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ECSTASY OF MIND

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The distinguishing aptitude is crowned as a queen in the galaxy of senses which glitters in its surroundings. In every movement, you feel that the distance which a vision travels in an hour the inner-vision covers the same distance in less than a second. In both cases, the mind needs rest to make perceptions of vision as well as inner-vision. It needs further rest to transcend smoothly to the height of perceptibility, enabling it to have fun.

So, the senses should be sound, but not of all whose senses are sound to get the taste except the expectants, who have got ability to go deep into extrapolation, swimming and touring in the eyes of viewers and their hearts. The tour was a fun between the eyelids; at the dawn, all people ski at ice-turf and in each break there is provision of tea and coffee on its splendid circle around the azure lake and shadows of dense trees lining up on both the poles, replete with oriental love, at every moment they inches close to tell an eternal love story, which depicts a friendly smile that vanishes sorrows, cures diseases, sows the seeds of love, there is a food for those who are in need of love.

In the eyes of expectants, the vessels and swimmers in its lukewarm water are a sign, and under the shades of its tall trees there is a sign. When you swim in the heart of the lake and look at those tall trees lining up at its both sides, you will see the moon as a white blossomed rose on its peaks and a crown on your head. At that time, you cannot stop yourself from swimming, which will provide you a break time to renew your energy and resume swimming. Diving into its depth is a fun enabling you to see the pearl and coral, allowing you to lie down on the soft sponge that will fill you with the warmth and instill into your heart fear and life. It will remind you the warmth of your sweetheart, and make you to call him if you find it arduous. You will see the fishes in various colors — all moving in drove like the braids of solar radiation.

In the depth if you want to have fun of visiting the museums, centers of mind sciences, sciences enhancing the inner-vision, and specific branches of science to feed the heart, awakening of conscience and self-reassurance, and if you want to float for the

excitement of skiing again, look at that white rose which blossomed out of those trees; you will find a crown on your head from the bottom to the rest house.

Children play and sing with the ducks and geese, which move between the lake and its beautiful surrounding and icy-turf. They supply them with the food and get fun in exchange. All the times, knowledge grows with the eyelashes which have renewed attraction between the two poles glorifying Allah the Almighty.

Your discussion on maim, turf and sea look as though you are talking about the Mediterranean Sea.

Believe me, it is bigger, and if you want to know more, you should ask the expectants.

Who are these expectants!?

The expectants are: when they look, they read; when they enter, they cross; and when they swim, they manage to dive into the depth, and when they raise their gaze, they attract.

Can I identify them?

If you want to see them, you should enter where they are.

Where are they?

Inside that. In both big and small things, some of them practice sports on their icy surrounding, some sip coffee on its splendid turf, some are ready to dive in order to collect treasures and progress in knowledge and science.

What kind of treasures! And what kind of knowledge and science!?

Eye is a treasure that enables the viewer to view the inner-vision and its assessment. After knowing how to enter into its bottom-depth, and after learning rules of swimming and diving under the shades of its mighty waves when it storms, one can enter into its bottom-depth where there is information web that shows in cursing and piercing lenses at the same time, so that you are given the opportunity for comparison when the viewer becomes cognizant of its knowledge cornea.

Once you learn the rules of swimming into its depth, you will swim in your dark sea over the waves, amidst the waves and then dive into the depth where the waves lose their currents.

How beautiful you are skiing on the two poles! How beautiful you are making race on the turf! How beautiful you are when you are calm with the serenity of the waves.

While we were talking some of the expectants entered sporting skiing dress and his skates were in front of him. We were also sporting same dresses, Hello.

Hi guys!

What do you think about skiing together with us?

With pleasure.

See! We are on the north pole in the direction of sunrise skiing with the skiers and making race with them; lines of skiers are flowing over the ice carpet, snow's density increases as we get nearer to the point of turning, which, if we hadn't put sunglasses on our eyes we could not have enjoyed its beauty. A beauty filled with fear; this fear grows whenever we reflect more on the clear layer, and sun in the sky gives us all the credit for our skill in skiing with all flexibility and superiority, making it to make a request, offering our hospitality in the form of a break intermittent with snacks and some fresh juices in the cafeteria located in the corner overlooking the saffron fountains. Sprays of clean water touch our faces making them softer. We stayed there till the fun came giving us an offer to take us along as an expert till the completion of the tour on the icy surrounding, this also having regard for our supremacy on all competitors. We got up together with her crossing the rivers of love overflowing between the two poles until we reached the eastern coast of the southern pole. We are towards the direction of sunset, the shadows of light clouds flying with the air, enabled us to take off the sunglasses and to have panoramic view of the nature, something that caused the smile of fun sporting the colors of icy-surrounding, until we were welcomed by the dusk as an expert, our generous host in coral restaurant, rest from the greeting, intermittent with the warmth of friendly reception that we needed as it supplied us with the requisite energy, helping us cross over to the western coast of the northern pole. Ascending towards north requires more effort in exchange of

more fun. We spent all that we had as fun until we reached the peak of ecstasy where sky was waiting for us. A long cuddling full of warm reception, a break where the greeting is exchanged by the host who gave us due regard. Meanwhile, the night unfolded its arms providing us the shelter clad in blessing of peaceful sleep. We saw a star and said this is my Lord! But when it set down, it became certain (I love not those that set). Thus, we joined the information web and knew the fact that bottom of the heart is a cultural hub that produces values. The eyeball is some sort of screen that relays the produced values. Its range covers and accommodates the world. The knowledge exchange with the eyeball merges in boutique with the pleasing appearance of wise gazers and moves the tongue effortlessly to declare the truth, 'I love not those that set'.

We and our slumber were called to go deep into the heart; we both rushed to it; the triumphant armies were sweeping the camps; soldiers were carrying the white flags with the flags of victors in resemblance. The doors were opened intentionally; the army dug ditches in every cells of the country; surrender with some skirmishes on the border; justified some soldiers not being able to take their positions in grid map. Logic of dialogue was accepted as a language of negotiation, ignoring the abstract language and thus, the tear was exchanging with the calm evidence, all hot expressions dropped with the calmness in accommodation and assessment of the situation and circumstances. An agreement in which cane is in teacher's hand and pen and paper in the pupil's. The pupil is full of confidence and the teacher is reluctant. There is a difference between them regarding the lesson. The teacher wants to finish off the subject on the expected one only and the pupil wants it to expand and include the one, which is unexpected. Smiles exchanged between them over the phone, and in an unexpected time, it followed kisses of good intentions that touched each soldier in every cells of the nation and it whispered in his ears, 'the desirability made all keys of self-control on the receiving system out of control as though they were inebriated while they were not.' Each of them entered swimming pool to regain his senses (as though they are drunkard) to dispel the doubt; they came out of the swimming pools and they were still as they were (apparently).

The information collection system was set up everywhere, an agreement with the appearance of moon according to which, the cane falls from the teacher's hand, and here the rabbit and cat dance under the moonlight in the dream garden, breath of the beloved one enter my body, psyche and spirit, and I go with breaths, whispers and silence. 'I love you' is an expression of tongue. In feelings, conscience and heart stand for you. Who will believe that you are not true? I... You... I do not tell the truth, who does? In the morning, morning bell was rung; you, come back, the cane will not return, my darling. The cushions and the carpets we weaved together with love; the absence is unbearable, a day is tantamount to years. O my darling, come back; I and you are like you and I, back home the nation is waiting for you. I love you O my nation from border to the border, and I in the ribs am numb and imprisoned. The dimness of dusk instills fear in my heart and the darkness sleeps between my eyelashes, at dawn it wakes and I move. The firmament smiles at the time of crossover, and friendly breeze blows with open heart, maintaining my heartbeats. He was an angel, when he sent salaam; he was a messenger, when he spoke, it was the soul that I am cursed whenever I curse it.

It is you who revive the sorrows; it is you who extinguish fire; you are like a peace in my heart and imbued in my love.

O' the angels! Do you recite poetry or prose?

I sing about you, my darling.

First time, I knew O my darling that words know the rules of floating and undertake the task of swimming and touring simultaneously.

What do you mean?

I saw your words swimming in my heart, I watched them having fun amidst its rhythm and beating. I saw you competing that and you were calm looking into the river. I saw you amidst the crowd being crowned as a beauty queen among those who participated in the race. I approached you congratulating and our words shook hands with your words; we both sang together O' my darling and embraced each other on the peaks of love; we saw that unrolled

carpet under our feet look like a versant over the valleys of love; we saw from the above towards the above, we found that sky was touching the senses and we felt together that senses were about to invade the sky. Had it not been your world that raised me from stumbling — from dices of companion to the companion, we would not have met together swimming in love. I wish the time been little longer by the time it is evening.

First welcoming hour needs determination and courage where voice comes from bottom of the heart and penetrates everywhere. It requires firm hands to lit the candle and put it as a minaret between the ventricles of the heart, so as to guide the sailors towards the safe shores; otherwise, it will go off and the sailors will deviate from their right path. Instantly, I was ready to take the initiative without any hesitation. My steps were preceding my words, welcome ... welcome, the racer was about to reach. It was followed by a hug in which I might have slept. Had the two harmonic hearts not been beating, I would not have the warmth that I needed the most. I believe it is like that.

The intermittent words fumbled every now and then at the time of their union with moaning sounds, until I heard a child uttering a word (patience...., patience....) I looked at him; it was coming from the mouth of the person I was cuddling. I offered him the candies of his choice.

What are these candies and where did you bring them from? Can I get more?

Yes.

Can I have more again?

Yes. With every 'yes' there were some sort of candies being exchanged and each of us was demanding more? It continued so until we were overtaken by slumber that awoke us from what we were in without being aware of its arrival. However, we knew that from the early morning which was so generous to us in taking us back to the fields of 'can I have more?'

The resumption in which the words delivered are clear but they are too hot to be written. Miracle of meeting at an unexpected time, I wish Alas, it were written, so that the following generation would taste it and have the sweetness of its quality deliciousness. I wish it

were readable so that the young generation could learn the etiquette and have regard for others who need respect and regard the most. All of the politicians, historians, philosophers, thinkers and the great scholars, young and adult people, advisors, guides and the reformers who believe in divine and self-made religions are there in my heartbeats which in the love of nation when raised with the ecstasy, no words can be spoken because they raised it to the position which speaks their taste but not to be written. They are plasters of wounds, they run between the ribs; intentionally transcend all limits from north to south. While writing these words, the telephone rings and suddenly the protesting words fill the heart. Who is that you are talking about and asking but not asking about me? Please don't talk until I finish my words. I notice your callousness and absence, you are no longer as you were before, tell me.

Dry words from the wet mouth need a description from the diction of love whose words have been compiled from core of the heart. What's the matter with you, my sweetheart?

No, please.

As though you are asking me the answer, at the same time you are asking me not to speak or say a word!

No, speak up.

Please move a little from your place, perhaps it would be better.

Here, you moved.

It seems that your knowledge about the values of birds is more than that of mankind, only when the bird chicks leave their nest, they do not consider returning there. As regards us, the separation may cause our hearts to burst into pieces. However, every rule has an exception. The other one on whose name or acquaintance you have objection, may be in need of us, and we need them the most. If you want to be loved, you should have a soul, spirit and body — the body in relation to the spirit and soul is something else, soul in relation to the spirit and body is a separate entity, this is the case with regard to spirit with soul and body. So, you may not lead a life of lovers unless you understood other one; most of the times, the other one is a support.

And who knows that this is not on account of me.

This is true but why to issue pre-terms? In spite of that I ask you: "If I said to myself that I am for you, would you be able to have me? For whenever I see those, whom you believe are in a free competitive market, I adhere to you more, my darling. Give me my freedom and leave me so that the longing draws me towards you.

First: Does this mean that your proximity to me will diminish your love for me? Second – you entered with a plenty of calm waves of love touching me from northern and southern poles which made you touching every cells of my body with the life reviving brush that made me shut the doors and windows in front of you and throw the keys in the ocean so that the flattering between brush and my cells are continued and so as to ensure that the fountain which gushed out in my life does not get dried up.

Believe me, people who live in the oceans of beauty and swim in their depth are able to enjoy their exquisite scenes during the dive, for they contain precious stones like pearls and corals as well as view of colorful fishes, plants, peaks of the mountains, hills and valleys. When they swim at the time of sunset, its rays color their bodies golden that fills the sea water and the surroundings just as it paints the sky. They are able to talk to moon and sing together with it when they swim on its back in the night. But believe me, the panoramic view of their shores and charming smiles of their waves, whose beauty and enjoying values are not known unless one gets out of it to the plain dry land that makes the comparison important and meaningful. Believe me, one who dispels the doubt, faith will be his mistress; and one who builds palaces there-from, the illusion will make him approaching the sky and then will throw him to the bottom; when the doubt enters houses or palaces, it comes out only after they are completely ruined and devastated.

I love you, no doubt. Despite of this curse I sang in your praise.

You can curse and sing as you wish. But do I have right to listen that from the mouth of that child who whispered (patience... patience....) on the day of our first meeting?

I said in your absence:

My astonishment does not go off on your absence, be close to me, my comfort is in your proximity, there is some sort of cleanliness in your proximity, you are my life and choice, my soul reveals you the secret, do you see any disgrace in the secret.

Absolutely not. Rather, I see in love a distinction and the eternal sciences that create heroes of right civilization outreach. Therein, I see some sort of protection against the jealousy, you are like the holy verse that you memorize and be secured. So, have trust or do you feel that doubt has overwhelmed us?

No, that's not my intention. I remember the day when I sent you my love, and it was welcomed reciprocally with your affection; the day when I unfolded my love to you that touched me side by side with your love making, shaking me from head to the toe. I knew the love from touch of your hands and tasted honey of your zaatar flowers that quenched my thirst and healed my condition. Therefore, I cannot bear, or do you think I am crazy?

I seek forgiveness of Allah, your tongue has sweetness of the mind, your feelings are like the fountain that quenches the people's thirst, makes dry souls verdant and elated, in which there are different types of roses and other flowers, it has different types of zephyrs, when it breezes it provides pleasure more and more, it gets renewed with sunrise and sunset, it gets colorful more and more, when the evening falls, it is calm and then it sleeps in our dreams; and our dreams sing in praise of roses and flowers, when morning comes it is waken up.

O my heart, don't go away and don't be fool; I knew the warmth of Heaven in being close to you and bitterness of desertion is unbearable. You sowed within me thousands of roses, made the beat being heard in the azans, in the city that you built in the depth of my heart, and the candles whose light fills the city, please don't go away, O my life, it is you who lit the candles, it is you who lived in the city, I make you a promise that I'll not deceive, and want you to make a promise that you will not deceive, do you agree?

A cuddling in which lips are the words, and forgery-proof fingerprints extend to the heart that is not distorted, fumbling with words which are spoken but not written, drunkard but they are not drunkard, a union that made the boundaries meaningless, in which the rhythm of heart increased to reach the peaks of minarets. The beauty of city lights grows more and more. After two and half hours of walk in the city streets, we sat in a floating cafeteria to sip coffee, to take some time out for rest, we were welcomed by one

of the workers in the cafeteria, 'please have your seat', so we chose to sit in the corner overlooking the swimming pool, close to the lute player who was singing some wise words: (one who looks for gold in the gold market will surely get it, and one who looks for the nation, wherever it is he will find it).

I took the hands of my beloved one and kissed them saying: Lovers are like that and those who believe.

Who are those people who believe?

People have still not entered the depth of the heart but they think that they are its inhabitants.

By God, you said the truth. As for me, I entered it permanently. What about you....?

For me you are like the nation, if I lost you, I will never get a market where nations are sold so that I can buy you again; the nations once lost are never bought except with the sincere sacrifices of blood.

Does this mean that you will swap me with the nation?

I and you (we) are ready to sacrifice our life for the nation which may not be swapped. Soil of the nation is like musk even if you put a pile of garbage over it. You should know the difference between saluting the flag and saluting the government.

What is the difference between the two?

The government may be a corrupt party; it may be a corrupt group of people, it may be a corrupt group, tribe or team. Therefore, it does not deserve the regardful and reverential saluting. As regards the flag, this is a common emblem of the nation which no government can enslave. And this makes its saluting obligatory.

By God, no one can substitute you except the nation. As you are in my heart, the nation also always appears to me like a rose that does not blossom again and again, even if I accept to leave it under compulsion, I will always be longing for it until I come back or am martyred for its cause.

What do you think about others' nations?

For them, of course, they will be the roses and I respect their feeling. For me, my nation is among others' nations like a rose amidst the couch grass which are sown in the football stadiums; this will be the case with others' nations if they put their nations in comparison.

Coffee got cold.

Yes, coffee got cold but warmth of love is not cold, as I believe it will never....

We need that because the way is long and we have just started. An attraction whose magnetism might have merged our bodies together, had I not avoided the situation and told (hold on) we are in a cafeteria. This made the resumption a common goal. We rushed and crossed half of the way, the worker who had once welcomed us on our arrival in the cafeteria, shouted: Sir! Sir! Your bag! O my God! I forgot. I received that from him with thanks. We were taking our first step to resume walking, he shouted again: excuse me, excuse me, thinking that bill was not paid till then. I'm sorry! We have been so engrossed with the musician, singer and the words that we forgot everything else. I paid him (with the tips) the bill what the trust in his soul deserved.

May the world remain alright!

Yes, may the word remain alright as long as the workers are fine!

But not all workers. The workers who work for their account are fine. But government workers have nothing good except those who differentiate between saluting the government and saluting the flag. As regards those sycophants and spare shoes, they will remain a heavy burden on integrity of the society and exercising freedom therein in a democratic way, they will remain fuel of the fire in the Hell.

As if you would like to say that government is something redundant and of no use.

Yes, the governments of Linden Forest are not required. As regards the governments of people who build grand palaces of peace and love in the conscience, who sow faith in the dream gardens, who concede that people have right to be exercised and duties to be discharged, responsibilities to be borne intentionally and without deputation from any authority, these governments deserve to be appreciated and they will prevail.

I wish they prevail!

I am sure, they will prevail.

By whom and when?

In the beginning of this holy century, the voices of people will arise and they will spread throughout the small village.

So, let's wait.

No. Let's work together because the waiting may prolong thread of the needle, which causes loss most of the times.

So, what to do?

There should be change in the methods and courses as prescribed by the voices of the governments of Linden, which have been imposed on the young generation making them changing and diversifying subjects. New methods and courses should be introduced with the voice of the people and in their preferred color. There should be regard and respect for all deserving people and such regard and respect should be withdrawn from those who do not deserve. There should be firm support to the commitment that enables all to participate in their all affairs. There should be respect for the religions, customs and values that single out all special features from each other. Road-blockers should be removed behind which the militants dig the ditches by removing its causes. The chance should be given to the logic of dialogue in which the evidence is the decisive factor between me and others. The facts should be produced as they are and not as they should be from viewpoint of the governments of Linden Forest which are so common in the east and the west.

Lo, we have reached. Throughout the way you talked on politics.

I thought you agree to what I said.

Of course, have you not seen the gestures of my head throughout the way, but my only concern is that talking about politics is boring as it does not please the soul; rather it causes as much suffocation as it may breathe its last. As regards the talk of love, it is like a school. As much as you learn you find out that you still need more. You taught me a lot of things that I did not know and I did not expect that it would progress so fast. I wish it were started little earlier. But everything appears sweet at its own time.

It is the call for Maghrib prayer. Let's prepare for the prayer which purifies the souls and hearts. We thank Allah by Whose virtue our bond was made, the most gracious if you instill the belief in your heart, you will find Him beside you responding your call if you call Him faithfully. But if you are a cheat, you will get nothing by your supplications.

I have a question but let me first perform the prayer.

It is better.

May Allah accept from you!

May Allah accept our good deeds!

Allah is the most Glorified! What I wanted to ask you I got its answer in those two verses that I recited in the prayer. In first verse when I recited (***There is no compulsion in religion; truly the right way has become clearly distinct from error***) and in the second when I recited (For you [is] your religion, and for me [is] my religion). I understood that our religion has ability to defend itself and it is truly valid for all place and time. I wish it were presented like that. The globalization which claims that it will reach all people for the sake of exercising freedom, no matter, whether liked or disliked by all – it did not attain such moral and ethical standard with which our religion addresses the people. It intends compelling all people, for it wants to provide the sample to all, no matter, whether they like or dislike. On other hand, our religion refuses any sort of compulsion. Thus, if someone forces people to obey is like those who urge them to exercise freedom at their will. Again, He emphasized on this fact in the main theme of the next verse (For you [is] your religion, and for me [is] my religion). Then why compulsion? Why disrespect for others? Why insistence on disobedience of Allah by forcing people to do what they don't like to? By God, had I not been a believer I would have cried loudly: Leave us, you and your lame methods proved to be very boring to us.

You are right, the compulsion and adopting way of abusing and disrespecting others are not allowed in the religion of Islam and it forbids such acts as Allah the Almighty exhorted: (***And insult not those whom they (disbelievers) worship besides Allah, lest they insult Allah wrongfully without knowledge***). Thus, there should not be conflict among the people over what they like because Allah the Almighty likes this and does not like that. But what is desirable is that there should be explanation with transparency, regard and consideration for others without causing any embarrassment or derogation or compulsion or abuse if someone does not agree to what you like. Who are you to allow forcing people for doing what they do not like and Allah refuses that? (***Wilt thou then compel mankind, against their will, to***

believe!). The matter of belief is optional and this is quite compatible with the human mind, being awarding value and importance to his will and it is a respect for humanity by choice. A man compelled to do a thing is, in fact, has no choice and therefore, he is no longer a free man as he ought to be.

But whether we should skip the issue as it is (There is a Lord of House Who will protect it)?

Of course, there is the Lord of House Who will protect it, as Abu Sufyan had said. But Allah commands to work, and therefore, we should present the good things supported by proofs and work on presenting the proof based on logic so that it instills confidence in others' hearts, thereby making them feel that they are on the scale of the balance just as we are on the same scale. We should work on our position by amassing the power that enables all to obtain good, to heal the sufferings of poor, to enlighten the minds of believers with useful sciences, to set mankind free from the aggression, exploitation and enslaving. Furthermore, we should work to topple the unjust governments, keep the aggressors in a garbage sack and throw them into the oceans where fishes are waiting for them.

We are back to the point which causes embarrassment to us. Let's prepare for the celebration.

Which celebration?

Celebration for arrival of the night.

