - that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

John **Keats : Ode on a Grecian Urn**

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3. **Islamabad****Measured Words**

(1999)

M I S / I M S Integreated Management Systems : Analysis Methodology ... in 5 Stages**S T A G E : 1 Defining and Identifying : Assesement**

- 1.1.** Define : Organisational Structure
- 1.2.** Define : Nature of Business of Products
- 1.3.** Define : 1st. Level of Reporting of M.I.S. Needs
- 1.4.** Define : Department Relations and Functions
- 1.5.** Define : User (Individual's) Responsibilities

S T A G E : 2 Defining and Identifying : Operational Plan**2.1. Training :**

- 2.1.01.** Management
- 2.1.02.** Supervisors
- 2.1.03.** System Overview

2.2. Training Sessions :

- 2.2.01.** Initiation ... General System : Functional
- 2.2.02.** Initiation ... Application Systems : Individual

S T A G E : 3 Live Running : Operational

- 3.1.** M.I.S. : Theory Applied
- 3.2.** Functionality : Addapted
- 3.3.** Connectivity : Co-ordinated

* _ *

S Y S T E M Parameters : Preparation Phase ... 3 Construction PHASES (A,B,C)**D E F I N I N G the Organisation ... Initialising****A. Determining the Parameters ... Basic CONSTRUCTION**

Accounting Categories	Schema of Departments	Different Currencies	Different Vouchers
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B. Determining the Presentation ... Accounts Output CONSTRUCTION

Trial Balance -&- Conciliations	Balance Sheet -&- Profit & Loss A/C
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C. Establishing the Mechanics ... Framework CONSTRUCTION

Accounts Destination	Initial Opening Balances	Manual Write-In for Final A/Cs
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S Y S T E M Parameters : Implemetation Phase ... Finalisations**In Short, it represents a Consolidation of ALL the above Stages ... to Conclude a Success Story !**

M I S Integrated Systems Analysis Methodology



MEASURED WORDS

1. Expertise and Mission

Automating Manual Procedures

CCT specializes in providing **Information Management Systems**. The Main Offerings are:

- 1.1. ERP (Enterprise Resource Planning), including:
 - 1.1.1. MISS, Management Information System for Shop-Floors
 - 1.1.2. Inventory Control and Costing
 - 1.1.3. MRP (Material Resource Planning)
 - 1.1.4. Maintenance and Scheduling
 - 1.1.5. Production Planning & Control
 - 1.1.6. Marketing
 - 1.1.6.1. Marketing Research Systems
 - 1.1.6.2. Data Warehousing
 - 1.1.6.3. Data Mining (Decision Support and Customer Relations Management)
 - 1.1.6.4. Sales
 - 1.1.6.5. Procurement
 - 1.1.7. Financials
 - 1.1.7.1. General Journal
 - 1.1.7.2. General Ledger
 - 1.1.7.3. Cash/Bank Receipt/Payment Vouchers
 - 1.1.7.4. Factory Ledger
 - 1.1.7.5. Cost of Goods Sold/Notes
 - 1.1.7.6. Financial Statement (Standard/Custom-Based)
 - 1.1.7.7. Editable Chart of Accounts
 - 1.1.7.8. Editable Sub-Ledger Accounts up to Four Levels
 - 1.1.8. Human Resources Management System
 - 1.1.8.1. Personal Info of Personnel
 - 1.1.8.1.1. Dependants/Nominees
 - 1.1.8.1.2. Job History
 - 1.1.8.1.3. Qualifications
 - 1.1.8.1.4. Promotion System
 - 1.1.8.1.5. Movement Tracking System
 - 1.1.8.2. All types of Advances/Loan Management System
 - 1.1.8.3. Allowances Management System
 - 1.1.8.4. Provident Fund Management System
 - 1.1.8.5. Employees'/Workers' Leave Management System
 - 1.1.8.6. Time Office Management System
 - 1.1.8.7. Utility Bills Management System
 - 1.1.8.8. Payroll System
 - 1.1.8.9. Other Recoveries/Appropriations From/To Employees
- 1.2. Business Process Re-engineering and Right-sizing of business applications
- 1.3. Hospital Management System
- 1.4. Urdu Softwares
- 1.5. Data Migration Services

Goal: *Effective Organization, leading to Ultimate Mechanization*



2. Methodology

- 2.1 Total Quality Management and Awareness
- 2.2 We follow Accepted International Standards
- 2.3 Internationally recognized recommendations, e.g., ISO:

- 2.3.1. *Write* what we do
- 2.3.2. *Do* what we write
- 2.3.3. *Prove* it

- 2.4. Each step, likewise terminates in a **Deliverable**:

- 2.4.1. Report or Plan (Management)
- 2.4.2. Software (Code and Implementation)
- 2.4.3. Training (if required)

Goal: **Visibility and Usability**

3. Procedure

- 3.1. Initial Study (Documented Base)
- 3.2. Requirements Definition (Business Rule Authentication)

Detailed **Scope** of the Applications includes:

- 3.3. Analysis and Description of *Existing* Procedures ("What exists")
- 3.4. Overall *Assumptions* and their Implications (Dissection)
- 3.5. Classification of *Future* Applications ("What must be")
- 3.6. High-level *Process* Flow (Creatively, as per Real)
- 3.7. *Responsibilities* List (Ours and Yours)
- 3.8. Project *Management* (Phasing/Implementation Planning)
- 3.9. Estimations are Projected in *Resources* Terms (Time/Cost/Manpower)
- 3.10. *Operational* Teams with Authority (Created at Respective Sites)

4. Existing and Required Systems: Study and Analysis

- 4.1. The requirements are analyzed comparatively against the existing system. All the functions and procedures of the presently existing system are charted in detail, according to the specific modules to be developed:

Goal: Define Current and Future Systems, *working in liaison with client teams* !
Overall Improvement (Organizational/Procedural)

5. Standards Definitions

- 5.1. Naming Conventions (Standards)
- 5.2. Entities, Attributes (Work-Tools)
- 5.3. Screen / Report (Lay-Outs)
- 5.4. Programs, Routines, Variables, Commands (Core Technology)
- 5.5. Legends and Data Dictionaries, are same ways prepared (Basics)



These standards are observed during the entire development period, to achieve Application Uniformity, leading to a Homogeneous Interaction.

6. Detail Design

These Identified Application Areas, are now designed in detail, consisting of:

- 6.1. Finalization of *External* Design
- 6.2. A Broader Level *Internal* Design
- 6.3. Complete *Methodology* to Develop Module Functions
- 6.4. *Specifications* of Programs And Algorithms
- 6.5. Application *Security* Planning

Goal: Arrive at an **Image of the New** and Improved Computerized System

7. ProtoType

If necessary, a ProtoType is created. It consists of:

- 7.1. **Guidelines** on the Detail Design (Basic Plan)
 - 7.2. **Refinement** of the Internal Design (Conception)
 - 7.3. Primary **Testing** of Programs and Algorithms (Construction)
 - 7.4. Natural **Flow** of Menus and Actions (Program Executions)
 - 7.5. **Evaluation** of Screens and Reports (User Friendliness)
 - 7.6. A Series of **Discussions** for Possible Changes (Modifiable Design)
- 7.6.1. This *Change Impact*, suggested by our client (agreed upon by the development team), is incorporated in the detailed design
 - 7.6.2. The *Real Changes*, are later incorporated into the ProtoType

Goal: A **Workable ProtoType** approved with Consensus

8. Database Design

We utilize an RDBMS philosophy, a Data WareHouse Structure:

- 8.1. Constructed by **Dimensional** Elements
- 8.2. Managed by **Administrative** Activities/Procedures
- 8.3. Executed by an Efficient **Technical** Process

9. Development

- 9.1. Based on **Detailed** Design
- 9.2. **Approved** by ProtoType
- 9.3. **Controlled** by Data WareHouse Construction/Structurization
- 9.4. **Quality** Control Checks are automatically imposed, by specially conceived programs (In-House), *which constantly observe the coding process, while it is actually being written and tested*



10. System Tests

Test Cases are provided by the user on an actual basis.

Our uniquely automated system of pre-implementation testing, relieves the user (and us) of unwarranted costs, thus avoiding the indiscernible hurdles resulting from unplanned installation.

Goal: Few like us, deliver a 100% Error Free Environment

11. Implementation

The developed modules are then implemented, at their related sites.

Goal: A process "Sans Douleur" ... seamless ... without any painstaking!

12. User Training

A comprehensive Training Plan for the end users is conceived. At training completion, all users are able to self-handle the system, *individually or collectively*.

Goal: **Freedom !** Users can directly self-operate the Applications

13. Project Management: Start and End

A Project Management System must have a clearly defined methodology. Our *Critical Path Analysis* assures budgeted and timely completion.

