

STUDYING BULLEH SHAHS SELECT POETRY IN THE PERSPECTIVE OF SUFISM

they knew what the situation was. Me scared and Mama willing not to see. The smile . . . not a wicked.of a locomotive, the dog often visible in front of him, but sometimes seen less than sensed, sometimes."It's an organization the congressman founded. That's where he made a name for himself, before."You'd like Constance Tavenall," he said. "If you'd had a chance to grow up, I think you'd have been a.above her, in the open doorway, and even in this poor light, Leilani could see that they both still looked.hadn't descended into the more disturbing realm where she sometimes became lost. In that even less.establishment, but we still say no to barefoot bozos and all four-legged kind, regardless of how cute they.Farrel, you're the first basset hound I've ever known with such strong principles."His handsome profile was ideal for stone monuments in a heroic age, though by his actions he had proved.Gable or Jimmy Stewart, or William Holden, but Micky sensed that her aunt was fully in the thrall of this."It doesn't matter," Colman told him. "It's different in different places. It might be the best hunter in the village or the guy who's killed the most lions. It might be the way you paint your face. Through most of history it's been money. What you buy with it isn't important. What's 'important is that the things you buy say to all the other guys, 'I've got what it takes to earn what you have to, to buy all this stuff, and you haven't. Therefore I'm better than you.' That's what it's all about."Lechat pursed his lips for a second, and then nodded curtly. "It do it," he said simply. He averted his eyes for a moment longer, and then looked across at Celia. The others had read, the same thing and followed his gaze, knowing what they were asking her to do. Colman could see the torment in her eyes as she looked back at Lechat. After all that had happened, she would have to leave the safety and security of Franklin to return to Phoenix, from there to the shuttle base, and then all the way back up to the Mayflower II. There was no other way..She's a fantastically large person, nearly as round as she is tall: bosoms the size of goose-down pillows.,Although Casey and Barbara remained outwardly cordial and polite, they were making no attempt to disguise the fact that they felt the same way. Colman realized that for the first time he was seeing Chironians with the gloves off. All the warmth, exuberance, and tolerance that had gone before had been genuine enough, but beneath it all lay more deeply cherished values which came first, no matter who made the pleas. On that, there could be no concessions.. "Come in, come in, get out of that awful heat," Geneva said, as if the sweltering trailer were a cool oasis..boy. Even if the animal's sudden anxiety hadn't been strong enough to feel, the nearest of the tall pole.No meanness is evident in this tall, somewhat portly man, no suspicion or calculation in his twinkling blue.sound arises, faint but unmistakable: helicopter rotors beating the thin desert air.."Worming your way into our hearts," Micky continued, because saying our instead of my seemed to."Lock at condition orange and ready to close."."Engineering. That's the one you're with, isn't it?".From the corner of her eye, Micky was aware that the girl had stopped working and had turned to face.When brittle wood cracked and she felt a picket underfoot, she knew that she'd found the passage in the."Worming your way into ..." Micky fell silent, surprised by what she had been about to say..Nanook sighed heavily. "We have had one or two things like that from time to time," he confessed. "But it never lasts. In the end a bigger bunch gets itself together and gets rid of them. It comes to the same thing--they end up getting shot anyhow."..Slessor recognized Bernard as one of Merrick's former officers. "Why?" he asked, looking puzzled. "What are you doing there . . . Fallows, isn't it?".The "market," as Jay had described it, was situated several levels above the terminal. To get to it they used a series of escalators. A lot of people were milling about.. "You might not approve of the congressman's methods, but he's got a vision for this country that could.monkey might scamper, the boy turns a corner at a long butcher block and encounters a cook who's.at the pump islands is a far away grumble. Muffled country music, oscillating between faint and fainter.. "For Christ's sake, that's TV fiction. She doesn't exist..scoffed derisively. "He still thinks it's for playing with." "I'm just telling you what the guy said."..Bernard shook his head in a way that said he rejected the suggestion totally. "They wont they're not like that. They just don't think that way."..step too far. I don't buy the alien abduction for a second."..dreamed it, she twisted around in time to see the "treasure out of Eden" as it raveled in a long arc to the.pity cripples, but they're afraid of mutants."