Though in Political science night is not celebrated, in the diction of heart, the spirits and souls get delighted on in its arrival. So, come along with us for having its peace twice and thrice, to lighten the candles, to get peace and comfort therein.

Come along, give me your hand as Umm Kulthoom said, my hands get comfort in their touch; let me have your eyes; my eyes roam in their world; Come, O my darling!

In fact, our hands were together before we were waken up; our breaths were following each other as rhythms of our hearts follow each other. The moon was full and the stars were exhibiting their paintings. How beautiful it is! And what a great art! The music playing along with the models and the words are in harmony, their waists, breasts and amusements are in harmony, the eyes do not sleep and I have smooth feelings as I go down into myself as

blood runs down my heart. As though the night is a little away from the call of *fajr* prayer. Wake up O my darling! It's time for prayer. Cleanliness is in the hearts – wake up as the night will pull off its cover that it has put on us. What an amazing night it was and how beautiful were artful paintings! It is difficult for us to bear your separation O' the beautiful night.

I'll come to see you tomorrow and hope to find you as happy as you are now; I will give you more pleasure than I have given tonight; I think I have never seen people like you. So, you are the first for now; I wish you to remain so with the gentleman to come after me.

What does he mean by the gentleman coming to us after him?

That gentleman is the day which spreads his smiles in the early morning and reaches birds before us; and then, it reaches up to sunrise in the morning in order to push away the remnants of darkness from our bodies as well as to lighten the ways for those who don't have patience for reunion; the waiting continues till the bell of working hours is rung; the noon comes that requires rest in the hot seasons; it needs exchange of talks from behind the glasses on rainfall in the rainy season that makes the climate perfect and apt for lightening the candles in daytime.

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Let's go for swimming and have some fun on the ice-turf.

I took the moon as your target so that it does not affect our access to the communication network, abstract and experimental sciences, and so that we do not lose our way in the deep valleys or the convergence, which are jam-packed with passengers. While we were heading toward the peak we decided to visit the family of our friend – the expectant, who accompanied us in skiing and was with us at the top among the winners. Thus, the welcome among the desires was like a school that teaches high feeling, great taste and pure love. Prolonged greeting and hugs was the progressive master accommodating all such branches of specializations, as whenever we got detached we got more enthusiastic to enter again; this made the doors opened as a greeting among the desires. His wife Noor (light) seems to have been born with us in the knowledge, and as though we were born together; the young boys presenting us glasses of pure honey and delicious milk and all that good and palatable things that the souls long for. A break in the shadow of trees overhanging with the fruits shows their art of resembling to each other. It brings clouds to shower rain over them in the form of metal granules skiing on their butter-like softness, to stimulate the remnant thought enabling the expectants to know the successor.

Come, don't hesitate: One who puts his soul on you as salute and reverence, greet him in a better way or return the same greeting, as though they are fruits of Heaven. What this soothing honey is! What this fragrant perfume is! And what this butter-like smooth touch is!

Don't be surprised. You are in our heavens, O the wise men.

The time has come.

For what?

For swimming.

What will carry you there?

Fun on the turf to meet the previous commitment.

We are also on a date tomorrow with the fun there. What do you think about relaxing with us till tomorrow so that we can have fun together?

The commitment may haunt us if we do not reach there in-time.

This is true. But we may now contact the information center to change our appointment and make it for tomorrow.

Ok.

The appointment has been rescheduled.

How this happened so fast and yet you didn't make a call?

Had I not contacted, it would not have been rescheduled.

How did it happen?

A gaze makes all changes, the least I forget what was said by the one who had knowledge of the Book: *"I will bring it to thee within the twinkling of an eye!"*

Well, and I know that he had brought it. I also know that she (tucked up her skirts), uncovering her legs submitted (in Islam), with Solomon, to the Lord of the Worlds. When I was engrossed in my talk my beloved one threw her arrows on the threads of my love and cut some of them and intervened in my talk about who tucked up her skirts. I smiled and repeated I didn't mean that didn't mean that.

The wise man said: what is the matter?.....What happened to you?

I was overtaken by the same mean that changed and rescheduled the appointments.

His darling spoke out suddenly that he was targeted mistakably by Patting her hands on the shoulders of my sweetheart kissing her head, only then my friend came to know what and who had targeted me, and what had happened to me.

They laughed together in which the threads of my love returned to attach again after it was pierced by the arrows.

What do you think about relaxing in Opera of East?

If it is the Middle East, then no.

We also do not prefer that.

Why are you like this!?

This place is outlandish and insecure; this lacks freedom and transparency and the government's sacks are expanding. And, garbage heaps are abounding.

So, where to go?

Towards the grassland where the one which has silk-like smoothness and has extremely sweet voice, is grazing and where the young children play with the spinning wheel.

I warn you before you are taken aback by the arrows as they did to me.

Everything is expected.

Let's relax where the touch of her hair with her creamy milk is very smooth in the hands of the shepherd; on spinning wheel there is silk; whenever it is moved inside the palms of the children and muscles of their legs whose fur spins a silk to narrate a story of a nation. It paints dawn over the children's lips as a preamble for the sunrise in their hearts; every morning their golden hairs are a fun that opens up in the eyes.

Their voices are like a call for the dawn prayer in the prayer-call of the believers: "Resist the invaders and boycott their goods by producing yourselves."

No doubt, you are the mother; your milk runs down in our blood as an immune power; be confident; don't be afraid and we will pervade.

All of you come out.

The streets and the open spaces are crowded; the traffic is dysfunctional; anthem of shepherd is sung.

Hearts of the colonialists are instilled with fear. Communications are being established with the administration in Britain. The matter is so serious; we are in danger.

Inform us who is the troublemaker?

The goat.

Whose goat?

Shepherd's.

Shoot that goat.

Sorry! The shepherd's goat is in every house. Her milk is running in the veins of children as well as the adults.

The foreign embassies send telegram to their countries apprising them of the latest news: the goat challenges and terrorizes the English army present in the pasture.

In respect of the goat there should be an immortalizing statue for her. Order its shepherd to concede that.

One after another, they went to the shepherd's house. They found him a skillful weaver, an expert knitter and an adept speaker of the language of law.

Our governments regard your efforts and have respect for you and for her.

You mean my beloved wife.

They saw each other and suddenly she starts shouting as though she was listening to them and thus, she replied. Answers with plenty of smiles: "Your holy goat."

She runs down in my blood; my heart sings in praise of her and the spinning wheel; he then left the spinning wheel aside; took the bowl in front of him and placed it under her udder; he milked her fore and rear udders and all drank.

What this hot milk is!! And what is this milk that comes intermittently!!?

Please have your seat.

A small mat and officials of foreign embassies are sitting like closely packed pupils before a teacher.

The shepherd talks about his beloved one, who is beautiful and golden-haired and has feminine voice, and about their love relation, mat and spinning wheel. Every act of my country is like worship, and that's why I sing in its praise; I keep fasting for its sake and stimulate the people.

We extend the supporting hands. We wish you to allow us to design and build a statue to make her eternal.

Statues and idols are the language of backward people. A day will come when all statues will be broken down as the idols which had been demolished by the forefather of the messengers in the divine religions. Had you been aware of the value of goat, O gentleman, you could have known that a statue is inferior to her in value. The statues do not personify the values but they do personify the bodies which will surely be eaten out by the worms and therefore, the mortal bodies should not be made immortal. Dear gentlemen! The big issues stand for the meanings and not for the picture. The noble meanings and eternal values are not painted. They are neither photographed, nor do they have any sort of form. In spite of that, they have great impact and therefore, they remain eternal.

In the historical records this (public power) should be immortalized and anthems should be recited for its sake and songs should be sung, and the functions should be organized in commemoration of the anniversary.

At late hour of the night, the diplomats returned to their embassies and commissions and the shepherd continued laying on his homemade mat looking into the shining stars as though there is unending talk between them until the pleasure of the morning gave him a call. Soon, he got up where he was being waited by the morning to lead the movement of civil strife that had jam-packed the open spaces; the leaflets were being distributed and in bold letters it had been written on the walls: (O the invader! Go away before you are kicked out). Thus, the slogans were being chanted for the departure of the colonialist. The voice of goat was supporting the shepherd from all places as the clash was horrific between his baton and the helmet of the colonialist. These are the bitter days since ۱۹۲۲ when the shepherd was caught by force and was given six-year jail term. But the love has its own voice – the sound of the pleasing voice of the beloved one for the lover was disturbing, terrorizing and horrifying for the enemies: (Set my lover free otherwise you will be beheaded). A wide smile spread from middle of the prison despite the walls and barriers to kiss the beloved one whose resounding voice made the shepherd overjoyed, and which instilled hope in his heart and fear in the hearts of transgressors.

Because of fear they had severe headache causing them sleepless. I will not keep quiet until he is released or your heads burst out of the headache.

Two years later, they could not bear the headache and released him in ۱۹۲۴, four years before his term. Prolonged hugging and tears of happiness on the cheeks of the beloved one are like a fun.

Hold your tears, O sweetheart. The tears that express the pleasure and pain are the great treasure. I want that to be stored. So, on the day it is required it will be an ocean in which the enemies' ships and carriers of their soldiers will drown. Preserve them in their beautiful stores so that the enemies do not take it as fear of tears. The feet of crying people are not stable and thus, they can not

withhold firmly. Therefore, they neither write the history nor participate in its formation. Get along to the march of salt, so that we eat with our hands and boycott the imported one.

When the goat listened (get along to the march of salt), she shouted, 'I am with you, O the shepherd, ready to go on the march of salt, let the English go down'.

Crowd of the crowds collect the salt and destroy the imported one and chant loudly (Go out O the colonialist, otherwise.....)

The truce accord did not last any longer; 1940 was the year of its departure on the day the United Kingdom announced to the core armies that shepherd's country is in the state of war though it is yet to get its independence. The occupier tried to negotiate with the shepherd and the voice of goat; the response was (leave the grassland and you are the masters).

The colonialist did not pay attention to this voice; the shepherd was escorted to the prison; the voice gets louder; we are here until the sunrise; headache of the occupier gets severe; and finally the shepherd was released in the year of sorrow 1944. Grief struck the shepherd when the occupiers opined to divide the grassland into two parts. For the first time, the goat cries with him with sorrow and profound pain. Keep patience, we have suffered a disaster, he said. The philosophy of the colonialist, O my sweetheart, is (divide and rule), our philosophy is (unite and we rule) and therefore, we will not meet each other. Believe me your milk is running as blood in the veins of our children.

Had the matter been as you said there would not have been the disaster that struck us?

The colonialist will never agree on the oneness of the pasture and therefore, he is insisting on its division. But the power of your milk will remain in the genes of our grandchildren even if they divide us into pieces.

It seems as though you are sure of implementation of this sad decision!

Sorry to say, 'yes'.

What to do?

His heart is full of sorrow: "Departure even if they divide us into pieces." He hurried out angrily and angry procession was following him. We are with you Where to go? We are with you.

To burn the imported clothes and textiles, to free the national economy.

The citizens – traders and weavers – hurried out and bundles of imported clothes and textiles were on their heads, here we are Where to go? ... Here we are!

Towards the public grounds so that they are set on fire in front of them, O my dear friends. Thereafter, we will return to work of weaving and spinning and will weave our clothes with our own hands.

The shepherd allocated four hours of his day working with the spinning wheel until the spinning wheel started dancing in front of him as a symbol of boycotting the foreign textiles. He does not have time to shave his stubble with British razor; he accepted to turn away from that until the mother of one who had silky hair became able to produce the razors.

O my God! Mute expression of the shepherd and position of the goat are: I am the homeland, I am the freedom, I am the social justice and I am the nation. And master of the statue seems to say: I am everything.

So, you now know that both I's are not equal.

And will never.....

These justifications are on the record what the nation told to the shepherd.

What did it tell?

It told him: We are you.

In confirmation thereof I witnessed during my visit to the country of the goat the great celebrations of the day (۰۵/۱۰/۲۰۰۲) ۱۳۳rd birth anniversary of the martyred (we are you). We will never forget the placards which had been put on display in commemoration of his anniversary. Particularly, that placard which had been made of ۱۳۳ children who were sporting clothes as similar to the clothes of the person in whose commemoration this function had been arranged. They sang and danced in acceptance of (We) and the young ladies, who had black hairs playing on their hips and on the way, gyrating them in a beautiful circle intermittent with other circles as though they are sunflowers.

When smile appears it paints moon between their rosy front tooth which guides the sailors with the rhythm of sweet music towards

the safe shores so that their ships are anchored and dialogue goes on in silence between them and the spectators who were having fun on board; with ascension of rhythm on the music stairs and dimming the light on placard, the crackers wrote in the sky in bold letters (We are you), manual shouting by reading loudly what had been written in the sky. Little after the lights were on as usual and the flowery hair with the wave dance swims with air, a warm clapping continued until it returned calm to touch their hips and cross the buttocks. I noticed a dialogue in the language of eyes trying to shorten the distance between us and the performers. I felt that we both were touching the moon and we were on the peaks of taste, until candles were lit in each cell of our body declaring the oneness of nation. Why the candles are not lit in our cities so that we are one nation and so that we declare love for (We)!?

As if you are talking the language of people in the Heaven! The age of globalization talks about me and others and you are talking about (us).

Do not propagate the evils. There are pleasant things except that. Though the age of globalization does not accept sticking with the goat and singing songs in praise of her sweet milk, it does not accept the masters of statues either who have usurped the power and it does not accept them even willingly for more than two terms.

What is the view of globalization on Islamic sharia?

(For you (is) your religion, and for me (is) my religion).

Then what is the fault in this?

Generalization of Lexus car on the account of olive tree.

I wish it accepts the journey of the 'We' (I, you, she and he) in the Lexus car and having fun in the shadow of beautiful olive trees so that we graze together in the moonlight and on the every morning. I love you O the 'We'. I wish I had been a poet to write poems on you as the pasture people said poetry on the goat, ingredients of whose milk are running in the blood just as it was circulating in the shepherd's blood whose blood was shed on the day he was torn apart by a wolf from the forest of Hindus.

Dense clouds and darkness do not allow sight of the stars, flood of tears gusted when the stores were opened with the keys of sympathy, they might have made the pastures sunk if there had not

been the rainbow which painted in the sky the picture of the shepherd – the messenger of peace who will never be written off from the records of history.

Differences: someone in whose tribute the rainbow appears and the sky showers rain and someone saying whose name has caused lips and rivers get dried up.

Curse on the statue and his master and sincere love for the goat and her shepherd.

You truly said, ' Curse on the statue and his master and sincere love for the goat and her shepherd.' The goat butted out the armies of colonialists from India and the statue brought them to Iraq. The shepherd and the goat stand for peace in the eye of the nation and the statue and the master for hostility, injustice and terrorism.

The memory of shepherd brings eternity while the cemetery of the master creates fear. India prays for the person who introduced her to good taste and rolled out for her the silk of her back and from her leather it put on shoes. Curses of Iraqi women are tracing the master and expressing pleasure over the demolition of statue.

Who is that one who is golden-haired in whose praise you sing so fondly?

Before I could turn to see who was putting his both hands on my shoulders, I felt a power going down in my body and tearing me apart. As usual, I touched his hands and then saw him. I was bewildered to see the sky putting moon on my face. I said to myself what Younis (peace be upon him) had said: *(None has the right to be worshipped but You (O Allah), Glorified (and Exalted) are You. Truly, I have been of the wrong-doers).* Hence, the spoken words slipped from my mind and I was overwhelmed by the exclamatory marks. The moon is in front of me, who is going to believe! Shrilling of stars is a joy; tears are joy on the cheeks of the stubborn supporter; it wipes out from the mind which is spoken by the tongue in protest against one who has golden hairs. Laugh and intimacy, whenever its nectar was consumed its sweetness grew; our sights between our eyes draw us nearer to each other; whenever either of us felt need for a charge with a cuddling he could; whenever we got separated, the passion for love cuddled in our sights.

How is the Qabas and Muayid, O Muayid's mother?

Fine.

How are you O father of Muayid?

Fine.

Separation is unbearable.

Lo, we returned.

Do you remember the last scene we used to go together in the dream park?

A farewell in which the day pulled away from the night, and tears was a joy.

Yes, a farewell in which the day pulled away from the night and hence, he could see the day when a Buddhist family embraced Islam, the crying was a fun. The orator in his speech was a fun; he plucked delicious fruits from the Heaven and presented us in saffron-colored rose bouquets and fragrance of musk was mixed with the fragrance of amber. This made the language of protesters changing into the language of supporters and the family members joining their original family. The statues of the enlightened people are archived in the historical reminiscence after once they had been put in the grand museums, eternalizing the one who put his efforts and spent most of his life moving around as a harbinger of good deed.

I feel a lot of similarities between that day and this day of ours. I feel as if the day is pulling away from the night as it did on that day. I feel your words as though they are some kinds of fruits from the Heaven that please the heart and bring life back to it. They open the doors of insight so that it retrieves the memories that are kept safe in my heart.

I fully agree with you. Before it is too late, let's lit the candles on peaks of the mountains of love. Thereafter, we will spread over versant of the mountains; we make a painting with our lips without speaking a word so that they become our witness; and so that the prints of love remain like a grand palace in the records of criminal investigation; so that it remains in the bottom of my heart peacefully growing and I grow peacefully in the bottom of your heart. No matter how strong are the winds, we will remain unmoved; no matter how dense is the snowfall, we will keep on

melting; no matter how severe is the heat under the shadow, and sea breeze spreads the waves blowing towards us.

It appears that you passed into me as I passed into you.

I think I am stronger in passing than that of you.

Believe me, I am ahead. I spread into you from your head to toe and you invade me from farthest east to the farthest south. I came to you as an invader from west of the city and you invaded me. I ask you not to chop me into pieces; leave me as I had come to you, leave me; getting lost into the tremendous depth of sea, leave me; I swim, I graze, I sow I harvest, leave me. Getting lost into the sea shell, pearls, corals and precious stones, live me. With the color of evening glow, live me, in the divider it quenches my thirst; it satisfies my need for drinks, live me. Waves are flowing between the tides; the love inside you is devoted if listened to me. I am Saria in the fountain, leave me; Saria at top of the mountains. An appeal in which there is my love, my ears, my sight, treat me with mercy.

In the bottom of my heart you are at peaks of the mountain, a Saria above my sight, your hair flies like the flag with the breezes, then drops over the chest. I stand reciting, 'may the country live longer', until the beats whispers to me, you are my life. My heart moans like a child's groaning, which unravels my secret.

A cuddling encircles the kisses as if we are the mattresses in the state of charging; the talk stopped and only thing remained was stammering as a witness of the rolling out the distances, even if the earth trembles and electricity supply is discontinued. Communication in whose light the electricity is re-supplied to the switches one by one; resumption in which the mattresses are charged; thus, the word in the time of relaxation was a kiss. It is time to discharge the national duties; let's start our work.

One second, please.

Where?

Towards the mirror. Then I remembered; tell me: whom do you mean by the one having golden hair, smooth touch and sweet voice?

I have much respect and regard for her.

O my God! Have respect for me.

You deserve all respect and regard.

Don't take me by your tongue.

Smooth touch, beautiful apparel, one having golden hair and sweet voice..

Please, I don't want to listen.

Don't be angry, I mean the goat.

What has a goat to do with your flattering talk?

You should read what I wrote.

Excuse me! This is the matter which is beyond my control.

But where is the mutual trust that we agreed to maintain?

I know that the trust builds palaces and skyscrapers out of love. I know that suspicion may destroy them if it nested in their corners or amidst the walls. Excuse me, I am wrong, excuse me.

Anyway, the goat is a national issue; the spinning wheel contained a fire that enlightened each house of the Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims and the Confucians. It enabled women to participate in the political, economical and social issues who were deprived of exercising their rights, liabilities and responsibilities before. They became vital partner in all matters in the age of the shepherd.

The goat resisted the colonialists; she liberated the country; a sign was inscribed in the shepherd's heart; her voice runs in his self as it runs in the heart of the people; in the ears of the colonialist her voice was a thunder followed by the storms and earthquakes; clouds followed by more clouds, thunders and thunderbolts till they finally departed.

Parties in every fields and streets; hour of the time records audio and visual cassettes; education on the mats; milk with smooth touch is food for all ages. The number of Graduates is on rise; with migration there is departure and farewell; with knowledge there is the advancement; laws of peace are in the transcendent heads as a competition between goat and her daughter. This made the shepherd aggrieved when she was separated from her mother against her will.

The expectations of the shepherd were true on the day when the goat and her daughter were forced to separate from each other. The forcible separation of daughter from her mother lacerates our hearts. But since we did not have a choice except to choose either of the twos, we accepted the separation for the departure. Though it is quite painful for me, we are still confident that the younger

daughter will definitely be a mother and will be able to assume her responsibilities, posing a challenge that will enable her to break the records in the free competitive market in an unexpected time, he said.

What is your opinion?

You have made a good choice. Of course, it is Opera of East in which the history is made and freedom is withdrawn gradually.

(۳)

We are on the exit stairs that move by the will power. We were dazzled by those lights and crowd from everywhere – from the sides, below and up. There were thousands of escalators being carried by the law of floating, and the similar law of diving deep. Likewise, the spectators' mouths were glowing with reciprocal greetings.

Rest house was waiting for us: Welcome, you are in the moving cafeteria of the moving tower. You are here nearby amidst the crowd surrounding you in the peace circle. Here you are looking towards them in floating or diving movement. When we were listening to the talk Umm Muya'id fell down on the floor.

What is the matter ... what happened to you?

Dizziness!!

Our tongues were about to repeat the word (dizziness) in surprise that Umm Muya'id spoke while falling down. Umm Muya'id was under excellent diagnosis of the doctor, who was having his seat in my eyes. This helped her retain her consciousness and provided her with immunity.

What happened to her, O doctor?

Gentlemen! As you know that you are in the cafeteria of gazers who have ability to pierce that made arrows of someone penetrate the eyes of Umm Muayid afflicting her three threads of capillaries of intelligence and conceit.

What is the solution?

Everything returned to its normal position after correction.

How are you, O my sweetheart?

Fine. Dizziness, and now it is over.

Excuse me, Doctor! I am expecting dizziness.

Look into my eyes. You are right. There is a possibility.

What is the reason, doctor?

Its reason is dizziness of Umm Muayid in the revolving cafeteria of the revolving tower.

This is true. Now I don't sense any attack of dizziness.

