

Chapter 1 Dilli Ka Munda, Kashmir Ki Kuri²

یونہی دنیا بدلتی ہے، اسی کا نام دنیا ہے

Begin at the beginning

Where should I begin my life's tale? Should I start from from June 16, 1949, Karachi, the date and place where I was born? Or perhaps from my earliest memories of living in a house in old Lahore on an alley right behind the Wazir Ali Khan Mosque? Or should I begin with my first truly painful memory in the 1950s, of seeing my mother injecting my father with pethidine as he writhed in pain on the bed from withdrawal symptoms? Perhaps a good starting point would be the memory of being insulted during playtime by the daughter of one of the infamous 22-families of Pakistan? Or perhaps of waking up in the middle of the night as a young girl to witness, maybe hallucinate, the hatching of a murder conspiracy by the same, one of the richest 22 families? Memories that perhaps laid the seeds of dissent in my soul...

However, I believe I need to begin from 1947, the year which gave birth to Pakistan, which directly led to my birth. It is no exaggeration to say that my birth would not have been possible without the creation of Pakistan whose story and mine have been intertwined from the start. Otherwise in an alternate universe, in which the imperial British butchers had not engaged in the deliberate policy of divide and conquer and set the stage for a brutal partition, a beautiful Kashmiri girl from Amritsar would not have fallen in love with, and gotten married to, a debonair boy from Delhi, in the far-off city of Karachi in January 1948. My tale *has* to begin from Pakistan, with whose birth mine shares at least these characteristics: love and hope in the background of fear and uncertainty; defeat and victory in the ocean of fickle fortune, and finally the incessantly fluctuating tides of union and separation.

Thus, I begin from Pakistan and the trembling passion behind it. I use the word "*passion*" very consciously as per its literal meaning: a strong and barely controllable emotion. The same passion amidst great uncertainty that emboldened a nineteen years old boy, my

² Dilli Boy, Kashmiri Girl

Abbi, to migrate all alone from Delhi to Karachi, leaving behind his family. It was this passion, *often passionate fear*, that compelled millions of Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs to migrate to the other side of the border towards a highly uncertain future.

But it wasn't just fear, love was another passion which was an important part of the story. The love which compelled an intellectual *Amritsari* Muslim father to send his female offspring to school in 1930s India. It also gave him the courage to insist that the only ornaments of jewellery his daughters needed were knowledge and education. Thus, he was successfully adamant that his daughters not get their ears and nose pierced, as was the custom in the day. This *Amritsari* Muslim intellectual was my *Nana*.

My *Nana*, *Ghulam Yaseen Farhat* was a staunch advocate of women's education. He had also written a novel on this topic, *Saadatmand Larki*. Maybe a copy of that novel is still lying in a library somewhere in Amritsar to this day. My grandmother would tell me that when *Hafeez Jallandhari* was writing *Shahnama-e-Islam*, he would frequently come to Amritsar to meet *Nana* for discussion and exchange of ideas. *Sufi Tabbasum*, the famous children's author and the creator of everyone's beloved, *Tot Batot*, was another one of his friends. I remember during my childhood my grandmother would take us children from Lyallpur to Lahore, and we would always visit him at his famous Baqarkhani shop.

Unfortunately, *Nana* passed away when *Ammi* was but a child. She often used to tell us an anecdote she had heard from her paternal aunties, her *Phuppies*. When *Nana* was on his deathbed, the *Phuppies* weeping uncontrollably asked him sentimentally who would take care of his young children after him. *Nana* was too weak to respond but raised his index finger to the sky, implying that he was leaving his children to God. My *Ammi*, her elder sister, my *Khala*, and their only brother (the youngest one of the family) were brought up by their grandmother and maternal uncles who tried their best to fill the void left by my *Nana*.

Broken Heart Syndrome

Around the time of the partition of the subcontinent, Muslims comprised nearly half of Amritsar's population. Many of them were hopeful that Amritsar would be awarded to Pakistan. Similarly many Sikhs and Hindus, who comprised nearly one third of Lahore's

population had hoped that Lahore would be awarded to India. In the months leading up to the partition, violent religious riots had already started in Amritsar. Ammi's younger brother, my *Mamoo Nisar* must have been only thirteen or fourteen years old at that time. To everyone's horror and sorrow, he became the first casualty of Indo-Pak's imminent partition in Ammi's family. The following is what happened:

One day when Nisar went out to play, he saw a joyous *baraat* of *Sikhs* celebrating on the street, enroute to their wedding venue. The bridegroom was on a horse as was the custom during those days. Everybody was in a festive mood and this made Nisar joyous as well. However, as the participants and onlookers danced and made merry, they failed to hear that their joy had already been poisoned by the partition's ominous background notes. What happened next, we normally only read in the news or see in the movies. I shudder as I write it down. The *Sikh* Baraat was attacked by a group of Muslim rioters who dragged the groom down from his horse, and proceeded to hack him to pieces with their swords. The baraat was helpless to stop this. For the sensitive Nisar, this event proved unbearable. What does the word "unbearable" mean? He returned home in a state of shock where he was assailed by bouts of violent vomiting. He then died a couple of hours later. Yes, this is what the word means: "un-bear-able".