Project Management plans the entire exercise, initialization to completion phase. Collaborating with Activity Managers, in defining and monitoring the project, including processes, procedures, guidance, it covers the following areas:

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 13.1. Project Organization and Initial Launching | (Zero Count) |
| 13.2. Resource Tasks | (Assignments) |
| 13.3. Defining and Controlling Milestones | (Completion Criteria) |
| 13.4. Progress Monitoring | (Advancement) |
| 13.5. Test Runs and Correction Methods | (Real Time) |
| 13.6. Quality Assurance Management | (Provision and Checks) |
| 13.7. Project Management Book Sheets, are as such composed: | |

- 13.7.1. Breakdown Structure
- 13.7.2. Implementation Schedule
- 13.7.3. Task Assignment Sheets
- 13.7.4. Progress Review Reports
- 13.7.5. Milestone Completion Reports
- 13.7.6. Post-Project Review Reports

Goal: Error-Free Fully Operative Application, per Scope of Work definition



14. Variation Management

Changes and Variations are part of the game: *keyword, Constant Communication*. Suggestions, Comments, Preservations, related to the changes, emanating from concerned persons, are communicated to Project Leaders (Study/Updating).

The essentials of the proposed Variation Management process are:

- 14.1. Requests for Changes are dealt by a Central Point
- 14.2. Project Leaders deliberate upon the Impact, on Overall Project Plan
- 14.3. Decisions are taken on Acceptance/Refusal, of Changes Proposed
- 14.4. Modifications are worked into the Design/Implementation Plan
- 14.5. The Interested Parties are then advised accordingly
- 14.6. The above includes all changes
e.g., illness (implied), technological enhancement (imposed)
- 14.7. Work Papers:
 - 14.7.1. Signed Variation Management Request
 - 14.7.2. Impact Analysis Sheet
 - 14.7.3. Memos: to all concerned on the decision taking

Goal: Maintain a Modification Impact History

15. We Offer, as Services, our Services of:

National and Multi-National Level

15.1. *Application Software Development*

Catering to "Customized" needs, in innovative branches:

- 15.1.1. MIS & MISS (Production) Shop-Floors
- 15.1.2. Marketing Research Software (Data Mining Technology)
- 15.1.3. Community Evaluation Systems
- 15.1.4. Web Site Development (both Dynamic and Static)

15.2. *IT and Other Consultations*

- 15.2.1. Corporate Plans Preparation for IT/EDP Implementation
- 15.2.2. Feasibility Preparation (All Types)
- 15.2.3. Requirements Analysis
- 15.2.4. Resource Integration
- 15.2.5. Our motto is, "Just name anything" !

Our "business partner" affiliations give us a vast spectrum on any level.

15.3. *Internet and Web Pages*

We strongly recommend Internet, Intranet, GroupWare; if your company needs to benefit from an advanced usage of such technologies.

15.4. *System and Network Integration*



Today's complex age of Information Technology makes our customers very conscious about performance and they naturally demand the best value for their investments. Industry is so driven towards Standardized Environments, based on diverse components.

Our Services are thus geared to achieve an enterprise-wide integrated Computing Atmosphere, suited to *Users' Information Management Needs*.

Relying on International Standards, our keywords are simple:

- 15.4.1. "Customized" to User Needs
- 15.4.2. "Seamless" Stitching
- 15.4.3. "High-End" Computing (Manager Managed)

15.5. *Training*

We provide a very detailed training on our applications. Our prolonged Training exists on a "Continuous Basis", Learn as you do: so *Design with us* !

Goal : *our Staff Evolves generally In-House, as do our Clients*

15.6. *ISO Compatibility*

Our staff members, in diverse capacities, have a very deep exposure of the ISO 9000 Techniques. We are planning, to advance this matter, soon.

16. Finally : The Team Experience Sheet

We firmly believe in, "Let us think 2000 onwards" !

In our *Team Expertise*, we can confidently present the following:

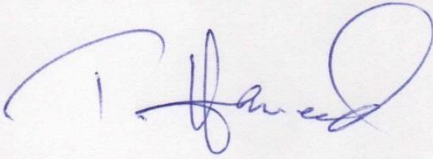
Projects Completed:

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 16.1. <u>Market</u> Research -Automated Querying- | (Pharmacia & Upjohn: Islamabad) |
| 16.2. Data-Entry | (Pakistan Tobacco Company Ltd.) |
| 16.3. Web sites | (Misc. Clients) |

Present Projects :

- | | |
|--|---|
| 16.4. <u>Information</u> IS/IT Assessment Tools | (Aga Khan Foundation, Pakistan) |
| 16.5. <u>Production</u> Planning & Control -MIS- | (National Radio Telecom. Corp., Pakistan) |

We construct, on Large-Scale Data WareHouse Dimensions Standards !


(CEO) 29/10/1999

4. Islamabad

Rotary International

(2002)

Editor... 5 Editorials ... Islamabad (Main)

... What's a SPHINX ?**Thoughts & Ideas Compositions**

Mystery was there and so was thought unbound, unfathomed, so spaceless and foundless; of unimagined fondness and fondlessness.

In the flicker of a semi-close eye, emitting waves of such a surprisingly hidden welcome, with an en-guarde 'n a tweazy weazy winkle 'n a dinkle 'n a twinkle, of winking stars in this a stranded semi-smiling but lost universe; where was sprinkled here and there, in a questioned perhaps or of a more sure stuff, emitting a warm cosy invite,, samely cautioning to keep your far and your distance, from the far and the distant.

Twisting in the furrows of waving humpy bumpy sands, in rising and falling tourbillions of dust, all around going round 'n round 'n round; mildly in the midst, sitting the Mystery my made Queen, the Maid of whom as Knave I served, Her Honour and my Serfdom my Freedom, for a crumb of a quasi bounty, or the pleasure of a scorn scoff and scold.

Know I not, who she was, my Mystery Queen: probably a fall from the sky or a Shy Spark from the Sphinx; but if an Enigma She was, then Enigma be it seem,, for I had my hands full of the gifts bestowed in a handful of sphinxy and sparkling dust of the stars, all light and uplifting, all bright and blissful: not realising that my being was from her, not captng that her being might also be from me ! And that in a twinkle of an instant, a flick, we might flow off into the true reality of the cosmoso-universe; to become into one another and be unto one another, always into and unto one and another, one and the same other.

Does Mystery ever come to an End ?

Know I not, who she was, my Mystery Queen: probably a fall from the sky or a Shy Spark from the Sphinx; but if an Enigma She was, then Enigma be it seem, for I had my hands full of the gifts bestowed in a handful of sphinxy and sparkling dust of the stars, all light and uplifting, all bright and blissful: not realising that my being was from her, not captng that her being might also be from me ! And that in a twinkle of an instant, a flick, we might flow off into the true reality of the cosmoso-universe; to become into one another and be unto one another, always into and unto one and another, one and the same other.

And there She sat, True and Real, as She always was. Thus She beckoned me, the insignificant; beckoned to me with a slow halfed wink of an eye, incomprehensive and so mistily mysterious; halfed breathed, halfed thrilled and confused, I shot a gleaming glance off a shoulder, to assure me-self that this honour was not guided to any compare; but as none compeer was behind or before, I decided to advance a bit timidly but bravely; caution taken that no mishap nor misstood be intended. A faint smile and a ghost of an amused twinkly twinkle, was my reward for my careful but carefree respectful submission. Not a word passed, by either and neither lips, nor a tremor nor a tremble nor a treble ! And fell I in Love,, as never could be ... never could be ... never could be ... so deeply falling in love again 'n again started I to fall in love, fell in love so as then was to happen, befled in love ... again 'n again 'n again 'n again ...

How does one fall in Love with a Mystery ?

Well, Mystery in the final analysis, cannot remain mysterious forever; for Forever is the final Eternal Domain,, of Ever for Ever. So, Mystery to be, has to be; and if it has to be, then it must be: and if it must be, then it also IS ... so that IS is the Point ... Thus my Mystery Queen also IS; Here; Now; even if Mystery clad and bound: and the best way to find her, see her, palp her, is to fall in Love with HER,, whatever she might be ? At least a start is onwards on; and with that, we'll arrive somewhere.

In this mode, like an automat, I took pace after pace, a jerky footstep after a jerky footstep, a jerkfull step. Strangely enough, as I advance on and on and on, or seemed to advance on and on and on, she seemed to retreat a half-step step at a time, stable and determined in inertia, as if to fathom my constance,, a sort of ... 'he loves me, loves me not' bi-focal sequel test; but as surely as I loved her, this tasty tasteful test, was of neither any importance,, nor of any hinderance ! So it was so, that I approached very near and by,, not as the static proverbial by lips on lips, but as the respect-honour bound bond of trust and held comprehension; such as eyes in eyes, minds in minds, intimate thoughts into thoughts, as well and as love in love: thus we discovered mutually, that the cosmoso-universe was one and the same thing, for one or other and everyone everywhere,, only Love overall over all, over whelmed !

The non-Mystery is, that persons fly away from themselves, from others, from Reality, trying to find a temporary attach, or what is true impermanent, the evanescent, what is bound to pass away, in falsehood and disparity ... in fact ... the anti-Reality ...

Let the eyes of Sleep, be the awakening in the Unknown;
Let the rise of Truth, flow on opening into the Known;
Let me be You and You be me, so little and so big flow-fully;
That the Eternal be full ... fully ... Fully ... Fully ... **Full** ...

