

Shah Blut bagh
First chapter

Mat sehl hamein jano phirta hay falak barson
Tab khak kay putlay say insan nikalta hay
Mir taqui Mir

G.T. Road, when it passes from Rawalpindi Cantonment, is called the Mall Road. Malls like these you can find in all major cities of Pakistan and they remind us of those days when the Indo-Pak Subcontinent was under the slavery of goras (it means white and was used for the English who ruled us) exactly the same Mall Road exists in Rawalpindi Cantonment. The office of Rawalpindi Cantonment Board is also on the Mall and adjacent to that is Lansdowne Library, but its name has been changed to Cantonment Library. If you walk down further you will find twin cinemas, Odeon and Plaza. They are famous because they were ballrooms of goras. Some people say that these were famous for horse-dancing shows. These days they show a double programme with English films. I mean sometime with the English films they show hard-core pornographic movies. These cinemas have been closed and reopened many times but with only a small break they restart their activities.

Right in front of these twin cinemas you will find Shah Blut Bagh (the garden of oak trees). There are lots of oak trees in this garden and now most of them are withered. So that's why this garden is called Shah Blut Bagh.

Let me tell you something about this garden. Usually, this garden is desolate and deserted but this garden is famous for mendicants. One of the most important personalities of this garden is a white haired sanyeen baba (old mendicant) who will be nearly ninety (90) years old but he looks better than his age. He does everything here like eating, drinking even praying. He does his pray here but he never recognises his kiblah (Kiblah is Khana Kabah. When a Muslim offers his pray his face should be towards Kabah) usually when Muslims pray they should know the right direction of Kiblah and in every country it's different because according to mathematicians Kabah is the centre of the earth.

Sanyeen Baba offers his prayers without any direction. He prefers his own direction and there is no fixed time for him. Apart from Sanyeen Baba, this garden is also famous for masseurs. You will find many half-naked people in this garden, not caring whether the weather is hot or cold, who come to this garden to have a massage.

There are many masseurs but the most famous masseur is Teddy (Teddy may be a baby's toy or may be a modified form of tidy). Teddy has medium height. He isn't young, must have been tanned but now he is dark. Now he doesn't even shave his beard because if he shaves it, he will look like a fasting Buddha. His eyes are deep inside. If you look at him you will feel that his eyes have been gauged. He always wears pantaloons and a short-sleeved shirt. His clothes are very dirty but it doesn't matter, they are pantaloons and shirt. The most interesting thing is his bottle carrier, in that he carries four bottles of different massage oils. When he shakes that bottle carrier and makes a chan chan sound and Teddy says malish, malish, malish (massage).

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Nowadays a new personality has been dwelled in this garden. Everyone calls him Sanyeen Internet (mendicant) because of him the hustle and bustle of this garden is back. No one knows who Sanyeen Internet is. In the beginning the people of secret agencies thought that he was a spy but afterwards like Bob Marley Sanyeen they stopped bothering him.

These names like Internet Sanyeen and Bob Marley Sanyeen have been given by the local young lads. Bob Marley Sanyeen, this 90 years old man, never had a hair cut in his whole life and his plaits look like dread locks. There was a time when they were black but now they are all white like snow. Internet Sanyeen, this person has all the information about everything like internet web sites and no one knows his real name.

One day he calls himself Leonardo da Vinci, another day he calls himself the great poet of Shakuntla, Kalidasa. Similarly he calls himself Maupassant and Goethe because he has all the information about everything so young lads named him Sanyeen Internet.

Sanyeen Internet must be 50 years old or maybe less than that but he looks older than his age. He is of medium height. His shalwar and qameez (shalwar are baggy trousers and qameez is a shirt like *camicia* in Italian) are worn and torn and for many months he hasn't had a shower so you can easily see the spots of grime on his body. His skin looks like printed cloth. Right at the opposite side of the hut of Bob Marley Sanyeen, he has his hut. He does everything here in his hut like Bob Marley Sanyeen. He eats and sleeps here. His hut is full of old news papers, magazines and books; he brought them from dust bins and rubbish and litter places.

He might have read these magazines and books. He wakes up early in the morning and takes tea from the tea stall which is at the corner of the Shah Blut Garden and then starts writing something on white pages. He acts like that, that he is writing something. Sanyeen Internet and Bob Marley don't speak to each other. Both of them belong to two different schools of thought.

Sanyeen Internet doesn't always speak in one language. Sometimes in French sometimes in Italian and when he speaks Urdu you can't tell that he is a mendicant or a bit twisted. When he is annoyed and cross, he curses in Punjabi (a dialect in the Punjab province which is in India and Pakistan as well) even in Potohari (a dialect in Rawalpindi and in its environs).

If he starts speaking about physics than he will spend his whole day explaining the theories and facts of physics or if he starts speaking about genetics he will try his level best to explain it to you. Any topic like fine arts, literature, philology, anthropology, anthropomorphism, lexicography, palaeontology, and theology he will explain you authentically. The listeners will never be able to understand that the person to whom they are listening is a bit twisted, mentally upset. Apart from Shah Blut Bagh you can find Sanyeen Internet at all those places where you can get good tea (in India and Pakistan tea is: black tea with milk and sugar) for him tea is hard core drug. He doesn't smoke, doesn't drink and the only addiction he has is tea.

Sanyeen Internet has two best friends; one is Einstein and other is Freud. No one knows their real names. Einstein; the only thing about him that people know is that after he got a master's of science in physics than he got a highly paid job. He spent all his money for the studies of his younger brothers, so one of them became a doctor of medicine and other became an engineer. One day one of his younger brother's wives gave him some liquid to drink which made him loose his mind. He smokes all the time and with straws he draws the formulae of the physics and if someone interrupts him he curses him in Punjabi.

Freud is a psychologist. He did his masters in psychology and he was a notable professor of psychology in the renowned college of Rawalpindi. One day he was giving a lecture to his students and came out from the class and started saying "I am not Jung, I am Freud". According to the doctor's examination he had some family problem so he became like this. One day maybe he will come back to normal. His family members always put him in a locked room but sometime he comes out. Freud and Einstein discuss their own subjects but Sanyeen Internet tries every subject. He is the youngest amongst them. They are in their late seventies and Sanyeen Internet is not even fifty. He delivers lectures like revolutionary young man. He convinces them with logics and facts. Sometime people get shocked that is he twisted? Or we are fool but he is twisted that's the truth. Usually Sanyeen Internet stays in Shah Blut Bagh but he became very popular

in a very short period. Wherever he went they gave him food and tea, sometimes at the Anwar cafe, sometimes at the Tabarak restaurant and sometime at the Mehr Ali restaurant. Sometimes he has been reprovved and sometimes he has been cajoled. Whenever young lads and college students used to see him in some coffee shop or restaurant, they used to ask him different questions like today a group of young guys saw him in a restaurant and one of them asked him, "Sanyeen Jee tell us, when I and we, becomes shall or will". Than Sanyeen Jee delivered them a tiring lecture, he said, "gora (English and white person) went away but he left with us the signs of slavery. Why don't you try to know the real essence of everything? Now even angrez (English people) they don't give a shit about shall and will. They speak their language the way they like. I don't know when we will get rid of this inferiority complex. English has become the standard to judge someone's educational calibre. So English isn't a language it's an I.Q. (Intellectual quotient) machine. You use English or other languages when someone doesn't understand the national or mother tongue. If you learn some language as a language than it's fine when it becomes status symbol than it's a disease. Now quite often people ask educated people what you call *lota* (ewer) in English to judge someone's "calibre" while he was saying this, a boy interrupted him, "but Sanyeen Jee it's today's need, we should learn English" Sanyeen Jee shouted, "oh you just shut up, I know that it's today's need" he murmured, mother fucker and continued saying, "but it shouldn't be your weakness. A country like Pakistan which has 25% literacy rate and in these 25% of people only 5% people can understand this language and these 5% of people write our future that's enough, I will not even say another single word, offer me tea otherwise I will go to Italy, I will go to France, look!" He showed them blank white papers and said, "look this is an Italian *permesso di soggiorno*, this is a French *carte sejour*, and this is an *ausweis* of Germany and..." as soon as he said that everyone started saying that Sanyeen Internet had a fit. Then they used to leave him on his own. Sanyeen Internet started babbling and drinking tea.

All of them were thinking that, that he had passion to go to Europe but he couldn't make it and he lost his mind or may be studied too much.

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Einstein was sitting at the terrace of the Anwar cafe, wearing a sweater in a very hot weather and was thinking about the theory of relativity, on the other side Sanyeen Internet was coming. He was wearing a black shirt, yellow tie and black suite (jacket and trousers). Today he had a fit of Italian language. As soon as he saw Einstein he came closer to him and said, "*Buon giorno, come stai? Stai bene? Che cosa stai facendo? Sei occupato? Lo sai sono Leonardo da Vinci. Oggi, ho finito un'altra pittura, La Gioconda e già fatta*".

When Sanyeen Internet used to speak Italian, people around him used to think that he is speaking English. While he was talking with Einstein, Einstein responded, "What the fuck are you saying you mother fucker, don't you know that I am working on $e=mc^2$ square. You ruined my experiment. If I could have converted man into an electron then time travelling would have been possible". Sanyeen Internet said, "Mr Einstein after cloning we haven't done anything special so what's so special you gonna do". Einstein threw all empty cigarette boxes and they started arguing each other.