We are still in the nice rest house; it holds the hands of Umm Muayid and asks us, 'Please have our seat.' Have everything from nature and more, she said. We have zaatar orange juice, coronal

mango juice, musk-flavored grape juice; we have fresh dates and delicious meat of birds as well as rainbow-colored fishes.

The reply was on the tip of yummy tongue before our tongues could speak, 'we want that all.' Just as a child when he sees the toys he wants to have all of them with no exclusion.

This cafeteria has the bests; everything is far better than the better one. I spent sixty years of my life in this cafeteria and still I could not single out the best among the bests.

I didn't take time and whispered in the ears of our beloved host: I thought she was not more than eighteen years of age, nonetheless, she claims to have worked in this cafeteria only for sixty years.

You should not be surprised for those who had opportunity to work in the bottom of the heart. Their condition will be just like her.

I wish I had the chance!

We had sweet drinks and ate bird's meat. We also had fun with the fresh dates.

What do you think about going back to home or would you like to take some rest before going back. We don't like to sleep, take us wherever you like.

Then, let's go to see the statue that resisted the invaders until he attained martyrdom.

A statue resists the invaders and attains martyrdom!!

Yes.

What is the story of that statue?

It was a dream in the master's mind that turned to be a reality. The painters were provided description and he was given a form of the master. Sycophants in their celebrations sing in praise of the newborn for the qualities and characteristics of beauty it had before you could see him. Acquaint companies offer bids to build it. The close relatives had an honor in the security perspective,

which had won Hitler Peace and Construction Award. Observing no partiality, the bid was awarded with direct assignment, and there were scuffles among the honored men.

His hands should be at his both sides.

No, one of his hands should be raised as described in the Hitler image.

His eyes should be wide and of pure gold.

I agree with you on the wideness of his eyes but I don't agree with you that it should be of pure gold.

As if you are saying that the master does not deserve all of that.

I seek forgiveness of Allah! I wanted to say that they should rather be of pure diamond. They should be black to show the original Arab image and to safeguard extinction of this specie.

The eyes of master should be honey-colored to go along with the diamond mixture that he was blessed by the Creator.

Reports are submitted one by one. Summons is served in which the person raising objection on the pure gold is sentenced to be killed by bullets and who opined to be of pure diamond is rewarded. Army is ordered to execute the first one and hand over his body to his noble family, and then reward is given to the second one in front of his family members.

The execution order is implemented and the body is handed over to the family. The breaths are choked by lamentation, unconsciousness and tears. Reports on the reactions are presented one by one. Instant orders were the decisive responses to strengthen love with the public and to show the good intentions. Instructions are given to the executors to enjoy full freedom with all affected members of the family. According to that, death sentence is issued and executed for all those people who lamented loudly and those whose tears choked in their hearts as well as the women who fell unconscious. The telephonic communications provided all minute details with an exaggeration, thereby seeking proximity to the master and his sycophants.

The rewarding committee on a presidential mission came to the house of the thinker's family who asked that the eyes of the statue

should be of diamond and found only the dead bodies in the pool of blood. The telephonic conversations are intense with the operation theaters.

Burial of the bodies is ordered to be made in a mass graveyard and then reward right on the marble should be inscribed and put on the grave so that it shows the graves of the people rewarded by the government.

One of the neighbors bolted his house's door when he saw the vehicles of the reward committee standing in front of his house, and then their reward was spraying bullets – only for the sake of Allah.

The order was to demolish the house despite its all eight occupants. If there are visitors together with them, for each one of them a point on Richter scales to measure seismogram.

Local news bulletins and newspapers publish earthquake records 8.0 degree plus 3.0 on Richter scale hitting house of the citizen (Tha'alab bin Qateet al Kharayyaf, Australian) and destroying all of them. All neighbors are alerted and cautioned as the earthquake may recur more than once in the next 24 hours. The government expresses its sorrow over the increasing number of earthquakes and being them out of its control.

The master visits mass graveyards to ascertain beyond doubt that the execution has been fully carried out by the government which did not leave any stone unturned for the sake of stability and security. The bulletins and newspapers publish the master reciting verses of surah Fatiha showing sympathy to the victims of Richter scale.

The committees assigned to follow up the grand national mission and its execution agreed that the bone structure of the statue should be of ivory, the intestines of silk, the skin of black sponge, shoes of doe leather imbedded with pearls and Chinese corals; as regards the hat, it should be from America and cigarette from Hawaii. The proposal was raised before the master. It is approved provided the American hat should be replaced with the Japanese one and the Russian belt is added for support.

The central Bank transfers sufficient funds to import the necessary items for construction to ensure that the execution is of local origin. Execution started and the project was completed soon. There are widespread celebrations in the cities drooling over the great national achievement.

Few years later, the war was imposed; the ostrich disappeared in the sea of sands and the statue assumed the seat of power. He proved to be a strong leader; he issued orders to the soldiers: Stand firm; don't turn your backs on them; kill them wherever you find them; resist them without fear and hesitation; you will be martyred on the soil of the country and life will be for you in the high skies.

A voice comes from behind as a thunderbolt, 'Go thou, and thy Lord, and fight ye two, while we sit here (and watch).' Despite that only the statue was there to spearhead. He neither surrendered to the invading tanks that circumvented him from all sides nor to the fighters who besieged him with the arrows aiming at his chest. He remained unmoved in the field until his arrest. The order of hang till death was executed on him and his dead body was made an example. It became a historic event.

At a time his mortal remains were being pulled and kicked by the shoes. There were the people who tried to steal some his parts as booty of war. There were strong argument among a few of them to take the most possible share as his parts are dear and made of precious stones like pearls, corals, gold, diamond and natural silk. All were wonderstruck to see that everything was made of cement and local brick! All of them were laughing at one another. Where the funds of those agreements that had been signed are! Where the funds that had been transferred abroad on the evidence stronger than the sin are?

It is truly said: The day when the situation turned worse and the ostrich hid her head in the sand and the game was over as said by Mr. Al Doury, Representative of Iraq in the UNO, no one in the field stood firm except the statue. He accepted confrontation with the colonialists and aggressors. He stood firm and did not retreat

at all. He fell down on the ground on his face as a martyr, though he did not speak out the words of shahadah.

O my God! A history that is full of lessons and a history that chokes with tears.

I didn't get you.

Lesson from the goat and the spinning wheel and the tears fill the hearts for one whom the statue signifies.

Remember your deceased with sympathy.

You are right: Sympathy should be with the righteous dead people whose fetters and cuffs are still witness of the aggressors' crime that fettered their necks and hands while they were in the graves. Sympathy should be with the souls that ascended to the Heaven so that they are the witness of the person who forcibly separated them from their bodies; sympathy with those who opened the decaying bones. Let the curse follow those who once followed. Let the thirst of hearts get quenched.

Don't forget to seek grace of Allah for the martyrs and deceased in the country graveyards who are yet to be declared dead. Remember if you had a kin to have martyred in the Saddam way, you will find the remains of his ID with remains of his body as an evidence of government's mercy upon the public and their properties. I strongly recommend you to take along your identification documents so that your remains are recognized if you are suddenly killed while crossing the street.

What will be the case with the children who are too young to obtain the identification documents if anyone of them is suddenly killed far from the street?

Be careful.

How will I be careful and the need forces them to be on the street throughout the day?

You should distinguish their clothes and shoes; you should leave a metallic coin in their pockets everyday or put earrings on their ears with certain numbers that lead you to them.

I mark the boys with what that pertains to their sisters as if there is no difference in the creation!!

The necessity has its own rules. The inhabitants in the countries of dictators are distinguished only by the numbers. They are like cars (numbers on the metals plates).

Everything is expected.

The expected one is not frightening. The frightening one is the unexpected one. So, be careful.

Because there is an unfair government you will have surprises, no matter the carefulness you observe. Thus, I entrust God with our matters. As a result of that, whatever precautions and safety measures the government takes, it will coincide with the unexpected one in time, place or matter. America, for example, was not bewildered at what was expected. In contrary, what bewildered them was the unexpected one. The bewilderment is always like the body's shadow that does not leave the unexpected one, by which the World Trade Center was devastated, shaking the base of Pentagon and causing terror to the most powerful country of the world. By taking caution and safety measure you may stave off the grave consequences of the expected one. For this, the plans are laid down and future is envisaged and without that there are surprises.

Why we are not keen for the expected one in order to acquire knowledge of every small and big things.

You can't, even if you are keen.

Then, there is no way out from the decisive surprise.

Don't be despair of the Allah's grace.

As if you want to tell me a new dogma of the passive resistance so that you are entitled as Gandhi of Globalization.

Passive resistance is an action. If you work, you will get. That's why the shepherd worked with the goat, spinning wheel and high values until he attained his goal. One who works will get the reward. What kind of reward do you mean?

Of course, he will reap what he has sown. That's why the master of statue reaped what he had sown. He sowed disgrace and difference between husband and wife and thus, reaped betrayal. As if the shepherd is saying the goat's words: I am the country, I am

freedom, I am social justice, and I am the nation. Master of the statue seems to say: I'm everything.

All that we watched on the international TV channels. Anyway, where is the master?

Don't say, 'Where is the master?' Say, 'Where is the ostrich's head?'

You are right. What is the truth in what is happening in Iraq?

A young lady blessed by Allah with the beauty of the two rivers (Iraq) dreams a bugbear sitting on her chest; her breathings are fast; she is in need of little sound to bring her back to the life. She is engaged in a battle that she may lose; she thinks to cry (help...help); she does not cry but inside her heart that could not push the words out. There was disappointment in the troubled soul; death is a liberation from all the evils; I hope not to be punished twice; shouting will not return life to me which seems to have ended; my brothers who escaped electrical shocks on the day the soldiers of the dictators attacked them brutally; we hope they are in the care and protection of Allah and that they had been able to migrate to the peaceful land.

The father, who was preparing for dawn prayer, heard a strangled voice and he approached to that. He found as though her daughter wanted to move but she was not able to. He approached her asking, 'what is the matter, O Noor?' What happened to you, O Noor?' No response. He held her shoulders but for no response. Her mother heard the voice of her father getting louder and so she hurried and put off the blanket asking, 'What is the matter?' Get me little water, Noor is in danger. Father gets a cup of cold water and splashes it with all force on Noor's face and she resumes breathing. Get up! Offer your prayer for Allah the Almighty. It's time for dawn prayer. I will never believe that dawn has arrived. See towards the window, praise be to Allah the bugbear is over, which makes my words strangle with my breathing in the darkness of cage.

Celebrations in every household sing with the sunrise; Minarets of knowledge roll out stairs and the paths with luxurious carpets; the students' anthems are in the state of embracement with the enthusiastic speeches; support telegrams exchange greeting at local and international level. People in their celebrations are attacked with abuses and snatches; signs of exclamation and surprise as well

as the signs of interrogation are at every tongue. Values under the feet are something unbearable, heated arguments (get out .. never ... get out ... never). The clash between the Iraqi maid and the assaulters was the ultimate end.

A young lady in her way to the university is raped in the broad daylight. Her clothes are torn apart and her breasts are open in front of the assaulters. Thereafter, the veil was pulled away from her head. Her black hair was as a cover which might have covered her body, had there not been strong wrestling winds causing exposure of some of her hidden parts which played in front of the assaulters. On her glowing cheeks, there are tears soaked with kohl making her black eyes exquisite.

Though I am extremely angry, the beauty that Allah has given to all His creatures may not match the beauty that he has blessed the Iraqi women. Tears of rose grew; the sparrows make race; I should take a gold dust from over the cheeks. No doubt, all of us feel pain; without that we see the tear as fun on the cheeks before they are picked away by the sparrows. It looks gorgeous when flow with the kohl and more so when the color of spectrum reflect therein. It is more beautiful than both of the above when few of them drop on the earth and under the shadows of sparrows' wings which glorify Allah just like the tear.

The shouting gets louder: O Sunnah, O Shia, O the people of religions and moral values come to a single conclusion, rescue me. An assault that is not permissible in the religions. How do you want me to sleep and make love with an assaulter who scarred my body and the bleeding caused by his claws? Will you allow this to happen with your daughters, wives and beloved ones? If you allowed or some of you allowed this unfairly, is it believable that making love with the assaulters will give them the taste enabling them to roam about the two rivers (Iraq) and that it will end the hatred buried in my heart since the day I was paraded naked against my will?

She was taken to a secluded place to announce her marriage and to sign the marriage contract in absence of her guardian and against her will before the respected members of the security council that did not pay any attention to the religious tenets of the Muslims

according to which, a Muslim woman can not be married off to a non-Muslim man.

As the bridegroom entered, the power tripped off.

The victim whispered to herself: We wish that the light continues to be off and there is no dawn thereafter so that I do not see his ugly face.

I am your lover who manumitted you from the dictator.

I kept sleeping during the days of the dictator. But I will spend your days in resistance.

O my sweetheart, I will make you the world's renowned Middle Eastern lady.

Is this reasonable that a victim is a beloved one? Leave me alone! I am daughter of this soil (Iraq) whose civilization prevailed in the world. I know that Islam is my religion, so if you did not leave, I swear by God that you'll be deported.

I have dizziness, let me sleep.

I'll never leave you. Suffocation due to severity of arsons, medications to save what may be saved, oxygen masks are put on the mouth of the bridegroom, discharge from hospital, at the time of arrival at the house there is explosion in some of the gas pipes, vehicles of fire brigade is running fast and supporting airplanes are flying at low heights. Tiresome wait, the teams could join the exploded pipes, the bridegroom takes second step towards the house and suddenly the water pipes explode. Speeding vehicles for rescue have clashes, the bridegroom falls into the pool, the efforts of rescue teams are scattered, fatigue with sleeplessness, minds are unable to think properly, double-minded between this and that, still it is not clear what is better and wonder: are the words of the victim true or it is just fit of rage that will go over? Everyone is waiting. Election is round the corner and number of booby-trapped vehicles is on rise; number of volunteers was less yesterday and the borders are open which are difficult to control.

Efforts to contact the victim went in vain. Have I not told you that my resistance will be tough and my violence is intensifying day by day? Throughout the history the assault is resisted with all violence and vigor, particularly in the Arabian countries, always resulting in the victory of resistance and defeat of the assaulters. Most of the nations in the world have experienced some sort of attacks on the

country. The Ethiopians attacked on some of its countries with force, and by force they were expelled. Persia entered conquering some of its parts and went out defeated by force as the Tatars subdued before. Turks, Romans, Spanish, English, French and Italians conquered it. Likewise, America did not take lessons from its experience in Libya, Beirut and Somalia. They came again attacking me. No doubt, I will attain freedom and once again will play my role in the world arena.

Sir, the Arabs by their nature, submit to each other even if some of them are an aggressor but they can never submit to an outside invader. They love martyrdom and feel honored for it. Therefore, death is afraid of them but they are not afraid of death. In the teachings of their values is, 'One who seeks death gets life.' I spent days of the dictator sleeping and stayed safe from being buried in his mass graveyard till the Day of Resurrection. I have about twenty five million cells in my body without my will. Beyond doubt, there will remain some one million cells asking for death in order to get life. One who did not study the history should see what is happening in the occupied Palestine where life is being taken away by the stones day by day.

For your knowledge, O the assaulter, one who carefully studies our history knows that throughout the history we stand for the wars – some were imposed upon us and some we imposed upon others – and still, this is not over. Not a nation on the earth offered such sacrifices that we did. The rule of joint Arab defense is still effective. Thus, responsibility of freeing and defending every part of its occupied land falls on its inhabitants plus the volunteers from other parts and what may be supplied through the borders implicitly or explicitly, even if some governments point to the others.

The game is over.

Which game?

The country of Rasheed is being sold out, and you are asking 'which game!'. Sun in the sky and world television channels are relaying what they are allowed to relay from the battlefields, of which, we assessed to be the fiercest battle but we saw the tanks and invading armies enter peacefully. Where are the army generals,

its army staffs, brigadiers and the squads? Where are the highly devoted guards of the master (the reliable belts)? I don't believe that they hatched conspiracy altogether. Rather, I believe, they were commanded to withdraw and pull out from the front positions and then to stay away from all combating missions.

No soldier was seen resisting or even having a gun in his hand. How did this happen and the observers two days ago since the beginning of the game were professing resistance. They were watching and listening to radio bulletins providing the news (a number of victims in every place) and its last one was about the fierce fight at the airport. What a beautiful game before the end it was! And how ugly at the end it is!

As though you would like to provide that there was an agreement between the master and the negotiators, who could not be detected by the laser rays. An agreement seeking the master's departure from the capital and that he does not declare his surrender or pullout in order to save his face. It was in exchange of releasing all the fighters and leaving heavy arms in the army camps so that they are handed over for free of cost.

Where are the army staff and field commanders!? Is this rational that they all leave their positions at the same time unless they are given orders from their master? Had it been mutiny or conspiracy on the part of some army staff, blood in the capital streets and alleys might have swept away the buildings to the river. Can one forget what Hajjaj bin Yousuf Al Thaqafi had once said: (I see some heads which have ripened and it is time to pluck them)? Can one forget the rules of war seeking to kill all who have dreamt to possibly pull off from their positions in the battlefields?

Have I not told you that this is a new game? This is an agreement in which the master and his family (wife and daughters) will remain fully safe if they hand over the keys of the city. The game as they drafted is a card – card for a card from \ to ◦ • numbers. Because, these are the agreements which could not be detected by the laser rays, fate of the master therein will continue to be the same for a short while. He will never be given the card which had been once provided to Hitler (whose fate is still unknown). Because, it is a card game; he has the opportunities that make a card out of him

that may be used in the next presidential elections, albeit it will not be successful again.

Alas! Despite all out efforts by the world media it could not be made visible, making the novel unable to narrate how they ceded Baghdad. These are the secrets, following which the US President George Bush declared that the war was over.

The development was shocking for some of the former army commanders and the leaders of Al Baath Party, and so, they decided not to give in. No doubt, they would be maintaining confidential rapport with the immediate and non-immediate neighboring countries – rappers with some governments and some inhabiting tribes and some Jihadi organizations which will not hesitate in giving support to the force.

Game is over – the game in which the opposition laughed at America when they provided them with the solution in a dish in London. America thought it to be a silver dish but in fact, it was a dish of palm leaves. Surprisingly, it was not revealed until the completion of the assaults. In this game, most of the twenty-five million cells laughed at the person who presented the dish in their name and at the same time, at the person to whom the dish had been presented. The palm leaves caught fire without distilling the silver. It expanded to burn off all those who thought to be able to calm it down. Fire that was set by the victim's anger will never cool down except for Ibrahim who had the ability to raise the bases of the Ka'abah.

Who will this Ibrahim be?

Ibrahim was (equal to) a nation, obedient to Allah and therefore, the fire was cooled down and turned peaceful on him. So, when the nation stands for Ibrahim, it can easily extinguish the fire – no matter, how much firewood has been put on that.

An instance of laughing destroys the entire country!

Though it is an instance, it is new after the assault for which the bridegroom could not pacify the bride's anger. It forced him to coin the theory (against me and against my enemies) in which the magic turns back to the magician and the mathematical equation turns tantamount to zero. This fact calls for more such games that will set fire at the red lines between Sunni and Shiite sects, between those returning with a dish of palm leaves and those who

were the prime target; between those who think inclusively and those who do not find the solutions except in division.

You are right! This is the fire of evil which may only be calmed down by an Ibrahim.

On the first night of the marriage, the bridegroom's white clothes get invisible in the heavy darkness and the dark blood. The bleeding is unstoppable and headache intensifies. The victim poses challenge. She sings and dances every night and day on pleasant songs (everyday the resistance kills about one or two American soldiers and a number of injured), trilling cries of joy depict a heroic poetry in the heart of the bride; mosques' azans and churches' bells are delighted over the increasing number of Muslims; hearts of the people offering the prayers are sad and their pain is growing over the death of innocent people. For the first time, I knew the difference between dance of the prostitutes and the honorable people; each has its own music; some of them are inebriated while some of them are in the state of ecstasy.

A hit on the head will make you dizzy if it does not bring you on the ground. When the victim was arrested, her chest was exposed in front of the assaulters despite her reluctance. She was barefoot. Her beautiful legs were naked. Her hairs were overhanging up to her knees. So, the dizziness was for the decency she had been taught in a noble family. She regained her consciousness and was full of rage. She hit the invaders from such a position he could not have imagined; it caused him severe dizziness, making him in a state that he was unable to see anything except black and white (with us or against us) putting efforts to tie her up with the ropes. Her condition became fiery that caught in their ropes and batons. Her tongues were coming out of the heart. This is a fire that can only be extinguished by an Ibrahim.

The black gold in the pipes – from wells to the booby-trapped vehicles – catches fire. Precious gifts and the valuable monuments from the museums to the bags of diplomats are their contribution to obliterate the signs of civilization. The scattered earrings of the victim, her jewelries and her precious stones if collected, will build a palace of Umme Qasr in the Heaven. The bride is a bride without her jewelries. Her spongy touch is like a piece from the Heaven. Every night she celebrates the events. She utters trills of

joys on the martyrs' mothers who trill joyously for the entity who do not harm any innocent. She overhangs to hug the children of stones and the pride emanates from their lips towards her moonlike forehead. The pride kisses it in peace, making lips write between the eyebrows a story title (Soil of the Country is Musk Loved by the Martyrdom).

The stars bow down in fear of God. Peace of the night talks peacefully without any movement. It concealed a secret in which there is light to become visible in the morning when the sun will rise, it will talk.

I wish they understand!

Who do you mean?

The assaulters, I wish they know how we think! How do we understand? When do we accept? When do we reject and why?

It is quite true. If they are not aware of our customs, beliefs and culture, they can never understand our condition that requires us to write a story with our blood (Soil of the Country is like Musk Loved by the Martyrdom).

Some believed that their arrival, as they claim, was to teach democracy. And therefore, they supported and chanted slogans. Some of them believed that they were the masters of architects and therefore, they came forward and registered. Some other people believed that they were market traders and thus, they bartered trade.

And the truth was.

A card game (profit and loss).

When will this game be over?

When the confidence come there.

A condition that needs time.

The time suffices to teach the dictators and the assaulters.

If they are taught, can they have confidence?

Though placing confidence is a difficult task, life stands for the experiences. The cat performed Hajj though he did not stay at Arafa.

I did not get you.

I mean their situation is like that of the cat.

What was the situation of cat?