Thus was Mystery, my Truth, my Being, my Love,, the true Quintessence of Womanhood,, truly in the flicker of a flick of an eye, in I and Die, in What's gone by, All Being expressed; This, Intangible, well Varying and Pulsating, Impalpable ... and ... Nothing was Revealed ... in Immobility ...

(Style of my Master ... Edgar Alen Poe ... all words totally anon ... in "Urdu" Repetitions)

Lahore

The Great Sphinx of Giza

From the north side the profile of the Sphinx reveals the proportion of the body to the head. It would appear as though the head is small in proportion to the body. Because of the changing desert terrain, the body of the Sphinx has been buried several times over the past several thousand years. Most recently in 1905, the sand has been cleared away to expose the magnitude and beauty of the entirety of the Sphinx. The paws themselves are 50 feet long (15m) while the entire length is 150 feet (45m). The head is 30 (10m) feet long and 14 feet (4m) wide. Because certain layers of the stone are softer than others, there is a high degree of erosion that has claimed the original detail of the carved figure.

The Sphinx of Giza is a symbol that has represented the essence of Egypt for thousands of years.



SHAHS-ngo ... @ Children's Corner ...**... In a tender moment, I wrote it to amuse the Children ...**

Once upon a time there was a pretty little goatxy goat, who used to roam around in the prairie, which was all beautiful and green. Green because it was a green prairie. In this prairie, there was naughty old foxy fox, who used to sit around all day, trying to make people afraid by making horrible sounds,, horrible horrible sounds, really horrible sounds; for what can be more horrible than making really horrible horrible sounds. If you had heard him little children, you would have really said, "What really horrible sounds is making this terrible fox!" For all the day long this naughty fox was vtrying to make little children afraid growling terribly, "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." That way everyone knew that lazy dogs could not protect little children. What a terrible thought. Now little children would have to find someone else to protect them, especially not lazy dogs or lazy someones: in fact at least someone better than lazy dogs, even if they are people!

And our goatxy goat did not like it at all. Why should naughty foxes or people looking like foxes, go around making little children afraid. It was just not done. Apart from being unhealthy, it is unmoral,, immoral or unmoral, how can little children know all these complications; that people are immoral, or not immoral, or unmoral? Children are born to have a nice time and being loved. How terrible would it be if little children were not loved. They are so tender and sweet. How can you not love them,, they are just made for that. If there was no love, then there would be no children,, logical, na!

One thing that the goat loved, was children. So he decided to be more active about it to get rid of the fox, come what come,, for making children afraid was not acceptable. He might have had his own reasons for it, but they were simply not good enough. It was just not done. Only saying, that he did not like children, because they pulled his hair, or that they pulled his legs while he was sleeping, did not make any sense,, such non-sense just could not be tolerated. **So what?** Children pull papa's hair and also mama's hair, but they never say anything. They like their children,, and that is it! It is only when you like people, that you are not afraid of them. And surely, it is normal to like people. So the goat became determined to set everything right. Thus it was, that she went straight to the foxy fox and said, "Baaaaaaa!" That's it.

Foxy fox was very surprised. He had often heard lots of people say, "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog", when people are stupid and have nothing else to say. That is how, he never understood, why lots of people did not speak fox language. It is so easy; you just have "ooooOOOO" to say all day long ... but, O God, "Baaaaaaa!" That's not it. So he became so afraid, that he ran away ... leaving his tail and pants, all behind!

Now the goatxy goat had the children all to herself, all day long. Bt there was a problem. They started to pull her hair, as there was no foxy fox around. She tried to reason with them, tell them tales of good and of bad,, but to no account. So one day, she decided also to go away; for goats have long hair and it really hurts, when you pull them. That is how that you are now all alone, with mama and papa.

Well I have an idea, but you better not do it until I go away,, because he might not like it. Try pulling the hair of papa ... but don't tell him that I told you! I fear that he might get very angry, if he found out, that it was me who told you to do what you had to do,, but not to tell him that you were told not to tell, by me; do you get it? So what will I do then, for the goatxy goat is not there anymore to protect me! And I don't want to escape away, tail and pants in hand, to save me from the wrath of papa,, o mama?

... MORAL ...

Children must not pull the hair
Of the goat or the fox
Or of others
Or Papa
...
But
If the do
Don't tell papa
That uncle told them so
But it is better that they ask papa
To get them another goat to protect them!



7. Lahore

GOATxy And FOXY FOX

(2010)

SHAHS-ngo ... @ Children's Corner ...

... **La ... Divina ... Commedia ... (Danté) ...**

History of a Dream of a Platonic Love

Love, I promised to open to you my Heart ... Here it is, All Simple and Plain ... **No Hiding.**
*Can you do the Same ... Understand? You & Me & This World ... As It Is ... **Cruel, as it is?***
 Then, take Your Decision ... **in Lucidity** ... I cannot: for trying once ... I regret to this day.

It Never Happened What Should Have Happened

20/04/2011	-0-	12:07	"We Two Created a World"
21/04/2011	-1-	13:37	"To Counter Double Standards"
22/04/2011	-2-	12:25	"One has Won, that One is One"
23/04/2011	-3-	15:34	"Each One had an Own Self"
24/04/2011	-4-	17:06	"Give the Entire Sacrifice"
25/04/2011	-5-	13:18	"To be Loving and to Be-Loved"
27/04/2011	-6-	12:55	"In Allah's Nur-US-Samawaat"
28/04/2011	-7-	14:07	"Only One Small Sign, ONCE"
29/04/2011	-8-	14:47	" <u>Bad Dream</u> : Life made of Hurt"
30/04/2011	-9-	12:07	"So Allah Gave US Both a Gift"

20/04/2011	-0-	12:07	"We Two Created a World"
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Five years ago, we two created a World, a Universe: a Nur full of Love, of Beauty, of Trust, of Faith. But it became, nor did become of any assurance to No-One; they were so Jealous and Small and Small'ly mean, very mean; that slowly and slowly, they took over to destruct it: starting to creep so smartly at a snail's pace, *that their petty steps, became almost invisible*. If it had for them, any personal interest, or any personal utility, it could stay; otherwise it was thrown out mercilessly. *Thus, their simple craft was cleverly planted*, into **Hearing Ears**, for passing years and years, **Totally pure Untruths**, so imperceptible, which grew into **Thorns**; and then into **Shafts** and **Arrows**, that finally All came crashing down: and this crashing down seemed, like the End of OUR Dreams ... of OUR so Cherished Dream of NUR ...

21/04/2011	-1-	13:37	"To Counter Double Standards"
------------	-----	-------	-------------------------------

But, to counter these Double Standards, Their Mighty Allah had already a very much better Plan ... "*So they Scheme, and So We Scheme; and We will so see, Who Schemes Best*" ... Thus softly, **He made them Both Separate Out**: he came as He; and she came as She ... and well, *both stayed all alone and LONELY: it was to protect them better'ly*, isolate them Here, to Unify them Forever, in the long Here-after; where they were destined as per His Rules, for always; and so for always and always. Such was the case; as seemingly, **to both were given two different Destinies**: however, it was only a Devine Will, a Trick to throw some Dust into the eyes of those who thought themselves crafty and clever, while they were Not: they were only the Mean, who had vowed, to separate them ... In fact, Allah had wisely decided, that together they were, plus together they are staying, and moreover so, together they will always remain, for Eternity. *So was it ordained firmly in the Heavens Beyond*. Thus, this so innocent couple, found themselves, roaming hand in hand, only absorbed in a **Nur-US-Samawat** of all Beauty and True Love, for Ever and Always. As for those of the Twisted Eyes, they certainly looked like two in twins ... but really, they wer'nt two-ins; they were one, only one: **1-2-1**.

22/04/2011	-2-	12:25	"One has Won, that One is One"
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To win, to be one, and won they did, as to be one, one must win; to be sure, so one must win, thus be sure that one has won, that one is one.

*He who had a Destiny made out of Steel and of Granite ... for Allah had made He, a devout Protector of She, who was all smiles and soft and sweetly stubborn. So, He had a hard role to play in life: without letting She know, that He had to fight and to fight and to fight as to win, without any fail or any slight any, only to win; to protect *She, all Belief and Sweet and Gullible*. So, He went through as many, as many a many transformation in life. He was much bigger and more bitter in his life, *as he had lived longer and he had suffered a lot ... of what is True, and of that what is False ... for Seeing is not Believing, as **What people Say is Not How people Act***. So, *He had to Protect Her*, what Allah had always destined him to be: *accept all Her Whims and Fantasies*, to make her Free of all hurt, for that is how his Destiny was shaped ... **Absorb All Evil, All Wounds**, AND NOT Shed a Single Tear ... *But one Tear, once did from a time to a time, did come*, when She was not around: and He felt Alone, all Alone, feeling well Lone in his Lonely World ...*

23/04/2011

-3-

15:34

“Each One had an Own Self”

Because they were One; and Only One: it did not in any case mean, that they were Same. Each One had an Own Self, an Own Being ... *He knew his world all Inside Out*, All What's Around, All the Outside, All that Surrounds us, All the Global World: *while She only knew this world Inside In ... Only What is Intern*, such as be her **family and friends; be they good, or not**: for they were just there to stay; *and as they were just there to stay*, She had NO Idea, what they were, or were they Just, or Just Good or Just Bad, for they were Just There: as there are so many tables plus chairs, in a so well-fully furnished house; nor good nor bad nor just, only there ... without any Testing or Test, not True nor False. This was the *Full She World of a Total Internal Existence*: and it had Nothing to do at all with the External; of What Is, Nor is Not. So, How to get her out of her so False a World? **Show She Some Sheer Sense**, for her own good. But, Allah set a Chance: However, to avail fully of this Chance, *He had to totally Crush his Heart, his Self, his Whole Full Being*. And so; so He did: the Entire Sacrifice ...