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Now a day's Shah Blut Bagh is crowded in the evening. Especially in the summer season, people come in the evening and due to that Sanyeen Internet and Bob Marley Sanyeen get disturbed. People annoy them especially young boys. Bob Marley Sanyeen is silent for ages but Sanyeen Internet isn't happy with these things. Even today young boys circled him and one of them asked "Sanyeen Jee tell us some of your love story. Sanyeen Internet said, "Go away, this love stuff is crap and rubbish. It's snob stuff for rich people. When you don't have food to eat your first preference will be food than something to

wear, then you will search for shelter. When you have all the basic needs than you will think about other things, then your animal instinct will wake up. Like when a dog licks his penis after having food. Similarly we human beings are, when we meet our basic needs, we run for our instincts. If you can't fulfil your basic needs, how can you fall in love with someone? The love stories which you read like *Leila- Majno*, *Heer- Ranjha*, *Romeo-Juliette*, they must be master pieces of literature but if you would like to be like them then you will be stupid. Why don't we fall in love with ugly girl? I read that Leila was black but who knows that she was black. In today's materialistic world, mother the most unpolluted relation; she loves most, the son who earns more money, who has some good official job. Go and read the *Selfish Genes* of Richard Dawkins then you will be able to understand what love is. I am not going to explain you the nectar cube. When poverty knocks at your door then love escapes from the back window of your house. All of us are slaves of our wishes. *Adam Smith* said the right thing. By the way after watching an Indian film, whose story is based on love, if love's feelings develop in your heart then you know what will be the end of this, only destruction. Have you ever seen a lover and his beloved, after their wedding? For his beloved, with whom he had promised that he will pluck stars from the sky, after marriage he can't even pluck an apple from the tree for her? Love has nothing to do with sex and meeting of two corpses. It's a mortal disease which, nowadays every young boy and girl has. People don't fall in love incidentally nowadays but rather they plan it that they are going out, maybe they will find someone to fall in love with, either boys or a girls. Until they find success they feel it like chewing gum, sweet, sweet. When they are successful, when the sweetness of chewing gum finishes they spit out that tasteless chewing gum of love, like they never wanted it. Love doesn't mean to own or possess something, it's not like land and even if you will own or possess it then you will come to know what is behind the curtain. Stars they look nice when they are far. Have you ever seen any person of 80 or 70 years of age who fell in love with someone? No! That person is worried about death, which can come any time.

On the other hand, if you like someone then it's another story but if this likeness becomes a problem. You know after marriage love becomes like a fruit without juice, tasteless and insipid. Human being and animal, both of them are God's creation; the only difference between them and us is we have feelings, desires, passion, emotions and sentiments. They do have all these things but they don't have language like us. They have a reproduction system like us. They have their own way of love. In our D.N.A., we have cytochrome-c 369, this 369 makes the difference between them and us. You know that a chimpanzee is our nearest relative. According to cytochrome-c he has 367.5. Now you can imagine that this 1.5 cytochrome-c makes a lot of difference. Therefore adenine, guanine and thymine are the same only cytosine has very little difference".

Sanyeen Internet's lectures were always interesting for them. He used to give them lectures like you see in the paintings of Renaissance how they showed Saint Francis of Assisi preaching birds. During these lectures he used to drink six or seven cups of tea. He was a tea tank but the problem was whenever someone interrupted him he stopped telling them things. He fell into his own thoughts. These youngsters were very impressed but when he used to tell them things like these which were close to reality and as you know that truth is bitter, so they used to leave him on his own.

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Everyone was curious who Sanyeen Internet is, what is his real name? What are the facts behind his mental illness? No one knew that his secret but whenever someone sat next to him he always gave him good information. His lectures and teachings were full of logics and facts. He never harmed anyone. Whenever someone has hurt him physically he got annoyed and curses him.

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Police suspected that Shah Blut Bagh plays a major role in drugs dealing and

Sanyeen Internet is one of their members. All of a sudden police raided there and started searching the huts of Sanyeen Internet and Bob Marley Sanyeen, without any search warrant. Bob Marley Sanyeen remained quiet, for him it wasn't the first time. They haven't found anything from Bob Marley's hut. He was badly beaten up by them and his response was nothing. For him neither curses nor third degree was harmful, then they entered in Sanyeen Internet's hut and one of them said, "Oh you Sanyeen tell us why you give lectures to young boys and students. You must be working for some secret agency". Sanyeen responded, "You just shut up you fuck'in arse hole, do you know to whom you are talking? I am Shakespeare and don't you dare to touch my manuscripts. This is *The Merchant of Venice* and this is *Julius Ceaser* and that is my master piece *Hamlet*, "to be or not to be that is the question", what you think inspector to be or-----not to be. I think it's better to be. It's not *etre e rien*". "Oh what the fuck you are saying?" he ordered, "Search his hut, I don't know what the fuck he is saying in English, I don't understand anything". One of the police man said, "Sir Jee he was saying something about sheikh". "Oh tell me who this sheikh is, take him to the police station, there he will tell us when we will interview him". Sanyeen Internet was under arrest and they have taken him to the Cantonment police station. There he was beaten up badly, that's what they call an "interview" but for him it was nothing because he wasn't in his senses.

"Sir Jee he is innocent so why have you arrested him?" one of the junior police man said. "Oh you just shut up we had orders from superiors we had to fill up the register, to show them that we have done something. When they brought him in front of S.H.O. (Station head officer) he was a sensible man and he knew the score (reality). He asked, "Sanyeen Jee can you recite me some nice poetical verse then you will be free".

« *Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville* »

Paul Verlaine

"Sanyeen Jee this is in some other language, don't you remember anything in Urdu or Punjabi?"

*"Main kisay kahon meray sath chal
Yahan sab kay sar pay saleeb hay"*

Sudharshan Fakhir

(To whom I say come along with me everyone is sinful)

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Sanyeen Internet was wearing a suit and a tie in very hot weather and he was walking on the Mall road. He was in rush, and had a rotten suitcase in his hand, which was tied up with ropes. Someone asked him, "Where are you going Sanyeen Jee?" He said, "I am going to France. I am in rush because it's an international flight. One should be at the airport three hours before, for custom clearance, boarding, F.I.A. (federal investigation agency) and now there is an army counter as well". "Why don't you live in Pakistan Sanyeen jee?" Sanyeen responded, "What for, what do you have in Pakistan there isn't anything in this country. After every two years you implement *martial law* (dictatorship). You made this country by the name of Islam and now you are looting it. You haven't respected the person who was the founder of Pakistan. That is another story that he had bet with Nehru that he will make Pakistan. He had a grudge with Nehru. Neither he would have married with that Parsi girl nor would he have made Pakistan. (Parsis are Zoroaster's followers in India and Pakistan). They are very rich. Freddie Mercury was Parsi. Even though when Pakistan came into being he was very honest. He started working for Pakistan. This seventy-year-old man wanted to make an ideal country but he was being assassinated by conspiracy, that's what I call it. In one year's time what he did was best. Liaquat Ali khan, he used to go to Ziarat to visit Mohammad Ali Jinnah, when Jinnah was ill and admitted there. He used to throw apple in the air and say this, "how is he that old man?" What happened to him? He promised Russia and went to America

(U.S.A.). Russians were waiting for him. So he was being killed in the garden while he was addressing the public in Rawalpindi. Then dictators came and then democracy and then dictators came. Tell me what is the special thing you have done after calling a country by the name of Islam? O! I forgot Khan Sahib, he did miraculous things, and he changed the capital from Karachi to Islamabad. These fauji (armed forces, army, air force and navy) are addicted of dictatorship. They came in 1950 and now they come again and again after a short break. What's the duty of Army? They should defend the boundaries and country's defence. If you like the army's government, if you want dictatorship than why you call it the *Islamic Republic of Pakistan* which is no more Pak---istan (istan or than, a place where you sit or stay literal meaning of Pak---istan is a place where pure people sit, stay or live) neither you have Islam nor democracy. Than *roti, kapra aur makan* (food, shelter and clothes, that was the slogan of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto that he will provide food, shelter and clothes to every Pakistani) they came. They started fooling people with this slogan. They called Ayub Khan *Dog* so he resigned and then some of their gestures God didn't like. So they had to go as well. They tortured him very badly, so he died there. So just to put a cork in the public's mouth they hanged him just like a theatrical stuff. The country which has been divided into two instead of progress then what do you expect from a country like that. You know when God wants to disgrace someone he disgraced and ignominies you by the person the one you think, is inferior. He was inferior and abject in his eyes. He wanted to make laces of his moustaches. What a great person he was, he came for ninety days and stayed for eleven years. He would have been there still if the Russian army hadn't left Afghanistan. They achieved their goal so he was killed in a plane crash. Americans know how to put a velvet saddle on a donkey. He used to wear a jacket with four pockets and a leather belt around him like a post man. His slogan was Islam. He was willing to implement Islamic law in Pakistan. Why do we need Islamic law in Pakistan? What for? A country which was came in to being by the name of Islam. It's already an Islamic country. Only two countries are created on the basis of religion. One is Israel and the other is Pakistan. It was an excuse to create a country on the grounds of Islam, in fact, there were waderas, jagerdars (landlords) who were being favoured and honoured by the goras. Basically they were traitors. If Pakistan hadn't had independence, it would have been difficult for these landlords to suck the last drop of blood. That's why people are against G.M.Syed, Bacha Khan (ghaffar khan) and Abu-ul-Kalam Azad. Don't you know that Hindustan has been satrapy of different religions for ages and, by the way, India is not Muslim's country? We were foreigners. What do you think? Muslims don't live in India now, you don't hear *Azans* (it's a call for prayers; we call azan five time a day like Christians ring the bells for Mass and Vespers). I shall tell you one thing that the person who made a nuclear bomb in India, that scientist and physicist is Muslim.

Have you ever analysed the facts and figures of those people who died in sectarianism's riots. You will find more people died in sectarian's riots than the Hindu-Muslim riots during partition. Who live here? All of us are Muslims then why are we enemies amongst each other? Islam is the religion of peace and fraternity. Then why we are killing each other? We are thirsty for our own people's blood. Do you know in Gilgit (a major city of the northern area of Pakistan) a whole village was burnt because they celebrated Eid-ul Fitre only one day before the governmental announcement? Who were being burnt?

"Muslims"

Who burnt these Muslims? Who ordered to kill them?

It was Surme Walli Sarkar. (Zia ul Haque used to use mascara in his eyes regularly).

Saadat Hassan Manto has written the best short stories about partition. If you read them you will start crying but if he would have been alive he could have committed suicide because during partition Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims were killing each other and we had an excuse to blame each other and to blame goras (whites) as well. Now Muslims are killing each other's and we blame terrorists. Who are these terrorists? Terrorists, they

don't come from outside, they are from us. It's all frustration, unequal distribution of money, you can ask any frustrated person who has little kids, or no job, he will do it for the sake of money, at least his kids or family will live a happy life.

Then Ittefaq (ex Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif was the owner of Attefaq foundry) had the reign of this country then food, shelter and clothes came and like that they were playing with each other like a rat and a cat. Pakistan was being messed up. For them, Pakistan was their foundry; like some worker is injured or wounded in their factory or mill they helped him financially. They did the same with Pakistan. When some girl was being raped in some part of the country, they went to help the family of that girl with the help of full media coverage just for the sake of political reasons. It is quite possible the girl was being raped by their own people; it might have been a fake story. You haven't seen what happened to them. God showed them ignominy. It's carnival. The same people are ruling us since 1947 but they use different masks.