In the forbidden months no fighting is allowed unless the believers are forced despite their reluctance. So, the cat showed good intention during this period with the rat, particularly his intention to perform the hajj duty. The cat went on the pilgrimage as a penance for the sins that had piled on him the heavy burden and completed the rites by making tawaf, sa'ie and getting blessing of the holy places and great signs. After his return to his country, the family and the neighbors were happy. When the rats heard about the return of the Hajj (the one who has performed the Hajj-duty) they called each other to discuss the matter. All of them agreed to visit the hajj and greet him for performing the hajj duties except one who opposed rats visiting the cat citing him as their enemy and enemy of their noble forefathers. So, one should not visit him. Notwithstanding, all went to the hajj to greet him except that rat.

When the group of rats reached, the Hajj hugged them warmly while the rats did the same in fear. All sat to share the words with each other. During this period, the hajj showed some skillful actions indicating his return to his old habits. When it comes to his mind that he is a hajj, he tries to calm himself down and starts showing smiles to all the rats as though there was an amicable relation between them even for a short while. But, the rats felt it a very long period because of his terror in their hearts. When all rats came back to the village, that opponent rat praised God for they had returned safely from near the enemy. How the hajj was after his return, he asked. The crowd replied: We testify by Allah that he is a hajj and signs of the hajj are visible on him but his mustaches, flapping and jumps (hopping) are still as they were.

Then as if he did not go on pilgrimage.

Yes, it seems so. But as the saying goes the hand which you cannot bite, kiss it. This is an aggressive force. If you do not stop it, it will impact everyone. We, the society of rats have minds capable of invading the earth and whatever on it; we in the farms are farmers; in the houses are workers; in the warehouses are guards; so, there is no need to confront until the right time comes.

One who relies on his power, a day will come when he will be destroyed. But one who relies on his mind can realize his goals in

the best manner and with less cost. For the time is enough to teach and overcome the dictators, why don't we bet on that? As the scientific advancement is capable of narrowing the distances, why don't we bet on that?

Yes, the solution lies in the genetic engineering which will enable the scientists to clone two species in single specie – cat-like body and rat-like brain and conversely rat-like body and cat-like brain. Then only, there will be peace in the world. When the cat will think with the brain of rat, he will never think of attacking and assaulting on it and when the rat will think with the cat's brain, it will regard him as a brother and friend.

Thus, the science may build a small village and assault may demolish a living village. The number of mass graveyards will continue to increase and in the same way, the consumption of marbles on which certificates of innocence are inscribed by the government.

No one can easily laugh at the rats while it is easy in case of the cats.

How?

Serve a poisonous piece of meat or cheese to the cats; they will not hesitate in eating them up. And serve the same to the rats, they will hesitate to do so. After a short deliberation, they will push one of their small children to taste it and then they will wait. If it suffers and dies, they will never approach that again. Such brain is trumped by that of the cats that start eating unhesitantly even if the food is poisonous!

Don't get puzzled. One, who takes decision without forethought, will be more exposed to the danger and will have to face the unexpected one.

Since the time I heard talks about the unexpected one, I hope and wish it doesn't take much time.

Being an ostrich, the master and his statue remaining standstill in the battlefield were unexpected. It was expected that safety and

peace will prevail and the opposition will take the rein in their hand soon after their arrival on the soil of the motherland, where they had been deprived by the master the right of living in peace. But what happened was entirely unexpected. The young lady assaulted on her way to the university, got freedom. The assaulter set out in an unexpected time. Day peeled off the night. The sun melted the ice and made the rainbow in the sky that rained heavily on the pasture. The military maps were rolled out as they were before their presentation for the soldiers. The moon sent down its kisses for the inhabitants of the earth. People's sights narrowed the distance between the earth and the sky and kissed the moon. Kisses are like bouquet being exchanged. The guardian appeared as a legal attorney; the wedding parties extended to the cities, villages and banks of the two rivers (Euphrates and Tigris). The bride dries her smooth soft body and wraps up her hairs with towel; the beauty appears to be a piece of the Heaven; the feminism ensconced in each cell of the body attracting all who had been able to see her; people's eyes which had been able to see her could embrace the beauty; and sent kisses to the moon; stars sing; sparrows are like a focal band; the rhythm is of love breeze and love is the vanguard. The spectators had pure love in their heart and there sounded anthem of greeting and saluting.

Then only, we knew that that giant statue was built in appreciation of the role played by that statue which fell martyred in the battlefield. Through we knew the game which was over and still its stages, breaks and heroes have not been declared.

We knew that the time will certainly discover the mass cities (graveyards) built on account of the citizen in architect and housing in the metropolitans, cities and Arab villages. This will certainly demolish the statues built for the masters; it will certainly overthrow the unjust governments and will remove the thorns impeding the people's movement towards exercising their sovereignty with their will.

We saw the beauty of the lady of the land of two rivers (Euphrates and Tigris) which talked to us fluently, politely, decently and courteously. There was sophisticated feminism in her lingo, look, and in all her activities. Her beauty was a master in the field, full of

confidence strengthened by the belief that turned the storms from its places without moving a bit from its place. There is a culture and civilization in her beauty. How strong she was! She did not compromise and was not weak; she was neither afraid nor did she surrender until she got her freedom, protecting her chastity, values, history and beauty.

Don't forget that the tragedy she suffered is, in fact, the tragedy of the entire nation. The mass graveyards that got certificates of appreciation from the governments of Linden Forest will remain witness to enjoying freedom in a fair democratic manner, which made the number of martyrs in the country more than the martyrs on its cause. The day will come when the dictators will be at loss despite considering themselves to have been welcomed. The day will come when their self will be witness to their loss and the people's bugbears will be withdrawn from over their hearts which had once been graveyards and abodes for sorrows and mourning.

Saria, it seems that you have been affected too much.

I have a heart so how will I not be affected?

Not all who have the heart are affected. The matter is related to the values that make hearts and consciousness meaningful. A man sans values is a sack which accepts to be filled even with the garbage, and with the values he is regarded as high-ranked as gold. I agree with you. The important thing is that I have a sense which refuses contempt. I stand up to save my dignity, my nation, my religion, my customs and my values. Inversely, I feel pleasure when graces are prevailing upon me and my above concerns.

While writing these lines I received a breaking news (Last night on 13/12/2003 the master was arrested) in a tiny cellar in his hometown Tikrit. I said to myself: The election card has been played. This is the card which will enable the Republicans and the President George Bush to win the next election for the second time – in my opinion, it will never happen. This is like what they say (The producer likes this way); his sons were killed as a new condition of the game which sometimes throws away some cards if either of the parties feels loss or defeat or even only for being prepared for that.

Saria said: Bad news. The master is arrested in a tiny cellar and his published photographs do not match the statue from any angle.

Untrimmed hair and apparent insomnia on his pale face, I wish he were killed or died but not produced in such a pathetic manner. While we are talking, Abu Tamn arrived. He is not loyal to the master or his rule, but tears are flowing from his eyes and it seems that he is averse to insult to the leaders even if they are an opponent.

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Now we need some rest to change our present condition into better one.

Wherever you like, my friend?

Towards Jauhara.

Where is this Jauhara?

It is located in a corner of our house.

That illuminating block?

That's Jauhara.

We welcome our noble guests. Please come.

I and Saria uttered at once, 'How can we enter? There is water logging around the entrance.'

Where is water? See, I am standing and moving from one end of the entrance to another.

Please enter. There are shields of glasses between us and water of that lake (pointing out to the lake in front of Jauhara).

Once again I talk to Saria wondering, 'How she is pointing to that lake and water is almost under our feet.' And once again our friends Noor and Nayer, our guests, burst into laughing.

While trying to suppress her laughing, she said, 'Please come.' This is Jauhara plastered with glasses. The water you are watching under the feet is only the reflection of the lake's water.

We will not enter until you enter first. If we found you drowning into the water, we will call the rescue team and if not, we will follow you.

No one was drowned.

Hey, enter.

Are you sure that you are fine and not drowned?

Laughing... laughing... laughing... then we entered as Bilqees entered with Sulaiman (peace be upon him) after we tucked up our clothes and his shoes were under his armpit.

Laughing was almost prevailing over the Jauhara.

You are welcome. Please have your seat on the sofas and I am at your beck and call.

What is this smooth lighting? And what is this soft breeze? I turned my eyes here and there and said, 'What are these beautiful eyes? By God, they are pearls of the Heaven.'

After taking the juices that nourish the soul, our friends stopped and said together, 'Please come inside'.

We both stopped together, 'where to enter?'

Inside the heart of Jauhara.

Where are we now if not still in its heart?

We are in the reception corner.

We stepped into the lift with other people and our companion was saying, 'welcome', pointing to get out of it. I thought some sort of technical fault had occurred in the lift. I was the first to get out and rushed to another lift. My friend held me immediately saying, 'Come here, we have reached'.

We reached where?

On hundred-fiftieth floor.

I said loudly: "As though you want to prove we are mad. The lift did not move from its place and you are saying, 'Welcome in the heart of Jauhara on hundred-fiftieth floor. It is very strange. We believe in Allah the Almighty and His angels, books and messengers. Don't have any doubt in us, O my brothers!'

He was holding me by my arms and pulling me towards the balcony saying, 'Have a look.' We were overlooking from the top that entrance over which the light was on and through which, we had entered the Jauhara.

I said, 'I'm sorry. It seems that I had giddiness when we entered the lift and I have recovered just now.'

No, you did not have any giddiness but the knowledge here are the lighting houses with no dust over it and which entered our lighting houses, permeating to our minds. The lifts do not move by electricity or laser rays. Rather, it moves by the paranormal force.

But O my friend, I felt no movement and I'm sure that there is no key in the lift to be claimed by your that someone had pressed its up or down button.

You are right. All matter is about a word and not the keys.

But I heard no one giving any order.

The gazers do not seek permission from anybody if they want to enter and power of their entrance is silence and meditation or gaiety and smile.

But where is the word you are talking about?

Silence is a word. Gaiety is a word. Smile is a word and all that contains a matter. Is this not so?

Of course, these are words.

The workers in the heart of Jauhara are as though they are beautifully sketched. When they drink water you see it going down their throat as though their throats are made of glasses. As regards their voices, no mother gave birth to a child who can express the outflows of emotions and thoughts as they do. When they laugh, you feel as though they are angels. If one wanted to know the signs of Creator in His creation of beauty, he should dive deep and visit here. While talking to myself I found Saria busy in talking to herself. What's the matter with you?

I cannot reveal you about myself. What is this beauty that the children have been blessed with?

O Saria, no beauty can match with that of the children.

Leaning towards me, 'It seems you are just like me.'

I am more, but we are in the heart of Jauhara.

For how long will we remain so?

Until we return to relax in our house.

I feel as though the control keys are on the steep slope.

It seems as though I am on the wing of an airplane and I am expecting it to fall down on my head at any moment.

They are calling us.

Yes. We are coming.

Let's enter the information center where students are in constant touch and all the languages are translated instantly. One who talks to you in his mother tongue, you understand him without a mediator. In the same way, he understands your mother tongue without a mediator, by merely meeting in the language control corner. If you are in another continent, you have to pay lifetime subscription charges for connecting your entire house with the information control network. Then, even your dreams will be translated in all languages and will be shared with all subscribers. Therefore, this age will be the age of exchanging dreams.

Please come to this side where you can see the living sciences. I hope that you are not overwhelmed by the decency, depriving you of thinking about the movement of feelings, thoughts and emotional movement. We also hope that the control key will be in your able grip.

I said to myself, it appears that I will fail this time in this examination. But – praise is due to Allah – I passed successfully along with Saria. We watched lovemaking and parental emotions and knew what makes it weak or strong. After seeing this with our naked eyes, we knew the cause of distrust in the political science, marital science, neighbor science, loan and economic sciences and the national science. We saw the cheating tactics in the exams and learnt sciences of telling a lie that enabled us to expose the governments' lies and ways of forging the election results, justification of increasing success ratio in psephological sciences at the presidential and parliamentarian levels. We saw the presidents how and when they put off their clothes; when they urinate unintentionally and when they don't have time for that. We were very much delighted when we knew that the king was naked on the day when beautiful child had cried.

Thereafter, we moved to the physics engineering section and saw how an embryo is formed – in the first moment of pleasure in which semen meets the ovary. We noticed the great possibilities which were making it free from the negative genes. We noticed how the beauty is injected to make the embryo more beautiful and handsome. We noticed how they play with the embryos and possibility of gender transformation – making male female and vice versa as well as undoing both masculinity and femininity, rendering the child needing no circumcision or a marriage. Having control over the sizes of the objects by making them small or big; prevention science and cleansing bodies from blood, soul and puerperal diseases being close to remove the barrier between the communities of men and jinn.

Sciences of taste, whispers of heart and beatings of grief-stricken heart, their reasons and causes, people who are behind that, weakness points in the bodies and souls as well as the hidden factors are displayed on the screens that unravel the secrets and demonstrate the facts impartially. The pleasure and its enhancer,

points of motivation, surrender and points of interaction and ecstasy – a consistent scientific reel round the clock.

There are various attributes of soul: greedy, satisfied, mean, deviated, guidance-seeking, waiting, encyclopedic, and pugnacious soul besides the soul inciting the evils. All of them in the intermixing departments expand throughout the distance of insight and its loss. Sciences of meditation are competing with the science of memorization.

The history is a secret whose fact was revealed there only. We saw the sun rising over the governments of shade and we heard the languages in which the sense turns upside down. We knew the roles as played by every sycophant. As regards the technology, every scene is viewed without television screens, O my God. Everything is on the air; even the guts of intestines are viewed. So, there is no need for laser rays or the ultrasonic waves – everything that you think of is previewed before taking action thereon. Lie is an open secret before the machines that pierce the vision and insight. The communication centers as set up on the planet Saturn is able to sweep away the earth and whatever is over it as well as the treasures that it has; no matter, the depth in which they are. Age of the people is equal to the age of Messenger Noah (Peace be upon him). The medical science is a common hobby just like a sport. You can practice it alone at home and with others in the public playgrounds. There are no such schools that make acquiring knowledge difficult and have monopoly over the same; rather they are widespread and all inclusive. Everyone sports non-medical glasses to see what is aired in any part of the world.

While we are moving in the departments of scientific and information specializations, the time holds us by our delicate hands, saying: "Is fulfilling the commitment is not considered as a civilization value?"

We said: Yes.

He said: "You have an appointment with the splendid turf and time is running out, if you don't leave now or contact to change it, providing opportunities for others on wait.

You are right. Let's go down together for swimming.

No need to go down. You can swim right from here.

We have trust in God.

Your eyes are towards moon.

Here we are gazing. We see a crown on everyone's head until we swam and saw at the top a white rose on the top of the trees lining up either side. We had only such time that enables us to have fun on the peak of the floral mountain, where everyone tucks his cloths thinking as we thought yesterday. Though the sun is shining, we still find ourselves in a continual stance with all. A plastered dome from top of its centre up to the beneath of your feet, you see yourself as though you hold the entire world. If you gaze, you will see that neighboring Jauhara to the house (of our friend Nayer) where the entrance is. You may see those young ladies standing in front of their entrance for welcoming and greeting. You can talk to them directly, should you wish to book a place there.

It contains all small and big things of the world. You will not feel nostalgic therein because you don't have time to think over anything else. All the people whom we met and saw there, their relations were mutually understandable (For you your religion and for me mine). There, life is a pleasure and it will greet you in its every cell and will distract you completely and give you the lovely passion to instill satisfaction in the distracted soul. It will provide you with a life that will take you on the most delightful desire to put you in the middle of the permitted things without causing you fall in the pool and ponds of the forbidden things.

While strolling, Saria said: "What's your view about us taking some fun in this amazing park?"

We all said, 'we want it for our pleasure'.

How sweet these fragrances are! How much amazing these colorful braids are! What are these sparrows that write a story by chirping and saying a heroic poetry while flying in the sky are! And what this circus as displayed by the children is! The steps were emulating the words in the direction of our sight until we reached the entrance on which front Women's Corner had been written. We sat there among the lovely words, among which there was a sweet talk along with attraction among their flatters and our whispers. We made them souls into the souls running in the ribs with ease. This is like the candles melting in front of us and we melt like ice melts in front of us.

A good feeling fills the soul and overflows to include the people so as to reveal the secrets and warmth that it had. It responds every question with hearty compassion and nice feelings of hands' touch. There is ever melting of butter in peace and melting while sitting and standing – leaning – it speaks. The letters talk to him silently without any movement of tongue. This remained so until the appointment informed us suddenly, 'This is time for fun over the splendid turf. One who has an appointment should be ready.' It was sincerely thankful to those who had come to visit this corner and was apologetic for the time that did not enable them to complete. It is wishful that fun on the splendid turf will compensate them.

In the fast movement of relocation, we were there at the time as specified for the beginning. As soon as we put our feet on its shores we entered in the turf field. Oxygen entered our lung while we are having fun over the turf as he has fun in our lungs. Whenever the quantity of oxygen increases, it expands and we are more delighted over the splendid turf. Both funs at this very moment were as though they are specialist doctors in optimizing the heart beats. It made peace reciting to our hearts a national anthem for which all the senses stand up to salute. Following that, they issue a document indicating acceptance of every characteristic. Each one of them is sent telegram expressing regard and recognition which distinguish them from others.

There, the Oxygenic color and amber fragrance are dominant. Education circles are opened in free air and logic of dialogue is the proof spread at every distance: between the lips, in the knowledge information center and at the distances connecting between them. We sat willingly in a circle where the dialogue was between Futurology and Transcendental Science until we knew the difference between the two. After a lot of deliberation the center of the dialogue circle was the mutual understanding and in the center of our mind the proof.

There was good respect and the morals were decorated with wisdom and etiquette I had never ever seen like that. I had never imagined their beauty as I witnessed. Each one of them prevailed over our mind. Both bride and groom are more beautiful than

each other. As regards their conversation, you may listen to that in this cassette.

I am the science that you know nothing about, yet most of you concede my existence. For you, I live in the wraps of surprises, whereas I am written and present in the preserved tablet. My actions reach you before my words. That's why you are bewildered. Of course, I am not creation of anyone of you and therefore, I don't accept to be ascribed to you.

You are the Transcendental Science and your statement is correct. As regards me, had you not been there I would not have been here. You are the fate and I'm the way on which the knowledgeable-folk walks. Though I know that you are aware that I will never be able to know my lanes, I know that you include me. The eloquence of your morality always makes you a favorite son of mine. This is the obedience of a child to his parents. If I inform you of what will happen to you tomorrow, O the future, you will not be able to sleep tonight.

I said to myself if the Future is told what makes that sleepless. So, what will be our condition if we know – All praise is due to Allah for this blessing.

Saria whispered me, 'I wish he informs me as to what will happen tomorrow.'

If it informs you what will happen tomorrow, it will inform others what you keep as secret and the time in which he will overthrow me if this matter is a secret in your heart.

Please don't think like that.

After listening to our secret dialogue, the Transcendental Science spoke out saying, 'For all of you there is a historical truth. I know that fact and if I disclose that to you, you both will never sleep this night. So, what do you think if I disclose to you what will happen to the Future that pertains to both of you.'

Observing all etiquette and eloquence, the Future said, 'Sorry, they are burden and I feel it, I wish you have mercy upon us.'

I seek forgiveness of Allah – I don't have mercy. Rather, I have only the information and you are the field prepared for its exercise in deeds and actions.

For me, undoubtedly today is Friday and surely tomorrow is Saturday.

This is true. But tomorrow may not come to be Saturday as you expect.

Well, not all that we expect happens, Noor said.

On my lanes, the plans are laid down and most of the times they are implemented precisely.

The Transcendental Science replies, 'Sometimes they are not implemented precisely and some other times they are not implemented at all, if you don't get my approval.'

This is absolutely correct. I, O the gentlemen, were not your future had I not been approved. Though I know the death but don't know the time of its occurrence. I know, O the well-regarded Transcendental Science that you are aware of my end. I have all regard for you.

By God, you don't have to be obedient to me but should be obedient to One Who created both of us. I am merely the Transcendental Science and you are just the Futurology.

Our friend Nayer – the husband of Noor, says, 'Was the Transcendental Science not the last in the future tense?'

No, not necessarily. The Transcendental Science contains all that happened and all that which could not be known or that whose reasons, causes and secrets are unknown. It also happens in the present time without our laying down a plan to bring it as well as what will happen out of every plan and expectation. As regards me, I will never appear except in the coming time. Therefore, you are informed about me before my arrival as a visitor.

There is no doubt in what was provided by the futurology, though it was not based on certainty. This is the case with regard to the basis of Transcendental Science and it has no room for doubt. All living beings eat, drink, learn, work, marry, fast and worship for the future. Thereafter, they die so that the following people say about them that they are dead.

You are right. What will happen in the futurology may be known or expected. As regards the transcendental science, no one can know before its occurrence.

There is tremendous development in the futurology that acknowledged us as to for how many years the geographical gaps

will expand among some continents and how much the gap will fill or merge. Inversely, we have nothing to ascertain the existence of time to come true.

This is correct with regard to you but this is not with regard to the transcendental science. It is informed about the time of its occurrence but it will only reveal that all of a sudden.

I wish you the success in your endeavor for more knowledge and hope you are not disappointed until the white thread of dawn appears to you distinct from its black thread.

What does he intends to say, O Noor, by the threads and the dawn?

He means, beyond doubt.

We are on the map of weather conditions and knew that tomorrow there will be incessant rain, and thereafter the weather will be quite clear.

This is the futurology. But my science will be the certain on tomorrow and the day-after-tomorrow. So, wait as we are waiting with you.

We put on our raincoats and took the umbrellas. We are preparing to go out to avoid ourselves getting wet. We went out at a time when it was expected to rain. The sky remained sunny till this fourth day of the expected time.

Didn't I tell you to wait until you have certain knowledge to show you the difference between the futurology and the transcendental science?

Of course, I said. But is the futurology not the knowledge of expected one and the transcendental science is the knowledge of unexpected one?

There is a big difference. The knowledge of expected one is probable to happen, which may happen and may not also. As regards the transcendental science, there is no doubt in its occurrence, though we don't know what it has for us and for others. But if you wanted to acquire more knowledge, you should enter the corner of ideological discussions which are in progress.

Warm welcome by the glowing children; welcome to the discussions' corner! How can I help you?

We want to attend a discussion on the expected one, unexpected one and the truth.

This is Mrs. Jannah who will take you there.

Name conforms to her personality. Everything in her personality speaks.

She penetrates into the crowd before us as though she was a flame.

She made us seat on the front sofas and the flame sat between us.

There is warm clapping greeting the participants.