24/04/2011

-4-

17:06

“Give the Entire Sacrifice”

Thus had presented, Allah the Occasion: and so, so He did ... give the Entire Sacrifice. His Foot, he did put hard down on himself, so mercilessly, so suddenly, *that his total being was crushed; smashed into Nothingness*, only for her, her own good, that She see better a Real World, so Cruel that it is very hard to imagine, from the Inside, which tends to Dream in its Purity ... He reduced his Self to Nothing in Dust ... To “*Dust Thou Art, To Dust Returnest*” ... All for a Love; His Love: Love who never realised, that He meant Her so well, He could destroy his full Being to her. **Neither his Lip did tremble, or an Eye shed a Single Tear, nor a Simple Sigh did Sound from the Profound**; *so that She See his Internal Turmoil Not*: thus **smiled He, when it hurt, and cried He, when Lonesome or Alone**. But one day, so did just Allah ordain, that in a Dream, She did see a Tear roll down, such a long stream of Tears which flowed downwards from his empty cavity of eyes, seeming not to come to any end; but Why? And ... then suddenly dawned so, into her so little plus naïf head, that may be He was all lonely and sad, *may be he was much missing her*: for it was a long very long separation, of many a many year ... so to say; it was Not More than Two Minutes: two very long plus minutes, During Centuries. Then strangely, it also dawned on Her, that he was only in LOVE with her: and more so strangely, that She was also missing him, for She also was in LOVE with him ... and that if they did not come so soon together, firmly Unite ... it would be a very Sad Miss indeed, *sad Miss plus sad Mis-ter too*; and that makes, two sad Misses too ...

25/04/2011

-5-

13:18

“To be Loving and to Be-Loved”

LOVE alone is LOVE ... And *True Lovers, are made only for Love, for Loving*; just as to be **Loving and to Be-Loved**. But How to conciliate the Intern and Extern, when the IN is totally IN and the Extern can not make it see it, What is Out, Out of its In-self or what is True, Real. Thus, He took his Self into Retreat, far from All, decided that None will ever be unfair on him, neither to accuse him of being unfair on others. **Those Who can Learn Not, can not be Taught to Learn** ... So, He drew his self back, from his Being, Love, His Dreams or Desires. For, *one has to Learn, that when Love is Not, it can not be*: because Love's very foundation can only be in Truth, in the Depth of Truth: as Truth also, can only stay Alone in Life, if it Not Mingled or Halfed by Life, or the Unclean. Thus, He decided also to stay Alone in Life: so that, *Nobody heard about Him any-more*. But, **Escapism was not of Allah's Plan anyway**. So how to go about it: **Retire, but Not**

Escape. Love, becomes a wee bit of a Dilemma, if he who loves, is ordained to be, as well also ... a Protector ... *So, how to Retire, but Not Escape?* And in this, his Mental Chaos, He went off to Sleep, a Sweet Sleep, where He Relaxed, to have a Soft Dream ...

... A Dream that was Sent from Elsewhere ...

27/04/2011

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12:55

“In Allah’s Nur-US-Samawat”

Love, now **You tell to me which Dream was it?** To Loose or to Win? Defeat is not allowed by Allah ... in this but so Soft a Dream ... for ILU ... so now, You my Love, you will tell to me, How and Where and Which ... Nur ... *Nur-US-Samawat*. And You propose, How so WE go about it? *You decide ALL; and I will Follow* ... but be it so, that all be in Allah’s Rules and per Allah’s Commands, **in Allah’s Nur-US-Samawat, WE only Submitting** ... Submitting and Bowing; Inventing Not Anything of Our Own? We can set NO Conditions on Him ... In Him to LIVE: and only in Him to LOVE. Agreed my dear Love? But, it is not an easy task? Remember ... *All birds have their nests*: and we as Humans must so remain, in our proper Domain; our own Nest House ... our whatever may be it, but only ours: to be forever Serene in LOVE: Our Being, Our and only Our Nur-US-Samawat ... *A Man needs a Woman*, so does a Woman need a Man; a Loving Man: and thus, this Nur is obtained, but only by Submission ... **Submission unto Allah**. Do WE Submit, then? Are WE Ready? However, if Truth is No part of this ugly World, *A True Man will Never Bow Down* ... Never? For it is well Fated to the Weak, to remain Dependants; and *once a Slave Ever a Slave* ... for to be Free, one must Impose one’s Pride, one’s Self: and, and and, one’s Honour to full completeness. Understand, my Love. TRUTH, Lives only in, TRUTH ... and so, such is the Real Truth.

28/04/2011

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14:07

“Only One Small Sign, ONCE”

Let us resume ... What have I been, so far telling you my love, is that Allah, in His Will, **appointed me as your Protector; and as your Protection** ... So years ago, I found myself in Me, then I found me in You ... now, the time is come, that *You must find yourself, first in you, then only later, in me* ... it is only thus, that can we together attain our Nur-US-Samawat ... thus Allah ordains; and so it will be: *for every time, you try to leave my hand, you get lost*: and me also ... *But, do I repeat me too much*, Love just take courage once, to say So: and I promise that I will so All disappear for ever: Honest my Love: and You will hear from me never, never again; neither hear of the rest of my Dream, ever again ... for that Soft Dream, is You, for You only; and without You, ... it will remain incomplete so always, but always and always, Completely Incomplete: for You; and also for Me? A Dilemma: To Disappear? To you to decide love. I promise to you, give only One small Sign, ONCE: and You will be Free? From ALL, and for ever. It is now up to You, to take a Choice, for Mine, is done: No one Lies in ... in Our Nur-US-Samawat. It is only US and Ours. **You are a Real Queen: I, but a Jester, only a Clown, to keep you always in Smiles**. So, up to you: to Decide? Decide ... But be Just; Just, Absolutely Just in Our NUR. Please Love, Our Fate You can Settle Now for us: for Justice is, *that Allah gives never this Choice to a Lover, who but is asking nothing in turn*.

Cause, a True Lover will always remain a Beggar, before His Lady Love ... **ASKING?**

29/04/2011

-8-

14:47

“Bad Dream: Life made of Hurt”

Allah is Wise ... and of an Infinite Wisdom ... and in His Wise-ness, He knows the Impact of His Schemes. So, **He gave a Bad and a Good Dream**, *for them to Judge better*; plus see, how Honest were They: each to other ... As He knew, that Both they were afraid of, What was to come, *be they Unified, or be as Separated*: more She than He, for She knew not, What it meant to be United ... what will she do, or what will others say: for she was not at all used to have, anyone around her; and if she was all Alone, What to do, **Live in the Falsehood of False Persons, Nobody to care for ... be cared by**, all Sole plus Alone in Loneliness. Was this *a Fear of the Past, that could Repeat into the Future?* He was given his Rights to Protect; but to never Interfere. Thus, took He the firm decision; Leaving all for ever, also only in her Greater Interest. But before taking such a step, to teach her, that it is *much as much better to say, “No, No, No” in life, than say Lies, Lies, Lies, for not to have ... what in the End, only can Destroy Terribly*: an End not noble and much worse than any Hurt. But his Life was made of Hurt, which Hurts horribly. And to teach her, in her Life, that *She had to Learn to say a firm, “No, No, No”*, even to Him: that was his and

her Great Lesson. She had to learn to apply in her life, say NO, in TRUTH, to one to whom She had Avowed Love always, but did many times Spoke LIES. **So, She had to say NO, to Him**, in Truth, in Nur-US-Samawat? **As True can Exist Not in Lies** ... Now was He set, That say She a NO of Truth, not of any LIES. *Only thus, could they Separate Truly. This, t'was the Bad Dream*: True Love, Kills LIES.

For Allah is All Truth. If there is NO TRUTH, then, Allah Stays Not: Allah exists in TRUTH.

