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(73)

(61) (Ma's Goodbye-World Anniversary ... '72)

Struts 'n EFrelo ... 3

## Publishing Planned: 21/02/2021 <br> $1^{\text {st. }}$ b $\underline{\underline{\mathbf{c}}} \mathrm{O} \mathrm{k}$ <br> Completion: 05/05/2021

(Mother's Goodbye-World Anniversary ... '72)
dubai Than
(Kublai Coronation ... 05/05/ 1260)

History of Urdu ... The Mongol/Turkish word Urdu means "Camp" or "Palace" ... Kublai ...
... The Final Place of Rest ... And That's How My Poëm Ends: Sadly
Quailing; that the Cold Breath, be shed,
'Or downed he slept: Camp Craw in bed,
That Spirits to the ninth SHaven Prise.

## Introduction ... by Tariq Hameed ... A bit about my Child-heq-od

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

Stage's Set ... let's Play? Captured by a total Un-Known Future? Energy, Education, Evolution, Evade, Earth!
FULL Res ect of All 'n Others, was my Device ... Friends, Masters, Country-men 'n Un-Country-men: 'n All!
$1^{\text {st }}$. Step: Schc-01 ... Be in Bed by 9? Couldn't Read! Contrived an Invention; Wires, Cells, 'n Lil Lamps; thus Read in the Dark, inside my Quilt ... Read 250 pages: till Late Mid-night: 'bout 5000 B $\underline{\underline{Q}}-\mathbf{-}$ ks: to 10 yrs. $2^{\text {nd }}$. Step: Schc-ol ... Myopic? Couldn't Read the Black-Board ... So, Ô Chalk's Sound 'n Moving Fingers: Be My Guides? Every Move was Revelation 'n Indication! What 'twas being Said 'n Writ? Thus Knew All. $3^{\text {rd }}$. Step: College ... a Summary Master? Start by Diction: Who Finished $1^{\text {st. }}$. could leave the Class-R $\underline{C}-\underline{=}$ m . So, Instead of Noting the Text, I Wrote Directly the Summary: Never was I Beat to Finish ... to Leave Class!

Homages ... by Myself ... to my Masters ... who Built me Future ... Taught Me : To Be Big, Think Big!

1. My Mother ... 'Mongst $1^{\text {st. }}$. Lady Doctors (India) ... Gave me 100 Words to Memorise by Day ... NO Errors! Thus Aged 9, I Knew the English Dictionary by Heart v! A Voracious Reader ... I Noted Every Word read!
2. My Father ... Titled "Khan Sahib" by Exiting British, for Services Rendered to Election Laws ... He Wrote, in 1952, "Election Law" for Pakistan ... which is still a Reference Book, in the Supreme Court!
3. My Uncle ... Scribe 'n Hafiz-e-Qura'an ... till Aged 20, Instructed me "Atomic Letters", in Urdu 'n English;

Letter, Dot, Accent Separated: that 60 years later, I Created the "Atomic Wrist Key-Board"!
4. My Servitor ... Ashraf the Cross-Eyed; who Saw Nothing, but Knew Everything: Known 'n UnKnown!

Excellent Story-Teller ... His Legend of "Ogre Khumra and the Rosy Færy", NEVER ended all 20 years!
5. My Musician ... Feroz Nizami ... Sweet, Soft 'n Classical ... Created the best Pakistan Film Tunes, in 50-tys
6. My Theatre Writer ... Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj ... Historical Personality ... Died in my Arms: God Bless U!
7. My Loved Poët ... Faiz Ahmed Faiz ... Poëtry Lenin Prize, 1962! Spoke but little: Smoked but much!
8. My Best Friend ... Tanvir Ahmed Khan ... Born a day after, 80 years perfect ... in Res ect Res ected!
9. My Calligrapher Adored ... Ahmed Mirza Jamil ... "Think NOT with Brain; Think Wrist not Mind: Tariq"!


Voracious Reader 'n Searcher, since Two'n Half years Old, of Where LYES the TRUTH? طُك
"Aye, there Lyes the rub": so in this Wamlet of No Return, called 'World of the Wise Men of Gotham', only but be Bed-Ridden by the Un-Wise of Bottom,, my Faint Wisdom Swore but Faintly; "Never Truly Grow-up"!
'Twas Destiny, that born Myopic, Forced me to Imagine. Thus, Truth 'n Purity came to Grasp: it a day dawned that, "Dirt were you Born, to returnest to Dirt": Empty-Handed Come, Empty-Handed Gone ... so a lil by lil, formed a Philosophy: "You only GAIN, what you GIVE" ... Help Humanity; Not your own Self-Self!

Learning thus so early, that Seeing was Un-Truth ... Lampions big of Light, Blinking 'n Flickering, so Blown-up in Multi-Fluid Colours in the Deep Depths of the Cosmos' ... factually were, Else-Things in the Else-Where? Where? Questions to be Posed 'n Answered: allowing the use of other Senses, like Sounds, Taste, Smell 'n Movements, in Truth to just Re-Construct the feasible Probable Reality; Intuitively analysing the Crayoned Cricks 'n Cracks of Chalky traits, I justly Heard, the Black-Board Talk back to me: 'n Revealed by PIIag $\delta \mathrm{c}$, the Writing on the Wall ...
so Un-Veiled, the False-ho-d of the Persons of Convenience?
Rhythm of Daffodils (Wordsworth) ... $\mathbf{5 6 7}$ Words ... A Single Phrase ... No Punctuation Mark

## 41.

(Vaticano
$\begin{array}{llllllll}\mathbf{S} & \mathbf{W} & \mathbf{A} & \mathrm{L} & \mathbf{L} & \mathbf{O} & \mathbf{W} & \mathbf{S}\end{array}$
no punctuation
Visions-3- 1993 Org. thBk-E-5b p-044--168-

of

swallows behind a swarm of swallows and

> pointless reasons of flying
and of flowing disappearing
gradually dissolving far away
and without a point and even a
very and a very small half stop and I
say it too by such simple words of mouth
without pauses or commas or
any points of rest just
flying and high flying
swarms of swarms of swallows never
never ever coming to a stop a fullstop
this phenomena observed at vaticano roma and confirmed over ka'aba makkah
for birds being very proper creatures miraculously hold the clean as flying
you have to See the Sound the Sense the Sensitive all in a Single Swap
strangely it is one Sentence without a minimum Punctuation Mark

## Ca P <br> ＇rween <br>  <br> ＇in freta <br> 3

BGE 5

## c

Travelling ．．．in ．．．Europe－3 ．．．

## Volume IV

．．．Roma ．．．Italia ＊Basel＊．．．＊Schweir＊ ．．．Deutschland
．．． $1994_{(\mathrm{Jan} / \mathrm{Dec})}===>199$（Jan）$\quad$ ．．．（Written＇tween 54 of age ）．．． English is myne Miss－sTresse．．．Tariq Hameed （Beowulf）．．．An Anglo－Saxon EPIC Poëm ．．．

## Colour Code ．．．on Page－114－165－

## Dedicated to ：

．．．IR I S ．．．Blue－Eyed Blond ．．．Who I Never Found ．．．
$\begin{aligned} & \text { ．．．Perfect Woman ．．．Who Me Never Found ．．．} \\ & \\ & \text { or perhaps }\end{aligned}$

$$
\text { to Know to Learn to Live ? do then Try,, to Read my B } \underline{\text { Be}} \mathbf{- 0} \text { ks !!! }
$$

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

## tayles trieen struts' in frels... 3 THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

| BC-OK |  |  | Volume | Themes | IV |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| .? | Roma | ... ? |  | Thinks-1- | -6--006- |
| 66. | Milano | A NET-WORK | 1995 | Cynical-1- | -11--259- |
| 67. | *Basel* | The HAND with A DAGGER |  | Reality-3- | -12--260- |
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| 69. | *Basel* | The LITTLE GENTLEMAN |  | Manners-2- | -14--262- |
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| 85. | ${ }_{\text {* }}^{\text {H }}$ Hannover ${ }^{\text {* }}$ | FLORES | 1995 | Illusions-4- | -51--299- |
| 86. | *Basel* | COCKS And ROOSTERS | 1996 | Philosophy-5- | -52--300- |
| 87. | *Basel* | A Strange LOVE STORY |  | Reflection-6- | -58--306- |
| 88. | *Basel* | EBENBILD |  | Cynical-4- | -64--312- |
| 89. | *Basel* | KUPFER KOPF |  | Philosophy-6- | -66--314- |
| 90. | *Kassel* | The LADY whose NAME I Never Knew |  | Manners-4- | -69--317- |
| 91. | *Basel* | Playing with A CAT |  | Tenderly-4- | -71--319- |
| 92. | ${ }^{\text {* }}$ Mülheim* | TINA and the MERCHANT | 1996-23 | Simplicity-4- | -74--322- |
| 93. | Roma | I Or U ... I Owe You all ... $\mathrm{I}+\mathrm{U}=\mathrm{V}$ | 2010-23 | Comically-5- | -76--324- |
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| 96. | *Basel* | KASHMIR | 2013-23 | Reality-6- | -84--332- |
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| 98. | . Paris. | And Duly the WORM Followed | 2015-23 | Nostalgic-3- | -96--344- |
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| Append | ${ }^{\text {Trosen }}$ | Kublai Khan (Italiano) | 2023 | Dreams-3- | -Ap-KKO/1- |
| QEDs | "Troyes | Qura'an-Struct Truths Al-Fateha | 2023 E N D | Reality-Q- | * $134 \rightarrow$ 159* |


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

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

My Father ... Election Commissioner: received many Political Parties Presents; all Pervaded without Pity! 'Twas strictly Forbidden, to All 'n One, to touch anything in-coming! Once I took an Orange 'n Paid a 3 days Preclusion: Only Oranges!

Thus, Learnt I ... the $11^{\mathrm{th}}$. Commandment ... THOU shalt NOT CHEAT thy EAT!
My Mother ... $1^{\text {st. }}$. Lady Doctors, of the Continent: one day, she murmured in the kitchen, with a school-mate; so asked, what 'twas? "You owe him 3 cents"! "I owe No-Thing to No-One? Pay, 'n I jump 10 meters"! Him sent off, she asked, "Why Risk your Life, Son"? "Or I Res ect what you Teach me? Or am Lyer? Both Ways, such Life's NOT worth Living! Thus, Learnt I ... the $12^{\text {th }}$. Commandment $\ldots$ THOU shalt NOT SELL thy Soul!
? Roma Italia Who am . I ? (1993) ... V o 1 u m e Qr-001
 vi-

Born: 29th. October, 1941
Papa: Khan Sahib Mian Abdul Mama: Bégum Méraj Hameed Sis: Tahira Hameed Bros: Mian Kausar Hameed Server: Ashraf Mian Bihari

## Ustad Mv Masters

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

Primary:
University:
Advanced: International:

| Tariq | Naturalised French | $\ldots$ | $16 / 01 / 1978$ |  |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| Hameed | Hijrat Authorised : Pakistan | $\ldots$ | $16 / 01 / 20 \underline{11}$ |  |
| Suharwardi | UK Accorded : Join Family | $\ldots$ | $15 / 01 / 20 \underline{15}$ |  |
| $\ldots .01 / 03 / 1943$ |  |  |  |  |
| $\ldots .16 / 01 / 1948$ | $\ldots$ | Papa pass | $\ldots$ | $16 / 01 / 1957$ |
| $\ldots$. Teller \& Confident (Illiterate) | $\ldots$ "Bury me in Thorns as in Life" |  |  |  |


| (Taught Script, Think, Hon ur) | $\ldots$ | Scribe of Qura'an (Uncle) |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| (always offered me a cup of tea) | $\ldots$ | Pqus ${ }^{\text {c }}$ (Classic) |
| (a chain smoker) | $\ldots$ | Poëtry (Lenin Prize, 1962) |
| (Died in my arms) | $\ldots$ | Theater (Writer \& History of) |
| (Think Wrist not Mind) | $\ldots$ | Noori Nastaliq (Calligraphy) | (He invented the Modern 'Fonts' in Urdu \& Arab) based on studies of Hazarat Ameer Khusro ... Darbar-e Balban, 1272\}

St. Anthony's High School ... Lahore
Government College (Ravians) ... Lahore, Punjab
Institute of 'Chartered Accountants’ ... England \& Wales Systems of Production (on Computer: '69-'74) ... Europe: Latin (South)

Global Primary

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

## Inventions

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

## Concepts

6. Qura'an Evolutive Dimensionnal structure
7. Qura'an Translation Methodologies simplified
... Unicode.org Consortium
... NADRA Nat. IDs +200 Millions
... Microsoft : Atomic Alphabet
... Quod Erat Demonstrandum ... *Euclid*
... QEDs Vahis Revealed ...
QTMs Word under Word ...
(The Third \& Multi-Dimensions ... of the Qura'ani Structure "Revealed")
Né : 29ème. Octobre, $1941 \ldots$
Père : Khan Sahib Mian Abdul
Mère : Bégum Méraj Hameed
Sour : Tahira Hameed
Frère : Mian Kausar Hameed
Serviteur : Ashraf Mian Bihari
Ustad $\quad$ Mes Maîtres
8. Hafiz Muhammad Azeem
9. Feroz Nizami
10. Faiz Ahmed Faiz
11. Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj
12. Ahmed Mirza Jamil

## \{TH 'Atomic':

Premier :
Université :

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


| (Maître Script, Pensée,Hon ur) | $\ldots$ | Scribe de Qura'an (Oncle) |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| (m'offrait toujours une tasse de thé) |  | Pqus_que (Classique) |
| (fumer en chaine) | $\ldots$ | Poésie (Prix Lénine, 1962) |
| (Mort dans mes bras) | $\ldots$ | Theâtre (Écrivain, Histoire d') |
| (B)enser Poignée pas trête) |  | Noori Nastaliq (Calligraphie) | (Il a inventé des 'Polices' Modernes en Urdu \& Arabe) basé sur les œuvres de Hazarat Ameer Khusro ... Darbar de Balban, 1272\} St. Anthony's High School ... Lahore

Government College (Ravians) ... Lahore, Punjab
Institute of ' Chartered Accountants '... England \& Wales
Systèmes de Production (sur Ordinateur '69-'74) ... Europe : Latine (Sud)
Internationale :

## National.Chart.of.Accounts.fr sur Ordinateur $\left\{{ }^{*}\right\}$

Premier Globale

1. M.I.S. (Géant Industriel : BSN) \{*\} 1970 ... Fabrication (Verres) : . Paris. $\{*\}$
2. M.I.S. Base de Données : Liquides (Ciba-Geigy) $1973 \ldots$. Basel*, *Schweiz* (Chimie)

## Inventions

3. 'Atomique' Urdu \& Arab Alphabet
4. 'Atomique' Urdu Clavier (Ordinateur)
5. 'Atomique' Urdu Ordinateur (Localisation) Concepts
6. Qura'an Evolutive Dimensionnelle structure
7. Qura'an Traduction Méthodologies simplifiées
... Unicode.org Consortium
$\ldots$ NADRA Nat. IDs +200 Millions
... Microsoft : Alphabet Atomique
... $\underline{Q}^{u o d}$ Erat Demonstrandum ... *Euclid*
... QEDs Vahis Révélés ...
... QTMs Mot sous Mot ...
(Troisième \&̌ Multi-Dimensions ... de la Structure Qura'anique "Revélé")

| $\begin{gathered} \text { New TH } \\ \text { Scope } \end{gathered}$ | $\begin{gathered} \text { Gold } \\ \text { Bil'ghaib } \\ \hline \Delta-1-1 l_{-1}{ }^{2} \end{gathered}$ |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Ciel } \\ & \text { Dark } \end{aligned}$ |  | $\frac{\text { Cyan }}{\frac{\text { Actual }}{\text { Insan }}}$ | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Canary } \\ & \frac{\text { Danger }}{\text { Insan }} \end{aligned}$ | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Pale } \\ & \text { Chaos } \\ & \text { Insan } \end{aligned}$ | Pepita | Fauchia |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| $\begin{gathered} \text { *Created* } \\ \text { R G B } \end{gathered}$ | $\stackrel{0.1}{128.12}$ | Attrib | 2. Pro-N |  | $\xrightarrow{\text {. } 20 . \text { Conjeg, }}$ | 5. Verb | 6. Concept | 0,200 | 8.8.8.8.8. |  |

0. Basel* $^{*}$ *Schweiz* $\quad$ Surprisingly

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

The difficult word was my Passion then, my reason to be ... Learned ... when young: which has now Changed to the easy word, my reason to be ... Heard ... so Old !

## Info : 1981 . . Tariq Hameed

It is interesting to note that at this Age I was extremely myopic but refused to wear corrective glasses. Visually everything Impressed me as blurred blots of Strangely imprecise Colours: as such I resorted to other means for precise Understanding and Comprehension. I Started to analyse Senses and Sensations and very often my descriptions are simply based on how things are perceived, rather than what is perceived. Thus, all Senses are mingled, that in the End, All's Introversion ... ALL becomes ONE ... the perfect UNITY ...
in this manner, the Humane body is fully used and consequently impregnates itself with Knowledge, instead of simply Knowing Knowledge, un-Knowledged!

Thus ... in perception, all Senses are Unified ... composed and recomposed ...
... Surprisingly Specific ...

## Dedication

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

## Rosy in Heart

$\vee$, Rosy in Face, Rosy in Spirit, Rosy in Soul ...
So Lived my Rosy in my Being ... Rosy Forgotten 'ner ...
Was she, or was not ... One'll never Know ...

## ... Roma : Italia

This is a be-g on Beauty
This is a BC-Dk on Beauty

So Please DO NOT read it
written with Beauty.
if you cannot Beautifiy your Life
or Live on with Beauty.
This is also a be-o $k$ on Human Beings
Beautiful Beings who can become better:
It shows no ways no methods
but it can Hopefully make you feel deep inside
that you can be better and much better
than you probably are or have been;
ONLY willing.
There is Absolutely NO violence in it.
So Please DO NOT Read it

## if you try your best

NOT to be better.
UnFortunately, to become known, since commerce is now
Our Sole Soul, Dearly, very Dearly;
This bo-ak must be published: and costs are costs,
(So any publisher), if not wholly and Purely and
totally and plurally Insane, would want his money back;
Hard! But it's not his Fault! Pity! None's Fault!
Sincerely I apologize for it! And I am very sorry;
'tis not my Fault either:

## Not am I of man, who made the Rules of Man-Kind!

So Please DO NOT buy it, specially
if you have NO excess of money.
Probably, one fine day, a Dear fine Friend
will loan it to you
in moments of lonliness
this handsomely lonesome bo-ok on Beauty
with Beauty:
so res ecting PG-gred Beauty
and (my bG-ogk on Beauty Abandoned!) Dear, Dear Friend!

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

Ruminations
Thinks-1c-
(1993)
"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

There is Nothing more Deadly in the Universe than a Spirit rejecting Beauty!

This is dedicated to my Love; Woman that I once Loved! Once upon a Time! To whom I tried to show something different; Purely Pure Beauty! Ever so!

But when I Wrote such Beautiful Words ... she only Closed her eyes! Both eyes!

And when I uttered so Beautiful Thoughts, she also Closed her ears! Ô both! Then when I laid bare Beautiful equal Feelings, all hers, even Closed she her heart. And she refused to accept Beauty and Truth! And Knowledge! So that in the end there was Nothing left but a cold wall of Stone, immovable; behind which laid buried a Spirit who had once Lived and throbbed, beating: and now vibrated no more; for it had refuted to see Beauty and Truth! Oh! So I talked on to myself, Gravely fronting this Hard Tomb of Stone so Hard! And I travelled on while speaking to everything, from Star to Star,, touching a Spirit after a Spirit and logeoking deep and more deeply, deep into the hearts of Men,, until all was totally burnt out in me, destroyed, by the Suffering, leaving only Beauty, Pure Living Beauty inside: and now I want Nothing. And the Light of this Beautiful Beauty, I Gift to whole Humanity! With only one prayer: "If you want to see Beauty, Real and True, Purely Beauty", Please try to have a heart; so our World becomes a Paradiso: or otherwise, or otherhow, continues to become an Inferno: for you or for those around you "!

For, of Totality of our Cosmos,, We have so Little Time,"so Short a Time to Learn",
of Ourselves of our Loves of our Lives of our Thoughts of our dolOm," 'n of our Errors!
To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the Last syllable of Recorded Time;
And all our yesterdays have Lighted folds
The way to Dusty Death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking Shadow; a perer player,
That Struts 'n Frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is Heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying Nothing.
66.

Milano
A NET-WORK
Cynical-1-
1995)

She was not a Woman! It was only an assembly of ligaments, all linked together with holes in 'tween, that in the end, it seemed only a net-work of holes,, where in the place of the heart $\boldsymbol{\bullet}$, was also Visible just a small net of very, 'n very many big knitted knots 'n whole holes.

And this net was Completely useless, as all its holes were totally uniform and elastic, for they were made out of strings of False Words; False Words so elastic that they could be modified at ease like rubber bands and had by no means, any mean meaning, where even a Sacred Word like "Love" just extended and extended to Null, so that it became a very loooooong "Laugh"," $n$ 'n but something not very Funny!

No fish or anything meaningful was ever caught in this net,, because Truth became Falsehed and only mobile Water and mobile Words remained substance in the 巨mptiness of the holes of these knots ... for they kept on flowing through and through, back 'n forth 'n forth 'n back,, as the only utility of this not was ... that it linked a lot of holes together and gave them a form and a name: just an empty net!

And that is probably the Wisdom of the meaninglessness; for only this meaninglessness made me aware that there are people fabricated out of an assembly of holes, all netted together in a rational scheme of Emptiness,, where Echoes of Sacred Words are just Senseless blabbers 'n blasts!

Thus this net-work of Life had strangled me. For I had Fallen in Love 'n had vowed sincere Words, which just Echoed back from empty holes in the net ... I todel them True, not Realizing that they were just coming from the Void of a Woman, who no longer was a Woman,, a reduced mobile strings amass of a net-Work of blutters!

Once, I had a dog. And there was more Love in one single bark of hers, when she saw me; instead of thousands 'n multi-thousands of Promises, of a Pair False Woman! So that day, I ate in the plate of my dog, with lots of Love,, because the soup that the Lady had dished me in a half gold-plate, just mowed through: meaninglessly, thru a net of holes in it ... the same like her Bmpty heart,, of just Empty nets of holes full!

Moral : Dogs Bark, but False Women Bite!

67.

## Basel

The HAND with A DAGGER
Reality-3-
(1995)

## She told me that she Loved me not!

Her hand was open in defense: as if I was offensive, as if to push me away. And into her open hand, I put a dagger: a very curvy and edgy dagger,, so that it cuts easily. Then I asked her to strike me with it; that all be finished in a compatible and a Friendly way.

But she did not strike? Confused perhaps she was, or Timed: or inexpert to fend off ardent Lovers! Then to make things Softer for her, I Tore open my shirt and laid bare my breast, the only breast I've had, all attentive and innocent: for Trust she had in me; and Trust had I in her. So asked I her, to Fault not this Time,, all 'twas so easy 'n so willing! What's better: be eliminated by a regretting beLoved, or an absolutely un-Known $\downarrow$ heart-less another; at least, one day she might Remember you," $n$ or be Sad 'n regret later.

But struck did she not! And the Tears in my eyes were brought to me by her Dilemma. These Tears I hid,, by telling her that they were just Pearls Gifted to me by my Mother, on a long-Forgotten anniversary. As they were fragile, it did not Really matter if a dagger Broke them in pieces, because my Masters who had taught me so much, had also taught me that, 'twas better to crush Purely Pearly-Tears rather than that they Fall on the flo-gr, 'n that them trample other people, under their unconcerned feet.

Still she held her hand and strike me did she not! Then with a Pensive gest, she tog-ok my handkerchief, the one with which I had dried my Tears," 'n she Wiped the sharp blade of the dagger with it, to make it Shining: 'n laid it aside, near me, saying Thoughtfully, "Please give me Time! I must Reflect" !

And I todek her hands and kissed them, those Sweet hands which had refused to Waste a useless Life! My useless Life! Who had Suffered more, she or I: I'll never know, for discrete as she was," so very discreet, she never told me; never ever told me she,, anything anyhow! Do you understand something Friends?

68.

Basel＊
TWILIGHT FADRY
Dreams－2－
（1995）
Dream Children！Have you ever seen Sparkling Dust．Just ordinary street Dust Sparkling like Stars： Dust that you pick up from the road，from the Earth，that Sparkles like Stars ．．．so saw I in my Dream！

Well you might not Believe me，but I did see it，，just ordinary Dust that scattered all around，twinkling like the Nightly Mill．y－Way．If you were there，little children，you would＇ve Really aMused yourself．You could play with it，，to you it would seem，that your Sweet eyes $\underline{\underline{c}-\underline{0}} k$ king at me were distant Star spots；and that your Soft Smiles were blossoms Sparkling from the Heaven＇s private Gardens！

So＇twas one day，that a lil $æ ⿸$ passed in my Life．People Imagine lots of unReal things about æries． Someone from a æry－Land，with a frry－wand in one hand＇n a Diamond Crown on the head，＇n so all clad in dentelles＇$n$ in luxurious Silk：Silks of luxe．But this 『æry was Completely different．She was only Light Light，in Twinkles＇n Twilight．And she only used to come when you had a Sad heart $\boldsymbol{\bullet}$ ，beating alone in the dark，so that she could make your Lonely Night，Smile．Are you Really hearing me ．．．or are you already sleeping，my children！

No－body ever knew when＇n why＇n wherefor came she from，＂＇twas her Pleasure to bring Happiness to Lost Lovers．And then all became Light＇n Airy＇n Dance＇n Laughter．Like she would have made you Laugh now， my so little one，if she would have seen you all rosy＇n snug，pinching you on the cheek，to give you a then Tender kiss．So she was all Light，Light Light，，so Light＇n Shining Light＇n sometimes even a very multi－Coloured Ray of Sun－Light，when she was tremendously Happy！＇N when she used to put her foged on the Dust，the Dust just flying about her，all around her＇n with her，shrouding her Del cious form all over in Sparkles＇n Gaiety＇n Smiles．

Thus I saw her from afar．And whenever tried I an approach to her，she just said＂Thank You＂and vanished；leaving my hands full of Sparkling street Dust，，ordinary Dust Shining like Myriads of Twinkles in my hands，leaving me waiting and waiting long hours that she make another apparition，in another Time，another Space，another Universe：＇n another Lovely Lonely Night ．．．a Night Lonely＇n Lovely ．．．with the Twilight Færy！

So take this Star Dust from my hands，my children，and have Sweet Dreams in these Airy－Lands，of the æry－Lands forlorn．That＇s what I saw in a Dream，，in Lands－æ⿸ry forlorn：Sweet Dreams，my sweet children！


## The LITTLE GENTLEMAN

Manners-2-
(1995)

Often he used to roam around in the bazaars, clad in a very simple manner,, and speaking simply with everyone and eating in strange Dirty places, without any high manners. And when people sometimes out of surprise for his simple refined ways used to ask him who he was, he used to tell them, very Naturally who was he. And they used to hold their Breath saying, "No. So simple. The Son of the Big Man"? To which he simply replied, "Which Big Man? He is just my Father": a Father who had taught his Son that NO errors were 'n never permitted, and that in every circumstance of Life, however stressful or Hard may be, whatever the sacrifice may be, he had always to remain True and constant: constant and True,, for he was in Reality, "Very a lil little Gentleman".

Often he used to roam around in the pields which circled all around his house. Fields through which ran a little Stream ending at his home,, to Water the Gardens and the plants, an Earthy Paradise. And small animals and Birds used to run and take refuge in this house when they were chased by hunters: a Haven of a home, a Forbidden and safe ground,, where his Mother had placed a lots ' $n$ lots of pots and jars on the regaf: so well so, that all free animals and Birds could hide themselves, in a case of danger.

Often he used to save wild animals. Happened so, that once a stranger, a drunken hunter, to pass through, pointed a gun on his chest. He was only eleven years Old but he replied seriously, "Sir, in this house, ain't Killing no animals". "That animal is mine. It has already been Wounded by me", retorted the hunter, Furious to have his way barred. But he replied again very seriously, "Please don't worry about the animal, We'll cure him 'n set him free, when Time's ripe". Nobody was at home, but Fortunately for him, other people saw this scene which could have turned to Tragedy, a big Tragedy; and intervened telling the drunkard hunter who he was, this little man, this little Gentleman,, determined and firmly standing in his way, "The Son of the Big Woman". The Big Woman who had given up her profession of a doctor to bring up her Family and who used to treat people free of cost,, if they were in need: 'n so was very loved 'n Res ected. And he simply replied, "For me she's no Big Woman. She is just my Mother". A Mother who had taught her Son that a principle was a principle, and no matter what the danger was to be faced, he had always to remain True and constant,, Wisely "A little Gentleman".

Often he used to sit with his servants. He had many servants, but one was his special favorite: who had crossed squinty eyes 'n couldn't see very well,, but was an encyclopedia of Wisdom. This so Faithful a servant stog-gd always at his service and never let him take even a glass of Water by his own hands. And he was a fabulous 'raconteur'. He used to tell him stories which never ended, stories which carried on for days and nights and which only toge a pause when one of the two felt sleepy. Simple and Beautiful stories in simple and Beautiful language,, language which came from the heart $\vee$, a language which had behind it lots of deep Thought, simple but Beautiful, Thought efficient, Thought Wise ... a bed, a sheet, a glass of Water, an Old pair of shoes 'n a few clothes, that's all he had in Life; 'n that's all he asked from Life! And whenever expressed he a wish, 'twas always the same, "When I'll Die my Son, bury me under the Shade of a thorny Tree, that I can rest in Peace,, so 'twas my Life, a bed of thorns"!

And this almost insignificant Being, his favorite servant, Loved his Mother so much, the Big Woman, as often he used to call her, that after her Death, he wore no other clothes than those made by her own hands for him,, until they were Torn in Shreds, repaired 'n re-repaired ... a perfect Living example of a Pure simple Loyalty

He possessed Nothing and everything 'twas given to him, was gifted it to the peor; apart from a pair of shoes which he kept,, if he had to go somewhere! And this enormous personality used to say to lil him, "I've taken a Life to teach you that in Love 'n Friendship, all that counts is Gentleness 'n Faithfulness. Never forget it. Promise it on your Hon ur, for my Hon ur's sake when I'm gone,, that you'll ever remain True 'n constant: my little Gentleman".

Often people are like everyone else: but he had a Particularity ... He wasn't like everyone else ???
Often in Life, fore and later, lil Gentleman used to get the best propositions,, rich propositions, all to whom he always refused flatly. There were even people who inquisitively and covetously used to ask him, "They say that you have such a big house, that you cannot even count the number of rodems in it". To which he only replied simply, to ease their idle talk: "Over twenty regems, plus fourteen quarters for the servants, four Gardens around, about a hundred Trees, coupled to triple as many plants of flowers. People call it the House of flowers, because there is no Season in the year when it is not full of flowers. But it has Nothing to do with me! It's all my Mother's Idea"! And to the Despair of his Mother, when he refused every eligible proposal of very pretty candidates,, he only used to reply, "Mother, they don't want me,, they only want Herr Haus"! And his Mother used to kiss him saying, "Yes, Ô Son I know," because you are always True and constant: my little Gentleman"!

And Often so ... he renounced to all Worldly gededs and went in search for Perfect Love.
Experiences he had many. Loves he had many. Loved he was much. But Real Love he found None. Or probably, None him complied ... to his own private interpretation of LOVE.
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Vows
E.
Loftiest
Of
Bternal

Very Often what's lofty 'n what's Bternal's difficult to be Understig-od or guaged by common mortals. It is much easier to Understand what is low,"the Brain does not have to Think or Struggle. "Low Love 'n no Vows", that is the rule of Man-Kind ... And who does Believe in the 『ternal ... only idiots, you will say! Idiots who have Nothing better to Think "of" or "Think off"! And people Laughed, "Low'! He's 10.0.0king for Perfect Love 'Love Loft'. He's 'off' his Rranker! He can't search the Dternal' forever, ever, our per little Gentleman"!

So often, finally in his little Gentlemanly search for Love, Life was Destined to come to an end. Thus came the Time to part. And depart he did ... On how he went away, there are many opinions. Some say that he who wanted Nothing on this Earth, by a tricky Farce of Destiny was obliged to accept by cult, six feet of Earth as much below as much above,, for as long as he did not rot ... for even little Gentlemen ... must one day rot!

But often, others say, that God was Clement. He who didn't want anything on this Earth excepting Love, God granted him to Die; on moving 'n changing Waters ... being unConventional to common usage, and also per his last desires,, he was thrown into the Sea, that some strange affamished beast may be satiated; so wishing his last, that he be a little bit by bit useful, in his final ' n lil duties of a lil Gentleman. And he who never disturbed even littley anyone in his lil Gentlemanly way; but disturbed for the last Time, just about five feet of Water: feet five of Water; but very very shortly: only a duration briej of Time, the Time it requires a lil Gentleman to disintegrate.

Strange that, often but a few people Cry and Wipe Weeping, the Tears from their eyes ..
'cause Often, Nobody Really knew little, our little Gentleman,, even a lil bit


## The BIG WOMAN

Thinks-7-
(1995)
"
My Son, I'll give you more Liberty than any Parent can ever give a child. You are your own Master 'n you decide everything for yourself. But if ever I hear, that any of your actions has put a black spot on your name or our name or that of our Family, you'll l-Dse all, especially our Esteem 'n our Trust!

She was very clever, to keep me on the Right Path.
God gave me the Mind of a devil, 'n enTrusted it to my Mother to make it function as an Pingel. All, that's wrong, distorted, abnormal or irregular, I see it immediately, 'n I give myself the trouble to adjust it, to only just put it Right! Thanks to her,, many many Thanks to her!

## For she was a very Big Woman!

She had Underste-9d very early, that no chain could hold me. So the only way to do it was to give the ends of the chains in my hands,, so that I would chain myself in and remain into 'n unto the limits. So she Started: as a first step, to give me a Sense of responsibility! And then taught me, that Friendship or Love was an Understanding of equals, and of Res ectful partners: otherwise it could not work!

My Father had a heart $\vee$ of gold, coupled with an extremely Intelligent Mind: but all his actions came basically from the heart. My Mother also had a very open heart,, coupled to a very fine and Psychologically acute Mind: all her actions being controlled by the Mind, her heart remained very balanced. Together they made an Ideal Couple, Completely different and Completely integrated. And contrary to normal Couples, the Force and the Passion came from my Mother while contrarily, Tenderness and Love came from my Father: 'n the so-called "bread-earning" of course. He never intervened, just controlled discreetly from behind the scenes, leaving all the drive the initiative and the decisions, to the Absolute dominion of my Mother ... for she was a very Big Woman.

She had organized the house, an immense house, on a sort of democratic feudal basis; where she was the "Queen": the last Authority. People could Live in the separate part of the house, which were called the "quarters", sort of small r-0ms, on one condition: that they never had a dispute among selves. But she chose these people very carefully, one from every profession: paying least rent, exchanged services in the house and gave us a hand in its working. So we were the only house in the whole town which had its own taxi-service, own washer-man, Gardeners, baker and lots of other professions; all at home. It was rather aMusing, for as there was no Internal telephone in those Times,, we just had to shout at the top of our voice ... so that somebody come arunning!

She had a very big Mind, 'n a very big heart $\vee . .$. Sicks-Care Free ... 'twas a very Loved Big Woman!
In the evenings, when the Air was clean, people used to take her bed out into the Garden, for her bed was her only Throne. And she used to sit on it, this little Queen, hearing the Lives of everyone, complaints of everyone, problems of everyone, and used to dispense her justice for about an hour or two, arrange everything, organize everything; proposing compromises on disputed issues, and by her Authority ... made people accept them. I have never Known a more democratic country in the whole World: and it was the smallest country in this entire World,, so let us say, about a half by half a kilometer of a square, in all.

By us, the punishment of Death, or Prison ... didn't exist. It's counter-part, was the threat of throwing Someone out of the house. Needless to say, anybody who had joined the clan, automatically became a part of the Family; and Nobody had ever gone away or was ever rejected or left ever our house, excepting sometimes when they got married or found a New job ... or something of the sort.

What an Irony of Fate that when she got totally paralyzed and her Brain functions were much reduced, thus so she just lay on her bed,, her Throne: and people for years used to take her bed out into the Garden, might in and day out; and sat around her Throne, and spoke to her like she was still the Glo ious "Queen", and all treated her ever with Res ect as the Glo ious Big woman that she was ... 'n had been.

How much do I miss my Mother, years after she's Dead ... 'n how naughty I used to be with her.

She was a heavy woman and could not run very much. Thus when she followed me, to give me a spanking, the little devil that I was, I used to run away. So she invented a New technique: she used to throw her shoe after me, of course a Soft shoe. Once or twice, I got the shoe on the back or on the head and I was very upset: it was against my Hon ur. So I also Worked out a Newer technique ... waiting around the corner that the shoe just pass by," then cleverly fell on the fle-0r shrieking that I was Dying ... or something similar of this sort or other.

I told you, I am a little devil! Or am I not!
The whole house-hold stopped. Servants we are called in from every angle. Delicately I was picked up and tucked away into bed. Then the feast Started. Every possible Fruit-juice or drink was offered, the best things to eat were proposed; and all types of specialties were brought in from every corner of the town. Thus clever, I managed to have a Wonderful convalescence,, without being sick, very reposing and very Loving; but only had I to moan from Time to Time. It is not surprising that, that the True Strategy became Underste-0d after about three or four days of Absolute care and cure ... but often only because of a Really g6-0d indigestion.

And we replayed this from Time to Time,, when I needed care and affection. The process was very simple. Make her angry, hide around the corner that the shoe or slipper flitter by, Fall down on the flogr and howl and shriek and Cry like an unleashed clever lil devil and wait for the feast to Start. And she always played the game. Of course she Knew the Truth, but as we had never lied to one another, she made me Understand that she Loved the game also, but within limits. So sometimes I got cured very quickly and went off to sleep with my head on the Soft big belly ... the Soft big stomach of the Big Woman,, of the lil Queen!

She had taught me, to always tell the Truth: whatever be the price ... thus oft she Advised me, "But Be Aware of the Midiocre, as the Matter-of-Fact is Taste-less": and I replied, "even Clumbsy": so got a Kiss!

Once a sch-01-mate came to her and asked her for small money and while she was counting, by Chance came I and Questioned, "LG-0k! What's the matter, Ma"? "He says, Son, that you owe him a few pennies, that I'm giving to him"! "In that case, Mother, don't you Think it would be reasonable to ask me first. He's just lying and I don't owe him even Nothing" ... "Doesn't matter, Son: it's only small money"!

Small money or not,, I Mounted on the wall of the first fl@r which was roughly about seven meters high (plus wall ' $n$ stairs, making ten); and told her that if ever she gave this money, I would jump and Kill myself. She Knew that I wasn't Joking; but still asked me, "Why ever would you do an Act so unreasonable as that, Son: for such small a money"? And I replied, "It would mean that all the education you have given me was False,, that any Truth has no meaning for you, or that I have not Underst ${ }^{\text {G }}$ - d what you yourself have taught me. In either of these cases,, I become a liar: then Life's not worth-while for me to Live for anymore,, neither for you, nor for me"!

I was only seven years Old then! But that day she Knew, for Sure, that I had Learned my lessons: and sent the boy off ... asking him to never ever, to enter our house again.

That eve we sat nearby,, just labing at each other and none of us spoke a Word. It's True, that she was a very hard Mother,, but she also was a very Big Woman ... a very Big lil Queen!

How much I miss my Mother, who never let a day pass-by without giving me a slap or a beat to teach me something $\mathbb{N}$ ew or important: and never did she repose until everything was not perfect ' $n$ perfectly taught 'n Learned,, Learnt 'n re-Learnt ... Over 'n Over again ... like Learning a 100 Words a day,, spelling 'n meaning ... NO Errors! Thus aged 9, English Dictionary Knew I by Heart $\vee$ ! A Voracious Reader ... had I Read $\mathbf{5 0 0 0}$ bc-0ks!

And since she's gone away, Nobody now teaches me anything! I meet a lot of people, but they are just Soft 'n Bmpty! Overdone foam! Ready to be thrown into the Waste-bin, ô such a Waste of a Waste-bin!

Such an active Woman! And by a Farce of Destiny, confined to her bed, her Throne! Her lasty last Throne-abode, which people used to take in and out for years,, until the day, that they the for for the last Time: to bury her near my Father. And everyone had just one Thought in Mind ... "Return to thy Kingdom of Sand, ô Noble Dust,, for 'tis gifted to very few to make Dust Noble"!

And that day, I was far away, very far away! And I shed a Tear! Or was it just a grain of Sand, or of Dust, in the eyes; a small grain of Sand, as small as a lil Life span!Strange ... How Funny can Ma Nature be?


He was a small Man. Physically! And everything that he did, he tried to do it in a small way, apparently a small way; but where the efficiency was so concentrated on apparently small points, that he always achieved big results: while others Pained and Penned,, but remained always mediocre!

He Learned me a lot of things in Life,, one of which was to accept Nothing free, "Son, never accept a Present. For if it is free and not colligated to a specific occasion, it has strings attached to it: and one day, these strings will make you pay for it," with your Honesty ... obliged to make compromises. So Son never accept a Present if it is not attached to an important occasion, like a birthday or an anniversary; or just a plain occasion of heart $\boldsymbol{\vee}$ : the best occasion of all"... Such Rare Persons have History Written in their Bones !
'Twas an important Man, a very important Man, to gain his favours, unKnown lots of Presents ' n odds ' n paquets, used to arrive at home from unKnown lots of interested people. It probably cost us more money to send them back, than it would have done to have kept them. Once I opened a paquet by mistake. When he came to Know of it, for three days it was Forbidden to everyone in the house to speak to me: 'n I had to write two hundred Times everyday, the following phrase, "I'll never accept a Present,, if ever I feel that one day it could compromise my Hon ur". Terrible education, you'll say," because you are young: the best in the World, I would say, because now I'm Old; for it cured me for-ever, of all action un-Reflected 'n irresponsible.

So was my Father: in face of a principle,, Nothing material had any Value.
He liked to do everything in a sort of a wrong way. Act in the wrong way; pronounce words in the wrong way, reason in the wrong way. It aMused him to see the hypocrisy of others when they were obliged to say "Yes Sir", out of Fear of his anger: and that's what's' Funny ... never ever had I seen him angry!

One day he asked me, "If you are walking back-wards, do you Know where you are going"! And seeing my confusion, picked me up and kissed me and said, "At least you Know where you are coming from. For if you walk front-wards, you might not Know where you are going, but probably you have forgotten where you are coming from. In Life, my Son, never forget where you come from"! Do you Know of a more Sage advise that a Father can give his Son ... oft he Advised: "Son, Wisdom is Ephemere; No-One is Wise or Wiser ... but there still exist many Wise Ways, to do Wise Worth: Son".

At Times he pronounced Words in the wrong way. Like saying, "Am I ing-go the to let-toi", instead of "I am going to the toilette", or bage-cab in place of cabbage. This was just to teach me, that our reasoning 'n Thoughts are only based on conventions,, and unless we are capable of criticizing 'n putting to Question ...
using our own reason and our own Logic ... we'll always remain very far from Truth.

And he used to write my name in the wrong way, $\square$ from right to left, instead of the normal left to right: thus letting TAR ... become ... RAT.

And so was it, that Lovingly he used to call me his little mouse. And so was it, that he taught me to become a very acute observer of Life: I heard Words no longer and Started Listening to the Sounds of Words,, and the True Sense of Words behind these Sounds, in short ... fathoming the Real meaning Inherent 'n so 'twas it, that I sur-passed conventional phrases and utterances: gauging the Real Sense by Sound.

He would have been a very rich Man," but was not. About half-a-part of the Old town belonged to his Father. Some say, that at the Death of my Grand-Father, when he was only twelve years Old, his elder Brother t $\mathbf{C}-0 \mathrm{k}$ all and left him on the road: it's not a manner of speaking but Really happened as spoken. His
 They were pe-0r," so he studied under street-Lamps, Ruining his eye-sight ... but became a very Big Man.

I Remember once having a $1 \mathbf{C}-\mathbf{k}$ at his hand,, and was surprised to see that the line of success did not exist in the first part of the palm: it Started right in the center of the hand, a Completely self-made Man. Self-made but reasonable,, for he always said, "Son, the best Gift that you can make to yourself, is to pardon everyone: for we all are small Men ... the Little Remain Little, Behave Big to be Big, Son"!

But not such a small Man. He left us an immense house, where only the ground-fle-0r after you had Mounted six steps of solid foundations. A house where he hospited once the entire Village of our favorite servant Ashraf, over two hundred people for six months, so was it, that people were Forced to move out of their Indian Lands during the Pakistan Independence troubles ... however, he settled all of them: finding property or work for everyone: so gब-Dd of heart $\vee$ was the Big Man,, my Father.

Now, talking about the house, on a chasis of six stairs ... Once, the River was in Rage: the entire town was innondated," "Water Water everywhere, not a drop to drink" (Ancient Mariner) ... But, not a drop of Water came into our house: thus we aMused ourselves days long, rowing boats in our 'not now green' Lawns!
' $\mathbf{N}$ he Died so also, the small Big Man: 10-0 sing his health working for his country 'n for his people,, serving anyone who asked him 'n never refusing anyone who needed help. And as a child, I had never Known him to sleep much, Working on the purification of laws,, for he was the biggest Authority on the Basic Laws of Democracy 'n Elections; being nominated all over Pakistan, to set-up the Elections Systems: I Remember a quote in one of his be-0ks (referred to in the Supreme Court): "Elections dominate entire Life of a Nation for a few months: so it's essential that they be Fair 'n Honest". So passed I as infant, in Baluchistan.
'Tis a long Time that he's Dead, now. But sometimes so strange 'tis, that very Old strangers, when they find out who I am or was, and to whom I'm much younger, leave me their places to sit down,, and touch my feet out of Res ect for him: saying, "So you are the Son of the Big Man ... the g-0d Man"!

Funny, he himself never told me who he was, that sometimes from Complete Strangers, now I


How a King could take a trip through the intestines of a Beggar !
(Hamlet)

Two vagrants were playing a Life scene on the street. One chose a red nose and became a Clown,, so that he could disRes ect Society. The other chose Blue ble-gd and became a King,, so that the Society could Res ect him, as Sire!
(Sire, comes from Old English: now Sir)
But we are born 'n borne,, as we're born! 'N even bagged King, beggars'll stay but beggars! Only a Noble heart Hon urs the Dust in which it lies ... Be it you,, be it me, be it it ?

