

FOOLISHNESS OF FAITH

AMIN MALIK

Translated By
Dr. Sarbjit Singh Chhina

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Dr. Inderjit Kaur

President

All India Pingalwara Society (Regd.)

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Introduction

Faith is a small word that is called belief (Akidat) in Arabic and Urdu. In broad language, it would be depicted as belief, recognition, and assurance in the thoughts of a human being about religion. This faith shows the passage as well as restraints for any human being. It can be constructive, as well as destructive. It is a two-edged sword, but its reverse use can cut our neck too. If the faith of a common man about the creator took the form of foolishness, then it would cause greater damage than an atom bomb. The faith which has its base in foolishness is similar to a wolf let loose in a herd of sheep. Such type of faith not only destroys one house, but it also sets the whole locality on fire. This fire spreads its tentacles till it devours not only cities but the entire country as well. The calamity of this present age is that if some person of logic and broad vision may try to inculcate this vision to a person who is having blind, deaf and dumb faith, then that person with blind faith would assert himself to pull out the eyes of the person with a broad vision. You may understand that in these pretensions of society, life and the environment of that true person becomes hell by making him out to be a non-believer. He would be insulted from place to place and all relations with him would be cut off. If you look in the past or the period gone by, then my statement would be validated. What was the crime of Baba Nanak that this world had become his enemy and stones were thrown at him from time to time? What bad advice was given by Hazrat Mohammad Sahib that his teeth were broken and garbage was thrown on his head because he had forbidden to kill newly born girls? He wanted to tell those who wanted sons that there was only one God. If we look deeply and minutely than we can understand that

persons of blind, deaf and dumb faith were not accepting them. They advised people but unfortunately, people who had been led astray were ready to confront them.

It is unfortunate that sometimes one may go to purchase a cow or buffalo for his own need but then he feels the need to consult someone else. The movements and physical appearance is checked, the pros and cons weighed and then the purchase is made. On the other hand, just by clutching the door-frames of the so-called Pir, Fakir, Guru, Mullah, Bhai or Baba in such a way that results in all the doors of one's intellect and the brain being shut by leaning on his wisdom, then the Pir Sahib gives the order that there is no relation of organised religion or belief with intelligence or with any "ism." His religion says that while reposing your confidence in him, the intellect should be left at home. This is so because if an enquiry is conducted, then the mischiefs of Pir Babas will be caught, that is why it is their order that a person thinking on religion, becomes a non-believer. The believer must have blind faith, he simply goes along with him. What a strange phenomenon it is that the use of intellect is not allowed. It does mean that while going to heaven, it is essential to be without intellect. The person with blind, deaf and dumb faith need not test the scheme of the Pir Baba or Mulla Sahib, as was needed to purchase a cow or a buffalo. The foolish followers had never thought that the people belonging to Allah were leading a pious life like Baba Nanak, Mahatma Buddha and Hazrat Mohammed. These great men were living a simple life but why my Pir is living in buildings like palaces and travelling in cars. In this age, there are no Pirs like Baba Nanak and followers like Mardana. It might be that today's Pir must be serving his own purpose as Guru and followers are playing to

fulfill their own motives.

There was a time when the quiz posed by this blind faith was very short. But now these Mamas (maternal uncles) and contractors of religion are playing the musical Been (snake-charmer's flute) which is so sweet that the unintelligent follower started moving his head and the expert Pir, Sadhu and Saint got control on his thought process by extinguishing his intellect. In this age, this play is called brainwash. Sometimes back, this play was being played on a small scale but in this age, this play has thrived while spreading to cities and even across countries. In days of yore, the Pir Babas were confined only to earn their meals and basic necessities; now, this business has extended its tentacles to control the entire world. Till now only in Pakistan, in the fight between the army and Taliban, fifty thousand people were killed. The force of this fight had spread by lighting the fire of blind faith to whom the name of Jihad is given. The allurements is to gain heaven in the other world, which makes followers with blind faith devoid of thinking and logic. Every follower takes it as an order to murder people of the same God by violating the basic order of God. The youth holding the fingers of the maulvis intoxicated with faith are killing innocent children studying in schools by tying bombs to their back (children used as suicide squads) .

The fire that had spread in the whole of the world and enmity is more dangerous than anything else. The foolishness of blind faith, I shall explain ahead. First of all, let me talk of that faith that is igniting a fire quietly in every house, every locality, and every street that is considered as the will of God. They board a boat with pleasure with the hope of reaching the other side of the bank, but instead, they get drowned. Only a fortunate and

intelligent person is saved from this type of foolish faith, which does no good.

It is said that England is one of the most developed countries in the world. It possesses a very high level and pure cultural values and, in respect of literacy, has gone far ahead. I do not deny this fact but there is an adage that one who is bad over here is also bad at Lahore. The bitch you fed pizza and noodles at London would again look for the crumbs of the flour in the grinder by leaving everything else. I should show the mirror of this truth in this way - that the people circling the Kaaba at Macca Sharif, had seen the pick-pockets being caught there. These pickpockets caught were also Muslims. I had tried to tell that the bad would remain bad even when they reached the house of God. Their faith was only wealth and property. They had no concern for the faith of religion. My subject is of the people involved with the foolishness of faith concerned with religion. Albeit there is the evil side of faith in all religions, but I would be cautious that I may not show the universal conduct of any other religion. It may not happen that people will play my game. Actually, I had taken up this theme of human thought instead of Islamic thought. What I am writing about is not an issue of any particular religion; rather, it is the issue of every person.

I was explaining that everyone might be thinking that people who had reached a place like London might be restraining their mad type of sick faith and might have learned wisdom, but what is happening over here might have happened at Lahore or Ludhiana. There is no doubt that here all the children have to attend school because of the prevailing laws; otherwise, parents can be arrested. Despite it, I am writing about a model of the foolishness of faith from my own house.

Preface

There are two great powers in the world.

1. Power of money
2. Power of prestige in the society.

There is a saying, “Might is right”, which means that powerful persons, can prove wrong things right or false things true. So different countries compete to receive this power. Once England was powerful country after that America and Russia became world powers. Rarely powerful countries believe in welfare of all people*. Mostly the powerful countries believe in making dangerous weapons which can destroy other countries and pressurise less powerful countries to toe their line and become their slaves.

God has created persons of different categories, some are very clever and some of them are really innocent. Clever people are trickster, they cheat and deceive these innocent people. In fact they are notorious collect huge money by corruption and chicanery. These people engage their brains in planning criminal and heinous acts.

According to Guru Nanak Dev ji these people are of the following category.

ਵਾਇਨਿ ਚੇਲੇ ਨਚਨਿ ਗੁਰ ॥

The disciples play the music and the Gurus dance.

ਪੈਰ ਹਲਾਇਨਿ ਫੇਰਨਿ ਸਿਰ ॥

They move their feet and roll their heads.

ਉਡਿ ਉਡਿ ਰਾਵਾ ਝਾਟੈ ਪਾਇ ॥

The dust flies and falls upon their hair.

ਵੇਖੇ ਲੋਕੁ ਹਸੈ ਘਰਿ ਜਾਇ ॥

Beholding them, the people laugh and then go home.

ਰੋਟੀਆ ਕਾਰਣਿ ਪੂਰਹਿ ਤਾਲ ॥

They beat the drums for the sake of bread.

ਆਪੁ ਪਛਾੜਹਿ ਧਰਤੀ ਨਾਲਿ ॥

They throw themselves upon the ground.

This book ‘Foolishness of Faith’ explains the behaviour of such worldly people. On one side there are swindlers and chicaners and on the other side there are people who are blind in their faith or belief. Such people are lunatics.

Ameen Malik the writer of this book resides in London these days but by birth he belongs to Western Punjab. Punjabi language of the people from Western Punjab is very sweet and write so beautifully but there is no parallel to Ameen Malik. In Punjabi Language is his mother tongue and it appears that he loves his mother tongue as much as he loves his mother. When I read his book I felt as Ameen Malik is worried about the people who have blind faith and are asleep and he wanted to awaken such people and warned everyone to be aware of such cheaters. But this is very hard task because such deaf and blind devotees do not want to listen the Saver’s voice and rather start abusing the persons who want to help them.

Ameen Malik writes, “What wrong Baba Nanak did or said that people opposed Him tooth and nails and were ready to throw stones on Him. What wrong Hazrat Mohammad ji has done that people broke his teeth and filth was thrown on His Head. Mohammad ji forbade people for killing new born daughter and asked people to believe in God and not in statues. Ameen ji is really courageous man that he has tried to clarify sarcastically between true religious sadhu and cheaters. He writes, “I pray to God,

bless me with that much wisdom that I can differentiate and recognise between running clear canal water and dirty water of pond. I believe if I come across true faquir, I will bow my head to him.”

According to Mr. Ameen, in early days there were small wrangles because of blind faith. In those days, these persons were cheating people to earn their livelihood. No this chicanery has extended in the whole world. Only in Pakistan, 50,000 people have been killed in rivalry between army and Talibans. This war type fire has been ignited by blind faith in Jihad. People became really blind in temptation of Heaven. Every devotee is murdering God’s creation (human being) in the name of God.

In India there are so many Thugs who make people blind in the name of religion and perform below dignity actions in their deras.

Some devotees lock their brain and throw key into the well and buy one 01 kg of Pumpkin or Jaggery (Gurh) for Rs.1000/- because these have been touched by their Baba or Guru. They leave their daughters with baba considering Baba as Holy God. People are watching such actions daily but the number of such lunatics are increasing day-by-day.

On one side the people have become wise and clever and follow etiquettes. If this is true then from where the lines of lunatics have come? How much wise are these devotees that they snatch bread from the mouth of children and help such cheaters to become millionaire. I don’t understand what to say to this world, is it developed and wise world or uncivilised state.”

Religious monks also sometime suffer from blind faith. They are adamant on their thinking and announce decrees or judgement upon scientists, as Socrates was ordered to drink poison and Galileo was hanged.

Even today religious terrorists murder intelligent people like Dabholkar, kalburgi and Gauri Lakesh because these people protested against blind faith and black magic etc. Dabholkar started a NGO named Sharda Nirmuolan Samiti. M.M. Kalburg was vice-chancellor in Kanadda University and has written many books. He was given many awards :-

- * Pamma Award
- * Mir Patanga Award
- * Sahit Academy Award

It appears some enemies of humanity for-their financial benefits misguide these lunatics of blind faith and their insanity leads to destruction. Now this insanity is being used by rulers who are enemies of humanity. One can buy devotion, votes and human lives with money.

I thank Sh. Ameen Malik ji for he has tried to open the eyes of the society by writing his thought from the core of his heart, “Alas ! today when human beings have become clever crow from peace living loving dove, they have started scattering the dirt of dishonesty. I wish I may spend whole life writing the stories of oppression and crime. This beautiful creation of God (world), is now blood strained.”

I am thankful to Puran Printing Press and respected S.S. Chhina and I his colleague for translating this book in English. I have no word to thank Sadh Sangat without their blessings and co-ordination the work of printing books is not possible.

Inderjit Kaur

Mukh Sewadar

All India Pingalwara Charitable
Society(Regd.), Amritsar.

The Cock and the Egg

I live in London. In London, my younger brother-in-law (brother of my wife) came to my house and said, "Amin Sahib, today, my life was saved only because of God." I thought that God had committed a mistake by sparing such a foolish person. What would have been missing in this world without him? But I pasted a look of artificial concern on my face and enquired, "Friend Riaz, what had happened?"

He replied, "Bhaji (older brother), I was watching T.V. alone in my room, and unexpectedly, a part of the roof fell. Thank God, it fell about a yard away from me - I had a narrow escape." I thought in my mind that it was bad of the roof that it fell a yard away. It would have been better if it hit the head of Riaz, and in this way while enjoying whiskey from a bottle and appreciating himself, his wife would have been saved.

Then looking towards the sky, he continued, "Really some donation given in the name of God had helped me."

Then I said, "Riaz, really you had told the truth; in my opinion, you had not donated anything with your own hands but you did rebuke your wife for the sake of God after consuming liquor."

Riaz again said, "But, Amin sahib, when my children went to Pakistan, I had broken an egg on the road as a token of thanks - a sacrifice. Now, I have come to you seeking your advice that should I throw a black cock on another crossing of the road after cutting it with a knife." I realized that now the madness of that foolish faith was at its peak. I controlled my laughter and thought that Riaz

Sahib had fed a crossing with an egg as breakfast and now he is going to give dinner to some other road.

I said, "You had sacrificed an egg for your life what more you can do!"

He replied, "No, no Bhaji, there is a necessity of the sacrifice of a cock."

I was already regretting the wastage of an egg and was unable to tolerate the sacrifice of the cock.

I said, "God has blessed you with your life; why are you taking the life of a cock? Also, in this country, even if we just blow out phlegm from our running nose on the road, the police would arrest us. By throwing a cock you should not try to go to jail directly. Besides, Muslims are facing much trouble these days. Looking at the blood of the cock, the police might suspect that you are a terrorist who is killing a cock to train himself to kill people."

In my mind, I was interested that I might find the live cock for my night meal, but Riaz may throw it at the crossing by cutting it with his own hands as he believed in blind faith. Riaz said, "Amin Sahib, at midnight after taking full care, I would throw from a distance and run away."

Here one point is to be noted that this Riaz who is wasting eggs and cock, came here from Wazirabad about fifty years ago and he had been studying in school for some time over here, too. But it is the same thing that there is no effect on wisdom of the fool, just as there will be no effect if you throw cold water on stone. Similarly, it is possible to make hundreds of colours with black but the primary black colour would remain unchanged. Then there is a couplet in Urdu that the foolishness of the

foolish does not mitigate with education. We may reverse the word ignorant, it would remain ignorant. It does mean that the Urdu word of “Nadan” is written in reverse order; it would remain “Nadan”.

After narrating a small incident, I had taken the first step in the ladder of blind faith. Gradually when this foolishness would reach its second storey, then it would be seen that how far it goes to the extent of its destruction. This can be viewed from the fact that there is medicine for T.B, Cholera, lethargy, those can be cured, but there is no medicine for this disease. We inherited some of the foolishness, it means that it arrived from our grandfather, great grandfather and we are performing that as usual. The foolishness to destroy the egg and cock was inherited by Riaz from his mother. Some of them are being taught by Mullahs, Mulanas, Peer, Pandit and Babas, who eke out their own living. If we go into its details, we would see that politicians have used this gladiator of foolishness at the world level. It means the Mullahs, Mulanas, were paid and were asked to prepare the foolish customs in the name of religion, in the name of Taliban or Lakshar, to boost the market of murders for instability in the government so as to acquire political gains. To someone, it would be asked that Mandir and Gurdwara were constructed over here at the place of Masjid by dismantling our religious place, so as to start the name of Ram in place of Rahim. In reality, Ram and Rahim are the same. He is the Allah and he is Bhagwan. The bread may be placed in the plate of silver or in a platter of silver; the bread remains the same. While lodging a complaint, someone told, Sahir Ludhianvi, our poet of Punjab, that after partition, people of the village built a Gurdwara at the place of Mosque.