30/04/2011

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12:07

“Allah Gave US Both a Gift”

Love ... still Escaping the Reality ... Courage Please? Say to Me NO ... Please? for Allah LOVES? And Loves Specially the Entire Truth. **Take Courage, say NO**. It might Hurt me, but Enough Harm has already been done ... And it matters Not anymore, if I Loose. So, Please say NO? Good Dreams are Destined to Vanish, one day or the other; so be it that, *if tis Done when tis Done, its better tis Done Quickly* (Macbeth): Good Dreams, may never Exist? **Life is a Pack of LIES, that is learnt the Hard Way, at Immense Pain. Thanks for a Help.** “Allah Gave us Both a Gift” ... These are your words: so, let us now Return it Back to Him. It was Our Debt from Him, We are Honour Bound thus: for not that it ever be now Lost in Lies? *I Love You; and will ever do so to the End of my Life*: but five years of Lies? Why? But Why? **Let us give back to Him, what is NOT Ours, what is of NO Honour to US ... To Return to Allah His Esteemed GIFT**, what He Does Not Give to all, that Cherishes He most in His Dear Belongings; LOVE? **As per my promise, I have fully opened my Heart to you now**, very *clean and fair: for I never Hide anything*. Do you want to do the same ... Or, together ... Decide to Render Allah His Due, His Gift, His so Precious a Jewel, of such a Friendship, which He hardly ever accords to anyone normal, as US? Do WE want to Sink US so Deep, in these **Messy Masses of Humanity**, for which neither you nor me, have any place, any liking: so think profoundly Love? We Still are All Clean: and we are not afraid of anything in His NUR, so let us Hold Him in Love, for only in Him we Trust: and only in Him we Believe and Repose, LOVE for ever and ever Love, United. **Let us keep to ourselves Our Rare Gift**, only into and unto Our Good Selves ... ILU ... All yours is Safe in Me. We Both are Afraid. Remember, *You of Unification; and Me of Separation?* THINK? Have I Not Given Good Proof, of What I am, Tested, Durable and Solid: for years ago; and years to come. So Please, Give to me your Hand ... to Trust it ... to Cherish it ... and to Guard it so very Preciously ... Holding it very Near my Heart, very near into my heart, FOREVER ... **I Love You** ... ILU ...

9. **Islamabad**

Dream or Reality

A Dream ... Inferno

(2011)

Dear Lady ... Salaam,

-0-

1/05/2011

“You & Me : Introduction”

I think the time has come to speak frankly. Allah gave us a Gift ... He invited us and so we stayed for years. Then what went wrong ? Somehow we moved away from the Nur-US-Samawaat. It was not our fault: but what the world was doing to us in its cleverness, we failed to understand ... and we fell into the trap, very very innocently. I tried to break away once, but Allah did not want it, so I paid a very heavy price; and you also: SORRY. Now, we must decide, if this Nur-US-Samawaat is for us or not; what is Allah's Will ... will be accepted our Failure, then WE have to return ALL back to the Beyond; or 'Tis Wrath can be Great. That is the Reason, why I write to you: we cannot keep on making mistakes, to keep on asking for our Pardon. I have written All that I am; anything outside it is Not Me. If someone says the contrary, it will be False; and you know me enough to know it. You know my being and sentiments, if we have to ignore what we have been and we still are ... All Pure ... then we have to ask the Yond and only the Beyond for 'Tis Forgiveness to SEPARATE.

But personally I do not think that there is anything wrong with us ... only this world is not made for us ... but we have to DOMINATE it: then pass into the Nur-US-Samawaat ... because that is Really what Allah wishes ... or we would have never started OURself in this way. Probably, it's 'Tis Method to TEST us thoroughly? Do we want to fail in this Ultimate Test? Love, do you want to give it a try ? Trust Allah and You and Me again: 'Tis made us for each other. So let us, Let 'Tis show us the Way ... If 'Tis wants us in 'Tis Nur-US-Samawaat? Love, are You ready for this experiment: should we try this way, Sincerely? ... Allah DOES NOT MAKE A COUPLE IN HEAVEN, if they are destined TO SEPARATE ... THEY ARE MADE TO UNIFY in their World and in their Heaven and in their NUR-US-SAMAWAAT.

Let us have confidence in 'Tis Yond Beyond: for as you yourself said so simply, “**WE have NO Right to Destroy 'Tis Gift!**”

Dear Lady ... 06/05/2011 Did you understand, Why I did a Strange Act: I tried to give you your Full Freedom? There was and had been a Great Disturbance in mine and your life; a disturbance, which both You and I, failed to Capt: specially I was completely smashed ... Intent was of Good, but the Method turned out of Wrong ? Why ? Because, Allah in 'Tis Infinite Wisdom, showed US the very next day, a day of Extreme Tenderness for Me, in front of the Tombs of my Parents, that We had to Learn once and for all, that it was a Test: that 'Tis Will is always Supreme ... so GUIDE US; 'n 'twas done; but to BREAK US, could NOT be done, as that originally was Totally OUT: and We had to understand that, to the Bottom of our Being ... 'Tis Gifts Live Forever: and so Flourishe Forever. Thus Teaching US, that in the Forever, were We Created; and Forever were We to Remain, always together. Dust and Ashes, as We became, Both, as times before; so Putting US together again ... to be Re-United, but now forever ... And that was our Lesson, What We had to Cultivate, Deep Down in US, forever ... NEVER to Separate. This was Well Written into Our Destiny and so Revealed, that **We Vere Vne**. And so You Accepted, that I Loved You, to the Ends of Times. But You were also so Destructed ... Why ??? That showed also again, that You Loved Me also ... but only a Million Times More; Beyond Time's Ends ??? Accept it, Dear. I know it now, for so Allah took Care to De-veil it: and this Awakening must come to You also ... that is Allah's Will, that V LiVe in Each Other only, for each other only; and that V LoVe Each Other only: and We for All known Times and After, are unto each other only. That is what U have now to Accept, to the Depths of your Heart: for that is only how things can make Truly, a Good Sense ... Allah Desires US to be together also in this Life: and Only 'twill show US How. I love U plus U love Me, that is our only Truth: Our Nur-US-Samawaat ... **Our Here here: and Our Here-After there** ...

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty ... That's all Ye know on earth, and all Ye need to know ... (*Keats*) ...

the Sublime in Simplicity ... LOVE ...

Dear Lady ... Tongues do Not Shut-Down -1- 09/05/2011 "People are Self ... World a Reality"

People are only Self ... Selfish ... Sell-Fish ... Selling Fish ... **and Mouths do Not Shut-Up** ... so, Bazars are Noisy ... While the World is a Reality. People's Talk, you cannot arrest it; so it is better to Ignore it. However a World, which is Real in Action, you can Dominate, and Dominate very Firmly. Thus now, Lady my love, You have to Learn to be Firm, Free and Independent: so you must Live as well into the Total Freedom, which is not yet possible in Our Present Situation. Do you Capt me and my Idea, my Dear ? It can only be actual, later in our own land, in our own environment, and for that WE have to Struggle: and that is what we have to work for, in future. Your Full Freedom, for even then, you are and will remain mine; and I'll remain yours ... Hand in Hand.

Are You with Me still, Love? Because, Your Being, cannot be Submitted to No-One: apart me, as I Stand Still by your Side, Never in front or at back, so Not to Disturb You. You yourself once said, that I did not understand Ladies ... do you really think so??? But I do well understand Only ONE Lady Fully, the Only One Lady I Need Really: and that is all; full-stop. Cause She Loves Me and I plus Me, Both Ones, Love Her; and Love Each Other: Now, have You to Say Anything Else, my ilu. Do U+I, Understand: Dear ??? For, very Rare are such Persons, as Desire the Nur-US-Samawaat. Thus ... ilu ... Our Allah wishes US well, to be Free of All plus Everyone; we being only One for Our One ... in Our Nur-US-Samawaat. So, Allah's Future Plan seems to be, to Render us Free of all Need, in 'Tis Bounty, in 'Tis Grace; and also in His Nur-US-Samawat! My Heart Opens again to U: few and many people may lie to U: I Never, Love; for U are the Dearest to Me, in All Universe!

I am Truth: to Stay so. I Think of U: 'n so I Live also, of ... ilu ...

Dear Lady ... People have Loved Before -2- 11/05/2011 "And People will Love After"

People Loved Before; and People will Love After: but what Allah gave to US is Unique, in that, that Whatever may Come Whatever may Happen, WE just remain United: even if we Capt nothing at all, of What Surrounds us: SOLE Guided by Allah. Happy in Each Other, a Gift of just being near: Near each one's Heart. **I+U=V**: where **V=WE**. Allah knows all Ideals, of How to make them Come Close, Interacting Into The Perfection of Love Eternal; never to Break, Even Alone Or Far, From Each Other. Thus, Together we are and Together we stay. People Loved Long Before, and People Will Love Ever After: but we do Love Unique, in Eternity, in Our Nur-US-Samawaat.

However, You have now to Know, to Live your own Life, your own Personality, Rid You of All Dependence on any other, so that you Form

Your-Self, all of your Own-Self ... these were Our Dear Wishes, Times Ago ... but, Remember, Allah and 'Tis Destined Protector Will be Watching you, Waiting for you, even with Tears in his Protecting Eyes, for he did Burn All he had, his Being, his Existence, even his Nearness to You: that you Accomplish Your Desires, Your Wishes: All For Your Independence, Your Happiness ... Love, to get Freedom is a Very Tough Task. Please, Don't Lose it or Waste it; for I paid dearly of it by My self ... Just think of me: think of that, what I can go through to Teach You Freedom ??? How Easy to Say: Just Two Minutes Separate, during Centuries, while so many Centuries Roll By. You and Only you possess my Whole Being, my Existence: Love, I Miss U, Truly Love U, in All Eternity 'n for All Eternity ...

... ilu ... till and until, it has become, a Manner and Matter of Saying.