And when the Clown gave a kick to the King in the Kingship's behind, the King became very Furious: "Impertinent idiot! Hey you with the Funny red nose, you must Understand, Clown," you are the Black Knave 'n I'am the red King ... 'n we have a difference in rank'.
"Aye my lord, aye Sir. So right you are. The difference being that one day we will Die. And your so Over-rated an arse would be dug in the ground, so Under-rated; in the same way as mine: but we'll rot 'n rank in the same manner, Sir'. (SIR, is British India: Servant I Remain)
"You must not use such Words on the stage, a Poëtic stage, Clown: its' just not done, before Hon urable Men"! (... for Brutus is an Hon urable Man ...)
"Arse! Har! Har! Your arse, Sir! Serious people can not," but I Smile, 'n I Joke; I'm but a Clown, a Stupid Clown, I assure you, I can yes! I Know what it means: Hon urable people do not Know what it means, even if they are it, in person; and all day they sit on it, on its' person! Hey you there, come here! Welcome, come well on the stage and lets' re'arse our's lines for the following hours," only the Time that this short Life is owed! But if you want to cut short your Life's short stage scene, Sir, see you later, My lord, until we'll stink and rank equal: and Sire, without ranc'ours ... I Bow"!
'N he kept on kicking the King in the Kingdom's back,, who could do Nothing about it: screening 'tis short Life's short scenes span,, in 'tis short hours 'pon 'tis short scene!
" Thus the Greats Glean the Bowls of the Mean ! "
(ReMinds mi of the Grave-Digger Scene)
"Forgetting the UnPleasant": is dubbed the Art of Living, by the Wise ... a Tariq Wise-Crack! An Un-King : hi hi.
Moral : The Misery of the Moneyed-World is ... that a Dead in 'tis Service be Rewarded by a Meriting Celebration
Every year ... for being a True Slave ... that other Fellow Knaves Followers, be Dumped in Hell ... Hon urably !
$\qquad$ Cynical-3-

In Greek Mythology, when Prometheus stole the Fire from the Heavens,, to Gift to Man-Kind, Fire and Light and Warmth and Knowledge, he was severely punished by the gods and Dternally chained to a big pillar: so that he could never move again.

And Humanity punished him also: he who had tried to give them Fire and Light and Knowledge and Power,, by just plainly forgetting him and letting him rot in Pain ... on his Bternal captive pillar.

So it is, that you pay always heavily when you try to Break the Ignorance of Someone, Someone who is a part of a beastly part of Humanity!

Thus, it is evident, why God did not make everyone Intelligent!

For, if 'Tis had made almost everyone Intelligent, what would the remaining Stupid people do. And if ${ }^{\circ}$ Tis had decided to make all Stupid people also Intelligent," what would then these left Intelligent people do.

So 'Tis guarded the gC-0d proportions 'n made mostly Stupid people, tempted by temptations, devil, etc ... 'Cause, while it's very easy to slip from Intelligence to Ignorance, it can also become an Internal Hell ... And generally, normal people do not rise up, or even try to rise up from Ignorance to Intelligence: it's t difficult! You have to use your head, Think and tire yourself," 'n for all the rest of your Life. And out of the few people who make an effort, even fewer do succeed! It can even become Paradise, then. But then, who's interested in Fantasies?

You would be Stupid to try to become Intelligent: it's so hard!

Thus, you leave the risk of stealing Fire and Light to Idealists and idiots, like Prometheus. And, if you have it anyway without making an effort,, you burn your steak on this Fire to fill up your belly: but the Light in your head, you just put it off,, long fore comes bed-Time!

And who cares, if ol' Prometheus was chained to an Dternal stake,, so long as you have your g(0.0d burnt steak in the stomach-full; and you can sleep on the two ears, for years ... surrounding Empty Brains!

So God in 'Tis immense clemence, did not make everyone equal and Intelligent. ${ }^{\top}$ Tis just invented the Fire of Hell, Gifting it to Humanity: and asked the g©-0d Old Prometheus to take a holiday, forgetting ever the Human-Kind ... or the Human-un-Kind!

And giving the free choice to the Ignorant to make the Intelligent," 'Tis assured that Ignorance will always be unveiled to the trained eye; while the Stupid will never fathom Intelligence!

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74. ※Offenburg*
$\begin{array}{lllllll}\mathbf{T} & \mathbf{e} \quad B \quad R \quad E \quad Z \quad E\end{array}$

When she was cold 'n lonely, she used to Cry in the Forest ' $n$ the Desert ' $n$ in all the desolated spots of the Earth, with a chilling 'n a Shrill howl of Pain ... br ... rrr ... eeee ... Zzz ... eee! Ahoy 'n aVoid me! Beware.

And when she was Warm and heart-some, she used to give you small and lilting caresses on the checks, that when a pretty young Maiden out of Joy threw her golden locks in the refreshing Wind, her silky hair loated in the Air and slowly came down like fine Gold flakes and strings, all Happy and mingled without being entangled, every fiber Shining in its own Light," let it be. Be aware!

Then the eyes of this golden young Maiden tola a strange tinge of depth and profoundness, inviting you into deep trouble of missing heart-beats so! So Be aware!

So, escaping, I said to this Maiden one day, shall I Write something for you,"for the subject is Del cious. With my compliments! And she replied, "Not more than two pages, for I do not have the Time. And Nothing with a handkerchief, with which you once dried the Tears of Crying Ladies, a bit of PQ elodramat§cs, I found it, but that handkerchief must be very wet by now"! Now Be aware!

This I Promised her, wishing her that never her eyes be humid by Sadness: that never a breeze be humid,, if not to bring Life, Smiling Life to plants and to flowers and to Ma Nature, thus! Thus Be aware!

And she Laughed with Grace,, throwing her head to the Winds: Winds which were still and standing, probably waiting her commands or probably not; and out of the little breeze so Created, I just found enough Force to turn over two pages, two Blank pages only! Because if there was something serious Written on them, they might become te-9 heavy or to-0 lonesome and Sad then! Then Be aware!

Then on one of these pages, I Wrote, "The little breeze" and on the other, I just asked one Question, to tell me if the little breeze was enough, or she wanted more: "How much?" And very cautiously and very timidly, turning my Lips round in a kiss, I blew her those two pages, moating like a blond's blond hairs!

She Laughed again. And on the first page, she cut out a single Word 'little', probably to make the breeze even 'littler'! And on the second page, of the two Words, she abbreviated the Bnd and the Beginning letters, putting it into one,, to make it even more 'litterer': " Ho-uch. "Funny expression! Probably it was the Word for breezes in her funny language! Who Knows! She must have a funny Sense of Hum ur! Ouch!

Then she threw her head to the still Winds again. And there was more to say in her deep eyes, without a Sound, than people who can talk for hours; or what I could jot down in a hurry on the back of the two pages, while her Soft Silky hair kept on slowly Falling back on her golden shoulders. Beware.

Beauty 'n Truth 'n Knowledge, are same Words! Better, when they are Light 'n Soft like a Smiling breeze! And best, when this Smile is for you! Sometimes! With eyes full of Light 'n Sparkles, be! Be aware!

## The

 OLD BLACK DOG Tragically-4-(1995)

Has it ever happened to you to analyze your Thoughts while you are Thinking. It is as if you had gone out of your Brain and from the outside of yourself, you were $1 \mathbf{0}$ - $k i n g$ in, into the middle of your Mind: and seeing the Thinking functions Work, you are analyzing all that you are Thinking, and strangely enough, even Understanding what you are Thinking!

For most people do not Understand, or like to Understand, what and how they Think!
So in a few of seconds, happened it to me: breaking my full to aVoid an Old black dog, Old black dog dragging himself, out from in front of my way. So strange that I felt as if I had Lost a Friend: because in the state that he was, it seemed to me that he would not be any longer with us," in a pair or impair of days.

More strange 'twas this, that how come I was Thinking of this Old black dog, when I Knew him not from Adam: always supposing that Adam was a dog. All that I saw in those brief seconds was, that he had some white hair: which is also very strange, for an animal generally does not turn white hair out of age. White hair are mostly reserved for the Wisdom of the Humans," Wise or not; even if they are born idiots.

But our black dog was the least concerned about the Wisdom of white hair. He only Knew that Someone had saved his Life,, a Life which he was going to le-Dse anyway, in some short days. And so 'twas it, that I saw in a fraction of a second in his eyes: the Grace and the Abandon! Making me Wonder, that if I was in his case, what would I do if Someone had saved my Life for brief instances, Knowing well that a few steps further on, I was destined to $\mathbf{1} \mathbf{C}-\mathbf{0}$ se it anyway! Do I lick his hand, or just I $\mathbf{1} \mathbf{0} \mathbf{0} \mathrm{k}$ at him with deep thanks!

So it seemed to me that I was $1 \mathbf{0}$-0sing a Friend. Strangers in adversity can become allies in Mind! Or this Friend was only me, 16-0king at myself in my Thoughts: as if in the Mir or of an old black dog, I saw all the ingratitude and pretension of Humanity. But where was he now, this pe-0r black dog! Probably sitting in an isolated corner, licking its Wounds, setting an example to Humanity: that 'twas better to cure one's own set Wounds, than to inflict them on others!

How brief moments can convulse your whole Life, when you have Reflective m-0ds! But the Greatest Words in the World will never touch you, if you have an unReflective heart, a heart and a Mind which can only absorb darkness!

And from Time to Time, Times later, I Thought sometimes of my Friend, this old black dog. He was Surely Dead by now," but how I wished him well and he will always Live in my Minds' eye, forever and ever. For from him I had Learnt that in this immense Universe, the short and still Life-Time of the discreet Old black dog, has the same importance as the turbulent and animated Life-span of young hounds of prey ...
... that we are, that we are, that we are ... 'n that we have become!
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Do you Know what a tiger is, Sweet children! It's Big,, a Big, Big cat with a black 'n frightful mouth 'n many black Frightful lines on the face, 'n an enormous yellow face,, a face which shows big teeth 'n Frighteningly says, "RRR rrroughhh": to try to make you aFraid. I don't like it, when a tiger tries to make my children aFraid. Well, don't worry! If ever he tries to make you aFraid, you just come and tell me: and I'll beat him. Anyway, if I can't beat him in person, all alone, I Promise you I'll ask somebody else, or a Friend to do it for me.

Hey you little one there, whats' the matter: what's wrong. Put a nice Smiling face on for me, Please. Papa didn't take you to the circus, I suppose. Well I Promise you, I will. Now Smile, while I tell you about Tina .. when Tina she t $\mathbf{C}-\mathrm{k}$ me to the circus.

Do you Know what a dog chain is for! They say ... it's for going for a walk. But people have got it all wrong. They put the neck of the dog in the chain to hold him Prisoner and take him where they want to go, not where the dog wants to go. Fortunately, me and Tina were much more Intelligent and much more partnering. She used to let me hold the chain in my hand, as my neck was tor high for her to put the chain on it: 'n she used to take the other half of it in her mouth, to show me the way. Just say, $\mathbf{O}, \mathbf{O}$, ! if you don't Understand! And she did so, for she had a very g-0d Memory and used to Know all the ways around the house. While the Master, that's me, don't you Think so, tended sometimes to forget these ways, as he had so much other on his head: like the daily bread and a ration of Sweets to bring in for you ... my so Sweet ones.

So was it, that one day we had seen a tiger in a circus. Not me, myself, but her; because, generally I do not see anything. I am so much occupied caring for you, Thinking about you that there are a lot of things that I do not see. But she saw everything for me, cats, tigers, flowers, everything. And sometimes she even Smelled for me; everything, grass, Trees, Lamp-paths, car-tyres, cats, everything; including all dog/cat itineraries in the neighbourh $\mathbf{C - D}$. So this day, we had decided,, or Really she had decided ... to take us to the circus. You were still not born, my children, you were on the way, mama's way! And this tiger was there, Big Tiger, who would have made you aFraid, if you were born; but as you weren't, you were safe. Just stop me, if you don't Understand: O, O, !

Thus she t $\mathbf{G}$ - k me on the chain, with a very Lady-like walk,, you Know what a Lady-like walk is, don't you; you swing from side to side, like a duck walking, but much much better; or like when you walk, my little one, when you have your puppy-shoes on: as I was saying, with a very Lady-like walk, told her Gentleman, that's me, to the circus. But it was not for seeing the circus; only children see circuses, dogs don't! but my Tina always had very precise Ideas, she went to the circus to see and verify what she had seen a day before: a big cat.

Now you're grown-up enough, my children, to Know that you hardly ever see cats in a circus. You see dogs, horses, mules or people 10-0 king like them: lions, elephants 'n all sorts of other animals, but hardly ever any cats. Cats are tor independent. They Listen not to Adults, like you there, my naughty lil Darling! So in a circus, if you tell a cat to do something,, she'll do what she wills, or the opposite: exactly like you, you naughty one ...

## BGob

And the whole show will go "flop". But you Know, cats do not care if a circus show goes flop or not. Cats do not go to circuses: and even if they did, they never pay the ticket. So if the show carries on or not, is not their problem,, as long as Nobody gives them orders. Do you still follow me lil ones, just say, O, O, !

$$
\ldots \text { just } \mathbf{O}, \mathbf{O}, \text { if } . . .
$$

... U ... don't Mind ... having a Mind ...

So my Tina tod me to the circus to see a big cat. Not a normal one, for a normal cat she found everywhere, to immediately send her up a Tree, or up a wall; which was Logically speaking, a normal place for a cat,, according to Tina. This Stuff that you chased up Trees,, yo-ho on the run; a big big big big big big big big Really a big cat indeed. Roaming in a mice green Garden is reserved to small dogs; of course as long as there are no big dogs around. Big dogs have their disadvantages, but they have a ge-0 dhing in common, the bigger the dog the lesser the cats: and that can also be bad, because a World without cats could be a Sad place. What will small dogs then chase 'n make 'em mount up Trees! Certainly not Human Beings: there are hardly any Human Beings left who Know how to climb up Trees ... Modern man Knows how to climb cars, boats, planes, but Trees, hah! Strange, that in the days of today, there's no Res ect left for Nature.

Thus in the circus, we found our big cat. The Master had called it a 'tiger', why! Cautiously, we hid ourself behind a big stake, rather solid, and stuck our neck out, in all security,, then 10-0ked in carefully! Terrible! All thick black lines all over the face and all: like a sort of Red-Injun without feathers; and rather big nails. This was a troubling point. A foot almost as big our head 'n full of sharp nails. Dangerous! Already we have to be careful when a cat is under a car, the coward,, she can attack our face and eyes with a quick flip of the nails: like the first Time, when we Knew not. Imagine such a big cat, with such a big flot and so many nails, out in the open ground, behind us,, where we can Surely run fast, but not fast enough! Dangerous! Let's lo-0k at the Master, and see if he agrees on the point! He's crazy! He is just Laughing! Probably he doesn't Realize the Danger! These Human-Beings are Funny. They talk so much about Philosophy 'n Politics 'n all such junk,, but when it comes to Really important issues like cats, they don't have a clue about the high principles involved, and can't see eye to eye with a dog.

So the Tina, disappointed for once, with the Masters' level of Intelligence, just decided to drop the whole Idea and walked away with her Lady-like walk,"swinging from side to side, like you little one when you are going to a picnic, ' n not a circus. Determined and a bit angry, decided that if ever the Master 1 $\mathbf{1} \mathbf{-}$ ked at a pretty Woman, she would just lignore the whole matter, with the same Abandon and lack of responsibility, that the Master had demonstrated, when she risked her Life to go and verify a very big bad cat in a circus! At least together we could have made him aFraid ... or at least, made him/her climb up a Tree.

## Masters are not anymore as solid as they used to be!

Say yes, if you've underste-0d all, my Sweet children. Because, if you didn't, just tell me so and I'll cut out that paragraph and write a New story ... then yes, Please say, O, O, with Love, my Darlings!

## BC-ok

77. Roma

## The LITTLE BIG MAN

Thoughts-7-
(1995)

Of all the people who served me in my child-h-0d, there was one who was my favorite. My Mother had taken him quite young, as her personal servant and he so remained, always: the most Faithful Being that I have ever seen on the face of this Earth. We had got him married, we had given him Lands, we had found rich houses in which he could go and Live and be Happy: and he used to leave everything ... and came back to us.
"Madame, its' in your service that I've Lived 'n 'tis in the service of your children,, that I'll Die"; he used to say to my Mother. He kept his $\qquad$
He was Completely illiterate: but by his Clear Thought, he could put Wise Men to Shame. He was born with eyes crossed and beyond his nose could not see anything Clear,, but by his Mind, he saw more Clearer than any far-sighted people. He had never read any b-0ks containing stories," but the stories he invented to keep us awake, keep us aLive on quiet evenings, never ended. And in over twenty years, I never came to Know how the affair of "The Red Færy and the Nasty Giant" ... finished.
"My Son, Imagination is the most precious Gift of Nature: use it, do not sleep on it! One day, when you will Understand, you will frame my Words in gold". This Imagination was the biggest Treasure that he had gifted me; and I frame his Memory in gold, this small but big Man!

He Knew Nothing of maths, but used to tell me, "Remember, my Son, in this World, two 'n two never make four. People will add two and two but will always come out with a different result,, what is in their interest! So beware of a person, where simple Logic does not Work! And Enigmatically he used to add, "Do you Know why Giants lock up Færies in haunted Castles"? Then in the case of my negative Answer, replied himself, "Because these Ladies in distress, so let themselves that Giants can lock them up,, taking all the blame"! Dear Friends, now you Understand, why the adventures of the Red Ræry never ended, they thus exposed to me this small big Man.

And when sometimes he was in a more Philosophical me-0d, he used to say, "If you want to Really Suffer, my Son, try to bring Someone out of their Ignorance. Humanity punishes severely he who tries to save her: the biggest example is of a Gentleman who they later called Chrisl. The Word is so close to a Cross: they so him double-Crossed; first selling him and then doubly, putting him in demonstration on a Cross,, a cheap Cross equal to the price they had paid for him, only three pieces of nails; where even the two sticks were not of even length .. to carry on symbolically their uneven justice up to the end"! So you see, that even if he could not see very much, but to compensate, he had an extraordinary vision ... my favorite small big Man.

He'd an extremely developed Sense of sarcasm, also. Like once he told me, "Son, be what $\mathbf{U} \mathrm{r}$ ever, where-ever $\mathbf{U}$ r: 'n never forget, what $\mathbf{U}$ were, when born. King or beggar, we all came out of a Dirty little hole! So in Life, accept all with Humanity 'n Humility,, but never accept two things: to became a do-man or a chair-man! 'Cause when $\mathbf{U}$ r a d $\mathbf{C}-\mathbf{D r}$-man, people nod to $\mathbf{U}$ when passing, but they are only bowing their head to the dC-0r that $\mathbf{U}$ guard. No dG-0r, no nodding! ' N when $\mathbf{U}$ r a chair-man they kneel fore $\mathbf{U}$, but they are only kneeling to your big back-side, which sits on a chair. No chair, no kneeling! 'Tis a strange habit of Humanity, that supple 'n bendable back-bone becomes ossified and rigid when selfish interests are fulfilled or deviated. Thus 'tis that Res ect vanishes on Fallen Thrones and superficial Friendships vanish on Lost statuses ... for hypocrisy Lives on stolen Smiles"!

How much I miss this small big Man. Most of the lessons that he had taught me, I have forgotten. It is only when Life gave me a kick in the back, that a Light Awakened in the Brain and I Remembered what he used to tell me, "This you will forget, my Son. But when you'll be hit hard in Life, then you will Remember my Words. It is Natural to make a mistake once in Life, but Learn and be careful not to make the same mistake twice. Making a mistake once is Human, not to Learn from it, is Stupidity; and aVoiding the same mistake another Time, is the only Wisdom"! But he Knew that Words of Wisdom have no meaning unless they have navigated through Storms of troubles, so he just used to Lovingly tap me on the head, saying Softly, "Son, just Mind my Words when you need them: and I will land after you from the BeYond". But, I never could Imagine, in the exuberance of Youth, what he meant, this small big Man ... who so much Res ected my Mother ... the very Big Woman!

For, for me, he was always there, always around, always $1 \mathbf{c}$ - king after my every need: and when I was Sad, for children without reason sometimes become Sad, while when we are Adults we have so many of these reasons to be so, in such situations, he just used to make me Laugh and Wipe my Tears: which no one does now! "Smile, my child, Smile. And Remember the pe-0r Man whose name was Smiles. He had had a tragic Life and had never Laughed. Then one day, he met a Lady who was called Tears and he felt so Sad for her that he decided to make her Smile and so sacrificed his Tragedy, only to Wipe out her solitude and Sadness. And do you Know who they had for a child ... a Beautiful Son called Laughter"... like would I like you ever to be, my Dear Son!

How much I Loved this small big Man, my favorite Old servant. In Life there is so much to Cry about, that it's better to Laugh on it ... 'n that's what he said,, always ... Out-Laugh Loud All Problems Stout!


She was Chanting a Melancholic Song of Love. And behind her Image, you could see an Image of a Garden. A Garden that was moving, all green, giving the Impression that there was in this World an immobile part of Paradise, all green, which was fixed and static and it was only her super-imposed Image which was moving about in it. Moving about, but without any motion,, without even walking: as if she was Moating around on Air, cushions of Air, giving Truth to the Words of her Melancholic Song of Love which spoke of none other than a Lady Lost in Love, loating around in her Imaginary Garden of Eden!

Thus it is in Life also that so many things are super-imposed. If you 10-0k at your finger, all the scenery behind, you see double: and if you lak at the scenery behind your finger, you see double.

And we say that Truth is what we see, what we Think!
But also we Realize when we see double, or Think double.
Then where is our Truth?

We travel in a train and a part of the scenery moves so fast, that it is Completely blurred; another part moves more slowly ' $n$ is Clear: ' $n$ what is furthest, does not seem to move at all,, making the whole seemingly turn around itself, in a circle; while we Know that we are going straight: but inside this composed whole, seems as if we are moving in the opposite direction. So where is our Truth! A fly's eye with its' thousand facets will see all Clear in focus at any speed, from Zero to Infinity: does so then a fly's Mind, so little so miniscule, see more Truth than us! Or does Truth exists on own self," 'n even seeing it, we cannot perceive it.

## For our perception is only relative 'n partial.

And so goading at the face of Life, the face Started dividing itself in two, four, eight, ' n more 'n more Images, super-imposed, like lots of Lives were carrying themselves out simultaneously,, or that all the different happenings of our Life were all unwinding out at the same Time 'n we could see thousands of Images of ourselves all super-imposed, blurry and Clear like lo-0king at ourselves, from the Beginning to the End, out of the eye of a fly or a bee, a bee which can never wink, never seems to sleep, filling our Mind sometimes with night-mares of Loves Lost, Tender gone-bys ever Live and Living and never forgotten even if we try our best to super-impose them with New Happiness,, but all being temporary, all slowly vanishes ... until we are left with a fist full of super-impositions $\mathbf{l} \mathbf{C}$ - $\mathbf{0}$ king out of a bee's eye at our Myriads of Images of Pastinessess!

So the Song went on with a Melancholic trend.

A Song of Love ... like so many others.

And behind this Image of a Garden,, a Garden as ordinary as others, where in this Garden were many movements; so many movements and so many flowers, all in Harmony ... all dormant!

Then very slowly, this Garden Started to move,, as the bee flew off. And the bee flew-off, to labk at the flowers and seek their Honey. Then while it sought its' Honey Gently," Gently the imperceptible Sound of its wings mingled with the JJusical Jotes of the Song, seemingly as if even the ears had developed thousands of hearing centers,, that in every inaudible vibration you could perceive hundreds of tones of Sadness and Happiness; never Knowing what was in the Past, and what was in the Present, if Present 'twas: or 'twas only a figament of Imagination, a mingling of a Myriad of super-impositions: as its' desire to be.

Till in the end, all disappeared in the closing of an eye,, when the lonely Lady went off to sleep: waiting for her Lover.

So when her lids drooped, thus dropping a drop of Tear on the petal of a flower," $n$ this Tear become dew: then this dew penetrated into the heart of the flower,' 'n slowly transformed itself into nectar. The bee saw all this super-imposed, with her thousand eyes, a whole Life-cycle unveiling itself simultaneously in a brief instant: and she then sat down on the apparently insignificant little flower and stole its' nectar,, to convert it slowly and Lovingly with a very hard labour, into Honey.

Probably, she had co-related these super-impositions of the heart-Breaks of a beLoved and her small little Brain had Realized in its' deep self, how much Pain must we Suffer to make Life Soft 'n Sweet.

And she Gifted her Honey to the Aches of Humanity!
But Humanity does not see the Pains of a bee.

Humanity only sees blurred super-imposed Images which are never very Clear," $n$ she has to constantly move her eyes to focus them.

Pity that thankless Humanity
... ... ... can not be $\qquad$ only a bee
... ... ... and not $\qquad$ nor never can see $\qquad$
Logical $\qquad$ . In the Beginning, so there was $\qquad$
No Light $\qquad$ No Knowledge $\qquad$ No AlphaBeta $\qquad$ Question being to $\mathbf{b}$ or not to $\mathbf{b}$ ?
$\qquad$ ni Divinity, ni Dternal

| 78. Pescara SUPER - IMPOSITIONS$\ldots$ https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/super\% 20 impositions/ $\ldots$ pexels-photo-8218375 $\ldots$ pexels-photo-4237492 $\ldots$amazing-beautiful-beauty-blue $\ldots$ pexels-photo-671555 ...germany-duisburg-tiger-turtle-106155... pexels-photo-4995043 |  |  |
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In the Old Ages, when darkness fell and lonely nights became totally un-illuminated, folks used to sit around Fires and some gG-0d narrator used to tell stories. But you could not see his tormented face in the dark, which was rendered darker by the passing Clouds of Suffering.

Then sometimes you changed places to get a better hearing, a better $\mathbf{1 C}$ - k at his Presence, against the Fire. And you still could not see his darkened face in the torments clouded by Sufferings of passing darkness, darkness which was not so much passing, 'n remained permanent, forever 'n everywhere,, desultory 'n ever-Present. As if the total dark of Ancient Ages, when evenings were Mysterious 'n nights without lights, had directly passed into a very psychedelic Theater of Life, without any modifications of tension, without transformations ... just suddenly converting itself into a very dark Space,, a dark-r-0m, well equipped dark-r-0m of a high professional photographer: where the Artificial night became Real Life, with all its' Artificial atmosphere; and the so-called Life just timidly reduced itself into a precise but an Artificed Impression,, an Impression that fixed 'tis-self on Paper.

And in this sombre laboratory of Life, where the Sadness of sombre greys was just full white 'n black un-separated, existed no Colour,, excepting a dim and dark reddish fllumination as if the Rays of the infra-Red were invading you from every angle,"'n the Warm Fires of the dark-Ages had taken an external place in the fierce burning inside your heart: where you could not see anything, except Feeling a heat,, heat which might have been a face; 'cause a movement you could probably localize by the displacement of its inherent heat,, but a Smile you could not Sense and a hand you could not feel; even so to s-0the yourself temporarily, or to ease off a moment of tremor. Then slowly the emitting light of your Thought traced out a dark face, ' n as if by $\mathbb{P} \boldsymbol{T}$ agac something happened to the Blank film 'n so to the virgin Paper ... metamorphorising the Pain of your Thoughts, burning out parts of the emulsion of Life, dark spots Starting to appear before your eyes, dark spots seeming faces, or faces of happenings. And if this happening was a Laugh, it fixed itself forever on its Shade, forever static,, like Happiness captured in Stone ... immovable! But if the happening was a dolorous Cry, the Tear became frozen 'n never fell on the ground.

So was it, that in an instant, an instance of your Life was burnt in on Paper. And all the instances grouped together, from Real positives became inverted negatives, Memorized into a film, where you could with Great difficulty, vision a face in the dark. But it was only other people who could see the film of your Life, objectively; and that also only if they played it against an Artificial Light, rightly concentrated, calculated and make-Belief!

For you yourself, you never saw it, as you yourself had developed it in the dark, trying to make Sense out of things by Working them out in the dark, the dark-rom of Life with lil or no Light. And if you tried to replay it back, the film of your own Life, somehow it became all Past 'n Pastiness: leaving but Memories, ô dolefully gone!

And your own Past Life seemed not Real anymore: fixed against the Light, alone, facing the dark, solitarily alone in the dark ... just guessing 'n guessing, which were these ever passing faces: for 'tween the darkness of Memories 'n the un-lightness of by-gone Ages, there is only one difference ... Flames do not Crinkle 'n Fire has no Warmth, it only burns: carboned Memories of ... forgotten ... forgotten faces in the dark ... zG-0med!

| $\mathbf{S}$ | $\mathbf{T}$ | $\mathbf{U}$ | $\mathbf{P}$ | I | D | I | T | $\mathbf{Y}$ |
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Manners-3-
(1995)

## Stupidity is amplified when one takes Pride in it.

## And Ignorance is the Crowned head of vented Stupidity.

"Two things are infinite; the Universe and Human Stupidity", once said Einstein, "... and I'm not so Sure about the Universe". Knowledge, even immense, is always totally Incomplete; but total Stupidity is ever always auto-sufficient and auto-propagating ... Ignorance is Misery in Thoughts!

I would never have Known such Delicious things. But it was my legendry Luck, that by Pure Chance, I met the most illustrious specimen of its Kind ever Created on this Earth. 'Twas Stupidity sublimed, 'n concentrated 'n Purified 'n reincarnated in flesh 'n ble-0d, 'n skin 'n bone. In le-gks, it didn't Really differ from other people, but you just had the uncanny Impression that if ever it cast its eyes on the
 even if no sliva actually sort of dropped out of its astonished mouth,, but it gave the definite Impression that if it could, it would. And God Knows that it is so difficult to dre-g over a banana.

Or if you uttered any Word whatsoever in the Universe, even the simplest,, he would somehow manage to give the Wrong Reply. For such a gaffe, in our language, we have a very simple classification ... "Question Wheat ? Answer Rice"! Frankly, it is very difficult to make such an allegoric statement Clear to the Western Mind: they just cannot Think in over-mode. There is Nothing more wrong than replying rice to wheat; but it's just not done. Full stop! You can reply what you want: barley, oats, maze or even corn-flakes, with or without Milk, even dehydrated ... but for Heavens' sake, not 'rice'. These basic necessities exist, but two poles apart and have Nothing in common. Since thousands of years, Civilizations have been divided on it. Wars have been won and Lost. And bG-0ks have been Written and burnt. The 'West' generally eats wheat, bread, pizza, cakes, etc. But take any damned Oriental Land, even undammed for that matter,, and you will find that they are mostly rice eaters; day after day; they eat rice, rice, rice, and more rice, etc. And a sort of mice Softness of rice, accompanies this difference of Cultures.

Take a slant eyed Chinese; even if his guest keeps on saying un-qualifiable idiocies,, he will just keep on Lowing 'n bowing 'n bowing 'n Lowing; saying with a high-pitched voice, "Most Hon rable guest, most Hon rable guest"; and while Lowing more and more, his eyes will keep on becoming slanter and slanter, because inside himself, he probably feels like giving a kick on the back of his Hon r-and-able guest. While, on the other hand, a wheat-eating Western, who just doesn't care a h-0t for such politeness, will not have his eyes going slanting (for just reasons, or he'll Start $1 \mathbf{C}$ - $\mathbf{k i n g}$ Chinese) and will bluntly and dryly blurt, "You are just talking ... (quote 'idiocies' unquote), your Hon $\mathbf{r}$ ". Here we Sage y leave a Word out, out of Res ect for the ultra-fineness of our afore-mentioned and re-mentioned, Chinese host.

However, all this is leading us tor far away from our main subject. Stupidity. Which opens the Question: What is Stupidity, then?

Never ever having found a convincing definition, I have invented one of my own: "It's Gods' Gift to un-tormented Minds, the Power of not to Think 'n be able to Live in a straight and closed Universe. They do not have to $1 \mathbf{C}-0 \mathrm{k}$ far, because they cannot see far: they do not have to Think far, for because the maximum point of fore-sight is the tip of their nose: and they do not have to hypothise far ... for anything so far-fetched, seems always unReal! Ô Bliss, that I be Ignorant"!

They Falsely say, that God made Man in 'Tis own Image. The Question is ... is it also True in the case of the Stupids personified. It must be, but probably 'Tis was $\mathbf{l} \mathbf{C}$ - king at a defective Mir $\mathbf{r}$ at that particular Time. The problem is, that if 'Tis in 'Tis total Wisd m, also made the Stupid, then there was a Reason to it: and who are we to critise 'Tis Reasons! Or probably 'Tis is only showing us that 'Tis can do better: and then very cleverly leaves us the choice to follow a different path, to become better than we are! So who are we to critise or Laugh on 'Tis initial Creation, "'Tis Master-piece of the Rudimentary"!

Thus it was with awe that I Realized my basic mistake. And I went to the first Stupid person I met, and I apologized personally to it: because in the process of evolution, if it was the basic form, I was probably the missing link ... the imperfect Creation: and I had a long way to go, even before I Started touching Humanity! And I again apologized to it,, and asked it its pardon. And it le-0ked at me in a strange way, a very strange way, almost Thinking, 'now what does he want from me (it): as if I was a sausage or a banana or at the worst of worst, almost with a dre-01 ... which nearly suggested to me that it was about on the point of asking me an Intelligent Question, if it could Think it out quickly enough: "Why did God have to Create Stupid people"? And to this, I had no reply,, none so ever.

## And I felt Really an idiot!

And it just kept on simultaneously Thinking of a banana,, and drc-0ling when it did not have to, and winking an eye when it should not have; and saying things which it did not need to: and being itself unFortunately when it should have forgotten to,, and it pointed at me, when it should have la-gked at a Mir $\mathbf{r}$ and pointed to itself: rather than to point to ... me!

But with a tremor, I went and asked its pardon. For in the unexplained Wisd $m$ of things,, it was also made in the Image of 'tis Creator! And I only had to put my eyes down, to see myself Clearly in the Image ... ... ... myne Image ... ... ...

Pretensious and Stupid,, as only I could be!

MORAL:
The first step towards True Humility is to ask to be pardoned by all the Ignorants of the World! Difficult, for they do not Know what you are talking about $\qquad$ so where do we Start ???


The frog had a Crown on the head. And he himself had put it on, thus letting the World Know that he had a Crowned head. But as he was a frog, all he was able to say was 'croak'. So, he passed his whole day saying 'croak' with a Crowned skull: that at the end of a tiring and repetitive day, his whole Loving Court used to hold their heads, in 'n with their hands,, for at the end of the tedious day, they had 'croaked' heads and not Crowned heads, for being plain courtiers, they had no Crowns on their now croaking but common Cranes.

Such is the rule of this World,, that when a Crowned King, even if a common frog, says croak,, the beLoving courtiers must also Start croaking to gain in esteem of a Crowned Crane, which not only Cracks alone but can also make you Crack: reducing you to a Stupid Crack, but no Wise-Crack. This is a rule which Fortunately does not apply on me; as I am no Crack to begin with and no Crowned heads with Cracks in their tops, will ever make me croak and Crack-up,, if I do not myself want to Crack-up and croak.

This adventure Started, when I saw a Beautiful frog, all sculpted in fine and transparent jade, True in its light green vestments, with a small Crown on the head, of Pure gold of course. A few steps earlier than this frog, was exposed an even more Beautiful object, an exquisite boat,, or to be more exact, an Old-Timer ship: a sailing ship with sails and all, all carved out in a light colour amber and which was loating as well in a Sea of amber, in small cut-out uneven pieces of amber, big as marbles or Stones and Pebbles; which in this very limited Space gave an immense Sense of the unlimited, just by the surprising Sparkle of its Harmoniously unequal intensities of vellowish and goldenish tinges.

And while I was thus bending down to appreciate this Marvellous Creation,, another Mar ellous Creation, a pair of Beautiful legs, gave me a kick in the back. I precise, just for the sake of the records, that only one leg gave me a kick; for I must admit that while the pair as a whole was a Delicious composite unit, only a half part of this Delicious and un-separable unit had decided to seek company of my humbly bended back-side: because our Learned Lectures Know very well that, physically it's tedious to give a kick (simultaneously) with both legs, raising them off-ground at same Time,, unless U're a very big specialist of karate or kung-fou or ...
... pas - fou (that's French for King-Fou)!

Being a Gentleman, as sometimes I can also be a Gentleman when an emergency situation calls for it, I apologized immediately trying to got out of a delicate Dead-end: for it could easily be mistaken by strangers that, what was that I was 1G-0king at ... at and on which was moating a boat ... a boat which in its turn was being observed by a Lady half-bending down also at about the same height as that of the boat, and while 1-0king at this interesting boat, interesting because it was just Art, Pure Art all Lightened 'n concentrated; this over-mentioned 'n under-estimated Lady had just inadvertently picked-up her leg," a part of the mentioned pair, exactly at wrong Time. So do I define a kick. But just have a distorted Mind, take a photo-shop and what do you get: a Man, a back, a Lady and just a leg; hi hi ...

## BC......

 mouspesI admit that I have a certain likeness, even let us say, a strong weakness for a Beautiful pair of legs: 'n I do also confess that I like to $1 \mathbf{C}-\mathbf{d}$ at them with Gre care ' $n$ attention ' $n \mathbf{W}$ ork them out in detail; but in private quarters,, not bending down openly in public. For Heaven's sake. So my only Great intention 'n desire at that given moment was to dissolve instantly in apologies, very much like a cheap quality of coffee; just make myself less Visible very rapidly or do the dis-appearing trick as if by $\mathbb{P I T a g}{ }^{`} \mathrm{c}$, saving what little I had left of my Hon ur, to save.

Not at all! The Lady just held me by the arm, not letting me go like the 'Ancient Mariner', talking of boats and Ghosts, and albatrosses: and said, "Not at all, Mossier! It is Destiny. Thus is probably how Fatalily wanted us to meet anyway"! I almost dropped out of my pants, manner of speaking. Hold on! Du Calme! Warten, bitte! Langsam, bitte! Aspettiamo, prego! Damnation! I had a terrible envie to relate to her, that normally, I could accept that a Lady gave me a kick in the pants to termine a relationship,, when all was over; which in Life had hardly ever happened to me: but to receive a kick, to Start off a mice and healthy Life-long Friendship,, specially with the robust, athletic and sort of determined pair of legs that she had ... where could it all end!

So fishing for Ideas, or an inspiration and a reply and just plain Air, I offered her a coffee,, not a very expensive quality like above; but a reasonably economical one in the next bar around the corner. Just for precision's sake, I point out that we had met each other while roaming around in a very top-level Jewelry exhibition, where I had neither the will nor the means, to even Breathe on the most inexpensive object exposed, so a modest-priced coffee was about the height of my Aspirations. And this I offered to her, of g-0d heart, for something in the depth of her Intelligence, intrigued me. Needless to precise, that we were in one of those so organized and developed countries of the World where people take national Pride in making long queues and not jumping lines, so the simple ultra-cheapness of the coffee you pay by the over-spending of Time in waiting,, but in this particular case it suited me fine, because you do not have to be a Master of genius to engage a conversation while taking a cup of coffee; inspite of the fact that some people pretend to be so by bombarding your Intelligent analysis of World Politics or such: but they are just common frogs with Bmpty Crowned heads and so ... out of our dominion.

Thus seriously I $\square$ Positively by Clearing my throat, and croaking out some Stupidity on whether the coffee was Warm or not,, when finally we got it, because by the Time we got it, it was cold anyway: so much for the g-0d organization of a so well organized country. I name no names ... It begins with sCH sssshhhh + the end you can do yourself! But that is besides the point,, for the Silence of our eyes while sipping cold coffee was something unBelievably eloquent. And it was so funny, that inspite of the tremendous Silence that was inside us and surrounding us, where people were going and coming all the Time, we had never stopped talking even for a second: to the point, that when I had falteringly uttered my first phrase, "Don't take me wrong, or this as a misplaced compliment, on such a short acquaintance of yours,, but you seem to me to be exceptional". To which she replied, "I never seem, Mossier. I always am True ... You are very right ... I am exceptional".

Holy cures! Better 'n better! She will not let me Breathe! And the circles of my small Brain, I used over-Time to come out with something sensible to say; but at least three Times in the next five minutes, she uttered exactly the same phrase as I Thought by Mind and Started to execute by tongue: 'n rightly at precisely the same instant, she came out with the same phrase,, but Naturally 'n without Artifice. That finally at the third attempt, I
asked her if she was Really copying me or something and she retorted, "I do not copy, Mossieu. So you do not Believe me, I see" ! "But how can you Believe the unBelievable"! She was stealing Words out of my mouth. What can you do with a Woman like this! This left me no choice and I tried my escape strategy, saying firmly, "Lets' take a walk". And her famous by now, legs, did not refuse. Very Intelligent on my part, ironically you will say; but I had a plan all prepared in my Mind. My Old Friend the frog ... asking him to lend me his Crown as the proportions of my head at the moment seemed to me as big and as concentrated as his: 'n then to say 'Croak'! For as she was tor Intelligent to say 'croak', I couldn't put in a Word more than her. Cheating, you will again says; anything to win against a Dame, I'll reply! Illusions! She must have intuited my intensions and Completely ignoring the Kingly aspect of the frog, flyingly said, "He is Really Ugly", and just tC-0k me away, sort of half-hanging and half-dangling onto her arm. And to Dust, down to Cinders and Dust,, my so basta: my carefully planned strategy ... stratagem!

Can you Imagine my desperation. A New born baby, launched into this hard and unwelcoming World," Completely at the mercy of a Woman. A pleasant one: OK. A pretty one: also OK. But still a Woman. And certainly not made out of any frog material. So I tried my very ultimate recourse. Gasping for Breath, trying to Think of something original to say," I triumphed, "What do you Think about Men". Genius ain't I? A Real He-Man approach. But cold Water: and icy showers: that was my Sort! What was supposed to be my ace card, did not at all put her off balance. What should have thus taken her attention off my confused Mental processes, just did not distract her the least. And this Time her reply was even more surprising. "Ha". Imagine that ... only, "Ha"!
"Men! Ha! Which Ha Men! Children! You mean"! Twice she said Ha! Ha! Like she was Laughing or just saying, ha, ha," to emphasize that she was seriously saying Ha! Ha! Or sort of Laughing. Honestly, I do not Know what! "Children! At least thats' what the modern Woman and the modern Mother makes them to be. How is it by you in East, I don't Know, but at least by us," Women have to Work and become more aggressive and Masculine and bring up Men who are smaller in stature,, so they can be controlled easily and better. You do not see it yet, or very Clearly now, 'cause it's told recent,, but already my generation Suffers more than those of my Parents and our children are definitely worse off. Just $\mathbf{l} \mathbf{C} \mathbf{k}$ at the divorces which come so quickly after hasty marriages ... and the children of the children of my children will not be Men anymore; they will always just be, and remain children! Because there will be no more Feminine Women enough, left ... to bring them up as Men".

Very Logical. Achtung, bitte! And I blinked my eyes, like I was used to blinking my eyes, when something got in them. Logical. And it was with relief that I Realized that she was after all Human, very Human,, so very much Human, 'n coupled to a sharp Sense of, I do not have the Words, 'logical' Logic. Non-Feminist might call it Feminine Logic, but she had her own stamp to it: she being neither False, nor a child ... a Real Woman, in fact. What she had told me in the first place, that she was exceptional, was Really so, True 'n Exceptional! When she had asked me that I did not Believe her, her Doubts were also well founded. Thus thanking her for her sincerity, I apologized for my lack of 'credulity' and requested that if ever I could do anything, to be pardoned; anything that was in my Power, being a pe-⿹r and insignificant Man," she just had to ask it, name it. And she accepted. Cou teously.

Cou teous and Natural: Truly Naturally saying, "I want to eat a chocolate, Mossieu"!

Now! Now! Du Calme! Take it easy! In a hall full of gold and Diamonds and Rubies and what not and green jade frogs with Crowns on their heads,, all such useless and unattainable objects for my needs or means how do you go about finding chocolate. So I tried to dampen her enthusiasm on such Lowly ge-dds; saying that it was probably available outside and that once we had finished seeing everything, I'll take her out to a very Romantic place, a very nice Smelling place, like a super-market,, where she could have the choice of all the chocolate in the World; so she could pick and ch-0se and satisfy her small Fantasies and her adorable Stupidities according to her own taste. But she insisted, "Mossier, chocolate, I want it now, not later when it is already melted ... and I do not feel like it any longer". Logical, my Dear! Ahem! Myself Feeling more chocolate than her, immediately stopped a passer-by," who, I apparently tried to give her the Impression that I Knew since a long Time, to be more authoritative: and who seemed to Know everything in this exhibition worth Knowing about since a long Time, a Real Authority, specially on chocolates," and I asked him something apparently in a language that apparently she did not understand and so reported back to her with an apparently very Saddened face, that as far as chocolates were concerned ... they were to be found, ahem, 'apparently', outside. Back to point one. Stop.

Fortunately, she accepted my convincing argumentation to make her stomach ulcers wait patiently, saying to me suddenly that at four O'clock she must go away,, which was an Idea that I did not appreciate at all; for specially as she had given me the first and only kick so far at about mid-day: it just did not give us enough Time for a profound and lasting Friendship,, False kicks excluded.

And at four ' $O$ ' clock, she went away.
And I never Know when I will see her again ... or ever ?

Then I went back to my frog with the Crowned head; loaned-in his Crown to put on my Crane, Feeling Sunk like a lone alone Colour,, asking him to say all else but croaks: because that was exactly how I was Feeling. Remembering her Words, how True she had lolked into me: and this Time, there was no more monsieu or mossieur or monsieur anymore, dilapidated ... dilapidated in Remembrances !
"You have seen the Above 'n the Below, extreme Happiness 'n hard Suffering. You are probably Full 'n Complete: but also probably unReal"! And she Mused on, Musing with Grace, bit aMused by herself, "I never! I've always remained in the middle, no Happiness, no Suffering, but I prepare myself that one day, I might Suffer, and very much so. Then I might also become unReal or Truly Real, for one does not Know what Reality is ... unless one does not kiss it for Real ... ... ... in the black alleys of Life"!

A Really exceptional Woman.

## But she had no Crown on the Head!

I Wonder what stuff Queens are made out of!
If ever you can find Queens just roaming around
In the streets ... or in the black back-alleys ... of my Life !

BILLIARDS on The FL®-OR

Suddenly, all the balls on the table fell on the flc-0r. And strangely enough, all the balls from the tables all over the World also fell on the fllor, everywhere. That in the end, on the fl@-0r of the Earth you could see Nothing other than billions and billions and other billions of billiard-balls,, bouncing and bumping and balancing against each other, rolling on the left and rolling on the right, till it seemed that all were rolling on and on, but only in the middle, for there was Nothing left except the middle,, as this middle extended itself outside in all directions ... right uptil the ends.

And the normal Peaceful Life of people, suddenly was disrupted. He who walked straight, slided and skidded. And he who slided and skidded went straight like a shot bullet,, like he was hit very hard and thus went straight to his hole: and those who were also sliding and skidding buried him in his hole, all whole and Complete, sprinkled all over with balls, balls and all, to lie in Peace,, while over him kept on rolling and rolling more and more other balls and other's balls ... what in short Life is!