Sahir replied, “This was done very well, only God would be remembered at that place rather than someone tying cattle there. It means the foolish people of faith use religious foolishness as a sword for accomplishing their political interests and objective. As the Taliban are saying that all are non-believers (Kaffirs), except them, should be killed.”

At one time, this foolishness reached only a few numbers of small houses, but now this crime is much bigger. Today this foolishness has reached the White House which goes as a special guest into the palaces of the rich ministers of our backward and poor countries. The 11 years of war between Iran and Iraq was caused by this guest. The trigger of the gun of the guest is pulled in the White House to hit at certain targeted place.

Just see, the promotion of this foolishness that begins from the breaking of an egg at the crossing has reached to rule in the White House. Let the foolish survive who is taking the intoxication of hemp-beverage (Bhang ka Sharbat) and then it is a pleasure of the wise. If I would have tried a little, the cock of Riaz could be boiled in my earthen pot and served at dinner.

Kamal Shah

One day a miserable lady along with her three children, entered my house and said, “Amin Sahib, you are well known in this area, you write and recite poetry and also author books. Please have mercy on me, please save my children from being hungry and save my house.” It was a strange conversation of that lady because her problem has no relation to my reciting poetry and writing books. The writers themselves are facing hunger, but I had to focus on the calamity of that lady. I inquired about the real problem and she told, “My husband is not doing any work and we are pulling on with the help of Government compensation, may our neighbour rot in hell who suggested to my husband to visit a peer to improve our livelihood. That Peer named Kamal Shah used to perform Namaz in the mosque along with his followers. The Peer used to display some magic charms. Our fortune got burned after my husband became his devotee and is always confined to the Mosque. Another misfortune added to it as a large part of the weekly unemployment allowance we were getting is now given to the Peer as a donation. You, please be kind and make my husband understand that now it has become very difficult to meet the expenses of our meals.”

I said, “Bibi, your trouble is very big, but the Peer whom your husband is worshipping, his magic charms and tactics are much bigger than my poetry and books. As it is said that charms of your eyes are more powerful than applying any force. Kamal Shah is capable to break the legs of anyone who would obstruct his way. While mitigating your hunger, I should not become bedridden. His followers, who are dependent on him, are more powerful than the scoundrels.” Bibi, went away while I was in remorse as I was aware of the tactics of Kamal Shah.

Once I had gone to read the Friday Prayers in the Mosque, unfortunately I listened to such suggestions that I left the Mosque. Just see two to four tales in that context as samples. He was saying, “What is the worry of my followers, I would bring them out from hell by extending my hand. You people without dignity just listen send your children to me in the Mosque for studies. By doing this, the children would become faithful to their parents.” Once he said ‘without dignity’, then I said to myself that, you yourself may be without dignity. Peer Sahib had exerted control over a big Mosque that is possessing huge financial wealth. He had purchased three houses at such a place as London. One follower had made a promise that every year he would give him a car of about 50000 pounds as it is because of his faith in the Peer that the meals, the money, the liquor all are coming to his house. One may ask him if everything is given by Peer Sahib, then what Allah, who is supreme, is doing. Other than this Peer, on whose blessings is Queen Elizabeth living in a palace? Rather the salary of Peer Sahib who is teaching Jumma in Mosque, is more than the Chief Minister.

Now there is another sample of the foolishness of faith: A faithful young daughter of Kamal Shah married a young Muslim boy on her own will and Peer Sahib was furious. His eyes were bloodshot as the boy was not of the status and of his caste. While looking at the frustration and anger of the Peer the foolish followers said, “Sarkar order us.” The person who could bring out a sinner from hell, could not control his daughter. A plan was hatched to murder the boy. Those foolish persons became ready and they used to sit around the house of the boy for two, three days in a car carrying long knives, axes and they were looking for the right opportunity. One of the neighbours became suspicious and he reported the matter to the police.

All the three foolish men of faith got arrested along with long knives and the Peer possessing great supernatural powers left London the same night. According to an adage, the village was set on fire and the dog was on the dung-heap. A case was pursued on the foolish of faith persons and all the three got imprisonment. I am not aware of the quantum of the sentence. It is very interesting that after eight, ten years, when everything cooled down, the Peer again returned to London with the help of his followers. There was again the same practice as usual. There was no one to ask that if a murderer can be the possessor of God? Rather according to Islam, there cannot be upper or lower caste.

I may repeat again that I do not consider myself an atheist. I am observing the rules and orders of God according to my power and capacity, but while entering a Mosque, I do not put my intellect in the shoe outside. Religion would never prescribe that the use of intellect is a sin. Mullahs and Mullanas are saying it for their livelihood that there is no room for intellect in religion. These Maulvis are getting their operation of the heart done from an intelligent doctor but they give a different order to their foolish followers, who are holding their hand. They feel that one becomes a non-believer by using the intellect. The medication of the foolish people is made by methods like charms and amulets. Now anybody may call me an atheist, nonbeliever or dishonest, but while speaking the truth, even if I have to give the testimony against my own self, I will give with full force even if I may have to go to jail in humiliation. This fact I had already narrated in my other story, that how I got away from the foolish faith and how I used my intellect. I had already said I bow my head to a person who is having faith on God, but if faith is destructive or damaging, then I start confronting it.

Rain of Money

After taking the examination of Matric and by availing the free Railway pass from my father, I went to Karachi along with my elder brother just for some loafing around. As I demanded some money for the expenses in travel, I got just Rupees five, that too after a lot of requests. In the year 1957, these five rupees were enough for a person like me. After the tour, the next day I was to board the train for my return journey from Karachi and we went to have a look at Clifton area. We had spent those five rupees in seven days, then I saw the garland of oysters on the seashore and I remembered Chhabo. The students of that time must remember that while going to “jeena machhan” for getting the grains roasted at the village small kiln, I lost my heart while looking at her daughter Chhabo.

Initially, I was going to get the grain roasted; now my heart got roasted. I was looking towards Chhaboo surreptitiously from the attention of aunt and that fortunate, who was putting the fuel in the hot kiln. My heart got warmed by her smiling face. Ultimately we got each other’s affection but as our love had reached only our smiles, the aunt became aware of it and reprimanded me. I left the village kiln and after some time, the signals from the rooftop also stopped. When I went to Karachi, I used to remember Chhabo. But when I saw the garland, she pressurized me to purchase that garland. Now I had no money even to buy poison. From where would I give one and a quarter of the rupee? I got two rupees from my brother at the interest rate of a quarter of rupee and the garland was purchased on debt, I put the garland in my

pocket with love. Now I would give you the real reason to narrate this tale.

When we had tasted all the festivities of the seashore, we saw that there was a big Mazar of a Fakir that was made of marble and to look at that from inside we went in. On entering inside, my eyes got stunned; we were wonderstruck looking at the money raining over there. -. I thought it was raining money inside the house of the person who is managing the Mazar - but why there was a drought in the soul of my barren land?

The matter was such that there were about five or six swings for children around the graveyard of the fakir. Whosoever was coming, was throwing money in the graveyard. What I saw was that the money had filled up to the brim. There was a rush of people who were throwing their savings there. Everybody used to ask for some wish-fulfillment while throwing the money and would go ahead. Looking at the pile of money, I also demanded something from God and my prayer was accepted instantly. My brother and I took four rounds around the graveyard and my time changed. I said in my heart, Oh God, where does this money go? The person, who is sleeping in the graveyard, was dead and now his demand for money had finished.

As I was thinking, the inheritor of this wealth was seen, a little away from the Mazar. There was a person of about one hundred kilograms body weight who had curled mustaches and he was sitting with the support of a silk pillow. He had worn very costly milk- like white embroidered shirt and had a chain of five “tolas” of gold around his neck. He also wore a white cloth and a mirror

fitted flower cap on his head. The wealth of his physical health was showing that he had no dearth of money. His complexion was intense red. His neck was like a healthy ox and his bloated belly had spread to far-flung places. Two persons were pressing his fat calf muscles and one person was pressing his back. Similarly, one person was massaging his ears. I said, Oh God, this person is tired while merely sitting, but I had no jealousy about that. He may enjoy as he liked; that was not of my concerns. But the trouble was that there was a big heap of money of the first round in his bags. Two persons were segregating the coins of a quarter and a half rupee and rupee and were putting them in different bags and they were placing those bags near him. Without telling my brother, on the pretext of taking change, I got two-three turns and got five, seven handfuls of coins and filled my pocket and paying salam to the Mazar; we came out. While coming out, I again paid respect because I got my desire fulfilled there. After covering a short distance, I paid rupees two of credit and a quarter of rupee as an interest to my brother and got free from debt.

He got amazed and said, “Oh, from where did you get this money.”

I replied, “Brother from the rain of money, I got two-three handful of them. You had paid rupees two on the interest of one-quarter of a rupee, but see the blessings of God and look at the donations, my pocket is filled to the brim. Then the people would find their desires being fulfilled, or it may happen that they may not get anything but the Almighty had made me prosperous instantly.” Hanif became aware that I had stolen money from there.

Now our opposing faith started confronting each other. He started saying to me, “Oh, you sinner, had you not seen that there was none to secure the money because it is known that who so ever steal money from here becomes blind.”

I said, “Brother, your faith is blind. The faith of my eyes prescribed that people throwing money there are either blind or sightless and the people with eyes, while stealing money by securing themselves are farsighted. The great sighted is the one who had heaps of money in front of him. Now you just look at me, I was feeling in the dark with an empty pocket and now the world is full of light and my eyes have opened.”

He said, “It is a sin.”

I replied, “If the use of intellect is a sin, then what is the charity in doing everything blindly. I am not blind. The people throwing money are blind. I got only eight and a half rupee and I realize light in my eyes. When he was getting his legs pressed by leaning on the pillows like in a mujra (a type of music and dance show performed by women to please men), you ask him and he would say that there is light all around. At night when he would open the bottle of “Royal Salute,” then he would laugh to his full on foolish people like me because he knows that his bottle is full and the bottle of the intellect of the faith of the foolish is empty. The people blindly throwing money are like the blind lady grinding grains with a grinding stone but some bitch (a female dog) is eating the flour.”

If you have not listened to this proverb then let me explain that there was such a lady who was blind and she was grinding grain by putting the grain in the grinder and the bitch that was sitting near the grinder was eating the

flour that was coming out of the grinder. I said, “Brother, you leave everything, Come, I would treat you to red roasted meat. I have also donated one-eighth part of a rupee to a Faqir.” The faith of Hanif was a hurdle to take meat with this type of money, but ultimately the legs of the false faith wavered and he became ready for it.

But another misconception erupted from his faith and he said, “You had appeared in tenth class examination and you are sure to fail.”

Then I said, “Brother, you should not worry. My papers would not come to this person with fat neck. He is just making money and he is only throwing dust in the eyes of the people.”

We ate the Nan (white flour Roti baked in tandoor) and meat to our full. Then we took one Pepsi bottle and expressed that otherwise, I would use stolen money from the Mazar of Majju Shah daily till police might not arrest me.

The subject of my essay was a serious matter and needed the attention with a lot of care because this blind faith has created terror in the modern age, rather humanity is crying loudly being naked from the head. This black wind has consumed the social, moral, cultural and human values. But in this serious matter, I am filling the book with humour for the interest of the readers so that my book may not be used to make paper bags for use at grocery and vegetable shops instead of being read. Otherwise, what is the relation of humor with this matter that is worth weeping? It is a compulsion that sour medicine has to be given with a coating of sugar.

Still, I am thinking that the people who were

making the heap of money at the Mazar of Majju Shah had ever thought that the old person sleeping in this graveyard, does not need this money, neither this money is being used by the needy and poor people then why we are wasting it. I was calling this as foolishness in that age that is why I gained eight and a half rupees.

Ultimately one day, my train of thought proved right. It so happened that a new Government took over the reign of the country one day, and the intellect of a wise man got awakened, that the Government controlled all such Mazars and turned out all the followers by beating them. All the Mazars were taken over by the Government and it decided to spend all this income for the needy of the country. God knows that what the government would be doing with it further. But it was made clear that the foolishness of the foolish of faith was wrong.

At least, I got proof that I had not done anything wrong for the garland of Shabo and for tasting meat and Pepsi rather, I paid one-eighth part of a rupee as a donation to a needy person. I did not harm the old Faqir. I had just taken a fraction, hand full from the flowing river of the fat necked person. Those fat necked persons were ousted after that action.

Blind Faith

I may narrate a similar incident in the same context. When I was studying with my brother and stayed at Railway Colony in Lahore. There was a small Mazar near it on the G.T.Road. Along with it, there was a cash box or an offer tray that was fixed on the ground. Most of the followers of this Mazar were tonga pullers. All tonga pullers were putting money in it and would go away with their tonga after paying respects. After the occupation of it by the Government, the Government locked the box and the Government official would take the money out of the goluk every month. The custodian of the mazar got deprived of his livelihood. He made an underground tunnel reaching the goluk and started snatching money. One day the officials became aware and arrested him by handcuffing. I was the eye witness of that scene.

What I may write about this blind faith, there is need to write a full book on it. When we were children, there was only one Mosque in every village. But gradually, the light of greed escalated and the shrewd people saw that only one person is enjoying a good life while staying in the Mosque. Many shrewd people used a very dangerous weapon of the self-made faith or worship. Gradually the people got separated, the disputes arose and the differences in the name of religion thrived to the extent that it turned into enmity. Then different Mosques were made. The methods of worship got changed. The clothes worn by the different outfits became of different designs. There were different colours of turbans and their style of tying them changed. One village had three Mosques and respective organizations were formed of each faith. Being in a Masjid, the Mullah, Mulanas claimed superiority of their own and

started inflicting toxins on the faith of others. Then the attacks were sparked on each other's Mosques. Gradually the fires of shots and bombs were used. Every religious contractor blamed the others as non-believers (Kaffirs). As the matter escalated, the massacre started in the name of religious war as Jihad.