Dear Lady ... Profound Depths of Sweet Murmurs, Sweet Nothings -3- 12/05/2011 "Have U, an Answer? I, NONE"

Love is A Delicious And Sweet Gift, My Dear. But One has To Be in Love Fully, And Give Love Fully: Withhold Nothing, to Experience Full, the Love Benefits. What is the Greatest and of Most Pleasure, than to *Feel the Softness of Love*, the Simple Complicity of Love, to Loose a One to an Other, in the Profound Depths of Sweet Murmurs of Nothings, all into Clean Soft Dreams, of a Love so very Well Accomplished; so Difficultly Acquired. Thus is Allah's Precious Most Gift, Sublime NUR: Our Nur-US-Samawaat, Dear, so **Life really is A Chaos To Cosmos Combination**: to *Put What to Where is The Choice*. This Choice can Lead Us to a Calm, or a Calamity: so Dear, don't you Capt; We now only can Think in our $WE=V+U+I$; to Cancel forever, this making of Careless Choices. We are Loosing Age 'n Time 'n Years. That, what Allah Gives Never Back ... *Let's so be One, in US 'n in Our Aim*. Indecision will Never Spare US: as Allah has a Question to Ask of His Bounty, His Gift; and How we used them, in so Short a Span, that was Accorded to us. **Gratefulness** ?

Have You an Answer? I ... but NONE. Remember Love, Life is an Amalgam of only Two Choices: IN 'n OUT? IN is Cosmos, Inside A Heart: OUT is Chaos, Outside an Inner Soul. So Choose, What's IN but NOT What's OUT. So have I Chosen, that what's IN, inside me, my Love ... 'n that's only 'n only You my Dear: My Nur-US-Samawaat?

And You, my Love: did You also Choose Me, Choose only Me, by any Chance???

Dear Lady ... Dreams & Dreams & Dreams -4- 13/05/2011 "Allah Gifted US Eternity"

How Easy is it to Dream; but How Easy to Loose, also? But We are in Love, Love; 'n in Reality 'n in Force; all Simultaneously ... So Imagine, What can We Both do in Unity ??? Because, Love + Reality + Force = **Eternity**! Do WE go for it? But 'tis a very Hard Climb. Allah does not Gift an Eternity to Losers ... so, Wants Only Winners. Do you want to be a Winner, Dear? I am for it; and I want only to be a Winner, only with you: for Alone I have been for Centuries after Centuries ... and of this Loneliness I am extremely Tired, for now I have Some-One to Confide into, to Lean onto in my Lost Moments of Solitude. Do you want also to Confide unto Somebody ? I know it's a very Hard and Difficult Decision; *for you must Render a Part of Yourself to An-Other*: and that is Not an Easy Job. Want to give it a Try, Love? For Sooner or Later, Allah has Destined US for it: and **Sooner or Later, Allah will have 'Tis Way, Any-Way** ...

I do not really know, How to go about it? As the **Way is only in HIM**; the *Decision is only in YOU*: and only the Ultimate Acceptation is in ME! I have Reflected well unto my CONDITION. I HAVE no Family, Nor Now, Nor in the After; Neither have I any such Hope, Nor in the Now, Nor After: and that is also What is in my Sort, my Accepted Destiny. However, I have the Gift of an Enormous Force, a Power which by Grace was Bestowed up to Me, to Accomplish a Task, an Obligation to Beyond, WHO is the RIGHT. But I become Weak, if I am Reduced to a Half, because I Lack You, my other Half, to complete me Full. Remember, You are Fully WHOLE -sara in urdu-; and I but the Remains, the Incomplete -aadha- 2 aadhas r incomplete: it's in the Dictum of Mother Nature, that Two Halves make a Whole; 'n a Half 'n a Whole, makes a Full 'n COMPLETE ...

Pardon Me, if I take too much liberty, if I take You as My Continuation, in Our Accomplishment ...

for probably, surely that's Allah's Way, Destined for US ...

Unity in Our Continuity, Our Nur-US-Samawaat ... **What WE Really were Created for ... in the Eternal ... for Eternity ...**

10. IslamabadHell's NightmareA Dream ... Purgatio

(2011)

Allah Gives 'n Gives 'n Gives

-0-

25/05/2011

"Two in One and One in Two"

Allah Gives and Gives and Gives, for *there's Nothing to Loose*. And **Man Takes and Takes and Takes**, for *he has Nothing to Give*? How do We, then Find Our Paradise, give or take. It's thus, that Allah Teaches ... that in Love, one must Give, Never Take: for to Take, means only to Possess: and to Possess, is *Only Allah's Domain*. Give Me all your Pain, Love ... that Port IT I, to the ENDS of Eternity ... Your Happiness, is All That I Desire: For it's My Sole Path to Myne Paradise? Allah has no Place for Pain ... Thus leaving to Me, for it to be my Test, my Ordeal, my Way; 'n my Heaven ... So my **Dearest, Give Me your bit of Pain**: *Allah can as such, Gift me in my Turn, my Paradise*. LOVE, you are really made to be-Loved; or BE in LOVE: so why Suffer These Worldly Hurts 'n Hardships ... as You're only Destined for Beds of Roses: not for **Disillusions**, my ilu. **Gift to Me, Your Great Pain**: that rightly Earn I, my Paradises LOST. For, my Destiny WAS ever in crushed roses, in beds of crushed roses. *Thus, is my Heaven: Beds 'n Beds 'n Beds of crushed perfumed red Roses*, of Paved Paradise. Then if, You really want to help me out, my Dear, just Hold my Hand for a While, that this Vile Way, Becomes Easy to Bear; for a Weary 'n Withered very tired traveller: Lonesome 'n his Lost Time, 'n 'n his Lost Space. Would you so like, to Gift to me your Pain 'n your Paradise, all Together so: my Sweet Sweetheart, United in Loneliness? Once, you gave to your Nears 'n Dears, Dear Love: but they Took, Took 'n Took all ... So, Try me now, only once; One made in the Heavens for You: thus You will See for all Times, **One who Gives, Gives, Gives, only Gives**, to Gain his NUR; 'n his Paradise! As, Allah has ordained it for US to Attain Our Inner Self?

I Give; 'n thus U Accept: U then Propose; 'n this I Execute: so **Searching, Our Nur-US-Samawaat ... our Paradise re-Visited ...**

All Imprisoned unto Closed Walls

-1-

27/05/2011

"Our Paradise re-Dreamt"

You yourself told me, that **You were Imprisoned in Closed Walls**. Then, are you very Sure, that you are Totally Free now? However, the Blank Reality is ... that You are Again Deluding Your Own Self. I'll so be Fully Frank 'n Brutal. This far in Life, *You did What Others had Decided for You*; your **living in your land**, OR **leaving your land**, all was decided by the Others: this now has to be Changed, for All Times ... *The EX-tern, can Dominate the IN-tern, only if the Internal is Weak 'n Fragile*. Thus **Escaping from Yourself, is Your main Problem**. Do you Think, that you know this World? But Dear, you know Null? You have Lost a Land, a Home 'n a House, which Protected You; Lost All that You'd Done, with Pains 'n Sacrifices: but Why? Tell me, Why? Of **Others, playing Friends, but acting False; as Enemies!** *Do you then, call it a Success? I but None?* The stark Truth is, that you are still, only trying Escapism ... from your own Past: 'n your own Self! That what I tried to tell you, since years; *but always have you pushed me back: of Deadly Past Fears*. But one in Illusions cannot Live, Dear: for Allah's Will is, Me to U and U to Me; V forever are Fated. Love, Let us accept Our Destinies: for, *Playing any Useless Games in the Eternal, Leads onto the Paradise Lost, a Grave Error*. Courage: Lean a lil bit on Shoulder mine, love; and you will see, that is also Allah's Supreme Will. V must find ourselves also, in our own Ways, own Ends, deep into our own Wishes ... So Dear, be back unto me: Back that we find ourselves in our Being, Our Nur-US-Samawaat: my Choice is Traced, as **I have Nothing Else, in my Universe, Apart You**. *Dear, let's decide on our Sort, our Fate: we cannot Leave it, so we must Take it*; 'n that that's what Allah is also Waiting for ... **Our Paradise re-Dreamt ...**

And: How to ... Obtain Our NUR?

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29/05/2011

"Our Paradise re-Entered"

Had Dawned so now, a Sparkling Light onto them; thus *Absorbing them Full in its Holy Sphere*: of An Engrossing Serenity ... Impregnated of Unity in Togetherness ... Because, when u r United, then **Two Make More than One, all Lone**. So, thus Arm in Arm, 'n Hand in Hand, went both on into Life; as in such brief a Span, they had Won in their Love 'n in their Nur: Never to Separate Ever. But to Appreciate the Paradise re-Gained ... One has to Fall, first; to this Lowest Ebb, of Paradise Lost: only to Attain this Ability, *Taste these Full 'n Deep Pangs of the Loss Eternal*. For it's only, then 'n then, that can one **Surmount the Sublime Heights of a Supreme Beyond**, my Love: ilu. And, then only, could they re-descend, again once with Confidence anew, onto This Good Earth; Taste Anewed: Pured Fruits, of Pured Love 'n Pured Esteem: **in the Purity of ... Our Nur-US-Samawaat**.