Then once, the normal Peaceful Life of Peaceful people tried to make a come-back, stabilize 'tiself and roll over in a more balanced way, but every Time you put a continuous step on the fle-0r, a ball te-0k you off balance and you to-dk speed, like you had already done so many Times in Life when you had to be reasonable and Realistic," but you were te-o hot-headed and you tc-0k speed and went off and hit yourself against a wall. So it did not change very much from normal Life: only that there was no wall so far in the end, so you hit yourself against the end of the middle which was every-where, and you kept on taking more and more speed and there was no come-back as there was no wall against which to hit yourself and come back.
'N the billiard balls just kept on rolling against themselves," 'n round 'n round around themselves, helping you in your quick flight until you found your hole to stop the speed and be finally buried. Waiting that one day, all the billiard balls seeking their holes will find themselves all together under the Earth, slow 'n steady 'n lethargic,, but Peaceful and Peacefully waiting ... that ...

That suddenly, all the balls from the table Fall on the flo-gr. And like a fusion of atoms, so on deeper and deeper you keep on Falling alvew into other hollows which exist deeper 'n deeper until the day that you Realise finally that, Peace is Calm and quict,, while Hell is just another name ... of urgency and hasty options and occupations.

And then your bells, balls, billiards and all, Fall or hang no longer onto the fle-0r !

So help you ... God ... or Someone Else or Other," Somewhere in the middle !


Not that they have anything in common, but the Sound of the title, which just came by accident into the Mind, intrigued me so much, that I decided to dart out a fart with a bit of an Art.

The Question is, how do you play at darts. Well it is simpler than the 'slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune' from the 'to be or not to be'. But it is necessary to take some Time off when your boss is paying you a g- $\mathbf{q}$ d salary for an Honest day's Work, convince a few colleagues to do the same during office hours; because all of you consider that your employer is a driver: who in Reality is never-the-less Absolutely a very open-Minded patron, in the Sense that he is no Racist for he considers that Niggers were the best thing ever Created by the Creator,, specially if they can be closed in walled mines, full of coal-carbon. And he sees no difference 'tween a Slave and a Human-Being, white or black, long as it's not grey: that is white well seen in the night; or colourless, when it is the carbon version seen in the dark, thus invisible, regarding all this talked about non-Sensical Human rights stuff of the modern jazz ... publicity-hunters of jazzy Politiciens !

But, how to play at farts ? There are no obligations nor limitations of Time. It comes Naturally, when it comes: auto-created. Only regretting that Will Shakespeare did not have the will, under-estimating the subject, to write a historical play which would have made Real History," like King Henry the Fart, instead of the Fourth. Imagine how Lively it would Sound, if a horse was converted into a fart; Imagine something so Great as 'horses' ??? 'N the famous lines, "A horse, a horse, my Kingdom for a horse", would become so Lively and common place where everyone could liberally participate, without Feeling Kingly or Noble, for a Noble head is hesitations' prey: thus becoming very unf ... Ful (unfruitful)! Given that in German, fahrt means means of locomotion; modern locomotion: probably with a jet propulsion, a very Illuminated Idea of recent Times!

So the rules of the game, whether its' played in an office during working hours or in the evening in a pub during leisure hours, are the same. You dart and when you hit bull's-eye or an important figure nearby, if you are a gifted one, you fart," with Art. Here I must make Clear, that this game is only reserved to the higher Society, not the Low east-bank cockney ... but the Old-Time City-Bank Bowler Hat with a Black Suit, oft, once a year, or every two years: dry-cleaned. But, for Social Standing, instead of a pub, it's better to fart in the office-hours, in the non-Presence of Women: because during leisure Times, you have better things to do.

Excuse me, but do not always expect me to denigrate the Learned classes, because niggers they are; black hats or half-inverted pumpkins and black suits, inside out, before washing: especially after a profound ge-d Think of Classical Industrial Smog (1962). They are the cream of our Society: a thick Dirty cream for the moment, yes, but still the cream and the fore bearers of culture. Those who would not and could not, 'cause the Classical High-Class Culture Not Permitting, speak to each other, without being introduced And those who just would not move a finger, what ever happened ... the typical British Phlegm.

## BG.a.

 $-$ 1 -047--165-I once Knew two boys who used to come together to office from a distant small town, every morning in train. They pretended not to Know each other, but while one was reading a News-Paper, the other Calmily used to take a lighter and put the Paper to Fire. Of course it was a small Paper, only one page, but other passengers didn't Know it. Nobody moved, or saw anything or commented anything, as if Nothing had happened. Twas so so Funny ... that once they arrived in office, an hour later ... they burst out Laughing!

About an hour later: so very fast, my British Colleagues ... typical British Phlegm.

This carried on for a certain period of Time, until one day, by hazard, there was a Nigger who was traveling in the same compartment and who opened his mouth, without being Presented to anyone: saying, "Hey! He's set your News-Paper on Fire"; what spoiled everything. Thus all 10-0ked at him curiously, as if he'd just come out of the wild jingles Jungles of Africa. And he didn't understand anything either; when the other asked him, after all was consumed ... "Which News-Paper": typical British Phlegm? Not being Introduced?

But those were alas the 'Old Times', the Real Black Bowler Boys' Times ... the Ruture Hon ured High Society, where one must Learn the 'Tricks of the Trade', or fade-out ... well, well, well ... where forever, Niggers are Niggers and figures are figures! Thus arises a Society of 'Contrasts Inherent' ... 'Contrasts Institutional' ... 'Contrasts of Birth and Contrasts of Rank' ... 'Contrasts of Ranks 'n Banks 'n Files' ... Where the 'Deposed Royalty' promotes it's own Brand of Demoncrazy, far unto the 'Huts of Beggary' ... unto the BeYond of their Created Worlds of the Overseas ... of Poverty 'n Hippocrazy !

## Just wishing you GG-0d Luck ... If you give me a GG-0d Buck !

But for this last stage, to obtain this uncanny Mastery, you need a lots ' n lots of practice, and a full-blC-Oded training. So Start traveling on your way to Perfection. And, God bless you, make ge-od way. And Remember, that they say in German, for Luck on the way, "Gute Fahrt"!

So have a GG-0d Fart und Reisen Gut ... But do come back after Reisen Gut Fa(h)rt !
P.S.: You don't Believe all I say? And So But Spake Zarathoustra ...

Thus ... I'll give you a stunning Truth, from our Colonial Background ...
A Nursery Rhyme, which had Brain-Washed our Elders, for Centuries ...
Eeney Meney Mayna Mo
Catch a Nigger by his Toe
If he Screams let him Go
Eeney Meney Mayna Mo!
So Swing around the Head \& when Screams ... let him Gooooooo ... No DisRes ect !
Thus to Hell 'n Dust, our Demoncrazy: Swatch 'n Swing ... Preferably, a Caught Nigger!
PRINCIPLE: A Quality of Brit High Society ... Play Darts 'n Farts, But 'twas a very strict Rule to it ... At Will, Ô Yo-Ho Fart! Bull's Eye was worth a 'pit', a game won was 1; a match was too 2: the end-Contest was by all in Thrice ... 'n Leave-Taking, All for the Team, with due Res ect ... All forth in Four, Hip-Hip Hurrah.

DEAF And
DUMB
Tenderly-3-
(1995)

This is one of the most difficult accounts that I ever underto-0 to Write: after, that I had had a conversation of about ten minutes with four people, just two couples... on the next table in one of those very quick-service restaurants, fast and unEatable fact flod, that if ever eaten by Times of misery, was indigestible, at least for a few days, when on Doctor's orders you go to the toilette and get everything out, always under to do it; otherwise it would all have gone out in one go anyway, specially in diarrhetic terms, or in another literary case: 'Disasteristic' terms.

What is most extraordinary, is, that all those four, both couples, were totally deaf 'n dumb. Imagine being deaf 'n dumb in your own language; so how was it possible to communicate with them, I who did not speak at all their original language: and rather badly my own. But they were full of Life and Vivacity, putting to Shame people who can speak but can not communicate, converse but have no meaning in their Words. And how can I, by imPerfect Writing or Writing techniques, describe a dialogue of mutes, when I have no clue on the sign language: and hardly any on any language signs, anyhow?

But it seemed all so Natural, when one of the boys, who was sitting opposite to me, 10-0 ked at me 'n Laughed: 'n with Twinkles in eyes, made me a sign that if I would want to go away with the girl sitting opposite to him, that is, the girl-Friend of his Comrade ... I could. Uptil this point, it was easy to understand. So I joined my index 'n my thumb in a sort of $\mathbf{O}$ formation, shaking it slightly twice, meaning that the girl was OK as far as I was concerned,, but shrugging my shoulders and putting them rather large, Clearly expressed my Fears, that his Comrade seemed to me a bit t-0 hefty ... for engaging myself in this sort of endeavour.
'Not at all', he seemed to say: then joining his index finger to the thumb, rubbing them three Times, gave his opinion that for his Comrade, all was matter of profit! This expression I Knew from a Joke on those practicing Usury (money-lent). Guess what? When thumb 'n index join, BUT don't move even once? As simply it is the same money-lender, but Dead," 'cause if he'd be Living, h'd be frictioning his both fingers, again 'n again, 'n counting 'n recounting Cash ... 'Cause there's Absolutely, 'No Interest in Death'!

Precisely at this moment, the Comrade finally woke up and came also into the 'conversation': if we'll call it so,, so let's call it so. Have you ever noticed, what a tremendous Res ect deaf and dumb Beings have for each other ... they follow one 'n another in dialogue, never cut the course of Thoughts of the Companions: and never speak all at the same Time. How different to us, Stupidly so-called normal Beings,, who're always jumping on each others' Words, cutting corners on Friends' sentences 'n making immense Noise; without meaning, or without Grace,, for having the gG-0d Fortune of possessing full Powers ... Uncult asses!

So this Comrade at last had his say, and asked in return,, if I would like simply to go off with the girl-Friend of his Friend, the girl who was sitting opposite to me. I explained to him again that she Pleased me a lot, making my usual $\mathbf{O}$ sign, giving it a kiss, meaning even better, and rather tasty," which I had expressed
quite Naturally by a munching motion; my improvisation now becoming quite Perfect, but that his Friend was even stouter than him and so the Danger was heightened ... my shoulders thus becoming larger and larger, and the head Fell so downer 'n downer.
'Not at all', signed he symbolically. I should not be mis-lead by Appearances. And now he put the thumb to the little finger, only the initial third part of it, the first phalanx, expressing that ... his Friend had a certain pronounced defect: and somehow I had a meat Impression that, he was not only talking about any Mental deficiencies ... So far so ge-0d: all was clean 'n quict 'n remained well distinguished. Experts say that one's when born deaf, can't so hear Sounds, thus to imitate to pronounce to speak ... so 'becomes mute' ... at Present there are multiple electronic gadgets in action, to activate their throat muscles, as to aid 'Sound Recognition', that at least they Start to say a minimum ... So far so ge-0d ... But as they were very Intelligent 'sourd et muet' FRench or ITalian 'sourdo muto'," but in GErman as prefer I to remain 'taub und stumm'," they (both pairs) decided to pass me to the Intelligent Quotient (IQ) Test; so to say, thus passing on to the Truly Real 'n Rapid Panzer Attack ... a manner of speaking, in commoner terms ?

So he signed something to his Friend, which Sounded in the beginnings like an $\mathbf{f}$, an $\mathbf{i}$ and a $\mathbf{c}$, three Words or Letters, which had a definite Italian 'Sound' to it. It is rather extraordinary that deafened dumb where are concerned, there's an exceptional solidarity among the Italians: while in the Germanic Mentality, the same solidarity exists 'tween the Accidental Handicapped. I might be wrong,, but it is a definite Impression that I have: and I have never underste-0d the why of the so ... In Nature or in War!

All this was in ge-gd and light Hum ur. Then signing fic, both pointed to a picture publicity behind me, of a Woman advertising fe-Dd. Funny, that in the modern Western World, if a half-naked Woman you do not have, advertising almost everything, from cars to condoms to bras to f-0d, Nothing would seem to Work. This Woman, to put into appetite a pair of hamburgers, was almost sort of posed in orgasm over them, with her double 'head-lights' so near," that you could not Really distinguish where the high-lighting of the breasts finished and the hamburgers Started ... tomatoes 'n ketch-up 'n every-thing on display-menu included.

Then they asked me which of the two I would like to eat, expressing Doubts on the validity of the Woman as a Woman: how they did it, I leave it to you to Imagine, for 'tis Time that you did some Thinking also, instead of giving me the burden of explaining everything ... for $\mathbf{U} \mathbf{r}$ well Smiling also: aren't you. And here my p-0r improvisation ended: because it was ted difficult for me to explain in return,, on how to signal so all depended on the conditions offered ' $n$ the digestion guaranteed. Then I underste-gd their " $\mathbf{f} \mathbf{i} \mathbf{c}$ ": fictitious!

But somehow they also underste-0d, that I had understc-0 $d$, 'n Laughed. 'N 'twas so pleasant to hear those people Laugh,, who cannot hear their own Laughter; how different to normal Beings who can always hear their own Laughter, but imposing a very Funny rule: almost always never Laugh!

Laughter 'n Faculties are Created 'n Gifted by the Giver !!! Riddle Solved ???
for ... 2 times 2 is fore b'for 8 , once 4 'n twice 8 ; not 2 eights, for that's $88 \ldots$ 'n that makes me Laugh !
84. *Hannover DEAF And DUMB
https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/sign\ language/... pexels-cottonbro-studio-4629632
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.... https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/flamenco/ ... pexels-alexander-krivitskiy-102895

| $\mathbf{F}$ | $\mathbf{L}$ | $\mathbf{O}$ | $\mathbf{R}$ | $\dot{\mathrm{E}}$ | $\mathbf{S}$ |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | Illusions-4-

He was a Spanish Lover. And so by tradition, very jealous. One day, he said to his beLoved, "Florès!" (r hard and s pronounced). Florès, as you Know means flower in Spanish. But as the name of his beLoved was also Florès, so this Time when he said "Florès", he did not mean no flower; he meant to address only his beLoved: "Florès", that is his beLoved and not a flower, "If ever a man comes near
... crrrrrr ... ... ...", with an additional gest, of a finger finely running across the throat: he needed not to be very explicit,"'cause his open 'n straight hand pulled horizontally across the neck, had enough daggers in it to make all the petals Fall off a Florès. But apparently, our Florès was used to such demonstrations exaggerated and Calmly replied, "Muy bonito", meaning "very well", message received: and Calmiy and Tenderly 1回-0ked after a bouquet of Florès frescos, fresh or frozen, very gG-0d ... you are Starting to understand very rapidly what I am Writing ... which an Admirer had recently dared to send her,, as a sign of his Admiration: Florès des-Admiraciones.

And our jealous Lover jumped up and fell straight like an arrow, down on his two legs, one in front and one behind, Lips curved out in a Graceful line all undulating in Harmony with the chest thrown out, the head slightly bowed and the arms upheld with the hands crossed at the wrists forming a sort of Florès des amores, fingers immobile and bending: and while the heels click-clacked almost simultaneously, the throat shouted out a civilized sort of savage Sound, "Ole' "! And Florès, las Buenos perras repeated, "Muy bien", pronounced B.N.; and Smelled Gently her banquet of flowers,, adding a little bit of Water to the cut-Cystal vase, posed on the table.
"Y Florès", continued our ardent Lover, tapping more 'n more rapidly his heels on the wdod flo-0r, "don't say, very well, muy bien, automatically, if you do not pay attention to what I am saying", the heels flying in and out in a frenzy of Rhythms and the hands slowly Starting to clap, without caster-nuts," thus producing a very Graceful 'n enlightened $\mathbb{P} I \| s \delta c$ of Dance ' $n$ of counter-Rhythms without any instruments, just Pure Dance, a flower of the flamencos, all dedicated to Florès; who to-0k her bouquet of flowers throwing it Passionately to the spectators, picking up her shirts 'n with a Cry, "Hombre (e hard) if you do not do what you have Promised me, ja ... ... Ah ... ... ha ha ha ... ... You Know what your Florès is going to do to you",'n heels tapping 'n shirt 'n skirt flying 'n hands clapping faster 'n faster she made a circle around her almost fixed Lover by her speed; totally deflowering him with her own Dig ity 'n Grace shouting, "Ole', hombres, Ole', wake up, wake up, your Dancing Florès is now well on the way. Ole' "!

And the sleeping Phantoms of flamenco just woke up and all admiringly le-ged on Stupified ...

Paganini used to be an exceptional violinist. He could play any difficulty or imitate any Sound in Nature on his violin. Some say even that they had heard him Sound the barking of dogs, the cackling of hens and the roosting of cocks," at early morns or Dawns. Evil tongues say that he was a very tall dark man, Sad and always clad in black; and to arrive at the prowess he had with the strings and arch,, he must have sold his Soul to the Devil.

Liszt, once heard him: and was very Impressioned. He was quite young and Aspiring: and he vowed to himself that all that the Master did on the violin, if anything even approximate was possible to be achieved on the piano, he would accomplish it. So he studied, to the extreme of the Human limit,, and became the best pianist the World has ever produced. Of course, he did not have the same Sound, as some tones of the violin,, mobile cords, are impossible to be imitated on a piano, of fixed cords. But he still attained the unBelievable. He was also a very tall man, not dark, but Sad; and also very often clad in black: and some Evil tongues added, that he must have also sold his Soul to the Devil.

I'm Nothing compared to all this. But I have heard stories about Faust and such damned characters. Art, Riches 'n Beauty. So as I was passing well in Life anyway, I also decided to sell my Soul, preferably to a devil or the devils,, as he is the only one who seems to pay a high price for Lost Souls ... as God doesn't ... for 'Tis makes you pay the price and by your person. Thus Nobility obliging, I went to the devil, to try to strike a deal. But the Devil sent me away saying, "Listen, I am very busy at the moment, because of some very important damned Spirits. So Please leave me in Peace. But for your correct information, I just don't buy Souls of cocks 'n re-oster".

I have always considered myself, at least personally, as reasonably han some; even if others, prejudiced Ignorants, think the contrary: so a cock, I am 'n a cock I stay. Thus the whole day, I make enough Noise,, specially Starting early in the morning, galloping behind 'Die Schöne Henne' Sounding and trumpeting the gallant cocoricco, cocoricco, à l'Antique,, so a ro-gster I can consider myself to be. But to be put off so highly, with a disdaining flip of the hand, a "cock 'n a re-gster"; both together, all-together,, all at the same Time ... Ô Well! That's impossible ??? ... Well ... No! No! No! Devils can be Wrong ... Punkt!

Thus I decided to become somebody. And I searched my Art. Finally deciding to Write. For, for Speaking 'n Writing you don't need any special skills. People do it all the Time. And if you take all that's spoken ' n written, day in 'n day out, years after years, 'n you tried to analyze the contents of it,, let us say after about half a century: you'll find that the meaning of all's concentratable ... in only two Words:

Coincidence wants, that about this Time, I also fell in Love. So it was an Ideal occasion to dedicate my, as per me, Absolutely Mar ellous Creations,, all to her. She, unFortunately, who did not have the Faintest clue of what a Creation was? All that she Knew was, is that one day she was Created; but that wasn't a Creation: it had just happened. Probably, it might be the case of some grand grand grand Parents long long Times back; strange people mention such strange things in strange be-oks, but her Memory about it was quite vague: 'n they had left no definite pro-0fs in the Family History Tree,, which was well conserved and up on the wall for everyone to see. Or it might have happened before a certain 'n Known flo-0d which had washed out the ink from parts of the Family chart, where a Great Grand sort of Uncle, was monkeying around on four feet ... and only God Knows better, why he was so A'dam'ned ???

Anyway, that's how 'twas: and four feet or not, I Loved this girl,' 'n determined was I, to Write everything for her. And Really, even if you call me a cock, personally I prefer a roster more; I dished out some Delicious cG-0kies on the menu! Sometimes Romantic, sometimes aMusing 'n sometimes just Nostalgically wishing for Happier Times, those Times when she would also say that she Loved me so ... 'n she Loved mi 'n she Loved only mi! 'N I decided to encounter this bitty difficult Gentleman: Ô Devil again.
"You again"? Said he. "Unload Son, just tell me what do you do"? "I am trying to become a big Writer". He underlined the Word trying, Question-marked the big? And Writer he did not even consider. Not a bad sponging for such a short phrase, you will rightly say. And continued, "My child, I want Souls, where even God would feel a Pang of Pain when I Conquer them; just so that I reMind 'Tis of Me. Take my advice, Son, affairs are bad,"selling anything is becoming very problematic: 'n Souls are Really in a crisis. There are to many around, in offers unlimited. For your own sake, stop playing cocks 'n re-0sters. But I'll give you a Chance. After all that you have Written, only bring me one girl who has Fallen in Love with you," because of the such mice things that you have said to her! Then I'll take your Soul: only 'cause for at least it'll Break her heart, if she cares for you. Now leave me to my problems will you; as I need all my concentration, for I have a very serious Soul to swe-0p ... from under God's gedd-will"!

Please don't get me wrong. It is not that I was trying to Break Someone's' heart when I was selling my Soul. My Soul to me seemed so useless and unnecessary. God had Forsaken it; I could not put it to any fruitful activity: and the girl I Loved, did not even Know that it existed, as if I was a New species of cocks 'n re-osters. So I was practically trading it in to achieve some sort of a Perfection in the Arts: that is, if I was unable to serve Love with my unsold Soul, by selling it, I could at least advance the fineness and Beauty of Art. For when one is empty inside, your own self-Soul you do not even feel anyhow; 10-0king for it constantly: searching it as if U'r lowng under a shoe, and finding a proper Soul: even if not so proper or dirty," for always being dragged around, in the slug 'n so solely mud.

Firstly desperate, I finally decided to take the advice of a part of my community, which I had been totally ignoring so far: cocks and re-0sters. Already, it was so very difficult to explain to a cock and a re-0ster what 'twas a Soul; a Spirit, a ge-0d Spirit: they Thought I was trying to be funny," 'n Laughed politely. Ge-pd manners. But when I Clearly exposed that it was something you had inside yourself, but did not Really Know that you had it,, because you could not see it but you could feel it, 'cause often Times it made you feel gc-od so you Knew you had it: even if you couldn't prove it, they nodded and le-0ked at each other like saying; he is crazy but for his sake, for he is a ge-0d Friend,, lets' play along with his game. Really, cocks have sometimes a better Sense of Friendship than Human Beings. So they said, "Yes we Know, it's something Light 'n white 'n flies about in Air like a dove. We Know that there are things that you cannot do yourself but are possible; for we cannot fly ourselves, but we Know that it can be done: so a Spirit is something which is possible; and what is possible, can eventually exist"! Not very satisfying from my point of view, but there was no other solution: so I accepted this simple definition, by so simple folks.

Secondly the problem was to try to explain to a cock what a Devil was. If I tried to describe that the Devil was something with a fork in one hand, all red and only from sweating and Living in a sort of very Hot place like a furnace, the cock might get aFraid,, that I was trying to make out of him, a ge-gd 'n well-roasted 'pollo al Diavolo', Devil's hen: a very Hot Italian speciality. Morally speaking, a cock is a cock and has many hens, so bigamy is no problem ... or the World will lack eggs 'n hen flesh: so temptations attributed to the Devil do not exist," they are even condoned by the ge-0d Sense of commercial and economical Ethics, or a Real thick lack of Ethics! But, Heavens Forbid, just engage yourself in bigamy without producing hen-breasts: 'n the law will immediately put you behind bars. So how do you explain to a r-gster, what a Devil is? Now you Know very well that physically, the Devil does not have the same dimensions for a cock, as he has for men; so I found finally my Answer: then try now to Remember the Time your Cherie refused to let you touch her; well 'twas the same funny bloke, who whispered in her ear just fore ... and that my cocks understo-0d.

Thirdly a last problem remaining, was the co-relation! Why would this so a funny bloke," whispered who into the ear of his Cherie-Dear before she refused to make Love; just to want to buy my Spirit: or let's say the white 'n light dove which fly's in the Air. 'Tis well-Known that cocks are all right in a Love game: but Philosophy's not Really their Force. So a simple reason had thus to be given to these lil hen-heads. My cock seemed to understand, from my account, that the Devil was a big mass of meat having flying problems,, which's comprehensible, 'cause even a lil cock comes 'gainst Dilemmas in matters of up-rising; so buying a Light 'n Airy dove like Spirit who can easily help to uplift,, was a very logical reasoning. All this was not very satisfactory from the Writers' view-point, but then I Realized that the Human World Works on approximations and not precisions,, and most of the important discoveries 'n such were all made by an error. Just see the Old Christof ... going off-on for India ' $n$ findin' America one of the most colossal mistakes of History. Jesus Christ pe-0r pauper who didn't ever mention that the World was square or round, but the Church while negating that the World was round and Condemning Galilees for heresy for saying that it was round, squared well its wealthy accounts, Crying poverty to the four Winds during centuries! Or Ancient Romans who made History, launching mice on the Alps-Crossing elephants of Hannibal, Thinking that elephants were aFraid of mice: the Truth was that such a Miracle of an enormous beast like an elephant stepping never on anything Living, they went back only to aVoid any Loss of Human Lives; let's for once call-up nice Humans ... 'cause so many Human Beings now are rats anyway. You'll say that all this' Old stuff. OK. Just take our Times, modern Times, enlightened Times: Einstein discovered Relativity, $\mathbf{e}=\mathbf{m c}^{2}$, to help Humanity understand the laws of Nature, ' n result: today the World's full of nearly a hundred thousand nuclear heads; a big help to Humanity and Fright enLightenment it would be: if by mistake they were all Lightened, all at the same Time!

So what does it matter ... when Human History itself is full of lies and blunders,, that a small cock also makes a lifting mistake. Thus I decided to Listen to him: and he said Wisely, "If this Gentleman, whom you call the Devil, for reasons best Known to you, does not want to treat directly with you, then go and consult some of the Spirits that he has already bought or has definite intentions of buying. But why does he keep on buying flying white doves escapes my understanding. He would be much better off with darker Earth-Bound Blokes! There would be more fun and play then, than with only Pretty White Bird-Doves Airily Flying about"! Thinks of a Genius, this little rascal of a ro-oster!

Saying such Sage things, cocking his cock-head and turning his eyes around while 16-0king sideways at a chicken, my cock Friend was Brilliant. But how the Hell do you go about searching sold Souls. It's stamped on Nobody's face that their Soul has been sold to the Devil. Actually, 10-0king at Humanity in general, one sometimes even Wonders if they had any Souls; selling them was a much later issue. So I Started observing people around me to try to reach the Truth, coming to a startling conclusion. Souls were divisible; that is to say, you could sell them partially also. How? Will you say surprised. Well I am telling you! Do exist nice people, saying U Hello-Hell, all nice,"'n ge-gd-morning 'n gé-0d-evening 'n ge-0d everythin': then they sit in their car 'n suddenly go mad! Horn shreeking and fist shaking and lights Shining 'n tyres screeching! What happened! A part of their Soul, the sold part of the Sole,, came into action! Then there is also your banker, all nice and neat. You have dinner together and make plans together and say nice things together. A few days later, you don't have any money anymore and the scenerios change; recommended letters and this thing back and that thing back,, and this account closed and that account closed. He personally might not have sold his Soul, but he Works in a system: an organization where everyone has traded in a little part of the Soul; and cumulated it becomes a Diabolic invention where money decides all ' $n$ moves all: money, an element which was never Created by Nature!

But Devil did it! And tc-0k all the Pain off his head of searching for Souls! Devil throws the Dice of money to you and Souls dash on it to play their Destinies. And that is how the modern Age was born. In the middle-Ages, all was in the dark and there was no Electricity: and Devil went around in the cold 1G-0king for Souls with Old wax torches and an Ageing board of helpers. Then he got fed up of this hard Work, transferred all his helpers to recuperation, off from research," 'n went off on vacations, throwing a challenge to God, "I will Create the modern Age on marketing principles with bills 'n invoices 'n insurances 'n banks: 'n money to take 'n to pay ... 'n Souls will sell themselves automatically of their own ge-gd-will. You'll see: I'll mess-up Your World like You could never Imagine and You could never blame me, for finally I am also becoming Intelligent. I'll do like You, never intervene directly. I'll just put into action, a money 'n profit based system, of economy with interest rates 'n every Dirty trick of the trade in the Globe: and Souls will just Fall into my lap: 'n I'll just reach out my arm and press them like a Really ripe bunch of grapes, saying ha ha to all the terrible moments You have made me pass, since the Beginnings of Times! How Stupid have I been: and there, I must admit finally ... that You were Right".

And God didn't bat an eye-lid. 'Tis Knew it all before and had Written it, in all 'Tis many many be-0ks. But who has Time to Read them? 'N even if you Read them, who wants to understand them; especially not a Devil,, for Devil's allergic to Religious be-0ks! They reMind him much te-0 much, of 'tis Glo ies Lost. But us, un-Glo ious! We arn't Devils are we! But we still don't understand a heot or a Hot or Sole-bc-ot or a bc-0k! We just keep on paying bills 'n bills 'n bills 'n bills 'n Feigning 'n Cheating to pay bills, ever Thinking that we've had a heck-Hell of a Time. Until the day that we have a crisis or a sudden heart-attack or something Really mortal; and we wake up te-0 late to see the Shining Smiling eyes of the Devil lG-Dking at us Tenderly: 'n a Soft damning kiss, tumbles unto us, to pass into very Warm Regions!
"Lasciate ogni Speranza O voi chi entrate"! (Inferno: Dante) "Abandon all Hope Ye who enter here"!

## ... But the Story does NOT Bnd So ...

So an Adept of the Devil held me by the collar. "Son" he said, "forget about selling your Soul for Arts' sake, that's' Old Time stuff. Pay bills and run after money and your Soul'll be Devils'. Haven't you noticed how fat he's become recently, no Work: for ... for instead of chasing Souls, the Devil just sits around now all day feasting ... on banquets of cocks 'n re-Osters; and for, for the Souls of cocks 'n re-0sters ...

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87. Basel
A Strange LOVE STORY

It's a very ilLogical story that I am going to relate to you here. Primarily, I wanted to Write it in the first person,, as if it was happening to me, to me in person; that it seemed more True; but then I Realized, that people do not Believe in what is True.

You have to tell stories, to make people Believe in something. This Morbid fascination for the
 Fables ... they are all full of stories ... Truth in self, is hard to digest; while hearing a story, you can always escape Truth, by putting it off as only fiction: and as happening to Someone else ... Catharsis of Aristotle!

It happened to a Friend, a Dear Friend, and I report it Word for Word. Because when I asked him, "Why are you telling me all that"! he said, "I do not Believe it, but its' True: so I just wanted to speak; to Someone impartial,, to find out if there was at least one-body who would Believe in me. And what had I done wrong. Or whom had I wronged" ... for Wrong I've done to None?

And this is what he said:
'I had Known her for a long Time; even before she got married. She was clean and fresh as a Rose. And before getting married, she said to her puture husband that she was a very serious person,, and that 'twould be better that he never played with her Sentiments. And that is how I to-0k her: somebody who didn't play with Sentiments, either of herself or of others.
'Then on and off we saw each other, without that there was Nothing much to discuss. And I supposed that she was very Happy, and it made me Happy, for I had a certain likeness for her. Uptil one day when she told me that 'tween her 'n her husband, 'twas a Complete catastrophy. This day for me was also a very Sad day ... because a day before, only a day before, I'd Lost a very Loving dog, after a galloping illness: 'n so Sadly, I just 10-0ked at her and held her in my arms for a few seconds. Then I went away! And a day later, when I telephoned her from very far, we spoke so,
"I am missing my Sweet doggy very much" ... "I Know"
"And I am missing you to-0, very much" ... "Me to-0"
"I Love you," escaped me: and she said ... "Me tG-0"
'Such Sacred things one does not say twice. And especially, seeing the Suffering I was undergoing, she could have kept quiet, if I was advancing myself tor much. So I tor it for serious, for if you accept Someone's' Love, you do not do it, to play a ge-dd Farce and later, Laugh on it!
"These were the Sweetest Words I had ever heard, "Me te-0". They say so much on saying so little, especially if they are said by a serious person who does not make it a habit to play with Sentiments.
'But so unBelievable they seemed to me, that I made her repeat them hundreds of Times,, always saying, "I Love you"; hearing in return "Me tolo" and other Times: "Thank You" or "I Love you also".
'UnFortunately, I have a tremendous Memory and I never forget peoples' Words uttered to me. Thus take I, all tor seriously; and again and again make the mistake of Thinking that people mean what they say,, not Realizing that in the meantime they have forgotten all they had said: for all that they had said was meaningless: it had only one meaning, that it was only a convenience, at a certain Time.
'And thus I carried on for many months, for I Lived far and could only communicate by a phone or post-cards; infinitely repeating the same Words and hearing the same reply, "Me to-9"! For absolutely I wanted to be Sure that no one was playing any tricks on anyone; neither her Lips on my ears, nor my ears on my Mind. And I had always the same reply, without a moment of hesitation or a tremor of Falseh©-Ød.
'Then it Started becoming important,, to see her. And she Calmed me down, for she was changing house and separating to change Life: free and independent. So she said,
"'ll come to see you next year in $\mathbf{R}$ $\qquad$ I Promise".
"When" ... "Next Summer"
"It's very Hot here in Summer. I'll try to get an Air-conditioner. And then the house for the moment is very Dirty. I didn't have the Time to clean it".
"Doesn't matter. We'll do it together. Or we can go to $\mathbf{P}$ $\qquad$ .."
'What will we do there? "..." "Just visit Friends".
'Very strange, whose Friends," only mine, for she had never mentioned any Friends there before; I don't Think she had ever been there either: and she continued, "And this Time I'll Write you a letter. I Promise U that"!
'This Promise," I wait 'n await. Like so many others. I am a very just man and I never take any unfair advantage. So I gave her all the Time necessary, to Think a lot about it, months and months; always receiving the same reply, "Me tG-". And this Time was necessary for there was a big difference between us, of Cultures and of age. Once then she said,
"You Know, you are born much 'earlier' than me. So you Know a lot of things that I do not Know".
'And I said with a Sad Sigh, "TG-0 earlier. UnFortunately". And she replied, "That doesn't matter".
'How PIUs」'c these Words were to my ears. Specially as they were said a few days after another very Sweet conversation we had when I had again laid open my heart.

| "I Love you" | $\ldots$ | "Me te-0 ", as usual ! |
| :--- | :--- | :--- |
| "Are you Sure" | $\ldots$ | "Yes" |
| "Absolutely Sure" | $\ldots$ | "Yes" |
| "But my Love for you is te-0 Great" | $\ldots$ | "That's bad". |
| "Why!" | $\ldots$ | "It can Hurt". |
| "I don't Mind! Does it bother you" | $\ldots$ | "No". |

"If it doesn't bother you, I prefer to keep on Loving you tor much. And I Promise to always stand by you, whatever happens"!
"Whatever happens" ? She asked ?
"Yes whatever happens! Whatever comes, I'll always be there. My Feelings are to-0 profound. Do you Love me also"!
"Yes I do"! Said she with a Sigh !
'Do I Dream! Or such Words mean Nothing! I leave you to judge, my Friend. I have a very sensitive ear and very rarely can False tones escape my hearing. And there was never any hesitation or the slightest uncertain vibration, when to me she said all this. But I did Really feel a certain touch of Tragedy, when she had asked me, "Whatever happens" which I had put off as a Question on her part, on her own uncertain situation at that Time.
'So once, teasingly, I said to her, "Ich liebe dich". And she Laughed, "You Know, this language is not very well adapted to ........." and I finished, "Love-play, Love-talk", and she said almost Smiling, "Yes". Then so many Times she told me that it was the worst year that she ever had, big crises, and I said, "Me to-0. The only ge-d thing that has happened to me this year was you. I Hope I'll never le-0 se you"!
'And she replied, "Thank You". Like so many Times.
'Then I kept on insisting on my letter, which she told me she was writing a little bit everyday; or when she found Time ... so, to comfort her, I continued:
"It will be a long letter. Please give it to me quickly as I want to Read it a thousand Times"!
"A million Times"! She retorted.
"I Doubt that I would have enough Time in this World, for even if I Read it three Times a day, in ten years, I would have Read it only ten thousand Times. But if you want, and God permitting, I will carry it with me in the next World and I will finish Reading it a million Times, if you so desire"! 'And she said, "Yes", with a small voice.
'How Tender was that Time when I told her, "Do you Know that I am very clever. It has taken me a long Time to make you fall in Love with me. I have been very very clever!
‘And she replied with a Laugh, "Yes I Know. I Know that very well"!
'Can such Words be plain Fantasy, or just plain liking each other in a Friendly way: or was I messing-up Someone's' Life,, if I didn't mean every Word of what I said, from the Bottom Deepnesses of my heart $\downarrow$. Such Words cannot be False: it would be like committing a Blunder, a Plunder on "LOVE"!
'So waiting for her letter, I Wrote her a long one: all Soft and Tender, where I opened Completely my heart $\vee$ and my Mind. And I Wrote hundreds of pages: every Thought that passed in my head, I totally Gifted her. Never a man will open himself to a Woman so. For I wanted Love to be perfect. And I wanted to give her proff, that every minute of my Thought was for her,, that ever in my whole Life, if I had said one Word False or even one Thought which I did not maintain always, she could in her anger take all my Words, all Written in black and white ... and just throw them in my face.
'Since my child-h $\mathbf{C}$ - d, I had renounced everything in this World. I was born Fortunate, in an immense house: lots of regms, lots of servants, lots of everything. Everything was worth millions. How strange that a child, only a child a few years Old, renounced all material ge-dds, in favour of his close ones. For I Knew, so young, that all in this World was temporary anyway and must pass. God had given me a Pure child inside myself and I wanted to make him perfect: so that one day, if this child would find Love,, that it be Really a True Perfect Love; where self or selfishness would have no place. For it was a Love which goes BeYond the limit of the finite to become part of the Infinite, in the yond-Yond.
'And later, when Tragedy Struck my Family, I Worked and Slaved for years to put everyone back on their feet, taking the role of a Mother and a Father,, not for my children, but children left to me in heritage,, a small Brother and a small Sister. And when all was over, I again Gifted them all and te-0k Nothing. And empty I became, even empty of Sentiments! Just waiting Hopelessly for my Perfect Love!
'Today I prefer to be a beggar. Even a beggar for Love. Fortunes had gone through these tired hands. God only wanted to show me, at my Pain, that in this temporal World there is no Perfect Love,, for Really to respond to a Love like mine, first you have to Love the whole Universe; and then everything inside it: it is the megation of all egoism or "Me"; and that's a rare Gift given to a very few. Nobody in this World can return you such Gifts which only Destiny can ... and that's what I've Learned ... at an immense cost.
'So all was $\mathbb{I} 11 u$ sion. All was False. Even when I managed to see her months after and told her, "You Know, it has been terrible this Time without seeing you, especially the last week. It seemed like I was half Dead", and she replied with Tears in her voice, "Yes I Know, I Know". And so many Times I had to comfort her, "Please don't Cry! Just Please Don't Cry"!
'All was $\rrbracket 11$ usion, all was False.
'Even Words of Love, hundreds and hundreds of Words of Love. Where 'I Love you' becomes like a shaking of hands on your dC-Dr-steps, as if you were saying, "G-⿹d-bye. Thanks for a mice evening".
'Such is what "Love" means for some people, "Thank you. 'Twas a nice evening". "Et tu, Bruté? That was the most unKindest cut of all". (Shakespeare: Juliano Cæsare) ... Thinks 'n Thanks. And thus a one, one at Times, tries to make me Believe that "I had not heard, what I had heard".
'Even once when I had insisted tor much, if she Loved me, she had replied with a slightly trembling voice, "You Know what I feel for you"! Did I Really Know! Was it all False, or was it all Lyes! One just says such things because they are easy to say! Or because one wants to tell me later that I am an idiot and that my hearing is very defective and that my Intelligence is equally Low. And that I can not distinguish a Word of Love from a small Joke that was so aMusing to play on me!
'My immense "Thank You", for such a high opinion of me. It's ge-gd to have nice Friends," Friends who speak Truth, or only a part of it.
'And this child inside me, so Pure, whom I had kept ever so Pure all my Life, for I wanted to return him to God one day, forever Pure,, now I'll return this child with an apology, with an excuse, saying, "With thanks I render You Your Gift. You gave it to me Pure and I kept him so. He has no Lyes in him, but unFortunately now he Knows what Lyes are,, because I made the Error of once only Presenting him to Someone who Thought I, was True! But who had only Lyes for me! How could I Know! I was Honest! I am sorry, I have Failed! I should have Known better and kept my mouth shut, instead of saying 'I Love you' and hearing a 'Me te- in return! But how could I Know that people can even Lye in Love ! It's just not done! I am sorry. Your child remains Pure,, but now he Knows what the World is; and what Lyes are"!
'So said I to God! "Let me through another Hell! And this Time I will not mistake, your Humble servant. I will keep my mouth shut! For only You Know what Real LOVE is: You refused us Paradise,, unless we are, were, ' n re-become capable, to Deserve it"!
'And such is my story, my Friend. Do not Believe it if you do not want to. Take me for a Romantic, an Imaginative,, but I vow on the most Sacred thing in Creation, 'Love', that every Word is True! Unless Destiny played me a trick to give me a double hearing," 'n I hear what is said not! So help me God'!

Then he went into a sort of Trance or Meditation, Lost in his story,, and in his Thoughts you could see that that was the only thing Real or True existing for him. Absolutely incredible, for I Knew him from his child-hc-0d,, he who was ever so Happy-go-lucky and care-free: to see him now, given to a sort of self-Pity or lamentation; he who had surmounted ragged Mountains of responsibility and trouble, see him sitting there, facing me,, twisting 'n tweening his thumbs and almost babbling like a child in front of the injustice of things! And like a Lost baby, he contemplated ... and continued:
'Only just tell me, what wrong have I done! On whom have I wronged! Not one Word in all these years has ever escaped these Lips which could even Hurt her in the slightest or disturb her in the least, or anyone else for that matter. So Great was my Love!
'And even if the whole World was a Complete Lye, a very big Force, my Pure Sentiments you can never Deny me. So Great was my Love!
'Or can the Ugliness of Life deform persons to such an extent that one day she walks coldly up to me, but with a Broken voice says: it was all a mistake and the Love pronounced was not Really Love meant, 'twas but a very ordinary Love, a Love of Words only, like so many other people who Loved her also! I can't understand anymore! For contrary to her, so Gre t's my Love; 'n always 'twas 'n always 'twill be!
'Then, I did not Know what to say! My Mind is blocked! I have had enormous responsibilities and with Natures' Grace, I have fulfilled them all. For myself I had not cared at all, not in the least. But never have I messed around with anyone's' Life or Sentiments. Never. What did I do Wrong!
'Help me my Friend! Please tell me what do you Think, from what I say, what do you Believe or Believe not. Where have I wronged!
'Have I ever uttered one Word which was not Absolutely Pure! Has even a single phrase come out of this mouth which had even the slightest untruth in it! Was ever my heart not open and Clear with True Feelings and Sentiments, all transparent 'n clean", laid out without Artifice, without any defense, only because one Believes in Love! True Love! Whom have I wronged?
'Does Reality Returns, only Falseh(-Ød and Words Without Meaning' ?

And what could I say. I throw this Question asked to me by a Friend, to you Dear Friends!

What is Truth and what is Reality in this Superficial World of Lyes!

What could I say! Please tell me yourself, Dear Friends ... what could I say?

In the Trance of Life, we never Know, what Lyes in Dreams or Wakes?

Germans, when they have to denominate a Life-portrait, say 'Ebenbild', which means as you have well underste- da by now, a Real Life-portrait! Very! Eben equal exact or equal, 'n Bild equal picture or portrait and all equals equal, or exact-picture or portrait. Uptil now, 'twas rather Clear and easy to understand. But now slowly I will Start going into complications. So you better watch out!

He was a traveling salesman. And used to sell Life-portraits. I met him in a Messe which means a fair or exhibition in German and not messing-around, as one might be supposed to assume, because the fixed costs of exhibitions are not very fair, somehow. Rather high! So he got a Wonderful Idea. He put up a big sign 'Eben-bild' and Started selling pictures of asses and mules,, as Humans. People used to come to him, chose the ass or mule that they Thought that they were, or would like to be,, and bought the picture. And he did roaring business. But boldly, that's more speaking like a lion,, so let's drop the lion's part and simply say, hee-hawing business. There was not left an unsatisfied ass or a mule in the whole community, who did not pair off with its deserving partner.

So he became renowned and thus famouser and famouser, as his portraits $\square$ to rePresent better and better, or saying in Germanic, besser und besser,, his clients who became asser and asser resembling their counter-parts like two aces faces in a Mir or: or if you like besser asses fæces in or on a Mir or," depending on the spellings that you are using, being an ace-factum in the matter and eventually in the Mir or: so ... if you want to 10.0k at yourself with full satisfaction, not being able to get out of it, I mean the Mir_or ! I told you above, even abover, that I was going to become complicator and complicator,, a sort of Mir or behind the Mir ored Image of the Mir or abover: of asses that were or others who Thought that were not, while they but were, Real ones and Really more than one or two or three or four and yo-ho all together hoards and multitudes. And very rich and very buying asses for that: all buy and buy and buy and bye-bye baby asses!

UnFortunately, his ged Luck didn't last tod long. For some Stupid people started finally to Realize what they were. They ld ded at the picture 'n next at the Mir or 'n then again at the picture, to find out that it was the same. Isn't Nature Absolutely Wonderful: Nobody has ever seen Oneself in the face. And we want to see God! We have to 10.0k at the picture of an ass, or in a Mir or at ourselves to suddenly Awaken to who we are,, asser-selves. And we want to see God! Stupid Asses! So gradually there were complaints and more complaints. In the end, the police came to him and said,
"LG-0k my ge-gd Old Man, this can't go on. Our President just saw a picture of his, and it Dawned on him that he was an ass. Personally he has got Nothing against it, but he doesn't want his beLoved people to find it out. So you stop". Some funny name had this bloke, Starting with 'von' of course,, because Germans who want to be Noble have to Start with a von and end with an end, a corner, an ecker: something like a Wise-ass-ecker or a double-decker to be higher or something a bit short so.

And so suddenly he stopped. Nevertheless, he kept one Painting just for himself for geod Old Memories sake. His favorite piece, a small one but rePresenting the Biggest ass of all, a picture of himself, unique because everywhere he turned, it always stared at me! What! Me! Why me! For this vendor ... didn't you notice ... was Clearly me. It's me who's Writing this story, ain't I! Are you Really ass dumb ass ... don't be timid, just say hee-haw to out it! Hi-Hi! I myself once had such a problem .. A BIG ASS problem (ssshhh), to tell the Truth!

MORAL: One cannot Live on Lyes ... And since I have got rid of my Lice ... I am Ass Happy Ass You ... can Imagine ... $1 \mathbb{q}-0 k$ under ... See the Resemblance ..


In German, Kupfer means copper and Kopf means head. A copper head. A head of copper. A head covered with copper. In short, a copper covered head. Or in Italian, "una testa ricoperata di rame"! If you did not understand what I was talking about!