We had seen only one Eid celebrated in the whole country and it is the order of God, that after looking at the moon, it is the duty to celebrate Eid the next day. But now three Eids are held because now the order of the Maulvies are prevailing on followers instead of the order of God. In front of the door of a Masjid in Lahore, I saw it written in deep colours that, this Masjid belongs to that outfit and the person of any other outfit can't perform Namaz (Prayer) over here.

What more than this tyranny? I may narrate that a person of a Shia outfit died in London and for Janaza (burying) the space of Masjid was too less in comparison to the gathering. Permission was sought from the other Masjid to read the Namaz of Janaza but they refused with the plea that the president of our Mullahs says that the people of other faith cannot read the prayer of Janaza over here. What an irony that one Muslim cannot enter the Masjid of the other Muslim that is a place of worship as the house of God. When they demand donation for the Masjid then they would say that donate for the house of God. God would bless you with a place in heaven. House belongs to God, but there is an occupation of man on the property. Why has all this happened? She snake is the name of this blind faith. One God, one scripture and one prophet, but because of the foolishness of faith, man is quarreling with fellow man and this has gone to the extent

of even massacre. Now the outfits are identified from the colour of their clothes that to which Platoon this uniform belongs and to which regiment the other one belongs. The uniform of Mullah, Maulvis indicates that to which outfit he belongs because of the gown, he is wearing is embroidered with the guild.

I am thinking that sometimes the colours were put on the sheep to identify the group of particular sheep, but the human being of the modern age has become like animals. Sahir Ludhianvi, a great poet has rightly said, "That the person of every era has brought a new God. Which God should I worship?" Look to this truth that now, according to different faiths of every outfit the Maulvi is calling to say prayers at different timings in different Mosques. I am wondering at what time I may say my prayers. Every Maulvi has his different Eid. I am asking my God, that Oh God, on which day I may celebrate Eid?

Listening to these pleas, a person of some deep thinking can reach a conclusion, that who had done it and why it was done. It is difficult for a person like me to conclude something with my limited intellect. I can only say, that some people who are enemies of humanity, filled with greed, earn their own livelihood by instructing the foolish and their foolishness getting blind turns towards destruction. Now, this foolishness is being used by the rulers who are the enemies of humanity. Faith is selling with money; human life is selling. The chair of leadership and of politics can be grabbed by this gladiator.

By narrating a small reality and while validating it and expressing the reality in my pleas, I may state that in my area for several years, only one Sardar was being elected as a Counsellor. He is a very honest person

teaching in a school. People got him elected in our area by casting their votes in favour of him with pleasure. Because of his services, every person of every outfit and every religion was happy. Unfortunately, mischief emerged in the thought of a Pakistani brother and he thought that why not the foolishness of faith may be applied over there and why this work of foolishness may not be performed by the foolish of faith, so he gave a token to a Maulvi of the big Mosque and settled the bargain that he was interested in contesting the election of a councillor from this ward and you put some fodder in the manger of foolish who are following you that I may get the milk of politics this time. Maulvi said, "It is not a big matter, faith is there and foolish are living." In the next Jumma in the Congregation of Friday, he declared the mandate of blind faith, "that anybody who would cast a vote to a person of any other religion except the Muslims, would be branded a Kaffir (Non-Believer)." This talk spread in the area. One day that Sardar met me, and I just initiated the dialogue and then that person having the feelings of a Saint said, "Malik Ji. I also got this information but I got elected because the people asked me, it is not my necessity. Myself and my wife are teachers and our son is a doctor. But if Muslims are not casting a vote in my favour and thus be secured from falsehood, I am happy about it."

It so happened that a Pakistani got elected as Councillor. By it, my statement gets validated that in these days, faith is ruling over politics also. This faith is overthrowing governments and creating damage at the international level. When I learned about this sin committed in the Mosque, then my patience lifted my head because, in the country of Britishers, there was no need for Muslims

or Sikhs to be elected as Councillors. There is a need for only persons. Neither the Sikh is to clean, sweep and wipe the floor of the Gurudwara nor the Muslim was to enhance the size of the Minaret of Mosque. But under compulsion, I put my patience in control of my intellect because I got beaten up for the crime of expressing my love for my mother tongue Punjabi. Everyone felt that Amin Malik is propagating the language of Sikhism.

The blind faith being divided in the name of religion is creating a lot of friction these days. I do not say that you throw yourself in the fire of falsehood by leaving the cool shadow of religion. To this date, no religion has given any wrong education. The methods of worship can be different, but every religion has given the right passage. Every passage goes to the township of humanity, but it is difficult to be secured by the experts of the players those are playing in the name of religion. Here I was reminded of a tale told by my late friend Altaf Hussain that seems suitable to be narrated in this book.

He used to say, "Oh, Malik, the faith of the foolish and stubbornness of a donkey is the same - when it would get stuck, it would not move. Just like a foolish person, if you were to throw a donkey in the well and then put his back towards the well and drag it out towards yourself then going on the reverse side, it would fall in the well on its own. Similar to it, I am narrating an eyewitness account of an unfortunate incident that erupted from the womb of foolish faith."

It is a matter of 1958 that in our neighbouring village "Chuhle" a peer after giving a cup of Sharbat of foolishness to his follower said that, "The safety and security of your house and of your family is only there, if

you offer your small kid as a sacrifice by your own hands in the name of the Allah because that is an order of God.”

The follower told this to his wife. “Every day in the dream, God is telling me that my order, is that you sacrifice your son.” The wife put a number of requests and pleaded that please do not do it. But unfortunately, this foolish man headed towards destruction. He was bound to fall in its trap. One day while standing in the fields, he used the knife on the neck of his innocent child. This deadly faith can turn the impossible into possible. The matter spread like fire. The police registered it as a case of murder and started searching for the culprit and ultimately, Peer Sahib also got arrested. Both were beaten up and the can of worms opened up. That enemy of the person, who sacrificed his son, had bribed the Peer Sahib with money and land. It was the enemy of the person who played on the greed of the Peer to make this incident take place. The foolishness of faith is such a sharbat that by drinking it, the intellect gets doused. These days, the people who are getting bombs tied on their back to attain heaven are destroying themselves as they had drunk the cupful of this sharbat.

A Few Good Men

I had already said that apart from deadly and destructive faith there is constructive faith that is found by some blessed one from some person near to God. Distinct from the Peers, Faqirs and Babas involved with money and the thieves of young buffalo and young cow stock, there are certain holy people of the name of God in this world. I would say about them without giving their names. Mr. Nawaz Shariff was the Chief Minister at that time, he sent his secretary with a lot of money with him, that he may donate it from his side to that person of God. The secretary presented the money and in response to it, the old person replied, “After paying thanks to Nawaz Shariff, return this money to him, because we do not need it and the needs of this Dera, we can fulfill by distributing it within our own.”

That answer looked strange and different from this world to the secretary and he said, “Respected Sir, you see, nobody else would offer you this much of money” and in response to it that old man said, “Also, nobody else would refuse to accept this much of money except me. Kindly take this money back.”

I personally went to the Dera of that old man, because I wanted to validate what I had heard. In that big Mosque, there was no Peer neither any uniform of five stars of any Peer neither did he wear the guild embroidered turban like Ranjha on his head. Nor any different regiment, nor any General nor any donation, no fees, no presents and there was no cash box. All the Fakirs were looking rich. Nobody was seen bowing his head while touching

the knees after placing the turban on the head of the Peer and neither I saw any bridegroom of that marriage party.

After a lot of searching, I found one old person. After paying (Salam) respects, I shook his hand and I requested that the old man may pray for me that Allah may put me on Namaz so that I may get on the right track.

That old man smiled a little with respect and said, “Son, you are going to your duty every day, getting pay and doing all the household chores very punctually. For doing all the tasks from whom do you get the prayers for it? Without getting the prayer done by anybody, you are performing all the worldly tasks, that there is some gain and there you are finding something. Why is there a need for prayer from someone to get on the right track or Namaz? You are doing all that because you think its gain is available in this world. The day when you would be sure that there is God who is watching us - He is looking at my good and bad deeds-- He must give me reward or punishment, on that day you need not go to get prayer for you from someone else. You would become your own medicine and prayer. Your passage would automatically become straight, so this assurance is one such stick that does not allow anyone to enter into some evil, like to restrict the animal to eat the other’s crop. Otherwise, every human being is aware of his good and bad; there is no need to tell anything. Son, go and perform Namaz five times; this is the order of God. Then you could offer prayer on your own that Allah put me on the right track. The prayer that you would demand from God because of your fear, such type of prayer you would not get from anywhere else.”

Listening to this, I performed the Namaz of the evening at that place and returned. I had a desire to go there again, but because of the busy nature of my job, I could not go to that place again. Now, what is my faith and what type it is, that I may tell to anybody? It is my prayer that no unfortunate person may drink the foolishness of blind faith from the dirty pond instead of the clean and pure lake. Intellect is such a God-given precious gift and a costly thing that it is useful to reform and brighten both the worlds. It is a separate issue that some common people do not use intellect, though they possess it. Even when they are holding the stick with them they get stung by the black snake.

The people who are thinking that all their work, every necessity and their livelihood is in the hands of the Peer, then all the privileges that God bestows get over for him. To develop this type of thought, the Mullah, Peer, Mulana and Babas are saying that the person thinking about faith and religion becomes Kaffir (Non- believer). What good advice was given by Prof. Mohan Singh, a great poet that the questioning non-believer is better than a credulous believer?

I had narrated this story, because it is not correct to completely discard the intellect given to everyone. The people walking on the right path are still living in this world. Now somebody can ask me a question that how the measure for the test of good and bad is found out? The first point is that the intellect is a God given gift. A person not using this intellect is like somebody sitting on a young horse that is without reins and hits it with a stick. If while

making a matrimonial alliance of our sister and daughter, we enquire from the street or locality or neighbour, that what type of impression they have of the family, what is their background, character and what are their impressions in the society are all tested. Similarly to get entangled in the faith of some Peer Baba, we must enquire about his standard of living, his food, his means of livelihood and his place of residence. I would put the first question to my Peer, that Baba Ji, what is your profession and your means of livelihood. If he may say that my followers and students make sure that there is no shortage in my house then instantly I would discard that Peer. The founder of Islam put us on the right path. Hazrat Mohammad Sahib had borne severest poverty and used to graze goats and camels and even had been collecting fuel by himself then how these people those are using Islam as crutches can enjoy the pleasures and luxuries on material taken from other people. If Hazrat Mohammad Sahib had earned his livelihood by his own hands, then how the Peer Sahib became higher than him. If he desired, he could have lived in a golden house, but he spent his life in a mud house and he passed away only in two clothes. This is my first test. After that, everybody knows that a person of God or faqir is not fond of wealth and will not have any interest to be called rich. If that so called Peer or Faqir has all such features and his glamour is like the rich, then he cannot be a man of Allah. It is good or bad, but I would stand and come out of such a meeting, where the sun of my faith was setting. In a mosque, the people collected donations in the name of God and were to feed people, they called poor people like me. The chief guest was the Immam and Peer

Sahib of that Masjid (Mosque). All the people were sitting on beautiful carpets spread on the earth and the Peer who had worn a gown like a General had a chair with table to sit in the house of God. If all are equal in the house of God, then why the Peer Sahib was sitting like a king? The same Maulvi is teaching the lesson of Equality every day and repeatedly, he read this couplet of poetry, "Mahmood Ayaz stood up in one line." The said words are different and the action is different. It was a meeting of religion and Islam. If it would have been a function of worldly affairs, the higher chair for Nawaz Shariff or Modi would have been suitable. Instead of taking free meals there, I stood up and came out to look at the heart wrenching scene of hunger and thirst. Is it not unjustified that any Peer, Fakir or Mullah without doing anything may live in palaces, ride in cars, he may take superior food depending on the earnings of labourers like me and then he may prescribe to us that whatever he may say I accept it blindly as the order of God. So this is the foolishness of faith.

Chaudhry Mohammad Amin

It is quite possible that every reader may not agree with my inefficient and poor intelligence. I am not writing all that to change the track of any follower of religion. If something suits someone, it may not suit the other, then congratulations to him. I had already told that in this age, there are people living who are people of God. I am narrating the story of my own faith and my own religion, otherwise, who am I, that I may give advice to anyone. What intellect I possess, as it is said that a lame woman intends to go to Amritsar. I am praying to God, that God bless me with this much wisdom about religion that I may become capable of distinguishing between a flowing river and the still water of the pond. I should have the intelligence to recognise, which passage is going towards Mosque, Mandir and Gurudwara and which is going towards gambling house or wine bar. This is my belief that till today if I happen to meet some Faqir of God then the sand of his feet is “tilak” for my forehead. I pray to God, that God may bless us the eyes to watch and intellect to test that we might not be exploited by some swindler. If still somebody in looking at my faith with a squint eye, then I may tell that I am not the person to get imprisoned as a follower of the cheat. But there are still persons in my eyes whose intellect, purity and honesty, I have deep respect for. Among them is Chaudhry Mohammad Amin, whom I saw serving in the Railways for 29 years. He served at high places and ultimately retired from the high and honorable post of Chief Engineer of Railways. He belongs to a small town of Chakwal where he spent his childhood. That soil also belongs to former Prime Minister Dr. Manmohan Singh and a great musician Madan Mohan. After his retirement,

Chaudhry Sahib started living in a locality of this place like a village. The person of such personality who retired as an owner of Railway went to settle on his soil. The people who served under him are now living in about one acre houses in the big cities. Chaudhry Sahib had been my officer also sometimes and I had full respect for the honesty and human values in this person who is like a Faqir. I saw him performing five Namaz on the floor.

I came to London after taking early retirement because of my refusal to fall prey to the sin of bribery, but Chaudhry Amin was remembered by me every time. Otherwise also, either because of my good or bad habit, I did not leave the company of any good person and I do not let any bad person go scot free. I tried to search for Chaudhry Sahib while going to Lahore, where I got the information that he is living in his small house in his village of Chakwal. After searching for him, I contacted him on phone, enquired about his health and he replied, “Amin the sound of the city and cars, bungalows, I had seen in the Government department. This village is my soil. One day I would return to this soil.”

While enquiring about his job, he replied, “Amin the only matter is of subsistence, for which my pension is enough what else I got from Lahore. I had built a Mosque in the village and the children of the poor those who were roaming in the streets, I brought them in the Mosque and I am teaching them. I did not find any other job better than that. I am blessed with one son and he is an obedient doctor. Neither somebody has any pressure on me, nor am I a burden on anyone.”

Then I enquired about the expenses of the Mosque and of the children and he said laughing, “Amin this

Mosque is the house of the lord and these poor girls and boys are the children of God. God, himself is responsible and he is instrumental. He has to provide livelihood to everyone. Some prosperous people, provide the bricks, cement for the Mosque and help the children.”