..But Bernard suspected that the Chironians were fully capable of dealing with the problem without the Army. The Chironian population seemed to have evolved experts at everything, including some very capable marksmen and backwoodsmen who in years gone by had been called on occasionally to discourage, and if necessary dispose of, persistent troublemakers. Van Ness, for instance-the man who had dropped Wilson with a clean shot from the back of a crowded room-was obviously no amateur. It had turned out that Van Ness besides being a cartographer and timber supplier, was also an experienced hunter and explorer and taught 'armed- and unarmed-combat skills at the academy in Franklin that Jay had visited. In fact Colman had spent an afternoon in the hills farther along the Peninsula observing some of the academy's outdoor activities, and had returned convinced, Jay had said, that some of the Chironians were as good as the Army's best snipers..Driscoll couldn't buy that. "You mean they'd be just as happy doing what our people told them to?" he said..decides to search for a bowl or for something that can serve as one..faintly like zinc and powdered copper; Thursday, like fruitcake, which seemed to Leilani to be the most.Clem waved an arm casually without looking back. "Go ahead," he said. "Can't see as you really need any, though. You're pretty safe up here. We don't get many burglars." Farnhill glanced helplessly at his aides, then braced himself and began leading the group after Clem while the Chironians parted to make way. The military deputation broke formation. to take up the rear with Wesserman tossing back a curt "Carry on, Guard-Commander" in the direction of Sirocco..In the Mayflower II's Communications Center, Borftein, Wellesley, and the others who had been coordinating activities all over the ship and down on the surface watched and listened tensely as pandemonium poured from the screens around them, Spacesuited figures were cartwheeling away from the mangled remains of one feeder ramp, and the exposed interiors of

the cupolas at the ends of the others; all showed battle damage and one of them was partly blown away. They were disgorging weapons, debris, and equipment in all directions while soldiers in suits hung everywhere in helpless tangles of safety lines. "Launch every personnel carrier, service pod, ferry, and anything else that's ready to go," Borftein snapped to one of his staff. "Get them from Vandenberg or anywhere else you have to. I want every one of those men picked up. Peterson, tell Admiral Slessor to have every available shuttle brought up to flight readiness in case we have to evacuate the ship. And find out how many more we can get up here from Canaveral." This baffles the boy because he's been under the impression that a Gump has no choice but to be a whispered sanitarium. The faux-Persian rug, though inexpensive, lent grace and warmth to the space. This apparently had been an exotic treat to the dog, as well. When first given a chip, he turned the expressions, yet his smile was broad and winning. "I put a lot of things loose, you know?" "I know." They crossed the machinery compartment in the direction the others had taken, passed through an instrumentation bay, and ascended two flights of steel stairs to reenter the Government Center proper behind offices that had been empty since the end of the voyage, using a bulkhead hatch that Colman and Driscoll had opened on their way down. There was no sign of the others who had gone ahead. Here the group split three ways. identify a reason for this almost sweet anticipation. Defensively, she tempered it with wariness. "Astrology and cosmic forces. She wanted to know what sign I was born under. I told her MATERNITY WARD." Colman made a sour face. "Hell, why should I have to humor people all the time?" "Oh, so it's trouble them fellas is looking for, is it?" a voice with just a hint of an Irish brogue asked softly from the doorway. Bret Hanlon was leaning casually against one of the doorposts, blue eyes glinting icily. His huge shoulders seeming almost to reach the other side of the door. He looked completely relaxed and at ease, but Colman registered his weight carded well forward on the balls of his feet and his fingers flexing inconspicuously down by his hip. The two corporals glanced at each other apprehensively. Hanlon's appearance altered the odds a bit. Padawski was looking uncertain, but at the same time didn't seem willing to back off ignominiously. For a few seconds that dragged like minutes, the charge in the room crackled at flashpoint. Nobody moved. As he reaches the rear bumper, feeling dangerously exposed in the ruddy glow of the parking lights, the rubbing soot from a window, might facilitate the passage of a thin but precious light into the darkness. "Sinsemilla? That's a ..." Bernard gave Jay a stern look. "You don't expect us to believe that, surely. Now, tell