Italy became independent after the Second World War but there is a big difference between us and them. Their politicians are corrupt but not like us. They fight in their parliament as well but they have some democracy.

Do you know why we are still in the third world and in the list of under developed countries? Because we don't have patriotism, we don't love our land, language, society and way of living.

"God gives respect to whom he likes and God gives ignominy to whom he likes. He has power". He has shown His power many times but we don't understand. We will never be able to understand. Greed has made us blind. We look at our neighbour's house. We like, other's lives. Are these the teaching of Islam that if someone is rich you should become rich like him by any means? You know when the flood comes it ruins everything. For the flood it doesn't matter if there is a Chaudary's villa or a poor man's cottage.

When we came to Pakistan to get rid of Hindu-Muslim disputes, we created Shiites (a sect in Muslims according to them Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammad P.B.U.H. should have been the first Khalifa. There are some other disagreements as well, Sunnis (a major sect in Muslims who are traditionalist) and Whabis (a sect). According to them Mohammad P.B.U.H. is like us. He is only the messenger of God. We should follow God. Then we fell in provincial racism like Sindhi, Baluchi, Punjabi and Pathan. Now I will take you to a small village of Punjab. All of the inhabitants are Sunni Muslims and Pakistani. So being Pakistani, Muslim, Punjabi and Sunni we should all be living like a family without any difference of class but you will be shocked when I tell you in this small village chaudary, malik, gujar, conjurer, musician and servant live along with some other people but Pakistani and Muslim do not. In chaudary's house the one who has power, he has reign, our animal instinct. Everyone wants to be superior to other like animals jungle's Raj. The big fish eats the small fish. Why can't we be human beings instead of all these other things? Why has God created us eminent among all living beings because we have language? We can express ourselves. We can laugh, we can weep, and we can celebrate. He hasn't given us these things so that we kill each other on the basis of Shia, Sunni, Punjabi, Sindhi or that someone is chaudary or poor. You will find this classification all around the world but it seems bad in Pakistan because Pakistan's basic ideology was Islam, which is against all these classifications.

The saying of the Prophet Mohammad (P.B.U.H.) "that an Arab isn't superior to a non-Arab until he is better than others in abstemiousness and piety". Sanyeen Internet realises that he has flight. He was talking to himself, the person who asked him that question, had gone away long time ago. He started cursing him. "I missed my flight. My *carte sejour* has expired" he was also very far from Shah Blut Bagh.

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The Pir Mehr Ali restaurant is a restaurant which is full of customers till late. It's right in front of Rawalpindi G.P.O (general post office). The road is called Kashmir Road.

One end goes towards Mall Road and the other goes towards Gwalmandi (milk seller market) after crossing Haider Road, Bank Road and Adamjee Road. Before the partition of India and Pakistan all these all roads used to have English names but now all of them are being converted into new names. Old people still call them with old names like Dillhowse Road, Canning Road, and Brandreth Road.

The building of the Pir Mehr Ali restaurant was built during English rule in the Indo-Pak subcontinent. It was being bought by different people. Now it's a restaurant. It was used to be a "Suzuki House". Then it became an election campaign office with big paintings rather posters you can say, of Zia ul Haque, Nawaz Sharif and Sheikh Rasheed on his front. Then during the frequently changes in government they were removed. Then it became a restaurant and still it is. It is very busy all the time especially in summer time because there is Suzuki stand (Suzuki is the name of Japanese car maker and here it's used for the public transport) for Tench Bhatta and Bakra Mandi (sheep's and goats market) and next to G.P.O. there is bus stand of buses and wagons for Rawalpindi and Islamabad as well. So its jam packed all the time with drivers, conductors, cleaners and passengers. Adjacent to that is Haider Road. You will find loads of fruit hawkers. The speciality of that road is fresh sugar cane juice. It's the paradise of house flies. In Pir Mehr Ali restaurant, rats move about, without hindrance exactly like Americans and Russians they enter in any country without an excuse and interfere in their personal and political matters. When young students and boys come out from their local snooker clubs late at night, that restaurant is their hit favourite. One corner is booked for them, where they blame the circumstances. Some of them criticize for the sake of criticize and some of them for fun.

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Waiter: Sir, can I take your order

Khalid: Yar (a way of calling which means friend) bring us four cups of tea ----- and listen should be strong, less milk and sugar separate.

Amjad: I have heard yar (friend) Sanyeen Internet was being copped yesterday.

Tahir: Where is he now?

Khalid: He must be at Anwar cafe or the Drivers Hotel (Tabarak restaurant) and must be bothering someone with his lectures.

Amjad: O! No yar, he is a very intelligent person. I don't know what's wrong with him. He is a very knowledgeable person.

Tahir: Definitely, he talks with logic and facts even though he is mentally ill. What he says in his insanity, if he would have said this as a normal person, he would have been put in the basement of Badshahi Qilla (Lahore fort also called Kings Fort. It's in Lahore and armed forces use its basements as a detention cell for culprits and terrorists)

Khalid: I have heard that it was being closed.

Tahir: It isn't the only one. There are many others. Pakistan hasn't got a shortage of detention cells.

During this period the waiter brought tea for them. Waiters in these restaurants treat students nicely and these students never left any mess at the restaurant. Sometimes they owe them.

Amjad: Yar Sanyeen Internet is in fact an intellectual but he is twisted. Police shouldn't bother people like him.

Tahir: If you feel pity for him then take him home.

Amjad: Yar it has nothing to do with sympathy or feeling pity for someone and, by the way, if my sympathies are with him, it doesn't mean that I have to take him home. You shouldn't take it satirically. I think he is not a lunatic; he must have been unlucky in the past. Whatever he says it's full of revolution. He gives you courage to rebel against bad things like corruption in politics and religion.

While they were talking they saw Afrasiab, who was coming from the other side of the road. Everyone said in a loud voice, "Come, come, Afrasiab sahib". They asked for

another chair for Afrasiab. Afrasiab is the cream of the whole group and not only in this group but other groups and parties. He is an expert in taking the piss out of anyone. In other words he is a piss taker. He corners everyone. Amjad asked everyone to not say anything about him while Afrasiab wasn't looking. But there is no need to say or request anything. In any gathering, Afrasiab always corners those who are stupid. The only thing he wants to find is the weak point of anyone. His speciality is Sanyeen Internet. He is his best friend.

Khalid: Afrasiab, will you take tea?

Afrasiab: I will drink brandy, (because alcohol is illegal in Pakistan) of course, I will take tea, why not.

Khalid: Yar bring us five cups of tea (he ordered to the waiter) and said, "O by the way Afrasiab do you know anything about Sanyeen Internet?"

Afrasiab: I met him while I was coming to the restaurant. He is coming here as well.

Sanyeen Internet was coming, they saw him and was reciting, "*Jay manglam shriram, bhagwan ki leela say pwiter Agni ko sakshi man kar Patti, patni ki raksha karay ga*".

One of them said, "Not even rickshaw, taxi as well".

Afrasiab: Sanyeen Jee come here, sit with us.

Sanyeen Internet: No, no I don't want to sit with you people. I have already missed my flight.

Afrasiab: Where were you going? The police copped you yesterday.

Sanyeen: Yes, but it has nothing to do with you. By the way, you needn't to worry. I am not a minister. Anyway I am going to Germany after taking my tea otherwise my *ausweis* will expire.

During this period all the boys came to Sanyeen Internet's table. Khalid shouted again, "Get us six cups of tea instead of five, one for Sanyeen Jee".

Afrasiab: Sanyeen Jee how one can catch a bird, I mean a girl, do you have any idea?

All of them said, "Afrasiab you ask strange questions to Sanyeen Internet. You will be cursed.

Afrasiab: O no yar, Sanyeen Jee is not like other Sanyeen who curse or malediction someone. He is a twenty-first century's Sanyeen, the one who speaks French, Italian, German and English. Anyway Sanyeen Jee tell me.

Sanyeen jee: It's a very easy, thing that you want stop searching for it then it will come to you on its own.

Afrasiab: Sanyeen Jee, what are you talking about?" and he started laughing.

No one has ever seen Afrasiab, sad. He was jolly. He was a piss taker. He never took anything seriously.

Khalid: Sanyeen Jee, why don't you advise him? He doesn't take anything seriously
Sanyeen jee:

"Tanhae kay lamhon main kabhi ro bhi liya kar
Yeh roz ka hasna tujhay barbad na kar day"

(When you are alone you cry sometimes. Maybe this everyday's happiness will ruined you)

Afrasiab:

"Chuti kay dino main kabhi naha bhi liya kar
Yeh roz ki gandgi tujhay bemaar na kar day"

(You should wash yourself when you have time, this everyday's dirtiness will cause you some disease.)

All of them started laughing. Afrasiab was expert in doing parodies of poetry. He could do it extemporal. This parody was a little bit civilised, usually his parodies are full of sex and curses.

Khalid: I think he will become like Sanyeen Jee. Afrasiab you should change yourself. Now you are young but one day it will be too late then you will feel sorry for yourself.

They were busy in their discussions, they saw Afrasiab's dad with Afrasiab's younger brother.

Afrasiab shouted, "Abba why did you come here?"

Abba: Actually Afri, you are wearing my sleepers, let's go home it's very late".

"I am coming in a minute" said Afrasiab.

Suddenly Afrasiab's dad saw Sanyeen Internet and he was trying to recognise him then he stopped thinking about this.

"Afrasiab who is he?" he asked in a very low voice.

"Abba, he is Sanyeen Internet, people think that he is mad but we respect him a lot. He is an intellectual but I think he is a little bit twisted" Afrasiab gave this explanatory introduction.

"Where has he come from?" his father asked curiously.

"Abba, no-one knows and he never tells anyone. He always talks about foreign countries. He says every day, today I will go to Germany, tomorrow I will go to France and the day after tomorrow I will go to Italy". He responded.

"You know boys these are the after-effects of dictatorship. Due to dictatorship our economy and foreign policies are messed, so we have inflation and recession. Just because of that we were out of jobs, so youngsters, the man power of Pakistan went to foreign countries. Thousands of doctors, engineers, computer programmers are settled in foreign countries. Still they go but you just leave it, let's go home" he said in an ironical way.

"Abba you go home I will be back soon" Afrasiab said.

Sanyeen Internet recognized the father of Afrasiab. He knew who he was but he hasn't said anything because he was good listener. Till late these boys, youngsters chatted on different topics and then they went back to their homes. But Sanyeen Internet was still there. When they were closing their restaurant, Sanyeen Internet went into the street which was exactly adjacent to the restaurant and slept there, on a dirty mat.