A strange Idea came to me while I was Presenting something in an exhibition. 'Twas a Time in the Past, that I used to Present very nice things, I Self being very Presentable. Then lil by lil, things came to a pass, that I Started more 'n more to Present un-nicer 'n more 'n more un-micer things 'n slowly Surely steadily, became more 'n more un-Presentable; I Self: unBelievable! And the culminating point was when one day I had a hole in my socks. I Really had only one hole in one sock, but that's not English. It is only a pair of socks, in plural, so I had a (one) hole in my socks (two). Ridiculous but True; probably one-legged men, exist not in EnGland: 'n so 'tis that All 'n Every say My hole! Not noticing that at client demand I told a ladder, walked 'cross 'bout Seventy Silky Shirts; mounted a table to he-gk something down from the wall for display," re-marched back over Seventy Same silk Shirts, which Someone could buy 'n wear one day ... bit later, suddenly everyone Laughed.

And this Started to make me Think.
Because, Believe you me, I do Think ... sometimes.
Especially when people Laugh.

In front of me there was another stand, managed by a Sweet Lady. A Soft Sweet Lady. You could not give her any Age. Pretty she was not. Distinguished, yes. Classified, as class, yes. But pretty, she was certainly not. Still she was Lovely not 'Pretty', but in her own way. Extremely well dressed, but simple. Almost so, that you could not define her in any style! She was a Mother or not, I did not Know," but she had a very Motherly manner. She was a Friend or not", you did not Know; but she had a very Friendly manner. She was an Artist or not, you did not Know, but she had a very Artistic manner. And she was lo-0king after this stand full of copper objects, just Beautiful copper objects, which only a very fine Artistic hand and head could have produced! A Kupfer Kopf!

Funny: Beings having Art in Head, stand out from Hoards 'n Crowds of Mentally Dead!

One of the finest objects on this exhibition stand was a pair of three owls ... sitting on a branch, a one branch. I say a pair of three owls, for normally a pair is only but two, but these two, a
one-Time or other in Life managed to get a third one, by a Completely Natural process, that which I needed Never to describe to anyone. But you will ask me, why are these three owls sitting around only on a one branch! Well, where would you want them to sit-in ... a sitting-re-om; or be settled into a sofa, with a television 'n carpets 'n everything. I Know a lot of owls who talk to you well about a ge-0d lot of ge-gd money that they have made, and YOU havn't; 19-0sing their Time 'n yours just talking but a lot in the sofa-re-0ms, which are sometimes called drawing-re-oms,, even if you do not draw anything in; at the maximum only a draught of bier,, but that is neither drafting nor drawing; it is only having a drink together and discussing what they have and you not," in company, in company that I disdain; so lightly I just make disappear, in my head, car, television, sofa 'n everything to find at last, sitting on a branch of a Tree, three owls with big round Wonderous 'n Wondering eyes; perplexed where have all the goodies gone and what in Heavens are they doing sitting alone in branches: and branches of Trees for that, not having the Faintest clue, on where did they branch off from?

So I Wondered on this refined Lady, what sort of a Kupfer Kopf she had behind her; and Believe you me I am a not saying that her head was behind her, it would be impossible: for you never have your head behind you, even if there is Nothing in it," but the person behind her; who had such a head, the one who could Create such Marvellous Creations.

How do you Imagine a Kupfer Kopf. A man of copper, of steel, with a solid mass upstairs, where Nothing can come in or go out; and which even if you hit hard with your knuckles makes only come out a massively resonant 'doing'," like it was doing' Nothing, or Nothing doing' of importance anyway. Or a finer head, something more Tender and refined with eye-brows and lashes micely sculpted over, every hair standing out separate, vibrant but fix," almost as if making his brow stand half-up: and she politely insisting to me in a Low hush, without voice, you, You are bothering me with all your lugubrant and voluminous Reflections; why don't you just take it easy or go away to Please Think more ... and Philosophise a bit less,, anyway for a lil bit of Time!

And that's what I'll confide to ask this Soft Sweet Lady today. How, did this Wise Gentleman manage to take all this heavy copper out of his head,, making it Light and so Human: and put all this mass of copper on such closed-walls, decorating the World of closed-walls," with but so Var ellous 'n Artistic Creations all out of Nothin', just chunks 'n chunks of weighty copper metal!

## 2 cers s <br>  Philosophy-6- "thE7-Schelm-Rogue*.pdf-315-4كَ <br> THINKS 'n THOUGHTS -068--165

 89. *Basel* K U P F E R K O P FPhilosophy-6- (1996)
https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/copper\ sculpture/ ... pexels-stijn-dijkstra-16747727


She did not dye her hair，the Lady whose name I never Knew．But they had a dark Colour，to which from certain angles in certain Lights and certain Shades added on a deep reddish tinge，to make them Sparkle in a Del cious manner：if you had eyes to see so．
（Wrote on the Bridge at Kassel⿳亠丷⿵冂⿱丷丅犬）

And when I asked her，would you not prefer to be a blond，like so many others，because they say that Gentlemen prefer blonds，，she just frankly replied，＂But I don＇t have green eyes and it will not go well，like so many others＂；probably referring to the many False tints roaming around not going well together：but she said it with a Smile in her chestnut Coloured Cheshire－pussycat eyes，，a clever Sly Twinkle here and a slightly Wry Twinkle there．

Beauty，I will not categorize her as，，not in the Sense of the Miss－Universe contest：bombing out in the front＇n blasting out in the back．But she had Lovely eyes and a Lively tongue；quick Re－flections which demonstrated that she was understanding and digesting things well，before sharply blurting out her rather pointed phrases，with a very feline half－closing of the eye－lids here，＇n a half－closing there．

And when I tried to play dumb and asked her what did she mean，，she only briskly retorted，in a husky voice；＂Come on！You Know very well what I mean＂！Very clever，even if she did not specifically mean anything．Just husky！Very hush－key！And very attractive！

Added to the fact that there was no hair dyeing，no make－up and no Artificies．Strangely enough，she had a very captivating Perfume enveloping her：and if it was not due to body Lotions＇n Artificial Creams，for I am no expert on the matter of ratified Odeurs，＂then generous Ma Nature must have Softly embraced her when she Created her body Smells；Smiling．Non－Mannerismly ！

But like all Women，she had one problem！Husbands！Not that she had many，no，no，here I am only talking in general terms．Women（plurat）have husband（singular）problems；and as every Woman has generally only one husband（at a Time），so for Women（as a generic whole）I use husband（with an s）in the plural form．Do you understand or do I have to explain everything all over again．Anyway，you 1G－0kout after your problems：and I carry onto my own problems，on my own．

Let us be more precise；the husband Dilemma can be sub－divided generally into three branches：

1．Obtaining of a husband
2．．．．His Presence ！－o－
This is Male logic
3
... His Absence !

But so ge-0d Women, as a well-Known rule, tend to mingle all these as three different problems cum subjects:

| Obtaining a husband | $!$ | 1 'n 2 'n No. 3 |
| :--- | :--- | :--- |
| Once obtained $\ldots$ his Presence | $!$ | $-\mathrm{o}-\quad$ This is FeMale Logic |
| Obtained or not $\ldots$ his Absence | $!$ | $-\mathrm{o}-\quad$ This is FeMale UN-Logic |

Given that we are not Writing a thesus on husbands," we'll reduce them to bare facts, the fact of stating that ... once the Presence of an obtained husband becomes cumbersome and boring, he has got to be got rid of. So inevitably, in all cases we find ourselves in the same situation, No. 3: obtained or not obtained, the Absence of a very boring husband (even if he is a full-Life Husband, and always very much Present). Here our theme again branches out into two issues to be resolved; after the proposed husband has been carefully and fully disposed off ... arise the following problems:
a) of the 3 Bs
b) and 1 P. (Sigh) In short ... cccchhhh ... just Shut-up!
a) Bringing Bread Back
b) and Progenies $=$ Children $\ldots$ sssshhhh $\ldots$ got-it ?

And now I'll explain you the why of all this long preamble, of how I met this Delcious little thing, whose name I do not Know! And never Knew!

She was standing out in Wilderness absolutely alone, 1G-0king all innocent 'n Lost. How wrong can I be sometimes. And as I myself was also alone and probably lo-0king Lost and innocent, I decided to take the first step and according to my typical English bringing-up made a comment, "Marrrvelllllous Weatherrr". And she snubbed coldly, "Which Weatherrr, I didn't Think we had one". Gentlemanly so the first ice being Broken, as it was certainly freezing cold, we Started talking about harder matters. "Ah! What do you Think about Women". "Ha! Ha! H. H. Husband Hunters! Ha! Haa"! This just Warmed me up, sort of thawing out my patriarchal instincts; Really Started I, to like this lil Lady whose name I did not Know, 'n never Knew. On such liking I need spend no more ink,, as I have all out-lined in the initial paragraphs.

She had a Bread Bringing Back Broblem, in which I Hope she will definitely succeed. And very well. Then cosy, she showed me a photo of a very Soft and Beautiful creature, her progeny, blond and green eyes, the only ge-d her (obtained 'n now Absent or got rid of) husband had left her: a Docile sweet thing with a very typical English face ('n probably pronunciation)," The Two FronT TeeTH pronounceDH andDH raTher Thrown ouTH Thus Thoroughly 'n jusTH righT Through overDHoing THaTH full-mouTH TH!! PreTTy!! No!! Or Yes! Very THougHTful! O see!!! Veridhic Word of Tariqh Hameedh!!! (Say The The The)! Ending by-byTH!

Thus I leave you DHear FrienDHs, guessing of what agreeable Ladies Think of obtained and Absent or non-obtained husband(s) (with s in plurat). Do you Think that I will ever come around to find out the name of that Gentle Lady, nutty 'n naughty (knotty 'n potty), of whom I don't Know the name, 'n never Knew?

My Sister found him on the road-side. And it is a Miracle that he was aLive, as any car could have driven over him,, for he was hardly more than six centimeters long: so everyone said, "he'll not survive, he will not survive". But you do not Know my Sister, she can save almost anything. Once we arrived in a hotel with two stray cats and a stray dog only on the simple pretext, "But, on the road-side, they were going to Die"; and against such arguments I have no reply, for everyone has the right to Live,, the most insignificant of animals, including all seeming Human-Beings not even worth the name! Fortunately, the hotel-owner was a personal Friend and closed an eye, even both,, specially when one of the cats immediately tor a liking to the Beautiful velvet curtains for an Ideal training spot for practicing to climb Trees; and the two distant bed-side tables, as the Olympic Long-Jumper's Dreamed run-ground; for the Soft Softy Sandy bed was in-between ... to Break any Falls.

So Knew I this Abandoned 'Clochard', French for Tramp or Vagabond,"for that's how my Sister named him, which suited him fine. He was about twelve centimeters long at that Time and people used to say, "We see you have a New cat. GC-Dd replacement for the one you didn't manage to save". Not managed to save, you must be Joking: of Mill:-droppers, sp-0ns, 'n all that sort of apparatus. Ask our servants in the Old house, who had to feed the flea-stricken dogs and the fur-losidg cats; the Wounded parrots crows pigeons and doves. And the cures were very every-day, turmeric powder or herbal extracts or just plain healthy flod, Absolutely elementary, one just has to have a right Mind, or for some materially Thinking persons, wrong Mind; but I personally Think right Mind. With strict orders that Mother must Know Nothing about it: our servants being quite discreet and Faithful liking us t- $\mathbf{0}$ much ... thus Mother never Knew.

For, my Mother, had quite a different Philosophy on animals. She never let anybody mistreat an animal, God's creature, there was almost a whole Farm in the house; but if it Created tor many problems, it was gG-0d f0-0d material; flod for very digestive Thought: excluding cats dogs parrots or crows, of course. That is exactly what happened to our deer. Ô Dear, Ô Dear! The first deer Died of indigestion, because some idiot served him bread to eat,, out of g(0-0d-will; © Dear, no deer. Plains people just do not Know the eating habits of Mountain beasts, so as everyone else eats bread, why not pG-0r Old deers. PG-0r Old Dear! The second deer ran away three Times; Fortunately we'd a Mountain-man as servant then, an extremely gG्0 d runner, who ran after him all across the town and brought him back three Times thrice. Can you Imagine the scene, multiple marathoners galloping across half a town, quite a big town asking passer-byes, did you see a deer, did you see a small deer, running away from here: they Think that you are mad, or that it's a New type of sport for a Television Series. Amusing, but not for the deer, I suppose. Then, radical as ever, my Mother who had regretted a lot the Natural Death of our first deer, said, "Before he runs away another multiple Time and somebody else has a feast ...". I leave a lot of dots for you ... to fill in 'n Imagine what happened; but without any crocodile Tears, I admit that for the next five days the fill-in feast we had, would put to Shame any Swiss or Alsatian Restaurateur with a 'Wild' menu! So we never kept any deer anymore,, limiting ourselves to buffaloes,, who run not so fast, nor so oft: thus no deer ô Dear, only Millky meaty cow(hides) ' $n$ buffaloes!

But coming back to cats, I must tell U something about an aunt also. She was of Noble birth, an almost Princess,, 'n had a big name, as was a Known author; also had a big house, a lot of people to serve her 'n
thirty-nine (39) cats. Given that every cat has nine (9) Lives, 'twas a lot of Lives ( $39 * 9=\mathbf{3 5 1}$ ): especially lots of Lively mouths to feed. Each cat had its own appellation, its own individual eating habits ... Aunt Knew it all by heart, but Imagine the p-0r servants trying to Remember all this, often making a mess of things, cat's-mess you'll rightly say. 'Twas complicated enough to make go-up the wall, even the chief-c © $\mathbf{0} \mathrm{k}$ of a Garten-bauschule', where Gardeners un maginable nations group up in a mass of confused confusing Humanity, tons of exotic desires on the tongue. You are nodding. Not nodding off to sleep, I Hope: agreeing and following me, aunt you! I did Learn a lot from this aunt,", what Ur'n aunt not supposed to do, with or without cats. An experience serving me well in Life, when I had to deal with WOMEN! Subject which rings True in a discourse on cats. But Halt, no Link-rings, Please!

So I came to Know this Clochard ( $\mathbf{c h}=\mathbf{s h}$ ), this little rascal when he was how many days Old, I Know not, but more than a full twelve centimeters long, I Know: for I could see it. And he immediately adopted me by biting me. I am quite used to playing with cats and I have Known a few llus rious such personalities in my Life: Sindbad, Shahjehan, Shalimar 'n Mighty. This black 'n Forceful beast, super Mighty was also a big rascal; he belonged to an Orient-Minded German girl-Friend of mine, and we always used to spend hours and hours playing together, biting 'n scratching, Powerful cuts: but with me he became very Soft and never left a scar or a mark on my skin. Until one day that I arrived with my dog in his house. From that day onwards he refused to speak to me, always $1 \mathbf{C}$ - aing at me afterwards with disPleasure in his eyes, like saying to me, "We have Nothing more in common now 'tween us, you Shame on pG-0r Old Humanity, pC-Dr Old dog-Lover"! And so Silent we stayed.

Little Clochard (d unpronounced) had two pairs of feet; four nails on each fe-gt plus one in place of the thumb on the front, but none in the back,, so eighteen nails of which eight, of front feet, extremely sharp. Holding you with his front nails, paws curved like a boxer with gloves, upside down, simultaneously he kicked you with the back feet. Then he had a lot of sharp teeth, small of which the four canines dangerously pointed. And holding you with the sharper parts of the mouth and feet, very delicately, as if not to Hurt you, he gave you a smart kick and a scratch, always upside down, with all the rest that he had got: which for twelve centimeters or more, was not very much, but if he had miscalculated even a bit," could Really penetrate your skin, one side to the other. Mar ellous c@-0rdination! Every movement of your hand or fingers opening Myriad possibilities of play and play techniques: biting 'n grafting, holding you with the gummy sort of rubbery pads under his feet,, all the twenty pads, four by four and again four three-leaved bigger ones clubs-shaped in the palms: paws closed, nails Tenderly hidden!

And when he was tired, Lovingly he went off to sleep, his head on my lap. And he used to purr for hours holding my hand on his Crane, caressing his Silky hair. How innocent Life is, when Life is Life, so gentle and Soft without selfishness! Then when he woke up, he hugged me purringly kissing me to do the treating, of 'n on my under-chin and neck making sucking Noises," little Living Noises; and when satisfied, I to-0k him to his corner where he did his needs immediately cleaning all carefully with 'tis small feet,, before going to drink 'tis full of mill:
just like 'Mother' had said so," the Ma-Mother he had never never Known!

## Wonderful Ma Nature, it's creatures purring,

Loving and accepting Love ... exception made Man
91. *Basel*

PLAYING With A CAT
Tenderly-4-
1996)
https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/cats/ ... pexels-photo-3777622 pexels-peng-louis-1643457
pexels-matteo-petralli-1828875


https://unsplash.com/fr/s/photos/White-Dogs ... yuliya-strizhkina-cartier-DsQvQ7yycuI-unsplash ... yuliya-strizhkina-cartier-LzsqnNWOhbY-unsplash ... cristina-anne-costello-YTGNEuOLVDQ-unsplash ...

## TINA And The MERCHANT

People say, She was a dog ... I contest ... She was more ... I never led her on a chain ... for She was more ... Often, She lead the Chain; for the Master, t- occupied with his b- $\mathbf{C l}$ ks, never Knew where to go ... 'n the Master never Knew, where was a cat ... but She Knew; all the cats of the region; and all the Trees of the region, that the cats could mount on: but the Novice Master, did not Know all the Secrets, that She Knew, all Known Secrets!

People say, She was a dog ... I contest ... She was much more ... the Master spoke to her in seven languages, of which she underst ${ }^{-0} d$ all ... by Gest, by Word, by Acts, 'n by Tone 'n by Eyes: for if there was a Truly multi-lingual dog on Earth ... 'twas She, She, 'n She! But She never spoke, She heard: for Master's Sign was Law! Ex: Cross a Road ... we sat 'n waited 'n at the Master's Sign the Light was green, when 'twas green,, we walked on!

People say, She was a dog ... I contest ... She was so much more ... Learn from Errors: if the Master says, that a Tiger's Not a cat,, he can be Right, even if it seems to be a cat ... he might be Right, for the size's not the same, nor the teeth: so he could be very Right, for while we Live 'tween cats, he Lives 'tween Men ... 'n as per my Master, Tigers are oft Disguised Men: 'n they bite, when they can 'n with bigger teeth than cats ... so he's Right!

People say, She was a dog ... I contest ... She was so very much more ... Divided Chores 'n Duties as Man 'n Dog: "while the Master 1G-0ked after me, I lagked after him" ... Ex: "While he earned the Bread, I didn't let him waste Time useless; if no Bread earn? So if he talked te-0 much to an Ignorant: aft one minute, to bark Started I", to remind a Wise-Man's Dictum, "A Waste of Time is unfair to the County, to the Bounty,, to Self 'n to Divine"!

People say, She was a dog ... I contest ... She was Absolutely much more ... And if you don't Believe me, I'll recount a few anecdotes, to put History Right ... that MY TINA was exceptional! Punkt ... A Spirit Dedicated!
 to go to ${ }_{\underline{W}}^{\boldsymbol{W}}$ Münich for a couple of days. Thus I left the stand to Friends, 'n filed off by the Autobahn; my side-kick, my Tina with, always at my flank. She was very pensive, which I noticed; only underst $\mathbf{C}-\mathrm{d}$ much to-0 late ... later.
'Tis on the side-lines, but saw I a sight which was astonishing ... A Hot day of Summer, but it was Snowing ... yes, Snowing ... but Tis was so Warm, that the Snow melted about two metres above the Rields: so, from Time to Time, I stopped, that my Tina have her share of the play and enjoyed herself, of which she profited amply but re-tc-0k her pensive m-0 d, each Time we came back to the car, to continue our journey! Anyway; to cut a long story short, job done, appointment met, we returned to continue our daily chores 'n jobs: Tina ever pensive!

I had a Friend in the pair, who also had a stand of Indian Handicrats; Beautiful silk scarfs: 'n I with Tina, went oft to dinner together. Needless to say, that as he was a very Soft person; so my Tina was also Friendly to him,, often going to his side to get a munch here 'n a munch there. He told me that in a few months, he was due for a heart by-pass in ${ }^{*}$ Berlin葉 where he Lived! And to pray for him; if and when I had the Time: 'n that I Promised!

The pain proceeded, days passed, dinners continued," $n$ Tina was ever pensive! Tens of thousands of persons passed before our eyes every day; that on the week-ends, the halls was jam packed: thus had I ordered my Tina, never to leave the stand. The last day came, 'twas a Sunday, not a pace to move, when I had to do an Admin Work a bit. Thus I went for a moment, leaving Tina to hold 'n guard my stand, which she did oft ... but to my Great surprise, coming back," Tina was missing from the stand ... in this hall-full of crowd? Where? Where? Where? Where the Hell had she gone? My worry had no Bnd! Had no choice, but to wait: told full to go anywhere! Time kept passing, when to my Gret surprise, my lil Tina came back, in this full crowd ... where did she go? How did she so find her way, in this crowd? A Mystery? Why did she leave? To see Whom? In this crowd where you couldn't move?

At night, at dinner, my Friend to my surprise Cleared the Secret! You Know, Tina visited my stand," licked my hand staying about half-an-Hour, then licked my hand and left ... with her Lady-like walk, swinging from one side to another: as a Queen without a Kingdom,, in a very pensive me-Dd! Who Knew, 'twas her Last Farewell? What I only Knew later ... as Facts rolled-out before my eyes, later 'n later 'n later, as I'll tell you later"!

People say, She was a dog ... I contest ... She was much Absolutely much more ... 'bout two months Past, her kidneys failed: I was in Swiss then and tried to caress her, but Frightened she bit me: then squeezed into the back of the car, as if she was very sorry ... which didn't help! Her ble-dd tests were fully Negative! I was with a Friend, a story already told: 'n I quote, "I am missing my Sweet doggy very much" ... "I Know"! Then she vomited ble-0d, so I tc-0k her to the Hospital ... Negative ... Then I caressed her, and asked the Doctors to put her to sleep,, aft I was gone: for fore my eyes, I couldn't bear it! Then, I caressed her again and started to leave, without saying a something: something I said always, when I left her even for a few moments: "I'm coming back"! 'N she had a curious $1 \mathbf{C}$ - d in her eyes! "'Tis the Last Time? So 'tis our Last Farewell? Yes?" 'N that's the Last Time I saw her ... her curious $\mathbf{1 0} \mathbf{0}-\mathbf{k}$ in her eyes? That haunts me ever 'n ever," 'n People say, She was a dog ... I contest

And the Merchant ... What became? Him, I never saw again until *Berlin about October same year when he again asked me to pray for him; if and when I had the Time: that's what I'd Promised! Later, phoning to his Wife once, he never came back also from his heart transplant ... so both of them left us the same year ... when each had bid each-other their g-0d-Byes, a long Time afore; only Question ever I have in my Life,, a Last Question of an utmost importance ... How did my Tina Know ??? How, How, How ... 'n People say, She was a dog ... I contest ...

Long are the days gone-by ... Long are the nights gone-by ... Long are the Remembrances gone-by . 'N Long Live the days nights ' n moments to pass-off: in Pain'n in Sufferance in Thinks 'n Thoughts of the Past, 'n the Present 'n the Future,, that'll come or Not? We'll never Know ... But How'd lil Tina Know? How did she Know? Elders say, that All is Not Known ... There are Spirits who Guide us, who Protect us, in forms Diverse, that we never Know; ' $n$ they are never Lost: to meet again in for-ever the Heavens or in the Yond beYond,, 'n ever Aft-wards!

Power if Lows, Stuns to Anarchy: 'n Lowly bow to Bosses,, Waging Tails. But if U have No Tails, like PDingels, what do U Wag? Wings are not Wagable: so U Wag your back-side or hips or bumbs! But my Tina had a Tail: so cleverly She Wagged her Tail, in Love! But, people say She was a dog ... I contest ... 'Twas a bagful Love !

## BG.ag

Children were playing in the Garden, the Garden of Eden; Humans are playing in the Garden, the Garden of Eden; Elders'1l be playing in the Garden, in the Garden of Eden; Humanity 'twas playing in the Garden, in the Dirty Garden of Evil: and the Dusky Gnomes of Zurich, and the Black Bowler Hats Black Boys City-Bankers also played in the Gardens, in the Garden of Eden; but a Dirty Garden, the Dirty Garden of Evil, the Dusty Garden of dolloms-day, of Devil's-day, of Fire-Hell's day ... rubbing their fingers, their hands, their Arms, their Fire-Arms: with their Rifles 'n their Tanks 'n their Arms 'n their Harms ... in their Interest + Interest + Interest, Multiple 'n Compound,, to Crush the Hungry Humanity: into many a Hell, of Evil unto Devil unto Hell: till "Death do us part"!

You'll be Wondering, What the Hell has an IO U or U O I to do with Gardens 'n High-Society Blokes'? Well, Tecnically an IOU is the abbreviation of $\mathbf{I} \mathbf{O w e}$ yoU, means a delayed payment on a certain date; generally 1,2 or 3 months, while a check, is immediately payable, even if it's post-dated! Thus, commerce or businesses actions are mostly I O U based. So I O U's can only be accepted by monied Orgs (or Orges), like akin Dusky Gnomes of Zurich, and the Black Bowler Hats Black Boys City-Bankers ... in other Words: the Real and True blad-0 d-money-suckers!

So, we ordinary innocent blokes, who Live a day-to-day Life, we who Believe in Gardens 'n Edens, in Bounty 'n Beauty, in Dogs ' n / Fingels, we remain lost ' n forlorn in this money-monkey-business.
 form of cash Crops was exported to England. Ireland produced enough $\mathbf{C l}$ - $\mathbf{D}$, but people producing, had NO access to it: Ireland, under British Rule (PM Lord John Russell) played a Double Game. A few hundred families Living in England, owned the Land. To grow Ged workers needed Land, largely Rented from Faked Owners, Vicious Circle! Grow Grain? Sell So Starvation Results? Hippocritically, the Government Played the Saints (Santity of Private Property): and NO Action onto Hungry Land-Owners, Killing Afamished Population: as Stomachy Land-Owners Deny the Huge Cost of Feeding the Hungry PG-gr! Hoard Rent from Estates 'n avoid Paying Rates. Thus Ordinaries Stulk Starve on Streets: while Rich Export to England. Tis True, a GGdy Government can be Just; but Refused: in Faked name of Justice. So enroll the IOUs of the Dusky Gnomes 'n Black Bowler Black Bankers : the Real 'n True blogd-money-suckers!

History of The Bit-Coins ... Nodes Assured (Block-Chain Records): Bitcoin Peer-to-Peer Network Invented in 2008, as a decentralized direct currency; without any Central Bank Behind: "Satoshi Nakamoto", the Fictive Inventor's Identity has never been revealed. As Black Market use increased, many Banks, including the People's Bank of China initiated three separate Impactful Regulations 1. Dec 2013, use Forbid in Finance Organs 2. Sept 2017, Ban in All Monetary Units 3. June 2021, major Crypto-Currency miners Complete Cracked-Closed . Some Lands still allow its use, inspite of it's high volatile Nature, lil Dusky Gnomes 'n Black Bowler Black Bankers!

Contents provided are only for Informational purposes (Diverse Sources of Crypto-Currency)

Paper Money ... 'Tis said: Chinese were the $1^{\text {st. }}$. to devise a system of Paper money, about $\mathbf{7 7 0}$ B.C. Melding Tibetan and Chinese Buddhism, flourished new venus: like Gold reserve backed Paper currency, was valid all over China. Tangs 800 on, made possible, Inexpensive Paper Money from Natural Fibres, called "rlying Cash", as it Nlew away when the Wind Blew ... thus metals anew found their customary use, Jewelry, Utensils etc. Empire's Far Lands, so were favoured 'cause Transferable! 1st. Town Szechuan ... Themes: Houses, Trees, Humans!

However, in August 1260, Kublai initiated the first official unified Paper Currency, unto the large and span of the Yuan Empire; 'twas named Chao, with NUL expiry date. This convertible currency, to Gold and Silver, was acceptable for the Government's Tax Payments, a security against any type of Loss or deValueation. So, Kublai was the World's first "Fiat Money" Maker. New Paper Money, had certain indeniable Advantages:

1. Administering the country became much smoother ... also as a Charge, as well as an Act
2. Tax Collection was Simpler and Less Voluminous; avoiding unnecessary physical exercise
3. Transport Charges were minimised ... Less Weight and same-ways Less Volume ... NO COINS!

After the Paper Currency Fiasco in Persia, Mohammad bin Tughlaq for the 1 st. Time in 1330, issued Brass 'n Copper Token Money in India, equivalent to Gold 'n Silver ... But Indians being too Traditionnel, this endeavor Failed Fully !

Definition of IOU noun from the Oxford Advanced American Dictionary ... IOU (noun) APL = / ar ov 'yu/ (informal)
A Written Promise that you will pay someone the money you owe them (a way of Writing "I Owe yoU")
Funny Remarks apart, let's study how Different People lak at the Same Objects in Different Manners: eg. I O U ! Times (Ever Distant) ... I O U, Nothing! The Queen (Embracing) ... I and my People ... O U Nothing ! BBC (Press) ... Our Journalists Report, V O U Null! Cambridge, Eton, Oxford (Avoiding) ... How dO U dO ... O O Bowler-Hat Boys (Inverse) ... U O mI! The Lords (Hereditry) ... O O, False Motion! Cockney ... I O? Fuck-off!

In the Same Manner, let's now study, how Different People 16-0k at Different Objects Samely : eg. The Big-Bang ! Times (Ever Distant) ... Nothing can yet be said with any certainty, but has recently been Reported that a New Event has Occurred in the Firmament! The Queen (Embracing) ... I and my People ... V-Velcome the Big-Bang ! BBC (Press) ... Our Journalists Confirm the Bang ! Cambridge, Eton, Oxford (Avoiding) ... Hope 'tis Not in U-K ! Bowler-Hat Boys (Inverse) ... Bangifits ? The Lords (Hereditry) ... O! Terrorists? Police! Cockney ... ??? Bang -it!

Lastly Alike Manner: how Different Nations 'n Nationalities 16-0k at Differences Differently : eg. Same Big-Bang ! Briton (Discutable) ... Is the Big-Bang Acceptable? Tories 49\%, Labour 51\% (Govt Falls)! Let's Call New Elections ! Germany (Achtung: Beware) ... Was ist Das ? Das war Nicht Hier (Null Funny can Happen in Deutschland)! Ja, Ja! France (Vive la France: Long Live France) ... Outre Afrique ... Funniness Elsewhere ? A Big-Bang Hit South-Africa! Italia (Ever Discuss: Parlamentare) ... Una Strana Big-Bang ... Let's Dispute it in the Parliament? Late Morrow Dve India-Pakistan (Contest); Same Tongue, Land 'n Pop. more to Europe, BUT ? Let's Make Big-Bangs on Stupidities ! 9 93. Roma

I Or U ... I Owe You all ... I+U=V
Comically-5-
(2010-23) https: / /www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/banking/ ... pexels-expect-best-351264 ... pexels-nappy-935979 pexels-pixabay-210574 ... pexels-guillaume-meurice-1317844
/dwarfs / ... pexels-sơn-bờm-1701426

.https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/Rajputs/ ... pexels-jatin-kukreja-14058300 ... pexels-abhishek-shekhawat-6458157 https://unsplash.com/fr/s/photos/Rajputs ... chirag-vashist-mnqLnEBHMp8-unsplash sonu-agvan-yUNehBYyDRQ-unsplash ... kshitij-gupta-VApyQln4osI-unsplash
94. Lahore $\quad \mathbf{R} \quad \mathbf{A} \quad \mathbf{J} \quad \mathbf{P} \quad \mathbf{U} \quad \mathbf{T} \quad$ Reality-4 $\quad$ (2011-23)
94. Lahore $\begin{array}{llllll}\mathbf{R} & \mathbf{A} & \mathbf{J} & \mathbf{P} & \mathbf{U} & \mathbf{T}\end{array}$ Reality-4-
(2011-23)

Rajput (rājaputra "Son of a King") is a cluster of castes of warriors descent: originating from Peasant Pastoral clans ... which only later became hereditary. In the Mughal Empire, hypergamous "marrying up", into the state army, also occasioned 'becoming' Rajput; by changing dress, diet, worship, traditions, also raised one to the Rajput status: thus being Rajput finally became an "open caste category", available to those serving the Mughals.

The Sacrifice of Padmani ... In the 12/13th centuries, King Ratansen, was a brave and Noble warrior
 banished; and so vowed Revenge. Playing his flute in a Plag`cal way,, he attracted the attention of Sultan Ala-ud-din Khilji: then cunningly he narrated of Rani Padmini's Beauty, arousing his lust; who ordered his army to march on Chittor: but found it heavily defended. So he Feigned to Ratansen, that he 10-0ked upon Padmani as his Sister; who fell into the trap requesting Padmani to "see her Brother"! She consented,, on a strict condition that he could see her only in a Mir or. Ala-ud-din so selected his best warriors, who Secretly examined the Fort's defences: on returning, Ratansen accompanied a while,, but was kidnapped and imPrisoned ... ransom being the Queen ... Consented!

At Dawn Crack, some 150 'palaquins' (Royal Ladies covered carraiges) advanced and before night-fall camped near the tent of Ratansen Mortified. Suddenly,, armed soldiers galloped away with Ratansen Freed, on captured horses; Sultan furious: Stormed Chittor. The Seige being long, the Fort's supplies were depleted: so the Rajputs decided to open the gates ' $n$ fight to finish. Then Padmani decided that their men-folk being out-numbered, 'twas a Fight to the Finish. A huge Pyre was lit 'n all including the Queen,, jumped into Flames to perish as smoke.

Rajput Sense of Hon ur ... "I'm a Rajput by birth"; 'n grew up bearing to this immense Sense of Rajput Val ur. "Hon ur mows in our blG-0d" was said, when one didn't even Know what it meant! That a Rajput never went back on 'tis word, 'twas Known: 'n enemies exploited it, a maximum. Often they off-set them, by devious plans; 'n many, ashamed self-Suicided on spot. Finally they understo-0d; 'n started to cut the heads-off, of Traitors!

The $1^{\text {st. }}$. Battle of Panipat ... Lasted a full 1 day, on $21^{\text {st. }}$. April 1526. Babar the Mughal, using the gun-powder canons for the $1^{\text {st. }}$. Time in India: 15,000 against 5 Times more, Babar employed 2 new Strategies: Tulguhma (5 Units Divide,, Lightening surround manœvers) \& Araba (Carts-Tied, protected Canons on wheels, their Fire Frightened Elephants, trampling own army) ... Babar had an Advantage: an element of equality where any his tro-0pers, dined with Babur; giving his opinion on tactics; while tiered hierarchy in Sultanate army, handicapped.

The $2^{\text {nd }}$. Battle of Panipat ... Lasted a full 1 day, $5^{\text {th }}$. November 1556 . Akbar the Mughal, a 13 yr. old, in the tutelle of Bairum Khan attacked Hemu ... a General of the Afore Sher Shah Suri Army, now under command of descendants,, starting from Bengal winning 22 battles, conquered Delhi: but his Glo y rested only 11 days. In a dominating position, a stray arrow entered his eye,, he Died and the army fled ... thus Akbar reigned for 49 yrs.

The 3rd. Battle of Panipat ... Lasted a full 3 days, 14th. January 1761. Durrani Shah Abdali! Advantages of Ahmed Shah ... 1. Trained Soldiers 2. Heavy Artillary 3. Rapid Cavalry 4. Secure Allies 5. Eats Ample. Weaknesses of Marhattas ... 1. Novice Soldiers 2. Light Artillary 3. Slow Elephants 4. Broken Allies 5. Eats Lack. Longest Battle of Ancient India ... It ended on $16^{\text {th }}$. January ... Funnily enough, that's my Bro Birth \& Pa's Die Day?

## Rajput Main Clans ... <br> 1. Agnivanshi <br> 2. Chandravanshi <br> 3. Yaduvanshi

1. Agnivanshi (Agni: Hindu godess of Fire) ...

- Chauhan ... Prithviraj Chauhan III ... Ascends as Minor from 1177 to 1192 CE, at Ajmer Rajasthan. Prithviraj leading a coalition of several Rajput Kings, defeats Muhammad Ghori's Ghurid Army, near Taraori in 1191 CE. A year aft, Ghori returns (1192 CE), with Turkish Mounted Archers, defeats the Rajputs, on same battlefield. Prithviraj fleeing near Sirsa, was executed: a Decisive Step, in Islamic Conquest of India.

2. Chandravanshi (Chandra: Hindu godess of me-0n) ...

- Janjua ... Punjabi Rajput clan ... Predominant in the Pothohar Plateau of Pakistani Punjab, are classified as Jats. They have been engaged in a long-running struggle for sovereignty over the Salt Range: later Sialkot Fort was given to the Janjua tribes by Sultan Firuz Shah Tughluq: accepting their suzerainty in the region (late 1400 CE). The Sikh Empire of Ranjit Singh destroyed them ... Still are listed as Martial Race. 3. Yaduvanshi (Yadavas: Legendary Lunar Dynasty) ...
- Rathore ... Rajasthan, Gujarat, Madhya Pradesh: Indian Rajput Dynasty ... Chunda (m6-0n) married a Pratihara Princess, 'n was Gifted the territory of Mandore as dowry; promising to defend Mandore against Tughlaqs: Mandore so became Capital of Rathores (1400) ... Significant Socio-political Shift! Nomadic Style gave way to Landed Aristocracy, but lasted not long: as the Delhi Sultanate captured all, around 1450.

Shah Waliullah Dehlawi ... "Some See No Beneficial Purpose in Injunctions of Islamic Law prescribed by God; 'tis as a Master orders Servants to lift Stones, to Test Obedience: without purpose except Obeyance, justifying only Reward and Punishment; 'Tis Completely Incorrect: Prophet's Traditions Contradict such Faulty Views".

1. Ahmed Shah Abdali, fervent disciple of Shah Waliullah, acts at his beck,, crushing Marhatta Menance
2. Shah Waliullah: $1^{\text {st }}$. Time in History translated Qura'an in Persian; Mullahs, Condemned him Heretic
3. Shah Abdul Aziz his son, by his Protests, is Considered the $1^{\text {st. }}$. FreedOIOm Fighter against the British

East India Company ... Early 1620s: notorious for Slave Labour to Asia or India, St. Helena in the Atlantic: (Patron Queen Elizabeth I). Slaves being from Indonesia or East or West Africa, Mozambique or Madagascar: initially being ported to India or Indonesia. This Slave Transportation flourished from 1730s to '60s, 'n more.

1. Cotton Trade declined in mid-18 ${ }^{\text {th }}$; China Tea Imports increased: results into "Century of Humiliation" 2. Tea Trade hid Illegal Opium exports to China (Patron Queen Victoria): so a $1^{\text {st }}$. Opium War (1839-42) 3. Chinese Defeat expands British Opium! 2nd. Conflict, Arrow War (1856-60), increased European Power Indian British Raj ... British landed in India in Surat on August 24, 1608. Britain had no indigenous Writ Language until 9th century, 3000 years after India. But by better economic Power and Weapons; primary motive being trade: they acquired Territory, in their lust for money and Conquest ... Twas Destined Miracle.
2. India had No Advanced Technology: Rail, Elec, Tele-Com ... Brits Provoked a Transfer of Technology
3. During $1^{\text {st. }}$. $\mathrm{n} 2^{\text {nd }}$. World Wars, Germany Forced Fabricating Arms in India: hi hi more Tech-Transfers
4. 'Twas a Shortest Lived Empire ... Lahore only 99 years ... the Sun finally SAT, on the British Empire.
5. Islamaba
$\begin{array}{llllll}\mathbf{P} & \mathbf{U} & \mathbf{N} & \mathbf{J} & \mathbf{A} & \mathbf{B}\end{array}$
Reality-5- (2012-23

. كِه.إيس.دانه.دالىدن.حَاصِل. نِشْان.
$\square$

The Secrets of your Life do unveil
'N this Dust's enterred your Fire's wake If 'ti Dusty Earth's full of Feasts in twain Voids Master this World, only null passes by Destroy Doubts 'n False Rites 'n all False-hC-Dd Thus's so Faith: 'n so, so's Glow y of the Truth
Be Body Dust, to arise sown Seeds as a Heart $\mathbf{v}$

> A Fist of Dust that o'er years Thousand derail
> Dawns the Early Prayer-call, Awake Ô Awake
> So seek never any Sprout of Life in this Here invain But Lees 'n Lees that to the inner-self but lye 'n lye False Come 'n Go, Continuity Old un-Underste- ${ }^{\text {Od }}$ Which Enlightens World, 'n fall False Masks so forth:
> That Insignificant Sprouts out, unto Beauty 'n Art.

Allama Iqbal ... Born 9 November 1877 Sialkot, Punjab
Died 21 April 1938 (aged 60) Lahore, Punjab
Iqbal influenced Jinnah to bid bye to his London self-imposed exile, taking charge of Muslim League: convinced, that only he could maintain party Unity, against Britain 'n Indian Congress: "I Know you are a busy man, but hope you won't mind me writing to you, as you are the only Muslim in India today to whom the community has the right to look up, for safe guidance through the storm which is coming to North-West India; perhaps, to the whole of India".
 Chaudry Rahmat Ali ... Born 16 November 1897 Died 3 February 1951

Pakistan ... P=Punjab, A=Afghan, $\mathbf{K}=$ Kashmir, $\mathbf{S}=$ Sind, tan=Baluchistan
"Now or Never" of 28/01/1933: PAKSTAN ... I added later for Harmony!
Law Student at the University of Cambridge in 1933, published the "Pakistan Declaration": addressed to the British and Indian delegates of the Third Round Table Conference in London. These Ideas, were at first ignored, for close to a decade; as students' Ideas. But in 1940, the Muslim Politicians accepted them, which lead to the Lahore Resolution of All-India Muslim League: dubbed the "Pakistan Resolution".

After the creation of Pakistan, Ali returned from England in April 1948, planning to stay in the country, but his belongings were confiscated and he was expelled by the prime minister Liaqat Ali Khan. In October 1948, Ali left empty-handed. He died on 3 February 1951 in Cambridge "destitute, forlorn and lonely". The funeral expenses of insolvent Ali were covered by Emmanuel College, Cambridge on the instructions of its Masters. Ali, finally was buried on 20 February 1951, with due Hon r, at Cambridge City Cemetery : Now or Never Published on 28 January 1933.

Liagat Ali Khan, so Twice Traitor to the Founders of Pakistan? (refer Kashmir)

## Cl <br> BGdak Ratiss $=$

Ancient period ... Punjab dates back to 3000 BCE ; of many migrations by Indo-Aryans (Indus Valley Civilization). Agriculture, majorly laid the foundations of Punjabi culture, by Land-ownership: "bread and breakfast" classical cult, also explains its stinted psychology! By History, its a tapestry of conflicts, marked by the rise of indigenous dynasties and empires. In the 4th century BCE, after Alexander the Great's invasion, Chandragupta Maurya established the Maurya Empire. Then in the 5th and 6th centuries CE, Punjab faced devastating Hunnic invasions; but the Vardhana Dynasty emerged triumphant.
Later in 8th century CE, rose Hindu Shahis, on defeating Saffarid and Samanid Empires. Hereafter, the Tomara and Katoch Dynasties, resisted the Ghaznavid invasions.



Taxila Pakistan: a World Heritage Capital of Ancient Gāndhāra, it was founded around 1000 BCE. Some ruins date from
Achaemenid Persian Empire, followed by the Maurya Empire


Historians lye often,, by Bias, Faith or Politics. The Real Fact is ... that most Pakistanis speak fluent Urdu ..

Although the name Punjab is of Persian origin, its two parts ( Sanskrit words, पञ्च, pañca, 'five' and अप्, áp, 'water', as alike: pañjāb thus means "The Land of Five Waters", alluding to the tributaries of Indus River: Jhelum, Chenab, Ravi, Beas, Satluj (largest). Also, a Land of Five Rivers may be found in the Mahabharata, in Ancient Bharat Panchanada (Sanskrit: पश्चनद, romanized: pañca-nada, lit. 'five Rivers') ... Referred again to Ancient Greeks, see the Pentapotamía (in Greek: Пعvtarotapia) ... is same as Persian.

Modern period ... Islam dominated West-Punjab under the Ghaznavids: the Tughlaq and Sayyid dynasty Sultans of Delhi succeeding; described as originaires of Punjab. The 15th century saw the emergence of the Langah Sultanate in the south, lauded for its victory over the Lodi dynasty. After the Mughal Empire's decline in the 18th century, Punjab experienced a period of anarchy. In 1799 CE , the Sikh Empire established its rule, undertaking conquests into Kashmir and Durrani Empire held territories, re-shaping the diverse and complex History of Punjab.

Ethnolinguistic groups predominant in the Punjab, are Punjabis, with Indo-Aryan Punjabi: Muslims being major in the West (Pakistan), while Punjabi Sikhs are major in East Punjab (India). 'Tween Muslim-Sikh exist good terms. Hindus, Christians, Jains, Zoroastrians, Buddhists, and Ravidassian, figure among other Religious beliefs.

1. Abbasi ... Derived Surname, implys an association; quoted in Pakistan 'n Iran: shows High Descent.
2. Awan ... Arab origin; thus Historical Superiority: claims to "high status in Pak Muslim Environment".
3. Arain ... Farming-Masters; cultivated Lands around Cities: Known for "hard-Work, thrift, disciplined".
4. Chamar (Nepal Mount) ... or Jatav Dalits Scheduled Caste: mainly Living in North Hind 'n Pakistan.
5. Dogars ... A cluster of Rajputs, initially pastoral or nomads: 'n reputed by a long marauding attitude.
6. Khokhar (Pothohar) ... "bloodthirsty" in Persian; impressed by Baba Farid many converted to Islam.
7. Mirasi (ير اثHeritage) ... Folklore Teller, Traditional Singer 'n Dancer, Saving Social Heritage Cult.
8. Qalandar ... Fakirs of Rohilkhand: Devoted to Saint Bu Ali Qalandar now buried in Panipat Haryana.
9. Saraiki ... Saraiki تُبجب, Belong to Baloch tribes settled in South: Dera Ghazi Khan or Rajanpur.

## BC.g. Reality-5-*thE7-Schelm-Rogue*.pdf-330-uño <br> THINKS 'n THOUGHTS

95. Islamabad
$\begin{array}{lllll}\mathbf{P} & \mathbf{U} & \mathbf{N} & \mathbf{J} & \mathbf{A}\end{array}$
B
Reality-5-
(2012-23)
Punjab ... https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/punjab/ ... Punjab pexels-darshak-pandya-574313 ... pexels-photo-2863219 ... pexels-aa-dil-2863220

$\qquad$

Mother Mc-gn's in Anger with me,
'N's Sunk in the Deep Down Sea;
' N when 'is Tears Tear my Hearty:
I KISS her to come back to me!
Simple but Beautiful! !
Congelo Everywhere
(16:00 ... 23/03/2023)

Came out, but of $O \%_{0}$ Where
Where Oliver Existed a "Where"
There Cl was, but as Ql Anywhere,"
Q Void of Emptiness, without any Ware
Empty, Sounds All Around 'n Every-Where
Where Congels ta-ok Invalids in Care
From the Be Yon of Cosmos out There

Came Mid 'n Whelp,, All's our Share!
Humanity Thurman; $\hat{O}$ Devil be beware:
Friends, Congelo, $\mathfrak{F}$ Fir Helpers Flair ...
Devil be Dust,, Dust be Jamb; aare'nt Stare!
Waved from Backs of Cosmos to a Universe Rare,,
Starring Galaxies to Galaxies to Suns 'n Suns "Solitaire":



## 

تر

If Paradise Exists on Earth<br>'Tis Here, 'Tis Here, 'Tis Here!