The expected one came forward to show himself: "Though I am seeing you for the first time but I was in your minds before my arrival here on the dice of scientific discussion. I am the one of which you think and guess before my arrival here. So, there is no room for surprise among us when the first meeting is held there. Before my appearance here, I was sitting on a sofa of perceptive ability. Now I am sitting on the sofa of truth in front of your eyes. Tomorrow, I'll move there as your guest in a suitable place on the sofa of debate.

I told Saria this was what I expected.

This was more than what I expected.

Noor spoke out: "To be very frank, this was less than what I expected, though it was not too less."

This is I as you know me. One, whose readings were scientific, found me to his expectations. One whose imaginations about me were less than what I am and thus when he saw me, I was better than what he expected. So is the case with Noor, expecting me to be better or very much better than I am now, and this made her find me in a state less than her expectation.

If I ask you what you expect from a liar, I expect that you will say, 'lying'. This prompts me to tell you that there is conciliation and similarity between me and your answer expected by me. But if your answers are else, then you are describing my beloved one and noble friend (the unexpected one). Is this not so?

The unexpected one replies: "Of course, these are my qualities and characteristics. I am the one not to be thought despite myself being the master in the field, except few of you sometimes asking about the places of my existence and the time when I may appear before you all of a sudden.

The theory of probabilities by which they put control over my friend the expected one could not still have control over me despite their concerted efforts in realizing their dreams with me.

For your information, O the gentlemen, those who fail in the examination more than once, are the people decidedly keeping me away from sharing their appearance in the exam. And, those excelling are the bosom friends who made me their friend. I do not doubt the ability of my dear brother (the expected one), but each one of us has got special qualities in which one is more skillful than other.

No doubt, life extends in the world of the expected one, the truth and the unexpected one. One who wanted to know the life, should enter its main schools. If he excludes anyone from the main scopes of its extension, he may not have the knowledge that provides him the information regarding his secrets and enables him to look out for its treasures. I am present near all of you at every moment and every second, in every day and every week, while moving and while being standstill, at the time of entrance and at the time of exit. So, why don't you concede my existence and why don't you consider the need for your relationship with me? I give you two opportunities to think more than once at every time, otherwise, you will lose what you did not expect.

According to your studies on the expected-one, you knew it well that nothing can fly over the White House and US Defense Department (Pentagon) but the CIA will locate and shoot it down. This knowledge is true in the limits of expected extension, but this is not the case in the scope of our specialization. Why don't you subscribe to our ever renewing information network to know our latest progress to gain more knowledge?

The knowledge of the unexpected one, O the gentlemen, is the knowledge of surprises that when you are able to know you will start thinking about the future, readying yourself to receive it as and when it happens. So, when you read inside the limits of the expected one, you will be ready for the storms or the earthquakes in future, protecting the extinction of species and leaving me out of your concerns that causes disasters to you at the places you are unaware of. The sciences that do not open the scopes in the capabilities of perceptions exceed the expected limits. You have found with the golden components for the surprising information. You'll never be able to write the lyrical words to be sung by a

successful plan at social, economical and political platform and not on the psychological, taste-wise and cultural platform.

The truth went up the stage, who did not utter a word, making him and us in a matter of fact. He was like that until the Convener of the dialogue approached saying: "What happened to you?"

This is the truth about me that I am presenting myself to you in shape and form. As regards the contents, I am in front of you and have nothing to conceal. If I am right, it is I. And if I'm not, then also it is I. If there is a civilization in my conduct, it is I. If there is hubris and pride, it is I. That's why no one here can say that I am able to conceal it.

As though he wants to say that he is the truth.

No, it was not the truth. But this is its way of presentation.

That is a stroll in the capability of perception making that occupy a space in the memory and that is like the expected and unexpected one.

What do you think if everyone of us is specialized in one of these three specializations?

If all of us are specialized in only one, it means that their mental faculty is not functioning properly. The human mind is even lines with intervening circles. When a line gets extended, at the same time it requires extension of other lines according to its appropriate direction. When an intervening circle is moved, remaining circles are moved by the same movement, but it is not necessary that they are in the same direction, making the unexpected one attention-worthy.

What do you want to say?

I want to say what the unexpected one said that human mind is a faculty which does not run simultaneously except by three specializations. So, there is no need to think of the specialization which causes weakness in one-third of the mind if the specialization is only in one field or in the major branches.

There are clapping and chanting by the audience in recognition to the good articulation and style, which were prevailing in the discussion.

Flames are lit in front of the people who were going out. They were like Jannah.

While we were in front of the exits, Jannah asked us our opinion on the methods we listened to.

We replied together it was fantastic.

Thereafter, Noor said to her: "It seems that you don't know the methods of Linden Forest. If you had known, you would not have asked us this question."

I read about the linden trees under whose shadow the Hitler's army used to rest. But, it seems that I don't know the forest which you are talking about.

Noor said: "If you are ready to visit there, I invite you."

We, O Mrs. Noor, do not visit the places and venues until we are pre-informed about that.

If you have some time, get along with us to one of the magnificent rest houses, overlooking to us so that I narrate you what you did not expect in the Linden Forest.

Now, I have time. I don't have objection on accompanying to that place in order to seek knowledge.

We hope that what I narrate is secret between you and me so that its inhabitants are not seen with contempt.

Their condition has worsened to this extent.

Yes, and more than what you expect.

Tell me.

(o)

The academic year commenced in the Linden Forest and the donkey went to the Primary School for Foals to enroll his son. The mule gave him a warm welcome and asked for his son's birth certificate or at least to mention his date of birth, mother's name and some of his kin. The donkey kept silence and the words were buzzing in his heart (it seems that he could not recognize his brother) and then he said: "You, O the respected principal, are the top of the kin and the mule (she) is our neighbor and many of those whom I saw some while ago in the open space. If you have doubt, ask their mothers.

Whom should I ask?

Your mother.

Then whom?

Then your mother.

Then whom?

He kept silence for a while and then spoke: (then) raising one of his fore hoofs in front of his chest, indicating who is next to his mother among the acquaintances.

The principal stood up and kissed his father's forehead and accepted his brother as a student without date of birth as his father did not know, after he registered his own mother's name in the kin's record. He then, gave the guardian a copy of the syllabus of the primary education stage and of graduation as well as post-graduation. The courses in their entirety focus on educating the foals to walk on the tracks in day time in the first stage and walking on the tracks in night in the second stage. And then, educating them how to smuggle on the tracks day-in and day-out at the final stage.

The student passed first two stages successfully after doubling their years and getting illegal assistance from his kin and the committees supervising the exams. Given the aspirations of father and his financial prospects, the son was registered as a student at the university stage. It was father's desire that he studies natural sciences, preferably the medicines or the engineering. The son's response was to fulfill his parents' desire and please Allah. For parents' pleasure he spent five years in pre-medicals and six semesters in the pre-engineering and rest of his life which the

father – may Allah has mercy upon him – could not see. He spent in the preparatory of Faculty of Arts. This does not mean that he learnt nothing from what he was taught as he learnt politics, economics, and sociology as the compulsory subjects and learnt from other optional subjects as per his wish. Therefore, he became a shrewd politician after he learnt when to walk slow and how. How to walk fast and when? In this field, he also learnt not to walk faster unless with a baton and to be slow otherwise. If he is happy and prosperous, he should raise his volume. In case of hardship, he should lower his volume and to take the ostrich to the sand heaps as an ideal. He became a skilled economist after he learnt the wisdom: Do not eat unless you are offered while performing smuggling mission. You should not think of anything that distracts you from walking on the tracks or something that obstructs your walking over that. Be careful. If a thought strikes your mind, don't implement that. As regards his learning about the social relations, he knew that he will remain father of mule as he is father of (she) mule. He knew that his cohabitation with the mare should be less than what he maintains with his own specie. He knew that the enmity between his forefathers and hyenas has no relation with the values. He knew that he will not understand anything said to him until after three days from the saying. Therefore, you should not expect a donkey to laugh with you soon on a funny story (joke). If you want to laugh twice, say a joke to a donkey. You will laugh but he will not. Come back after three days and you will find him in an incessant laughing, prompting you to laugh once again over that and over the joke that he could not understand but only after three days.

The donkeys do not think of law of aviation, underground tracks, nor about conquering the space, for they are busy walking on the tracks in order to protect their hoofs and for their keenness on carrying the loads inside and outside the borders according to the smuggling lessons that they learned successfully.

Since the donkeys are so, they can never progress and their condition may not improve.

Why to get upset? They are happy with their condition. The donkeys have an integrated society with the societies of horses and mules in order to preserve the specie. That's why the Arabian

horses are mascots and the poets sing about their participation in the wars, if imposed on their riders. As regards mules, they are means of support at the time of every need.

I was expecting you to share with me the fact that this is the age of laser and conquering the space as well as the age of research about the expected and unexpected one. But it is regretted that you still think that the donkeys and mules are the best means of advance support.

These are the steps that have been dictated to us and one whose steps are defined walks on them.

No. These are donkeys' tracks and I wish you understand and not to walk on them.

But Allah the Almighty says: " And (He has created) horses, mules, and donkeys, for you to ride and use for show."

Yes. This is true. But do you think that these are the best means for this age? Preparing the horses in that age was associated with power and conveyed the message. But this age is led by smart missiles and control of voice and breath waves as well as the shadows if one moves in the sunlight or moonlight or even in the gloomy darkness. This is the age of scientific research and thinking in the expected and the unexpected one and work on making the future before accessing to the same.

Those who do not see the possibility of abandoning the walking on the tracks will be the load bearing donkeys and they will confine their thought that the donkeys are to bear the burden and will relax by rolling into dust.

The education in the academies of Linden City did not stop to this level as it was expanded to include the old age people (with some exclusion) enabling them to obtain high and precise specializations. The excluded one returned honored with high and precise specialization as it was ignored. Some others returned after excelling in most of the scientific specializations, including philosophy of walking on the tracks. This made the students excel in bearing the burdens and rolling into dust. There, some of them continued whooping to oppose the return and glued to licking. Some part was utilized to minimize the distance between the houses and the coalmines. Some continued mapping the land and coloring it. They look towards the sky in order to load the whole

moon on their back without any botheration. Since the Linden city does not have room for those who look towards the moon, their existence was an evidence. This continued to be in the same position until their eyes were colored azure for excess use of laser rays into their heart and for excess of what distracted them from rolling into dust. Unless the people change their own conditions, the minarets of science will remain (graveyards) for thoughts, actions and conducts.

The donkey father was asked about the justifications for the scientific growth and his senility and then about his grave, and so, he replied: "This is the nature of life. You are born a baby or come out as a chick and then get older and older and finally die sadly or otherwise. Death is not such a surprise. Rather, it is a stage of natural evolution and this is the most difficult phase (phase of life being withdrawn from the existence). That's why our universities remained minarets (graveyards) for the difficult tasks that make them enter the small village fearlessly (O the mountain, wind can't move you).

The audience's hearts are delighted on the good answer as provided by the one who responded to the said question. This made return to bearing the burden and walking on the tracks an interesting thing, thereby growing attachment to the same.

How beautiful they look when they walk together as though they are a feather over the tracks or as the tracks have been made of that straight and zigzags while ascending to the mountains or descending down to rocky surfaces and valleys. They will cross the borders with their loads, riders and lashes as though they are programmed with the modern technology, which made them glued to the tracks as a good example for being an ideal. Therefore, they were neither surprised nor their sons will be for the changes and events on the international arena (there is a bounty in every delay).

The ideal donkey does not feel need to abandon the tracks. In contrary, it is adherer to such values that strengthen the identity, because the identity is in danger if the values which are unknown to others, are not safeguarded. The attachment to the confined values shows donkeys' capability to bear the burdens. So, the donkey whose voice is considered the ugliest one by the Arabs, is

able to bear the burdens and his wholeheartedness is considered as pride by the members of the US Democratic Party and by their supporters from among the US nationals. Therefore, the donkey was chosen to be the symbol of US Democrats. Inversely, the elephant is the symbol of Republicans for its strength and mercy. When the elephants are transported from one place to another, they are tied with rope and despite that it is expected that they will get enraged and break free. In order to prevent this, some chicks are left to move around his legs, making him conscious so as not to harm the chicks.

O my God! The chicks are not harmed even by the elephant! On the other hand, the Palestinian children are being slaughtered in the streets and their parents are being hijacked by the airplanes! How come this happens at a time when the societies are being invited to merge into a small village whose legislations will not be less merciful than an elephant, as we hope.

Now I understood that walking on the tracks is different from the march on the same. In the first instance, it is donkey that drew the tracks to walk on that without baring its hoofs. While in the second instance, the tracks were designed and drawn with a plan to cross over the goals that require adherence. And, one who deviates despite its reluctance, will definitely be reprimanded. Therefore, one who does not think of possibility of crossing over the tracks, will remain burdened with the heavyweights. But those who think that walking over that may cover and shorten the distance to reach what is better than that, will be traveling on the locomotives instead of donkeys.

What the locomotives have to do with the tracks?

Cities' streets are tracks, cars lanes are tracks and railways are tracks and there are tracks for flying and for invading the space as well as there are the courses for research methods and scientific thinking.

Towards where?

Towards the small village.

Even the donkeys!

Of course, since that is a small village, the donkey will live therein. And since the donkey and the elephant are the two symbols of two

parties in the US, they will certainly be at the main entrance of the village.

So, the condition is static.

Everything in life changes except the donkeys' minds. This fact stimulated the tourists in the small village to enter the village and ride on their back to take memorable photographs of them and their riders.

Now, I understood that all the plans as laid down in accordance with the philosophy of marching on the tracks are only implemented by those who bear the burden (donkeys). I also understood that all the plans that are formulated to make the ways and open the underground ways in the mountains and beneath the rivers and seas are implemented so that they become the tracks to shorten the distance between the history, thereby making the visitors reach the safe destinations and enabling the mind know the difference between what it is and what it should be and what should be better to work on creating the future instead of failing in formulating plan for that.

As though you want to take back the confidence from the donkeys.

I don't know when the confidence was instilled in the donkeys and you are accusing me of taking it back from them! As much the capacity the donkey has to bear the burden, he has ability to kick when and how he likes. Though he bears the burden, he exercises the freedom. He does not recognize the religions, customs and values. Therefore, he is not ashamed of anyone and in the way of freedom, it bears reprimand just as it gets reward.

What kind of freedom is this!

He rolls into dust and brays as and when he likes. He causes the heaps of dung wherever he is without paying heed to like and dislike of others. One who does not like the exercising of freedom (let him drink from the sea) as they say.

It seems as though you are declaring your support for the Democrats or as though you want to be with those who are ahead in propagating for it.

If anyone else reads the text, he may accuse me of supporting the Republicans or for its propagation. The elephant which is merciful to the chicks deserves more help and support but the donkey's

wholeheartedness and his bearing the burden make me independent. Seeing unwarranted kicks and rage of elephant, when the chicks are not available, makes me hate the parties and disloyal to their symbols. The parties change and their symbols too, but most of the times their heads do not change in order to safeguard the exercise of freedom.

As though you want me to repeat my question!

Which question?

The question that I asked some while ago. (Which freedom)?

There can not be stability in the Linden Forest and its people can not progress, if the parties' heads are not kept intact at first and their members at second.

What an easy way to conceal the facts!

Which facts?

Successor!!!

What successor?

The nation which does not want to change will not be changed and will never die as long as there are many parties and different symbols, no matter whether they are donkeys or elephants or hammer and anvil or Hitler skull or the Saddam statue or (.....).

Since the matter is so, the donkeys who don't have the will power will remain bearer of the burden and for riding along with preserving their desire to march on the tracks and roll in dust after putting their burden off. The Joha theory will remain an example for all those who want to buy a donkey.

Joha theory?

Yes. His theory on trade and marketing.

Where will I find that?

Once it was in the market but now it has been withdrawn. However, I have a copy thereof. Take it and read.

Joha purchased a donkey for a meager amount and rode to his house which was not far away from the market. In the way, the donkey threw him on the ground more than once. When he reached his house safely, his mother received him and asked about the donkey's cost. He replied and said a price that his mother thought to be very dear. He informed her that in the way it had thrown him down a number of times. She became angry and asked

him to return that to the person from whom he had purchased that and sell that if the market is on rise. Joha obeyed the command of his mother on the condition if she gives him her gold for two days and also that if she agreed to the condition he would return her in its double. Mother agreed on that and in the night gave him all her gold.

In the early morning, Joha woke up and went to his donkey and shouted repeatedly, 'My donkey gives birth to the gold! My donkey gives birth to the gold.' The neighbors woke up and rushed there to see the newborn. They found the gold scattered under the donkey's legs. Some of the prospective owners took it for true and asked him to sell them the donkey. In the beginning, he refused but when the price started rising, he said to them: "I'll never sell them except for gold weighing his weight."

One of the traders bought it after selling all his property, including the car he used for his conveyance. Before he could take that to his home he paid the price in gold. The trader asked Joha: "What do you recommend me, O my friend? He recommended him to serve it plenty of fodder before sleeping. The trader obeyed and woke up early in the morning to collect the gold delivered by the donkey. But, he did not find anything under the donkey's hoofs except the defecations. So, he cried, 'where is the gold? Where is the gold?' and hurried to Joha's house to inform him that the donkey had not produced anything except the foul excretions.

Joha smiled and said: "What kind of food did you serve it last night?"

"Plenty of barley and green berseem", said the trader.

How foolish you are! You feed it barley and berseem and expect him to deliver you the gold. If you want it to deliver gold, you should feed it gold. Otherwise, it will deliver nothing but the foul excretions.

The man fell down unconscious; was admitted to a hospital and after intensive care he regained his consciousness. He returned to his home on foot with extreme disappointment. His steps were slow like a tortoise until a Lexus car passed by. The car was being driven by a humble man. He stopped the car beside him, who was stumbling due to the heaviness he had suffered. He asked him who he was. He replied him, 'I am the one whose donkey did not

deliver gold. The driver smiled and said: "Don't worry, O the tortoise. The trading in the cold-war age was always the capital that led to either profit or loss. But now, in the age of globalization the trading stands for management skill, perception of the market and prompt action. Get in, O the tortoise.

Towards where?

Towards the place you want to go. As far as your steps are concerned, the village is very far away and you are in need of help.

The tortoise got into the car beside the humble driver and said: "I advise you not to stop for Joha if you find him walking on the road and don't get him in this luxury car along with us. He is a deceitful bastard."

The driver said: "Don't you want to do good deeds, O the aggrieved tortoise."

Since I want to do only the good, I informed you of the truth. Be careful, otherwise your steps also will slow down like the tortoise and your entry in the village will become an unrealizable wish and you will continue to be on the road, if you did not find a person standing by you with mercy and in hope of reward.

The tortoise reached its home and told the driver – praise be to Allah you escaped from Joha. The driver laughed and said: "Keep Joha aside and think how you will be Joha, if you wanted to enter the free competition.

You are right. But who are you?

I'm Joha.

So he said: "I am the one who delivers gold. Will you buy me?"

He closed the door of luxury car and returned to his mom with double amount of gold.

To whom did you sell the donkey, my son?

To the donkey.

I could not get you.

You are right. The trader who was walking with the pace of globalization but when I competed with him, I found him to be the produce of cold war.

Congrats for the new car, my son.

Congrats for the gold, my mom. I'll be back to you after two hours.

Where are you going?

To watch a wrestling match.

Who are the wrestlers?

Doe and the lion.

Take me along with you.

Since temperature is going down, there is no need. After my return, I will describe you the event.

In less than an hour Joha returned.

Has the game been canceled or is it over?

It is over.

Tell me.

In ۲۰۰۸, the World Wrestling Federation decided to organize an open match between the doe challenging with its awe-inspiring skill and the lion, the master of decisive encounters. Fox was appointed as the first match-referee of the ring. At the predefined time, the doe entered the ring along with her coach. The supporters and fans were surrounding him from all sides. There was warm clapping when she demonstrated her awe-inspiring skill through amazing and fast jumps on the ring ropes. When the lion climbed over the ring, he roared powerfully that might have got me down from over the chair had I not upheld. He jumped with bewildering speed from over the ropes and the doe fell down unconscious. Her coach and fans also suffered the same condition. The referee announced the lion's victory before the bell for commencing time could be announced. The spectators opposed and fox was asked to provide the reason as to why he declared the result so quickly. He replied saying, 'In the age of globalization, one who is not quick and highly efficient may not find his place even in a public square'.

The lion and the group of his supporters celebrated the success with the invitees, in which the artistic bands presented a number of stunning performances and shows. The lion was happy in his chair; the national anthems were being recited and the emotional songs were being sung; the art dances were being performed well; and the erstwhile fighters, recipients of the honorary awards were the vanguard of the parading forces. Fangs Brigades (Sniffing Brigades), winners of the black belts, presented their show in

circus-like movements that resemble the dream. The crowd claps for the investigation system and the investigation system exhibited the latest technology to combat crime and terrorism and demonstrated latest means of communication and eavesdropping. The crowds of the donkeys were very delighted. They shouted, clapped and enjoyed the day of great success in which the lion defeated the doe.

To celebrate the occasion, a dinner party was arranged in the honor of some relatives, trainer, supporting staff and some of the dignitaries and close friends. Main item of the dinner was from the hunted animals and some birds' meat. All sat around the table and had friendly gossips. The lion delivered a speech on the table welcoming the guests and glorifying his successive victories. He emphasized on exercising fair democracy among the common mass and that there should be equality and justice for all. There is no difference between the ruler and the ruled except by the fear of God. The national wealth is the public property and hunting in the prohibited months will invoke punishment as well as it is among the grave sins so no one should try to commit it. Then, he announced his accepting the fight with rabbit who has challenged him in a press conference held in his dream last night when he returned after condoling the doe that lost her open competition. As soon as the rabbit heard the news on television he came out of his burrow shivering in a state of madness leaving his children therein who were in the second day of their birth. The fangs brigades, eavesdroppers and follow-up team heard the order and headed immediately to track him down and catch in the grassland and all the newborns in the burrow. When the lion was intimated, he was still delivering his speech on the table on the vital issue. He ordered to conduct fair investigation. Following that, he asked the fox to perform his duties as a chief justice and to distribute the contents of table equally among the audience without ignoring anyone or defaming his position as a chief justice who has a track record in evenhandedness and have regard for others.