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Abr-e-nisan Behram Kahn is the only daughter of mohtarma (respectable) Nadia Behram Kharal, The new deputy commissioner of the Rawalpindi city. She looks like an exact clone of her mother. Her father, Jamshed Khan is a renowned cardiologist of Islamabad. He has his own medical centre in the famous sector of Islamabad, F-10, which is called "*Il Cuore*".

Jamshed Sahib was the son of Khan Bhadur, the famous Khan of Kohat. Khan Bhadur Sahib, he himself was a doctor. He used to run his medical centre in Kohat City. To keep his kids away from family and tribal grudges, he sent them to Islamabad that is why both of them, brother and sister, Jamshed Khan and Lyl-un Nihar were brought up in Islamabad. Both of them were doctors. Lyl-un-Nihar went to America after her marriage but Jamshed decided to stay here. When they were young, both of them used to take private tuition in a private tuition centre. There are some sophisticated and expensive private tuition centres where snobbish, rich and newly-rich people send their kids to improve in different subjects like English and Scientific subjects. They pay heavy fees for each different subject. Every subject has its own fee. Some of the students come here, only to meet with the people of their own class because they don't want to mix with the working class, and some of them come here for girls. With their money, cars and clothes they try to impress them. All of them are open-minded and broad-minded kids of a higher society so they don't act like middle class or lower middle class. Pakistan is an Islamic country, and there are no night clubs and you can't even dream about bars and alcohol, so they arrange private parties and create environments like discotheques. There you can dance and drink with people of your own class.

In Islamabad's newly developed sector F-10, there is an institute like this called "Elysium".

Jamshed Khan was the student of a medical college in those days and he was weak in two subjects, English and biology. Both of them, brother and sister, were studying in Elysium which was very different from other institutes. First of all, it had co-education,

secondly, it was very open but both of them were from a tribal area, so they still had some respect for their traditions and norms. In particular Jamshed had a lot of respect for girls and was modest and bashful. Jamshed Khan met Nadia and he fell in love at first sight. He gave her his heart. What's the point that he has given his heart; everything was based upon Nadia Behram. Her favourite dialogue was "my foot". She used to knit her brows and never became under the least obligation.

Nadia wasn't very beautiful but she was very attractive. She had something which other girls didn't have. Her attractiveness used to attract people towards her. Nearly every boy of Elysium asked her out. Boys of Elysium were around her like moths around a candle. She never responded to someone nicely or positively. Jamshed's sister Lyl-un-Nihar became close to her just because of his brother. Lyl-un Nihar was a very simple girl, so for Nadia it was very easy to dominate her.

Nadia Behram Kharal was A.B. Kharal's daughter from his third wife. She was very dear to Mr Kharal. He had progeny from the other wives as well. Mr Kharal first married to a girl from his village at the age of sixteen, according to his parents' will. From his first wife he had two kids and they were settled in the village. The second marriage was with a girl from Lahore. It was his love marriage. With her, he had three sons and three daughters and all of them were married. His last marriage, he did at his old age and his wife was only 20 years old. One day Mr Kharal went to Chitral for tourism reasons and there he bought his third wife. He paid money to the girl's parents and that's how she became his third wife and he brought her to Lahore. With her, he had only one kid and that was Nadia. She was indeed the loving daughter of Mr Kharal. He never said *no* to her, whenever she asked for something, he provided for her. All of his property and money, whatever he had, was in the possession of his second wife, the one from Lahore, because she was against his third marriage. As the time was passing, Mr Kharal was getting old but he never mentioned anything to Nadia about his financial condition that it's getting worse and worse and when he had a financial crisis, he lost his wife in an accident. After these two misfortunes, all his caresses and affections were towards his daughter. She was his "*Bella di papa*". For her, her father (Mr Kharal) was everything. She didn't have any friend when she was little. She passed her child hood in a convent. She brought up in different environment. Whenever she went out with her dad, everyone thought that she is his granddaughter than Mr. Kharal had to introduce her to everyone that she is my daughter and she is very intelligent.

Nadia and Jamshed were not even friends. He was simple Pathan and she was rich, spoil and egoist girl. She used to knit her brows all the time. She used to feel that the whole world is under her feet but with a passage of time she realised that "reality you can't see but what you see is unreal".

Suddenly Mr. Kharal died. Jamshed won the lottery. He was thinking exactly like Newton when apple fell from tree in his lap and he thought this apple came to me it should have gone to sky. Jamshed was thinking, why she came to me instead of anybody else. How Nadia Behram Kharal fell in his lap like an apple. For him it was miracle. Jamshed Khan came back from America after completing his specialisation in cardiology and Nadia got top position in C.S.S. (civil services exam)

After Nadia's father's death whatever she had was because of two people. One was some anonymous person with his motivation and moral support and other was Jamshed Khan with his financial support.

When Abdul Behram Kharal died, for Nadia he left as inheritance just the list of creditors and lenders. At that time Jamshed Khan was like messiah. He was the one who paid all her debts because he was madly in love with her. He could have done anything for Nadia and he did. Even though the married life of Nadia and Jamshed wasn't as good as it should be. Both of them used to think that what they have done was a compromise. With this compromise Abr-e-Nisa Behram Khan was born. Nadia didn't change her name and she used her father's name instead of her husband's name. On the other hand Abr-e-Nisa

used her father's name and even her grandfather's name as well. Abr-e-Nisa was living in the same expensive sector of Islamabad where her mother used to come for private tuition when she was young. At their home entrance the famous Italian painter Raffaello's *La Velata* was hanged. In Nadia Behram Kharal's room the Italian medieval paintings were hanged like paintings of Cimabue, Giotto, Raffaello and Michelangelo. There were some paintings of van Gogh, Dali and Chagall as well.

Abr-e-Nisa was the student of anthropology at Mohammad Ali Jinnah University but she used to take evening classes of French language at Alliance Francaise. There she met with Afrasiab, both of them had one thing common that both of them were studying French together otherwise there was big difference of class among them. He was a journalist's son and she was deputy commissioner's daughter but they became friend. It wasn't love affair because Afrasiab was very different. He had no belief in love. According to him all love stories were crap and rubbish. He never watched love stories; he was fond of art movies.

He was studying cognitive science. According to him there was no match between cognitive science and love but anthropology and cognitive science, there was relation between them. He was in the final year and his intentions were to do Ph.D. in this subject and Abr-e-Nisa had the same intentions. Nadia had never been out of Islamabad on her own but she had been all over Pakistan with her mum and dad. She wasn't from middle class. They discussed many times on different topics but Afrasiab cornered her and convinced her with logics and facts. He wasn't so called student.

One day when they were discussing, Afrasiab said something about Sanyeen Internet.

Abr-e-Nisa said, "I don't believe on these pirs and fakirs (Saints and mendicants)".

Afrasiab said, "No, he isn't that kind of Pir or fakir (saint of mendicant) who does black magic and miracles. He doesn't use his saliva as an ointment. I think he had some accident in his life that's why he has become like that. Everyone says he insane and twisted but I think he is okay. Etymology, anthropomorphism, lexicography, languages, history, he knows everything. You just name it. The only addiction he has is tea".

"I would like to see him than that will be interesting". Abr-e-Nisa said.

Afrasiab and Abr-e-Nisa, their car was exactly in the parking of Odeon cinema. Both of them were walking towards Shah Blot Bagh as quick as possible. They entered in Shah Blot Bagh. They turned towards the huts of Bob Marley and Sanyeen Internet.

Sanyeen Internet was trying to manage his important papers. He was putting them on the empty and used wooden boxes. For him these wooden boxes were his table and his important documents which we called them were in fact white and blank papers, Sanyeen internet used to call them *permesso di soggiorno*, *ausweis*, *carte sejour* etc.

As soon as he saw Afrasiab he said, "you again".

Afrasiab said, "No Sanyeen Jee today I am not here to annoy or tease you. Today I am with my class fellow. We study together at Alliance Francaise. Basically she is the student of anthropology. She is completing her assignment. She wants to ask you some questions about anthropology".

Sanyeen Internet said, "Take her to some anthropologist".

Afrasiab said, "Sanyeen jee she wants to write something different without bookish knowledge".

Sanyeen internet said, "Tell her to read *The Wonderful Life of Stephen jay Gould*, he is famous palaeontologist of this century. She will be satisfied and if she wants to know about linguistics than she should read *Steven pinker's The Language Instinct*".

Abr-e-Nisa was hearing all their discussion clearly so she entered in Sanyeen's hut. She covered her nose with handkerchief because Sanyeen Internet's hut was stinky and pongy.

As she stepped in Sanyeen's hut, Sanyeen Internet got stunned and traumatized. He went into his past. He shouted loudly, "now, why you came, after ruining my life. You are here

to see that how messed life I am living. Get out; there is no place in my life for a self centred and utopian girl. You are running behinds illusions. Where are those perfumes and eau di cologne”?

Sanyeen Internet was speaking continuously. Afrasiab and Abr-e-Nisa were listening to him like they were made of stone. Afrasiab had never seen this part of Sanyeen Internet. “Afrasiab, my son she is like a fire. She will burn you. She has ruined many people and now she will ruin you”.

No one dared to talk like this with Abr-e-Nisa because she was the daughter of deputy commissioner and her father was renowned cardiologist.

RATTA AMRALL

Chapter two

Ratta amrall is a small town right in the middle of Rawalpindi city. It must be a small town or rural area but as population increased this small town became important. At one side of this town is Rawalpindi city area which is exactly like central Lahore and on the other side is, Rawalpindi railway station.

When goras occupied whole India and their roots were strong than for their own residence they constructed separate colonies and areas exactly according to their own living standard. They divided all major cities into two parts; Cantonment and City. Cantonment and Garrison area was for them and City area was for the rest of the people. Rawalpindi cantonment is under the administration of Rawalpindi cantonment board and Rawalpindi city is under the administration of Rawalpindi Municipal Committee.

Ratta Amrall is in between these two dominions so that’s why it has a lot of importance. There is always shortage of water in Ratta Amrall even though it’s in between these two dominions.

There is a fairy tale or you can say legend about Ratta Amrall.

Once upon time there were two brothers, Ratta and Patha. One was good and other was bad. Patha killed his brother Ratta and became the owner of whole town. He was very tyrant and cruel. Unluckily he became poor again and he became beggar. He started begging from those people with whom he used to be cruel and tyrant but this

story isn't based upon truth.