.Emperor.
Jehangir.
Mountainous in topography, with deep narrow Valleys and high barren plateaus, so's Kashmir Pure Beauty spot of the Medicinal and Herbaceous flora in the Himalayas, terminating at Western Nanga Parbat. Traversed by three Rivers: namely Indus, Jehlum 'n Chenab; dividing the region into three Valleys separated by high Mountain Ranges. Twas longly under the Moghuls,, then a Sikh Empire of Ranjit Singh, annexed Kashmir in 1820.

Ancient Greeks named it Kasperia, identifiable as Kaspapyros: Kaspatyros of Herodotus. Kashmir is also believed to be the Kaspeiria of Ptolemy. Its earliest text direct mention, is Ashtadhyayi, writ by a Sanskrit grammarian Pānini, about 500 BC . Kashmir self-imposed as centre of Hinduism in $7^{\text {th }}$ to $14^{\text {th }}$ centuries, the primary first millennium,, by a series of Dynasties, when Shaivism arose: 'twas only later, that 'twas influenced by Buddhism.

In 1339, Shah Mir became the first Muslim ruler of Kashmir,, when he inaugurated the Salatin-iKashmir, or Shah Mir dynasty. Afterwards, it became a part of the Mughal Empire, from 1586 to 1751: then till 1819, to the Durrani Afghan Empire. Then changed again: it passed to the control of the conquering armies of the Sikhs, under Ranjit Singh of Punjab. After the Sikh defeat in the First Anglo-Sikh War of 1846, upon the purchase of the region from the British under the Treaty of Amritsar, the Raja of Jammu, Gulab Singh and descendants, became the new rulers of Kashmir: under the paramountcy (or tutelage) of the British Crown.

Kashmir had also now begun to attract European visitors: several have Written of the abject poverty of the vast Muslim Peasantry and of the exorbitant taxes under the Sikhs: which forced many Peasants to migrate to the Plains of the Punjab. Kashmir was the $2^{\text {nd }}$. highest revenue earner of Sikh Empire: cause, during this Time Kashmiri shawls became Known Worldwide, attracting many buyers, especially in the West.

Out brakes First Anglo-Sikh War (1845). Imperial Gazetteer of India quotes: till battle of Sobraon (1846) Gulab Singh held himself aloof,, seeming a useful mediator 'n trusted advisor of Sir Henry Lawrence; 2 Treaties were concluded: 1. State of Lahore (W-Punjab), British take-over; for an equivalent of a crore indemnity, the hilly-tracks 'tween the rivers Beas 'n Indus; 2. British ceeded him for 75 lakhs, all hilly mountains 'twain East of Indus 'n the West of Ravi, Kashmir: Ranbir Singh's grandson Hari Singh, ascending in 1925, was the reigning monarch in 1947.

Maharajah Ranjit-Singh
13/11/1780-27/June/1839
Rajah Hari Singh-Nalwa
Sept/1895-26/April/1961
istockphoto-180837358-612×612
istockphoto-619635752-612×612


A Brief History of Kashmir Struggle : Historians lye often, by Bias, Faith or Politics. But I have Lived the K-Struggle! The Quaid discontent, ordered the Brit-Commander Gen. Gracey to conquer Kashmir, as Injustice done to Muslims. Refused, as couldn't attack a Brit-Gen: so was packed-off in 24 hours by Jinnah, who himself took over Command 'n Pak Army was at the door of Srinagar, waiting for the Keys! Begum Liaqat phoned L.A. Khan then in UNO, who immediately arranged a cease-fire afore eve: \& India occupied Kashmir ... Why many Pakis consider it Treachery; including a certain Said Akbar Khan Babrakzai, an Afghan Known in the Valley : thus have I heard as a child ... He vowed Revenge, trained himself, and in an inaugural speech on $16 / 10 / 1951$, shot him twice in mortal Fires! He was shot on the spot, by others unKnown. Events are re-writ, plans are re-done: still facts lye hidden ... thus Lived I as a Child, thus I repeat as a Youth, 'n so maintain I as an Elder ... History lyes but often, by Bias or Faith or Politics.

## BCod.ak Reality-6 <br>  THINKS 'n THOUGHTS -086--165

 96. Islamabad$\begin{array}{lllllll}\mathbf{K} & \mathbf{A} & \mathbf{S} & \mathbf{H} & \mathbf{M} & \mathbf{I} & \mathbf{R}\end{array}$ Reality-6-

2013-23 https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/Kashmir\ Dogras/ ... pexels-photo-1539700 ... TH Own Text pexels-imad-clicks-11742216 ... pexels-soubhagya-maharana-16498513 ... pexels-imad-clicks-7824511

https://unsplash.com/fr/s/photos/gilgit ... istockphoto-1473511537-612x612 ... Gilgit-Baltistan istockphoto-1370107573-612x612 ... istockphoto-1420343712-612x612 https://unsplash.com/fr/s/photos/kaghan ... syed-muhammad-baqir-zaidi-itx6ykSsFIY-unsplash ... Kaghan-Valley ... ossama-safi-Jkw-Pgr6nEQ-unsplash ... Lake Loch Lac Lago Jheel
97. Islamabad $\quad \mathbf{P} \quad \mathbf{A} \quad \mathbf{K} \quad \mathbf{I} \quad \mathbf{S} \quad \mathbf{T} \quad \mathbf{A} \quad \mathbf{N} \quad$ Reality-7- (2014-23)

Punjab ... https://www.pexels.com/fr-fr/chercher/punjab/ pexels-irfan-arif-13629907 ... Shahi Masjid ... Lahore

https://unsplash.com/fr/s/photos/Peshawar\%2C-Peshawar\%2C-Pakistan ... istockphoto-163113501-612x612 istockphoto-538601654-612x612 ... Peshawar ... istockphoto-173627611-612x612 https:/ /www.istockphoto.com/photo/cerezo-hill-gm1405648228-457485427 ... Kharan-Baluchistan istockphoto-474675163-612x612 ... istockphoto-486153070-612x612 ...

0.

## My Hitch-Hiking Trip to Pakistan

Destiny so dicted, that after a certain Disagreement (explained elsewhere), I went to Pakistan ... having hitch-hiked from London (13/11/1965), .Paris., *Strasbourg*, *Deutschland*; Snowed Austria: Italia (no visa; ma errano Sympatici, è hanno 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 $\mathbf{O x}$-carts, 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 me-od, I scamped as I valued my Life more)... Tourist a bit, apart Topkapi (Closed Mondays); 'n when I was Reading the inscriptions on the Mosque Sulemanya, an Old Turk came, sh©-0k 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, continued 36 Hours to Erzurum: crossing the border into Iran, where I travelled nights by bus 'n touristed all important towns during day; Tabrez, Shiraz, Isfahan, Tehran, till Zahidan: where a bus, with beasts 'n Belles, finally to-0k me to Quetta (my Infancy zone); seeing again that wonderous Road-Sign of raw we-gd, seen in Childhe-od, saying 'London 6002 Miles' ah-ha BritiX precision; then train to Lahore; arriving at 10 in morning, 10/12/1965; to all's astonishment ... but thus had I $\square$ this to my Old Mother
... 'n I always keep my Word !!!
All in $\mathbf{2 3}$ days from $\qquad$ . costing £43,50 with Presents, hi hi A Dream of a trip !!!


## In same Observer, was the 1st. Article by Zulfigar Ali Bhutto on the Islamic World !!!

1. Lahore A MYTH AND A FANTASY ... Pakistan Day Mem rial 1966 (Mar)

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

## Dacca Wednesday March 23, 1966 By Tariq HAMEED

It was a Mon ment 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 gayful 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 Image of this Mon ment 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, that was Presented under 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 Archtecture, 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 ... Stolen to be Sold,, more seems it to me ???

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 Gret fanfare, the boundaries were outlined in white to demarcate the different aspects of the Mon ment: soon the white chalk was transformed into the Earth and out of Earth sprouted forth flowers and limerbs and the white lines existed no more; only a crude lerbed 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; 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 it's place: and the Winds of Autumn blew into this Waste-Land and denuded this Garden of all it's Imagined Glo y ... eat, eat, eat, meet meat

## Memorial Committee

The Mon ment was to be Completed in two years and the approximate cost of erection was to run into a 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, were 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 it's formal request failed: no Philanthropist came forward to sponsor such a Noble cause of International Prestige : hi, hi, eat, eat, meet meat ? "Only a couple of public-Spirited Industrialists, for whom the Creation of Pakistan has brought un-Dreamt 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 Disney-Land in Holly-wood, 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 Cuplas, Towers and Drones 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 Gra deur 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 stand-still ... eat, 'n meet meat ???

## 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 Gre t surprise of everyone, the Model displayed at this juncture was radically different to the one submitted to the Council, at 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 allocated a Loan, Graciously interest-free of Rs. 5 lakh, while other finances had been raised by a cut 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 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 Mon ment,, would probably swell, many a many a manifold ... eat meet meat, again 'n again ???

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 Bricks 'n 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 toil.

## 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 Bternal 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, I Landed up in Islamabad and looked for a room. A Dear Friend, 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 'n then Bhutto. This Silent Friendship, years on turned to a stunning relationship, 40 years after. With a strange look, he blurted, "Ooo ... you're That Tariq Hameed " ? Surprised, I retorted confused, "Which" ? That ? "Around the house of whom, I'hd put a 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 Gre t 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, 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's a Graceful Maiden, an 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 Hon ur".


Pakistan is the World's fifth-most populous country, about 240 million; being the 2nd-largest Muslim-World population after Indonesia. Pakistan is the 33rd-largest country in the World by area: the 2nd-largest in South Asia, spanning almost a million sq. km with $1,000 \mathrm{~km}$ coastline in South in Indian Ocean (Sole Warm Sea on Earth). Bordered by India in east, Afghanistan in west, Iran in southwest, and China in northeast ... Tajikistan is nearby (Wakhan Corridor at North). Islamabad is the Capital: Karachi being the largest city and its Financial Centre ... Pakistan is multi cultural: Paleolithic, Neolithic (Mehrgarh); Indus Valley Civilisation (Bronze Age): and the Antique Gandhara civilisation. Pakistan anciently has had multiple dynasty-Empires: Achaemenid, Maurya, Gupta; then Umayyads, Ghaznavis, \& Mughals (400 yrs)... lastly occupied by the British Raj shortly (1858 to 1947).

> | "Mohandas" Gandhi 1. Married at 13 yrs 2. London at Jack the Ripper's Time 3. Suffered from Stage Fright 4. |
| :--- |
| Helped Brit.Empire in Boër War 5. Cultivated Image wearing White-Loin-Cloth 6. Non-Violence Ideas were |
| borrowed from Russian Tolstoy 7. Failure to Establish Measurable Strategic Planning Indicators 8. Political-Face |
| Softness: Real Face, Classic Hinduism 9. Murdered (30/01/1948): fellow Hindu Nathuram Godse (of BJP Racists). |
| "Pandit" Jawaharlal-Nehru 1. Pandit never was 2. Origin Kashmir Brahman 3. Lost in Time 'n Space: so his Words |
| "I have become a queer mixture of East and West, out of place Everywhere, at home Nowhere" 4. Suspected that |
| Lady Mountbatten was his Miss-Tresse: so passing thru her, he exerted influence 5. Sole Heir Indra: in Bostel-Jail |
| Lahore, played Cards with my Mother (Incharge) ... Invited her for Official Visit, but Ma being Widow, accepted Not! |
| Lord Mountbatton 1. German Descent, 2nd. Cousin of George VI 2. Last Viceroy of India 3. Applied Divide and |
| Rule, to Punish: sowed Massacre 'tween Hindus 'n Muslims 4. Radcliffe Line: design to share equally Land 'n Folks! |
| Twas overmight reversed by Mountbatten, giving Hindus to Pak n Muslims to Ind 5. Murdered 27/08/1979, Ireland! |

[^0]

Invited by Quaid-e-Azam, Amjadi Bano Begum, Widow of Maulana Mohammad Ali Jauhar, was on the 25 -member working committee of All-India Muslim League (AIML): a fact often ignored by Male Mullahs 'n Masculinsts ??? The only Woman whose signature is affixed on the Lahore Resolution, which she re-named "Pakistan Resolution"
Popularly Known as "Bi-Amma", she collected an immense sum for Muslims!: (mod-Times worth 1000's millions). Secretary of Women's Wing of Indian Khilafat Committee in 1920 ... Afore her Death on 28/03/1947, Jinnah visited her for a docs-sign, when she asked: "Is Pakistan made"? 'N Jinnah Lyed: "Yes"! 5 months later, 'twas was a Reality.


Bi-Amma ...The same 16-す


My Mother ... The Big Woman

White Spade Symbol was Typical. It Reminded of a Battle of the Prophet using Spades as Weapon in Madina Wearing Farmer's Khaki (Dust) Cloth
They were Open to All Religions and did Voluntary Social Work for Every
White Spade's Left was Razor-Sharp and could prove a Leathal Weapon Once my Yaseen Uncle was Furious in a Protest, and when a Brit. Sepoy him annoyed, he Sliced his Head off! Charged, he passed onto Trial, but
Strange it might seem, out of about a 1000 people, None had seen NUL: so Uncle Yaseen, Freed Hon urably.

25 August 1888: Amritsar, Punjab 27 August 1963: Lahore, Punjab


Khaksar
Khak $=$ Dust Sar $=$ Humble His Trusted
$\qquad$
TH Maternal Uncle Yaseen Syed Ghazil Shah

Allama
Mashriqi

## THE TWO FAMILIES ... of . . FAMOUS FREE $d \boldsymbol{O}-\boldsymbol{O} m$ FIGHTERS

SUHRAWARDIS ... The Family origins can be traced back to the 11th Century Iranian philosopher and writer Abu alNajib Suhrawardi, who founded the Suhrawardiyya Sufi Order and the Dynasty in 1118 A.D. The Family gets its name from Shorevard, a city in Iran where Najib took birth, learnt, preached and eventually founded the Sufi Order. The Family line continued through Shihab al-Din 'Umar al-Suhrawardy, whose grandson Bahauddin migrated to Multan in 1207 during the Mamluk rule in India, making the Suhrawardys first of the Sufis to come to India even before the Chistis. The Family has produced many philosophers and saints since then who were greatly revered by the Mamluks, as they played a major role in consolidating the position of the empire in Multan through their preachings. Bahauddin Zakaria Suhrawardy declared Altamash as the lawful successor of Qutubuddin Aibak, which helped Altamash in securing his rule in the sub-continent; causing his enemies such as Nasir-ud-din Qabacha to retreat. That very year, Altamash awarded Bahauddin Zakaria with the title of "Sheikh ul Islam". The Suhrawardys received the royal patronage too. The subsequent successive Sultans of Delhi remained loyal to the Suhrawardis: including Alauddin Khilji who received Sheikh Ruknuddin Suhrawardy personally at Delhi gate, and kissed his feet as a mark of Res ect. The dargaah of Makhdoom Yahya Maneri Suhrawardi, another scion of this Family was frequently visited by Babur, Bahlol Lodi and later by Sher Shah Suri. The Tuglaqs too greatly admired the Suhrawardys; the Tomb of Shah Rukn-e-Alam, the grandson of Bahauddin Zakariya Suhrawardy was commissioned and built by Ghias ud din Tuglaq in 1324 A.D, who was a Humble follower of the former and used to visit him often in Multan.

## SYED GHAZIL SHAH ... WHO WAS ???

As Researcher ... Iqbalayat, Rumi, Shams Tabriz.
As Humanitarian ... was a dedicated Social Activist and a Supportive Ethical Political Leader ... a Visionary Serving Humanity.
At Partition ... Migrated from India to Kashmir, then Kashmir to Pakistan.
As Quaid e Azam's Admirer, played an Important Role, in Tehreeq-e-Pakistan. Standing then shoulder to shoulder with the Quaid, cured the Injured of the War-zones, with 1st-Aid or primary cares for Women, Infants and Elders.
As Allama Mashreeqi's Right-Hand (Sufaid Baylcha Walay) ... Worked as Soldier ... My Maternal Uncle Yaseen, was the Left-Hand ... This White Spade was Particular ... Left side was Razor-Sharp ... So once Yaseen in a Protest, Decapitated a Brit-Cop ... NO Witnesses?

As Compagnion, had Mir Yaseen Suharwardi, my Maternal Uncle ... As the Left-Hand of Mashreeqi.
As Founder ... Founded the 1st Muslim Welfare Trust in India: Thousands Under-privilege Families Served ... Women, Children, Elders NO Bias of Sect, Cast or Creed.

As Hikmat ... With Father-in-Law, Sufi Abdul Kareem Butt, Opened Multiples of Clinics! Cost-Free Cure was Dispensed by Qualified Certified Herbalist and Hakeems (Homeopathic Doctors) for Local or Out-of-Reach Patients !

As an Exemplary Voluntary System, as 'twas ... 'twas, in those Remote Regions: and those Remote Times.
As Promoter ... Promoted Kashmir hand-made Carpets: opening various Enterprises, bringing Young Entrepreneurs to front-lines; a World recognised business. Hon_ured As so, to exhibit the Carpets in Japan, China and Afghanistan: promoting Pakistani exports globally.
As Counciler ... 10 years in Rawalpindi: to be recognised, as a great, Humanitarian Political Leader.
As Holder of Pak-Flag ... was invited by Michigan's Governor to attend the 1st Pakistan Celebrations ... This made History.
As Host ... Hon_urably hosted the World Class Super Champion, the famous Boxer Muhammad Ali (bef. Cassius Clay), in Rawalpindi: for a Charitable Cause, Facilitating many Kidney Transplants, to Vulnerable and Bereived Families.

As Innovator ... Introduced the 1st ever Cyclist Competition Tour amongst the young, to Innovate Healthy Activities.
As Launcher ... Launched the 1st ever Business Newspaper in Pakistan in Urdu: named Dunya-e-Tijarat.
As Politician ... Syed Ghazil Shah, was Hon ured to receive and host, the Chinese President, King Fahad, As the Counciler of Rawalpindi.
As President of the Indonesian Society ... for several years working with dedication, on joint Bilateral Relationships, very successfully!
And ... As Heart Earner ... He earned the Heart of many many people: Men, Women, Children, Elders, Invalids and the Down-Trod ... by his Kind, Affectionate and Honest Nature.
As a Role Model, may he Rest in Peace. Ameen!
Amira Shah ... As a Daughter I Res ect him ... As a Woman I Admire him!

GPAH's New Education Scheme

Facts ... Deprived Areas in Punjab, Fedral Zone, KPK and Gilgit-Baldistan has a Low Rate Schooling for Girls, who are $55 \%$ of Pak younger population.

Schools do exist, but give very low results?
Why?
Problems ... Lack of Able Tutors ... Lack of Finance ... Lack of Accomodation ... Difficulties of Transport ... etc. etc. Remedy ... 1. Create New Schools, costing Lots of Money ... 2. Re-use \& Modify Existing ... What's Wise \& Practical Solution Applied ... GPAH Model Schools ... Reused over 10 Local Schools in Backward Areas, for positive youngers Policy ... Education covers Matriculation, then ways open ... 1. Vocational (Earnings) ... 2. University Scholarships
... May Allah Bless Us, in Our Noble Efforts ... Inshallah ... That God be Our Guide ..


Lieut.General-Abdul-Qayyum


Amira \& Multan Faqir Ele ance and Simplicity Conference on Spirituality

Amira Parveen Shah
Global Peace and Harmony As Investment Banker Philosophy Graduate of Punjab University M-Phil Gloustershire MBA Islamic Banking CEO Social Activist Sponsered by UNO to Organise Unions Internationally to
Aid the Handicapped to Sustain themselves in Dig ity 'n Res ect


You all are cordially invited at Martin Luther king Seminar in which a one minute video along with a theatre Play "Mata e Gharoor" writen by iconic writer \& scholar Ishfaq Ahmed will be Presented at tomorrow 01:pm Open Air Theatre PNCA.
Martin Luthor King Jr. UNO Sponsor

Martin Luthor King Jr. ... Born 15/01/1929, Atlanta, Georgia ... Assassinated 04/04/1968, Memphis, Tennessee. His famous speech, "I have a Dream", won him World acclaim. Martin Luther King Jr. Day was globally established, when many ceremonies take place ... UNO sponsored celebration in Pakistan, a Stage Show : GPAH was Hon ured.
Lieutenant General Abdul Qayyum ... (Urdu: بَبراليّرم). Retired (3-Star) of Pakistan Army, so served as Chairman of Pakistan Ordnance Factories and Steel Mills. Speciallying in the Artillery Corps, he foiled many Subversive Hidden Attacks by India, and is considered as a National Hero. He also blessed GPAH, for its Endeavour to Aid the Poor.

A Bit About Philanthropy ... Desire Promote Others Welfare, by generous donations to good causes (per Dictionary). Per GPAH: Social Partipation, Self-Donated ... Involvement of the Well-Meaning for the Well-Being of All and Sundry.

A Bit About Sufiism ... A Direct Personal Experience of Allah through Belief and Practice, is Islamic Asceticism. Per GPAH: Social Participation, Surrunder ... Broader Style Worship Transcending Sects: Direct Inward Attention.

GPAH Proposal to UNO
Our Aim: Humans be Aware of Basic Human Rights ... for All Endeavour: Status of Hon ur Effort: Women Self-Empower to be of use to the Civil Society Youth: Eradicate Child Abuse Getting a befitting Education to be able to Guide their Likes Goal: Philanthropically tackle Modern Problems; gauging the Pros and Cons of all Complex Issues: so excelling to sort out lower Down-Trod UnFavoured!


Global Peace and Harmony www.facebook.com/gpah.org/photos/


And Duly the Worm Followed! You Remember my little children, that once, a long Time agone, I had promissed to tell you the story named, "And Duly the Worm Followed": but duly, I never told you it ... Why ???

Not that I forgot! No, No, No. But that you would have never underst-0 d: because you were t-0 young! For this is a story for the Grown-Ups,, and then you were Not so Grown-Up: you were still tolo young to see or hear about such things,, as Evil'n Worms 'n Ill 'n Devil ... you get me, my Sweet-Hearts $\vee \vee \vee$ ? Simply, that I wanted you to remain Pure,, Pure 'n Smiling 'n Happy 'n Tidy ... ever 'n forever Sure 'n Blissfull!

But Life is Life: and as now you are young 'n full of Life, I think there's No Harm to Talk Truth. So ... Once upon a Time ... when Times didn't exist, there Lived a Worm; but 'twas No Ordinary Worm,, for rolled into the Worm were many other Creations... 'twas the Snake 'n 'twas the Evil'n 'twas the Devil 'n 'twas the Ill,, all rolled in 'n unto the one 'n the same, that Eviler than this Evil, just could Not exist! 'N 'tis just the Start of our Story ...

This Worm had a Grudge to Grind! He'd never forgotten, that when he roamed around in Paradise," but Thinking Evil, planning Evil, shouting on top of voice, "They are eating me"; the Seigneur came running in, that 'Tis simple Innocent Beings hadn't crocked into the indigestible; main Worry being indigestion, Not any Religious Fervour,, to be built-up by Padris, Madris, Mul-Mul-Mullis, Sanyasis or Guruies: to sustain their daily Bread 'n Butter,, in centuries 'n centuries aft; putting to Shame, Honest Believers,, in quete of bits of Calm 'n Peace.

As I've told you, my children, the Worm had a Grudge to settle, 'n thus ever planned Evil: Strange 'tis, that Forsaken Minds are a bee-hive of Ferments ... 'n never having Peace are self-dO-Omed to Chaos ... so Create Chaos to counter Chaos. In this particular mentality, circles intertwine into circles intertwined. So, at this particular moment, let's just Study the Entwined Circles: we start with a Worm, pass thru Evils 'n Ills,, to End with Snakes.

| W. | O. | R. | M. |  |  |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| Worst | Overall | Rabied | Menance! |  |  |
| E. | V. | I. | L. | S. |  |
| Every | Veil | Immediately | Lifted | Suddenly! |  |
| I. | L. | L. | S. |  |  |
| Ignorance | Loftily | Languishly | Secured! |  |  |
| S. |  |  |  |  | S. |
| Serpents | Nasty | And | Killers | Effective | Specialized! |

Once, the basic definitions have been elaborated,, we will try to Work-out the intricate intertwinement of this serpentinal Enigma. I Hope my children, that now you are sufficiently grown-up to capt this complex struct! As because, the Evil has a todth against you, for you came from Paradise 'n will refind your Eden ...

Evil's Hopeless in the Darks of Infinity ... If $\mathbf{r} \mathbf{U}$ Ready: so here we go," finally to find the Final Truth !
Thus we'll analyse our hypothesis again ... our hypotheses of ... And Duly the WORM Followed!
And ... ADingels Not,, Devils-anti
Duly ... Deviate Unilaterally Lonely Yonds
the ... thereafter
WORM ... Worms Overtake Rudimentarily Momentaneously
Followed ... Fighting Over Lofty Lowly Obscure Wildernesses Ever-fore Devastated
$\mathbf{U}$ will reckon lil Children, now Young 'n Grown-up ... 'n full of Thoughts ... Why Followed WORM ? Well, Well! U'r cleverer than I Thought. So, U oblige me to tell the Truth ... but then certain Falsities, must I reveal ! Here, I underline how we have come to Know or Learn or are said-so, so said-so Non-Senses ... All are in the Mesh . as Well or un-Well, the said-so Religions; led by so-said Padris, Madris, Mul-Mul-Mullis, Sanyasis 'n Guruies ??? 1 st. Falseh $\underline{\underline{G}-0} d$ : Man Dominates in this World ... so Dominates the Divine: and God's Sexed to HE ? $2^{\text {nd }}$. FalsehG-0d: Man Advanced in Creation ... Womans' the Womb-Brearer: was Divine Mistaked ? 3 ${ }^{\text {rd }}$. Falseh $\mathbf{G}-\mathbf{0} d$ : Man Requests Ladies First ... Woman Obeys Convention: God'd Nothing in 'tween ??? $4^{\text {th. }}$. Falseh $\mathbf{G}-$ Ød: BUT Padris, Madris, Mul-Mul-Mullis 'n etc. do Blame Dame: False Manh
$5^{\text {th }}$. Falseh $\mathbf{C}$ d: Born of DisObedient ' $n$ Murderer not-Able 'n C'aint: Beings of blad without Heart ? ALL False: False Fathers of Humanity: False Children of Humanity: False Clergy of Humanity: False Man-Kind? So ... Where Lyes the Truth or un-Truth ... 'tween this Bunch of False Lyers ... Lying, Lying, Lying ?

U 1G-0k a bit confused my lil Children: for in Paradise, things were a bit different: there was a couple, an offenceless Tree of Forbid Knowledge,, and an Ugly Worm selfish, but Ignorant of All but its own self-Interest ... so said: a Worm in the Heavens, is but an Insignificant non-Entity. However, the World is another matter, here a Worm is the King overall: it has Power in every sphere, in every turn of Life, Existence 'n Activity in the Society.

1st. $^{\text {st }}$ Family: Man's King, if is the main Bread-Earner ... Worm-King Dominates,, if full Chaos Reigns ! $\mathbf{2}^{\text {nd }}$. Outside: Man's Kingdom Stops at dGr--steps ... Worm-Gangs Dominate,, at the Pavement Start! $3^{\text {rd }}$. Society: Man Frequents a Corner-Shop ... Worm-Patrons Dominate, Nation-wide ©-D 'n Utility $4^{\text {th. }}$. Nations: Hindus, Mulims, Sikhs, Christains 'n etc. ... Worm-Priests Rule, by Song 'n Aaahmen !


So now my lil Sweet-Hearts $\vee \vee \vee$, that $\mathbf{U}$ have grown Elders 'n Sagers," 'tis Time to Teach the WHY of this long Story ... Paradise's a Holy 'n Pure Space,"'n there's No place for Worm-Serpents there. Thus to Learn the Holy, U have to make a Passage,, a 'Séjour' in a semi-Hell, to be Purified ... thus an Earth-World sort,, where we can make Mistakes 'n Errors Rectifiable. Any of those, who've Rectified into Purity,, become the Chosen-Ones: Ones the Divine Loves ... so 'tis that in 'Tis Infinite Wisdom, 'twas Destined so ... 'n thus Duly the WORM Followed !

The Stable's unStable, only if the Laws are Deviated by the Unstable ... be it Humanity or Beast!

So to Bnd, we can now draw a few Definite Conclusions: that the AlphaBeta, CompleteD bE First ...

1. Worms are Worms, often in the guise of Snakes

so Aware 'n Beware

2. No-one is your Friend, unless be expressly set so

Comprehensive ' $n$ Devout
3. That they remain 'n be well Tested BeYond Doubt
. Effervescent 'n Faithful
4. This means that Man-Kind's to be BeYond Doubt
. Great 'n Human
5. And a must is that they self-prove BeYond Doubt

Intelligent ' $n$ Jovial
6. So's Faithful Humanity's defined BeYond Doubt

## Kind ' n Loyal

7. Thus must surmount to be Tested BeYond Doubt
. PMag•cal 'n Noble
8. As of Yester 'n Todays 'n Morrows BeYond Doubt
.. Observant ' $n$ Pitious
9. Night by Night Day by Day Tested BeYond Doubt ... Quotidien 'n Rebounding
10. In All Controversies or Strives, Set BeYond Doubt ... Smiling 'n Truthful
11. That the Last Final Reckoning be BeYond Doubt

Understanding in Vivaciousness
12. Ends justifying Means,, means so BeYond Doubt

Worldly in Xtraordinary
13. Only Remains but the BeYond in BeYond Doubt
. Yondering in Zealousful
Kissing U: take care of these lil Thinks, my lil children ... 'n you'll Live Happily Ever-Aft," 'bov the BeYonds


https://pixabay.com/images/search/black\ angels/ ...
search/black\%20holes/
Angels ... angel-220094_480 ... angel-4834917_480 ... angel-316352_480 ... Black Holes

Ninety-nine is Humility, Humility and Modesty, in 'tis Complete InCompleteness ... as 'tis a One less than a Hundred, a One less than a Century, thus in the InCompleteness in Totality ... Modesty in Humility!

Here we go into a preamble ... Once upon a Time, long long Infinities ago, long before our Todays Humanity existed," so tell us Lots of our Fake Religionsists of Nowadays, existed two Brothers akin 'n different, named Able 'n Un-Able, one Holy 'n one Evil ... the Evil Killed the Holy, thus rose Humanity ever since, where the Evil Kills the Holy ... the brunt of all our Pery-tales of Humanity? So let's now speak the Truth, the whole Truth," so help me God ... thus speak I the Truth, the whole Truth? Humanity's the Murderer of Humanity ???

There are those Who Cain 'n those Who Caint,, and these thus are NoT-Able ... preamble Closed.

Continuing: dreamt so I ... on a Calm Night ... a lieu-dit Calm and forlorn, in the long Lost English Country-side, with a discrete Bourgoisie, typical 'n very Jeeves! So let us come to the brunt, of the Question!

9 (Nein in German, is NO) ... so twice Nein is $99 \ldots$ the Incomplete! What Lacks a Unit or Unity?
So, Once upon a Time, Lived in the Nowhere of the No-Lands of a $\begin{aligned} & \text { ®ery-Land, a Prince 'n a Princess," }\end{aligned}$ full of Love 'n Tenderness! Both Dancers of the style of Ballet; they were married 'n Happy in Love 'n Tenderness: the Prime-Male 'n the Prima-Donna. The Prince had a Friend, also a Dancer; ged but Not as such: 'n the Princess also had a Friend; g[-]d but Not as such! The Friend of the Prince, also Loved the Prima-Donna, but "Bouche et Mine Cousue", bore his Burden 'n Pain in Self! The Friend of the Princess, Loved the Friend of the Prince, but "Bouche et Mine Cousue", bore her Burden 'n Pain in Self! So all 'twas Completeness Incomplete!

Thus, Once upon a Time, Rolls our Tale of ... "The Four Dancers" ... in InCompleteness Complete!

Act 1: The Marriage Cermony ... Princes and Princesses, of Great Royals ... Global Invites!

Came from the North: Cold 'n Snow 'n the Dtermal Desolation, of the Spaces White
Asgard ... Norse Mythology: Stronghold of gods, Nine Worlds around Yggdrasil Tree
Teutonic ... Preludes 'n Fuges; Gongs of Destiny; Dances 'n Rhapsodies; Walküre
French ... Carmen, Vale 'n Mounts Roamer; Repeater Bolero; "Dieu existe en Détails"
Spain ... Gibl-al-Tariq; Red Stone Palaces; a Don 'n Assy Serf, Cervantes es Espagña
Italy ... Colosseum Gladiators; Divina Commedia; Smile, Lisa Enigma; Speak Moses
Greece ... Face Launched a 1000 Ship; I'm "NoBody"; Fire Humanity; Beauty Venus Came from the East: The Rise of the Sun'n Peace 'n Prophets 'n a full History of Dternity

China ... Pentatonic PTus^c; The Wall, seen from men-on; silk Belt \& Road, Peace;
Pak-Hind ... Joining the Great Null; Glissening Quarter- Jotes, Jotes Chanting Water Mid-East ... Elements: Persia, Ancient 'n Present; Arabs, Turks ... A Triology Dternal
Persepolis : Fire-Cult, So Spake! Hearth burnt All Life; to Advent of Islam: Oppositions
Nota: Zoroastrianism ... 3500 BCE: developed by Ancestors of Nomadic Herding Iranian tribes.

Ancient: So Spake Zarathoustra, Fire; Gardens Hung, Cyrus the Restorer
Present: Islamic; Royal Carpets; Mon ments of Beliefs; Arts 'n Crafts
Arabs: The Land of Prophets,, Pa to Son; Issad ends Jesus, Ismail Mohammad (saw)
Turks: Civilsation's Double Continent," Heathen, Christ, Islam; Aya Sophia Came from the West: Injuns Above 'n Incas Below,, Civilsations Lost of Long a Long Term Above ... Past was Manitou, Trance of Gret Spirit ... Present's Shortest Live Empire Below ... Cut from the World,, Counted by Coloured Knots; Cut Forests 'n Self Died Came from the South: The Dark Continent,, Sahara 'n Dark'n Wild,, Sur-passing All Time Sahara Nomadic ... The Beauty of Camel Bells Tinkling, Roam a Day 'n Repose Nights Dark Equator ... Heat's Immense 'n Eat's Rare, "With Missionaries, made ge-d Meal" Wild ge-0 $\mathbf{G}$ d Hope ... East Joins West! Passage Opens, Stream Links the Warm to Cold So, All Danced 'n Danced All ... North East West South ... the Past 'n Present, All Together!

So ... Ladies \& Gentlemen ... Vell V haVe Vork to VeaVe Very Vell !!!
Act 2: All Stage Rolls-out in Dark ... the Dance of Times, of Past 'n Present, of What Was 'n Not Was!

## The Black ADingel

Came from the Darknesses of the Dark, an FDngel Dark! Why Dark? For What is Universe ... a True Completeness of the Dark ... as Light is Dark ... Only Dark: but only Touching an Object, 'tis the Object which becomes Visible 'n is seen ... but Light Not? Light remains always Dark! So this RDingel Black, was Dark, Dark 'n gedod: for gedod always remains in the Dark ... for if it was Visible, it would become Interest," but remaining Invisible, it rests gG-0d Invisible : 'n such was our Black ADingel, ADingel of ge-0d ... Dark Black ADngel of ga-0d!

If you don't Believe me, just lag-0 $k$ at the Sky at Night ... the whole Universe is Black ... gequod or bad!

Tis ADngel was always accompanied by a Dear one ... a Dear Devil, turned gG-0d ... ever clad in gold," for 'tis had a golden heart: a heart of Shimmering gold," who'd Nothing but Love in 'tis heart: a heart $\square$ of gold! One of the Qualities of this Devil was, that 'tis in Reality was only a Thought personified, personified in ge-0d; g(od-0 of Being, ' n in 'tis Being, Illuminated of Hope: Hope of Love,, of Love of Beings : of Beings Living in Hope!
'N both of them Danced,, Danced the Dance of the Universe,, the Dance of Universes to come 'n to go; of Universes here 'n Universes there 'n Universes Nowhere 'n so Universes Everywhere, Universes Past 'n Present; Universes after Universes aft Universes for ever 'n ever,, to Ends of Times InExistant into the BeYonds!

Thus 'twas that the Cosmos' Danced ... starting from the Base, 'n Mounting 'n Mounting 'n Mounting!
First Dance ... The Sun 'n the Planets, the Earth 'n the meon: Circles into Circles into Circles Second Dance ... The Stars 'n the Galaxies,, the Galaxies 'n the Black-Holes: Circle into Circles ... Third Dance ... The Black-Holes 'n the UnKnown, the Depths: Depths into Depths into Depths ...

## Bgeg Romantic-6-"thBk-E-05c*54-yrs" .pdf-349-40.

Act 3a: Awakening into a War of Dominance 'n Complicity ... Hebrew 'n Christians,, against the Rest! Ancient Hebrews had NO Idea of dOOMsday ... neither any War ending the World? How? Then during their association with Babylon ... they did start Thinking ... that the World can Bnd!

In Asia Minor a named John wrote "Apocalypse" in 96 CE (AD) ... so's born the Concept of the Wind War.

## Apocalypse (Revelation) of the Mysteries Hidden in Silence ... by John.

This realm is modeled on the Imperishable realm. Armageddon (Har Məgīddō) is mentioned only once! "The One rules all. Nothing has Authority Over It. Purised Light no eye can bear to look within.

Since everything exists within It ... It does not exist within anything. It is Eternal.
It is Outside of Realms of Being and Time ... Knowledge Producing Knowledge: Surrounded by Light".
Armageddon : Prophesied location of a gathering of Armies for a War during the End Times.
Thus the Ancient Christians Started to Think about their Dominance ... by the War of the dolomsday ???

History of the Ancient Jewish people: Twelve Tribes of Israel descended from the sons and grandsons of the Jewish forefather Jacob. Named "Israel" from Jacob's name ... given to him by God (Jewish and Biblical Tradition). They are as follows: Reuben, Simeon, Judah, Issachar, Zebulun, Benjamin, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Ephraim and Manasseh. True or False, 1 Cob at Ancient History ... Antiquity holds the Twelve Division in many Cultures, eg. Greek ... It is Convenient to Divide by a Number which brings Equality to Large Populations: thus, the Ever-Ready Solar Base Calender of $\mathbf{1 2}$ months! Nothing is certain, but Tradion holds, that 10 Tribes were Lost ... Where did they go? Nobody Knows ... However, many Conjectures exist; some sent them to Sudan? Or Jungles Wandering Widely Wildly,, become Monkeys? Nobody Knows?

Act 3b: Original Particular Manner of Scenic Presentation : The Stage alternates, vellow, red, green.
The $3^{\text {rd }}$. World War Starts ... Stupid 'n unReasonable ... Why? Glaciers have melted by the Acts of the unReasoned Humans,, of own ways 'n Stupidity! Only 7 Lands hold Water reSources; Pak, Hind, USA, Canada, France,, Swiss 'n Zealand: a World of Thirst,, Thirsty, Thirsty! So Starts a White Water World War: for Life 'n Death.

Scene 1: Factions Divide ... on the one side,, Catholics, Protesters, Affilated 'n Dominated ... Some who Seem to Know, but don't Know, that they were Slaves 'n Knaves of the Dominateurs; Brain-Washed into a Semblance of Well-Being: Fanfare 'n Propaganda 'n Rhetoric ... of All that lo-gks well? But is it Reality,, or Dream?

Scene 2: Factions Unite ... on the other side," Orthodox, Muslims, the Istans 'n Chinese ... They who have been Prejudiced, Dominated, made Slaves 'n Klaves; while some of them had never been Dominateurs: never had attacked the "Old Civilisation", Brain-Washed by Opium 'n Colonialisation unReasonable! Dreams untrue? Thus Factions Form 'n de-Form, Sides are Taken 'n un-Taken," Everyone Self-Justifies ... but Who has Reason???

Scene 3: Then Drums Sound, Fanfares are Blown ... Finally, Starts the White Water World War ... Who Will Win, Wholl Withdraw : one Knows, or Knows NOT„, or one Will Know Never; or Know ever: so Wait a While! See What? That Right's Not Might,, that Might be Not Right ... Humanity's Proved," in 厄nd: Down-Trods Prevail!

Scene 4: Thunder 'n Storms, Fire 'n Cannons ... Super-Sonic, Ultra-Sonic, White Water World War! One had Won, One did lagse ... but Who Knows, that in the ... Knowledge and Reason Dominate, finally All and Everyone Learned a Simple Lesson,, that Live and Let Live is the Best Solution! That Right's Not Might,"n that Might be Not Right ... Humanity must Live-up 'n Prove ... Let Bygones be Bygone, in Bnd: Down-Trods Prevail!

Act 4: Steps to Yond 'n BeYond ... Dance unto Cosmos' 'n Black-Holes ... Peace 'n Hope Stairway! This once, the Stage is set in a Provocative Manner. The Total Action is in the Ballet Form ... Used are the Ground upto the Mid Sections: the Above remains always in the Dark, while the Below vassilates 'tween the deeper Blue and the Cosmic Spheres: with Objective to Simulate the Dphemeral Dances of Delipses thru Black-Holes to Yond !

First Ballet ... The Dance of the Eclipses ... from the me-gn to the Sun ... slowly, slowly, slowly ...
Second Ballet ... The Dance of the Planets ... from Planets to Planets ... quickly, quickly, quickly .. Third Ballet ... The Dance of the Stars ... from Stars to Stars to Stars ... rapidly, rapidly, rapidly ... Fourth Ballet ... Dance White-Dwaris 'n Red-Giants ... Life 'n Death of Stars ... andante, andante ... Fifth Ballet ... The Dance of the Galaxies ... to the Orion-Constellation ... the 3 Gongs of Destiny ... Sixth Ballet ... Dances of Black-Holes ... from Black-Holes to Black-Holes ... presto, presto, presto . Seventh Ballet ... Dances of the un-Knowns ... un-Known to un-Known ... allegro, allegro, allegro ... Thus to the Bnds of Universes Known 'n un-Known ... till the Stairways of Peace 'n Hope in Yond !!!

Act 5: Aft the Yond 'n the BeYond ... Creation 'n Humanity Bow ... Before 'n Unto 'Tis Divine! This once, the Stage is set in an un-Known 'n BeYond Manner. The Action is Mingled in a Ballet 'n Opera Form Used are the Ground upto the Above 'n Top Sections: the Aboves keep Shimmering in Lights aft Lights aft Lights,, while the Below Ossilates 'tween the Cosmic Spheres 'n the Divine Golds: so Simulating the Dophemeral BeYonds !

First Ballet-Opera ... Dance of the Starts of Black-Holes ... Entry into a Black-Hole ... slow, slow ...
Second Ballet-Opera ... Dance of the Mid of Black-Holes ... Pass unto Black-Hole ... quick, quick ..
Third Ballet-Opera ... Dance of the End of Black-Holes ... Exit from a Black-Hole ... rapid, rapid ...
Fourth Ballet-Opera ... The Dance of the Yond ... from the Stairway to the Below ... largo, largo ...
Fifth Ballet-Opera ... The Dance of the Yonder ... from the Below to the Above ... presto, presto ...
Sixth Ballet-Opera ... Dances of the un-Known ... from Above to Top BeYonder ... allegro, allegro ...
Thus the Begins of BeYonds Known 'n un-Known ... Folds the Stairway of Peace 'n Hope in Yond !!!
Let's now Compare it, to the Muslim Concept ot the Divine ... Surprisingly Close to that of John: i.e. Knowledge !
It is Outside of Realms of Being and Time ... Knowledge Producing Knowledge: Surrounded by Light!
 Lamp, the Lamp is in a glass,' ' $n$ the glass is as 'twere a bright Shining Star, Lit by a Blessed Olive-Tree,, neither of
 ${ }^{9}$ Tis Light whom 'Tis Pleases, 'n $\Delta\left|-l^{\Delta}\right|-\mid \Delta$ forths Knowledge (hid parables) for men: so $\Delta\left|-l^{\Delta}\right|-\mid \Delta$ Cognises All Things.

So's Palpable a Universality of Ideas, Concepts, Parables, 'n Apocalypse (Revelation), in 'tis Similarity !
Human Intellect by 'tis Limited Reach, has not the Power to Judge the Divine Sphere ... unravelling God's unfathomable Secrets unhimited, are BeYond the Scopes of Limited. Sources of Existence, are Concepts Imagined 'n Concocted by Human Minds, Material Boundaries Prisoners,, while God is Infinite 'n Absolute. However ... Mortal man using his Wondrous Power of Contemplation, may guage nearby, his Constance of Reality!

Fact Undenied: No Cosmos Corner's Conceivable,, where the Light of 'Tis Sacred Essence Illuminates Not!


## The Advent of Adam

Earth Ages began 2.4 million yrs ago, lasting till 11,500 BCE; Climate Changes Rapid and Repeated ... (Glaciers melt) Warm + periods, and vice-versa (Glaciers form) Cold+ periods: covering entire Regions of the World!
Glacial: Sea levels drop about 100m., as expanding Glaciers \& Ice sheets store Water ...
Interglacial: Sea level swell 100m. as higher temps Creat levels rise, at an average of $3.2 \mathrm{~mm} / \mathrm{yr} \ldots$ currently over 70 mm since 1995 .
Presently, we are experiencing the Holocene: an more Ocean Water. In modern days, combustion of fossil fuels = global warming! So with a rapid pace Icecaps melt annually, Sea rises ... thus an abnormal long interGlacial ( 11,000 years) ... A new Glaciation was expected to begin soon; but, climate change (anthropogenic climate change Human induced), has delayed Glaciation, for about another 150,000 years approx.

## ... Let us now log-od at another Related Phenomena ... The Missing Period? A Gap in Human History ???

Archaeology, defines cave Paintings as parietal art (petroglyphs engravings included), on walls and ceilings ... Ancient over 40,000 years, is this Art named (Upper Paleolithic), first found in Maros (Sulawesi, Indonesia).
Hand constructed, by stencils and simple shapes, often geometric. In 2021, a pig Paint over 45,500 yrs Old was revealed in Maros.
In the Iberian Peninsula, the Oldest examples of non-figurative cave art, ( 64,000 years ago) ... 'n 3 red non-figurative (Maltravieso) Ardales: also in La Pasiega, Spain, cert by the Neanderthals, advancing modern humans in Europe at least by 20,000 years?
Nov/2018: Oldest figurative-art draw: 40,000+? Old; caves: Lubang Jeriji Saléh, Indonesian-Borneo) ... an un-Known animal ??? Dec/2019: Oldest figurative-art draw: 44,000+? Old; caves: Maros-Pangkep karst in Sulawesi ... pig hunting ... Historical ??? This has been noted as ... "In World's History of, Story-Telling Pictorial Record of Figurative Art-work ... Earliest and Oldest "!!!