The honorable judge headed towards the hunts with a knife in his hand and chopped a small piece of that and then used his fingers to distribute the same among the audience. So, all of them had an amount that may be carried between the two fingers and with the

help of his supporters he picked up all the remnants of table and presented them to lion. The lion smiled and said: "Who taught you the principles of justice and this democracy, O the most just judge in my administration". He hurried up and kissed hands of the lion and said, 'I learnt justice from this noble hand, O my master. Immediately the lion decided to appoint the fox as Minister of Justice besides upholding his position as Chief Justice.

Three days after declaration of accepting the rabbit's challenge, the donkey understood how much dangerous was the statement in the press conference as held by the rabbit in his dream. He came hurriedly in the crowds on her tracks shouting for life of lion and to exclude the rabbit from the fields of open competition and award him the harshest punishment for the crime he committed by insistence and forethought. The lion was content with the originality of those who walk on the tracks and thanked them. He appreciated their feelings and proximity to him in every bad time. He reiterated for them his keenness that they continue exercising their freedom and be cautious of those who have thought to threaten them. He promised them to open more schools to teach their children how to walk on the tracks, preserving their values that did not change and will never be so in future.

Rat whispered in his son's ear what happened to the rabbit.

Its tongue was cut and also his son's ears before spread of globalization and before arrival of the morning.

What this strange matter is! I might not have accepted this had I not had faith in you.

Don't be astonished. These are the tracks. The wise men should read and memorize the history in order to be witness what is happening in the forest and so that the history becomes witness to them. Infant was killed without committing a sin; Yousuf (PBUH) was thrown into a well despite his being innocent; the ears and tongue of rats were cut without ascertaining their offense; the horse's daughter was raped in broad daylight. The rabbit and their children were killed before they hold their press conference in their dream; the donkey was accused of hatching conspiracy against the mosquito though he did not know the difference between the reminiscing ability and of perception. The public treasures were poured down by committing a mistake; the hearts

of the citizens became mass graveyards and abode for grief without any warning; the migration from the homeland is a colocynth to sweeten the taste. Return by acquitting the responsibilities is the honor certificates given to the returning lots. Everything in the Linden Forest is a track; insurance companies are tracks; sale and purchase are tracks; forging election and values are tracks; invading space is a track; resolutions of Security Council and UNO as well as holding international conferences and seminars are tracks.

Jannah stopped reading and looked at me in surprise. I told her not to be surprised. This is how the residents in the Linden Forest live.

But are they happy?

They are silent because they had sunstroke on their heads in the summer where the heat is severe for those who do not own an ac. Keep on reading to know more.

More of what?

More acquaintance with the methods at local and international levels.

Read out.

The World Conference on Animals was held under the catchword 'Equality and Freedom for All'. This conference was attended by the envoys of five nations – hen, fox, sheep, wolf and dogs. The first section was about selecting the representatives for the membership of the conference. Given the importance of free democracy to strengthen the deputation and representation system, the head of the conference did not attend this session in order to ensure that he does not influence the freedom of selection. The observing committee for the selection was appointed by the democratic head. When the foxes started registering the name of a fox on a ballot box, the representatives of hen shouted and opposed presence of untrustworthy foxes in the conference committee and they demanded for their exclusion from the same. Reacting to that, the representatives of foxes shouted and heated arguments started which were avoided only by the intervention of dogs' representatives to maintain the discipline. They demanded to adjourn. The wolves' representatives were given the opportunity to register name of the people whom they

liked. Therefore, they nominated one of their free democratic sons. The sheep community shouted and opposed entry of unjust wolves in the election fray. The wolves started growling and threatening to exercise democracy after end of the sacred conference. Had there not been the discipline control committee, the severe democratic fight might have erupted inside the conference hall. Noise and cries started and the undisputed leader, bear (Conference Head) entered. All parties stopped fighting and the incessant chanting for his life began as though there was no 'death' in the diction of life's world. He thanked all and asked them the reasons of their differences.

The hens' representatives said: "We oppose foxes sharing the authority with us" and the sheep's representatives said: "We too oppose the existence of wolves with us". The foxes and wolves said together: "We both oppose the existence of dogs in the discipline control committee". Listening to that, the head was happy and said: "Your difference and enmity should continue till there is freedom for all of you as per your effort and need, and thus, you are democratic forever. He further said: "The hen is considered to be an international creature just like the foxes and sheep, wolves and dogs. Therefore, the sacrifice should be the collective obligation. The nation of hen is a sublime nation whose sublimity, honor and freedom enhance when they start living with the nation of foxes in one enclosure. The sheep too should exercise democracy and freedom with the wolves in one enclosure so that there is equality among all and the democracy is exercised in its best form. Thus, the fear goes off forever. At end of his speech, he watched and noticed that all were crying. He asked the hens' leader, 'Why are they crying?'

Sir, they are crying because they are afraid (of being together with the foxes).

He asked sheep's leader, why the sheep are crying?"

His Excellency! They are crying because they are afraid of being together with the wolves.

He asked the leader of wolves why the wolves are crying.

They are crying because they are afraid.

What kind of fear do you mean?

Fear of discipline control committee.

The leader of foxes replied thankfully, 'We are crying of joy (joy of being together with the hen), sir!'

At the end, the head of the conference said: 'The freedom should be snatched once and for all and it should not be presented in a silver plate'. He asked all not to be afraid of exercising fair democracy and freedom. He also asked to discuss the matter after leaving from single door and come back for the conference next day once the issues are clear to them.

Next day, all came visibly or invisibly to discuss the importance of world's animals. The bear found that the hall was not jam-packed like the previous day and asked leader of the hen the reason behind the absence of the members of its community. She replied, 'No one is absent. Everyone is present, sir.'

Where are they?

Sir, they are in the stomach of foxes. The sheep too were in the stomach of the wolves, their leader said.

He told them: "Thus, your conflict is over and the only remaining conflict is of the communities. In next election, only the terminator of the animal world (foxes and wolves) will succeed.

Noor praised Lord for not being among the inhabitants of the Linden Forest and I felt sad on my condition and said to myself: "The situation will not always be like as the bear expects; rather the fair end will come unexpectedly."

What is this unexpected one that you are betting on?

In this age, the freedom, democracy and transparency will prevail.

What do you think about the equality?

This is the matter in which a child shall remain child and an old the old. Therein, the disable will remain incapable and the liar untrustworthy. The abilities and capacities between male and female will remain scattered. The poor will remain poor and rich strive to be richer.

You are right. Blind and the one with eyesight cannot be equal; darkness and light are not the same; the knowledgeable and the ignorant are not equal; vices and virtues are not equal.

Mr. Nayer intervened, saying: 'The freedom, democracy and transparency are the matters which are expected.'

If you speak the language of Twentieth century whose chapter has been closed and we could not be able to exercise the freedom of our rights, perform our duties and assume our responsibilities. Furthermore, we could not be able to exercise the democracy in a transparent manner. If you speak that barren language, I tell you: "The issue is over and it is no longer like that." But if you speak the language of Twenty First century, I tell you that you are right since there are trust and will, regard and recognition, laws of sovereignty among the people. The writ has all constitutional freedom subjected to fair supervision and accounting in all the matters. The citizen has all regard and responsibility according to the international laws and rules that allow him to raise his voice whenever needed and to work as a public guard of his freedom, freedom of government and every big and small issue inside and outside the borders.

The explanation you provided dispel the doubt and ambiguity in my mind in which still that story makes the round.

Which story?

Story of the century.

Please explain what made that happen.

Though the Twentieth century is distinguished from the previous centuries by the modernism and conquest of space, it is sorry of itself and afraid of its end by arrival of the Twenty-first century, which is expected to be more advanced and developed in the fields of science & technology in which it could not achieve considerably. Particularly, when it was informed by his own astronomer that had called him to discuss in this matter for the faith, it had in him and in his prophesies. Therefore, it made him the first advisor in chalking out a plan for the internal and external policies of the country in the state of war and peace. Thus, the Twentieth century was the age of technology as well as the age of faith in the astronomers.

Once the Twentieth century became angry with his astronomer, it called him to inform regarding waging a war against one of the countries, which was against it and its policies. Based on the astronomer's wisdom, it was advised to go into the war without

hesitation and provided that strong victory would be at the side of the Twentieth century. Thereafter, the age decided to go into the war. After a few days, its armies received drubbing. The age called upon his astronomer immediately to kill him for his mendacity. The astronomer uttered in fear and cautioned responding the question of the Twentieth Century, asking him the reason for telling the lie.

He responded: "I failed in astronomy only once in my life. I think this is the only time in which I failed, sir. The age asked the astronomer before killing, 'What is expected after your death?'

The astronomer cried a bit and said, 'Sir, you'll die the next day of my death. The age was shocked hearing this sad news that he cannot bear and that may be true. The age asked his guards and security personnel to leave the astronomer, open the cuffs of his hands and put away the gallows prepared for this purpose. He asked the security personnel to take care of the astronomer and safeguard him against every evil. He should live in the best place and under best ambiance. This is why the astronomers told a lie even if they were true.

Thus, your thinking about the expected one was confined, not expanded to include the unexpected on who has the good.

Tragedies Tragedies... in the age of light is expected in the astronomers.

Don't be astonished, O Mrs. Jannah.

How will I not be astonished on the condition of one who has no will power?

No. The matter was not absolute. The supporters and opponents are created by will and the opponents become supporters in every electoral cycle.

Why is this change?

This is the policy of the century in which there is turnover without change.

Excuse me, I tell you that this is a policy through which they will destroy their own houses.

And I tell you what is bigger. There are people who change a number of times in a single day.

For what?

For their personal interest.

I still could not understand.

Nayer, what do you think about telling her how the shoes are changed?

If there is enough time, I have no reservation.

Yes. Still I have enough time to listen.

In a nutshell, the story of ever-changing shoe goes on like this.

After sunrise the shoe opened its eyes and wondered: "Where are the potholes on which I walked yesterday and the back was as weak as the condition was miserable? O the sun, will you be there to conceal its misfortunes or will you also change yourself like the sands? The grandfather sold it at the time of hardship and I sell you in the heart to conceal it. Where are the profits? Give me the share because I am the heir to grandfather. The day he sold it, he took the commission. I am like the grandfather and follow his footsteps sincerely. Like the eyes of a manager, I wait and I am sure that there will be no existence if I did not separate those whom I accompany."

This fact made the shoe close one of its eyes more than the other one until its lower jaw turned right and upper jaw left. It opened them toward the dazzling light of the sun and looked around it to see only the sun's radiance.

O my God, where I am! Am I not the same? Or the sun has changed?

The spectator laughed.

The sun smiled. Don't be astonished, O the spectator. Everything changes. Thus, what do you think about the shoes?

But where is the sample?

Don't believe, everything is subject to change.

What is the story of that one which undergoes changes?

Once it was certain that the path was smooth. It started walking and hopping though it used to crawl on his stomach earlier. Dust was shaken off her body and it entered the city. In the beginning, it was inclined to its grandfather Mutleen, whom the Italian had promised to appoint as a manager if it enabled them enter the village without fight. The grandfather praised his Lord for their peaceful entry in the village and became a manager. He gathered the tribe immediately to start his work but was not appreciated because the voice of Mujahideen was rising. He hurried to call on his children and grandchildren. It was the birth moment of the twin (delight and fear) – delight for obtaining the pleasure of invading armies and fear from the voice of the village which did not appreciate him.

My dear children and grandchildren! Nothing in life is static. I, for example, was one of the inhabitants of the village yesterday, but

when I changed myself I became their master. In order to dispel fear forever, you should also change your self. Otherwise, you will become one of the inhabitants of the village. Don't believe that invading armies will depart. This is a joke. By the way, if they return, you should follow my instructions.

As though the grand-daughter (the shoe) was listening and it looked like a chameleon which has no permanent color to be described with as it changes the color according to the environment. In the Marxist desert it hides its condition and whatever it owns under the veil of austerity. In the houses of prostitution, it has capitalistic apparel and in the grand part its color is green. Few people believe that it is educated. It claims to be truthful but it does not believe except what is written about the horoscopes.

Who will be happy to be a shoe by nature, which does not oppose the one who rubbed and dyed his leather? Thus, he does not have objection on who puts it on. In fact, the matter is in the hands of the one who rubs and dyes the leather and the cobbler and the one who pays the price. If you go to buy a shoe from its maker and you like the one on display, don't leave it for tomorrow because you are not alone in the market nor are you the only interesting party to purchase. Be sure, in every seasons the shoes' display are changed from the exhibition hall. The winter shoes are covered and this makes their internal parts different from the apparent one. In summer, the shoes are presented as they are whether they were the same since the Italian invasion on Libya or since the time the king was forcefully crowned therein. Thus, they change each season. In autumn and with the first shower of rain, they get wet and swollen as dough and fall along with the leaves. With the arrival of spring, they are polished as though they are growing leaves with the flowers of almonds of which some thinks that they are bearing fruits. Like this, some one who does not know their roots is deceived until the trees bear fruits, while they do not.

In Twenty-first century, you move with the help of remote control device. With the help of that, you enter WC to get its smell that fills their cracks and after coming out they dry up and you preserve the fragrance that stick them.

Don't blame me because I did not let them enter or exit. In contrary, one who let them enter and exit is the user and not me (the remote control).

The shoe: Then who did make me enter?

The remote: Many people. I'm like you moving from hand to hand but the last one who used me was the polisher.

Oh, the polisher! Don't believe. He did not get me enter the bathroom. But it is I who got it enter.

O my God! How much I believed that you are two heads in a glass!

No, we did not. It is he who believes as you do.

Then, who did make both of you together?

Change. We love Islam as we do love the Marxism (believing that the religion is opium of the nations).

What do you think about capitalism?

Cause of corruption (for them, not for us).

O my God, that's why they get me enter with you in the bathroom. I'm the prince and ought to be so in the parlors and appropriate chairs.

Don't put yourself in an inappropriate place. I'm the shoe that is polished every morning and I enter offices and beautiful parlors, five-star hotels and in special meetings. I'm among the shoes of the most famous prostitutes and pimps every evening.

Whatever the case, whenever you enter a high-class noble place, you will definitely find me sitting in its halls.

Thus, there is no difference between us.

Don't mistake. The difference is big as I am a pampered child in the high-class halls and places while you, O the shoe, are a pampered child in the feet of those going into and coming from the WC.

The time the polisher will listen to your words, you will be removed from all places and you will surely regret.

Polisher: So it should be removed. It should be removed from all the courses as English was removed in the Eighties. It's your responsibility to inform the concerned secretary about execution of the resolution and a copy thereof should be provided to the Supervision Section.

Shoe: Formalities have been done but the Supervisor asks about the systems that we have in our offices.

Inform him about what has been published (For them and not for us). He should not inform anyone else so that (we do not recover) and go as they say (magical smoke).

It is more appropriate that we ask him telephonically because he needs to listen to your voice.

No problem.

How is present?

It is *Mansoob*.

Ha ha ha.. I am not to take your test in Arabic language. Rather, I'm asking you about your health.

Fine.

The shoe informed you of the decree?

Yes.

Ok. Be quick. But "take care of yourself. It is a very serious matter and you are personally required to follow-up. If they ask you, say this is a conspiracy and we are following its threads and be sure that they don't have remote control. Your group should take action. You should tell them how, ok.

(Gesture of head in affirmation, even though it was a telephonic conversation). Don't worry."

Do your people know that?

(Had I not told you to be careful? This is a very serious matter. By God, you don't understand).

Ok. Don't worry.

The shoe eavesdropped while it is delighted. It goes out to the office to call the Inspector once again. How are you, man?

Fine.

Is the matter clear to you?

Yes.

Then be quick so that you are not called once again by the polisher. Do you understand or not?

Don't worry.

By God, these are your responsibilities. We intimated you because we are concerned about you. Had you been anyone else, we would not have told you what we did. As you know, written circulation does not work everywhere.

How did it return? We are brothers and bear all responsibilities. But plenty of calls from you are the cause of our success. For your information, the topic we had discussed is now over.

Which topic?

Topic of women.

Telephones are not reliable. Call it women affairs.

You are right. But as the saying goes 'if the speaker is going on, the listener is the person who knows' and he started singing the songs that provide: (In your matter, I have four witnesses ... but the witnesses of every matter are two).

What concerns me is the matter that my polisher did not believe. I request you not to reveal him the truth. This matter will be finished forever because the friends are concerned of this topic.

Sure, I'll get help.

Conversation was over. The shoe got into its luxurious car and played its favorite music, repeating its words and music without any hesitation (Sell the camel, O Ali ... Sell the camel, O Ali... Buy me a colt... sell.. sell...sell the camel, O Ali ... sell...sell....sell the camel, O Ali). After listening to the cassette, it said to itself: More I know how to do the work, more I'll earn and more I change myself more I look taller. I earned wealth from the drama 'Rays'. It made me able to move among the legs of the dancing girls and accompany them in their blessed meetings. Due to series of shows, their mix-up is skillful while shaking their hips and waist in order to shake pockets of men. It spent night sleepless, moving among them and their legs as well as entering the toilets, until it soaked with bad smell of (toilet) and what falls upon them from the bodies of those who put on those shoes from among the men and women. Though they are polished every morning and evening, they are changed frequently. They enter the offices in the legs of those who wear them and reach everywhere to show what a pompous polish had been put on them to attract them towards passages and sidewalks where they like, in exchange of what they like.

When the gentleman heard my words, he said in English (too late) I nodded and decided not to say anything until someone asked me: How are you and your shoes?

I replied him as the people say, 'It is difficult to criticize one whom you thanked once. So, what do you think about me who thanked them more than thousand times. I decided to keep mum until I met this year the good brother who started reading out a long list of defects in the ever-changing shoes. I instantly told him what he had just told me in English (too late). On next day of our meeting, I met a doctor who did not exchange the greeting with warmth albeit after a long and I asked him the reason.

He replied, 'Because you accompany the ever-changing shoes. The well-behaved present replied saying, 'It is for the last eleven years, if my memory is sound.'

I said, yes, since १९९२. That's why I decided to show the signs of decoding the net. I don't find anything appropriate to add but the change. I knew that one who wears the shoes, wears them in pair. One, who accepts that, does not get angry to bad smell of his legs if he wears that for long. If you are happy on wearing your polished shoes, accepting their smile on you at the time you put them off while you are disgusted with the odor that sticks to your legs. Be sure that they are waiting to accompany you in the state of peace wherever you like. Be sure that they will never enter along with you in a battle in which you cross the wet and dried. If you laugh at them for once, they will laugh at you twice. It does not matter whether you know or don't know. In both the cases, they are problem or the biggest problem. First laugh when you enter the dry land while they are polished and you want to climb a mountain; they will change with the first stone, sand granule and the dust. In the second stance, if you cross the dry last and enter a wet surface, they will swell and expand in a way that you are unable to move more than two steps if they could not drown you with the first step with which you enter water. You are forced to leave them and accept crossing barefoot for future, otherwise you will drown.

The good man says, 'As though you are talking about ever-changing relation of shoes with the legs.

No, I did not talk about that. Rather I'm quite sure.

It seems as though you are black box!

Do you know that shoes sit in the lap every morning in order to get polished properly?

I knew how they are polished but I did not understand what you want to say by polishing?

You are right. But do you think that shoes are polished only to show its beauty and softness? Or this is to war the wearer's legs and for good appearance?

Of course, the shoes feel good while touching the palms of the polisher and its beautification in exchange of providing warmth to his legs and good appearance.

Therefore, one who polishes shines. Thus, they are related and became friends.

I love you, O the ever-changing shoes.

I love you more, O the polisher. Where to go?

To settle the scores with others.

Others!

Yes, with those who pose risk to our future and to our joint interest. Believe me, we are going to succeed.

So, let's start publicizing the lessons of suspicion for all so that they do not get suspicious on us and so that we could sort out.

Following that, we let the suspicion go after the privatization and privacy.

I fully agree with you. Don't forget that the follower and arrows are like support and the greedy people are like a force to supervise and follow up and to farm the clouds between sun and its followers and followers of the followers.

Let's be quick before we are told in English 'Too Late' and at that time regret has no benefit.

Little intrusion, then meetings with some followers who do not doubt our abilities and the faith had in us and impressed in their minds down the ages.

Don't forget those whom we enabled to assume administration and plum positions and who ever get changed. Don't forget that tomorrow I will proceed towards the Kananah land.

(How did you forget that... you forgot that words.... Alas, you forgot..... that is impossible... never, and I don't think about that). This is how Umm Kulthoom sung.

It is strange that he will never forget that and will forget his Lord, who made him something though he had nothing mention! So, whoever will listen to their talks and notice their mild actions, will

make the gullible lots believe. They believe that sun may rise from the west, except the believers who remember the explanation about the miraculous occurrence that took place between the forefather of the messengers and Namrood. The sun itself will live and dazzle the unbelievers. One who forgot the blessings of his Lord, He will forgive him. [Who can be more unjust than those who were reminded of the signs of the Creator and they didn't pay heed].

In fact, when an Arab enters the Arabian drawing rooms, he puts off his shoes and they mix up with the shoes of others as though they are flock of rats. Even once upon a time, they gathered in a demonstration to show anger in front of the doors, protesting the ill behavior of legs with them. The shoe owners hurried out to disperse the crowd. No agreement was reached because the noise was at its peak and there were heated arguments with some of the extremists. They were asked to appoint a leader from among them to represent them in the negotiations and they elected the shoe under study as their leader.

What's the matter?

We have a number of demands.

What are these?

That you make for us shelves suitable to our reputation; that you polish us every morning and evening; that you employ those among us who are unemployed, particularly those who are qualified to enter bathrooms and toilets and those who are graduates of higher institutes for tourism of the open as well as closed swimming pools.

You mean your condition should be changed.

Yes.

Where to go after that?

To the advanced positions.

He kept mum wondering, 'sandals ask for the advanced positions!' Then he replies in detail, 'why not, undoubtedly we will work to change you into shoes, no matter whether you are made of leathers of cow or goat, or of snakes and crocodiles or even of plastic and rubber industries. Don't worry; all advanced positions are waiting

for all of you who are serious and sincere. You will be given the priority.

The sandal was delighted and it indented towards its right side so that it could enable the readers to know the legs that put it on.

Who will believe that these are legs that use this sandal?

No, he is not my user. Rather it is I who fascinated him and used him.

Don't believe. It is I who used him as per my will.

By God, I was not with him in anything unless I had my own will therein.

The Conscience put its hands on its head and wondered, 'who do you think laughs and at whom?'

The sand said, 'One who does not laugh at who is laughable is cursed.

But where is the conscience?

Didn't I tell you that the conscience put its hands on its head?