I called him from London while in fear and I requested Chaudhry Sahib that if I may wish to help the house of God or his children, would he accept it. After muffled laughter, he said, “Amin if your money would have been offered for my personal use, either I could accept or reject, but this matter is between yourself and God. You just understand, that when you would purchase the ticket and board the train, then there was no need to seek permission from the driver, because the money spent on the ticket would go to the government, and the driver is just driving the train.”

I enjoyed while listening to this literary type of example, then I remembered the period of 1980 when I was posted as Mechanical Instructor at Walton Training Centre and Chaudhry Amin Sahib was there as Director Mechanical. Once I gave my transfer letter and he asked, “If teaching is your hobby or you are here to serve only.”

I expressed somewhat as the answer to it and after light laughter, Chaudhry Sahib asked, “Are you writing some poetry also?” I replied in the negative and then he said, “Your way of talking is just like a poet or you seem to be a leader of some union.”

Now I think that when I had no relation to literature, at that time Chaudhry Amin looked into me with his intellect. I enjoyed working with this person of God and after his promotion as Deputy Chief Engineer, he joined at the headquarters. But wherever he went; my faith had

been following him. After the transfer of Chaudhry Sahib, the people came at Walton, those were taking bribes and I resigned after leaving that corrupt person along with my profession and after leaving the job came to London.

This tale is digressing from the main issue, but it has to be narrated that I am not devoid of faith. Till date I am ready to sacrifice for constructing the Mosque at village Chakwal and the students of the poor people, who are studying there. Chaudhry Amin is not some Peer, Mullah or Pandit or Bhai. Neither had he demanded anything from me. If I may donate something he would not thank me at any time. He knows that this money is given to God and only God would thank.

So I was stating that for building the roof of faith do not use the wood of sheesham or the flat-log, use iron, so that it may not be affected by woodworm, termite or rust. The ‘saag’ vegetable of sarson plant should be cooked in mud utensil instead of copper utensil, as the paddy seedlings or seeds of paddy does not grow naturally in sandy land or land without water.

The only wonder is that if somewhat similar or near-perfect faith or better looking faith may be there then a person can say that it might be a misconception. But if in London a person who is dependent on the unemployment allowance for the livelihood of his children and who is involved in this foolishness of faith that after snatching food from the mouth of his children and putting it on the feet of such a person who is having three houses of seven crores of rupees each and he is having a car of Rs 40 lakh that is being driven by a chauffeur, is the height of foolishness. In such a situation, what would be the fate of faith of the semi-literate or ordinary person.

Peer Glamour

Just listen to another activity that happened in London, looking at that, one desires to weep loudly. Sayyad Peer Shah Sahib is giving a program on a private T.V. channel and his story is altogether different. He does not need any gladiator to break the wall. This Peer is saying that you take self-pledge on the name of so and so Nabbi but it is necessary to get my permission before taking the self-pledge because I am blessed by God and the authority to give permission is lying only with me. The second order of this Peer is that if your demand gets fulfilled, then the amount that you had promised for that pledge, is to be given only to that person who is pure personally. Now just ponder over both these conditions then directly it seems a mockery but the person whose utensil of intellect is filled with the pickle of reverse thought and the lid of foolishness is tied on it; then that pickle would get the adulteration of fungus in due course. It is true that the necessities, calamities and wants in this world can cause problems for a person at any time, but it never meant, that you get yourself tied in the control of these cheat Peer Babas.

Just to get hurt, I am watching this T.V. program with interest. Some lady was saying while coming, “The engagement of my daughter had broken two times and permits me to pray for fulfillment of our demand.”

“You are permitted” while saying it, Shah Sahib showered his blessings. That her desire may be fulfilled is the least of his concern. Shah Ji had put the daughter in a palanquin; she may become a widow while going. Some of the hopes or expectations got fulfilled in routine.

For example, if the engagement happened. But now the mother of the daughter considered that it had happened because of the blessings of the Shah Sahib. Now to fulfill the commitment of the blessing, she starts looking to pay the amount of that vowed self-pledge to a suitable person in the streets and localities. Peer Sahib is sure that in case the self-pledge got fulfilled, the amount of the blessing would definitely come to his house. He would tell the address of his house and one day I listened to him, while he said, “There are honest people in the world, somebody sent the money to me by putting it in an envelope and that went to a wrong address and those people of that house brought that money and gave that to me.” Just see the shape of cheating, shrewdness and hypocrisy that Peer Sahib is indulging in along with the techniques to secure the money.

Watching this show every day, because of my bad habit, I started bursting. I was aware that I would invite action by telling my real address then the foolish people of the faith would go against me to the maximum extent because in the past, when I stated truth to call the bad as bad, then, just listening to my name the T.V. people had cut off my call instantly. My wife had told me a number of times that, why do you get involved? Why I make everyone oppose me. But as Waris Shah had said that the habit does not die. As already such a large number of people are against me, if one Peer Sahib would also say something bad about me, it would not make any difference. As it is said that where there are hundreds, there would be one hundred and one.

Just to appease without disclosing to Rani (Wife), changing my name, I made a call. Assuming that it was a customer, Shah Sahib spoke very politely. I said, “Shah Sahib with your blessing my hope got fulfilled and now I wanted to send you money tell me where I may send it.”

He replied, “The address is given below or give it to any other follower.”

I said, “Peer Sahib one follower is taking whisky along with me at the pub every day. May I give it to him; he would drink with more ease.” My call was cut off by one statement expressed about me that is worth listening. While cursing me, it was said, the caller was some Kaffir (Non-believer). The people talking such rubbish are living in this world. Such evil persons are sacrilege to Islam. The common man may ask that the money of my committed blessing was to be given to some follower. This was never a condition that the follower should not be taking whisky. Somebody must ask him that if his followers are angels. It is said that the decision would be taken on the basis, of practice and nobody enquires about your caste. God just looks to the character and practice of the human being. He does not decide on the basis of caste. In the view of the world and in the eyes of God, one gentle cobbler is lakh times better than any scoundrel, drinker and wrong follower.

But who will make the foolish of faith understand this? If the foolish had not been intoxicated by the foolishness of faith, then would they think that a fraud Shah sitting in T.V. in Bingham is saying that while seeking blessings from God his permission is necessary.

Billions of people are living in the world where there is no Fraud Shah, who is secretary to Allah, and where there is no such secretary to Allah, who presents the cases of people to God ?

Similarly, in another T.V. show, one Hindu Pandit is narrating the fate and the movement of stars. While revealing his identity, I may state that he is changing into very costly suits and ties three times in a programme and he looks like a big officer of class one. He wears ten rings on his ten fingers. He reprimanded the foolish customers also, who had been enhancing their ill fate by calling him. The modus-operandi of Pandit ji is that one pound for one minute is charged for calling him on the phone. It becomes one hundred and thirty rupees for one minute. Those pounds go to the pocket of Pandit Ji. This play is made only to earn income. Every call of the foolish is not less than ten minutes. In the first stage, he listens to the problem, then he would ask the name, the ages of all family members, their places of birth and the date of birth, then he used to say that you please stay on the phone. I would calculate and would tell the reason and solution to the problem. Whether the problem would be solved or not, but at least Pandit ji got Rs. 2000 from every caller. I had forgotten those words which were as follows, “You are sieged by “mangal” and it would continue for three months and apart from that “Shani” has also played up.” Then he would say while suggesting its removal or solution, you get a sheet of cloth of five yards, put five kilos of rice and two kilos of sugar and bury it under some tree. Along with four pieces of silver of six massa each, keep it under the pillow and after a week donate

it to somebody. While performing such activities, the person who had been facing crises already would enhance his poverty and ill fate. While listening to this program, I thought, that why the foolishness of this type of faith could not be removed even while in London, what the fate we got is written for us. The strange plays and the strange solution of these plays are given in this program. One woman asked by calling, “Brother my one son does not obey me, and while following his wife, humiliated me every day. Apart from that my husband is also doing some wrong, please solve my problem.” Pandit ji told her a list of expenses and along with it also told her to drown one bottle of liquor in the river. In response to that, that lady was saying. “Brother, I am a Muslim and it is difficult for me to purchase liquor.” Pandit ji responded instantly and said, no problem you throw away a bottle of sharbat. At first it hurt me, when Pandit ji suggested throwing away liquor that he is humiliating such a respectable thing but when he suggested the bottle of sharbat instead of liquor, I thought that my star had helped. If there may be intellect in some foolish person, then he would think, that Pandit ji had ordered a Muslim lady to throw a bottle of sharbat instead of liquor, whether liquor and sharbat have the same contents. The solution of the problem demanded intoxication but how sweet sharbat that does not contain any intoxication is acceptable. One may ask the Muslim lady that you are asking the cure from a Hindu and you are demanding prevention for a Muslim. As it is said, I am eating oil baked sweets but I am preventing oil.

One day, I thought to have a game with this playmaker and while stating my problem, I said, “Sir, I

had been married twice but I had no issue from any one of them, people are saying that somebody had cast his spell.” Pandit Ji enquired my background, name, address and all related things and after telling Mangal and Shani and then the simple and complex expenditure and also said that there is some burden on you till the coming January. There is an expectation of a child by the beginning of February. But you have to donate according to the prescribed method and spread fifteen kilos of wheat under the tree. I corrected by my changed voice and said, “Pandit ji now all the leaves of the tree of my age have vanished. I am blessed with three children and three maternal and paternal grandchildren. Now there is no desire for children and how would I get the children. Otherwise also my true name is “False Parkash,” the name of my father is “Cheat Ram” and name of the mother is “old hag” and my profession is corruption and embezzlement.” He did not get annoyed and cut off the phone laughing.

In my opinion, after narrating another incident of foolishness and another show being screened on T.V. of London, I would stop, otherwise a full book would have to be written about that. In a similar T.V. show, a Maulvi wearing a green gown and with a guild embroidered cap and wearing rosary in the neck appeared on the show. His profession was that he had the ability to tell the meanings of dreams; it means that if somebody had a dream, then he would tell what was the meaning of that dream and what impact it would have on their life. Now dreams are realized by everyone and there is no dearth of foolish people. There is a long line of callers making these costly calls to the T.V. One woman was saying “Maulvi Ji, I saw a snake in

a dream at night, what does it mean?” Now to enhance the bill of the phone, he would increase his conversation and asked, “Bibi, tell your name, address, Date of Birth and tell what the colour of the snake was and what its length was. He ran away looking at you or he came towards you? You had killed it or you ran away being afraid.” After asking these things, he was saying, “Bibi you have one enemy. He had ample of check cloth. He came to attack you, but he could not succeed and he ran away. You be beware as he would come again.” After listening to this Bibi engrossed in foolishness being frightened she closed the phone. It is not sure that now whether she would sleep or not at night?

Such games are being played in a city like London. We are doing such things by living near the people who had returned from the moon, we are just like people of Ludhiana and Lyallpur, even though we are here in London. Society and education in London have not improved us. We are spoiled by our childhood and are destroyed by our origin. Being deprived of the intellect and devoid of fortune, we are eating the fruit of the Banyan by leaving the fruit of the pineapple.

Super Rich Maulvi

Let us again go to our own land from London. Be sure I would narrate the eye witness account and not hearsay matters. I may narrate a tale of a big Peer of Pakistan rather a Government sponsored Peer. This Peer who had been the most beloved Peer of our chief ministers at a certain time, then nobody knows what happened that this relationship of Peer and follower got broken instantly. It was not only the breakup of the relation but an enmity like he-buffalos started. It could not be known whether the dispute arose over the distribution of money or the follower fell short of money or it may be that the lap full of greed of the Peer got bigger, because it so happened, that if a film of some actor proved a hit, then he raised his fees. The art of the Peer was having the sword of the tongue. He had the art to get people to join him easily and his speed increased day by day. A number of people got entrapped in his web. The number of those innocent, foolish people rose to lakhs out of foolishness of the faith of the chief minister. He gave wealth, car, kothi and land to the Peer. When he had first arrived, he was a Maulvi of a small Mosque, but the number of fools of foolishness escalated so much that Maulvi became God and now he was always on a world tour. In the six months of summer, he used to spend his time in London and Paris. This Maulvi was living in my locality in a house of five marlas, but now he would embark in a superstar jeep without roof and gun holding guards are securing his life. But to us, he is prescribing that life and death is in the hands of God. When man gets the features of arrogance and power then he tries to fly towards the sky from the ground. Raised from a small

Mosque, the Mullah participating in politics became a member of parliament one day. But at no time any foolish person had thought that any Peer or Faqir should have no desire to become a minister or rich. But it was because of these fools that a Maulvi was lifted to their shoulders and reached to the roof of the palaces. Thus instigated further by this opportunity of success, the Maulvi confronted the government and ordered his followers to gather in Islamabad after walking in a procession. Their intention was to oust the Government. The Maulvi prepared a long bus by spending crores of rupees that was having a bathroom, bedroom and apart from other facilities; an air-conditioned room was prepared in it. This procession of fools continued their opposition to the government for three days at Islamabad. While men, women and children faced severe cold for three days camping on the ground, Peer was making a speech while sitting in the air-conditioned bus and then used to get sufficient sleep. The government applied a scheme and Maulvi was sent back with some allurements. Maulvi told the fools that “congratulations, our demands are being met and you go to your houses.” They went away after taking their sick children with them. Nobody asked, which of our demands was fulfilled.

Now you listen with care to another episode of this unbalanced mind because of the scheme of another Peer. It is not a joke. It was shown in all T.V. channels and I also saw and listened to it. Maulvi gathered all his fools at Manto Park Lahore and made a rally and said in the speech that Hazrat Mohammad Sahib was meeting me in the dream and said that Peer ji, send a ticket for me to come to Pakistan and along with it arrange for my stay and for my living there. I made all arrangements, the Peer claimed

and he came to Pakistan but got annoyed by looking at the unfaithfulness of the people of Pakistan and returned. I can say a lot in this speech, but there is no need for my saying, every intelligent person can decide on his own. Here this fact is to be mentioned that lakhs of followers, even after listening and watching were still standing there. Rather they raised slogans after listening to the speech and calling it a miracle they were entrapped by stronger bonds of the foolishness of faith.