In reality Ratta is a word of Punjabi or Potohari dialect which means red and Amrall is definitely some cast. In the beginning people from Gujar Khan and Chaklala came here and settled in this small rural area. Who were being exiled by the goras they came to live in this small town as well. At that time goras used to send people on exile from one province to another and other rural areas. In its surroundings is Mohan Pura, Dhoke Ratta. Between Ratta Amrall and Mohan Pura there is famous brook of Rawalpindi called Nalla Laye. When you enter in Rawalpindi coming from Lahore you have to pass over it and same is the case when leave Rawalpindi you have to pass over it. Every year in the season of monsoon something like 15th of July to 15th of August it rains a lot. Due to this nonstop rain sometime this Nalla Laye's water comes out and it affects lots of areas which are very close to it.

It must have been a small brook or ravine for the drainage of Rawalpindi city and it must have been enough for this little city. But now it's not enough for the drainage system of Rawalpindi city. Not even it's expanding; it's becoming dirtier as well.

So during rainy season most of the Ratta Amrall area goes under water which is very close to it and exactly at the bank of Nalla Laye because flood affects them. The water of Nala Laye is so dirty; the word dirty isn't enough for that. Even though people who are fond of swimming they swim in it. Especially youngsters when they jump over the bridge into Nala Laye like bungee jumping than they tell to their friends that they jumped ten or twelve time. During monsoon season when Nala Laye over flows some youngster's jumps in Nala Laye like raiders to save lives and sometime they take out charpoys (bed) household things, water buffaloes, goats, tin boxes etc.

The environment of Ratta Amrall is like the novels of *Charles Dickens*. If you go there you will feel that you are travelling in the film scene of some Dickens novel. In that mohallah (alley) mosques are named by the name of the people. Like Chaudary's mosque, Blacksmiths mosque, Dandi Wali mosque (the mosque on the edge), Darmiyani masjid (central mosque). According to Islam mosque is God's place where Muslims offer their pray so it's strange how people can own these mosques.

Between Ratta Amrall and railway quarters (the residential area which was built by goras for the people who were working for railway) there was a wall which used to divide them i mean Ratta Amrall and railway quarters but now there is no wall. You

can see some part of it. It has been broken many times. So neither Cantonment Board nor Municipal Committee rebuilt it.

There is no garden or ground for the kids of Ratta Amrall, where they can play. So they play in the streets or rather at the bank of Nala Laye which is very dangerous.

The architectural structure of the houses is typical Indian. I think we haven't introduced yet any Pakistani architectural style. Streets are narrow and lots of kids in every house.

This town Ratta Amrall got importance when railway line passes close to this mohallah (alley) and they decided to make railway station close to it as well. And second thing, when Pakistan came into being most of the landlords were Hindus and Sikhs. They left everything here. We know only the one version of the story that Sikhs treated Muslims very badly on the other hand we have done the same thing what they have done with us. It was vice versa. Our elders told us that Hindus and Sikhs were cruel and unjust with Muslims but we haven't got the courage to except the truth that we Muslims were cruel and unfair with them as well, if they demolished our mosques than we have demolished their mundirs and gurdwaras (mundirs for Hindus and gurdwaras for Sikhs). It is hard fact that Muslims were labour class in Rawalpindi and ninety percent business men were Hindus and Sikhs. Especially Sikhs were the richest people of Rawalpindi. The biggest and beautiful villa which was used as a presidency was owned by Mohan Singh and Sohan Singh. The biggest and richest contractor of Rawalpindi was Sardar Sujhan Singh Roy. In Rawalpindi there is a market on Kashmir road and behind this there is girl's school and post graduate college. This whole building was given by Sardar Sujhan Singh Roy as gift for the citizen of Rawalpindi city. It might have been possible that Mr. Roy has bribed goras to get more contracts, but this is another issue.

This market's raw material came from England. It was made for goras to provide them fresh and clean food like fish, meat, vegetables, fruit and other house hold things. At that time it must have been very clean but now it stinks and very dirty.

Anyhow when goras left Indo-Pak Subcontinent than according to division where ever there was Hindus and Sikhs majority they had to go back to their homeland which was announced at mid night.

As I told you that the major businesses were owned by Hindus and Sikhs it's because when goras came, the Muslims were ruler and they were suppressed by the

goras. So Hindus and Sikhs took possession of Muslim's properties. Similarly Muslims did the same thing in Pakistan after the announcement of partition. After the partition the people who took maximum properties of Hindus and Sikhs they became rich in very little span of time so they decided to change their cast. According to property what they owned they selected their family name. Like chaudary, malik, awan, mughal, rajpot and khan etc. to prove themselves that they are from higher cast they invented and designed new family trees which was the proof that they are real descendent of this cast and creed. They are the descendent of rich and royal family. After seeing their family tree you will never be able to say no.

The political structure and living style of Ratta Amrall is exactly like Aryans. I don't say that like Hindus because Muslims do not like Hindus. They still hate them. They took possession of Hindus and Sikhs properties and lands as well. They have changed their cast. They follow their culture and they watch Indian films and still they hate them, the people who haven't taken any possession than they were specially granted by goras. I mean traitors.

- Brahmans (educational and religious class)

All the mullahs of mosques are like Brahmans. They don't do anything. Local people give them donation and that's how these mullahs make their living. If they don't pay them salary they pay their bills, rent and food.

In Hinduism there are two kinds of Brahmans. Land owning Brahmans and other are Ball Brahmachari (the one who don't marry like nuns and priest in Christianity) but they can own property. Similarly some people think that these mullahs are Bal-Brahmachari. So you cannot expect any sin from these mullahs.

- Khashtarya (warrior class)

You consider all those people who are khan, chaudary, awan, mughal and rajpot. All of them try to be superior among each other but who got success, were Chaudaries on the basis of land and property and Khans on the basis of immorality and hooliganism. Later on there was alliance between them due to this all other casts and people were suppressed. At last they had no choice so they accepted them.

- Vesh (business class)

You will find in this class chaudary's, Maliks, Awans and Rajpots. Here you don't consider Rajpots as a warrior class. You consider them business class, shop owning people. In Rajpots families as soon as the child comes into this world he learns business as quick as possible. Some people say that he learns counting in mother's belly. Chaudaries, Maliks and awan had alliance with Khashtarya class long time ago so we have only Rajpots in this class. So Rajpots are Vesh in Ratta Amrall.

- Shudras (maleech or untouchables)

You can consider all those people who are not local and Christians as well are Shudras or maleech. When goras came to India they were very cunning. They brought their missionaries as well. So all those people who were untouchables most of them became Christians. Their class was little bit changed but goras made separate churches and Iglesias for black and Indian Christians. For goras they had their churches.

In Ratta Amrall there is no proper drainage and gutter system. It's worse than Mohanjo Daro and Harappa. There is no flush system in toilettes. There must be few houses they have this modern system, so there is no proper system to clean latrines. So that's why these Christians (untouchables) with biblical names and cross in their neck they do this work. It's not that someone force them. It's permanent job from Municipal Committee and they get monthly salary for that. Other than that they clean streets, roads, drains and gutters as well. Recently due to lack of jobs some Muslims have started this work as well. The Muslims who are fond of foreign made liqueur they get this with the help of Christians. Pakistan is an Islamic country so Pakistani Government Issue permits only to non Muslims. On the other hand the breweries are run by Islamic Republic of Pakistan and all workers in these breweries are Muslims. Apart from this these Christians (Shudras) go to clean their houses and latrines, so they offer them something to drink but it's very important they should not touch anything. If they touch anything it will be pleed (unclean or dirty). If by mistake they touch anything it should be broken. In some houses they keep separate cup and glass for these Christians because they are untouchables. It has nothing to do with Islam or religion. It's only a cultural thing. Genetically we are all same. We have Aryans and Drawadians genes.

As a matter of fact the people who are Christians they are very poor and for them there is no entertainment. They can't even afford television. For married Christian couples the only entertainment is sex. That's why they have many kids. To provide them food their husband sells alcohol's permits and not all of them but some Christian's girls do prostitution for little money.

When Muslim men go to them and have sex with them. Sometime these girls want to kiss them but Muslim men stop them. "No, you are Christian" and then they respond them "what about my cunt".

Ratta Amrall has few cottage industries but the most popular and famous cottage industry is their local wine. There are few breweries but most famous are two. One is down at the bank of the Nala Laye. And other is in the centre of Ratta Amrall. They use sparrow brand spirit in their breweries. So they call it chiri (sparrow). In Indo-Pak Subcontinent it's called *thura* as well. Some people call it *kuppi*. Kuppi is actually the size of bottle. Exactly like full bottle, half bottle and quarter bottle. So quarter is kuppi. This chiri brand liquor or wine is very strong. Jamaican rum Wray and Nephew is less strong than that, even though the volume of Wray and nephew is seventy percent.

Some people are permanently aeroplanes (here aeroplane means who are alcoholics) but some of them drink occasionally. Like at the occasion of Eid-ul-Fitre and Eid ul Azha. We call them Fokkers. These Fokkers take off on Eid day and land on the same evening. There are some aeroplanes they drink chiri (kuppi or thura) and fly. There are some other kinds of aeroplanes like who smoke heroine. Once they take off than they don't land. In any corner if you see burnt pieces of silver foils and cigarettes silver wrappers; it means that some aeroplanes were trying to take off.

Heroine smokers they take out that white powder stuff from small plastic bag and then they put or pour that powder on used silver wrapper of cigarette on shinning side and burn it from the bottom with cigarette lighter or match stick. Then they put silver coin, especially of ten paisa's in their mouth but they hold it in their mouth. After burning process, heroine is free of all impurities. Then they roll one rupee note must be brand new and use it as a pipe and inhale or suck with this pipe which is made of one rupee note. When it strikes with silver coin which they hold in their mouth than its taste

and flavour is more than normal.

This drug is exactly like grains and villain which is known as hard core drug in Europe and America.

They take thirty three mille litre empty bottle of Evian or Volvic (two famous French brand of mineral water in Europe). Half of the bottle they fill it with water. Its mouth they cover it with silver foil or cigarette wrapper. When they cover it, they tighten it with something and then they make small spores with needle. A ball pen without refill, they use this empty ball pen as a pipe and fix it in the bottle but they take special precautions that air should not pass through any other way. So it becomes like a hookah (Hubble bubble). Then they pour grains and then give them light with lighter. When these grains burn, their smoke goes into to bottle and strikes with water. Then they suck that smoke with that ball pen pipe which was being fixed earlier. They enjoy it as people enjoy heroine. Some people say that grains are stronger than heroine.