We hope that it is relaxed and not in the position of surrender.

I also hope like you. But my heart does not accept relaxation.

Despite that I wish it is acceptable.

Please don't accept. This is the language of shoes and sandals and not the language of the people who have high taste and belonging.

They belong to the sun of honor and will never commit mistake while performing the great duty. No matter how much glacier is on the mountains' peaks, the sun can melt it. No matter how much dense are the clouds, they can't be the divider between the sun and the earth. Thus, the time will be efficient to unravel the truth; no matter how many times the sandals have been changed.

The sandals' smell is good to the dogs and if they are put amid the chairs, their odor is felt. One who will look for a seat other than the men, will find the sandals a friend in the sitting places. The comparison between modesty and putridity is injustice and the evidence is a sword that cut the putridity. The light of sun is a barrier among them which do not meet each other for those having sight.

This sentence reminds me of the fish tied with a rope and left in the sea. It thinks that it is free and moves wherever and whenever it likes and on the account of one who does not like. It forgets that whatever the length of rope, the person holding it can pull at any

moment and is able to take it out from water to the air in which it will suffocate.

It is astonishing that the fish will remain like this although it crosses seas, rivers and ponds and may fall prey to the hunters' net. Where is the astonishment in this?

The astonishing is the fact that it sees but it still falls into the net. The fishes watch but do not notice.

You are right. But there is no difference between watching and observation?

Don't say like that. There is a big difference. Watching depends on the sense of vision but the observation expands to reach the mind as a perceptive level. That's why the fishes fall into the hunters' net despite having eyes to see.

That's why they also make sandals smell but do not know that they are causing that odor.

By God, had I been a fish I would have sought excuse so that I live safely.

Are the fishes safe?

Yes.

Where is that safety?

In water.

But, there is the hunters' net in the water.

Despite the net. The fishes cannot live except in water (safety). If you take them out or they come out themselves, they will sure die. I wish they understand.

It seems as though you have sympathy with them.

This is not a matter of sympathy. A man will remain man, who has ordeals even as a victim. The ordeals are like a school for people. They forgive those who have committed sin in their actions. If they repent on their sins sincerely they removes the recorded sin but if they do it again, they are like the fish. There is a hunting ground between the net and the explosion. The sin is not removed by the forgiveness. The sin is like an inscription on the stone. But keenness of people among them is a sympathy that gets from the righteous people an excuse except those who are habituated, the excuse is not enough for the grave.

Jannah, what's your opinion on what you listened?

I was sorry for every word and action. Societies whose members do not trust each other cannot progress nor can they contribute to making the future, which is full of desires of those entering into the village of fraternity among the nations. I feel heaviness and headache. I need to purge my soul and body of what stick to me. These are the oceans I didn't know before.

Are there oceans better than them?

Yes. There is flowing ocean that provides food for the soul and cleanses the heart. It strengthens the body and sows trust with others.

Where is that flowing ocean?

It is nearby.

Can we visit that?

Yes, let go there together.

But is there any benefit from that?

No doubt.

So, let's go before it is too late.

[V]

An expanded shore whose sight opens up the soul and heart gets delighted along with its beats. The body is covered by its calm waves and the swimming cleanses the dirt. We and pearls and corals swim in its warm water and flutter as the lovers and as a silk we feel touch of each other.

Didn't I tell you it is an expanded sea whose water is light and the heart takes it for bride?

Yes, it is an expanded sea in which my heart lives. I do not differ between mildness of its water and genteelness of Saria that invades me in every touch.

Be sure that you also invade on that.

Jannah, you told the truth. It is invading me in each cell of my body and I feel mildness and smoothness due to its warmth.

Look those fishes that are getting cleansed. Didn't I tell you that one who will enter this sea will get cleansed?

O my God, at first I notice some sort of integration between the verdant and theoretical. It seems as though the taste is based on vision – a pure sea which has no room for corruption and control. The language of 'We' is the prevailing language among its sailors. In which every warm, cold and rhythmically imbalanced words fall and every pleasant-taste and rhythmically balanced words rise. In the crying oceans and seas, I cannot open my eyes and here in this sea my eyes deny to close. The mildness of water and its warmth, its soft touch, expansion of light in the waves depicts a heroic poetry from surface to the depth, revealing our love secrets and removing the odor of ever-changing sandals from the mind as well as overthrowing the government which came to exist as a result of electoral rigging so as to declare that life is all about being verdant.

A sea surrounds us with its warm delicacy and motivates us to spread, we spread therein as though we are its sole owners. Entering there is the signs of excellence and coming out from it is

a proof of failure. One who wants to succeed should do hard work so that he gets excellence.

Noor, if they will ask you about the sea of love, what will you say?

I'll say, 'a peaceful sea that is full of unexpected one.

And you, O Nayer, what will say?

I'll say what Saria said, ' A matter runs in breath until it drops the control keys. Any you, O Abu Muayid, what would you like to say?

I say: "Love is an ocean. I'll never see beauty except in its sailing.

And at the time of sailing I'll never see beauty except at its shores.

Before the entry we were alone and became a group. Thereafter, we became two in the tongue, love and heart, silent while talking.

We have a story in silence.

Story of what?

Love story is an ocean. The love is an ocean in which one can swim, explore and dive deep. Swimming in its feelings and emotions makes a lover feel that he is a man who can transform from a state of desperateness to a state of hope and from ignorance to awareness. He finds out that his eyes have discovered for him a new world that did never see before, though it is not far away from him. Hence, when you swim in the sea confidently, you discover wonders and amazing things. You may expiate your sins of ignorance and may increase your sins if you are not cautious. As much as the sea waves smile at the time of kissing the dry object every now and then and as much as you are surprised at the currents which are not in your accounts that you knew through your previous swimming in its regions that surprised you with the current that you did never know. Nevertheless, be faithful to the sea. When you find that its currents and waves are enraged, be polite with that without a confrontation until it calms down and provides you the safe field for swimming therein. Be cool and don't forget that the great swimmers drowned in the sea and therefore, don't be fool. There is a big difference between the sailor and the spectator on the sea. Its spectator cannot discover its secrets and benefits. As regards the sailor, he is capable for that. The ocean tempts for swimming and sailing therein. If you did not sail the others would sail and accompany it. At that time, the annoyance and jealousy arises from its new sailors. Don't forget that it is an expanded sea in which everybody has his right and in

which no one is on the account of others. It made it more secured and more beautiful with the increasing number of swimmers and sailors. Therefore, the individual swimming therein is frightening and its individual riding is dangerous. Thus, when you sail therein in a ship with other, your journey is more entertaining and satisfactory. You feel new values of the sea are different from those that you knew while swimming therein alone and swimming with others or at the time of getting onto a boat or vessel. In order to know the sea and discover its secrets, you should sail therein from different ways and with the help of what you manager as well as at different times – during sunrise and sunset, and in moonlit nights. As much as the ways of sailing are different, you discover new values that enhance your love and fondness for it. Don't let your lifetime opportunity go without a sailing that accepts sailing of others, who are not on the account of your sailing.

The ocean encompasses journey of parents and children. Swimming therein is more interesting when it encompasses all family, relatives, neighbors, friends, citizens, nation and brethren in religion. Besides that, it encompasses the people of the village.

When Saria heard what I said about the ocean, she said: Where is my place in your ocean?

You are the origination point. So, don't be upset, O my darling, from anyone except those who want to take you out from there in order to replace you. At that time, you should fight them so that you are not deprived of your rights in possession and enjoyment which are good for soul, body and mind. You should distinguish between those who enter the ocean on your account and between those who enter there for the sake of you. Don't be upset if you see someone who is sympathetic towards the ocean and the later encompasses them and provides them with the opportunity, because all that may be for the sake of you. If it appears to you that those who enter it cleanse the residuals of other sailors that stick to them and remnants of ships' oils and garbage thrown into it every night and the morning, because all of this is to ensure that you sail and swim into its warm water peacefully. So, don't be angry as it will instigate the anger of ocean and you lose its treasures – pearls and corals – as well as you lose its space that encompasses all of you and makes you forget your sorrows. This is

the space where the idea is born and hope is realized. This is the place where there is entertainment for fun and joy and secrets are safeguarded. This is a home that encompasses swimming of entire nation. All that wears sea clothes and enters therein, rain can not wet him whatever its intensity. Water cannot wet the sea because it is the encompassing entity for the rainy water, valleys and rivers. That's why it preserves and encompasses all that takes refuge into it and provides them the space for fun. It compasses them in a way it likes. So, there is no need to be shy as it covers the swimmer in its water from the eyes of others whether he is wearing clothe or not. This makes the swimmer fully relaxed and satisfied. The sea is a cover, and therefore, there is no need for cover from it. It opens its arms to ensure that you swim freely. The word embarrassment and its action are not included in its glossaries. But who embarrasses you is the other one who does not belong to it and who does not like your love for the ocean. So, be covered in front of the sea with whatever clothe you put on to ensure that your body parts are not exposed, instigating its anger. One who enters it carefully, he will remain safe even if millions of people rode or swam with you. With regard to the ocean you will remain one who is incomparable to others. When you know its truth, you feel honored to have sailed and are proud of your ocean that encompasses millions of people with dejecting or leaving you. That's why the song is sung about the ocean which encompasses all without excluding anyone or replacing one with other as there is a place for everyone in the ocean. There is a place each for mother, father, brothers, friends, relatives and all who has right. If someone asks: Why are all of these and the sea is salty? He should know that had there not been the saltiness of sea, our bodies had not been cleansed and we would not have felt the sweetness of our food and we would not have been able to swim and have fun. Therefore, its riding is advancement and its ignorance is backwardness. It was created for us and for the sake of it we try and swim in its depth.

But, are all who ride the sea is able to swim safely?

No, as I see. Unless one has thorough knowledge of swimming rules and adheres to it carefully. Open your eyes and don't be afraid of saltiness of the sea which heals some diseases of the body

so that you are able to see what was not seen by the one who did not swim. Don't believe your eyes only so that you are different from the fishes that open their eyes and walk straight until they fall prey in the nets of hunters unknowingly. You should know that there are hunters in the sea and it contains beneficent and harmful wonders, live entities and plants, mountains and sea valleys, different kind of treasures, warmth that provides life a meaning, and more than that there are barriers.

Abu Muayid, I advise you not to share with others about the barriers that we saw. Otherwise, they will accuse you of exaggeration or of something bigger. It is a resistant wall for not allowing the mixture of salt water with the sweet one and it is not built of concrete or metals. People see the China Wall as a wonder created by the man, considering it a separating wall that may not be crossed except with some sort of means and you want to talk about a wall separating the salty and sweet waters without someone being able to visit it and knowing its signs as they are able to know the signs of Great Wall of China.

Yes. But is this not true?

Of course, it is a bewildering fact but it is known only by the expectants. With the help of our swimming and dive we were able to see that and I wish the others were able to do so.

As you know, your evidence will not be noted except after your stay at Arafah.

And as you know, your sailing will not be noted and recorded in the pages of sailors as a sailor unless after your stay at the barrier. Your ability to swim on that has saltiness and sweetness without mixing salt water with the sweet one. You may scoop sweet water from your right hand and salt water from your left one when you exercise swimming and touring in the flowing sea.

Therefore, I will ask and if you replied I will not believe.

Therefore, the barrier is a wonder for the sailors built in the sea between love of motherhood and fatherhood and between love of a lover and a relative. It safeguards them against the mix-up which makes the distinction without causing any surprise as a dividing border is distinguished between love of country, love of worship and love of people, and between salute to the flag and salute to the government.

Preserve the cleanliness of the sea for the sake of your fun and fun of others. Don't think to keep fences around it to make a gateway of which you are a guard or a boss. If you think that, you should know that its waves will get enraged and break every fence and will kiss the dry part in the night and day to make it clear for all that the tides are its nature, particularly when it complains to moon and the later complains to it because it is its mirror in which it sees its face to maintain its beauty for its lovers.

But, are the seas one?

There are a number of seas: white, black, red, blue, yellow, black and the dead sea – different seas with no change of water. These are the names. One who relies on his eyes will be deceived and this is the case with other senses. The emotional sailor is like a blind that does not recognize the difference of colors. As regards the mindful and thoughtful sailor, he is able to choose and know that sea is not only the mirror of moon. Rather, it is mirror of stars and all those who want to see his true face. These are the natural issues that should happen with will-power. The love that is created by will is the one in which sailing takes place with emotional integration and harmony that makes pairs in the singles.

Saria seemed to say on the tongue of well-mannered daughter of Neil (beautiful talk but unreasonable) and so you cannot be content that there is multitude and the jealousy does not makes inroads.

O the gardener, in a sea there is a number of sailors swimming and riding without being angry or jealous to each other. But if one of them tries to take the place of other, there is confrontation. One heart loves millions of people at the same time. When the individual is one, the love is equal to it and the logical rule is: Love on one is equal to one. When it is husband and wife, the logical rule is: Love on two is equal to half. When it is husband, wife and their children, the rule is: Love on seven equals seven. This way the number of lovers increases in a heart as the number of people of a nation increases without jealousy until the love encompasses others whose love is not on the account of others and this is the love with will. As regards love with a resolution, it ends with the end of reasons of the resolution that make your sea, O my darling, black, red or dead. Therefore, you should know before you sail,

you will drown or cause drowning when you are inattentive. Love of will equals two scales between the lovers that do not make it a game. Rather, it is characteristic of its nature extracted from the love of creature for the Creator.

My friend Nayer said: Now I understood the importance of love in your verdant garden and beauty of its trees and sweetness of water of its pond, cleanness of its sky and depth of its sea and large quantity of its production.

Noor said, 'What do you think about me, O Abu Muayid.

While I'm at the top of Eiffel Tower, I see you in the sky like a moon surrounded by the stars as the tower on the top of which I and Saria are in the night with its dazzling lights is surrounded. I see you like Paris city in the night on the eve of a new year whose lights illuminates with the twinkling of stars and illumination of grand Eiffel Tower. In the heart of your beloved one, Nayer I see you like the dream garden that is full of wishes across which two rivers of life expand and there are innumerable tourist sailors in their deep amidst the waves, from above and from inside. In your day, there is sunrise and in your night there is an illuminating moon.

I don't think that I am like what you say.

Noor replied immediately, 'You, O my darling, are as noticed by my friend Abu Muayid and more than that. For me, you are a piece of Heaven.

You are like a Heaven for me that other people miss.

I, O Abu Muayid, was with you only in the Eiffel Tower.

You, O Saria, O Umm Muayid, are always with me wherever I be. Is this not enough for you?

This is what I want.

After a deep conversation with the eyes of Nayer, Noor asked me about my experience with the sea. I confirmed her that my own experience was not different from them.

I wish you say how you started.

My sailing experience began when I was having fun at the shores of the beautiful sea that pulled me towards it by watching and observation that raised inside me the importance of entering it with full desire. Through watching the sea water, its currents reflect in the eyes of viewer. When he feels the smoothness of its

currents and cleanliness of its water, the observation becomes important through awareness and attention and through listening to its songs that pulls towards the sea. It enables him to know its secrets and beauty with dawn, sunrise, sunset and with moon. It takes him from what is apparent to what is hidden making eyes talk, sing and exchange words explicitly without being their matter exposed to others, from watching the moving one (sea) to its secrets and laws that govern it. It makes heart and the soul speak without a tongue. Words spoken and received with very gentleness; words that contains mourning sounds with beautiful periods intervening long sentences.

This experience deepened by being familiar with the sea that happens with the will for what the sailor feels from among the meaning that gives him the power that attracts with the sea by meditating therein and listening to its currents while kissing the dry objects, and to what it surrounds or enter. The familiarity with the sea increases by being familiar with the sailor through thinking about the importance of sea in the life of individuals, groups and societies. The feeling that sea is the refuge of excitement and giver of satisfaction started. In that, the affection shows and takes its seat at the top of love. It has bed in the light of sun and covers with the glow of sunset so as to flatter with the moon and whisper with the stars.

Through familiarity, the beauty is discovered. This is what makes the sailors enable to inspect their mental abilities and sing in the praise of its importance, preparing to enter it after some hesitation and caution. If it is entered without caution, this step may lead to drowning causing you the grief and sorrow. The sea does not respond to all who enter it only for watching or experiencing its beauty. Rather, it responds to those who are kind to it while swimming. So, enter the sea as much as you have ability to come out by will, otherwise you will find yourself in the bottom.

Don't forget that discovering beauty causes awakening (awakening of emotion). This is human awareness of the importance of sea in the life and discovering emotional songs as well as the knowledge as to how to use them while dealing with other sailors whose sailing emotion is arisen. But, don't forget that this awakening is a natural animalistic instinct, so you should not lead the man and

control his mind. Rather, a man should lead it to keep under control of social conscience that realizes the success for the sailor.

The awakening of emotion necessarily leads towards the love of sea being attached to it after knowing its governing laws that attract the sailors towards it. After their feeling of satisfaction and relaxation during the swimming, and love of sailing with awareness may enable the sailor to take the right decision. This is a secured house in which the soul dwells. This is a food that satisfies the spirit and a doctor that puts bandage on the wounds. This is a power that loses control over the control keys if it goes into each cell of our body. This is a sea in which swimming and touring are sweet and its clothing reveals the matter. Swimming therein increases peace of mind. The integration power increases to relieve the pain. The embracement with the heartbeats is a fun that enables the lovers to invade the space and to come down safely at any planet they wish.

The sailors enjoy in the sea after diving in its deep and having seat in its bottom, after discovering its secrets and knowing its treasures, after learning rules of floating and the wisdom in this fact. So, the sea is a cover for every sailor because this is a clothe which is not wet by water and it is also a cover from the eyes of jealous people. One who wants to escape from the barren land on which there is so much lies and in which rumors do the rounds, he should enter the sea that encompasses all that accompany it till the end, giving their life a meaning and there is wisdom in their union. While I am narrating the story of my beginning experience with the sea to Noor, the hand of Umm Muayid extends stealthily and her spirit goes down into me unwillingly in every big and small, making me lose control over the control keys. My apparent tongue is not my tongue and my sights are in the state of change. I shiver from my head to the toe.

What did happen? Your words are intermittent and your ideas are disintegrated, O Abu Muayid.

I feel a tremor that might have shaken me, had you not asked your savior question.

Nayer puts his hands around her waist thinking about the causes of tremor and hugs her warmly, she shivers following that in his

lap and I find myself shaking between the arms of Saria in the thought, living in the bottom of the heart. Wherever my hands extend they feel her smooth touch. O my heart, who will believe that it is you who lives in the heart? Who will believe that your distance is unbearable? You are the Heaven in which the taste gets sweet. I am given permission and have nothing to do except hugging. How long the passion that you are increasing will last, no separation, you are Heaven and have no fire.

How do you feel about yourself?

How do you feel?

Swimming in the depth is the best response. Leave the words aside and talk without that and then swim and leave me with you swimming.

I said to myself: As though you don't know that we together – I, Nayer, Noor, Jannah and others – swim in her eyes. The stairs take some of them to the depths and some ski at the moonlit turf and some in the splendid places having fun like us.

What do you say?

I left all the words that could distract me from swimming and touring with you.

And I finished everything for the sake of you.

You are my dress just as I am yours. We will do only the deeds that please the Lord, who enabled us to swim together in a crystal sea where we dive and do not rise; we float with the sunrise; we embrace the waves; on the head you are like a crown so I do not drown.

You are the love that goes deep inside, a fun when you take me at the peak of ecstasy before the light I run to take the pleasure from her sweet taste.

I found no one swimming. Where are my friends?

Love is a sea and the sea is vast and deep. No matter how much extended our sights are, we can never cover its expansion. Because, the etiquette should be observed, they left us exercising freedom in a democratic manner and with all transparency in the depth. They floated or they exercise freedom somewhere else as we do.

O my God, how much entertaining this is!

What do you want to say?

Swimming in the ocean of love in which you do what you like and the way you like. Don't look towards my body, because your look towards it lit a fire inside me.

Don't say, 'Don't look towards my body.' Rather, say, 'Look towards that and extend your hand so that it touches its bowl.

You are the one who ignites fire and the one who extinguishes it. So, do what you want, how you want and when you want; I in front of you swim.

A piece of Jannah in front of me swims and I swim with my every cells.

Don't repeat, 'I swim' as I swim with your words, I swim in your love and warmth, I dive deep to take our treasures and spend in philanthropy.

How strange it is!

Did – may Allah forbid – I say something foolish or crazy?

No, you did not distill except gold. Only I am looking from this sea of ours towards that dry land and see people collecting treasures and do not work for philanthropy. So, I said this word that makes the comparison important and meaningful and causes grief in lieu of what it causes what you said in love of philanthropy.

It seems that your condition is like one who talks with his shadow. I did not understand.

Did you not read the Dream Garden?

No, I did not. How is this related to my matter?

A story that I share with my shadow is like the story of your condition as you left me and talk to yourself. So, I did not hear except the word (How strange it is!) after a mumbling that I did not understand.

Tell me that story so that I understand.

The story that I share with my shadow: This is, O my darling, story of a poor man who passed by a ruler who heard him talking to himself without being anyone with him. He went close to him and asked, 'Whom are you talking with?' He replied, 'to myself'. The ruler asked him again about the reason. The poor man replied: If I do not talk to myself then who is the nearest to it other than me who could talk to it on my behalf. The ruler asked as to where was

his self? He pointed towards his shadow and said: "I am talking to the shadow that accuses me that I am behind his problems and instability, and perhaps he is right to this respect." The ruler sat beside him to hear their talks. The shadow told its friend once again, 'You are behind my problems and instability.'

Don't be unjust to me, I was not but it was burning sun. The shadow said: "Don't generalize the rules." His friend said: "What do you mean by that?" He replied: "I mean the sun was not burning for me but it was burning for you.

The ruler smiled for the seriousness of the talk that held between them and commented: "No need for heated argument, the friends. Before I leave to perform my tasks, I would like to know the reasons of your problem. The poor man asked: "Do you read, O the ruler? He replied, 'yes, I do read.' The poor man wrote on his shadow (Thief of the state is not brought to account and hands of a thief of bread are chopped off). The ruler asked: "Who is the thief of state, you are telling?

Sir, they are two. One is external and another one is internal. The external one is the fly that bites the leg and internal one is you as my shadow told. So, go off by the will. It is better than your deportation despite your reluctance.

I advise you not to tell this story to anyone else least you suffer what the mosquito suffered.

Has your condition with regard to the transparency become such that you fear for the mosquito?