Whatever is said about Maulvi and if attention may be given, on that, one felt shame. But thinking about it as wise people, the persons who have locked their intellect and had thrown its key into the well, from where they would get back their intellect. While writing these facts, I remember that article of mine that what a good time that was when people were innocent. What had happened to man? The religious people after being inoculated with faith, are cutting the heads of small kids in schools believing these are the children of Kaffirs (Non-believers). Man is confronting man. Muslims confronted Muslims. In this way, the people who were going to pay respects to God in the Mosque were destroyed by bombs and it was said that they were the Kaffirs (Non-Believers). It is the clear order of Hazrat Mohammad and Islam that even war is not justified without its declaration. It is also said that never attack the weak and armless. Do not indulge in manhandling women, old people and children.

On the one side, there is a struggle of science to secure and improve human life and on the other side, life has become cheap. Today while describing this subject that has veered out of control, I can't say what else is emerging

from my memory. I had thought to write a small article on faith, but faith that has put lakhs of people in the mouth of death, how can I summarize it in four papers and give it in the hands of humanity that has become a patient. It is not a disease of one man. Now humanity has become ill. It may be that the reader may get fed up by reading that but my complaint, regret and annoyance is so big that it is not finishing.

That time was better than this, when the human being was living in the jungle. The cultured person of the modern age is not “brute” of the jungle, he has become a cannibal. There was a time when a person was saying to a person, “you leave this locality or you would be killed like a dog one day.” Today a dog is asking a dog, “Oh leave this locality of human beings otherwise you would be killed like a man.” In our childhood, after boiling the rice our mother would put them on a big plate to cool them and then we all would go to the roof. The dog sitting in the courtyard was not touching its mouth to the rice. In this age, man while reading Namaz in the Mosque would put his shoes before him after removing them, because he has the fear that it may get stolen by a thief. The wall clock fitted on the wall is locked because there are clock thieves like the shoe thieves. Please excuse my subject of today was not for changing brute habits of human being, but I am a human being what can be done.

While walking towards the foolishness of faith, let us look at a small show. In our village graveyard in Lyallpur district, there was a naked and eccentric Baba Moinuddin who was sitting away from the world. Ladies and gents were demanding blessings from him. While going to him,

somebody would say, “Baba ji, my buffalo got stolen,” somebody would say Sai ji, “my son has become the father of three daughters, please pray for a son.” That eccentric baba either would remain mum, but once he got irritated, then he would shout filthy abuses. The person who is the target of that abuse would donate money and feel happy. It was the faith, that when Baba Moinuddin would abuse, the blind follower felt that he would be fulfilled with the blessing. By ill luck Baba Moinuddin expired one day. The seat of baba became empty. The income from donations stopped. Those who inherited his legacy put an old man in his place. The followers were coming there, but as Baba was slightly more intelligent, he hesitated to abuse. As he was not abusing, the people were not getting their money out of their pockets, because all the blessings were because of the abuses. Somebody persuaded the Baba that you start mouthing abuses; otherwise, you would die hungry. Being afraid, Baba started abusing in a low pitch voice. People became happy and Baba’s livelihood started. I had listened from potter Rehmat that after the demise of Moinuddin Baba, the village felt a big loss, but now with the grace of God the new Baba Labhu has also started hurling abuses.

Now you just think, that where the hurling of abuses is considered a blessing, how the blessing of intellect can be there. The miserable accidents spread to many places because this blind faith is uncountable. Time to time the late poet Prof. Mohan Singh is being remembered who had said that, “Researching non-believer is better than credulous believer.” The Mulla, Mulanas had given the order that the use of intellect is a sin in reference to religion and the researcher becomes a non-believer. If a man is just going to purchase a wide mouthed earthen

utensil, he would watch it ten times, looking at it minutely that it may not have a split. But he does not feel any need to watch these Babas, Peers objectively so that he may not fall down because of his own faith. It can be assumed that they are very shrewd and clever and master of their business, whose target does not go astray but now the time is approaching that by looking at someone's gait it is being told that how he would behave. The time has gone when the torch was invented and a follower an expert Baba had told the innocent people that who so ever would meditate with him for forty days, he would show him the light of God with his open eyes. After forty days, Baba ji by sending that man into the darkened room by embracing the man with his chest and by pressing the button of the torch, the blind saw the light of God, and he would declare in a loud voice, that Peer Sahib holds supernatural powers.

Then Baba ji would start his routine work. Pandit and Purohit were not far away from this matter. One illiterate palmist used to come to tell the fate every year in my maternal uncle's village Rangle. All the women used to gather in the courtyard of Natho Gujri at noon and started enquiring their fate from Baba. Initially, Baba was posing that he is too hard of hearing, then the women, assuming him to be deaf started talking in loud voices. One woman said, "See, I am enquiring about the second wife of my husband that really is she expecting a baby or she is just making drama."

Baba listened to everything and after studying the hand of the lady he would say "Bibi you are to ask about the expected child to a lady." The ladies got wonder-struck and said; Oh this Baba knows all the secrets.

The other mischief of Baba was that if some lady may ask, "Baba ji, would my daughter be blessed with a son or daughter", then the Baba by charging a silver coin of one rupee would say, "My child your daughter would be blessed with a son."

But while leaving, he would tell her neighbor, "I had said it just to keep her heart. I said son, actually she would give birth to a girl." Now if a son is born, then all would be well and if a girl is born then the next year that lady would ask the Baba you told that a son would be born. Baba would instantly take the neighbour as a witness and would say, "Bibi you tell what I had said." The neighbour would say that Baba had told her "The girl" so that you may not be hurt. It means, Baba was gaining from both sides. You just see these illiterate Babas earning small money and those thieves of young buffalos or young cows are not getting entrapped in any way rather respected all along. In the given scenario, who will rope in the big thieves who can get the whole herd with them and who will check the past master big Peers, who have no limits. These were the small plays of the innocent old period, but in this sharp and modern age if somebody may again get entangled in such mischiefs and in Peer, Bhais, Pandit, Panda than instead of his sitting in human meetings it is better that he may live in the herd of sheep. I admit that I am not telling some strange or wonderful facts, everybody is watching this type of scam and practices of cheating every day, but still the number of people those have become foolish from the foolishness of faith at this time, have increased. On the one side, it is being said that the world has become wise, everybody has become aware. If it is true then from where this large number of

fools have arrived. How are those followers wise, those are obedient to their Peers, who are making their Peers billionaires after snatching the food of their own children. They are eating the blowing dust of the car of the Peer assuming it to be sugar and I am unable to understand that I may call it the modern age developing as a wise world or I should call it a world drowning in ignorance. A very robust healthy Peer who became M.P.A from a Maulvi of Mosque was invited for a feast in my neighbour's house. The followers spread a carpet of 1000 yards on the roads and sacrificed flowers worth 40000 rupees on his car. Nobody thought that Faqir does not need the welcome of a minister or a rich man. Here I remembered one anecdote related to Mr. Joginder Singh proprietor of a newspaper "Spokesman" Chandigarh. On the occasion of the release of my first book, he threw a reception at Chandigarh. I had just reached my very kind friend Gogi's Lawrence Hotel at Amritsar when I received a phone-call from S. Joginder Singh, that I have managed your stay at Taj Hotel. I have managed your booking. Listening to it two things occurred in my mind. It is not my status or my personality that I may not stay less than the Taj hotel and secondly it would be absolutely improper for a person like Joginder Singh, who is earning an honest living that he may spend this much of money. I told him while laughing, "Sardar Sahib I would feel ashamed while looking towards Taj and Taj would feel shame looking at me. Give me some small place for my stay that may be of my status. Rather I would stay at your residence for one, two days. There I would get meals like Lahore." Sometimes the ego in my mind impressed me that as the money would be spent by "Spokesman", on this pretext you should have enjoyed the hospitality of Taj,

but because of the grace of God, Amin Malik was stronger than that ego.

I was discussing that if a Maulvi of a small Mosque who had become Peer makes the people spend money on him like ministers so he may make an impression; this becomes possible because of the emergence of the foolishness of the faith of fools.

The people were once living in ease. People were taking simple food and were distributing love. At that time, there was no fear of man to man. Now even dog is afraid that the butcher may not kill it and sell it as a goat. These Peers, Fakirs directing the way have thrived and the world has gone out of track. The man would not have become so wise that while making a small operation, the doctor might remove his kidney and the patient may not become aware of that. Today, human beings are cheap and his kidney fetches rupees two and a half lakh. It is regrettable that the man of today has become a crow from a dove and he had started rummaging the dirt of dishonesty. It is desired that I may spend my life writing about the excesses, tyranny and terror. This green flourishing world of God had become the colour of blood.

My subject was foolishness of faith but the flow of my sentiments carried me far away from it. I had taken such a thorny issue that my own heart got hurt. I was not aware that I had started such a complicated and difficult subject, whose limit is not visible. While returning to the heading and narrating an eye witness account of the foolishness of faith, I would try to conclude this article.

Remembering my Childhood

In the year 1947, at the time of Partition, I got separated from my mother. I became a beggar for many years. When I met my mother in my maternal uncle's village Rangle, while grazing the cattle of my maternal uncle, I entered the primary school of Kotli. Initially, a beggar, then a grazer, I finally became a student. My mother made me determined, "Son study with full interest. I cannot see you as a grazer of cattle for the whole of life." It is the blessing of God that prior to the death of my mother, she saw me as a big officer of Railway, living in a big house and driving a car. While living in village Rangle, looking at my past by opening its door, then can I see that though there was not enough in life, but I never felt shortage of anything. As a fish belonging to the sea released in a pond jumps, in the same way, my friend Feru Barber, Kubha of Natho and Chaman Christian were my full world. If any time I desired to take sweets or pakora then I used to steal paddy from fields at night and sold it. I was selling about 2 kilo at the shop of Anayat Kashmiri. There was no shortage of anything, we were catching fish from ponds, got the fight started between dogs and we were breaking the eggs of crows after getting them down from the trees. There was joy all around. My best friend in this village was Bashira Marasi. Otherwise, Bashira was the soul of the whole village but I was fond of his research-oriented deep and interesting episodes in my childhood. At that time, Bashira was a mine of those episodes like diamonds which were erupting as gems of laughter. The people used to call him Bashira Bastard but I used to call him Bashira most useful person. The extent he was useful was that for staging a-party at night at the shop

we had to pay a price to call him from his house. We used to steal tobacco, rice and Gur from our houses. We paid him this price. Bashira would start jokes. Bashira Marasi (traditional singers and dancers) and Chaman Christian were residents of this village prior to 47 and we all were refugees. While joking Bashira would not spare even his father. He would say to us, "You refugees, you had come while sleeping in the cattle sheds in the past and now you are enjoying in the double storey houses of the migrant Sardars. The Sardars were having big houses like palaces over here and you were having only hubble-bubble and small houses. The milkmen who were making dung cakes and were consuming bread of barley had started taking rice that is long like a finger. The good and gentle people went to India and now the ladies of refugees are washing their heads with seven days old 'lassi' (extract of milk). The refugees used to tell the maximum of lies even while reading continuous and repeated Namaz. Everybody is sporting beard because of compulsion that they may not pay an eighth of a rupee to the barber." Bashira used to speak in this way using interesting foul language upto midnight and we were so engrossed that we did not want to go away from him. Ultimately Bashira would leave us making us uncomfortable. "Who could check the time with hand?"

Ultimately that day had arrived that I passed my fourth class and as there was no school nearby so my mother left me with my elder brother at Lahore. While I was weeping, she too must have wept, while concealing her tears from me. In this way, the shop of Netta Kashmiri was taken away from me. The theft of paddy stopped and the sweets and pakoras also stopped. All the joys of

the interesting episodes of Bashira, the fight of dogs and breaking of the eggs of crows all were left far behind. Somebody had said correctly that pleasure is such a daughter, that when she becomes young, she goes away elsewhere.

Ultimately with the grace of God, I was made free from the prison of my sister-in-law, I got freedom and this period got me far, far away. My mother departed to such a place from where nobody could return. The pulls and pushes of time had been distracting me much, the conditions had been changing and the poverty and prosperity had been showing its power at different times but I never forgot my past. My past was like an only young son of a widow's memory who went to war because of his poverty and one day got martyred. While coming to Rangle, I could not forget Gujjarwali, Ajnala and Chamiari. Rangle could not be forgotten by Lahore and nothing of London could compel me that I may forget the memories of my own soil of Punjab. Chaman Masih, Kubba of Natho, Ferru Nai and Bashira Marasi had always been with me in my heart.

If you like to validate this nature of mine, then it is before you that I saw Rani at Wazirabad in 1963 and she continued to live in my eyes for thirteen years. I captured her memories with much fondness that ultimately, in 1976, Rani became Rani Malik and my past celebrated the occasion of friendship and faithfulness. As my behavior is different, otherwise also it is good or bad if the past may remain in our memories, then a man remains near humanity. The feelings of the trouble of a painful person are realized. Otherwise also if one remembers some felt injury then one learns the respect of good health. God knows if it is my habit or God blessed feature. Sometimes

in deep solitude, the source of some thought burst out like tears from my eyes then these tears fell down in some past period's tank and the hungry small birds of old memories comes in front of me, then I would feed them with my love and get satisfied.

Excuse me, as usual I have to beg pardon. I do not remember what I was writing and what I had started stating. When there is a big rain of sentiments, I took refuge in a small corner shed to secure myself. I was to say that time and situation may get me to any faraway place, but the experience enjoyed in poverty and the partners of my hunger had always been with me. Whenever anybody had come from the village of my maternal uncles and met me, I enquired about Chaman, Ferru and Kuba along with Bashira Marasi. One day a son of my distant maternal uncle Abdul Wahid came to me and while talking about village Rangle, he told me that Bashira Marasi has settled at Shahdara near Lahore and while laughing he told that the bastard had started the job of Peeri and has his followers and now he called himself Sayyad Bashir Shah.

I told, Wahid, that bastard is a man of much use. The miser Gujar refugees of Rangle were not giving a kilo of rice and above all he belonged to Marasi community, who considered manual labour as a curse, how he could cultivate paddy and cut fodder. This poor but fragile community is afraid of cold, they do not take bath for ten days even in summer. He could not enter the water-filled field of paddy and could not transplant paddy. Otherwise, also the drenched Marasi in just like the drenched paper of the court.

Wahid laughed to his full by clapping, "Oh, Menia (Amin) you are no less than Marasi, as you had been a

companion of Bashira. You had fully followed him and you got good training otherwise you are also a refugee Gujar and now you are pulling our beard while sitting in our lap. In 1947, we came there as refugees while everything was destroyed in riots then how we could serve ghee and sugar to a person like Bashira. You were also at Rangle in those days when there was deep hunger. Chaman Christian and Bashira were having a lot of looted material of the departed people from the village. They had become owners of more than three milk giving buffaloes. You had seen that Chabba Marasi and Lehna Isai started wrestling in those days. When the looted material got disposed off, then they started singing after leaving wrestling. When they experienced further hardships then Chaman went to Karachi as a sweeper of ships. Bashira could not do any labour and therefore started his livelihood by the art of conversation after becoming a Peer.”