Apart from heroine and alcohol, Amrallians use other kinds of drugs as well. Like Birjoram (its crushed concentrated spirit), hashish, marijuana and cannabis. So using drugs depends upon class, as class changes, drugs changes as well.

There are some popular personalities of Ratta Amrall like *Sufi's Cheap Dawakhana* (herbal medicine), *Sheik dispenser*, *Hajji Noor Elahi provision store* and *Pappu Chaewalla* (tea seller)

At Sufi's cheap dawakhana you will find herbal medicines. They don't use steroids and antibiotics. Sheikh dispenser is like a doctor for Amrallians and he meets the needs of Amrallians medical and health facilities. In fact he isn't doctor. He must have done some short course of dispenser or compounder but Amrallians consider him doctor.

Hajji Noor Elahi has provision store. You will find everything in his store but he will never give you change, even if you desperately in need to have change. The second thing he doesn't do. He doesn't sell needle after sunset but during day time you can have as many as you need. If you will give him counterfeit money and if it's a coin he will throw your money in the middle of the road.

The most famous restaurant of Ratta Amrall is Pappu's restaurant. You will find best Dodh Patti (a tea which is made of milk and tea leafs no water added) in Ratta Amrall from his restaurant. Would you like to know the secret of his best tea making? He uses the same kettle for hundred or even more cups and doesn't wash it. Then he

serves this tea to his customers in very small cups (with the passage of time these cups are becoming smaller and smaller). His customers, they take this tea as a water of life. They feel that this is their last cup of tea and it's like last supper. When they drink tea they inhale dust as well which increases the taste of tea.

Kiya bodo bash pocho porap kay sakinon

Ham ko ghareeb jan kay hans hans pukar kay

Dili jo ek shehr tha allam main intekhab

Rehtay they jhan muntikhib hi rozgar kay

Us ko falak nay lot kar veran kar diya

Rehnay wallay hain hum us ujay diyar kay

Mir Taqui Mir

What are you asking me east Enders, you are laughing at me because I am poor. Delhi was famous city of the world and people from all around the world used to come here for work. Now it's ruined and I am the citizen of that ruined city

Mir Taqui Mir

Adam Khan Chughtai was sleeping. Early in the morning his mother said, "wake up my son new maullawi sahib (the one who gives you basic religious education and teaches you how to read The Quran) has come. Go to the mosque to take the lesson of The Quran". Adam didn't like it because it was very cold. A seven years old boy knows nothing, in cold weather doing ablution and taking lesson of The Quran (how to read). It was very difficult for Adam and he never liked it. But reluctantly and unwillingly he woke up and went to Lohara's masjid (the mosque of blacksmiths. Some blacksmiths family member built this mosque so it's called masjid lohara's. Even though their new generation is not doing what their forefather were doing). It was being announced after the *Fajar* prayer that new maullawi sahib (the one who teaches you religious things specially teaches you how to read The Quran and sahib stands for Mr. or Sir as a respect) has been arrived. So those people, who want to send their kids for The Quranic lessons, send them to Lohara's mosque, after *Fajar* prayer and in the evening after

Assar prayer.

Adam didn't belong to a poor family but Chughtai family had fall after rise. So when Adam Khan Chughtai was born they were getting little bit better.

When Sheebani Khan, Zaheer Uddin Babar's maternal uncle kicked him out from Fergana, Samarkand and Bukhara, Babar never even dreamt about it that he will defeat Ibrahim Lodhi on 1525 in the battle of Panipat and foundation stone of Mughal Empire in India will be laden by him. After the death of Aurangzeb Alamgir in 1705 the Mughal Empire started declining and on 1857 the Mughal Empire was completely declined. Whole Hindustan was colonized by goras and they looted everything from India. According to latest analysis Akbar the great had that much wealth that French king Louis 14th, Italian king Cosimo de Medici and queen of England; if you put their wealth together and do the comparison. Their wealth is still lesser than Akbar the Great. Goras, they hadn't even looted wealth. They have taken the world most expensive diamond Kooh-e-Noor (mountain of light) from India which Mughal brought from Iran. It was fixed in Takht-e-Taus (Peacock Throne). Mughal's were still suffering after 1857 until 1970.

Adam Khan Chughtai's ancestors were settled in Kashmir after the war of independence in 1857 which goras call war of mutiny or sapoys mutiny. From Kashmir, Adam Khan Chughtai's grandfather migrated to Bae (twenty two) a small village which is five or six kilometre far from Hassan Abdal and they settled there than his grandfather decided to migrate once again and he came to Rawalpindi. In Rawalpindi city he selected to live in Ratta Amrall.

During the fall of Mughal Empire, Mughal's started changing their name and occupations as well just to save their lives. They stopped using Mughal's surnames like Barlas, Chughtai, Baig, Mughal, and Mirza. All of them were the branches of mughal families who were originally Mongols and they were known Mughal's by the goras.

Adam Khan Chughtai did his ablution quickly and went to that section of mosque where maullawi sahib was sitting. Some kids were sitting on the mats of mosque. Adam found a place and sat with them.

Adam started observing maullawi sahib habitually. Maullawi sahib wasn't like other

maullawis. All the maullawis he had seen were with beard, either black or white but this maullawi sahib was different. He looked like a convict who has escaped from lock up.

He was more than six feet. Colour dark neither black nor yellow. You can say wheatish colour. He hadn't shave for couple of weeks. He was wearing khaki overcoat and had a stick in his hand. His neck bone was like pedigreed cock because of this; in short span of time he got this name sanyeen kukar (kukar is cock)

After having a glance of this gentleman Adam thought of *Charles Dickens* convict who meet with Pip in the grave yard. The whole story of *Great Expectation* came in his mind which he read in children's digest Naunehal (little kid). Nowadays he was reading *Carlo Collodi's Pinocchio*.

The very first day Adam was being scared and panicked by Sanyeen Kukar. His real name was Ustad Manzoor (ustad is teacher or maestro). He was very daring, courageous, valiant, bashful and honest. For the right of his people in Soan Skessar he committed a crime. It was the period and reign of roti, kapra aur makan (food, cloth and shelter). They never liked rebellious people even though Sanyeen Manzoor was at right.

Sanyeen Manzoor left his village which wasn't very far from Soan Skessar and came to Rawalpindi and decided to settle in Ratta Amrall. He had a job at local post office as a loader. He wasn't like other maullawis who don't work and local people give them donations for their living. He didn't have beard.

Every morning before going to work he used to give The Quranic lessons to kids and after finishing his work in the evening, between *Assar* and *Maghreb* prayer he used to give lessons as well.

In the beginning Adam was much scarred of Sanyeen Manzoor than he became the most favourite student of Sanyeen Manzoor because he was very good in memorizing his lessons.

Sanyeen Manzoor had passed only few months in Lohara's masjid and he had grudge with caretaker of the mosque so he left that mosque. He went to chaudary's mosque. He started giving lessons there. He never took any money for giving lessons. It was free of cost. For him it was a kind of missionary work. He was slim and tall but very strong

and had strong will power. He was very clean and pure person. He never asked for anything to his students like food, clothes or place to stay. He never had bad eye or look on any boy or a girl. He used to fulfil his needs with his salary. If some student had gone to cinema he has been brought back by him from cinema because he was very honest.

It happened one day Sanyeen Manzoor was cross with some of the chaudary's son because he wasn't learning his lesson. It was chaudary's mosque. They came and said, "You can say anything to anyone but not to our kids because we own this mosque". They not even insulted him, they hit him as well. They were thinking that Sanyeen Manzoor is scarred and suppressed so he will never do anything like this with any of chaudary's kids in the future. Sanyeen Manzoor had two options one was; beat him up and leave the mosque and second was; to beg him. He liked the first option and after getting permission from his students he threw one of them (the one who hit him) on the floor and left the mosque.

He was like pied piper. Where ever he had been. He had same students. The numbers of students were increasing instead of decreasing. He went to Dandi Walli masjid (the mosque on the edge). It wasn't even mosque. It was a religious school where students used to come to learn The Quran by heart and to become Hafiz. In the beginning the caretaker of the mosque and other maullawis were okay with Sanyeen Manzoor but later on they were jealous of his popularity which he earned in a short period.

One day Sanyeen Manzoor was disappeared from the mosque. He wasn't in the mosque and in the post office where he was working.

During his stay he taught The Quran to those boys and girls who were unable to control by anyone.

Adam Khan Chughtai learnt to read The Quran in one year's time and he repeated it many times. Whenever Adam Khan used to come back from school Sanyeen Manzoor used to stop him because his post office was on the way to his school. Manzoor sahib used to tell his colleagues that he is my brilliant student and he used to ask him to recite *Namaz* and *Dua-e Qanut* and *Qalmay* as well. Adam used to recite these things fluently. Ustad manzoor used to call him bhaechara (it means brotherhood but Ustad Manzoor used to use this word in his own sense). This phrase he invented by himself.

Adam Khan and Sara Barlas, they brought up together. They used to play together. Suddenly Sara felt some changes in her body. So she stopped playing with boys especially with Adam Khan. Sara stopped coming out from her house. Whenever she needed to go somewhere she had to wear a big chador (it's used for veil). In the beginning it was big change for Adam than he got used to it. He kept himself busy in books. Playing marbles, tip-cats and flying kites were his sports. On the other hand he never saw Sara playing stapu and kiss.

That was Adam's first love but he never knew that he is in love. He used to invent new excuses to see her. Getting up early in the morning was always difficult for Adam that's why he has never been to school in time and he had to pick up stones from school's ground or teachers used to punish him.

When Sara started going to school on tonga (horse driven carriage). Adam had to wake up early in the morning just to see her. After that he was always on time at school and his teachers were shocked. For them it was strange that how this miracle happened. Than Sara stopped going on Tonga. Now Adam had to wait for Eid ul Fitre because on every Eid ul Fitre he used to take vermicelli (vermicelli is a sweet dish and it's the speciality of Eid-ul-Fitre made of vermicellis, milk and sugar) to her house just to see her. He used to wait for this day like *Gabriel Garcia Marquez's* hero wait for his girl friend in, *Love in the Time of Cholera* on the bench. On the other hand, Sara was completely unaware of all these activities like to see her glimpse on tonga and wait for Eid-ul-Fitre.

One day Adam heard that Sara got married with army's captain so after that he started hating army.