Facts Firsty: 1. Cave-Graphics ... Max. $\mathbf{6 4 , 0 0 0}$ BCE to $\mathbf{4 0 , 0 0 0}$ Min. probably Neanderthals (the pre-Humans ... quite Inventive Art-Tech) 2. Mon mental Edifices \& Constructions : Max. 8,000 BCE to $\mathbf{2 , 0 0 0}$ Min. Surely Modern Humans ... Incredibly Rapid Art-Tech) 3. How-Come ... Where is the Missing Link ... No Explanation has ever been given, for this Stunning Gap in the Rapid Art-Tech) Let us Now lo-ok into another Unexplained Missing Phenomena: 950 yrs Preaching of the Prophet Noha, Ship \& Deluge ... When ??? The Bible places it around 500 BCE ... Abraham was 400 BCE ... Neolithic Started 900 BCE ... What Relation ??? Where lies the rub ???

Questions Now: 1. A Gap exists,'tween Max. 40,000-15,000 BCE ...we seem to have LOST a part of pre-Human's History ??? Surprising? 2. Mostly this Gap lies in a Glacial Age ( $\mathbf{- 7 0 0 0} \mathbf{y r s}$ ) approx. However they were quite Able, having Survived for Soooo Long: Tech ?

Answers Aft: 1. A Gap exists,'tween Max. 40,000 BCE to 9000 BCE ... Surely LOST a part of the pre-Human's History ??? Surprising?
2. This Gap can partly be explained by Glacial Ages, 'n partly by their Basic Tech ? ... BUT ? How did the Mon mental Arrive ?
3. NO Preq-of exists of a Neanderthals' Godly Concept ... Thus an Advent of Adam is quite Recent ... the Mon mental Divine !!!


## 100. Troyes

## $\begin{array}{lllllll}\mathbf{H} & \mathbf{U} & \mathbf{N} & \mathbf{D} & \mathbf{R} & \mathbf{E} & \mathbf{D}\end{array}$

Romantic-7-
(2017-23)

Hundred is Completeness ... of Claps 'n Cries 'n Shrieks 'n Shrills 'n Pride 'n Power 'n Might 'n Right," where Rights Stolen become Might Obtained ... Things hid behina,, off-Sight ' $n$ on-Side! Where All can be: yes, but None Is ??? Be it Grades, or Cent-i-grades; always the Measure is Hundred ??? Why ??? Cause ...

Humans are ImPrisoned in Confines own un Bnding, per-Cent Hundred; or more ??? Think or Not: 'n I who Knew Null, now Know that I Knew Nothing (Socretes), 'n Knowing Nothing, come Ideas of Something! \%100! Thus we'll try to speak the Truth,, if 'tis possible, when 'tis possible; we'll never Know: trying our best. So here goes ! Fingers 5 * $\mathbf{2}$ Hands=10*10 $\left(\right.$ power $\left.^{2}\right)$ = Human-Corpse $\mathbf{1 0 0} \% \ldots$ Week-Days 7, Months 12; Logical = Human-Mind !

Anecdote 1: The Fortune-Teller ... Twas in the Bazaar was I roaming; came a man straight to me 'n said, "Son can I see your hand" ? Done: he said, "Never show Ur hand to anyone". I asked "Why"? "Such a hand is of Beggars or of Kings,, 'n Ur both twice: so Evil 'n Devil'll ever try to Harm U: thus Beware. Love U'll find late, Renoun even later"! Anecdote 2: The Drinks-Seller ... Twas on bi-Cycle was I roaming; came to a sweating Sales-man, who showed me his hand, "Son, what do you Read" ? "Fingers", said I. "No, Read: 'tis Writ, Illhi! Where 'tis Writ, a name Divine,, can U Hurt anyone thus"? "No", said I. Then for hours half 'n three, he recited me the Gre t Philosophy from Socretes to


Anecdote 3: The Gambler ... 'Twas a Dear Friend, older than me,, refined 'n clever; earning his bread by Gambling: a Master of Fingers 'n Cards. Once in a session, the Lights were well-set and Cards well-tricked, when he Ruined the 3 other players in a few hours: 'n taking me aside said, "Never Dice with Ur Destiny, for Fate's Sole God's Domain" ! Anecdote 4: A Man of Gre t Success ... Twas also a Dear Friend, older than me,, Learned 'n Cultivated; often taking me in his car, for a drink, a drive, or a dinner,, he Knew everyone 'n everything: a Master of his own Design. Once I asked him, "What's the Secret of Ur Success"? And he Laughed, "I make All think that they're cleverer than me, 'n I Stupider, thus they eat in my hands"! But 'twas a Noble Soul,, ready to Bow to the Humble 'n peogr: God Bless him ! Anecdote 5: A Man of Gre t Knowledge but Miser of Mind ... 'Twas once a well Dear Friend, bit younger than me,, now in BeYond. Oft we discussed Complicated issues of Languages 'n Philosophies 'n History 'n Infinite: Impressed him my Knowledge of the Possible 'n Impossible! Once a visitor in his Office, asked me driven by my comments, "U must do a Doctorate", and he Smiled, "TH doesn't need it: a day, others will obtain Doctorates, on his Initiated Discoveries, so deep 'n dense"! To me, Interested his Knowledge: which I sponged day by day. Asked I once the Master, "Do U Believe in Darwin"? "No". "Why"? "Animal has Hide,, be it Air, Water or Land, includes Neanderthals. Seperable: U can make bags, shoes, other from it! Human has Skin, inSeperable: U can make Nothing out of it" ! But being a Miser of Mind, my job done (Atomic AlphaBet), I bid him gedod-bye,"'n All Fnded: may God Bless him !

Now U'll say ... But what have these Anecdotes 5 * double-faceted, to do with 100 etc. etc. etc. : So U'll be Shown !!!

Fortune-Teller : Love late,, Renoun later. \%100!
Gambler : Destiny,"'n Fate Sole in Divine. \%100 !

Drinks-Seller : the 2 hands; the 2 Divines: Is \& Not ! \%100
Man of Gre t Success : a Noble Soul,, ready to Bow! \%100!

Steve Hawking : Paralysed-Cosmologist ... Twas a Stunning Verse of the Qura'an; "while Standing, Sitting, Lying", so supposed, Seperately! Year 2000, Listening to TV SH interview," I was stunned by an Answer: "Why are U doing all this"? "To understand the Mind of God"! Stunning," while Standing, Sitting, Lying"; also, Simutaneously! Miracle! Einstein : e=mc² ... Twas once one Asked ES "Is there Anything unFinite in the Universe"? "Yes, Cosmos 'n Human Stupidity"! Then Softly Smiled to add, "but on Cosmos I'm not so Sure": Great Men Talk in a Great Way! Incas : Colour-Codes ... Pebbles were used to keep accounts, and their positions within the various levels and compartments gave Totals. For example, a Pebble in a smaller (white) compartment represented one unit. Note that there are 12 such squares around the outer edge of the figure. If a Pebble was put into one of the two (white) larger, rectangular compartments, its value was doubled. When a Pebble was put in the octagonal region in the middle of the slab, its value was tripled. If a Pebble was placed on the second (Shaded) level, its value was multiplied by six. And finally, if a Pebble was found on one of the two highest corner levels, its value was multiplied by twelve. Different objects could be counted at the same Time by representing different objects by different Coloured Pebbles.


- There are three(3) black Pebbles in the larger (white) rectangular compartment. These represent $\mathbf{6}$ dogs.
- There are three (3) black Pebbles on the second level ... these represent $\mathbf{1 8}$ dogs. Val= $\uparrow^{*} 2 \uparrow \rightarrow * 6$
- There are
- There is two(2) black Pebbles in the outer square regions ... these represent $\mathbf{2}$ dogs.
one(1) black Pebble in the middle region ... this represents $\mathbf{3}$ dogs.

- There is one (1) black Pebble on the lowest corner level ... Finally ... this represents $\mathbf{1 2}$ dogs. $\rightarrow$ *12

Incas : Colour-Codes : 'N just a juxtaposition of black Pebbles, gives us a total of $\mathbf{6 + 1 8 + 2 + 3 + 1 2}=\mathbf{4 1}$ dogs. $100 \%$ ! Steve Hawking : Understand Mind of God : 100\%! Einstein : InFinite Stupid Human: Cosmos UnSure 100\%!

This is a Challenge : a New Type of English,, Word Sounds are Broken-up, in diverse Meanings, Nuances: at 100\%! English's myne Miss-sTresse : TH : Miss-Tresse : Miss-Stress : Missed-sTress : Mi-sTress: Misty-Rest : Ô 100\% He ... Where all was Blue, Sky-Blue,, Wait I the Wind Waves to Wash the Shore of the Sea, Watch a lil Isle of Wight ! She ... In Mounts Ski-Blue,, Weight Lost I Wind 'n Wear a Watch Sure to See the Time," 'n in Light I'll be Pure white ! I wind my Watch in the Wind to see and watch the Time on the Sea Shore for sure ... 'n I'll put a white-Bet on it, in the Isle of Wight ... it can't be beat! Just Beat this Sentence ? Leqk at the Beauty of English Word-Sounds ???

" 340 BC: Aristotle, in 'On the Heavens', put forward two ged arguments; that the Earth was a Round Sphere rather than a Flat Plate. $1^{\text {st }}$. Eclipses of the Mong were caused by the Earth's Shadow coming between the Sun and the Mo-gn was always Round, proving that Earth was Spherical; for if was a Flat Disk, the Shadow would be elongated and elliptical. $\mathbf{2}^{\text {nd }}$. Greeks Knew from their Travels that the North Star appeared lower in the Sky when viewed in the South than it did in more Northerly Regions. Since the North Star lies over the North Pole, it appears to be directly above any observer at the North Pole, but to someone leloling from the Equator, it appears to lie just at the Horizon. From the difference in the apparent position of the North Star in Egypt and Greece, Aristotle estimated the distance around Earth at 400,000 stadia: (length of stadium may be about 200 yards) which would make Aristotle's estimate about twice the currently accepted figure. 3rd. Greeks even had an argument that the Earth must be Round! For why else does one first see sails of ships coming over the Horizon, \& only later see the hull"? A Brief History of Time : Steven Hawking ... Abridged by THi!

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## Urdu ... The World Language ... Lassan-ul Erd

Folks
\% Family

Branch
Sino-Tibetan Sinitic
Indo-Semetic Mid-Orient
Indo-Europe Romance Indo-Semetic Mid-Orient Indo-Europe Germanic

| 1. | Chinese | 918 | $11.922 \%$ | Sino-Tibetan | Sinitic |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| 2. | Urdu. | 815 | $10.584 \%$ | Indo-Semetic | Mid-Orient |
| 3. | Spanish | 480 | $05.994 \%$ | Indo-Europe | Romance |
| 4. | Arab | 466 | $05.819 \%$ | Indo-Semetic | Mid-Orient |
| 5. | English | 379 | $04.732 \%$ | Indo-Europe | Germanic |

Strange Enough ... Most Statistics Consulted ... Ignored Arab ... Bias?
was I, by Elimination?
Where it Hurts? Only

Language

## Questions Un-Answered? \& Un-Wanted?

1. $1^{\text {st }}$ Slavery Principle: Garbish Speech
2. Talk Strange ... Eat \& Act Strangers
3. Ridicule Heritage: do $\mathbf{\text { G-Q St }}$ Strangers
4. Till Nothing's Left : eXcept Strangers
5. Ho urable Nations, are Independent
6. In Action: Speach \& Acts \& Culture !

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

To Classify a Language as a World Language, the only Criteria is to estimate ... in How many Worldly Lands, is it Spoken? Thus to take Chinese, it is mostly limited in East and South-East Asia $\ldots$ Spanish, likewise to West Europe, $2^{\text {nd }}$. In USA, and mostly in South America ... Arab has the same case; mostly in the Mid-East and North Africa ... English is more wide, but is largely rare in South America and parts of North-East Asia ... However, Urdu is overall the Banner Bearer: thus to say Almost Everywhere!
Urdu ... only to take the Pak-Hind sub-Continent, is astonishing ... Pak 205 million; Hind $\mathbf{5 1 0}$ million; Nepal 1 million == 815M? Here to avoid All Bias \& Prejudice, we count NOT the multiple Pak-Hind populations in the 5 Continents ... as if 'twas Homeland.

Thus Urdu well deserves its Merited Right of being called ... The Future World Language ... Like it or NOT ! Comparing just Statistics, we'll Study ... ISTANS at HEART of the Future silk Belt \& Road.

Pakistan ... The Name comes from $\mathbf{P}=$ Punjab, $\mathbf{A}=A f g h a n, \mathbf{K}=$ Kashmir, $\mathbf{S}=$ Sind, tan=Baluchistan: (Inventor)
Chaudhry Mohammed Ali, in his Book "Now or Never" of 28/01/1933: PAKSTAN. I was added later for Harmony!
Pakistan has fairly sizable Reserves of gypsum, limestone, chromite, iron ore, rock salt, silver, gold, precious stones, gems, marbles, tiles, copper, sulfur, fire clay and silica sand ... now Gas \& also Petrol. Is World Largest Water Bank.
Afghanistan ... Reserves: copper, gold, oil, natural gas, uranium, bauxite, coal, iron ore, rare earths, lithium, gypsum, chromium, lead, zinc, gemstones, talc, sulphur, travertine and marble. Its population is 40 Million, with a New Regime.
Kyrgistan ... Reserves: hydropower; gold, locally exploitable coal, natural gas, mercury, nepheline, petroleum, lead and zinc, bismuth, and rare earth metals which are an important world demand, at present. Its population is 7 Million.
Tajikistan ... Reserves: mineral rich country with more than $\mathbf{6 0 0}$ documented deposits of $\mathbf{5 0}$ different minerals; silver, gold, lead, zinc, antimony, mercury, molybdenum, tungsten, iron, tin, boron, strontium, fluorspar, rock salt, precious and semi-precious stones, bituminous coal, anthracite, graphite, mineral wax. Its population is $\mathbf{1 0}$ Million.
Kazakistan ... Reserves: Oil, coal, various ore and non-metallic deposits are priceless treasures of the Republic; more famous are chrome iron ore, polymetallic copper, tungsten, molybdenum and uranium ores. Its population is 19 Million. Uzbekistan ... Reserves: metallic ores found in (Olmaliq mining belt, Kurama Range); copper, zinc, lead, tungsten, and molybdenum are extracted; there are also substantial reserves of natural gas, oil, and coal. Its population is 34 Million.
Turkmenistan ... Reserves: 200 identified deposits of minerals; barite; celestine; coal; copper; clays, such as bentonite and kaolin; gypsum; lead; marble; potash; quartz sand; salt; sand and gravel; sulfur; and zinc. Its population is 7 Million.
Azarbaijan ... Reserves: natural gas, iodo-bromide waters, lead, zinc, iron, and copper ores, nepheline syenites utilized for aluminum, common salt, and Building Materials, marl, limestone, and marble. Its population is $\mathbf{1 1}$ Million.
Turkey ... Reserves: antimony, coal, chromium, mercury, copper, borate, sulphur, and iron ore. Nearly half of the workers in Turkey are employed in agriculture, an essential part of the ecnonomy. Important crop is cereals, particularly wheat. In 2023, Turkey is being Liberated of its $1^{\text {st }}$. World War Constraints. Its population is $\mathbf{8 2}$ Million.

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

## Urdu deserves well, the Merited Name ... Ruture World Language ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality ! Comparing Language Statistics ... ISTANS at HEART of the ${ }^{2}$ uture silk Belt $\& 8$ Road.

1. Afghanistan Languages: Dari is the Lingua Franca, in reality Farsi or Persian, about $40 \%$... Pashto is spoken by $39 \%$, Uzbek 10\%, English 3\%, Turkmen 3\%, Urdu 5\%; however Urdu's on rise in recent years: 'n reasonably can be estimated, that because of the New Regime's Interaction with Pakistan ... its Role will become much larger; as per new International needs of the Silk Road arising, a modern Lingua Comoda, is the cry of the day.
2. Kyrgistan Languages: Till now, Kyrgyz was the language spoken mostly at home ' $n$ was rarely used in meetings 'n other events; but, most parliamentary meetings today are conducted in Kyrgyz (simultaneous interpretation). 'Twas written in Arabic script; Latin script was introduced in 1928: subsequently to be replaced to Cyrillic in 1941, by Stalin's orders, resulting from the pending language reform in the neighboring Kazakistan, Kyrgistan in future, will be the only independent Turkish-speaking country, to use the Cyrillic script. Silk Road brings Urdu.
3. Tajikistan Languages: Tajik 'n Persian languages are very closely related 'n mutually intelligible. The Tajiks' centuries-old economic symbiosis with oasis-dwelling Uzbeks also somewhat confuses the expression of a distinctive Tajik national identity ... Member of the southwest group of Iranian languages, is closely related to the mutually intelligible dialects of Farsi 'n Dari in Iran 'n Afghanistan, respectively : plus Urdu in Pakistan.
4. Kazakistan Languages: 130 ethnic groups live in Kazakistan ... including 65\% Kazakhs, 21.8\% Russians, 3.0\% Uzbeks, $1.8 \%$ Ukrainians, $1.4 \%$ Uyghurs 'n $1.2 \%$ Tatars. Official languages of Kazakistan are Kazakh, with over 5 million speakers ( $28.57 \%$ of the population) around the country, and Russian, spoken by over 6 million people ( $33.65 \%$ of population) ... Now being a Part of the Silk Route, its close links obliges them a Lingua Comoda.
5. Uzbekistan Languages: One of Turk Languages, belonging to the Karluk branch. Uzbek language is the only official state language, which since 1992 is officially written in Latin script: which was previously the Nastaliq Urdu script.
6. Turkmenistan Languages: Turkmenistan is the crossroads of World Civilizations; important stop on Silk Road, of main Role in the Muslim World; a language, based on Teke dialect is a member of Oghuz branch of Turkish.
Azarbaijan Languages: Turk Based, Azerbaijani being a member of Oghuz branch of south-western group; recognized as an official medium in Dagistan as well! But, is not official in Northern Iran, where Azerbaijanis exceed. When one says Turk, one says partly Urdu ... 'N Noblesse Oblige ... Silk Road, Lingua Comoda.
7. Turkey Languages: No language other than Turkish shall be taught as a mother tongue to Turkish citizens at any institutions of training or education - Art. 42, Constitution of the Republic of Turkey. In 2023, Turkey is being Liberated of its $\boldsymbol{1}^{\text {st }}$. World War Constraints ... so this a very longly Dreamt Middle Corridor, Trans-Caspian China to Europe Connection by railways 'n highways, via Caucasus 'n Central Asia; is viewed as a complement to China's silk Belt \& Road: an Initiative, but NOT a Competitor.
8. Pakistan ... The Name comes from $\mathbf{P}=\mathbf{P u n j a b , A = A f g h a n , ~} \mathbf{K}=$ Kashmir, $\mathbf{S}=$ Sind, tan=Baluchistan: (Invented by Chaudhry Mohammed Ali, in his Book "Now or Never" (28/01/1933): PAKSTAN. I, introduced later!
What Miraculous is $\ldots$ is that the Genghis Army was composed of many Clans \& Nationalities; with Languages closely Related to each other: often with similar Sounds or Meanings: eg. Rehman's Arab, Jamhuriat's Turk, Kishwar's Persian ... ALL being an Integral Part of Urdu ... so Urdu has a Supranational International Base! Pakistan Languages: 'n Lastly Not Leastly ... The Miracle Language : The Language of the World ... Urdu. Originating from the Camp/Palace name of Genghis ... is a True World's Largest Living Lingua Comoda. 1965 Istanbul, I read Inscriptions in Blue Mosque; old a Turk, Tears in Eyes Embraced me: U can Read it, I can't! 'Tis Crime to Steel History? Languages: \& Script Changes ... An International Complot \& Sabotage ... Alieniate Folks of own History .. Primary Order Cultural Massacare: Faboulous Population? Grand-Millions: very MUSLIM? True Racial Bias?

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

# ... Urdu ... Silk Belt \& Road ... History Trace : Past: Present: iuture ... 

 ... Past ... The silk Route dates from $2^{\text {nd }}$. BC. spanned Asia to the Mediterranean, across China, Himalayas, Arabia, Turkey, Greece, till Italy ... until the $14^{\text {th }}$. AD: with a heavy trade of silk, as 'tis name. The secrets of Silk were unknown at that period, which was thus valued in Europe \& all southern Russian countries, a major part speaking Arab, Turk \& Persian; which then gave rise, after Genghis' Camp or Tent, to a common Army Language Urdu: other items thus traded, included fabrics, spices, grains, hides, works of wood \& metal, precious stones \& porcelain (of which the fabrication process was likewise unknown)! This important passage had all facilities ... Trading-posts, Markets, Storage, Lodging \& Facilities of Commerce. Travelers $\&$ traders used Camels \& Horses: in modern times, often replaced by Archaeologist $\&$ Geographers; of immense impact on West: settling even the future War Ways \& Education, such as gunpowder \& paper!

The original Silk Route dates from the Han Dynasty. Under Tang, 618 to 907 AD. 'twas the Golden Age: serving the development of Science, Technology, Literature, Arts \& various Study fields ... instrumental in Saving Europe from the Dark Ages: to the extent of spreading Buddhism, Christianity \& Islam!
... Decline ... With the advent of newer Maritime Routes \& the rising Concepts of Colonialism, the silk Route fell into disuse from the $14^{\text {th }}$. AC ... Savage Commercialisation, backed by Industrialisation lead to an unprecedented period of Catch \& Capture: lasting about 5 centuries; until the Death Blow came to Direct Colonialism, in the shape of Communism, Nazism and a Feeble sort of Fake Humanitarianism, surprisingly? Thus a $1^{\text {st. }} \& 2^{\text {nd }}$. World War ... with the Liberation of Pakistan, India \& eventually China!
... Present ... The Awakening of the silk Route dates from 2013 ... China which considers the 19th. Century as the "Century of Humiliation", due to the Opium Wars $\&$ the entire population being reduced to a Nation of Opium-Sleepers, Woke-up by a Peasant's Revolt lasting 30 years ... Re-organised to start looking at the World in the Face: thus enabling an Elevation of the Poor-Classes to an Hon urable Life!

Nothing is yet certain ... because POWER can PLAY strange PRANKS on the POWER-HOLDERS ??????? However, China since thousands of years has NO History of Colonialisation ... so 'tis hoped that errors such will NOT be enacted and that ... Humiliation Hounded in Hon ur, Homes Humility and Humanity ??? Thus is the Story of the renewed
... Gawadar ... The South-most Land-Port of the Silk Belt \& Road ... One of Major Deep-Sea Ports, which can harbour over 500 Large Ships, at a time. It belonged to the Khan of Kalat, who hosted an Oman Prince \& then gifted it to him in 1781. Negotiating, Malik Feroz Khan Noon, re-obtained it on 8 ${ }^{\text {th }}$. Sept. 1958!

In uture ... The ISTANS at HEART of the Future silk Belt \& Road ... Over 60 Major Countries will benefit; but so massive Land-Block remains ever Pakistan, Afghanistan, Kyrgistan, Tajikistan, Kazakistan, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Azarbaijan, Turkey : Each Language having Words in Urdu: a Lingua Comoda.

1. Direct Multi Gold Standard: ... Inter-Country Exchange Values, or through Gold equivalent: Thus \$\$ Buried 2. Monopoly Mineral Resources: ... All Rare Metals, Minerals, Raw-Materials, Precious Stones \& You name it

Solar Clean Energy: ... Pollution Pure, Ecological, Non-Emission, Electrical \& Recyclable Cars \& Vehicles Water Dominance: ... Mountains, Glaciers, Lakes \& Rivers, constitute enormous Reservoirs of Soft Waters Woods, Trees \& Plantations: ... Forests \& Natural Safe Havens abound, protecting precious Flora \& Fauna Access to Warm Water Oceans: ... All Asia, with over 20 Lands: finally finds an easy Way to Warm Waters Space Research, based on Multi-G: ... To be commonly shared \& equitably distributed, for Global Welfare \& Pakistan's Language: 'n Last Not Least ... The Miracle Language : The Language of the World ... Urdu. Urdu deserves well, 'tis World Merited Name ... Lassan-ul-Erd ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality !

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

Origin ... Dubbed silk Route, as heavy silk trading that took place since $2^{\text {nd }} . \mathrm{BC}$; initial monopoly being of China on this valuable product: but later the secret spread. Simultaneously, the route facilitated also trade of other goods; fabrics, spices, grains, fruits $\&$ vegetables, hides, wood $\&$ metal works, specially precious stones $\&$ porcelain ... spanning Asia to the Mediterranean: Himalayas, Arabia, Turkey, Greece, till Italy (Venice)! The Silk route included Groups of Trading Posts \& Markets, to help in Storage, Transport, Lodging \& Commerce Facilities, and other goods Exchange: used were Camels \& Horses, as light and fast. Modern Archaeologist \& Geographers, follow suite! This led to a common basic Language Urdu, for a major part of Arab, Turk \& Persian speakers; based on the name of Genghis' Camp or Tent! (Language of Peace)! But Strangely? Gunpowder \& Paper settled the future of the West's War Monger Ways \& Education? ??

The original Silk Route dates from the Han Dynasty. Under Tang, 618 to 907 AD. 'twas the Golden Age: serving the development of Science, Technology, Literature, Arts \& various Study fields ... instrumental in Saving Europe from the Dark Ages: to the extent of spreading Buddhism, Christianity \& Islam!
... Span ... Let's now Study, the Ancient European Civilisation ... Antiquity Polygon ...

1. Pharaonic: Egyptian, before $\mathbf{3 1 0 0} \mathbf{~ B C}$ (United/Divided); until the country fell to Greece in 332 BC.
2. Hellenistic: Classic Greece is West cradle; Political Archetypes \& Ideas, Philosophy, Science, \& Art. They had NO Religion: but Myths, explaining Nature ... Mingling God \& Man (Jupiter's Roman Belief) 3. Roman: Total Greek Base! From Julius Caesar Empire ... Augustus, golden age of prosperity; the 'Tis fall in 5 A.D. was the most dramatic implosion in the human civilization history. 4. Dark Ages: $\mathbf{5 0 0}$ years! After Classical Antiquity, ensued a Surprising Epoch, NO Explanation; when Knowledge, Libraries \& All Reason was Destroyed, named "Dark Ages" by Petrarch. Light Versus Ignorance (Paucity of Written Records, 5-9 AD): State devastated by Visigoths \& Vandals (Vandalism)! 5. Orthodox Church: Evolution! Roman West Chuch declared forfeit, after the Stunned Defeat of a 3rd. Crusade by Salahuddin Ayubi (Saladin). Later all Crusades Failed, including the $8^{\text {th }}$. The Eastern Church was established at Constantinople, defeated by Sultan Fateh, by Passing Ships over Hills, to storm the Bosphorus ... Then the Orthodox Church took over! It was basically Russia, who was the cause of Turk Containment; the Crushing defeat of the Ottomans in 1699 AD ... January 26: Treaty of Karlowitz (Turkey \& Venice, Poland, Austria) ... Turks quit C-Europe ... Role of Turks in Europe Ends!
... Colonialism ... Maritime Incursions ... The Shortest Lived Empire, in the History of the World: $\mathbf{3 0 0}$ years! $\mathbf{2}$ Centuries of Humiliation! It Started with Aggression on East ... Africa, India, Asia (with China) ... It can be Divided into 3 Elements: 1. Water Warfare 2. Industrialisation 3. 2 World Wars. However, with the Atom-Bomb Blast of Hiroshima \& Nagasaki, West Signed its Death-Warrant for ever! Immediate, Liberation of Colonies ... Thus in a 100 years, the Sun will Set on the Western Front ... East was Humbled, but has NO Claims on Revenge ... Remember: Sun, Prophets \& Peace, Rise Ever in East!
... Modern Colonialism ... Camouflage Wars ... The $2^{\text {nd }}$, World War ended, but was devised the Hidden Rule ... Simple \& Efficient ... Based on Power-Holders (West) 1. Corrupt Officials 2. Bank Accounts at Power-Holders 3. Money Laundering 4. Off-Shore Holdings 5. Amnesty Granted (Lipwise).

Hidden $9^{\text {th }}$. Crusade ... Reality ? ... Human Beings Cannot Change their Genes! However, NEW WORLD, with the Population we have, MUST COME TO TERMS! Choose Peace or the GND!

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

Ruture ... ISTANS at HEART of the Future Silk Belt \& Road ... \& Urdu: a Lingua Comoda.

## ... Urdu ...

... North of Equator ... The known World was Limited to East of Atalantic \& West of Pacific The Cape of Good-Hope, was discovered by Vasco de Gama, when using the Triangular Sails againt Wind (Arab Invention) established the $\mathbf{1 s t}^{\text {st }}$. Euro Colony in India (1510)... Thus till the 16th. AD, the Active World was North-Afro-Eurasia: the rest being the Unknown Continents; Americas, Australias, Antartic (+ Arctic). When Galileo affirmed, that World was Round, he was put on the Gallows (1615), his Historic Italian Phrase, "Il Mondo non è rotondo", adding "ma é Vero" "Tis True", saves his Life: making a fO-O1 of the set Church! Churches, Missionaries, \& Mullahism: only Solve a Mystery by another Mystery: so Blind Lead Blinds! Apart from this Land-Mass, there existed another Tri-Division on the Water-Front ... The Active Oceans!
... Cold Sea ... South of Arctic \& scans an entire Siberian Land-Span, is Snow-Bound, most year Thus Communication is scarce \& like-wise Trade; leading most East Euro-Asia to seek Partners of Warmth!

Mid Sea ... Binding North Africa, West Europe, West Asia ... known Cradle of known Civilisation! This lead to Unprecedented Maritime Expansion, as Sea-Span was Limited, Storm-Conditions were Limited, Distances were Limited, Neighbours Near; giving Free-Chance to Fight at Home \& Dominate Gents of Peace!

Warm Sea ... The Indian Ocean, which gives Birth to the Gulf-Stream; warming West Atlantic $\&$ circling round the Brit-Iles, thus Moderating the Channel \& West Europe ... NO Gulf-Stream, NO Europe! Today, the Entire World is Searching Warm-Waters for Peace: Trade in Peace: in Short ... to Live in Peace! West has NO Other Choise but to Change Politics, Hippocracy, Attitudes: Equals so be Equals in Hon ur! Nothing is yet certain ... for POWER-Holders can PLAY strange PRANKS on POWER-HOLDERS ???????
... inture Polygon ... How'll All shape-out? Foreseen Interaction is Undefined ... Probabilities?

1. China: From a Nation of Opium-Sleepers, Woke Peasant's Revolt of 30 years ... Re-organised to start looking at the World in the Face: thus enabes an Elevation of the Poor-Classes to an Hon urable Life! History Proves ... thus being Self-Contained over 6000 years, it'll maintain its Non-Expansion in Peace!
2. Russia: Vast Span \& Scarce Habitants; Needs Warm-Water Outlets: only by Teaming-up with its Old

Soviet Partners (Ukraine, Byelorussa, Armenia, Georgia) Enmities lead Nowhere. (Peace with China)
3. Arabs: Once Rose from a Small Town, Madina, to Conquer Empires ... Let Giants aSleep Lie Once Awoke, Conquered Millions of Km/Sq in 10 yrs; includes Holy Lands: Nobly \& Holyly! 4. Persia: Inspired by Persepolis ( $\mathbf{5 1 5} \mathbf{~ B C}$ )! Tis Culture filters India! Most long Extensive Borders today are Afghanistan (North), Pakistan (East); Links Undeliable. Geo-Dicts Destiny : Live Together in Peace! 5. Istan Areas: Mainly Muslims; so Common Interest will Unite! West: Superior Race Concept Fails.

Indian Role ... Balkanisation on way ... West Wants China War: a planned Broke-up Pakistan! Mission Impossible, as Tis the shortest way to Warm-Waters, where an Infra-Structure exists! Tis Future!
... Belt \& Road ... Belt is Land-Bound \&o comes from the Unending Himalaya Mounts Belt Ranges Road is Sea-Bound \& comes from the Unending Maritime Ship-Corridors, named in Past, as a Sea-Road!
... Real inuture... White West Technological Industry is totally China Based: Cheaper Fabrication! Enormous Research has put China, on the Fore-front of Scientific Impossiblities: Modernism Cumulation! Clean Ecological Earth, Clean-Eco Solar Energy, Clean-Eco Space \& Cosmos, \& Clean-Eco Humanity!
3. Nota: Tis Time Dawns to Wild White West, a ${ }^{1 / 4 \text { th. Rest }}$ of Humanity is non-Expand Peace-Loving!

Urdu deserves well, 'tis World Merited Name ... Lassan-ul-Erd ... 'Tis Fact 'n Reality !

| Colour Code Explained | Spiegazione Codice Colore |  |  | Code Coulleurs Expliqué |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| English | Italiano | Français | Farbcode Erklärt |  |
| Colour Code: TH Invention | Codice Colore: TH Invenzione | Code Couleurs: TH Invention | Farbcode: TH Erfindung |  |
| Fast Jump Reading Help | Guida rapida alla lettura | Aide à la lecture rapide | Schnellsprung-Lesehilfe |  |
| Eyes self Select Colours | Occhi soli Seleziona Colore | Yeux Choisi les Couleurs | Augen Wählen Farben aus |  |
| Grammar: Language Law | Grammatica: Legge Languistica | Grammaire: Loi de Langue | Grammatik: Sprachgesetz |  |
| Detectable \& Applicable | Rilevabile \& Applicabile | Détectable \& Applicable | Nachweisbar \& Anwendbar |  |
| NOR Change NOR Diversion | NON Modificare NON Deviare | SANS Modifier SANS Dévier | NEIN Ändern NEIN Umleitung |  |

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

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

But NO Concept of Words Associations! ma con NESSUN Concetto di Parole Associative! Mais AUCUN Concept Associative de mots ! Aber KEIN Begriff von Wortassoziationen!

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

Thus New Groups have been Defined, to Contrast these Classical Omissions, which NO Genious has Never ever Tackled! Così sono stati Definiti Nuovi Gruppi, per Contrastare queste Omissioni Classiche, che NESSUN Genio mai Affrontavò! Ainsi, Nouveaux Groupes sont définis, pour Contraster ces Omissions Classiques, qu'AUCUN Génie n'a jamais abordées! Neue Gruppen definiert, um klassische Auslassungen zu kontrastieren, die KEIN Genie jemals in Angriff genommen hat!
Below: Example List of these Bases : Divine, Spirit, Cosmos, Universe; Nature, Human, Danger, Nul, Collours \& etc!
Sotto: Esempio: Elenco di queste Basi : Divino, Spirito, Cosmo, Universo; Natura, Umano, Pericolo, Nullo, Colori ecc!
Dessous: Exemple: Liste de ces Bases: Divin, Esprit, Cosmos, Univers; Nature, Humain, Danger, Nul, Couleurs etc!
Unten: Beispielliste dieser Basen : Göttlich, Geist, Kosmos, Universum; Natur, Mensch, Gefahr, Null, Farben: usw.!

|  |  |
| :---: | :---: |
| Cosmos Cosmo Cosmos Kosmos | Cosmo Galaxy Sky Dawn New Times Watch twinkle tintinnano inFiniti |
| Universe Universo Unvers Unlversum | Universo Universum World Mondo Welt Earth Shore Lake Luna Pluto |
| Nature Natura Nature Natur | Spring Summer Autumn_Winter Rythms Rose flower rami leaves buds |
| Animals Animali Animaux Tiere | Dog Cat Locust Crow fly frog croak mole rabbit cuculo snake trout fishy |
| Aspects Aspetti Aspects Aspektt | Beauty Sweet dolce Bird færy happy pretty Past Present Puturo Lyes |
| Contacts Contatti | Friends Being Umana Fanciulla Donna Mother O-Nonno child Nessuno |
| Water Acqua Eau Wasser | . Water Aqua River ripple cloud drop gocce Starts Hazy Horizon Wave |
| Snow/Wind Neve/Vento Niegs Luft | Icicles neve nebbia morbidezza fiocchi Air Cold Hot Warm Caldo Difetti |
| Mountains Monti Montagnes Bergen | .. Mountain Rocce Colline Ground Land Terra Fossa Crevice Granite peaks |
| Forests Foreste Forëts Wâlder | ... Trees Legno Valley Meadows Prati Trifogli grass salads Ruscello Stream |
| Colours Colori Couleurs Farben | ... brown amber pink red argent gilt ebony green white giallo grey black |
| Shimmers Vibra Chatoyer Flimmer | Ra nbow Lights Images Paint Lustre Hopes Pearls Peace ' C Harmony |
| Mystery Mistero Mystére Geheinnis | Know Purity Truth Thought Pensò Paradis Fumo sleep LUCE Ombra |
| Painful Triste Douleur Schmerzen | Broke Pain Harm Hur Harsh Conflitto Lacrime Tears burn crush lonely |
| Sadly Triste Triste Traurig | Sad Scream Grief Slave Tragic Silent Echo Sound Joke Feel tired stanco |
| Danger Pericolo Danger Achtung; | ... Fear Death Defeat Old AVoid Secret husky below Depth whisper Ghost |
| beYond Al-delà Al di là DaÛber | ... Above Over down Heaven Hell Fire Destiny Chance rêve Anima Spirits |
| Sundry Vari Diverse Verschiedene | Bound Phantom End Awake tenebre Visible never mud PTag。'c」 Jotes |

## 3. <br> . Paris. <br> Douceur d'une Étoile Filante

## A Soft Trailing Star

La Douceur est mon Âme
a dit la Lumière
d'une modeste Étoile Enfuie
dans les Galaxies, à cette violence grisâtre d'un jour et d'une nuit ! Et un garçon tout petit cette Étoile Filante ayant vu, confia à un InConnu:

Ma petite Sœur a Crié, Maman regarde ...
il y a un bouquet de fleurs dans le Ciel si noirci!

L'Étoile-filante, l'entenda; s'est ralenti
a Réfléchi
s'est arrêtée et pour donner la Vérité aux paroles d'un enfant Pur s'est mis
dans un Gra diose Feu
d'Artifice, son
Étre en jeu, en Couleurs en nul.

Et depuis mes Amis
une simple fleur fleurie, en voulant la coupez,, coupez la bien : si ... sans bien prendre une lame qui arrachera ses pétales son Âme sans jeter même de Larmes.

Elle ne dira ni un rien ni soupir, mais Flétrira son petit Cœur ...
et sans Douceur,, elle Meurt!

Softness is my Soul "
said the Light
of a modest Star Lost
in the Galaxies,
to the greying violence
of a day 'n a night !
And so small a boy
this Trailing Star seeing, confided to an UnKnown:

## Lil Sis Cried

Mummy 16-0k ...
there's a bouquet
so flowery
in the still Sky so mighty! "

Heard this, this tailed-Star;
'n slowed
' n Thought
'n reared
'n to make True for Sure
the words of a child so Pure
burnt itself out
in a Gracious Flame
of Fire-works, 'tis
Being being Colours, in dark null.

And since then my Friends
a simple blooming flower,
if you want well to cut it,, cut 'tis Life:
yes ... well without a knife
that'll Tear 'tis petals 'tis Soul
throwing out nor Tears nor Mole.

She'll utter nor hush nor a sigh, 'twill Wither her lil Heart 'n her Art ... 'n without Softness,, fall'll 'n Die!

## Tariq Hameed

Personal \& Family History

## Healing with verse <br> Book of My Niece ... Zahra

Homage to my Dear Niece : Daughter of Kausar Hameed (Kochi-ji) ... A True Image of my Mother Zahra Hameed debuts an Anthology of Poëtry ... Intimate Thoughts on Mental Health, Love \& Relationships Mental Health, no more is a Taboo: What in Past was Troublesome, is simply looked on now as a Brave 'n Courageous, that one Talks over it! Burning Champa Deciduous tree is an Apocynaceae: of Cultural Belief in most of Orient.


In a Similar Vein, Several of the DewaneZahra's Poëms in her Anthology allude to the
Trepiditions and Joys of a Relationship 'tween a Man and a Woman. Zahra, it is possible, may even talk about herself ... but the Emotions are Universal! What does a Man do ..

To make a Woman feel Loved?
A Man Notices Tiniest Things, Like Un-fallen Tear in my Eye!


Urdu Translation of some Sufiana Verses ... (2021)

## Zahra's Quatrain : to whisper stories


 آتَش


07:37 W/

## To Whisper Stories

 Of What We are going to do Our Silouhettes move in Rainy Windows So Burn I Slow 'n Fast ... so, so Lost ... Inside of You. Now Rendered to an Expanding Rhymed QuatrainMy Brother at the Great Wall of China ... (2008)


| G-G-G-G-G-Grand | 7 | Hafiz Allah Baksh | Qura'an | Memorised |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| G-G-G-G-Grand | 6 | Hafiz Hidayat Baksh | Qura'an | Memorised |
| G-G-G-Grand | 5 | Hafiz Qadir Baksh | Qura'an | Memorised |
| G-G-Grand | 4 | Hakeem Kareem Baksh | Hakeem | Medicine |
| Gret-Grand | 3 | Hakeem Shams Deen | Hakeem | Medicine |
| Grand Father | 2 | Mian Siraj Deen | (Supdt. Of a Directorate) |  |
| Father | 1 | Khan Sahib | (LSMF) | Dr. Begum |
| Tariq (MA Eng. : ACA, Lon. : IT, Fr) | Kausar Hameed (MBA) | Meraj Hameed Suharwardi |  |  |

(Hand written by Nazir Ahmed Jia'baji) ... DG Lahore Municipal Corporation Daughter Shaheena Married Shahnawaz Zaidi (Chairman Fine Arts : Lahore University) Nazir A.J. was married to Mumtaz Apa ... Daughter of Maulvi Mohammad Azeem (TH Ustad) In Musafir-Khana Qabaristan (Garhi Shahoo) are many Graves: of the two parts of our Family

1. Father ... Syed Abdul Hameed : Mian Abdul Hameed : Mumtaz Apa: Begum Meraj Hameed
2. Mother ... About 20 of the Suharwardi (Khwaja) Family, including 5 of our Maternal Uncles

The name of our Nana (Maternal Grand-Father) was Ghulam Mohammad ... Nani (Maternal Gra d-Mother) was Ayesha Bibi or Begum ... per the Medical Degree of Khala Jan, found by younger son.

She passed in the year 1934 and Parveen Apa was born in 1931 ---all verified---
Sisters ... Sardar : Mumtaz (Married S. A. Hameed) : Saeeda (2 ${ }^{\text {nd }}$ of S.A.H.) : Meraj
Sardar Married Maulvi Mohammad Azeem (My Ustad) ... Had Naseem; Parveen; Naeem. Maulvi Mohammad Azeem (My Ustad) ... Married 4 Times (never 2 together) Sardar was $4^{\text {th }}$. Syed Abdul Hameed ... Married twice ... Mumtaz Died (Sultan; Kishwar) ... then Saeeda (Nasreen)

Our Maternal Grand Father, Ghulam Mohamad, was the first Muslim Magistrate in Kashmir ... Poisoned
Ayesha Bibi or Begum was left a Widow, with 4 Girls ... their only Brother Died at an early age.
Sardar \& Meraj became Doctors : Ludhiana State Medical Faculty ---Early Batches---
The Brother of Nana, Sagheer Suharwardi, then legked after the entire Family.
Meraj became the Superintendent of Bostel Jail Lahore ... for Political Grand Dames.
She Knew all Grand Ladies of India thus ... to the extent of playing cards with Indra Gandhi.
Indra, as Prime Minister, invited her to India on an Official Visit: being now a Widow, she could not go.

|  | Chief Justice of <br> the Pakistan <br> Supreme Court <br> for only 24 days <br> The <br> The Hon urable <br> Justice Jawad S <br> Khwaja: a Gem! <br> W... I had <br> maden too-oooo <br> much Noise on <br> Urdu All-Over, <br> he sent me a <br> massage by a <br> Dear Reporter <br> Friend that my <br> Life was in <br> Danger ... so <br> was advised to <br> lust SHUT-UP <br> my Big Mouth! <br> And that the <br> Supreme Court <br> on its own will <br> Take due Action <br> at Appropriate <br> Time come ... <br> On the Last day <br> of his tenure, <br> Done was Done! <br>  <br> Cabinet Team <br> \& Qaumi Zuban <br> were Instructed <br> to Report on the <br> Installation of <br> the Official <br> PAK Language: <br> but on their <br> Dilly-Dallying, <br> after his tenure <br>  <br> BurocRATS <br> proved that the <br> RATS remain <br> always RATT! <br> But Struggle <br> Ever Continues! <br> Tariq Hameed |
| :---: | :---: |



## Bd


.1. Letter-Shape Grouped
.2. 61\% Letters on Home
.3. Wrist + Finger NO Arm
.4. New Lets: New Scripts
5. Military Codes Ability
.6. Line. 1 30: 2. 61
3. $9 \%$
.7. For Universal Usages!


كارتح
Urdu Seminar 06/06/1999



1st. Software Urdu
Pak Competition
Tariq Hameed
Was the TRUE
Heart \& Soul

NATIONAL LANGUAGE AUTHORITY PAKISTAN
FULL MEMBER OF UNICODE INC.

FIRST URDU SOFTWARE COMPETITION \& EXHIBITION


Urdu Computer in 30 seconds: 1. Windows 2. Parameters 3. Date \& Language 4. Add 5. Apply \& 6. End

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



1960
elle
avait 17
ans

Nicole-Jordy.wpl : Championne de Monde d'Harmonica
... 1965 : Delft Hollande : Accordion Times-00-
-88- ...
Dedicated to Nicole ... of forty-eight years of
Friendship ... we always disputed with each other, but I we felt and insisted that we knew but each other
since a half of a century ... where she always corrected me; 'minus something' ... that 'minus something' has materialised now to 'minus two', for the two of us, since 2010: 'n not 2 ,
she being the 'minus', UnFortunately.
2010: She reposes in Drancy Graveyard ... too early!

And I always Hoped and but it didn't, so my Promis I Broke her Heart: and to this day, I Suffer; for how could an empty was Broke, for none's fault of mine's or hers ... o
her, that we will Laugh full that day, when the Half became the Full ... have never an end, 'Cause Bnds 'Tis-selves can't Never Mend 'Tis-self! Thus is the Bternall Law of Nature ...
... How? Explain me that! Nothing now can ever Change, as all Bnds? Well or Well Not," 'n that's that ..