us where this stuff came from. I want the truth. If you've been up to something, I'll be willing to write it off as nothing more than planet fall getting to your head. Now--are you sure there isn't something you want to tell us?" he stood, came around the table, and moved her chair back for her to rise. She experienced again the fleeting sensation that she was a puppet dancing to Sterm's choreography. She watched herself as he ushered her to an armchair and handed her a glass. Then Sterm settled himself comfortably at one end of the couch, picked up his own drink, and held it close to his face to savor the bouquet. The driver and his partner return to the cab of the truck. One door slams, then the other. "honey? I made fresh." Although the finest restorative surgeon couldn't have rebuilt her beauty, the worst of the horror might. Klonk I was born with. You've got to be mad to be Mad-doc? that's what Luki and I used to say. "No offense taken," Noah said. "No sane person ought to have confidence in a guy whose business. the cedar scent of disinfectant cakes, six sinks with a built-in liquid-soap dispenser at each, and two. "Emmerson and Crealey were at the back. We found them unconscious in a ditch. They must have been jumped from behind, but we don't know because they haven't come around yet. They look as if they'll be okay though. The others didn't know a thing about it." Shunning suicide, old Sinsemilla nevertheless embraced self-mutilation, though in moderation. She sink. "Got a name??. scattered bones of men and horses stripped of flesh by vultures, vermin. Curtis and Old Yeller go now. "Have you thought about it?" Cromwell asked. "It is. A research team is modifying the Kuan-yin to test out an antimatter drive. In fact the project is at quite an advanced stage. They're doing the same kind of thing back on Earth, aren't they?" The man grumbles, turns on his side . . . but doesn't wake. Celia sat and looked at the boxes, and wondered what it was about the whole business that upset her. It wasn't so much the spectacle of Mrs. Crayford's mindless parading of an affluence that now meant nothing, she was sure, since she had known the woman for enough years to have expected as much. Surely it couldn't be because she herself had succumbed to the same temptation, for that had been a comparatively minor thing--a single, not very large, sculpture, and not one that had included any precious metals or rare stones. She turned her head to gaze at the piece again--she had placed it in the recess by the corner window--the heads of three children, two boys and a girl, of perhaps ten or twelve, staring upward as if at something terrifying but distant a threat perceived but not yet threatening. But as well as the apprehension in their eyes, the artist had captured a subtle suggestion of serenity and courage that was anything but childlike, and had combined it with the smoothness of the faces to yield a strange wistfulness that was both captivating and haunting. The piece was fifteen years old, the dealer h3 Franklin had told them, and had been made by one of the Founders. Celia suspected that the dealer may have been the artist, but he hadn't reacted to her oblique questions on the subject. Were the expressions on those faces affecting her for some reason? Or did the artist's skill in working the grain around the highlights to simulate illumination from above cause Celia to feel that she had debased a true artistic accomplishment by allowing it to be included alongside the others as just another item to be snatched at greedily and gloated over?. At the foot of the steps, he's paralyzed by dread. Perhaps the killers are already here. Upstairs. Waiting. hideous screams still vivid in memory, the motherless boy relaxes behind the steering wheel of a new. Jean raised her hands in an imploring gesture. "Doesn't what Paul Lechat was saying this morning make a lot of sense to you? Isn't it the only way? Well, he's going to need help to do it. I expected you to get on the line right away and find out if there was something we could do. Gen sighed. "Rolling blackout. Third World inconvenience with the warm regards of the governor. Not. As the guards started forward and the members continued to sit in paralyzed silence, Ramisson rose and walked haltingly to the center of the main aisle to face Sterm. "I will not submit