Khaqan Khan Chughtai, Adam's father was lewd, jovial and lively person. After his first wife's death he tried his level best for second marriage but he failed to do that. His sister Zamani Begum helped him but their all efforts were useless.

For Adam these were great calamities. One was that that he lost his mother and second

was Sara Barlas's marriage. These one after another mishaps were unbearable for him. He was grumpy and sad.

He was fond of literature but he liked poetry a little bit. However a boy of fifteen or sixteen is not able to understand the depth of poetry.

In the mean time news spread in Ratta Amrall that a woman has stolen dowry ornament of someone and escaped. They caught her but she was being released due to good family background. Due to this reason his son left her and he escaped somewhere without telling anyone. It was strange for Adam. Indo-Pak Subcontinent was establishing and progressing slowly. Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims were living in harmony and peace but gradually both countries were realising that Indo-Pak Subcontinent has been badly looted by goras badly. Both countries were suffering because of economic problems. It was getting worse and worse.

Hindustan has been looted for ages. First of all Aryans came from Metan and looted Drawadians who were the original natives of India than Aryans decided to stay in India. Iranians attacked India. Alexander the great came to India in 327 B.C. and conquered it. He left his governor Seleucus Nicator. Chandra Gupt Maurya defeated him and laid the foundation of Mauryian Empire in India. Than his son Bindusar ruled India and after him his son Asoka ruled India for something like fifty years. Kushans came afterward. They were outsiders. India had Hindushahi period for a little time. White Huns came from central Asia they ransacked whole India and burnt all Buddhist monasteries.

Muslim invaders came to India in 711 A.D. first time. Mohammad Bin Qasim invaded India when he was only 17 years old. At the same time Muslim invaded Spain and for Spain the invader was Tariq Bin Ziad. He conquered Spain in 711 A.D. as well. Muslims left their sign in India. The second Muslim invader came to India was Mahmud Ghaznavi. Who was from Afghanistan and he invaded India in 1025 and won the battle and he left his governor. According to historical books he attacked India 17 times for the sake of religion but he was looter as well he took everything whatever they have in form of gold and money. Than Ghanavid were defeated by Ghoris. Respectively than Khiljis, Tughlaqs and Lodhis ruled India. From Ghoris to Lodhis we call them Khandan-e-Ghulaman (Slaves Dynasty) during this period Tamburlaine attacked India as well. He was the descendent

of Changhez Khan (Ganges Khan). He came as a looter as well. After Aryans who stayed in India permanently were Mughals (Mongols). They ruled India for three hundred and fifty years approximately. Zaheer Uddin Babar defeated Ibrahim Lodhi in the battle of Panipat in 1525 and laid the foundation stone on Mughal Empire in India. Then his son Humayun came but after a little while one of his soldier, Sher Shah Suri who was Afghan, took power and kicked him out and laid the foundation stone of Surian Empire. Later on Humayun came from Iran and with the help of Iranians he defeated Sher Shah Suri's descendent Adil Shah Suri and took the power back. He ruled India for a short period and died while he was in his library. His son Jalal Uddin Akbar became the king of India for nearly fifty years. After Akbar, came Jahangir, Shah Jehan, Aurangzeb Alamgir respectively and the last king of Mughals was Bhadur Shah Zafar.

Mughals built many monuments and buildings in India. Taj Mahal is one of the examples of Mughal art. Some poets call it "poetry written with marble". Last invaders were English. They sucked the last drops of blood from Indian's corpses. From western countries Portuguese were the first Europeans who stepped in India in the 15th century. Then French, Dutch and Spanish came to India but all of them were beaten by English. English came as merchants and occupied whole India in 1857 after the war of independence. We call it War of Independence but goras call it *Mutiny of Sapoys*. During this period two other invaders came to India from Afghanistan. One was Nadir Shah Durrani. Who properly ransacked India and other was Ahmad Shah Abdali who massacred and ruined as well.

Adam Khan Chughtai was reading a book of history which has the history of Indo-Pak Subcontinent. He was shocked that India was being looted by different invaders from last four thousand years. India must have been very rich and happy that's why everyone came to India and he looted it. In Indian five thousand years history they never invaded any country and never crossed oceans and entered in other countries for looting purposes. Only Indians were being used by others as soldiers but it doesn't mean that Indians were coward. It's because they were rich and well settled and as a matter of fact the people who are well settled they don't leave their country without their own will.

Adam Khan Chughtai was very upset because their next door neighbour, he went abroad for the betterment of life. He started thinking that in Indo-Pak Subcontinent we don't have any means of earning. Is it completely looted? Many questions arose in his mind. He was brought up in a different environment and in school he studied Radiant

Way (name of the school book for learning English). Ratta Amrall was entirely different from his books and stories which he read in these books. He thought of that boy who left his house because he heard that his mother was thief he was ashamed that's why he escaped. It was his modesty. On the other hand invaders were looting India since ages. Have they ever thought that we are looting these people and wasn't it a shameful thing. They were not ashamed of it.

Adam Khan Chughtai had forgotten his childhood love because his father left Ratta Amrall due to some reasons. They were now settled in Saddar (cantonment) area of Rawalpindi.

Khaqan Khan Chughtai left Ratta Amrall because there were two reasons. One was that that he got married with help of his sister Zamani Begum. Zamani begum left no stone unturned for his brother's second marriage. Khaqan Khan Chughtai wasn't willing that someone criticize him and second reason was that he wasn't willing to spoil his son's future because according to Khaqan Khan, Ratta Amrall's environment wasn't good for his son. Alcohol, hashish, smoking hemp, opium, cannabis and most dangerous was heroin. These drugs were very common in Ratta Amrall. Above all gambling and betting were unbearable and the most worrying thing was Adam's strange questions and queries. Like he read in books that all human beings are equal but in Ratta Amrall there were Chaudaries, Maliks, Khans, Awans, Rajpots, Mughals and servants (working class). Christians who were doing cleaning work in their houses and they used to clean their toilettes why they used to give them food and drink in separate plates and glasses. Why these Christians had to sit on the floor instead of couch or a chair. They were and are human being like everyone else. He read in The Quranic verse *Surat Alfatiha* that Oh great lord and God we pray to you and for everything what we need we ask you then why instead of following this Quranic Verse they go to chaudaries and khans for the help.

In many Quranic Verses it has been mentioned at different places that alcohol is prohibited in Islam but Amrallians they drink alcohol on Eid-ul-Fitre and Eid-ul-Azha. After drinking they fall in drain lines and gutters. Why they drink and make noise and curse other people. No one had reasonable answers for Adam's these questions. In saddar area where they were settled now, it wasn't dense populated area. There were big bungalows and it was neat and clean area. There was proper drainage system and all

houses had flush system. You just pull the chain and whatever you have done in the commode in a blink of eye it goes.

Sir Syed School is few yards away from Punj Sarki petrol pump (pentad roads gas station). Exactly opposite to Sir Syed School there is a lane which is inclined and goes down towards end. On right hand side and on left hand side there are expensive villas and at the beginning of the road there is big villa which is empty and deserted since very long.

At the end of this lane Khaqan Khan Chughtai got a two bed room house on rent. It was an old fashioned house but it had all basic needs. Like flush system which was nearly rare in Ratta Amrall.

Adam Khan Chughtai's father forced him to study science instead of arts when he completed his matriculation exam. However Adam was fond of art and literature. He was madly in love with fine arts. In his childhood he read *Naunehal* and *Taleem-o-Tarbeat* and he was a bit grown he started reading literary magazines like *Naqoosh*, *Adab-e-Lateef*, *Sawera* and *Chattan*. He had no inclination towards physics, chemistry and mathematics. He started going to college because he had no choice. He put aside his all wishes and he did intermediate in pre-engineering subjects. He had two months holidays. These holidays were like punishment or torturing oneself because in Ratta Amrall it wasn't difficult to pass time. He had loads of friends there but here in this lane he was on his own.

Khaqan sahib was very busy in his married life and Adam was living with them like a time traveller. One day a new family moved in their lane. They were nearly their neighbours. In short span of period they were acquainted to each other. Khaqan sahib used to go early in the morning and back in the evening and Adam had to stay alone at home.

One day Najma Begum their neighbourhood came to Adam's house and asked Adam's step mother, if Adam doesn't do anything. He can give private tuition to my kids if he likes. Adam's step mother said okay because she was willing to have relationships with neighbour agreeable and favourable. So like that Adam started giving tuition or you can say private lessons to Najma Begum's kids, even though he wasn't willing.

Najma begum was nearly thirty years old but she used to look younger than her age. She

kept herself fit and smart and with the help of make up as well. Her husband was a bank officer in Kuwait. Najma's parents gave her hand to this bank officer when Najma was only fifteen years old. After couple of month Najma's husband went to Kuwait and he used to come after six or twelve months. Najma begum went to Kuwait but she didn't like the way of living. So she came back to Pakistan. Najma begum was very attached with Adam and then this attachment converted into love. But this attachment was one-sided. Due to this sexual relationship she had to take pills sometime.

Adam was suffering of conscience guilt that what he was doing wasn't right. What he was doing was adultery, fornication and extra marital sexual relationship. But for this adultery and fornication he wasn't willing, Najma begum persuaded him for this.

Adam thought about *D.H.Lawrence's* novel called *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Now he knew that Lawrence was right that woman not only needs money and basic needs. She needs sexual relationship. It's not luxury. For woman it's necessity.

Human beings they urge for different things in their life until death; sometime for food, sometime for sexual needs, sometime for money and sometime to become prominent among other and sometime for land. In *Lady Chatterley's Lover* the hero get injured during war. He loses his legs but Najma begum's husband was physically okay. But he was running to and fro for the money he was nearly greedy to have a lot of money. He wanted to be the richest man and that's why he was paying for this.

While Adam and Najma Begum were enjoying their life, Adam passed the exam and he joined the college for graduation. He didn't get good marks to get admission in engineering university. So he had the choice to do bachelors of Science, arts or commerce. Again his father selected the subjects for him. This time the combination was maths stats and economics.

All Pakistanis have mob mentality. They follow others customs blindly. After 1947 everyone selected and wanted to be a barrister, lawyer and solicitor because Mohammad Ali Jinnah (fonder of Pakistan) and Doctor Muhammad Iqbal (the great Muslim poet who gave the two nation theory) were barristers and they did bar at law. When we had loads of lawyers than people started becoming doctors and engineers and MBA's, now everyone was studying maths, stats and economics.