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


Tariq Hameed and Renate Geppert ... Meine Deutsche Gross-Mutter ... in der Nähe von Schwartzwald Madre/Mutter Theressa (India) ... Thrice she went \& Helped her ... Dreimal ging sie und Half ihr!

... A Part of my Personal Life ... 1. MA English (Hon urs Pak) 2. Chartered Accountant (UK)
3. IT Consultant (Invented World 1 Accounting Package, on Punch Cards in 1970: France)
4. IT Miracle (Invented World 1st Chemical Data-Base, Punch Cards in 1972-74: Basel-Swiss)
5. Linguist \& Poet (4 Languages) 6. Atomic Alphabet (Arab) 7. Auto Qur'aan (Translation)


## Tariq

 Hameed| standing on his Basel Switzerland Herbstmesse Stand ... International Handicrafts Fair ... in 20 years of Fairs ... I had the Hon ur of Meeting Folks about 20 Million!
## 



Handicrafts
Pakistan, India
\& Thailand
Main Items were
Carpets
Clothes, Decor
Silk Scarfs
Ties, Jewelry
Thus my main Clients being Women, I came to have a good Insight into Ladies Minds 85
Problems: of Mother, Wife ${ }^{8}$ Sis \& Daughter Met Millions
in 7 Languages
... A Part of my Personal Life ... 1. MA English Hon urs Pak) 2. Chartered Accountant (UK) 3. IT Consultant (Invented World 1st. Accounting Package, on Punch Cards in 1970: France) 4. IT Miracle (Invented World 1st. Chemical Data-Base, Punch Cards in 1972-74: Basel-Swiss) 5. Linguist \& Poet (4 Languages) 6. Atomic Alphabet (Arab) 7. Auto Qur'aan (Translation)


Obrist
resembled so much my Papa in
Mind, that I Started calling him Papa

We
were always together going Sighting Eating in his car, that

All *Basel named him also

Papa ... in he was then shifted with Son to another Town 'Twas the Last that I saw him!

## Tariq Hameed ... Personality Signature Analysis

1. Upper \& Lower Loops
1.1. Intelligence: Even height \& depth shows a person acting intuitively, with no compelling reason to think analytically, preferring to rely on internal feelings and unexplained intuitions ... as "raison d'être" of Active 'n Acting Reason.
1.2. Emotions: Thus following an accordance with the intimate Thoughts, making no great demands on Life; content with the own self and all that's around.

## 2. Spacing Characteristics

2.1. Will-Power: Density shows eagerness to try all out in full innocence; resolutely with enthusiasm, trying to complete tasks even less pleasant.
2.2. Character: Optimistic, enjoying daily aspects of Life; the cheerful and vivacious manner enabling to solve even most difficult problems in an original way.
3. Breadth \& Style Formations
3.1. Communication: Ability, of a very approachable attitude; talkative without any indiscretion \& able to keep all told secrets, securely in confidence.
3.2. Vitality: Challenges attacked without hesitation: exerting strength \& mastering problems by a fresh \& lively method, as energy lasts; but making last surely.

## Scope Analysis

## (Left Palm Image)

## 4. Internal \& Personal Matters

4.1. Character: $U$ may work far from home, experiencing many changes in Life \& working quite late old; sharp \& capable, good planner who works out simple solutions to complicated problems. This talent which few people possess, when properly cultivated, enables $U$ to make new \& effective discoveries.
4.2. Love \& Marriage: Quarrels can arise timely during courtship, due to your strong will \& habits. Quite a few disappointments in love affairs will come, taking a lot of time for wound healing. This what exists as from your young age,, may make $U$ miss your chance to marry; but $U$ may well succeed Late to Mate.

## 5. External \& Worldly Matters

5.1. Career \& Money: Your family background made $\mathbf{U}$ mature early, enjoying a comfortable Life young. U dilly-dally \& slack of old, risking so to squander early fortune; don't procrastinate, work harder to have NOT regrets older. Eager to succeed, your anxiety can lead $\boldsymbol{U}$ to fail, that may not even ends meet; so be patient \& slow down: to GAIN by acting prematurely NOT.
5.2. Health: Quite healthy \& energetic, $\mathbf{U}$ care for yourself. Be not over confident, as minor ailments ignored, can do harm: if giddy, check blood pressure.
6. General Advice
6.1. To Know What \& How to do is Good: But When to do is Better. Act Timely; Wait?
6.2. Being Capable U reason out How to Act : Timing is important: often the jealous ... may feel too well, that probably, may U like it or not ...
that ... your high performance, is designed to vaunt to belittle others.

## Character Analysis (of 2012) ... Tolerance to Routine

- Style: Supple and Accepting ... In a Global manner, you Live a Life, organised and well structured: not tending to bow to Newness and Variety, at any price; only Leaning to Necessity, if Reason Be! You are at Ease, in your mundane habits and manners ...
your Past'n your, Present in One Self ... in special, for your Future 'n a Better-Half Self!
- Fundamentally, you need to dedicate yourself to a person, who professes Righteous and Exclusive Love Terms, mutually. However, your tolerance to feeble phantasies ...
shows a goodness 'n a Greatness of your Heart 'n your Soul: a Sole goal role!
- You disdain the Concept of Oscillating Engagements, or of Total Liberty; this is what goes against your Concept of the Purity of Sentiments ...

You desire sharing the "Good 'n Bad" moments, in Common 'n in Calm!

- Even if you like to maintain a permanent liaison with your natal Family, but it precludes not, that you blab-out all to all 'n every: so you maintain a reasoned balance ...
balancing your Self: 'tween your own 'n your else!
- Your Elderly Style is "Democratic": so certain connivance and a True Effective Proximity, in all your Relationships; be it towards the Superiors or Inferiors. That, the limits be considered limits True, of structured rapports, 'tween Equals 'n Similar: constructing ...
a Harmonious 'n so stable a Union, as practical as possible!
- In your opinion, a balanced Education, as well for Elders, as well for Juniors, rigorous 'n effective, leaving Structural Betterment for both, is the Call of the Day ...
a simple Call to Comfort, generating Traces of Stability and of Elegance!
- Etymologically speaking, Masks are the Essentials of your Life ... the Notion of the Mask, dates from the Old Ages, the Three Gongs of Destiny of the Theatres of Antiquity; 'n of Masks of Argil, ably borne by Actors of Yester-Days? "Life is a tale, told by an Idiot " ... of Masks... 'n Above of BeYond !

Masks which Hide ' $\mathbf{n}$ Masks which Reveal, which 'n which of Truths,' 'n which Falsity of Life!

- Your Personality is the Hidden Story,, be Revealed or Un- Revealed, to these Strangers called "Men". Thus, our Being is Touched by What is Open 'n What is Closed: these Variations of Comportment, our Real 'n True Inner-Self,, a Time often which Cries; 'n Times some which Laugh ... so ...

Soul-less or full; Suffers or Beatifies our Cores 'n our Corpses ... what so Constitutes our Mental?
BE OR NOT ... Be? Where's the Question? (BQ-olean Mathematics)

1. Sario. La Femme a Mangé La Pomme F-3-1 (1974)

La Femme n’a Jamais Mangé la Pomme ... Complètement ... ni autre Connerie ...
... En langage simple, la Femme a ingurgité,,
Une espèce de Fruit charnu
... d'après
Dont l'endocarpe lignifié forme un noyau
Une drupe à cinq loges cartilagineuse,,
un dictionnaire
de français ...

Qui ne lui convenait pas parfaitement; Tentée par les paroles Mir itées du Serpent.
... It faut Vraiment être plus bête que bête
D'être détraqué par les Conseils d'un serpent.
Mais la Pomme l'Homme aussi a dégusté ???
Un Péché d'occasion ???
... Il faut être Doublement plus bête
Suivre l'exemple d'une Belle bête Femme, qui tant de Jubilation pète
Piégée par la Tentation d'un nommé serpent
Ce Conseiller qui joue sur sa Faiblesse Intrinsèque:
La Sobriété Inhérente,
Succombe à la Curiosité galopante
Cherchant dans l'Appearance
L'Acceptation et la Flatterie.
... Le Crime était-il si Absolu ?
Suivant une explosion démographique, à nos jours
On demande beaucoup de Pommes à Croquer toujours, mon Amour
Et nos Cultivateurs n'arrêtent pas, si Surement
De les fournir en Gra des quantités et mesures.
Dans notre état Banni, apparemment
Les choses Interdites ne sont pas Désagréables : et comment?
... Mais, maintenant, il n'y a presque plus d'habiles serpents
Qui ont Libre Temps de nous Tenter, si Agréablement ...
Ces serpents ont aussi leur Honn ur ...
... L'esquisse se fige, le Châtiment est immanent
Que nous sommes les Seuls Maîtres de nos propres Vices, indifféremment!
Car, la Femme jamais n'a mangé la complète Pomme ...
Ni Connerie autre, ni Pêche, ni Pécher ... racontez-moi d'autre, en somme ...
... Comme d'habitude, encore une histoire inventée d'Homme ... hi hi Pomi Pomi ... homi homi ?

Dame Ate Apple Never ... or Not Completely ... nor other Stupidity ..
... In simple language, she-Woman engorged,,
A sort of filled juicy fruit ... listed by
The rayed endocarg of which formed a core
a French
dictionary ...

A cartilaginous drupe of pentatonic lodges,
That suited her Really not;
But was a Temptation of the Mir ored Words of a Serpent.
... One must Truly be beastly beasted
To be distracted by an Advisor named serpent.
But he-Man also the Apple tasted ???
Only a second-hand Sin ???
... One must be doubly beastly
To follow the example of a beastly Beauty, of a Woman's Jubilance busted
Trapped in the Temptation of a named serpent
This Advisor playing on her Intrinsic Feebleness:
Truth of Sobriety Inherent,
Succumbs to a galloping Curiosity
Seeking in Appearances
All in Acceptation 'n Flattery.
... The Crime was it so Absolute?
Following an explosion demographic, in our days
One wants so many Apples to crunch always, my Love-base
And our Cultivators stop not, so Surely
To supply in Gre t measure 'n quantity.
In our Banished state, apparently
Forbidden things are not Disagreeable: but very likely, liked ?
... However now, there remains no more so able a serpent, so slippery
That has much so Tree Time, to Tempt us so Agreeably ...
For serpents now, have also their Hon_ur ...
... The sketch is fixed, immanent Punishment mixed
That we are Lone Masters of our proper Vices, indifferently !
For, she the Woman never an Apple ate completely, Ô Dame in blame ...
Nor other Stupidity, nor Peach nor Preach ... say another, well 'n lame ...
... But as usual, once again an invented history : of men's fame ... hi hi Api Apple'y ... human'y human'y ?
15.

Nîmes
Un ADinge qui se Marraît F-3-15 (1982)

J'écris à quarante ans ... avec la Pureté d'un Rænge d'un an ...
la Maitrise sédentaire d'un Centenaire ... et la Sagesse d'Diternité;
ainsi dans la Vie, que vous demandez-vous
en plus de la Pureté, la Maîtrise et la Sagesse !
Les LDinges Sourient jamais,, ils Obeyissent Seul: et les Humains Crient largement, car les Souris sont Dotés à Peu! Et sur ce préambule, je vais vous narrer ... l'histoire d'un Pinge qui se Marrait ...

C'est Interdit au Paradis de Salir le petit coin
de faire un mélange de la Probité et de Foin
et le Copain
un Homme pas si Intelligemment mis au point s'est trouvé déjà enFermé dans un ReCoin :
ne tournent pas rond, au Paradis en Ciel, tous les pistons, les balles et les bielles,
l'Autorité Hiérarchique passant tout, d'un tel à un tel à un tel à un tel, ces Êtres concernés, s'accordant et s'accrochant entre eux, ou elles !
Ayant fait une Bétise dans le Ciel
on l'enFerma dans une bulle
puis Commencant d'un Coup de Pied, Dégageant Gra dement on le Refoule, vers le Copain depuis Peu dans son Goal.

Jamais en Livres Religieux, Dieu Sourit? Bizzare? Les Pieds sur Terre ... Ils n'ont guère Compris au Paradis en Haut,, que c'était tellement Rigolo ... de faire le Pitre devant Dieu ...
et à Son tour, Dieu a trouvé ça Drôle ... que quelques
Les Prêtres '-eux-' s'étalent beaucoup Sur Son Sérieux-eux-
glissant Sur Son Sens Sûr de l'Hum ur-eux-, Comme C'est Curieux-eux- :
on appelle ça " la peau de ba ba ban-âne " dans la Théologie des Ânes-eux- !
Donc cela a mis en Doute, tout un tas de choses :
RIRE est Contestation ... et ils ont trouvé la solution dans le Feu ... une solution bien en Fumante ...
et ils ont Fumé les Flammes, pour Condamner des Perdus Âmes mais comment trouver ces Âmes Perdus, pour Condamner en Flammes et ainsi ont fait des Règles Idiotes,, Aboutissant sur des Drames !

Et 1'Pnge se Marraît,, trouvant ce Système Au-dessus-En-dessous, un peu tarré. Étant fait de Feu ... ne Craigns point le Feu ...
Àu Copain a dît, tiens bien un Secret,
" Soyons Sages, n'apporte pas ton Corps en Haut, Mais ton Âme ne Craigns jamais le Chaud ... Et on va se marrer à ce coin reclus du Paradis Perdu, très Clos ... oui-oui en pipi-ant dedans :

Laissant ces Messieux de Droit, faire leurs Lois, et n'importe quoi, quoi!
Et Personne n'a Compris Pourquoi ... eux se Marraient tant ?
Car cela ne serait plus Amusant, s'il fallait s'expliquer,, en Rigolant !
15. Nîmes

An ADingel ever in Smiles

## I Write at forty years ... with the Purety of an Pingel of one year ...

the Mastery sedentary of a Centurian ... 'n the Wisdom of Bternity;
so in Life, what more can you ask of of more than Purety, Mastery 'n Wisdom !
FDingels never Smile,, they Lone Obey: 'n Humans mostly Cry,, for Smiles are Gifted only to a Few! And on this preambule, I'll tell you now ... the history of an Pingel who ever Smiled ...
'Tis Forbid in Paradise to Dirty the Lil cornen
to make a mix of Probity 'n of Hay
' n 'Tis Friend
a Man Not so Intelligently put to Act
found 'tis-self already Closed in a Closet :
In Paradise ' n in 'tis Sky all around, roll not round,, all pistons, the rods ' n balls;
the Hierarchic Authority passing all, to a such 'n a such 'n a such 'n a such,
these concerned Beings, self-according 'n self-discording 'tween selves, or elves !
Having done a Stupidity in the Sky
one Closed him in a ball
'n Starting with a big Kick in the Back, was Disengaged Lar ely 'n Refouled, towards the Friend,, since lil in his Goal.

Never in Religious blodeds God Smiles? Funny? Feet on Earth ... they never-under-stod-0. in the Paradise Up-High,, that 'twas so Amusing ... to play Idiots before God ...
'n in 'Tis turn, God found it Funny ... that some FDngels Smiled,, turn by turn.
The Priests '-ous-' slip-off much on 'Tis Serious-us-nesses
slipping on 'Tis Sense of Hum urous-us-, so much so 'tis Curious-us-nesses :
one calls it " the ba ba ban-anana skin-slip " in the Theology of Asses !
So such put to Doubt, bunch of things much stout:
LAUGH's Contestation ... 'n they found the solution in Fire ... a solution well Smoked ... and they Fired Smokes, to Condemn Lost Souls
but how to find Souls Lost, to Condemn them in Flames
'n they made Stupid Rules,, all Ending in Dramatic Claims !
Thus the lil FDingel Smiled,, finding this System, but a bit Up-Down.
'Twas made of Fire ... 'n never Feared Fire ...
'n to 'tis Friend 'tis said, hold-on a Secret," " Let's be Wise, carry not your body in Above, But your Soul Fears never any Heat ... And we'll just Smile in this Corner Lost of Paradise, so Closed ...

## Leaving these Messieux of Law, make their Laws, 'n such much muchy Non-Sense !

And None never Knew Why ... so much they Laughed ?
' N 'twill be Amusing no more, if one'd to explain,, why one Smiled !

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

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






$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { 22/05/2022 }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text {.انًاً.فًا..بَس. حُوى . }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text {.يهِ. هَاتْه. فَالى.بَات. }
\end{aligned}
$$




15/02/2022


. 1.
Close U-Self in C ystal Palaces that None may Hurt U;
. 2.
Fear Trembling in C $\mathbf{C}$ ystal
Palaces that None may Hurt U:
. 3.
And When, Life means
only Doubts Tania?
God, what to do unto?
.4.
Nothing Sustains
In this State to Be!
Burn all, Brace Ur Chest, that None can Hurt U!
.1. Drops Drops,
Cloudy Cloudy,
Drop-Fall These Droplets;
. 2.
Suddenly of sudden, from
far-off Seas Soften Sweet Drop-Fall

These Droplets:
. 3.
And When, tired 'n hungry for Knowledge yearns Tariq?
.4.
Empty in Hands, Empty in Words
'n Emptied of Clouds, So Emptied of all Droplets?

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

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## Announced by Alpha

Reveals' Revealed
Above 'n Under;
. 2.
Step by Step
Go 'n Come of each day
The Come Goes Under:
. 3.
And When, Laughing
Desecnded Tariq
The Devil in Grave unto?
.4.
© God, Smile 'n Laugh
Ur Revelations Come 'n Go

Burying Evil Under!
.1. To Instruct UnInstructable

## Is Fq-oglishness,

Ô Ignorant :
. 2.

## Sow Seeds

In Barren Lands
Is Foolishness,
Ô Ignorant :
. 3.
And When, Sowing Seeds
Comes U Naught Tariq
Nus to Hands unto?
.4.
God, Thine Miracle, That Autumn Winds'

Sunk Ablaze All Floats,
Flow anew Spring Waves in.


## Introduction ... QEDS

1. Since Childhood I have been wondering on this bC-כk ... BUT the "learned" let me NOT learn it ???
2. 
3. 
4. 
5. 
6. 
7. 
8. 
9. 
10. 
11. 
12. 
13. 
14. 
15. 


of Paper dress a Photo Portrait of a Photoed Person as a Photo on Paper vétu de Papier le Foto Portrait, Fauxtôt Personne est Foto sur Papier
-Iqbal "Mullah ki Azan aur hai, Mujahid ki Azan aur" ... Let's b FRANK : True or False ?

$\begin{array}{lll}7 & 8 & 6\end{array}$
\& Let's Learn ... to be Loftily Logical in Life
Every Hon rable Nation ... Speaks its Own Language
\& it is a Fact ... that History is NEVER written by the Slaves
Thus I acquired Knowledge ... to well Analyse the Reality of Things
\& Discovered that ... Arabic in its Basics was ... an Incomplete Script
'Twas written in Simple Lines ... Relations with No Fineness of Points or Accents
\& Such were Invented ... 80 years Later in Times of Muhammad bin Qasim
Thus the Seventh Conserved Qura'an was Goodly Handed down to Us
\& 'Twas with Reflection ... Rounded Reason of Radical Realism
Its to be Reckoned ... Have we Hon red Our Givers' Gifts
\& If We Have NOT ... Then DO DO 'n DO IT
... 750 années passées
... Vor 750 Jahren ...
in Water the Nightingale
on Bamboo the Duck
in Bull the Bottle
in Hole the Monkey
in Bombay Good-God
Fish Drowns

Midst Ocean
(All Nouns ... 1 Verb)
[Non-Sense is Sense] (Feeling)
dans l'Eau le Rossignol
sur Bambou le Canard en Bœuf la Bouteille en Trou le Singe
à Bombay Grand-Dieu
Poisson 'se' Noie
Plein Océan
(Tous Noms ... 1 Verbe)
[le Monde est Ridicule]
[Non-Sens est Sens]
\{16 Faces de ... B $\}$
"Je trouve ... 17 Faces"
in Wasser die Nachtigall auf Bambus die Ente in Stier die Flasche in Loch der Affe in Bombay Großer-Gott

Fisch Ertrinkt
Mitte Ozean
(Alle Namen ... 1 Verb)
[Welt ist Lächerlich] [Unsinn ist Sinn] (Gefühl) \{16 Gesichter von. "Ich Finde ... 17 Gesichter"

U dont Know What U Know ... Tu ne Sais pas Ce que tu Sais ... Du Kennst Nicht was Du Kennst

|  | . رام.جندر. <br> \&...... <br> . سال . قبل... <br> ¿3rd. Age? <br> © Treta Yuga <br> lasted <br> 1,296,000 <br> : years? | .... بُ.ل."............ <br> . يهوك. . مصلحه . بهن . جهٍ . لوثّا . <br> . علع. . تو . بس . كريِ . او . يار. <br> . تيرِا. . رب . نه. تيركـ. دل . وـت . <br> . نه . تيركـ . كعبه . وت . <br> . علّ. . تو. بس . كريـ . او . يار. <br> (from memory) <br> Bullay Shah ... Punjab (Pakistan) <br> Burn All U Know, Forget Ur Known <br> Brule Tout tu Connais, Oublie ton Savoir <br> .Verbrennst Alles, Vergesst dass du Kennst... |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |


 .राम. चन्द्र. कि. गे-ए-. सीता. जी. से. , ऐसा. कल. जग. अऐए. गा. ... .ेनस. चुगे. गा. दअने. दुनके. , कौ्वा. मोती. ख़ुए-ए-. गा.





 ronle

 tonl mond hove L多 Liz it

Innovation and Divergence : Reasons







Language Toggles






- Actalal in Y(ADRA Yo Milion IDes T. HANEED
- Microseft XP Lerndow (ST' : cEO)

Same for Alvedun, Fardi, Atall. Twik 13 March 2 ano

## Qura'an ... ...Analysis Method...29/04/2003 ...Analyse Méthode... Qura'an

 Approx. 80\% Qura'an Aayat ... Ends in / se Terminent en / Enden darin = ن ن ... \& ... Approx. 15\% = م Aayat .1. Ends in .... . . . . . . . . . . . . . = ... Last Word/en Fin/Letztes Wort ... (or/ou/oder) Letter/Lettre. Aayat = Multiple Parts / Parties / Vielfache Teile ... Mostly End / Fin Souvent / Größtenteils Enden ... = م ...

English: a Translation must remain TRUE ... nor a Word more; nor a Word less ... only eXact Thus our Objective is that the Qura'an Itself Portrays Its Reality ... Speaking TO Man \& Not BY Man ... So V have NO Choice left, but to Create a New Grammar ... Word under Word ... NO Inversed Place ??? How did V acheive it? By Carefully studying at least 13 Grammars ... Compatible \& Complimentary ... There is a Good Way ... When there is a Good Will ... 'n a MIRACLE happened ... in a Half Century ? It is Obvious, that a few Additions must be ... to Carry the Current 'n the Cream ... \& V use ' $x$ ' \& ( x )!

Over 20 Translations were Referred to ... Why ??? To Underline the Differences \& the Discrepencies ???
So only the Best Rendering is Taken to Heart ... Never Compromising on Man-Made Interpretations ...
However there is an Innovation ... A Double Multi-Dimensional Structure ... of TIME \& SPACE
... $\Delta \mathrm{I}-\mathrm{I}^{\wedge} \mathrm{H} \Delta$ is the Unlimited "Ahad" ... While V, the Subjugated, must Repose within set Confines ???
Al La ... One can FEEL The Unlimited AI to La La to AI ... Exists $\boldsymbol{n}$ No Space, ${ }^{\text {n }}$ No Time ???

The Problem of our "so called" SAGES is that they have ONLY Memorised WHAT Others found during Centuries, with Strenuous Effort \& Thought When U Leave Out the Original Thought Element ... What Remains is Hear-Say Passed-Out Tradition ... Totally Non Functional in Modern Times

Le Problème de nos SAGES "prétendus" est qu'ils ont SEULEMENT Mémorisé que d'Autres trouvés pendant Siècles, avec Effort Vigoureux et Pensée Si Vous Tenez à l'écart l'Original à pensé Élément ... Quels Restes sont Ouï-dire Tradition Distribuée ... Absolu \& Non Fonctionnel en Temps Moderne

Das Problem unseres "sogenannten" SALBEIS besteht darin, dass sie sich NUR das Eingeprägt haben, WAS Andere während Jahrhunderte, mit Fleißiger Bemühung und Gedanken gefunde ... Wenn Sie das Original Auslassen, dachte Element ... welche Reste Hörensagen sind, ging - Aus Tradition ... Total Nicht Amtlich Nicht Funktionell in Modernen Zeiten ...

Francais : une Traduction doit rester VRAI ... ni Mot plus; ni Mot moins ... à l'eXactitude ! Ainsi l'Objectif est que le Qura'an doit Peindre Sa Réalité ... Parlant $\underline{\underline{A}}^{\text {I }}$ 'Homme, Pas PAR I'Homme .. Donc point d'autre Choix, apart Créer une Nouvelle Grammaire ... Mot sous Mot ... SANS l'Inversion ??? Mais comment réussir ? Étudiant soigneusement 13 Grammaires ... Compatibles \& Complémentaires .. Arrive la Bonne Voie ... Avec la Bonne Volonté ... et le MIRACLE s'est produit ... en un Demi Siècle ? C'est Évident, que quelques Additions Doivent Être ... pour Porter Courant et Crème ... dont ' $x$ ' \& (x)! Bien plus que 20 Traductions font Référence ... Pourquoi ??? Souligner ces Différences et Différands ??? Seul le MEILLEUR Enduit est Pris à Cœur ... Compromis jamais par Interprétations Homme-Faites ...

Avançons une Innovation ... Un Double Multi-Dimensionnelle Structure ... le TEMPS \& l'ESPACE
$\ldots \Delta I^{\wedge} \mathrm{H} \Delta$ est le Sans-Limites "Ahad" ... Que nous les Subjugés, doivent Reposer en nos Confines ???

Our Special Translation Methodology ... Notre Speciale Méthodologie de Traduction

1. Lahore Alphabet ... Urdu et Arab Qura'an 2009-1- Unicode "ATOMIC Alphabet" Tariq Hameed

| \#U | Urdu | Arab | \#-A | Min. | Maj. | Sym. | Français | English | $\downarrow$ | $\uparrow$ |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 1 | Alif | Alif | 1 | a | A | 1 | a | ah |  |  | 0 |
| 2 | Bay | Ba | 2 | b | B | ب | b | b | 1 |  |  |
| 3 | Pay | Origin | Persia | p | $\mathbf{P}$ | \% | p | p | 3 |  |  |
| 4 | Tay | Ta | 3 | t | T | $\because$ | t(doux) | t (soft) |  | 2 |  |
| 5 | $\begin{gathered} \text { Tay- } \\ \text { H } \end{gathered}$ | Ta-H | 4 | ț | T | 0 | t(rond) | t(round) |  | (2) ) | (0) |
| 6 | Fay | Origin | Urdu | も | т | b | $\ddagger$ (dur) | t (hard) |  |  | 1 |
| 7 | Çay | Ça | 5 | ç | Ç | U. | ¢ | c (soft) |  | 3 |  |
| 8 | Jym | Jym | 6 | j | J | ج | j | j | 1 |  |  |
| 9 | Jay | Origin | Persia | j | $\hat{\mathbf{J}}$ | E | tch | tch | 3 |  |  |
| 10 | Hay | Ha | 7 | H | H | $\tau$ | H (aspiré) | $\dagger$ (hard) |  |  | 0 |
| 11 | Kay | Kay | 8 | k | K | $\dot{\sim}$ | k (guttural) | k (guttural) |  | 1 |  |
| 12 | Dal | Dal | 9 | d | D | , | d | d (soft) |  |  | 0 |
| 13 | Đal | Origin | Urdu | ¢ | D | $\xi$ | d (dur) | d |  |  | 1 |
| 14 | Zal | Zal | 10 | z | z | . | z | z |  | 1 |  |
| 15 | Ray | Ray | 11 | r | R | $\checkmark$ | r (doux) | r |  |  | 0 |
| 16 | Ray | Origin | Urdu | ř | $\stackrel{\mathrm{R}}{ }$ | ) | r (dur) | r (hard) |  |  | 1 |
| 17 | Źay | źay | 12 | ż | ź | $\dot{\sim}$. | żz | żz |  | 1 |  |
| 18 | Şay | Origin | Persia | \$ | Ş | j | yz | yz |  | 3 |  |

1. Lahore Alphabet ... Urdu et Arab Qura'an 2009-1- Unicode "ATOMIC Alphabet" Tariq Hameed

| 19 | Syn | Syn | 13 | s | S | u | s | s |  | 0 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 20 | Šyn | Šyn | 14 | š | Š | . | ch | sh | 3 | (\%). |
| 21 | Stuad | Suad | 15 | ¢ | $\hat{\mathbf{s}}$ | ص | s (dur) | s (hard) |  | 0 |
| 22 | Žuad | Žuad | 16 | ž | $\check{z}$ | ض. | z (dur) | $z$ (hard) | 1 |  |
| 23 | Ťoay | Ťoay | 17 | t | $\check{\text { T }}$ | b | $\mathrm{f}^{\text {f }}$ (rond) | $\mathfrak{f}$ (round) |  | 0 |
| 24 | Żoay | Żoay | 18 | ż | $\dot{\mathbf{z}}$ | . ${ }^{\text {b. }}$ | ż (rond) | ż (round) | 1 |  |
| 25 | Æyn | Æyn | 19 | æ | ※ | $\varepsilon$ | $\underset{\text { (guttural=rr) }}{\text { ( }}$ | æ (guttural) |  | 0 |
| 26 | Giyn | Ġyn | 20 | $\dot{\mathrm{g}}$ | $\dot{\text { G }}$ | . | $\dot{\mathrm{g}}$ (guttural) | g̀ (guttural) | 1 |  |
| 27 | Fay | Fa | 21 | f | F | $\bigcirc$ | f | f | 1 |  |
| 28 | Vay | Arab | Moder n | v | v | * | v (= veau) | v (= veal) | 3 |  |
| 29 | Qaf | Qaf | 22 | q | Q | 3 | q (guttural) | q (guttural) | 2 |  |
| 30 | Kaf | Kaf | 23 | q | Q | ¢) | k | k |  | 0 |
| 31 | Gaf | Origin | Persia | g | G | $\xi$ | g | g |  | 1 |
| 32 | Lam | Lam | 24 | 1 | L | J | 1 | 1 l |  | 0 |
| 33 | Mym | Mym | 25 | m | M | $\bigcirc$ | m | m |  | 0 |
| 34 | Ňun | Origin | Persia | ñ | ¢ | $u$ | ñ (nasal) | ñ (nasal) |  | 0 |
| 35 | Nun | Nun | 26 | n | N | $\bigcirc$ | n | n | 1 |  |
| 36 | Hayarab | Hay | 27 | H | H | $\gamma$ | h (arab) | h |  | 0 |



2．Troyes Alphabet ．．．Urdu et Arab Qura＇an 2009 －2－Unicode＂ATOMIC Alphabet＂Tariq Hameed

## Particularity of Certain Letters ．．．Particularités de Certaines Lettres

Besonderheit von Gewisser Briefe ．．．Particolarità di certe lettere ．．．V o 1 u m e Qr－001 ．．．
Points（or－as）when placed are ．．．Les Points（ou－comme）et leur Place
Punkte（oder－als）sind wenn gestellt．．．Punti（o－come）quando mise è

Below ：En－dessous ：Unten ：Sotto $\mathrm{P} \downarrow \mathbf{0} \ldots \ldots \ldots$ 〒．．． $\mathbf{1}$ そ －．．．Nukta is below in $飞$ ；while is above in ．．． $4 .$. Point est au－desus；飞 est en－dessous ．．．
 Interesting ：All points above after．．．乙 ．．．$\underline{\text { A noter ：points au－dessus après }}$


BUT ．．．（As last）There is only one／une Exception $\mathfrak{v}=$ ي Seulement（à la fin） So，all sort Sorts create no Problems ：Ainsi，les Tris sont sans problèmes This is very important ．．．Unicode＇Atomic＇Alphabet by／par $\uparrow \downarrow$ Points Zukünftige Wörter pro UniCode ．．．Creare Parole di Futuro per UniCode

## To be able to create Future Words per UniCode， 3 more letters invented

．．．Dans le but de créer de Futures Formations en UniCode， 3 lettres inventées ．．．

8．0 ut

1．Lahore Alphabet ．．．Urdu et Arab Qura＇an 2009 －3－Unicode＂ATOMIC Alphabet＂Tariq Hameed

| $\begin{gathered} \mathrm{i} \\ \text { 066巨 } \end{gathered}$ | Ba－O | 20 | $\begin{gathered} \text { ii } \\ \text { 06A1 } \end{gathered}$ | Fa－0 | حاكّ | $\begin{gathered} \text { iiii } \\ \text { 066F } \end{gathered}$ | Qaf－0 | \％ | Now UniCode Standard without Dot ．．．sans Point ohne Punkt |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |

A Unique Study on the 1st．Raku of Quran ．．．in＇Atomic＇Form ．．．Into 12 languages $\qquad$ A Wonder ？？？ Urdu，Hindi，English，Punjabi，Français，Deutsch，Farsi，Italiano，Español，etc．）．．．I Created 12 Grammars ？？？ All following Q－Arabic ．．．so every Word is at the same place as in the Qura＇an ．．．Word UNDER Word While the Speciality in Urdu，Punjabi \＆Farsi is ．．．that ONLY ARABIC Letters of Alphabet are used ．．． （eliminating so ．．．ttay，ddal，rray，ghaff，chay，pay etc．）．．．\＆I use（Jamil \＆Pak＝Tariq）Nastaleeq So the Arabic Qura＇ani SOUND \＆QIRAT is maintained；\＆V Feel Very Close to our Loved Text． If V have to Revive the Times of our Dear Rasul，then V must try to Understand His Message in His Style Wenn wir die Zeiten unseres Lieben Rasul Wieder beleben müssen，müssen wir versuchen，seine Nachricht in Seinem Stil Zu verstehen ．．．NOT Inventing our Own Meaning ．．．Creating Confusion \＆Sects \＆Surgeons \＆Certe CHAOS ．．．C C S S C C（si si）．．．

2．Troyes Alphabet ．．．Urdu et Arab Qura＇an 2009 －4－Unicode＂ATOMIC Alphabet＂Tariq Hamee

| \＃－U | Urdu | Arab | \＃－A | Min． | Maj． | Sym． | हिन्दी． 6 ¢\％\％ | Français | English | $\downarrow$ | $\uparrow$ | Div．$\uparrow$ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 1 | Alif | Alif | 1 | a | A | 1 | ए | a | ah |  |  | 0 |
| 2 | Bay | Ba | 2 | b | B | $\dagger$ | ब | b | b | 1 |  |  |
| 3 | Pay | Origin | Persia | p | P | 4 | प | p | p | 3 |  |  |
| 4 | Tay | Ta | 3 | t | T | せ | त | t（doux） | t（soft） |  | 2 |  |
| 5 | Tay－ Hay | Ta－ Hay | 4 | ț | T | 0 | $<$ | t（rond） | t（round） |  | （2） | （0） |
| 6 | Fay | Origin | Urdu | t | T | $\stackrel{\square}{\bullet}$ | ट | も（dur） | $\pm$（hard） |  |  | 1 |
| 7 | Çay | Ça | 5 | Ç | Ç | $\stackrel{\square}{4}$ | स | Ç | c（soft） |  | 3 |  |
| 8 | Jym | Jym | 6 | j | J | T | ज | j | j | 1 |  |  |
| 9 | Jay | Origin | Persia | j | $\hat{\mathbf{J}}$ | ז | चे | tch | tch | 3 |  |  |
| 10 | Hay | Ha | 7 | ћ | H | 工 | हु | H（aspiré） | ¢（hard） |  |  | 0 |
| 11 | Kay | Ķay | 8 | k | K | $\stackrel{\text { く }}{ }$ | ख | k（guttural） | k（guttural） |  | 1 |  |
| 12 | Dal | Dal | 9 | d | D | 」 | द | d（doux） | d（soft） |  |  | 0 |


| 13 | Alif | Alif | 1 | a | A | 1 | ए | a | ah |  |  | 0 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 14 | Bay | Ba | 2 | b | B | $\bigcirc$ | ब | b | b | 1 |  |  |
| 15 | Pay | Origin | Persia | p | P | $\because$ | प | p | p | 3 |  |  |
| 16 | Tay | Ta | 3 | t | T | $\because$ | त | t（doux） | t（soft） |  | 2 |  |
| 17 | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Tay- } \\ & \text { Hay } \end{aligned}$ | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Ta- } \\ & \text { Hay } \end{aligned}$ | 4 | t | T | \％ | ＜ | t（rond） | t（round） |  | （2） | （0） |
| 18 | fay | Origin | Urdu | $\pm$ | T | － | ट | $\pm$（dur） | t（hard） |  |  | 1 |
| 19 | Çay | Ça | 5 | ¢ | C | ． | स | ¢ | c（soft） |  | 3 |  |
| 20 | Jym | Jym | 6 | j | J | て | ज | j | j | 1 |  |  |
| 21 | Jay | Origin | Persia | j | J | で | चे | tch | tch | 3 |  |  |
| 22 | Hay | Ha | 7 | ¢ | H | 2 | हू | H（aspiré） | $\dagger$（hard） |  |  | 0 |
| 23 | Kay | Ķay | 8 | k | $\underset{\sim}{1}$ | ． | ख | k（guttural） | k（guttural） |  | 1 |  |
| 24 | Dal | Dal | 9 | d | D | ， | द | d（doux） | d（soft） |  |  | 0 |
| 25 | fay | Origin | Urdu | も | T | － | ट | も（dur） | も（hard） |  |  | 1 |
| 26 | Çay | Ça | 5 | ¢ | Ç | ． | स | ç | c（soft） |  | 3 |  |
| 27 | Jym | Jym | 6 | j | J | て | ज | j | j | 1 |  |  |
| 28 | Jay | Origin | Persia | j | 今 | を | चे | tch | tch | 3 |  |  |
| 29 | Hay | Ha | 7 | ћ | H | 乙 | ह， | H（aspiré） | ¢（hard） |  |  | 0 |
| 30 | Kay | Kay | 8 | k | $\underline{1}$ | ．$\dot{\sim}$ | ख | k（guttural） | k（guttural） |  | 1 |  |
| 31 | Dal | Dal | 9 | d | D | ， | द | d（doux） | d（soft） |  |  | 0 |
| 32 | Dal | Dal | 9 | d | D | ， | द | d（doux） | d（soft） |  |  | 0 |


| \＃－U | Urdu | Arab | \＃－A | Min． | Maj． | Sym．ار． | हिन्दी． 6 | Français | English | $\downarrow$ | $\uparrow$ | Div．$\uparrow$ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 33 | Alif | Alif | 1 | a | A | 1 | ए | a | ah |  |  | 0 |
| 34 | Bay | Ba | 2 | b | B |  | ब | b | b | 1 |  |  |
| 35 | Pay | Origin | Persia | p | $\mathbf{P}$ | － | प | p | p | 3 |  |  |
| 36 | Tay | Ta | 3 | t | T | $\pm$ | त | t（doux） | t（soft） |  | 2 |  |
| 37 | Țay－ Hay | Ta－ <br> Hay | 4 | ț | T | \％ | ＜ | t（rond） | t（round） |  | （2） | （0） |
| 38 | Fay | Origin | Urdu | も | T | － | ट | も（dur） | も（hard） |  |  | 1 |
| 39 | Çay | Ça | 5 | Ç | Ç | بـ | स | ¢ | c（soft） |  | 3 |  |
| 40 | Jym | Jym | 6 | j | J | ج | ज | j | j | 1 |  |  |
| 41 | Jay | Origin | Persia | j | $\hat{\mathbf{J}}$ | ז | चे | tch | tch | 3 |  |  |
| 42 | Hay | Ha | 7 | ћ | H | $\tau$ | ह， | H（aspiré） | ¢（hard） |  |  | 0 |
|  | ．．． 1. |  | ．．． |  |  | $\ldots$ |  | －レ்．．．す． | ．${ }^{\text {b }}$ |  | $=$ |  |
|  | ．．．$\dot{\varepsilon}$ ． |  | ．．． |  | य $=$ | ．．．$<$ |  | $\grave{O}=\ldots$ ．．． |  |  | ＝ |  |

4．Troyes Raku 001 （Words）．．．Urdu et Arab ．．．Transiteration．．．Al Qura＇an 2012 － 0 ．${ }^{* *}$


> 0 of $\Delta I-I^{\Lambda} \mathrm{I}-\mathrm{I} \Delta$
> 3 Unique Occurances 6 Towards／Vers $\Delta 1-1^{\Delta}$ I－I $\Delta$

1 Tis Noun Names（Noms）
4 Conjunctions \＆etc．．．
7 Noun／Nom（Concept）
$\leftrightarrow$ Mi．$\leftrightarrow$

2 Pronouns／Prénoms
5 Verbs／Verbes
$8 \&$ Concrete
$\rightarrow 1$ st．Word／Mot（Aayat）

Al－Fatiha ：Dialogue＇tween $\Delta l-1^{\Delta} 1-1 \Delta$＇n Insaan $\ldots .1^{\text {st }} .4$ Aayat of $\Delta l-1 t^{\Delta} 1-1 \Delta: \& 2^{\text {nd．}} 4$ Reported by Tis－self Seul 1 Verbe en 31 Mots ？ Only 1 Verb in 31 Words Grammer Miracle $a^{\prime} h^{\circ} d, n^{\prime} a$ Qura＇an is Numbered in End ．．．Mots＝ 3 $2(\mathrm{pNn})=.4 \ldots 4($ Adv．$)=\mathbf{0} \ldots 5($ Verb $)=1 \ldots 6($ Conj．$)=4 \ldots \mathbf{7}$（Noun）$=\mathbf{2 2} \ldots=\mathbf{3 1}$. ．．．from Divine Descends ．．．from Human Mounts ．．．Sinners ：Searchers ：Pious ：Saints ：Prophets ：Messengers ：Divine ．．．
$\Delta-\left.1\right|_{1-1 \Delta}$ Sends from the Heavens ：Only Tis－self Knows What Comes Next ？？？Sole Knower of Future



## assan-ul-erd

Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure
$\triangle$ QEDs $\triangle$... Vahis Revealed ...


1. Aayat Composition Analysis
2. AI - Qafl - ul - Surat
3. EXPLANATIONS ... What is ... ???

What's a QAFL ???
4. Keys ... \& ... Lengths

Begin Qafl ... is in Letters
Min. is 1 ... Max. is 44
END Qafl ... is in WORDS
Min. is 1 ... Max. is 9







Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure $\triangle$ QEDs $\triangle$... Vahis Revealed ...

1. Aayat Composition ... Analysis
> Codification ..

- Orders \& Reports
- Parts \& Endings * Respects
* Ayat END
> Themes Progression ...
> Subjects Re-Grouping
> Mafhoom (Extention)
> Word Individualisation
... $\triangle$ QEDs $\triangle$...
" $\Delta$ Révélation

1. Composition
> Codification

- Ordres \&

Rapports

- Parties \& Fins
* Respects
* Aayat Fin
> Thèmes Progression
$>$ Sujets
Re-Groupés
Idées ... \& ...
Mot (Extentions)
Individualisation
$\triangle$ Q-science ... by Tariq Hameed Urdu
$\triangle$ Quod Erat Demonstrandum ...... Euclide

QEDs $\triangle \ldots$ email : thuqky@gmail.com $\Delta$
Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure
QEDs $4 \ldots$ email : thuqky@yahoo.com .

ut

Codification: QEDs Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure ... Aayat $\ldots .6236+112\left({ }^{\prime}\right.$ 'Xtra Bism) $=6348+1$ (One/Un Bism of/du Qura'an $\ldots$... 0) $=\underline{6349}$ $\triangle$ Quod Erat Demonstrandum ...... Euclide ...... Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure $\boldsymbol{\Delta}$



Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure $\triangle$ QEDs $\triangle$... Vahis Revealed ...
4. EXPLANATION

What is a "Qafl" ???
$>$ What is even more surprising is, that this Sequence has its own Rules \& Equally its own Specific \& Individual ... but Variable Length ... 1>43
> Both these Elements as Base, being completely undefineable, are likewise totally Unexplainable
> $\quad$ Quantified \& Classified

- Globally
- having always certain - Common Properties Nota... Raku $=558 \ldots$ Unfortunately Unlearned say 540 or 666 ; its Untrue ... . Blind Scholars. ...Today V Avoid 666... in Church Terminology ... Its Related to the Devil ... ( $\sim$ ( ا $\sim$ )



Qura'an Evolutive Dimensional structure $\triangle$ QEDs $\triangle \ldots$ Vahis Revealed ...
5. EXPLAINING

What is a "Qafl" ???

## Global Common Properties

- Minimum Length is ... 01
- Maximum Length is

43 (No Reason is Apparent)

- High Use ... "Alif"
so starts 41 ()
- Begining Letters are

15
(Half of Arabic Alphabet) Nota
Surat-ul-Nahl has $1^{\text {st. }}$ Qafl Its a very brief Primary Key
... $\triangle$ QEDs $\triangle$...
" $\Delta$ Révélation $\triangle$ "
4. EXPLICATION

Qu'est-ce un "Qafl"?
> Une Analyse Detaillée montre : les Apparentes Lettres Non-Relatées suivent une Rélation ... très Surprennante

## * Chaque Surat

* Commence avec
* Une Unique
* Combination de
* Longeur Variée

Ref: TH...*II*p. 125
29-29 ... 60-71
$\triangle$ QEDs $\triangle$
" $\Delta$ Révélation $\triangle$ "
5. EXPLIQUONS

Qu'est-ce un "Qafl" ?
> Cette Séquence a ses Propres Règles \&

Également ses bien Marquées Variable \& Individuelle Longeur:
> Éléments Bases, aussi complètement Indéfinable, sont bien
... Inexplicables ...

* \& Classifiés
* Globalement
* à Communes
* Propriétées

Codification: QEDs Qura'an Evolutive Dimensionnelle structure ...
Vahis Revealed 30-30 ... 72-83 Ayaat ... Makkah = 1 / Medina = 2 ... Tradition ... None Researched / Aucunement Recherché Future $0=$ M\&M ... Research/Recherché ... Séquence Révélations ... (I have/Je l'ai) par SINA

30-30 ... 84-95






 $=====================-(4007)$ -
 Strange (.3.) ??? Long .1. Letter Start Primary Key of a Surat, has thus a Particularity ... INVOKES

 -(1916)- |Came a Fact 'of' ${ }^{\Delta-1-1}{ }^{\Delta}{ }_{1-1}$; so dont hasten it||b Majestic 'n Perfect, thus 'above' their Associates.