Then I expressed, “My friend Wahid you leave everything, please manage my meeting with Bashira.”

He said, “You are fond of listening. It is being heard that at Mochipur crossing of Shahdra, he is having his seat where he is making a fool of people because of their faith and he is earning livelihood out of foolishness. You go and find him; we have no spare time that we may listen to his fake episodes.”

I said, “Wahid, these Marasis are such an artist and expert community or outfit that is filling colours on this world that was like a white paper. This world is a tasteless dish to which these artists added taste by their own method. The world would be empty, devoid of those people just like trees without flowers and without myrtle.”

Wahid laughed very much and while dusting his

shoes and putting them on said, “Oh, you have studied some classes because of Aunt Fatima; otherwise you would have also been in such a party, beating the drum and combats. Now you had also turned a Marasi while selling all your inherited land from the village, what was its need? You had wasted money by building this big house. By spending this much you could have purchased 40 acres of land in Rangle that would be paying your livelihood for your life and in addition to that; you would have been called the leader of the village.”

After listening to the conversation of Wahid, I became aware that Wahid and I are travelling on different tracks. He is purchasing more and more land even by remaining hungry, and he is spoiling his life over land. On the other side, I have sacrificed land over my life because this soil would always remain over here and life is a matter of a few days. It is a sin and crime to keep the guest hungry.

One day it happened as such that Wahid was returning to his village after his court hearing at Gujranwala and in order to save the fare, he was walking for ten miles on foot then at village Saboki, his heart failed. The breaths of Wahid fled to some other land. Wahid became part of the soil while falling on the land for which he had gone to win the case. He could not win the case but lost out the game of his life. What was the need to run so fast to acquire this wealth and the land that one may fall on just by a cardiac stroke?

We were discussing that from top to the bottom of the world we are in the dark without using our intellect - blind faith is driving us from pillar to post. I was teaching boys in the Walton training center, when the students of a

new class made a program that one day, we should enjoy a picnic on the riverbank of Ravi. Two or four students came to me and said, “Malik Sahib, we had made a plan that we shall organize a mango party across Ravi at the graveyards of Jahangir and Noor Jahan at Shahadra on the coming Sunday. We request you to come along with us.” Had I been a student, I would have been the leader of the class but due to my job, this was not suitable for me. Indulging in enjoyments and pleasures are still dear to me. I had not allowed my age to spoil my hobbies. I had not handed over the bridle of the neighing horse of my behaviour to my age. My age is advancing towards death, but till I am alive, I cannot check my laughter and stop enjoying. But being a teacher, I have to lead a fabricated and fake life. While keeping a false cover of seriousness on my behavior, I had to make a drama of wisdom and maturity that was why I told the boys, what I am to do with your enjoyment.

They said, “We want to give you respect.”

I told them, “Young men, are you giving me respect for this party or bribe? To take free mangoes with your money is just a bribe.”

One of the boys was intelligent in studies and otherwise a smart one. He started saying, “Sir whole of Railway knows that you are not taking any bribe, how we can be foolish to offer you a bribe.”

I said, “Boys, the person who is not taking bribe; he can be targeted by feeding him mangoes. After enjoying your mangoes when I would fail anyone, then they would say you were eating mangoes and making us fail, how ungrateful.” The boys laughed, lowering their heads to hide their faces and I said, “Silly do not spoil your game

by making me join you. There you would be joking, laughing playing and would be abusing each other, while respecting me do not spoil your enjoyment.”

One of them said in between, “No, sir, we are not abusing.”

I said, “Leave it oh, silly, who does not abuse being a Punjabi, understand he denied being born. Go and do not ask from me the youth of Punjabis and their expectations of youth.”

The boys went away while laughing lightly but from the distance I called them again. They returned being happy, that whether I had become ready to eat mangoes. “Neither I would spoil your game nor I would get abused by people by taking your mangoes, but listening to your programme, I remember a Peer Bashir Shah who is residing in Shahdara. You enquire about his seat of Dera. It is there at the Mochipura crossing, I want to see the Peer, you just check his place of living.”

The next day, when I entered the class, then a boy, Javed stood up and started saying, “Sir, I had seen the seat of Peer Sahib.”

I was glad and said, “You did it very fast oh young man.”

He replied, “Sir, Shahdara is only the second station from Lahore. Yesterday after leaving your house. I went directly to Shahdara. I reached the Mochipur crossing and the seat (Dera) was located very easily as Peer Sahib is a popular man.”

After bucking up and praising the boy, I asked, “Javed, have you taken the Darshan of Peer Sahib or just looked at the Dera.”

He said, “Sir I saw Peer Sahib and met him and touched his knees also.”

I could not check my laughter and spontaneously spoke, “Javed tell that after touching him, did you wash your hands or not.”

All the boys were amazed. Javed did not answer, but there were hundreds of questions on his face, that he could not ask. I did not say anything against Bashir, but instead of teaching Railway, I spent my period on the Peeri, Muridee and the foolishness of faith. The boys developed doubts on the Peeri of Bashir, but they could not make it clear because of the idea in their mind that he may be a Peer of spiritual powers known to Amin Malik.

For playing with the memories of Bashir, I asked Javed, “Oh Javed, how was the health, face, colour and his physical appearance?” While hesitating, he started saying, “Malik Sahib, his body was very healthy and he was a tall person and of heavy weight. He was sporting a long beard that was dyed with black colour and his complexion was a bit dark.”

I said, “Javed you are saying dark complexion to the deep black colour because the Peer must have some respect.” The entire class burst into laughter and it finished the period.

Since I had heard about Bashira Marrassi, the memories of my past tumbled out. I remembered the streets of village Rangle and the period when I faced severe poverty and the moments of enjoyment and all the friends who met me and moved with us. One day when I was free from worldly affairs, I took the train for Shahdara.

Peer Bashira

While imagining or visualizing my life forty years back, I entered the locality of Mochipura in Shahdara and I felt as some new soul had entered my body and stayed there instead of Amin Malik I became Meena Ranglewala. I was feeling as a new person from my body. It seemed that I was walking in the narrow streets at the edge of the paddy fields. I got prompted from a thought that people are worshipping the rising sun, or living in the present and I am engrossed with the past which has gone by. I am leaving the security of present green crop and I was making a hedge to the destroyed crop of past of many decades. Today I was free from poverty and was amidst prosperity and free from hunger but while remembering the disenchantments of the past, I wished to weep by embracing my past. Today I am thinking that while remembering the past, the field of humanity remains green. If we may take the wrong road leading to the graveyard then death is remembered. Keeping in mind that death is a reality, you will steer away from sin while leading your life. You will look upon the downtrodden as human beings rather than worms and insects. Otherwise also, if poverty is not forgotten, then the taste to enjoy richness becomes double. If illness is not remembered the value of health is forgotten. Life is not only the light of the morning, it is the redness of the sunset.

I was walking in the beautiful valley of my past when I saw the shelter of Peer Sahib in front of me. I felt as if I am going to enter in the courtyard of my adulthood crossing the boundary of old age. When I entered I saw people sitting on their haunches in a court-yard sprinkled

with water under the deep shade of trees, taking the darshan of Peer Sahib and were hoping to fulfill their expectations. I sat hiding behind a tall old man so I may listen to the conversation of Peer Sahib and see his tactics and see that how one can transform to Peer Sayad Bashir Shah from mere Bashira Marrassi. Wonder how this hunger of the stomach makes a man an imposter and display all sorts of dramatic acts and how this craving for a hot meal can make a person dance to a different tune.

He had a yellow coloured big turban on his head, his long hair which spilled out of his turban were spread on his shoulders. He also sported a long beard which seemed to go haywire. The reason perhaps was that there should be an impression that Peer Sahib is not only separate from the world, he is even unaware about himself. There is only “Allah” (God). He had a long gown of saffron colour and was sitting in the topmost seat. Peer Sahib was watching every action of his followers with his half- opened eyes and while bucking every person who was putting money on his feet was pointing his finger towards the sky as if looking towards God. While doing it, the followers were becoming sure that his hope is being conveyed to God.

Till fools are living, the intelligent cannot die. Till the doves are living the crows would get the eggs to drink. The mental hospitals with mentally retarded and the seats of Peer Babas with fools would remain filled otherwise also, some got poverty in inheritance or it is blessed by God, but some invite poverty by providing the right signals to it. There may not be a fraction of flour for the children, but they are lifting a big plate of sweets for the peer. On the other side Peer, neither has spirituality nor humanity

that he may not take sweets while showing mercy on the poverty of the fool. What can be the other test of any Peer, that either he may have drums full of grain boxes but if a follower with torn clothes may donate a just calved goat, he would accept it with pleasure. The small amount of milk to make tea that was with the follower is being drunk by the Peer. Peer was adopted to remove pains but Peer gives the gifts of financial, physical and social troubles just like a person who desires comfort but instead is given pains of the bones.

I regret that I had taken the subject of fools those had been affected adversely by the push of blind faith and this foolishness is not coming down. As such things are available in abundance but how to get it free is the question just like getting a toad free from the mouth of a snake. There is no use giving the right advice to anyone: you would get your bones broken by telling the great lady that you are naked. There are people who may spoil their life by obstructing their way, who are speaking against the play of social destruction. He is called a non- believer along with rebel. Imprisonment, court cases and fines are being written in his fate. To perform this welfare, many Mansoors hanged for this crime.

The families that are having these seats of Peer Babas, there is one ritual that is called seat inheritance. This inheritance is similar to the practice of inheritance of wealth to sons and grandsons and great- grandsons. One old person who is obeying the orders of God passed away by earning goodness and high values in this world, then his relatives build a grave and get it occupied. To call this graveyard as Majar, their elder son becomes its

inheritor. In this way, this inheritor or seat holder becomes the inheritor of the status and respect of that old and kind person who had expired.

Now here starts the full play of the foolishness of fools. Now the worship of that seat holder who sat on the graveyard also started his practice of that spiritual person, who had earned this respect by making himself detached from the world. The late spiritual person was not earning any price for his spirituality who had gone from this world along with his spirituality, but the seat holder who sits on the grave is to earn from the spiritual status of that old man. In this balance, there is cheating, falsity, fraud and pretension instead of kindness and spirituality. Apart from it, fools of foolishness started coming with full bellies of grains and they are purchasing the worm-ridden quantity of misconceptions from this shop. It should be remembered that some seats or graveyards are having more than 250 acres of land as their property that becomes the personal property of the inheritor.

One former I.C.S Deputy Commissioner of district Jhang, late Mr. Qudratullah Shahab, wrote his autography "Shahab Nama" in which he describes the eyewitness account of an inheritor that I am writing in his own words. He writes that in 1952 he took charge as Deputy Commissioner of Jhang and he got a visitor's identity card of a big seat inheritor. The writing on the card was as such "Peer Fakhar Ashikan, Aaftab Mahtab, Janab Makhdumzada Gulam Murshid Khan Sahib, Peer, Landlord and Leader." He got amazed to go through the card that Peer Sahib was a landlord as well as a leader. Then he became interested in going there and saw that

he owned a car, motorbike to run on the malted road, Cheverly or station wagon for mud road and jeeps for hunting. Twelve horses of superior breed were there and a half dozen superior quality dogs and many servants at his service. Peer Sahib was fond of pigeons and birds. He owned costly bungalows in almost every big city. Two thousand acres of land was given to him. Otherwise also many lakhs of donations were offered by the followers of the Peer for a full year. Apart from western countries, he used to go to Marri, Quetta, Abbottabad in the summer. Qudratullah Shahab, was present on the last day of their annual function. The Qawali was being sung. Peer Sahib was sitting, wearing an embroidered gown. The followers had reached there-after covering the distance of many miles from their respective villages. Somebody had come after selling his buffalos, the others by selling jewellery of his wife and some by selling the dowry of his daughter so as to present gifts to the Peer. Now it was 1.30 at night. The Qawali was stopped. Peer Sahib was inviting the officers, the rich noble people and landlords to his inner court with much respect that is arranged in the Haveli at a distance from the graveyard or Mazar. Only special persons could go there because in this courtyard the well-known lady singers and dancers from Lahore, Multan, and Layallpur were waiting for Peer Sahib. The Qawali was sung to please the followers and God, but there was Mujra for the noble people, ministers and landlords. While going to the inner courtyard, Peer Sahib drops his gifted turban and gown. The embroidered green turban was removed from his head and handed over to a servant. The servant put this turban of respect and reverence on a silver plate. God knows where this turban would ultimately go. Perhaps

this turban may go to the house of Nabbi Bakash Lohar, whose daughter had just completed sixteen years of age. Perhaps this turban may reach to the house of Roshan Din, a mason whose daughter's beauty has flourished. This turban is of great respect and status symbol of faith. There is care and relationship of Peer and Faqirs. This turban full of light is worth accomplishing the hopes of the seeker. But when this turban reaches the house of Nabi Bakash, Roshan Din or any poor farmer, then the young innocent girls of those houses got disgruntled, wilted and withered. The servant of Peer Sahib, may give this turban to any house quietly then this silence is expressed by cries. He would make it clear that your house is honoured, you are congratulated that the blessing of Kaaba Peer Sahib fell on the daughter, or daughter-in-law of your house. If you want that this blessing may continue on you, your crops may remain green, no force may harm your house, your cattle may not be stolen, the police may not come to your house with handcuffs or you may get secured from going to jail, then accept this turban with pleasure. After some days, he received a letter in his office in which it was written, "Sir, Deputy Commissioner the turban has come to our house, for God's sake help me. Sakina Bibi the complainant Gulam Mohammad of village Raj Bana."

I went through the letter of the girl time and again, when I enquired from police and magistrates, then I became aware of the whole episode. On the same night, I raided the house of Sakina Bibi. Sakina got secured but the turban came into our hands."

I have told this eyewitness a handwritten account of a famous respected and efficient Deputy Commissioner

Late Quadratullah Shahab with the objective that my narration may not be understood as misconception, false and just a psycho problem.

I am the person to accept Late Quadratullah as a Peer, I am a big fan of that angel. That is why it is my interest that I may tell some background of this person. This honest man's family belongs to Chamkaur Sahib where he was born. He studied up to half of his classes at Ropar and then he went to Jammu, where his father was Governor for Gilgit from Jammu Government. His father stood first in his matric in Ambala. Prior to 1947, Quadratullah cleared his I.C.S examination and served as Deputy Commissioner of Bhagalpur and Aurangabad in Bihar. He was the man who had distributed thousands of Mauds of grain, by breaking the locks of food stocks by going against the British Government at the time of Famine of Bengal and thus saved thousands of people, who were dying from hunger. After the partition of India, he arrived at Karachi and was appointed as D.C of Jhang at the time of General Ayub Khan. Ayub Khan told him, "Neither you have any property nor you have your own house; I may get you allotted 200 acres of land in Jhang."