No, but I fear for you. Story of the mosquito is about a conspiracy in which heads were beheaded and parliament was adjourned.

You caused fear and desire into me. Narrate the story I am listening.

Hyena constituted a parliament of his government under the chairmanship of a fox and its members comprised each of hen, rabbit, wolf, sheep, donkey, dog and doe. In the first session of parliament, the congress chairperson asked all members to work for the sovereignty of the president (hyena) and guard his safety because it was he who selected all of them. He said: "Your first task is to protect the president from the mosquito that kills the elephant and hits it hard wherever found. When the fox was still

talking on this important issue of the nation, a mosquito sat on his right cheek. The donkey hurried and kicked the mosquito by his rear legs hitting the face of the fox. Soon the fox became unconscious and admitted to a hospital. When the head of the security department visited the injured fox, the head of the parliament, he heard him saying unconsciously (conspiracy conspiracy). He hurried to his office and asked security personnel to thoroughly investigate the case. Following that, he informed head of the state of that and the later also commanded his armies to take control over the city and close all borders, airports and space in the face of space navigation and also to arrest all parliament members and their conspiring relatives. First the security arrested the member who had kicked the honorable head of the parliament and took him to the head office of the investigation in the presidential palace. The investigation started and all sorts of democratic methods were observed. Sniffing dogs were brought to hospital where the dead body of the fox was laying, who had just breathed his last before minutes of his arrival. The Director of Fangs Brigades issued orders to the member of his brigade to sniff the heart of the dead fox in order to know the impact of hidden intentions of the conspiracy. Though they found nothing except the impact of donkey's hoofs, they reported that this was a conspiracy against the president, affirming the statement of their director. The donkey did not provide any information except what had happened. By comparing report of the fangs brigades and confessions of the donkey, the heads of the security departments agreed that this was in fact a conspiracy against the president. The case was reinvestigated in more democratic manner with the donkey until it conceded that purpose of killing the mosquito was to take life of the president and that all parliament members were involved in that conspiracy. When the final report was submitted to the president, he decided to adjourn the parliament in order to protect democracy.

What did happen to us? We have started talking politics.

We suffered from the sight of dry land.

O my God, if we suffered from having sight of it, what will be our condition once we go out there?

Condition of the person who talks to his shadow.

I don't want to go out.

It is time to go out.

I said I don't want to go out. Let's continue enjoying on the magnificent turf and thereafter we will ski on the moonlike turf till the end.

So, what do you think about taking some rest in the plush office.

Let's wait for our partners and then we'll decide together.

Welcome, how was the sailing experience?

Amazing.

Thank you Jannah for the good selection and beautiful company.

Excuse me; it is time for my return to perform my duties.

Many thanks and regards for you. We hope that you are always a flame like this.

We wish you pleasant fun and good life. If you come again, you are welcome.

We decided to rest in the plush office before skiing. What do you think?

This is age of information. So, why don't we do it fast?

(A)

What this fragrance is?

You enter the plush office and wonder on the fragrance. Please come, we are in your service.

Where are the books?

It seems as though you are going. Information is available here but not the books.

Can we have that?

It's our pleasure. Tell me about your desires. What are you looking for?

We are looking for the chicks that occupy the world and do not want to go out to the small village.

Sure, and he clicked on the world key and the information started showing. The hen took her eggs in her lap warmly to sow in the hearts of her chicken the maternal love that they receive from the hugging of their mother in the past. One day before completion of chickens formation in the eggs, the hugging hen informed them that tomorrow is waiting for them with a lot of good and that they will move on their legs in the garden under the shadows of trees whole day and will sleep on their branches in night. One of the chickens asked their mother: "Is there a world larger and better than the world in which we are living?"

Yes.

What's that?

This is the world of expanded life among the chickens and other beings and in the coops and gardens where the man, who is better than you in creation, will serve you.

Mom, it is unbelievable that those who are better than us will provide us their service.

O my children, I am talking to you from the expanded world where the wise men provide me with food, resort and necessary warmth for survival.

But it is difficult for us to believe, though we are not seeing you and them.

You'll see this tomorrow when you'll come out to our expanded world and will see what you haven't seen as yet. You will see the sun, moon and the stars to know the time as other creatures do.

You will know one who walks straight and one who walks on his face. You'll also distinguish between the birds and the creepers as you do between dry and wet. You'll spread everywhere and be available in front of people. In the restaurants (of Kentucky Fried Chicken) you are the favorite catchword, also in the McDonalds which are the beauty of the village, in the luxury motels and five star hotels. You are the favorite to young, old, poor and rich people who suffer from cholesterol disease. After your exit, you'll what I mentioned. Then only, you will realize what I told you, was truth.

We don't believe in what you say and don't want to go out to your world about which you claim that it is larger than the world which provides us the warmth and stability as well as peace and satisfaction.

The world you are talking to be wide, is all from my flesh. I, in this world, could not satiated the foxes' hunger.

Who is that you are talking about?

Fox, our enemy.

You are telling yourself, 'our enemy', and still insisting on taking us out from the Heaven in which we are living to meet him on the table together. If this is the matter, then it appears that you are insisting on selling us for nothing.

No, O my dear children. But you should know that for everything, there is a beginning and an end. Your life inside the egg has its beginning and the end. Your life in our world will have its beginning as well as the end. For all there are reasons, including natural enmity between the foxes and us.

Thus, O my Mom, we'll never get out of our spacious world to enter your small village to live on the foxes' mercy till our end. We believe that there may not be a world more spacious and better than the one in which we are living.

Tomorrow will come and you'll be out unless the impossible happens.

What is the secret in this impossibility?

That you die inside the eggs or we don't see tomorrow or the All-knowing God creates something new.

In the morning, the cock cried as usual and the chickens heard his voice in their world and wondered, 'What is this whizzing sound, O Mom?'

This is voice of your father who is demonstrating his joy over the time of your coming out from your individual cages to the general social life so that he himself sees you eating grains and picking up insects as we do. I am also happy like him.

It is strange that you are drooling over our coming out from the spacious world that no one from your world shares to your world in which there are the foxes.

You'll come out by the compulsive law and not the optional law.

We will cry and sob.

Crying and sobbing can not stop the arrival of future. This is your crying that will break the eggs to make you members of the village.

Incessant cries break open the eggs from the powerful sound.

What is this light? What are these legs that are carrying us? What are these widespread spaces? What is this overlooking sun? Who will provide us the service and be awoken for your comfort?

Weeping Weeping and joy joy... you truly said, O Mom. But where is the food?

See, the earth is full of that.

But how is that taken?

By working. Do as I do. Use your beaks to pick up from the earth because I do not feed.

National anthem of the village sings in the voice of chickens under the flag of integrated nations through which the relations among their members are organized. The raising hen is approved as the catchword for the small village and picture of shaking hands are imprinted on the unified currency. Central bank was established and its branches were opened in all parts of widespread village. Meetings of public congress and its subordinate committees are semi-permanent. Everything is decided, followed and observed. Public committees and its sessions are continually in progress to find out easy ways to execute the sovereign decisions as issued by the public congress. The representatives and coordinating committees among the social care countries are well-apprised of their duties and roles. Rules of bearing responsibilities are

approved for generalizing the social care according to the rules of abilities and specializations.

Public security councils of the integrated nations have control over the nuclear arms and relieve the country of most of them. Military service was withdrawn from the dictionaries of social care country. At a public level it was established as the emergency forces and the responsibilities of security were left on the local security personnel, who are the guard of implementing the laws of small village. The integrated companies have wide influence on the free competition legislation. The companies that refused to link-up, their owners turned needful of being included in the list of the people deserving social care. It made a princess, when she was asked to put everything on the floor, put off her clothes fast and put them on the floor as per her understanding so that she is called an honorable lady who was the first to enter this world turf. The electronic convoy looked at her smiling and said: Why didn't you put everything on the floor?

The princess looked at her body and said: I left nothing but my inner garment.

The electronic convoy said: In order to enhance the confidence as existing between us, put them off. Sit on the floor and don't get afraid of anyone, we are with you. You should know that there is no difference today between undressing and putting the clothes on the floor when you undergo a medical examination and between your putting them on other floor when the secret security department forces you to put them off despite your reluctance. So, there is no difference between all these and putting off your clothes and keeping them at the floor before the electronic convoy. Don't fear as all of these are for the sake of confidence. Now, no doubt you are close to that. But what we mean by everything on the floor is not that we want to see your body in which we saw strong feminism and flowing beauty that invaded us after you put off your clothes willingly and sat before us unclothed. In fact, what we want to be on the floor are your account here and abroad; how many coins you spend a day; the video cassettes that you purchased; and how many coins you spent on that? We want you to provide us with the statement of travel tickets that you used for traveling from place to place, to tell us the

places that you like and that you don't like, and why? Provide us with the details of your telephonic conversations, the gifts you purchased and inhuman contribution you made, to whom did you give and provide? We further want you to provide us in writing all that you own and that you intend to own. All that has been mentioned and that has not been mentioned, we want them to be on the floor.

When I put off my clothes and accept sitting naked in front of you, I have no way but to provide you with what you demand. I wish I had withdrawn from the field and had not accepted to expose my covered parts of my body.

Don't get shy. There is nothing called covered. The believers get married to the believers and divorce is the most disgusting to them among the permitted acts. The homosexuals exercise pleasure with all transparency and the heterosexuals exercise their rights of customary marriage and divorce. The doors of mosques, churches and synagogues are open for worship. Wine is available in the pubs and in the shops of perfumes and chocolates – all side by side. So, let's believe one who wants and let the infidels practice their beliefs.

You are right. For you your religion and for me is mine. I have no frightening response after I exposed my covered parts to you.

Don't get shy, O the princess. Your exercising political and economical fornication was much more than what you should exercise the social prostitute. Don't present yourself before us as angels because your accounts are in the banks on our mercy. Your killing the soul that Allah forbade without a reason was the evil's fire that you ignited as well as desecrating the dignity besides taking drugs. All of these are in this open book that we have.

O fire, be cool and peaceful. Now I understand (everything is on the floor). For they are in front of you in this open book, I am upon your mercy and under your behest.

Now, by your confessing and uttering the *shahada*, you became a member of holy village and are being crowned as beauty queen of this year in the social congregation of the integrated nations. If you thought of becoming an apostate, apostasy merits to death sentence. One who warned is excused.

For the first time I see the crowning and death sharing single chair.

Don't get astonished. Life is like this.

An ostentatious function is held, in which the winner is taken to the dice along with the contestants to be crowned as the beauty queen. She takes haughty steps and there is clapping with background music and lighting colors. The presentation words depict a picture on every screen. Tears of joy on the cheeks compete to kiss the earth and undo the feet's impressions from there as a regard and respect to the integrating one. Amongst her contestants whose breasts are blossomed, there is a sign and amidst the integration there was the end.

Sure, after crowning, there will be nothing but the end and there is fall after getting the positions. There will only be night after the day. All **(the celestial bodies) swim along, each in its rounded course.**

The influx of information went on. The Chinese girl appeared on the screen with her elegant beauty, penetrating eyes and nice emotions dancing on the stage. She instilled enthusiasm in the hearts and drew attentions towards her. From one side to another, she was dancing and singing. My mom and the people were trilling with joy. She extends her hands to the girl singing close to her and dancing on the Kashmiri carpet until they met in the paint of beauty spread over the souls, sea and the islands scattered therein. Inversely, the beauty with the glow of dusk was like a paint in which the moon paints on the Euro-Asian daughter, thereby growing her beauty as and when overlooked the Mediterranean enabling her to see his picture on its azure water. How beautiful it was when the one who has black eyes and black hair swam and extended her hands towards the girl! How beautiful the sea was when they swam through it! How beautiful the minarets were overlooking the shores and spreading across the two poles. That girl, who was in her teens and was gorgeous, dances as and when she wants and resorts to the wisdom when she likes. She fears repetition of the lessons that degrades her prestige.

Meetings of a force that discards United Nations and declares formation of the integrated nations in polity and economy. It constitutes a council and general congress to take responsibilities of making decision as well as it constitutes sub-committees to exercise the rights, perform the duties and bear the responsibilities.

Moreover, it constitutes typical councils and committees that assume responsibilities of execution. Chairmanship of the integrated nations is awarded on periodical basis to the envoys of one of the groups and space or sub-continental merge-ups.

The mothers in the community hold reach-out and mutual understanding sessions. They weave wool, cotton and silk. They sew clothes and weave fine carpets for their children so that they wear and have luxurious furniture, thereby providing them the suitable position for sitting and mutual understanding. Who will believe that the mothers who were pugnacious started sitting on the round table and discussing with the rich. They work together for providing better life with food, health and information security. For the first time our mothers sit in the mutual understanding session and once they were squabbling mood. They participate in composing and singing the songs of peace that were like a dream in the childhood memory. The boys and girls perform the songs on the rhythm of reintegration and on middle-eastern stairs as well as between the poles and across the seas.

Principle of adoption that no one adopted except the occupation of social care in its dealings with the individuals, groups and the societies became the crowned prince in the sessions held for understanding others who have right to participate and taking decision with regard to his political, economic and social issues. He has some obligations to fulfill and the responsibilities that require him to bear in lieu of the legal rights that he exercises.

The voice of people in the countries of social care rises over the voice of the governments run by the heads who are selected with all transparency and intention just as the heads of the companies are selected intentionally. Affairs of the state are run just as the affairs of the companies incorporated under the law of link-up. Freedom of the world population and their political, economical and social security is the responsible for the inhabitants of the world. This no more depends on the people working in the internal and external security departments and those cooperating with them.

The follow-up department manages the daily work. The age of bureaucracy and the plush offices that were overloading the hearts of people is gone. This is the age of flowing information that

enables workers and producers to perform better and increase the production.

This is a revolution.

Which revolution do you mean?

I don't mean those revolutions through which the power is taken into control. But I mean the one that realizes development and ensures equality for both men and women in exercising their rights, performing duties and bearing the responsibilities whether they are political, economical or the value-based relations that realize social prosperity.

You are right. This requires a revolution against the courses that taught students how to cheat in the examination and qualified them to betray the entire country after their graduation. Their salaries are low but they have millions in their accounts. Deals in the name of the country and their commission on each contract is transferred to their own accounts, causing loss to the country and making those qualified for theft richer.

That age is gone and this is the age of thinkers and inventors in the field of creating information.

What kind of thinkers do you mean?

I mean those thinkers who hurried to extinguish the fire caught in the house of their neighbor working on the will and to save their house; those who speak when the cowards are silent and those who are silent until the matter is crystal clear to them. Whenever they thought they were able to know the fact.

Why don't you blink O Saria? What is the matter with you?

I'm fine. It is just to ensure that I don't miss any of the flowing information.

Noor, look at the breaking news: (OPEC is revoked once the white, yellow and black gold became the public property, transgressing the borders. Market policy floats the dried and the wet. Pizza Hot and McDonalds are in every place where the people are. All trading centers open its branched in the pastures and places of public hunting, in the trains and private transportation means. All passports issued by the Linden Forest countries are revoked and card of the integrating parties on whose cover there is a photograph of raising hen and the shaking hands are valid. All values that emphasize on the dignity and freedom of

mankind are observed. All resources inclusive to this matter are approved as an authority to formulate laws which are effective from date of its issuance and it is published in the official gazette. (General Congress of Integrating Nations).

Praise is due to Allah – the decision has been taken and the lists have been put in the dustbin.

Which lists?

Lists of the people who listen to their talk with their self and the sycophants and they feel boring by listening to the talks of their people as well as the lists of people banned to play with others in the alleys of the city.

So, the clash of civilization will end inevitably.

Not necessarily, but it is supposed to. If there is an assault, there will be refusal and resistance. If there is occupation, there will be freedom struggle. If there are mutual understanding and consideration for others, the regard and respect will be a prevailing force in the councils of integrated nations.

Excuse me! Can you take us outside the borders?

Of course, I'll take you from the borders of the planetary thought to the universal expansion.

The show began and the revolving planets were swimming in their rounded course. The green planet is full of life and blessing, and its size expands unexpectedly. The red planet is full of life swallowing up the flame. The blue planet has nothing dry and the yellow one is close to storm. The penetrating tours invade on the space and people on earth watch the expansion that did not stop since the time of order (be). The creature controls the expected knowledge of future and the Creator has control over the transcendental knowledge – expected or unexpected. Hundreds of stars are dying. Devils among the jinn and men are parleying. The angels and the noble men are calling on. The sight is supported by the insight and the mind with belief. The love increases between earth and the rain, between male and female, between sun and the moon, between eyes and the sight, between action and the news, between fun and the journey. The divorce came as a lawful object causing fall of trees' leaves.

Horizon of perception expands and includes principle of acceptable that has dry objects, water, fire and air besides the small

parts of the ozone which is a protective shield between the damages and the revolving planets. The moonlike language used to record the conversation of the people in love and their meeting minutes. The religion is for Allah, the Almighty. No one is there to claim privacy. The habits and rituals of the travelers and the residents on the planets are all inclusive (I + you + he). Family inclinations grow under the moonlight and value of man rises under the sunlight.

In the blue planet, the people wash off their sins and enjoy good health and vitality as all diseases heal by swimming in its water. Therein, all cells of the body look and enjoy the touch and get dose of fun. There, the people are covered with the transparency that they have by birth. The concealed part has been removed from the minds and there is deep love among the people. And thus, there is no concealed part in the man, rather there are good ideals.

Those, whose minds, bodies and souls are cleansed in water of the blue planet, have an honor to go on eternal tour of green planet. Those who could not swim in the clear blue planet are those who selected to go to the storming yellow planet where skins dry until the bodies are light. The seal is put on their heart, ears and eyes and thereafter, they are sent in groups towards the red planet, which is blessed by Allah to include all who is dispatched to it.

O my God, amid the fragrance there is an odor.

I didn't get you.

When we proceeded towards the plush office, we were welcomed by aroma. When we entered the information, there we felt some sort of smell that is only appropriate for the dispatched lot.

Yes. We have started feeling the fragrance of musk and saffron from the clean planet and the bad smell from the storming planet.

O Abu Muayid, I'm in earnest need of a cup of coffee. I too, O Umm Muayid, need that.

We too.

Excuse me brother, is there any cafeteria in the plush office?

Many cafeterias and the restaurants. He provided us the list.

We willingly entered the green cafeteria. There were many people sitting or passing through but Hind was the cynosure. Hind was the most beautiful girl who received and welcomed for choosing the green cafeteria in which she works. Her wide smile was like carpet for our souls, her calmness like peace and touch of her fingers like the softness that gave us special treatment. We were in constant talk with her loving eyes.

What would you like to drink?

Our selection was in accordance with our diversified requirements. Our eyes were towards her in unison. When Hind picked up a bowl or a cup from over the tray in her hand and kept it on the table in front of us, here eyes and lips smiled for us along with her breasts. When she inched away from us she inched close by the talk of her warm looks and wide smiles. When she was close, she invaded us. For the first time, I knew that entertaining beauty and ogling at the beauty is not disturbing and concerning to the Saria, Noor, Nayer or a passer by. Everything with her is a fun.

Bill please, O the princess Hind.

I'm not a princess.

By God, you are a princess: You are the princess in my heart. If you knew that you are in my heart, you would have known that you are crowned therein as a princess and also as to why I lost control over the control keys. Open your eyes, don't you see me shivering?

In the feministic demureness she says, 'Are you in hurry?'

Time for skiing on the moonlike turf has started.

She brought the bill and found us in the state of negotiation with ourselves that did not want to leave. It prompted me to ask the princess Hind: Do you have a telephone? Please give me the number for making conversation.

I lost the telephone. I'll subscribe once again and provide you with the number.

What is your opinion, if I buy you a telephone?

Thanks, but you don't have enough time to complete the procedures and this is time for my work. Next time, preferably.

Had I been a painter, I would have painted the talk between her eyes and me, between her hair and the breeze, between it and the

swimming that made it unable to compete with her, keeping it at a distance from behind and leaving a space from over her back, waist and hips as though it is a cloud between sky and the earth. I, under its shadows, swim, sow and farm and hope that it will rain so that it grows and I harvest.

Had I been a painter, I would have painted myself in her eyes and her in my heart. I met people on its moonlike turf skiing, after we put aside our skate and rode the skiing tears to have fun over meem, turf and the ice-turf. Therein, I saw love among the people as fun. All languages are spoken. All skies revealed their messages to cleanse her eyes. How beautiful they are! They get clean, speak, read, comprehend and send.

Had I been a painter, I would have painted the canal through which the tear passes. Had I been so, I would have painted the corner from where we crossed, without an obstruction by those thick black trees that when I was in the deep I saw the moon like a white flower on their head. At the stations on the cheeks, the doors were opened for us and we went out for watching. There was deliberation and goodbye. It seemed as though we went down from the moon over the earth surface.

See you, as though it is a good anthem among the people. Everyone recites that in a hope to return in near future, except the tears as they did not recite that. I said: What happened to you? You are not saying that with us.

They said: Take this diary and don't be surprised. The tears that flow out from the eyes can not return there again. Full of grief, they fell down unconscious forever.

I was very sorry for what happened to them. I opened the diary that she had gifted to me and read the contents: (I'm the tear and have my place only in the eyes. I can't live anywhere else. In the eyes, we have fun and pleasure; we roll out and ski; then, I swim in their canals, rivers and seas to cleanse them and I am martyred in its cause.)

I said: We rode there intentionally and we were safe with the beauty and the high taste. We were safe till the end. There is no justification that it is martyred after taking us out for nothing. I wish I knew the justifications for its martyrdom. But I was not fortunate to know. While thinking, I opened another page and

read: (I spent whatever I could to prepare a nice ambiance for you during your tour in the village squares. For the sake of your safety, I accepted taking you out to the external space. We hope to have performed my duty and obtained the pleasure. We hope to reach the earth martyred and that I am not picked up or stopped by the birds while going down to it.)

By God, had I had this diary before your martyrdom, I would have hugged you, kissed you and accompanied you till the end. On the third page, it reads: (Don't cry over those who convey their message successfully. One should cry over those who die before conveying that. My wish for you is that the idea is reintegrating and the fanaticism is separated from you. Tears are your house of wisdom. Ergo, don't let them flow unless they drown you. Work at your places and one who fails, the life will supersede him. Obey Allah and attain parents' pleasure. Be faithful to the beloved ones. Do justice and dwell in my eyes running till the end. Good bye)!
Bye, O the treasure of wisdom.



**ECSTASY OF
MIND**