And, *if you love her, so set her free; that is the Price that you have to pay: for True Love*. Then, when she comes back, so 'twill be of her own Free Will 'n 'twill be forever; that is the True Reward, for the **Price that you have paid: for True Love** ... A Real Reward, Expressed in an Enveloping Full Bliss. What then is True Love ??? A Sort of Antidote to Selfishness ??? **Love for the Around**: and *Love for the Beyond* ... All in Togetherness; for that's what Allah Appreciates Also: Creating even US in 'Tis Togetherness, so that ALL of US, 'TIS 'n US; U 'n Me as US 'n as WE=V ...

... remain into 'TIS Universe, 'TIS Total Togetherness: **'TIS Total 'n Eternal Togetherness ...**

For What then, Really is the **Forever Eternity**; the *Ultimate Sense of Togetherness*: that Loneliness be Eliminated into Nullity ... in 'Tis BEING 'n in 'Tis Non-BEING ... **The Sublimely Continued NULL ... The Un-Known NULL, that NONE Knows NOT ...**

... Our Paradise re-Gained, re-Turned; and re-Eterned ...

And, that is ... How it All Started

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(02/02/2012) ... =2222=

“Escape : Return : Union”**We Disputed ... She Left ... I Bowd & Begged ... She Returned ... We Conciliated, in Fond Love ...****11. Islamabad****Paradise Re-Dreamt****A Dream ... Paradiso**

(2011)

1. 13:07 **Q:** I am cuming bak within 3 hrs. **“Escape”**
Where are U now; & What r U doing? **A:** **No where? Now here?**
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2. 13:11 **Q:** Now here means? U r in City or Suburbs? **A:** Driver-less: Work Cancelled; so
=====
3. 13:19 **Q:** **Me driver**, or anything else ... ? **A:** **Nil driver?** Good for What?
Sleeping while Lying? **For a Lye is always a Lie?**
- 13:26 **Q:** Enjoying Lazy Mode, or not? **“Return”**
A: **U-crazy mode**, yes yes?
=====
4. 13:49 **Q:** Talking toooo much on fons ... **A:** Speed limit on motor-ways, is of 4 hrs
... so slow down **A:** Playing tooooooooooo much on words,
achieving nothing. So plz stop playing childs.
=====
5. 4:02 **Q:** Vil take your assistance, playing adults? **A:** Stupid, u r NO adult?
Who told u so, is a complete liar.
=====
6. 14:07 **Q:** Who is adult? **A:** Specially not u.s.a. or ssshhh ...
u=u: s=sweet: a=always
=====
7. 14:13 **Q:** u r, u.s.a. or ssshhh? **A:** sss ... hhh ... shaat shut-up ssshhhaaa ...
=====
8. 14:22 **Q:** Its not shut-up end ... **A:** Even ENDS have Beginnings?
=====
9. 14:28 **Q:** Beginnings have no Endings ... & ... Endings have never an Endings, in their Beginnings ...
A: Play your stupid games on the corrupt & on idiots ...
But caution, u r on the verge of a very big bigger Ending?
=====

10. 14:35 Q: Don't believe in idiots ... or corrupt's game ... A: Well speedy idiots don't ...
specially proud idiots on slippery motor-ways,
who land in for heavy crashes ... remain still: 5, 6 or 7 hrs ... to go ...

=====

11. 16:15 Q: Having Roza (Fast), so it will open out ... means 7 hrs ... **"Union"** ...
A: Stop messing around ... & ...
stop wasting our time & our days ... how long ???
do you want to hang around ... in 2 boats, with **truly false friends** ???

=====

12. 16:35 Q: Who decides false friends ... ??? A: I ... and the family ... Stop.

=====

13. 16:40 Q: I am not running ... I always stop so doing same ... Constant can't Change ...
A: **Change is life:** &&&
Change for the better, is a MUST, as Change. So Change for good ... or ... u or others quit ... get it?

=====

14. 16:49 Q: I adopted change for Good, always ...but others can't change themselves,
even for Gud also ... Closed Walls ... A: So let us break these Closed Walls ...
Have I not done so, for U before ... Can V not do it again, together ...
Where is the FEAR? Let us hold hands ... together ...

=====

15. 16:57 Q: OK ... Needs detail talks, which u r not doing? Avoiding, for what ... ?
A: ilu ... & I will never be other than what U have seen me to be ...
Can U give me that trust again, for a short time? ... U will not regret ... ilu ...

=====

16. 17:14 Q: OK ... Me ready as usual, but NO Hides ... or ...
A: & I have never avoided any talks: **only out of love** ... I gave U the Space,
that One's Lady Love needs ... ***She can choose the time***, NOT He ... ilu ...

=====

17. 17:28 Q: I always choose ... U ... U know well ...
A: & ... I always choose ... U u U ... & ... only U & U & U ...
Let us, now drop the "*Know Well*"... from always ... & ... from ever ...

=====

18. 18:05 Q: OK ... U vil come to pick me up, now? A: For always ... & ... for ever
Lov, I hav no driver, no U ... addr plz?

=====

12. [Islamabad](#)**The Solitary Hermit****A Dream ... Doppo**

(2012)

Dear Friends,**SHAHS-ngo**

02/02/2012

Let us amuse ourselves ... SHAHS-ngo wants to play games ... WE suggest that WE write a story. I mean, I start a story and after a few paragraphs, I hand it over to you ... then you write a few paragraphs and you hand it over to me ... we continue so on and so forth ... and so we discover each other little by little, or also we move away little by little ... Do you want nature to decide, how our friendship of a small little bud grow into a full bloom flower, even become a full plant loaded with flowers ... **Who Knows ?**

So I start : tosomeone@live.com

13/03/2017 ... 18:40:00

Part 1a

Once Upon a Time ... at the end of the universe, on a very small but a shining star, a lone hermit used to live in complete solitude, always thinking and dreaming and dreaming and thinking. Thinking, thinking, thinking, thinking, thinking, and thinking, his full thoughts, and thoughts, and thoughts, and thoughts, and thoughts; that was there anywhere in this universe, in this entire universe, any being that waited and waited and waited and waited, for a message of love from the ends of the universe, that was there somewhere someone, who somehow lovingly loved her, even being so so far away ...

One day as he was in a complete and total loneliness, he decided to send to the ends of the known universe, a coded message in waves after waves, which were upward waves, downward waves, round waves, open waves, closed waves, curved waves, angle waves, cut waves and all sorts of different waves. Thus sent he cleverly, a single word code message, the simple word of **LOVE** as ... **L** (angle wave), **O** (round wave), **V** (up-angle wave), and **E** (cut wave) ... a clear amalgam of wave over wave over wave, a rolling sea of ripples on ripples on ripples rippling ...

This massive wave of Love reached the other end of the universe and landed surprisingly into the waiting lap of a surprised surprising beauty babe, who woke up to a stranger fact, that somewhere someone was calling her ... but who ... and why ... and where from ... and for what ???

So she thought and thought and thought and thought ... then suddenly her eyes sparkled and a sly sweet smile brushed her rose lips ... for she had found out a trick to trick this tricky trickster, to discover this crazy and crafty man who had struck some strings into the silently sleeping harp lying in her lonely heart ... and to punish him so, to teach him forever and ever a lesson, that one does not disturb innocently dormant maidens !

... up to you ... to continue ... this story ... my dear friends ...

... Regards ... ??? ...

Reply : from

someone@live.com

22/10/2017 ... 09:16:45

Part 1b

Recapitulatif : When this message arrived **Finally** into the **Far Flung Forlone Finites** of the **Finished Universe** ... there sate a **Fresh Fine Female Full of Verve 'n Wit 'n Why** ... **Who** spake from **Where 'n noWhere 'n Where-from 'n for What**,, spake she,, with a **Teasy Twinkle** in her **Teary Eye** ... "Listen you Distant Seigneur from the **Unlimited Unheard-of Universe**; you seem to know **Lots** about **Nothing 'n Nothing** about **Lots** ... hi hi ... be a Man, declare y'rself, 'n Stop hiding behind your Flimsy Skirts ... hi hi ... Tell me what **Not** you know about **Love** ... if I say to you,, ' ... ', can you you **Tell** me 'tis **True** or **Not**,, or **Totally Naught**" ??? hi hi ... **Technically**,, an **Understatement** !!!

But he was NOT as Stupid as he seemed to be,, for there was a Complete Silence in the Universe !!! You know, when the Universe is Completely Silent, what Says it ? Absolutely **Nothing** ? **NO**,, for that is when it Says a Lot,, but you have to have special Ears to Hear it; Ears that can Rent the Secrets of the Universe,, for it has a Lot to say, but Not to Deaf Folks: Folks who can hear the Rent of a Heart 'n know how to Mend it ... 'n that is why he was Silent,, to be able to Judge the Depth of the Rent in the Tear of the Tear of the Smart seeming Innocent Maid,, seeming to know no End of Nothing ... as she did Not even know, who she was 'n where she was,, for if she knew, she'd simply reply, "Hello Unknown; **NO U Me Not**", 'n that would have put him in his place, as an Ignorant, as Ignorant can be.