But that spiritual person responded, "Sir, only a few yards are needed for the grave and that would be available somewhere. I do not require these acres." This man could not build his house inspite of the fact that he remained at very high posts. Ultimately in the period of martial law of General Yahya Khan he refused to obey his wrong orders and this poor person had to leave the country. This helpless man lived in a poor area of London, and after bidding farewell to this world and paying respects to this

world, he met the creator. I had gone through his 800 pages autography many times; still I keep this book before my eyes. I pray, God may bless him a place in heaven and may show people like me the direct passage.

Please excuse me; whatever I had written till date I had done so to please my mind. I never thought, what my readers would say. While begging excuse I would request that the truth that I am writing is all for my personal interest neither I gave favor to anyone, nor I catered to the wishes of the readers and neither I made my pen feel shame being afraid from the world, because the men fighting a war under fear losses the war. The writer who is writing keeping in view the world or writing in favoring the world, cannot justify his writing just like the person who is making love by thinking does not truly love. The writer who is putting his sentiments and his true and pure idea under fear or trying to handcuff it with favour is not fair and he is dishonest. I prefer to become honest instead of respectful. Whatever, I had written in my story 'Bukal' in reference to Islamic Law and in the novel 'Athari' about "Nikah" that was like directly declaring a war against Maulvis. The people asked me that do not put your hand in the hole of a snake. But in my writings neither I had favoured the friendship of friends, nor I got afraid of enemies. Commenting on the books, which are put in the library of London, somebody called me rebel, some as dishonest and what else is not written there. But responding to the same book, somebody has finished this matter in a single line. He writes, "The people jealous of the success of Amin Malik get ashamed." I thought if I would not have been opposed then nobody would have read my books thoroughly. Who is calling me rebel, I

would just say that rebel is he, who is constantly conspiring against the army sitting on the trench of his soul and on truth. I had come face to face with truth that is why lies are always discomforting to me.

Anyhow, God knows that whether it is good or bad; I had removed the cover from the habit of judging others. The decision to purchase the material is made by the world by looking at it.

Let us return to the real subject of my article. Some measure should be made to end this article by advancing the episode of Bashir, a Marasi or Peer Marasi.

I sat among the foolish engrossed followers being fooled at the camp of Bashir Shah just to watch the art, tactics, cleverness and play of Peer Sahib, Bashira Bastard of village Rangle who was sitting in front of me as Peer Sayyad Bashir Shah and I was thinking he is the same Bashira Marasi, who had never avoided making a joke. Today by wearing the sheet of maturity on his face with half-open eyes he was impressing as most intelligent and sitting silent. How this hunger of the stomach compels change in the habit, condition, character and nature of the man. It is very difficult to change these four characteristics. The small stock of buffalos cannot dance like a lamb, because nobody can perform anything against his nature, as is the death of habit if two to three ladies are sitting in silence. Similarly, it was very hard for Bashira to go against his habit and character and to take the toxin of gentleness or to keep quiet, but what can be done, because of the livelihood one has to bear the separation of brothers or young sisters, husbands of wives and sons of the mother. I had pity on Bashira and I was happy also that

while living in poverty in the village, instead of getting exploited, Bashira was not getting anything else. Today he is ruling over his followers while sitting on the high pedestal seat. I was immersed in such thoughts when I saw a boy of eight, nine years who was sitting near the feet of Peer Sahib. One of his foot was turned in the opposite direction. The boy was restless and not sitting still. Either he was pulling the clothes of someone or sometimes would tease the other children. Bashir kept his patience for some time looking at him, but when the mother did not restrain the child then the real nature of Bashira came out and he said to the child, "Oh sit down in peace already your feet is like the wheel of the tonga." Prior to that I had some doubt, whether this Peer seated so calmly is Bashira Marassi or not but now this doubt got cleared. The comparison of this turned foot with a cheap tonga was such a superior joke, that it was not possible for me to check my laughter. I laughed to my full while placing my mouth in my knees. The small joke could not invoke the toxin of laughter in me but if the joke is serious, like a snake in barren land, it could not check my laughter. A small joke, cannot invoke my laughter- like a Chhimba snake, if it stings once then it does not have its impact more than a mosquito.

I remembered that as a Patwari, the big poet Shiv Kumar was returning to his house when a dog sitting in the street attacked him. Shiv Kumar said to the dog instantly, "If you would have even a marla of land, then I would have told you, that what are the Patwaris." This joke like words of poetry (Couplet) could be made by a poet like Shiv Kumar, or a big poet of Pakistan Munir Niyazi, who was writing in Punjabi also off and on. Rather he is still alive with a couplet of Punjabi. You must have listened to

that couplet, it was, "Some people of the city were tyrants and there was some interest in me also for dying." These poets sometimes made such a joke that acted as a sting to man. A woman poet of Pakistan Rehana writes very boldly and liberally. Looking at many of her open, fearless and without hesitation facts, I told my wife you need not take any veil - accept Rehana.

We were talking about Peer Bashir Shah. I sat very long in his camp and kept watching him, but did not want to meet him in the presence of his followers. The followers who were seated at Bashira's camp were given magic charms at the peak of their foolishness. Bashira was blowing a whiff of air on some and to some he would write a slip and to the other he would just give a pat on their back. Whosoever tried to hand over some coins, to him he would not touch the coins but only signal him that there is a cardboard box behind him, put it there. The meaning of this action was that it was a taboo for him to touch money. He had become free from the love of money and wealth. At night at the end of the game the Peer and followers of Peer Sahib would kiss the box and lift it and while entering inside would spread it on a sheet and made a heap. The play of Peer Sahib was in full swing and the fair was full. I did not want to spoil his game by meeting him in this state, because my meeting revealing my identification would have been not less than an earthquake for Bashira. If the Marasi of Rangle sitting on a high seat of Peer may be caught, then this arrest would have been a big embarrassment for him. I decided to wait patiently but did not embarrass Bashira, nor did I pose any problem to the means of his livelihood.

Reunion

When only a few foolish people were left who were intoxicated with the drink like hemp, then I fell as a bomb on Peer Bashira. Gradually I reached him. Then a follower wearing a pant and coat was seen by him. He opened his full eyes to look at me. After giving him respect and touching his knees, I shook his hand, then Peer Sahib got annoyed for this audacity or felt the fear of his fake Peer. The cloud of sadness spread on his face. I checked my laughter with great difficulty and said to him while putting my mouth near his ear, "Peer Bashir Sahib, I am from the soil of your Village Rangle, where we jointly bathed in the pond."

I looked at his followers when with a low-pitch voice, he asked me, "Oh! Are you not Meenia son of mother Fatima?" When everything became clear he said, "You sit on the bed that is lying at a little distance and I would come after disposing of some of the lambs."

While listening to the word lambs, it was difficult for me to control my laughter and Bashira also could not restrain his smile. I don't know what he told his followers but they went away after touching his knees and he entered into his inner court and after shutting the door, we laughed uninterruptedly for a long time. We hugged each other tightly and did not want to let go. We were laughing thinking of Shahdara as Rangle. We were celebrating youth forgetting old age, passing in the past and we were bathing in a pond forgetting hand pumps. Once we were free, Bashira said by using his original freak nature, "I had heard that you are appointed as an officer in Railway, tell how much bribe you are getting."

I responded, "I do not take bribe, whatever you are

taking by drawing from the mouths of poor you tell me about that."

"Oh, you lion, I am not taking bribe, is like a snake saying that I do not eat frog. Oh even in your childhood you were stealing grains from the fields of paddy and used to eat pakoras and sweets at the shop of Nette Kashmiri. How are you not taking any bribe? The smell of the oil of those pakoras is still flowing from your clothes."

Then I said, "Leave it Oh fake Peer; be afraid of God. Those episodes of my past were beautiful mischiefs of ignorance and adulthood in my younger age. Those had flown away in the flow of time."

But in front of me was Bashira Bastard, "Oh keep quite Meenia, you a thief of Rangle had become a Wali Allah by coming to Lahore. How the plant of thorn that was grown in the soil of Rangle started yielding flowers. The habit would go with death."

I said, "If Peer Sahib, the Marasi of Rangle can become Sayyad Peer Shah, then how I cannot leave behind the little mischief of my childhood."

That Bastard again interrupted with a joke and said, "I may accept the sin to accept truth to a man who had been speaking falsehood all his life, but now you tell about your family."

I told him that I was married long back and now I am blessed with three children. Bashira again said some stupid remark and started saying, "You just tell that whether you were married in the house of Chaman Masish's father, Lehna Christian or your marriage party went to the house of Ferru Barber. Except them you could not be married anywhere else, nobody would have liked you."

I had laughed to my full and told him that I was married in London. Bashira spoke London very loudly three times and also started saying, “Oh you are a lion, you do not stop prior to London. It might be some ignorant and strange people would have come in your trap. Where is London and where is the paddy thief of Rangle?”

Then I said, “Bashir stop barking now and tell that where is your extended family and where Chabba is living.”

He started saying, “Look Oh fool, if you would misbehave with some Sayyad I can burn you instantly while standing. You ask with respect that where is your family, the children of Peer.”

I said by restraining my laughter, “Peer Bashir Shah, you should thank God that I have not said as cattle shed to your extended family. But now you tell me about your children.”

He became serious and was looking sad and said, “My wife expired and younger brother also expired last year. Two of my sons, those are inheritors of this seat have gone to Dubai. I tried to persuade them, what is in Dubai. You just hold my seat what you would get there after a month I earn it in a week and the joy of ruling by sitting on pedestal seat is apart from that.”

I said, “Now once you have everything with you then why you are not getting remarried.”

He said, “I think that if I may get the chance and some foolish follower, get entrapped, then I would get her. If such a scheme can be accomplished, I would call you to become my best man.”

In this way, we attacked each other with taunting

remarks very freely and liberally and we enjoyed our past full of pleasure. Then after the atmosphere of jokes we turned towards seriousness and I said, “Bashir how has this happened?”

He replied, “See Amin, when hunger confronted the living being, then the birds are compelled to leave their country. My elders had passed their time in that village facing all the hardships there. I am about six-seven years older to you and this village Rangle was the village of very brave and gentle sardars. They were enjoying a good standard of living and they were taking full care of the downtrodden and workers of the village; that is why nobody was facing shortages when the tumultuous year 47 arrived; then by embracing us and weeping they left for Hindustan. Eight ten houses of Christians and six of Muslims remained there. We filled up our own houses by looting their houses and tied their buffalos and cows in our house. You must have seen that even though we were workers we were living like chiefs. We hoe up fields for wrestling, but for how long? The looted material finished. The buffalos were sold and we left wrestling. The poverty had gone as a guest somewhere else but after a while again arrived at our doors. On the other side, you refugees occupied the houses and became owners of the land after getting allotment of the whole land of the village. We thought that these are the milk selling community of landlord Gujjars and they would support the downtrodden of the village, but Meenia you should not mind, these chiefs were selling the Basmati Superior Rice and used to be taking the hard variety of rice. These were the same people who used to pass their night by cleaning used utensils but were not ready to give a lice from their head

to anyone. You had gone after passing your fourth class and later on what a dance of hunger we had seen in those prosperous Gujjars, God may save them. Even the dogs had left the jurisdiction of the village. Even the crows had flown away. People like us were drinking lassi from the houses of Zimidars and from a part of that “Lassi,” we were making our dishes and the rest we would use to store and after seven days the ladies washed their hair with that “lassi”. Whatever residual “Lassi” was available the crows used to sip that , but now the ladies of the chiefs massage it on the head of their boys. They were purchasing more and more land even by remaining hungry. Then was I to light the fire to the village of your maternal uncles by reeling under this type of hunger.”

Whatever Bashira said was absolutely correct because Wahid who died a few days earlier had told me that instead of destroying money in constructing big bungalows, I should have purchased 25 acres of land at Rangle village that would have been better. But I felt a sense of humiliation and I said, “Oh Bashire, you should not pull my beard while sitting in my lap.”

He said, “Oh, your relatives had pulled our trees, and our hereditary village got rid of us, you are crying for your beard.”

I said, “Leave it Bashire, how you are being harmed. The people kicked you on your back and the turning of your back becomes justified. This evil action suited you and you were put on the right track. Now while sitting on a high seat, you are ruling on the people like sheep. Leave everything, you just tell how all this happened from where you got this sprawling Dera (Camp) and how you gathered these sheep and lambs.”

He started saying, “By God, I had to do nothing. I ran away from the village when the blow of hunger fell on me and I came to Shahdara to a person I was acquainted with. I started living in a small room by performing labour along with masons. As I was not having money to pay to the barber, so I sported a beard under compulsion. Looking at my lengthy beard, the people of the locality started paying Salam by bowing their heads and I used to show love by touching their heads. One day a woman carrying a boy who was running a temperature said to me , “Baba ji he is suffering from fever for many days. Please do something and turn your attention towards him.” That was my first blowing of whiff of air to the people who had their faith. I just blew the whiff while silently murmuring , “Oh God you are to save my honour .” The boy had become well one day. If he would not have become well, then my life may be different; I did not give any guarantee in writing to that Bibi. No Faqir had his every whiff of air making the patient all right.”

The mother of that child told to the mother of another child that his son became well with the blessings of the Baba. After that, the blowing of whiffs of air clicked. Just within days, what was today, tomorrow was different, many people came to demand blow of whiff of air. The sweet rice and halwa started coming into my room. I had not said anything to anyone, they themselves started calling me Shah Ji. I was not able to read Namaz but as I saw my work was progressing so I learnt it and started reading Namaz. I was not reading anything. I was aware of bowing down and standing up when my work was increasing. I purchased a green hat as well as a green gown. On the first day the lady who asked for the first

whiff came with ghee drenched bread and sweets. Then under fear, I enquired how the child is. Bibi started saying, Baba Ji just by blowing of your whiff of air the child became better day by day. Then what not, my whiffs of air spread to the locality. Only a year would have passed that I became Peer Bashir Shah and my miracles became famous throughout the area.”

I enquired from him after stopping him, “Bashir, you had hardly read a few words and then how you are writing magic charms.”