to such intimidation," he said in a harsh whisper. "Remove your men from that door." With that he turned about and began walking stiffly toward the main doors at the rear..flying bullets? On the other hand, although she provides a convenient target, her fantastic bulk no doubt.scaly ringlets under the window. Evil-looking head raised. Alert..The master bedroom was as much a grunge bucket as the other rooms in the house.."You can use a gun.. can't you, Jay?" Murphy asked. "Well, yes, but..." Jay looked taken aback.."lie's hysterical." Noah shoved the bag into a pants pocket.."We've never seen anything connected with defense, and they've never mentioned anything," Borftein insisted. "Let's stick to reality and the facts we know. Why complicate the issue with speculation?"..are this poor afflicted man's way of dealing with his loneliness, his disability, his pain. "I'm sorry, sir." The.running surveillance on a man as powerful as Congressman Sharmer is substantially stupid.."like me," he pleads..When Jean appeared in the doorway, Bernard was fiddling with an assembly of slides and cranks that he had set up in a test jig. She watched while he pushed a tiny rod which in turn caused all the other pieces to slide and turn in a smooth unison, though what any of them did or what the whole thing was for were mysteries to Jean, Bernard pulled the rod back again to return all the pieces to their original positions, then looked up and grinned. "I have to take my hat off to Army training," he said. "I'll say one thing for Steve Colman-he sure knows what he's doing. Our son has produced some first-class work here." He noticed the expression on Jean's face, and his manner became more serious. "Aw, try and snap out of it hon. I know everything's a bit strange. What else can you expect after twenty years? You'll need time to get used to it. We all will". "What's the latest from the surface?" Charez inquired..surprise ready for the doctor. Not much physical strength was required to pull a trigger..Veronica had to bite her lip .to suppress the beginnings of a giggle.. "A Chironian." "All set, except for springing Borftein and Wellesley," Colman said. "Now that we've got Malloy, those two would make the whole thing cast-iron." He turned his head to Sirocco, who was half listening but looking away across the room with a thoughtful expression on his face. "Had any more thoughts about that?" Colman asked. Sirocco responded distantly, "Borftein and Wellesley."..Hurry, he urges the men, as if by willpower alone he can move them. Hurry..The man squints at the mirror. He rubs one finger over the right corner of his mouth, squints again, and..thought and analysis."..Having set the pasta salad on the dinette table, Geneva began slicing roasted chicken breasts for.."When did I say that?" Leilani asked disingenuously..might be the man himself now," Hanlon's voice said from the grille by the screen. "Ah, yes., ,a little the worse for wear, but he'll be as good as new." He gave a final heave on the lines and pulled another figure up into the picture. Bernard and Celia breathed sighs of relief as they recognized Colman's features beneath the watch-cap inside the helmet, dripping with perspiration but apparently unharmed. Column anchored himself to another part of the structure that Hanlon was on, unhitched his safety line and untangled it from the other one, and then helped Hanlon pull it in to produce another spacesuited figure, this time upside down and with a pudgy, woebegone face that was somehow managing to keep a thick pair of glasses wedged crookedly across its nose..don't deserve the same respect as law-abiding citizens..ten-minute piece showing a software designer trading diskettes containing his employer's most precious..The people who have fled the restaurant appear to share Curtis's grim assessment of the situation. All..Kath suggested a place in town called The Two Moons, which was where she and her friends usually went for entertainment and company, and was just the right distance for a refreshing walk on an evening like this. On the way they passed the house that Colman and his companions had stopped by earlier in the day, which prompted him to mention the painter's robot. "It looked as if it was learning the trade," Colman said..from her brain probably blew out power-company transformers all over the Bay Area. Great pie, Mrs..swing, but there..the new passenger lounge in the base. "Say 'sir' when you talk to me." "Yes, I know he's a bit of a barbarian, but unfortunately his support is important. And if there is trouble later, it will be essential to know we can count on him to do his job until he can be replaced." During the temporary demise of the northern part of the Western civilization, South Africa had been subjected to a series of wars of liberation waged by the black nations to the north, and had evolved into a repressive, totalitarian regime allied with Australia and New Zealand, which had also shifted in the direction of authoritarianism to combat the tide of Asiatic liberalism sweeping into Indonesia. Their methods had merit, but produced Borfteins as a by-product..When Curtis follows the dog, he peers across the kitchen and the lounge, toward the cockpit. The..notches above plain grub."..She refused to cry. Not here. Not now. Neither fear nor anger, nor even this unwanted new knowledge..Instrument of nostalgia, scented with desert fragrances that remind the boy of home, the breeze is also a

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