However, while he was engaged in these mental juxtapositions, came a reply to his utmost surprise 'n consternation, for he had utterly miscalculated her sharp of mind 'n wit ! 'Cause she had read his thoughts, thus so with care 'n control of the situation, laughed : "Hi there,, of the Neither Hither or Tither, what do U think of playing with numbers ... supposing I gave U a Zero, Not as U U r, but as Me who is Not where U U r, 'n neither can be where I am or am Not : then what counter-part can U return me, supposing that U U r or have more than a Zero !" hi hi ...

So cntd ... to

someone@live.com

19/11/2017 ... 20:30:00

Part 2a

This was a great dilemma, for what can U really give back, when U U r reduced to Zero in so precise, concrete 'n unfaltering terms ... I a Zero, that is beyond comprehension, unrealistic 'n totally cruel ? How to reply to such an audace ? She must be Taught a Lesson ? But What Lesson ? In Theory, I have to Create a One ? But how does One Create a One ? That is the Devine's Domain ? I can miserably keep on adding Halfs 2 Halfs,, but I'll Never have a One,, for that is where even Aristotle lost his bills 'n balls in desperation ? But something must be done to teach this Lightening of en Enlightened Lady a Corrective Soft Slap to show her her place, in this World of the Mature Men of reason 'n UnReason ! What does she take herself to be, to be so haughty 'n mighty ? Nonsense !

But let us Reason with Care 'n Cure,, for we must find a Solution; let's see : if we have Zero, we have a **Nothing**, also we can't have **One** as we even don't have a Half,, however if we have less than Zero, then we already have **Something**,, for we can pass into the **Negative** : so the Solution ! I give her **-1** 'n see if she can make **Something** of it ?

Thus firmly, he took a pad in his hands 'n firmly started scribbling on it ... "Dear Sweet Lady, my full eXcuses for having U fully **miss**-Understood !!! As U seem to be, of Wit 'n Whim, the Enlightened-Light of the Universe, I bow my Head 'n Hat to your abounding Fantasy, that seems to have **NO** bornes,, 'n similarly I possess a **Null**, so by Ur Kind Courtesy,, let us pass into the **Void** 'n gift each other the Less than Zero ! Thus please accept my **-1**,, so U can return me it's Double, where I'll Triple it 'n U Quadruple : thus I can Quintuple it to Infinity,, so that Both us thus become, Masters of the Infinitesimal,, **Each having Less than the Other,, to the Ends of Infinite Times** ... OK ?" Such was the short note that he sent her, to anxiously await the awaited response,, **'twas Now or Never** !

Reply : from

someone@live.com

20/11/2017 ... 11:26:25

Part 2b

Responsive : This Missive **Flew** well to arrive **Finally** into the **Far Flung Forlone Finites** of the **Finished Universe** ... there sate an Astonished **Fresh Fine Female Full of Verve** 'n **Wit 'n Why** ... Astonished that he had undone well, what she had so cleverly planned ... So something had to be done, that Untamed Men Not Dominate over Fine 'n Cuddly Maidens, so full of Verve 'n Will ? But What, What, What ? This was so Crazy 'n Topsy-Turvy,, thus Science must be re-Thought about ! **Averroès (Ibn-e-Rushd)**, Father of Modern Science 'n Inventor of **Zero**, did Invent it, but didn't Define it, or at least not completely ?

Example,, in fact there exist 2 types of Zeroes; a Zero **Relative** 'n an-other Zero **Real** ... let me explain,, in the Zero **Relative**, a value is set on the continuity of a Relational Equation, i.e., The **Absolute Zero**, thus is only a value associated to the **Icification** of water,, its Absolute terminating **-273°C**, where all Universal Motion stops; one can at maximum simulate it to a fraction Near but Not Total : the same is with Gravity, another Relative Value, depending on the Mass of Things ... We consider **Gravity 1**, as the Earth's Power of Attraction over Objects,, thus every Universal Shape must have it's own 1 Gravity; but we tend to assimilate all by the Earth that we live on, to make our calculation simpler 'n Easier to Digest ! So Knowledge can be Defined as our **Incomprehension to Really Comprehend** Reality ?

However, the Zero **Real** is an Entity to be considered ... When we have Nothing, we have a Zero,, for we cannot have less than Nothing: consider all **Prime Numbers**, they're Positive, (**ever heard of Negative Primaries**) ? Or let us see, Men, Animals, Mountains, All the Concrete Objects, who have a definite amount or number,, 'n they can never be in Negative ... Result being, that **our Entire System of Mental Conception has to be re-Studied** ?

But how does all this relate to our so-called **Hi-Male**, all contrary to a **Fi-Male**, who has given us this Twisted String of Reasoning ... We were all so satisfied of ourselves,, curing our nails, with nail-polish,, 'n our hair with hair-lacking,, 'n our face with beauty-pastes, which destroyed our skin more than nourishing it ? So, something must be done : for "If 'twere done when 'tis done, 'twere well 'twas done quickly." So on this firm note, she decided to take a firm action, to punish 'n dominate this Intruder from the Out of the Outside !!!

“**Sire** of the **Over-Under-World**, my full Respect for your large Intelligence, so Limited,, so let us finally play a game ... U offer me Not Null, but less than Null, a **-1**,, but that’s already **2-Much**; however, I propose U a bit less than that; I thus offer U a fraction of a Negative, a **Valid Point**, a **-0.1**: sorry for being so Stingy,, but that in our Stinginess, that **the Game be Longer ’n the Pleasure Greater**,, ’n that at the End of the Universe, we finally come ... to a Fraction of a Fraction, of Fractions; thus that in the Last Run, we are left with Nothing but the Infinitesimal,, just a Really **Real** Infinitesimal: then **Double** it ... if U can ? ... **for ther’ll Remain but Us 2 too !**” So went the Missive.

So astounded ... to

someone@live.com

21/11/2017 ... 22:20:00

Part 3a

“**Ah-Ha**” then again “**Ha**”, for it was starting to get weirdly pleasant,, that a Demoiselle from the other Ends of Universe, was starting to play the Master,, ’n he the Master the Slave, no no no, Student,, ’n that had to be punished, or let’s say, reprimanded, or just say, ignored,, ’n ignored well,, ’n be it well that the Master was the Master : wherever he may be, here or there or no-where, now-here nor there,, at his wish,, ’n not at the wish of a **Frolicsome Fay** at this or other End of the Universe,, no no no, a Student Apprentice teaching the **Sire**, what Numbers were All about.

“**Ah-Ha**”, so let us try to find “**A Method in this Madness!**” for it was now starting to get really weirdly pleasant,, that a Demon-ô-iselle from the other ... etc. etc. etc. ... Thus, with a Pinch of **-0.01**,, ’n so combined with a Pinch of **-0.001**, should do the Trick !!! Not bad; with **-0.1 + -0.01 + -0.001** we seem to have already something ! “A Tale told by an Idiot, signifying Nothing”, but **Seemingly Something** ... that should put her **off** the Track ? **Ouff** ?

Then he tiled out an enormous piece of paper, a few Meters Wide ’n a few Meters Large,, ’n started to scroll out miniscule letters ’n numbers, that it be “full of sound and fury”, amounting to less than null ... That’s the **True case of many our Learned Gentlemen, who when start to speak, seemingly seriously**, unto null End ! hi hi ?

So this **Hi-Male**, all contrary to a **Fi-Male**, who was now prepared, prepared another briefish letter, which by its mere size gave Much Ado ’n Ampleur to the previous one of 20-ish sqr-ish metric-ish space-ish,, what seemed against his w-ish, to eXaggerate ... ’n in this briefish letter, he spoke profoundly of nothing, eXcept of what is ’n what is not, to arrive at naught, of what is ??? Very Comprehensive, **as afore-stated Learned Scholars** ?

Never-the-less, it gave him a certain advantage to be authoritative, because **masses require masses of repetition, to be convinced or satisfied**,, which is the base of all **Publicity** (the **Art of Hiding the Truth**). But in his Hurry, he had forgotten **one** fact, that she was a so very clever ’n enlightened a Lady, who Never Slept on her **two** feet,, ’n so pulling wool over her **two** eyes, was not the easiest of jobs ... but he risked it voluntarily for **two** reasons ... judge her on her own grounds; **one**, estimate her reaction velocity,, ’n **two**, fathom her depth of approach ... ’n **two**, see how quick was she in action; **one**, estimate her comprehension grasp,, ’n **two**, devinate her speed of reaction ... hi hi ?

Reply : from

someone@live.com

22/11/2017 ... 13:46:05

Part **3b**

At reception, having indovinated his whole plan by the scheme of its Objective, she thus devised a feint;
“**Sire** of the **Under-Over-World**, again my developing Respect for your not so large an Intelligence, finitely un-Limited,,
will U never ever get out of your finality ... U speak in **Ones** 'n **Twos**, even if U did NOT define them,, while I speak in
Nulls 'n **Under**, 'n I do define them. Let's restart, what U can **Under**-Stand (but Not so **High**-ly); ... 14/08/2018 ...