He said after laughing, “If I am not a learned person, then how these people getting magic charms are masters of education. Otherwise, also, magic charms are only to wear in the neck, nobody is to recite it. If they would have been literate, then they would not have come to me to get magic charms. I just drew a few lines like worms and insects on the paper and along with it, I also ordered them that they get it stitched from Nageeri Cobbler from outside just now. The cobbler takes one rupee and half of that is my share. You also remember the people who get entrapped with Peer Baba immediately if they are literate; their literacy is of no use. When the intellect gets finished then how the literacy can become obstacle. It is also interesting that if their work is done with our magic charms or whiff of air, then it is being hailed excitedly and if it did not work, it goes in the account of God that God has not accepted it. The welfare comes in our lap and the evil towards the sky. In this way, I am fully rewarded. In this work, make the hedge with little intellect then the sheep would come automatically.”

I laughed a lot to listen to these episodes, the cleverness and the foolishness of fools of Peer Bashir Shah

and enquired, “Now you tell about the other members of your family, where they are living.”

He just jumped up and said by taking a deep breath, “Younger brother Chhaba who was of your age expired in his youth, your sister-in-law also expired that is why I came here after leaving the village. I had two sons, whom I had sent to Dubai with the help of my followers. Now I am all alone, I am thinking when the poverty got finished then I have no family when I found grams, the teeth to masticate, them went away.”

Though Bashira was in very good condition, but still he was feeling nostalgia for old times. For any sensitive person the lost thing like past never left him, how so ever bad it may have been.

While standing after this very pleasant meeting, I said, “Bashir come to my house some day, we would taste the remembrance of our past life of childhood and adulthood.”

Directly denying it, he said, “See Meenia you should not mind. It is hard for me to come because firstly I would lose the daily income and secondly it is the procedure of shopkeeping that shop should not be closed for a single day.”

I understood the matter immediately but just to tease him for the enjoyment, I said, “Oh fool you are not working with masons, that you would be losing your daily earnings.”

Bashir instantly replied, “While working as a labourer with masons, if we lose one day’s work, at least we feel rested. In this labour there is rest as well as full earning also. One who may get earning without any labour,

why he may lose the daily labour when mentally retarded put money on my feet without moving hands then who would lose it.”

According to my intellect, I said, “Oh Bashir these labourers are illiterate and innocent people, be afraid to suck the blood of these poor people.”

He instantly replied without thinking, “When myself and my children were dying from hunger, at that time no one was afraid of God; if these rich people had continued sucking my blood, it was all right. When nobody from the village gave me lassi then it was all right. Now in my old age, I am taking full meals then how can I die with hunger by being afraid of God.”

I could understand that Bashira Bastard would not turn back. There is no need to listen from him the false and audacious episodes. I said, “You must remember Bashiria, you were praying that God please bring better days for me. Now you have forgotten those days.”

He started saying, “When the days change, men also change.”

I said while putting my hand before his mouth, “Right Bashira, you continue to perform labour and get full meals, but oh, friend keep remembering that being Sayyad what a web you had extended of Peer and followers. If somebody may disclose the reality and one may tell these people that your Peer is completely illiterate and is a hereditary Marasi of village Rangle, then what would be your fate, how these people would deal with you.”

Bashira laughed to his full and he finished the matter in few words, “Why you are waiting for anyone else, you just see to disclose all this if they would not

tear you into shreds. If any police officer may call my follower for any small mistake, then I would follow him to the Police Station then the Police officer receives me by standing from his seat. The police officer is well aware that if he did not agree to his plea the procession of mob would light fire to the police station by the evening. You first listen oh fool, when the foolishness of blind faith may make the person blind and slow-witted, then the literate officers are seen touching the feet of the person like me. My sheep and lambs are empty from intellect. Nobody had touched the initial of their thinking.”

Listening to all this, I lost heart and I said, “Peer Ji, your plays are not being understood by me, so grant me permission.” I stood up and shook hands. Bashira while bringing his mouth to my ear said, “Oh friend Meenia what can I conceal from you, you are aware about everything. There is a one task for you if you may perform it.”

I said, “Why you are speaking under fear, tell me openly I am here for you.”

He said, “I have everything blessed by God, but I feel alone in this room. The people settle down and sleep but I started counting wooden logs of the roof by opening my eyes. There is one task that is not in my access. I am afraid that I may not spoil everything. The task is that if you may procure some bottle of liquor, I would be thankful to you.”

Listening to this, I enjoyed and I said, “Peer Ji, you had asked for a good item, because in loneliness or being alone, it is a good gladiator to forget that loneliness, but what can be done, the mob of Maulvis is against it and it is not within my access. Albeit, I was interested in earning this good service from my inner.”

Bashira said, “Go away. Oh, useless person, if you cannot find a bottle, then what type of officer are you ?”

I said, “Bashira, I am an official of Railway and not an officer of a liquor Bar.”

Bashira said, “Otherwise if I may make the efforts it can be available, what harm can these sheep cause to me, engrossed in blind foolishness of faith. If they may catch their Peer breaking the wall ,still they would say that our Peer was constructing the wall”.

After that I shook my hand with Bashira of Rangle or Peer of Shahdara and I came to my house. Now the readers should draw the result of this extended writing written with my inefficient intellect. It may be that some may say it is very fine cloth and the other as coarse cloth. There is no control of the writer on the will of the people. I would say that faith would turn the priceless stone into God. There is no doubt that there is no dearth of people those are near to God, but when this blind faith would create the habit of liquor among people like Bashir Bastard, then it is a matter of drowning for human beings.

In the end I may say that in this age of business intentions, there is no Peer of spiritual powers or spiritual hold who may remove the pains of the soul of the human being. It is all the foolishness of our own faith that is putting us on the track of graveyard. In the end, it has to be said, “It is the warmth of your own blood friends, if there would have been intoxication in the liquor the bottle would start dancing.”

43, Auckland Road, London-E 15-2 A.N.,
Phone : 0208-519 21 39

(With thanks from Rozana Spokesman Newspaper, 20 September 2017)

PINGALWARA DIARY

(UPTO January, 2020)

Services rendered by Pingalwara Institution for the service of the suffering humanity are:-

1. Homes for the Homeless

There are 1792 patients in different branches of Pingalwara now a days:-

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| (a) Head Office, Mata Mehtab Kaur Ward,
Bhai Piara Singh Ward | 349 Patients |
| (b) Manawala Complex | 851 Patients |
| (c) Pandori Warraich Branch, Amritsar | 100 Patients |
| (d) Jalandhar Branch | 39 Patients |
| (e) Sangrur Branch | 247 Patients |
| (f) Chandigarh (Palsora) Branch | 120 Patients |
| (g) Goindwal Branch | 86 Patients |

Total 1792 Patients

The number of patients suffering from various diseases are as follows:

Disease	Number	Disease	Number
1. Mental Patients	320	9. Aids Patients	21
2. Paralysis, Polio	164	10. Epilepsy Cases	199
3. Mentally Retarded	475	11. Cancer Patients	03
4. Deaf and Dumb	193	12. Diabetes	100
5. Old Aged	123	13. School going Children	81
6. Injured	19	14. Abandoned Children	04
7. T. B. Patients	22	15. Recovered	31
8. Blind	37	<u>Total 1792</u>	

2. Treatment facilities

- (a) **Dispensary & Laboratory:-** Pingalwara has a dispensary and a laboratory for the treatment of patients. It has an annual expenditure of about

1 Crore 30 lakhs.

- (b) **Medical Care Staff:-** Experienced medical staff like Nurses, Pharmacists and Laboratory Technicians are available for the care of the Pingalwara residents.
- (c) **Blood-Donation Camps:-** A Blood Donation Camp is organized on Bhagat Ji's Death Anniversary every year. The blood is used for Pingalwara residents and road accident victims.
- (d) **Ambulances:-** Ambulances with basic Medical aid are available for victims of road accidents on G.T. Road, round the clock and provide facilities for taking Pingalwara patients to the hospital.
- (e) **Artificial Limb Centre:-** There is an Artificial Limb Centre at Manawala Complex, dedicated to the memory of Bhagat Ji which provides free of cost Artificial Limbs to amputee cases and calipers to paraplegic, hemiplegic or polio affected people. 13668 needy people have benefitted till December 2019.
- (f) **Physiotherapy Centre:-** A Physiotherapy Centre equipped with State-of-the-art equipment is functioning in the Manawala Complex since June 2005. On an average 90-100 patients are treated everyday.
- (g) **Operation Theatres:-** There is a well equipped Operation Theatre at Manawala Branch of Pingalwara for general surgery, Micro Surgery where Cochlear Implants and major operations are carried out.
- (h) **Dental, Eye & Ear Centres:-** These Centres have been set up to provide these services to Pingalwara residents, sewadars and their families.

3. **Education:**

Pingalwara Society is running Educational Institutions for the poor and needy children.

- (a) **Bhagat Puran Singh Adarsh School, Manawala Complex, Amritsar:-** This school provides free education to 768 students from the poor and deprived sections of the society. They are provided with free books and uniforms. Children being brought up by Pingalwara Society are also studying in this school.
- (b) **Bhagat Puran Singh School for Special Education, Manawala Complex, Amritsar :-** This school is providing Special Education to 210 Special children.
- (c) **Bhagat Puran Singh School for the Deaf, Manawala Complex, Amritsar:-** Bhagat Puran Singh School for Deaf Children is functional at the Manawala Complex since May 2005. The school is equipped with state-of-the-art training aid and has 210 children on its rolls.
- (d) **Bhagat Puran Singh School for Special Needs Manawala Complex Amritsar:** Under RCI two Diploma courses are running.
 - (i) Diploma Special Education (Hearing Impairment) 25 Seats.
 - (ii) Diploma Special Education (Mental Retardation) 25 Seats.
- (e) **Bhagat Puran Singh School for the Deaf, Attari, Amritsar:-** 13 Students are taking education under the guidance of well qualified staff.
- (f) **Bhagat Puran Singh Adarsh School, Buttar Kalan (Qadian), Distt. Gurdaspur:-** This school is dedicated to the sweet memory of Bhagatji. 436

students are getting free education under the able guidance of well qualified teachers. The school also provides financial help to students who have finished their school studies and are aspiring for higher studies.

- (g) **Bhagat Puran Singh Deaf School, Buttar Kalan (Qadian), Distt. Gurdaspur:-** 11 Students are taking education under the guidance of well qualified staff.
- (h) **Bhagat Puran Singh Deaf School, Katora, Firozpur:-**This School is running since 2016 in which 17 Students are studying.
- (i) **Bhagat Puran Singh Deaf School, Sarhali, Tarn Taran:** 11 Students are taking education in this school.
- (j) **Bhagat Puran Singh Deaf School, Village Kakkon, Hoshiarpur:-** 9 Students are studying in this school.
- (k) **Bhagat Puran Singh School for Special Education, Chandigarh (Palsora):-**This school caters to the needs of Special adults of the branch and has 40 students.
- (l) **Vocational Centre:-** This Centre is providing free training in embroidery, stitching, craft work, making washing powder, candle making and painting, etc. Young girls from the villages of surroundings areas are the main beneficiaries.
- (m) **Computer Training:-** Computers are available in all the schools for academic and vocational training.
- (n) **Hostel facilities:-** There are separate hostels for boys and girls in Manawala Complex. Many girls are pursuing higher studies in different colleges.

4. **Rehabilitation:**

Marriages:- After being educated, boys and girls at Pingalwara are married to suitable partners. 46 girls and 4 boys have been married off till date.

5. **Environment Related Activities:**

- (a) **Tree Plantation:-** Bhagat Puran Singh Ji was deeply concerned about the degradation of the environment. A vigorous campaign of tree plantation is started every year on Bhagat Ji's Death Anniversary. Each year trees are planted in various schools, colleges, hospitals, cremation grounds and other public places. These include Amaltas, Kachnar, Behra, Champa, Arjun, Sukhchain, Chandni, Zetropa, and Kari-patta, etc. These are distributed to different institutions.
- (b) **Nursery:-** Pingalwara has its own Nursery where saplings of various plants and trees are prepared. Every year, the aim of nursery is to grow more than 54 different kinds of saplings.

6. **Social Improvement Related Activities:**

- (a) **Awareness:-** Pingalwara has played an important role in spreading awareness about the evils in the society. This has been done by printing literature on religious, social and environmental issues at the Puran Printing Press, Amritsar and is being distributed free of cost. Annual expenditure of printing and publicity is about 1 crores 50 lakhs rupees.
- (b) **Puran Printing Press:-** The Printing Press has been updated with an Offset Press.
- (c) **Museum and Documentaries:-** A Museum, and a

number of documentaries have been prepared on Pingalwara activities as well as on zero budget natural farming. The C.D.s are freely available from Pingalwara.

A feature film produced by Pingalwara Society, Amritsar on 30 January, 2015 EH JANAM TUMHARE LEKHE (Punjabi) on Bhagat Puran Singh Ji, founder Pingalwara and his struggle not only for selfless services of wounded humanity but for Environment Crisis also, has proved a beacon for the generations yet to come after us.

7. **Help to the victims of Natural Calamities:**

Pingalwara makes an effort to provide succour to the victims of natural calamities like floods, earthquakes and famines. Aid was sent for the earth-quake victims in Iran, Tsunami disaster victims, Leh landslide and flood affected areas.

8. **Cremation of unclaimed dead-bodies:**

Pingalwara cremates unclaimed dead bodies with full honour.

9. **Dairy Farm:**

220 cows and buffalos at Manawala Complex and at Dhira ot Farm provide fresh milk to the Pingalwara residents.

10. **Old Age Homes:**

Old age homes at Sangrur and Manawala Complex of Pingalwara caters to the needs of elderly people.

11. **Expenditure:** The daily expenditure of Pingalwara is more than 6.5 lakhs.

Other Details:

- a) All India Pingalwara Charitable Society is a Registered Society, registered by Registrar of Companies vide letter No. 130 of 1956-1957 as amended vide No. A-28/4540 dated 07-07-1998.
- b) All donations to Pingalwara are exempted under Section 80 G of Income Tax-II Amritsar letter No. CIT-II/ASR/ITO (Tech.)/2011-12/4730 dated 11/12 January, 2012.
- c) PAN Number of the All India Pingalwara Charitable Society is AAATA 2237R
- d) FCRA (Foreign Contribution Regulation Act) 1976 Registration No. of Pingalwara is 115210002

Wahe Guru Ji Ka Khalsa

Wahe Guru Ji Ki Fateh

***Dr. Inderjit Kaur,
President,***

All India Pingalwara Charitable Society (Regd.),
Tehsilpura, G.T. Road, Amritsar. (Punjab).