「棌 - 6304 See U one, who belies thus the Faith:
as that one, who molests an Orphan. ${ }^{\text { }}$ r
al structure ...
30-30 ... 96-107
30-30 ... 108-114


(98) (12)
 $\mathrm{Kev} / \mathrm{Clef} \ldots .2=(4)$ 39(2)46
 the Near, the Wise. L 5 -(4096)-


Key/Clef...2=(5)
L
Y 5

|Asked Asker of 'an' Affliction to beset| 15s |upon the Infidels : none who could repel.| 'ts $====================-(5444 / 5)$ -
 L特. Prescribed 'n Ordained : unto it Aayat; 'clear' Statements that U, self ponder ... 15 $====================-$ - (2814)

 $-(2367)_{-}^{4000}$ |Not is Revealed to U the Qura'an, to Burden; re rs -(2368)-4 ${ }^{-4000}$-(2369)-
Apart, U invokes, those who Heed ' it ' ... ${ }^{\mathrm{y}} \mathrm{r}_{\text {s }}$

uhut ${ }^{\text {r.a }} \mathrm{U}$


$18=(2) \ldots 17=(1) \ldots \ldots 16=(1+1) \ldots \quad \ldots 15=(1) \ldots 13=(2+1) \ldots 12=(1+2+4) \ldots \ldots 10=(2) \ldots 9=(3+1) \ldots 8=(5+2) \ldots$

$\ldots 7=(2) \ldots \ldots 6=(3) \ldots \ldots 5=(1+1+16) \ldots \ldots 4=(1+1+2+16) \ldots \ldots 3=(3+11) \ldots . . . . . . . . . .$.
Key/Clef ... Makkah (1,10,16,26=9) ... Medina (17,20,25,41=6) ... Both (2,3,4,5,6,8,9,12,13,18,22,30=100) $\ldots=115 \ldots$ Both $(69+15+1+9+6=100)(87+27+1=115) \quad \ldots$ Short $\ldots 1(19,38,68)=(3) \quad \ldots$ Long $\ldots 43(59,61)=(2)$..

$$
\ldots \text { Most } \ldots 4=(22) \ldots \quad \text { Least } \ldots 2 \ldots(0,9,16,20,24,39,50,70,78,80,98,107)=(12)
$$


$4 \ldots(2,7,13,30,37,48,51,52,55,56,69,72,77,89,91,92,93,94,95,99)=(20) \ldots \quad 7 \ldots(63,110)=(2) \ldots$
$5 \ldots(3,17,29,31,32,53,71,76,79,83,87,88,97,100,103,104,105,108)=(18) \ldots 8 \ldots(11,14,41,75,85,86,90)=(7) \ldots$
$9 \ldots(1,35,73,74)=(4) \ldots \quad 10 \ldots(25,67)=(2) \ldots \quad 12 \ldots(33,65,66,82,84,113,114)=(7) \quad 13 \ldots(6,18,34)=(3) \ldots$ $15 \ldots(15)=(1) \ldots 16 \ldots(10,12)=(2) \ldots 17 \ldots(5)=(1) \ldots 18 \ldots(43,44)=(2) \ldots 19 \ldots(49,60)=(2) \ldots 25 \ldots(57)=(1) \ldots$
$21 \ldots(4,22)=(2) \ldots 22 \ldots(26,28)=(2) \ldots 26 \ldots(40)=(1) \ldots 30 \ldots(45,46,62,64)=(4) \ldots .$.








 a Meem $^{〔}$ L

## 

 'n The Folks Believers 'n acting Righteously, 'n believing in that revealed 'pon Muhammad, 'n Its the Truth of the Divine: ${ }^{\gamma}$ Faults theirs will be condoned by Tis-self 'n bettered thus, Mind theirs. r

'tween themselves. ${ }^{\text {® }}$ U'll see them unto Faces theirs in Process of Bowing (Sajda), ₹ that's Similitude theirs unto the Taurat; ${ }^{\tau}$ ' n is Similitude theirs unto the Bible: 'as' a Seed exits a Shoot; so strenthens; so thickens : so envigorated, 'pon delighting admiring Sowers, enraging them the Faithless. A Promise of $\Delta H^{\Delta}+-\Delta \Delta$ to the Folks Believers 'n acting Righteously themselves, forgiving : 'n (merit) a Reward Magnificent.


 96 .
 96:The First 5 Aayat of Qura'an



## BC－OLE


｜n Lant｜｜n 102（3）36｜．37｜．
 Desiring U diverts，（1）till reach U the Grave；r段 all soon U＇ll know ：r每 thus all soon U’ll know．乏棌 All so，U’ll know with Knowledge Certain．啳

 ｜The United Quraysh $15 /$｜United in Trips in Winter＇n in Summer ．．．Y 5 s｜Thus＇they＇pray The Divinity，herein，








 ．．．It is interesting to note ．．．that ．．．including Word Say（Qul）．．．Unique Verbs of Surat，refer to Insa＇an（Got）．．．

Note ：1．Alamaat on TOP 44；only 1 kasra UNDER يَّئن：Re－Inforcing the Idea of a Unitary Existence，without Attaches ．．．
2．Also its interesting to capt the FALLACY，when one translates Ahad as ONE $\mathbf{i}$ ？ $\mathbf{i}$ Ahad is Hadood i．e．，Space Ends Not． Thus $\Delta l^{-1}{ }^{\wedge} \mathrm{H} \Delta$ is the LIMITS；Bornes，the Incalculable Expanse in Universal Directions？That what Englobes All \＆Ever． Let＇s STUDY the Sound of this ．．．Ism ．．．Al \＆La ．．．from Al to La ．．．\＆．．．from La to Al ．．．the Unfinished ．．．Al－laH ！i：！ Certain Important Points in Qura＇an ．．．Which are Ignored always by the Scholars ？？？

＇n establish the Meditation；＇n practice Charity（Zaka＇at）：＇n bend（Raku），＇mong＇those who＇Bend（Rakaeen）．

（2：43）－（0051）－莎 （3：43）－（0338）－皆 （Bend）「：「：
 g ${ }^{2011}$

｜＂Ô Mary！Devout unto Divinity；＇n do Bow－down（Sajda）：＇n do bend（Raku），＇mong＇those who＇Bend Rakaeen）．＂ Aal－e－Imraan（3：43）．．．Salaat（24 hrs）has NO Wazoo，Raku or Sajda ？？？＇Not＇a CORRECT Translation See What is Namaz（Farsi）？？？\＆V DEDUCT a Reality，i．e．＇Farz＇Prayer cannot be Without Raku ：Order Bibi Maryam Ordered to go to MASJID＂Bend（Raku）\＆Bow－down（Sajda）＂：in Company of other＇Rakaeen＇． La Sainte Marie est Ordonnée d＇aller à la Mosquée＂Pencher（Raku）\＆à－Genoux（Sajda）＂：en Compagnie d＇autres＇Rakaeen＇． How has Jesus Prophesised his Death ．．．\＆Resurrection ．．．$\underbrace{\text { \＆}} 1$

|  | $*(19: 33)$ | 4000 |  |  | te the Use | ｜n．．．｜ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 19：10\％ | － |  | وَ | 促 | السَّلمُ عَلِّيَّ | Proof that Yahya Died |
| 19：世 \％\％ | 0 |  | وَ |  | اللمَّلمُ عَلِّيَّ | Proof that Jesus Died |
| 19：33 | （Jesus）＂＇n Peace on me on Day of Birth，＇n on Day of Death；＇n on Day of｜Resurrection\｜．．．As Live＂ |  |  |  |  |  |

Note：In All Qura＇an（Iblis）Speaks only to $\Delta^{1-1}{ }^{\boldsymbol{\wedge}} \mathrm{H} \Delta \ldots$ \＆Requests the Day of Resurrection ． 4 ．


In these 11 occurances Iblis（Lucifer）．．．NEVER speaks to either Adam，Angels or Satan


Said ：Ô blis，why U apart outstand，mong the Bowers ？？？－（1949／52）－ （Iblis）｜Said ：Nay can I Bow－down to Man U created from Clay，from Mud moulded．｜


1．From the above Dialogue，it is EVIDENT that ．．．Iblis is a Being（while Satan VARIES in Functions）
2．Both ．．．$\left.\Delta\right|^{\Delta} \mathrm{H} \Delta$ \＆Iblis declare（in different Aayat）．．．Iblis is made of Fire（but ：Present among Angels）
3．Then ．．．$\Delta^{-1}{ }^{\wedge} \mathrm{H} \Delta$ says ：Iblis was among the Jinn（NOT Leader ：18：50）．．．Still Present at Adam＇s Creation ？
4．Strange to Note ．．．$\Delta^{-1}{ }^{\boldsymbol{\wedge}} \mathrm{H} \Delta$ ordered Angels to BOW（Not Prostrate）．．．BUT Iblis is＇tween Angels ？HOW ？
5．These are so RELEVENT Questions ？？？．．．NO Scholar has Researched ？？？．．．Merits a Doctorate Thesus？
STRANGE Loftiness of this Dialogue ．．．Mutual Respect by Both（Rajeem＝Outcasi ：Itani／Qarai／Pickthall）
Iblis Speaks only to $\Delta^{-1}{ }^{\boldsymbol{\wedge}} \mathrm{H} \Delta$ so Lofty ．．．In No Aayat Iblis \＆Satan come together．Why ？？？．6． Aayat（Name）Iblis ：Brief，Elegant \＆Precise ．．．（Refer）Satan ：Long，Laborious \＆General

Conclusion ：Iblis is a Being ．．．Contrarily Satan is only Attribute（can be Human）

## kaghes 'roeen otuats 'n fucte ... 1 THINKS 'n THOUGHTS



## tayles "tween struls' in frels...2 thinks 'n thOUGHTS



## kaybes 'roeen otuabs'n Sulub $\ldots .8$

 THINKS 'n THOUGHTS


## Volume III

 Feclings in $\mathscr{F}$ anlasiss $\mathscr{F}$ oced ' $n$ FailedeXt. Lead-up ... Ma/Pa/Ashraf (Servant) *thBk-F-1*.pdf Marseille / .Paris. 1980/82 -6/7- 40 years $=====A:$ Preamble: $=====$

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


## 

| 4.1 | Roma : Italia | BEYOND |  | 1983 | Bk-4 | -027--040--185- |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 4.2 | Roma : Italia | W H A T ? |  | 1983 |  | -028--042- |
| 4.3 | Roma : Italia | Love MeThinks is | al (Français) | 1984 |  | -030--043- |
| 4.4. | Roma : Italia | In The Pure Delig | Play | 1984 |  | -031--044- |
| 4.5 | Roma : Italia | Wee Words And W | ops | 1985 |  | -032--045- |
| 4.6. | Roma : Italia | GGEDdly Educated | (Yes grand-mother) | 1986 |  | -034--047- |

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## Penser aur Pensées

## PENSER sur PENSÉES



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

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| 10. | *Colmar* | Blancheur | 1977 | -35- |
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| 13. | *Mulhouse* | Bébé Moineau Écrasé par une Voiture | 1977 | -42- |
| 14. | *Qloace* | La Tortue | 1981 | -43- |
| 15. | *Basel* | Lynx d'Obscurité | 1982 | -45- |
| 16. | *Schwarzwald* | Etre Humain | 1983 | -47- |
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Kublai Khan (talvolta scritto Kubla Khan) e il suo impero provocarono folli voli di fantasia tra gli Europei dal tempo della spedizione di Marco Polo del 1271-1292. Ma chi era il Gran Khan, davvero? Una visione romantica del regno di Kublai Khan giunse al poeta inglese Samuel Taylor Coleridge in un sogno intriso di oppio, ispirato dalla lettura del racconto di un viaggiatore britannico e descrivendo la città come Xanadu. S.T. Coleridge, Kubla Khan, 1797
.Stanza 1
1.

## In Xanadu il Kubla Khan

Un magnifico plazzo con duomo decreta:
Dove Alph, fiume d'aqua sacra, in mezzo del camin
Dove i uomoni passano i caverni sensa dimension
Andando a un mare sensa sole laciando ogni speranza.
6.

Due volte cinque miglia di terra fertile ronde I muri e torri cinti in rotond:
E c'erano giardini luminosi di sinuosi ruscelli, Dove sbocciarono l'incenso dei alberi tanti; E dove fiorirono le foreste e colline antiche, Avvolgendo le macchie di soleggiante verde.

Stanza 2
12.

Ma oh! quale profondo baratro romantico obliquo
Traversando la verde collina sotto copertura di cedro!
Un luogo selvaggio di fate! santo e incantato
Sempre sotto come una luna ossessionata calante
Come una donna piangendo per il suo demone-amante!

## 17.

$E$ da questo baratro, con incessante tumulto ribollente, Come se la terra in sorsi veloci e densi era respirante, Una potente fontana fu brevemente forzata:
Mezzo al cui il rapido scoppio era interrotto a metà Volteggiavano grandine rimbalzante enormi frammenti, E sotto il flagello-trebbiatrice di pula, cadeva i granelli: Che in mezzo a queste rocce danzanti allo stesso tempo Dunque alzò in un attimo le onde del fiume sacro.
25.

Cinque miglia serpeggianti con un movimento intricato Attraverso boschi e valli scorreva il fiume sacro,
Poi raggiunse le caverne incommensurabili per l'uomo,
E affondò in tumulto in un oceano senza vita:
$\mathrm{E}^{\prime}$ in mezzo-tumulto che ha sentito da lontano Kubla Voci ancestrali profetizzano la guera!
31.

Nel ombra della cupola dei piaceri
Galleggiava a metà tra le onde;
Dove si udì la mista misura
Dalla fontana alle grotte.
È stato un miracolo di dispositivo raro,
Puro piacere, cupola soleggiata con grotte di ghiaccio!
.Stanza 3
37.

Una damigela con un dulcimer
Una visione una sola volta che ho visto;
Era una abissina signiorina,
E sul suo dulcimer ha suonato,
Il Canto del Monte Abora.
42.

Potrei ristabilire dentro di me
La sua sinfonia del suo canto,
Un piacere così profondo mi avrà conquistato,
Che come musica forte e lunga,
Costruirei quella cupola ariosa nell'aria,
Quella cupola solare! quelle grotte di ghiaccio!
48.

E tutti che hanno sentito dovrebbero vederli li,
E che tutti piangenno, Attenzione! Attenzione!
I suoi occhi lampeggianti, e i capelli fluttuanti!
A lui intrecci un cerchio intorno volte tre,
Poi chiudi gli occhi con santo terrore,
Poiché di rugiada di miele si è nutrito,
E bevuto il latte del Paradiso.
54.

Anni fa una Signora italiana mi vide scrivere qualcosa e mi chiese cos'era che scrivevo io ? Le ho detto che era solo un'"Idea", qualcosa di simile alla Poësia ma non proprio Poësia; che non ho seguito alcuna stabilitata schema, rilasciati Pensieri appena: e le "Idea" lente che fluttuano da Sole, iniziano ad avere un Senso,, svelando alcuni Misteri del Mondo e della nostra Vivente Vita, vengono de-giustificati. Fu così che mi chiese di scrivere qualcosa sul'lei,, sul suo nome "Rosalba".

Non scrivo mai nulla su ordinazione. Non lo faccio né per piacere a Nessuno né per guadagni pecuniari. Deve uscire dal cuore. E non faccio mai nomi, perché Nessuno in questo Mondo è mai nato con un nome, gli viene dato solo in seguito, per motivi di Convenienza: quindi mi piace rimanere il più Fedele possibile alla Natura. Fortunatamente, il suo stesso nome era un tema poetico; Lascio a voi indovinare di cosa si tratta, che la mia Fantasia si è quasi scatenata e ha volato in giro con un Ritmo Vibrante e insistente di "la Rosa" e "l'Alba" il tutto avvolto da una certa morbidezza, una morbidezza che faceva parte del suo carattere e una certa Malinconia perché lei come tutti aveva dei Problemi,, Problemi Tristi; e solo per citare l'ultimi, il suo Gra de Amore Viveva a circa quindicimila chilometri di distanza,, ecc. ecc. ...

Purtroppo giorni dopo, mi è stata rubata la valigetta e la "pseudo-Poesia" non ero capace darla mai. Per caso la rividi alcuni giorni più tardi, quando ero molto impegnata in un atto molto "non pseudo-poetico" di vendere due piccoli tappeti; mi ha chiesto sulla sua Poësia o che ho provato qualcosa di nuova ... Questa volta NON l'ho delusa," come alcune Idee sono rimaste da prima !!!

A parte i fatti, certe Idee erano ancora appese all'interno, che parte del Iniziale era conficcato nel mio cuore,, ma è stato un compito epico Ricreare la Freschezza e la spontaneità dell'originale ... ma lasciare la Speranza, mai. I Sentimenti non erano gli stessi,, e né lo erano le Rime o Ritmi; né è stato possibile Ricreare le inversioni e gli intrecci, de Parole con loro giochi subtile, come multipli di incroci di 'Rosa' e 'Alba' e 'Alba' e 'Rosa', che l'uno divenne costantemente l'altro poi l'uno, separando e unendo e unendo e separando; un pieno concentrato di Leggerezza e morbidezza!

Sì, cì sta il Problema! Una cosa Promessa è pienamente dovuta. Ma come ripetere un'esperienza di tale Natura, senza ispirazioni altrove?

Non chiamando Nessuno per nome,, come destreggiarsi con questi nomi anche di nuovo?

Avendo fatto ora, una tale promessa, come organizzarla finalmente, "Per chi suona la campana?" Ma come i Sentimenti di questa persona erano sinceri e stabilì, ero incoraggiato! E la LUCE iniziò a Spuntare! Così è tornata "La Rosa" e tornata "L'Alba"! Supponiamo che tu stesso porti il suo nome," una Idea splendida," cosa potrebbe succedere? E questo successò ... Sono diventato lei," e i Pensieri inizivano a Spuntare ... Quindi esce 'Una Rosa e un Alba'", qualcosa di più tenero, più Profondo, e più Umano. Poi in non più di dieci minuti, giusto il Tempo di annotarlo su Carta, la traduzione. Tale è la Verità intera e non diluita," quindi per favore aiutami," Il Mio ADingelo custode!
P.S.: La traduzione Perde parte del suo fascino e della sua Freschezza originali Italiani. Ma la teneremta ondulata rimane. Anche alcune Immagini possono sembrare state copiate da quanto avevo scritto in precedenza, è solo colpa di aver riutilizzato un po' del materiale Perduto, tuttavia, l'Idea di partenza rimane, Fresca come era in origine.

Cosa Quando Dove Qui e Là ... "Il Mondo non è Rotondo : ma se è Vero"... Galileo Galilei
5. Roma : Italia : Italiano

La Rosa a l'Alba
Rose-Dew at Dawn
(1993)

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 Poëtry but not Really Poëty; that I followed no established schemes, just released Thoughts: and "Ideas" Floating slowly on their own, start making Sense,, revealing some Mysteries of this World and of our Lively Life, are de-justified. Thus 'twas, 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 Poëtic theme; I leave it to you to guess what 'twas, that my Fantasy sort of self-un-leashed and flew around with a Viberating 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 Melanchony 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 this "pseudo-poem" I could deliver never. By chance some days back I saw her again, when was very much engaged in so full an "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 lingered from afore !!!

Facts despite, that certain Ideas still hung inside,, 'n parts of the Begins were stuck unto my heart,, but 'twas an epic task to Recreate the Freshness and the spontaneity, of the original ... but to Abandon Hope, never. The Sentiments weren't the same,"'n neither the Rhymes or the Rythms; nor was it possible to Recreate the inversions ' $n$ 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 ' $n$ softness!

Aye there Lies the rub! A thing Promised is fully due. But, how to repeat any 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 Dawning ... 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 ARgei!
P.S.: The translation Loses some of its original Italian Charm and Freshness. But the undulating tenderness remains. Also a few IImages 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.

La Rosa all'Alba
non deve Piangere
perchè dopo tutto,
tutta una Notte
di solitudine
il primo Raggio del Sole
porterá via
le sue Lacrime!
La Rosa a Alba
vi stava una volta
la prima Donna
in un Giardino
e salutava con Joia
il suo cavaliere errante
il mag ifico Sole
danzando
con Fervore
un gra ioso addio
a la Notte
in tutta la sua Majestia.

E seguli il Valzer dei Pianeti
Della Mus_ca come nei Sonetti
Di Giorni oggi dopo Giorni passati
Di Notte dentro e Notte fuori
Di Primavera ed Dstate e
D'Autunno ed'Inverno e
Di Freddo e Caldo e Duro e Morbido
Di Sfumature nell'Ombre Sopra sotto
Di mille Verdil nei Pratil soli
Di Colombe che Amano
Di Nidi d'Albero ben in alto
Di Stelle che Luccicano
Dei Cieli che si Raggrinziscono
Di Ripetizioni di InSignificante
Della Fine che Comincia e
Degli Inizi che si Finisce!

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!

The Rose of Dawn
was once
the first Lady
in a Garden
and greeted with Joy
her errant cavalier
the mag ificient Sun
dancing
with Fervor
a gracious adieu
to the Night
in all her Majesty.
'N flowed the Waltz of Planets
Of Mus_c as in Sonnets
Of Day in 'n Day out
Of Night in 'n Night out
Of Spring 'n Summer ' $\mathbf{n}$
Of Autumn ' $\mathbf{n}$ of Winter ' $\mathbf{n}$
Of Cold 'n Hot 'n Hard 'n Morbid
Of Shades hung Over Shadows down
Of a thousand Greens in Meadows lone
Of Doves which Love
Of Tree-Nests high above
Of Stars which Twinkle
Of the Skies which Wrinkle
Of Repeats of InSignificance
Of the End which Begins 'n
Of the Begins which End!
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!

Cosi un giorno
la Rosa si è svegliata
e l'Alba l'ha vista
e il suo Signore
il mag ifico 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 chiameriò, per sempere,
la Rosa d'Alba,
che mai le Lacrime
della rougiada
ti fanno Piangere
ma vengono solo
per renderti piu bella
e piu Pura.
in the Past
the Rose of the Dawn
had a Lover,
the Profoundness of the Night,
'n 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 un-happy !

So was it that one day
the Rose woke up
and Dawn saw her
and her Seigneur
the mag ificient 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'll call you forever,
the Rose of the Dawn,
that never the Tears
of dew
make you Cry
but to come alone
to make you prettier and Purer.

E da questo giorno, ogni mattina
la Rosa d'Alba
salute il suo Amore
con tenerezta e calore,
che tutti gli Amorei
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, nè mai !

And from that day, every morning
the Rose at Dawn
greets it's Love
with tenderness and warmth,
that all the Lovers
of the dreamy World
can see
a Rose at Dawn
with tenderness and Love,
even when
neither our Rose
nor our Dawn
never are there anywhere anymore!



Rhythm of Daffodils (Wordsworth) ... 567 Words ... A Single Phrase ... No Punctuation Mark
swallows behind a swarm of swallows and
when you turned the other way round another swarm
of swallows rapidly changing itself into a different swarm
of swallows which rose up in the sky like smoke with veils in front and veils in the back when they turn and squirm and float like
one body and a unique serpentine body going up and down and side to side then turning and returning becoming thicker and
thinner and even more thinner than thin and suddenly transforming
back to thicker and thicker when they turn to return to the point where
they started to end not but to continue their play their game playing in
hordes of happiness of individual but united units of thousands of differences so exceptionally knit together in harmony that only words and mere words lacked to describe them as you see them and hear them
and feel them in their multiple beauty but such a multiple beauty that
could be pointed out in every individual swallow which followed its
own individual path and its own individual destiny but at the same
instant become part of a screen of smoke of a big swarm of
swallows which twisted and turned in thicker and thinner veils and veins
of smoky squirling columns against a totally poised grey sky in all intertranspercing to mingle separate destinies into a common destiny
permitting to exist not lone or lonely but as a
compact mass
sometimes
massive
some
time

## but always fluidly

flowing dissolving itself slowly
and very steadily from your mind and your
eye to keep on flying and flying away and away always
fainter and fainter but always present and existing but fading and fading in spite of your most desperate efforts to follow them with your minding eye further and further away against a grey sky and so very far that you were obliged to voyage in time and space and become still so another person in a different spot and different hour who followed with a real and true curious eye a swarm of swallows after a swarm of swallows which steadily and quietly without noise or sound will slowly again start to disappear going further and further away sometimes so thick but sometimes thin and sometimes up and sometimes diving down for the pleasure of a third person and a third vision which will follow them for a short moment
these swarms of swarms of swallows silently sliding in the sombre skies
knowing well in his inner mind that this swarm of swallows will continue eternally as far and as long as they live without separations without divisions nor any showy sort of punctuations nor stops followed by your mindful eye flying
just on and on keeping themselves afloat in the
balancing airs unrelentlessly on without
ever any rests or stops or even a single comma any smallest
pause or or even any
slight disturbance
existing sole on their
softy movements only
'n so seemingly thus as
pointless reasons of flying
and of flowing disappearing
gradually dissolving far away
and without a point and even a
very and a very small half stop and I
say it too by such simple words of mouth
without pauses or commas or
any points of rest just
flying and high flying
swarms of swarms
of swallows never
never ever coming to a stop a fullstop
this phenomena observed at vaticano roma and confirmed over ka'aba makkah
for birds being very proper creatures miraculously hold the clean as flying you have to See the Sound the Sense the Sensitive all in a Single Swap
strangely it is one Sentence without a minimum Punctuation Mark

$\square$

1. السنر|| Surat: 105 .. Aayat : $5 \ldots$

Examples of Full Surat Translation Discrepencies (Ayat 1) .... الهو., , English, Français

1. ... Key-Beg $=05$ Letters ... Manzil : 7 ... BaaB : 30 ... Key-End $=1$ Words
2. ... Raku : 549 ... Words : $\mathbf{2 5} \ldots$ U-W : 10 r-0 U-A : 5
3. ... Every Aayat contains Unique Words ... So NO Aayat is Repeated in the Qura'an
4. ... Vahi 62: Single ... Hijri - 10 in Makkah (Vahi year 2)
5. ... Period : Belongs to the Dark Ages ... Scope 3 ... When all was Brutal and Chaotic
6. 
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 It is a story illustrating the fate of those who tried to attack the Ka'aba. 42. $\quad \mathbf{S} \mathbf{W} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{L} \mathbf{L} \mathbf{O} \mathbf{W} \mathbf{S}$ (Vaticano) 1994 Org. thBk-E-5b -044-159 History of Ka'aba Ext. Français thBk-F-1 (II) -38--90- English thBk-E-5b -048--159Introduction ... QEDs ... Qura'an Evolutive Dimensionnal structure ... Concepts . Word under Word ... Mot sous Mot ... Wort unter Wort ... Parola sotto Parola Translation discrepencies ... URDU, English, Français ... Aayat All in وx्यl., .. हिन्दी, Unique Words Occurances \& Meanings ... So Aayat are also Unique ... R:549 . Translation discrepencies ... Add/Omit UN-Allowed ??? ... Ayat 1 : ERRORS? 23 Mullah?
.. QEDs ... Word Usage Count \& Global Occurance ... Quran Evolutive Dimensional struct(2)-061
.. QEDs ... The Primary Numbers Recalculation Methodology ... Applied by \& to Qura'an ..... -062-
. Translation Method ... Applied to Qura'an ... Exactitude, Clarity, Past, Present, Ruture ... ..... -063-
QEDs ... The Three Dimensional Time \& Space Methodology ... Applied by \& to Qura'an ..... -064-
. QEDS ... The Word Usage Count \& Global Occurance ... Quran Evolutive Dimensional structure. ..... -065-.. QEDs ... Global Atomisation Technology \& Unicode Atoms ... Applied by \& to Qura'an.-066
... Quankum

-" "

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Full moon at Perigee \& at Apogee ... A Portuguese amateur astronomer António Cidadão, captured these images of the full Moon on two different dates using a black-and-white QuickCam on a 4-inch f/6.3 Schmidt-Cassegrain telescope. In the left-hand image the Moon was at perigee, i.e., closest to Earth. In the right-hand image it was at apogee, i.e., farthest from Earth. the differences in the Moon's size, are quite ... apparent

## SKY \& TELESCOPE RESPONSE: Brightest Moon in 133 Years?

Per Roger W. Sinnott, associate editor of Sky \& Telescope magazine, the answer is an unequivocal: No! It is true that there is a most unusual coincidence of events this year. As S\&T contributing editor Fred Schaaf points out in the December 1999 issue of Sky \& Telescope, "The Moon reaches its very closest point all year on the morning of December 22nd. That's only a few hours after the December solstice and a few hours before full Moon. Ocean tides will be exceptionally high and low that day." But to have these three events -- lunar perigee, solstice,
and full Moon -- occur on nearly the same day is not especially rare. The situation was rather similar in ...
December 1991 and December 1980, as the following dates and Universal Times show:

| Event | $\underline{\text { Dec. } 1999}$ |  | Dec. 1991 |  | Dec. 1980 |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| Full Moon | 22, 18 h |  | $21,10 \mathrm{~h}$ |  | $21,18 \mathrm{~h}$ |
| Perigee | 22, 11 h |  | $22,9 \mathrm{~h}$ |  | $19,5 \mathrm{~h}$ |
| Solstice | 22, 8 h |  | $22,9 \mathrm{~h}$ |  | $21,17 \mathrm{~h}$ |

What really rare is, is that in 1999 the three events take place in such a quick succession. On only two other occasions in modern history have the full Moon, lunar perigee, and December solstice coincided within a 24 -hour interval, coming just 23 hours apart in 1991 (as indicated in the preceding table) and 20 hours apart back in 1866.

The 10-hour spread on December 22, 1999, is unmatched at any time in the last century and a half.
So is it really true, as numerous faxes and e-mails to Sky \& Telescope have claimed that, the Moon will be brighter this December $22^{\text {nd }}$, than at any time in the last 133 years? We have researched the actual perigee distances of the Moon throughout the years 1800-2100, and here are some perigees of "record closeness" that also occurred at the time of full Moon:

| Century | Date | Distance (km) | Date | Distance (km) |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| $\mathbf{1 9}$ th. | 1866 Dec. 21 | 357,289 | 1893 Dec. 23 | 356,396 |
| $\mathbf{2 0}$ th. | 1912 Jan. 4 | 356,375 | 1930 Jan. 15 | 356,397 |
| $\mathbf{2 1}$ st. | 1999 Dec. 22 | 356,654 | 2052 Dec. 6 | 356,421 |

It turns out, then, that the Moon comes closer to Earth in the years 1893, 1912, 1930, and 2052 than it does in either 1866 or 1999. The difference in brightness will be exceedingly slight. But if you want to get technical about it, the full Moon must have been a little brighter in 1893, 1912, and 1930 than in either 1866 or 1999, (based on the calculated distances).

The 1912 event is undoubtedly the real winner, because it happened on the very day the Earth was closest to the Sun that year. However, according to a calculation by a Belgian astronomer Jean Meeus, the full Moon on January 4, 1912, was only 0.24 magnitude (about 25 percent) brighter than an "average" full Moon.

In any case, these are issues only for the Astronomical Record Books. This month's full Moon won't look dramatically brighter than normal. Most people won't notice a thing, despite e-mail chain letters, implying that we'll see something amazing.

Our data is from the U.S. Naval Observatory's ICE computer program, Jean Meeus's Astronomical Algorithms, page 332; and the August 1981 issue of Sky \& Telescope, page 110. Question is ... Can our OooollloooO-e-aaaAMMMAaaa Calculate so ??? Nota: Date of a Gra d Prophet ... J. Christ ... Before C (in Minus $\boldsymbol{f}$ )... After C (in Plus $\boldsymbol{t}$ ) ... Christ ô Christ ô Christ ? Christianity ? ? ? Hi Hi ... Very Good Mathematicians SIR ... Where's the YEAR ZERO $\mathbf{0 0 0 0}$ ???? ... False Gregorian Cal. by 1 yr ... Hi Hi

1. This year the full moon will occur on the Winter Solstice (December 22nd) ...
> named the First day of Winter (point in the moon's orbit that is closest to Earth) (point in its elliptical orbit that is farthest from the Earth)
2. The full moon on the Winter solstice will occur in conjunction with a Lunar Perigee ...
3. The moon will appear about $14 \%$ larger than it does at Apogee


#### Abstract

4. Since the Earth is also several million miles closer to the sun at this time of the year ... than in summer, sunlight striking the moon is about $7 \%$ stronger making it brighter


5. Also, this will be the closest perigee of the Moon of the year .. since the moon's orbit is constantly deforming
it is well believed that ... car headlights will be superfluous
6. If the weather is Clear and there is a snow cover where you live ...

## Other Facts are ... $22^{\text {nd. }}$ December 1999 Full Moon ... (Tariq Hameed) (

7. This full moon lay in the Month of Ramadhan (Islamic Year) ... Astronomy proves ... that Ramadhan generally remains around the middle of year, at the Turn of Century
8. Further, history proves that 'Ramdhan' seldom divides itself over the Turn of a Century
9. However, this time 'twas a Miracle ... the Turn of a Millennium ... never to happen again
10. Thus, we can Conclude that ... "Light Will Dawn Again on a Sleeping Civilisation"
11. Strangely, a couple of days later, i.e., the Night of 24-25 December ('Xmas \& Boxing Day), there was a violent storm in Europe, with Winds flowing at over $170 \mathrm{~km} \mathrm{p} / \mathrm{h}$,
completely destroying the entire Electric System of ALL European Countries ... ... Only in France, more than 3 million Trees were Up-rooted ... \& In-spite of Free Govt. Gift, some are still lying around ... Abandoned ...
12. As a Result, the wHole of Europe and mC-Ost of America passed in Darkness at 'Xmas
13. It can be Supposed ... that this Play of Light \& Darkness ... have Hidden Surprises for us
14. Also to be remembered, that Events Occurring on Turn of Centuries, have long time life span

## . Examples are a Real Wonder ... ... to cite a few ...

$>1495$ AD ... Error of Christophorus Columbus ... Discovering America, instead of India
$>1565 \mathrm{AD} \ldots$ Siege of Malta : Followed by Lépante ... Turks Lost Sea Supremacy for ever
$>1595$ AD ... Elisabeth I \& Shakespeare ... Begins British Empire : English Domination
$>1699$ AD ... January 26 : Treaty of Karlowitz (Turkey \& Venice, Poland, Austria) ... Turks quit C-Europe
$>1795$ AD ... The French Revolution ... Base of the Modern Republics and Democracy
$>1895$ AD ... The Planetary Industrial Revolution ... Colonialism falls into a Death Phase
$>1995 \mathrm{AD}$... Starts an 'Age of Illumination' ... Justice to Prevail ... IF Humans want to Survive
'Twas my main Reason ... in Advance I Knew ... a Dominant Event of FUTURE.
The Rise of a LOST Civilisation ... I SAW this m®-On ... \& I Knew What I had TO DO. Noorpus Pam aa waT
... Thus I Launched this Struggle to Establish Urdu in Pakistan, starting with Computer ID Cards ...
$\ldots$ There was Dr. Chaudri (Patron) : $\underline{\mathrm{TH}}$ (Brains) ... Habibullah, Saeed Ahmed, Imran Qureshi (\& Action) ...


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This was just short words. Now, Let us have a longer telk
GULRMAN
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Dr. Azam Chaudary
Tariq Hameed

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The Honorable Chief Executive
of Our Belowed Country

Respected Sir,

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

## 1. Transparence

The "open declaration" of your tax returns is really commendable. In the betterment of the country, it is a valuable future reference.

Even before, this was a mandatory requirement for politicians in power. Unfortunately, it has never been totally implemented.

In your interest and that of the country, please make this action obligatory in realistic terms. I suggest the following:
> The five top grades of the country (in the administrative sense), either nominated or elected on the national or provincial level, should submit this open tax declaration compulsorily; preferably published in the Official Gazette.
> This declaration should be yearly. An assets variation (specially Incremental), must be likewise attached along with.
2. Corruption Roots
> Lack of "Action Transparency" But then the "Control' was Central
$>$ Limited number of persons Smaller the group, more is it bribable
(British Bureaucracy Legacy)
(Kingship)
(in Cartel Formations)
(Lesser Bribe Costs)

In mutual interest of yourself and the country, any type of future parliamentary or decisionary authority, should have much wider and deeper roots, both in national and provincial constitutions. They would consequently be more numerous and samely more difficult to corrupt, because more costly.

## 3. Khushamdees

Please Be-Aware of "HighLevel" Pension-Seekers ..

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

What I call a "Courtier-Clique" now well active in your person are the "Hang-Over" of Older Time: Scrap \& Scrub History!

## 4. Addendum

If you think that a change of the Cultural Environment, as for example, especially bringing-up our Traditional Language as a Tool, Powerful \& Workable ... can be helpful ... on the National \& the International Scene, I have some Innovative Methodology \& Technology, to expose to your Perusal!

With these few Words,
Your Respected Sir,
I remain truly,
'n Loyally A Private Citizen.

## Tariq Hameed : 29/10/1999

thooky@gmail.com


## 5. Homage to Pak Post

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

Day \& Night I Worked on Urdu \& Qura'an Digital Atomisation! "All my Immense Thanks, for a Great Service to the Nation".

## General of only 17 ... Tariq-bin-Ziad ... who gave his Name to Gibraltar!

'Tis was a Calm 'n Quiet Eve: three ships folded their Sails 'n glided softly to a stop,, as the Sun Set Sweetly 'n called it a day ... on such a Settling Night! That Night he knew ... that who Controls "Gibl-ut-Tariq", Controls the World! Rocky Mount of Tariq, thus made History: forever,, as a few Sea-Gulls, headed at ease, Sky-High to their Niches.

In a previous plan, Tariq had already gaged the Spaniard Despotic Usurper Rodrigues' Strength and Weaknesses ... so this time, in 711 he was fully prepared ... he had but a meagre 7000 men against an Armoured Cavalry, esteemed about over 70.000 ,, thus he had to Plan otherwise: a Clever Tactic, that left not even a suspicion of Defeat!

The night was young 'n Stars Sparkled ... Tariq moved his men to Inner Fortifications ... then in the Calm Sea, at Dawnbreak, rose Flames 'n Fire; thus in a matter of minutes, all Ships existed No More; remained Ashes 'n Smoke: No Sails, No Rams, No Planks ... just Ghost Silhouettes of Past Grandeur, Sunk in Waters 'n Waves! Tariq had got up early in the Golden Morn with a few Courageous Friends ... 'n had put ALL to Fire ... A Path of No Return!

Then he Spoke: "Friends, Faithful 'n Fighters,, Evil Lives Short, but Glory Lives Eternally! Ô, you People of Belief, where is the Escape? Behind's the Sea 'n Cert Death: but afore you, is Probable Death but Cert Glory,, DO or DIE?
$\Delta_{-I^{-}}^{|-| \Delta}$ (God) is with you ... and all you Need,, is Nothing but Perseverance ' $n$ Confidence ' $n$ Patience ' $\mathbf{n}$ Faith'!
$19^{\text {th }}$. July, 711 AD, at Wadi-Bakkah (Salado): the demoralized Rodrigues' Army,, immediately shed in blood, was put to flight ... however, Tariq did not Laud his success, but swiftly chased them, for he had realised that the Armoured overloaded Goth Cavalry, was No Match for valiant 'n super-speeding horse-men, lightly clad to manoeuvre swift!

Now a few Words about ... the Boat-Burning Tradition ... It has existed, 'n was practiced even since Antiquity:

1. Classical figures are believed to destroy ships in brave conquest moments: Alexander, Cæsar, Apostle Paul.
2. Giants of Gog and Magog, the Great Perm (North Russia) ... turned out to be a Viking Norse (Boat Funerals).
3. This Gog and Magog Tradition, carries on in Modern Times (India) ... Man, Wife, Belongings (Sati Funerals).
4. Portuguese 'n Spaniards, Hernán Cortés (Yucatan Peninsula: 1519) ... expansion activities (Trading Rituals).

Rodrigues drowned in River Salado ... 'n thus Tariq carried on, his soldiers inspired by his very able Promptness: by the end of 711 ,, Tariq with his Generals had conquered Cordova up-to Toledo (Gothic Capital),,'n half Spain ... However, Tariq's Superior, Musa bin Nusair, thinking that Tariq's Forces may-be out-numbered, ordered him not to expand any more: but Tariq, knowing these actual Terrains much better, did not obey; as giving a breath-take to the Enemy, could have been Mortal. So Tariq continued, employing his minimum resources to a maximum advantage!

Musa bin Nusair, highly surprised by the phenomenal successes of Tariq, simultaneously landed in Spain with his supporting army ... however, at first, he was truly displeased by Tariq's dis-obedience,, but seeing the true ground Realities, forgave him magnanimously: to carry on the Spanish Conquest! After dominating Savilla, he joined Tariq in Toledo,, to carry on to the high-lands of Leon, Aragon and Galicia. Consequently, in only under two years, the two Muslim Veterans, had brought most of Northern Spain, up till the Pyrenees, under their authority!

Musa received peremptory orders of the Caliph Walid, that with his Lieutenant Tariq, they present themselves in Damascus,, where, on their arrival in the Umayyed Capital, in Feb 715, were received with due Dec rum 'n Hon ur, as Heroes deserve! UnFortunately, the Caliph died soon after: replaced by his brother Suleman, resentful ' $\mathbf{n}$ jealous of their success! Historians say, that the two Glo ious Generals were Humiliated and Dis-Honoured,, to be left on the Streets, in Need ' n in Want ... 'n so is How they Perished ... for Services Rendered to the Meaner of the Mean!

# 2GeB J.J Ut <br> Bdelak URDU *hBk-Q-01A*66-yrs*.pdf-4. THINKS 'n THOUGHTS 

## General of only 17 ... Tariq-bin-Ziad ... who gave his Name to Gibraltar! .

Origins of Tariq ... was he a Berber,, was he a Moroccan,, was he an Arab ... None seems to Know? All that one Knows is that he was: with a Name from the Qura'an ...'n that's what Counts "Gibl-ut-Tariq",, Boat-Burner!

Character of Tariq ... he possessed an Indomitable Courage,, 'n Strong Will-Power,, full Strength 'n Stamina ... his Confidence'n Faith were Infallible,, 'n his Plans were Brilliantly Conceived 'n Harmoniously Executed,,'n his Military Strategies were Swift 'n Intrepid ... He was Mature 'n Self-Disciplined 'n Co-g ' $n$ Balanced in Mind, in All ' $n$ Every Adverse or Favourable Circumstances ...'n Totally a Self-Master, in Face of the Strongest of Oppositions!

Personality of Tariq ... his Fine Personality had many Humanitarian Aspects ... Dignified, Self-Restrained, Devout to All'n his Cause, totally Un-Mindful of Who Thought What of What he did,, but that Be it Well-Done ... Res ectful to his Superiors, Cou teous to his Equals' $n$ Kind 'n Con iderate to his Inferiors ... One of the very few in History, who have left a Hall-Mark of Character,, of Intelligence, of Bounty, 'n of Simplicity in Pure GQ-D. $d n e s s$ !

Finally ... to Sum Up ... Frailty, Thy Name is Woman ... (Hamlet: Shakespeare)
10,000 Sages Tortured,, mul.mul.Mullaism ... Treason,, Thyne Name's Pride ... (Me: Shake-a-Pear)

Gibraltar's History ... Small Peninsula in Southern Iberia ... as Mediterranean Opens ...

https://unsplash.com/s/photos/gibraltar photo-1595353022520-93a6386e0b16.jpg

https://unsplash.com/s/photos/gibraltar photo-1571081523650-af92f468af65.jpg


"Aye, there Lyes the rub": so in this Hamlet of No Return, called 'World of the Wise Men of Gotham', only but be Bed-Ridden by the Un-Wise of Bottom,, my Faint Wisdom Swore but Faintly; "Never Truly Grow-up"!
'Twas Destiny, that born Myopic, Forced me to Imagine. Thus, Truth 'n Purity came to Grasp: it a day dawned that, "Dirt were you Born, to returnest to Dirt" ... Empty-Handed Come, 'n Empty-Handed Gone ... thus lil by lil, formed a Philosophy: "You only GAIN, what you GIVE" ...

Help Humanity; Not your own Self-Self!
Learning thus so early, that Seeing was Un-Truth ... Lampions big of Light, Blinking 'n Flickering, so Blown-up in Multi-Fluid Colours in the Deep Depths of the Cosmos' ... factually were, Else-Things in the Else-Where? Questions to be Posed ' n Answered: allowing the use of other Senses, like Sounds, Taste, Smell ' n Movements, in Truth to just Re-Construct the feasible Probable Reality; Intuitively analysing the Crayoned Cricks 'n Cracks of Chalky traits, I justly Heard, the Black-Board Talk back to me: 'n Revealed by PTag so Un-Veiled, the False-h $\underline{C}-\underline{-0} d$ of the Persons of Convenience?

Only pictures 'n b $\underline{\underline{\mathbf{C}}-\underline{\underline{0}} \mathrm{ks}}$ were my Mates. Actually, Mental Correction always rectifying the Worldly Vision suddenly Adult, one put Glasses on my Nose? Help! Ahhhh, the Truth: which I already Knew since so long, by


## Friends ! Live to Give ... Fill Graves with Souls, NOT Soles ... Tread Down, in Here-After?

Ever Be True: the Mental Remains 'n Captures All as a Pure Child,, never as Sallied Humans: who in Truth are, Not Sapiens, but Serf-Peons! Slaves of the Junky-Jungle-Law: Lead by the Lowly Mi-Lords; by Law?

## Sink the Beast, to Save the Sky-Bid Engels ... To be or not to be, that's the Question?

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


Publishing Planned: 21/02/2021
(Mother's Goodbye-World Anniversary ... '72)

## FWublai Shen <br> Kublai Khan

Completion: 05/05/2021
(Kublai Coronation ... 05/05/1260)

History of Urdu ... The Mongol/Turkish word Urdu means "Camp" or "Palace" ... Kublai ...
... The Final Place of Rest ... And That's How My Poëm Ends: Sadly ...
Qwaiting; that the Ged Ond Breath, be shed,
'OC downed he slepl: Camp Qrau in bed,
That Spirits to the Olinth GCeaven Qrise.

## That.Spirits.to.the.Ninth.Heaven.Arise

Beethoven's.9 ${ }^{\text {th }}$.Sympohony.first.recording.(Bruno.Seidler-Winkler, 1923)
Beethoven's.9 ${ }^{\text {th }}$.Sympohony.(Hymn.to.Joy)...https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nZV2EuA9fwM
Publishing Planned: 16/01/2023 $4^{\text {th }}$. bqGol $\ldots$ 3-2 Completion: 21/02/2023
(Father's Goodbye-World ... 16/01/1957) (73) Jayles 'JiNeen (61) (Ma's Goodbye-World Anniversary ... '72)
Skruls' $n$ Jrels... 2

Publishing Planned: 05/05/2023 5 5h. boㅇ.. $\ldots$ 3-3 Completion: 14/08/2023
(Kublai Coronation ... 05/05/1260)
Jayles 'Jween
(Palk Independence (75) ... 14/08/1947)
Skruts in Frels ... 3



[^0]:    Mohammad Ali Jauhar 1. Yousafzai Clan: poet, of Khilafat Movement (protest 'n boycott British); founded Jamia Millia Islamia in 1920 2. Studied Modern History in Aligarh Muslim University 'n Lincoln College, Oxford 3. Unique to direct affairs of 3 most important Political parties: a Far-Sighted Political Leader, was imPrisoned for 2 years 4. "Providence created for us to solve unique problems in Original Synthesis" 5. Means Confiscated: Died 04/01/1931!