So Adam followed the mobs mentality and got admission in college according to dad's

will. One day Adam was coming back from college, the corner villa in their lane which was depopulated and empty and was quite big. He saw that some people were unloading furnisher and household things there. He asked them, they said that Mr. Kharal has bought this villa. For Adam it was new cast because before he heard Chaudary, Malik, Khan, Awan and Mughals etc but Kharal was totally new thing for him.

This family had five members. Behram Kharal sahib, his wife Zuleikhan Mehtar Jan, their thirteen years old daughter Nadia Behram Kharal, Dae Amma (Nadia's governess) she came with Mehtar Jan's as a part of her dowry. She was cook, servant and governess as well and Zouqe their chauffeur. His name was Zouqe but he didn't have any literature's affection as his name's meaning was affection for literature. Zouqe had fair complexion because he was Abbassi.

Adam was happy that at last this depopulated villa has been populated. May be some of them will be of his age but here the story was entirely different from his expectations.

In the evening Adam came out for some personal reasons. He was walking in the lane. Suddenly he had a glance in Kharal sahib's lawn. The walls were low, so it was easy to see everything in their lawn. He was stunned after having a glance what he has seen. Sara Barlas was standing in front of him but in fact she wasn't Sara Barlas she was someone else. It was only because she was still in his mind. The girl he saw in the lawn was wearing pink shalwar qameez (shalwar is baggy trouser and qameez is long shirt up to knees). She was swinging on swing and reading some book. After this glance his whole life was change. He was fed of studying and reading books. He stopped reading literary magazines. He started thinking that how can he go closer to that girl. His days were passing in day dreaming. His all plans were failed because Kharal Sahib was very strict person and his wife Mehtar Jan has never been out. Whenever she went out she was always with chauffeur Zouqe. Kharal sahib was more or less than seventy. He was working in Islamabad Stock Exchange. Where he used to buy and sell shares. He had some shares as well. His whole business, money and land had been snatched by his second wife, the one who was from Lahore. Kharal sahib came to Rawalpindi with left over. He came with his young and beautiful wife and little and cute daughter Nadia. He invested saving and capital in Islamabad stock Exchange. He was very dry person. He never responded nicely when someone said hello. They had two cars. One was for him and other was for his loving daughter and his wife Zuleikhan Mehtar Jan. Nadia used to go to convent (where she was studying) in that car and Mehtar Jan used to go for shopping with Zouqe and Dae amma.

It has two years that Kharal sahib was living in this lane but he never mixed up with neighbours and other resident of this lane.

One day Kharal sahib's wife died in an accident. For Nadia it was great loss because her 'O' level's exam's were very near. During her mum's death Adam came closer to this family but after funeral ceremony it was ended.

Adam thought of himself like the hero of *Vladimir Nabokov's* novel's *Lolita's* hero. Adam's step brother and sister were very attached with him. They loved him but he was very much involved in his own world. On the other hand Najma and Adam were still seeing each other. Adam tried his level best to talk with Nadia but whenever he had failure in his mission he went to Najma begum just to justify his disgrace. Nadia was always in his imaginations.

Nadia was very proud, peevish and short tempered girl. She used to knit her brows all the time. Whenever they met in the lane incidentally, he wanted to say something and Nadia responded him very badly. She never used Urdu whenever she said something. She always responded in English. Anyway for Nadia these were incidents but for Adam not, because these all incidents were conceived by Adam. He used to prepare these incidents for hours.

According to Adam's philosophy that if he will have any chance to be closer to Nadia than he will forget Sara Barlas and whatever he is doing with Najma begum. He will get rid of his conscience guilty.

Adam wasn't very religious. He used to go to mosque occasionally like on Eid-ul-Fitre or Eid-ul-Azha but now he started praying regularly. After completing his graduation's exam he got admission in Alliance Francaise at Islamabad.

He started practising religion properly. He never missed even a single pray even if he was in cinema and watching film. He used to leave cinema whenever it was the time of pray. His favourite cinemas were Odeon, Plaza and Ciro's because they used to show English movies.

He took the membership of Pakistan National Centre, Lansdowne Library and Municipal Library. When he started going to Islamabad for French classes at Alliance Francaise he took the membership of American Centre and British Council as well.

While he was learning French he was being introduced with French writers, poets and painters. He liked Van Gogh and Paul Gauguin and besides these two he liked Henry Matisse and Salvador Dali as well. However Guy de Maupassant changed his vision about literature; Other than him Emile Zola, Gustave Flaubert, Stendhal, Honore de Balzac etc. Two French philosophers were his favourite Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Apart from these French intellectual he read Saadat Hassan Manto, D.H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, Giovanni Boccaccio and Dante Alighieri. There he found a great schism of literature and religion. Now he used to spend his time in libraries and mosques.

Khaqan Khan Chughtai never had any spare time for Adam to ask him that what his future plans are because he was so much busy with his wife and his kid's affairs. His father was doing like all other fathers do. He was paying all the bills but for Adam that wasn't enough. For him the most important was not money. He was in search of kindness, affection, love and attachment that he never felt.

When Adam was born, his country newly came out under the dictatorship and people were enjoying so called democracy. But when he was a bit grown up, again martial law (dictatorship) was being implemented.

A new dictator came. It exactly seemed like that that Indo-Pak Subcontinent's people are slave by birth. They were born slave and they will die as slaves. Similarly Adam was thinking that he was born in dictator's reign and he will die in some dictator's reign. This dictatorship not even created some new religious groups but created Mahajir Qaumi Movement (immigrant's National movement). They were trying to suppress something and other things came out. Adam, whenever he wanted to have some tranquillity he used to go to Anwar cafe. It was a small cafe. Some time he used to go to Driver's hotel (in Pakistan word *hotel* stands for restaurant) both of them were very small. One was on Kashmir road; the one going towards Gwalmandi (milkman market). It was exactly opposite to the Military Accounts General Office (MAG Office) and Anwar cafe was at Adamjee road and was exactly opposite to the mosque. The mosque which was in front of Anwar cafe had one big minaret. This mosque must have been a small mosque but this God's home, they have transgressed that much that they occupied pavement and that part of the road became narrow but no one had raised a voice against this transgression because it was God's home.

Here at Anwar cafe Adam met with Bada-Unni sahib. Bada-Unni sahib was making

spirals of cigarette smoke, taking tea and prating himself. He was being told that Bada-Unni sahib is lunatic and mad. He should not talk to him but Adam had a lot of curiosity about this type of people. He went to his table where he was sitting and he sat with him. Bada-Unni sahib shouted, "Get lost, and don't disturb me. You think i am mad. I am not mad. You are mad, you people are mad to fulfil your wishes. Look at that namazi (the one who offers namaz and namaz means pray). Look at him the way he is scratching and itching. To me it seems like that that he isn't here to offer his prayer. He is here for itching and scratching like a sick dog. The one has itching disease. He doesn't even know what maullawi is saying. He is following him like a sheep's mob mentality". Adam said, "It's true Bada-Unni sahib but namaz (pray) isn't concern with your intention. In Islam your niyat (intention) is important than your pray. God only wants to know that you are lost in the hustle and bustle of this world or not. This dazzling and effulgence world has dazzled your eyes or not. All of us have to go back. As we shall sow, so shall we reap"?

"Which God and who's Allah. Don't disturb me; let me think on Quantum theory".

In the mean while an old man from the next table came to Adam and said, "my son don't disturb him, as you know in our country people don't have much awareness. If someone will hear what he is saying? They don't even care he is mad, they will beat him up. They don't even need any excuse".

Adam said, "May i know who you are Mr. If you don't mind"?

"I am an ordinary writer of Rawalpindi".

It was Adam's first experience meeting with some writer. He had his own imaginations about writers. That the people who write books how do they look like. They must be proud, arrogant, egoist and reluctant to speak with others. But he was very simple and down to earth. Writers, poets, short story writers they are the essence and cream of the society but people think that armed forces are the essence of the society or people who do civil services. Neither in army nor in civil services one can develop his creative activities. For example Parveen Shakir, she was C.S.P. officer but she is popular as a poetess, she died in a road accident in 1994 unfortunately.

In Army and Civil services you are bound of rules and regulations. On the other hand conceiver and creator are not bound of these things. In Asian countries money, luxuries are the standard to judge someone's personality but writers live hand to mouth.

Aziz Malik had seen creation of Pakistan. He must have been fifteen years old when

Pakistan came into being. He had the spirit for fighting for the truth, right in the beginning when he was young. He became an important member of Khaksar Tehreek (*Humbles Movement* it's called *Baylcha Tehreek* as well because their sign was spade). He didn't like Muslim League or Congress. He liked Allama Inayat Husain Mashraqui's Baylcha Tehreek. Khaksar movement had symbol of spade which is baylcha. Khaksar movement's manifesto was different from Muslim League. It was a bit heart catchy. If Mohammad Ali Jinnah would have accepted Allama Mashraqui's suggestion than Pakistan wouldn't have been divided into two parts and millions of people wouldn't have been died during interchange of refugees. But Jinnah was stubborn. He refused his suggestion. It was nothing to do with him that an independent country will be created. That was his personal grudge with Jawaharlal Nehru. He wanted to show him that how powerful he is because Nehru never wanted Jinnah remains in congress. Mohammad Ali Jinnah got married with Parsi girl (Parsi means Farsi which is Farus and Farus is Iran. In fact the Parsis are called Zartusht. The follower of Zoroaster, they came to India from Farus and from Farus to Farsi and then became Parsi) so Nehru had an excuse and it was more interesting when parsi group refused to give donations to congress party and at that time congress badly needed funds and donations. Jinnah never thought like that that he will be treated like that and he will face defeat like this. He was very intelligent and wise man. Apart from this he was very well dressed, foppish and dandy. He had five hundred suits of Austin Reeds and fifty pair of shoes, two cars. He impressed that Parsi girl with his wealth and wisdom. So she married with Jinnah. Usually Jews and Parsis girls are not allowed to marry out of the family and she was married with a person who had different religion. Later on Jinnah's daughter married with Parsi boy.

When Pakistan came into being Jinnah was very honest with Pakistan. He did his levels best in building and for the progress of Pakistan but Khan Sahib (Liaquat Ali Khan) was thinking that after independence he will hand over the governorship of Pakistan to him.

Adam passed the exam. He started thinking that what he should do. He had many options after graduation. Shall he find himself some job or shall he continue his studies. He had the choice of doing masters, civil services, and chartered accountant. Finally his father poked his nose and said, "My son you should do masters in mathematics or statistics. You will easily get good job as a professor. You didn't become engineer and army you don't like".