Nisar *Mamoo* wasn't able to *bear* the sight of human beings becoming monsters. I suspect he died from what is now medically known as the '***Broken Heart Syndrome***': extreme emotional trauma that leads to a heart attack and on a few occasions, to death. The tragic, totally unexpected death of the family's youngest child, and the only surviving male member, must have been heartwrenching for *Ammi*, *Khaala* and my grandmother. However, it's a hard fact that life does and must go on, and so too their life went on.

On the Last Train from Amritsar

Only a short while after Nisar Mamoo's unexpected and tragic death, Ammi, Khala and my grandmother were forced to migrate from their home to the new land of Pakistan. As things turned out, during the calamitous time of the partition the three women, my grandmother, my *Khala* and my Ammi, found themselves migrating all alone from Amritsar, with other family members migrating separately.

Fortunately, at the time of partition, my *Khala*, who was the elder of the two sisters, was working in the Amritsar telephone department as a government employee. Government employees had been given the choice between staying in India or migrating to Pakistan. By that time, as mentioned above, violent religious riots had already started in Amritsar. *Khala*, *Ammi* and my grandmother opted for Pakistan and they were able to come from Amritsar to Lahore on a military escorted train. This was the last train that reached Lahore from Amritsar without any mutilation and murder! Otherwise, everyone knows what happened subsequently. If not then picture the scene: a train arrives from India to Pakistan or from Pakistan to India. Relatives gathered on train stations awaiting their loved ones end up 'welcoming' their dead bodies instead: dishonored, raped and mutilated. A monstrous orgy of blood-dance rages in the land of this subcontinent. As Sahir had said in a different context:

ثنا خوان تقدیس مشرق کہاں ہیں

What say those who eulogise the east?

What else can one label it but good fortune that *Khala* used to work as a government employee and that when these three women migrated to Pakistan all alone on that train, the barbaric monster that later on danced brazen and nude on both sides of the border, had still not fully come into his own. The awakening of that monster marked one of the most shocking and heart wrenching chapters in human history, something which has been revisited in much of Indo-Pakistan literature. To my mind, the most succinct yet broad literary account of the depths to which the human monster can sink was given by *Krishn Chandra* in his great novela on the partition, *Ghaddaar (Traitor)*.

Sweet Sixteen?

In Lahore, most of the Kashmiris who had migrated from Amritsar settled in Gawalmandi. That same Gawalmandi that then became famous for *Kashmiri chai* and *Baqarkhani*. However, since *Khala* was a government employee, she was bound by her job and was soon posted to Karachi. Thus, the three women had to yet again pack-up, and leave for Karachi, where they were given a government quarter. *Ammi* was only sixteen years old at that time. Sixteen is such a young age. I look at my granddaughter *Sophia* who is nineteen as I write these words and even she appears but a child to me.

Yet Ammi experienced so much trauma and upheaval at the tender age of sixteen. And if truth be told, *Ammi* never recovered from the trauma of losing her father, her brother and then finally immigrating to a new place, leaving behind her childhood home, her *gully*, and her friends behind in Amritsar.

She would always remember *Nana* sadly: “I had barely gained consciousness when my father passed away.” However, she did retain some happy memories from her childhood in Amritsar. She would remember her childhood friends, especially two Sikh sisters with special fondness: “*We used to play together and spend all our time with each other, me, Kalwant Kaur and Balwant Kaur. There were friendly relations between the communities, God knows what happened all of a sudden*”. In so saying, Ammi was in fact echoing Dr. Iqbal when he had said:

یا باہم پیار کے جلسے تھے، دستور محبت قائم تھا
یا بحث میں اردو ہندی ہے یا قربانی یا جھٹکا ہے

*Love once reigned supreme, it flowed on the street
Now we have disputes over languages and meat*

I often think about my *Nana*’s death which shaped *Ammi*’s life (and thus mine). What year did he pass away? Was it the year when Mr Gandhi and Mr Jinnah were involved in their final negotiations to salvage the situation and let “*love reign supreme*” again? In the twenty or twenty five years preceding the partition, these two sons of *Gujrat*, the two towering personalities of India had at different points in their lives made efforts to find some practical way towards Hindu Muslim unity. The road had been hard for everyone. In retrospect we like to find individual villains or heroes but of course the situation was much more complex. There was of course the opportunism and cowardice of the Muslim landed gentry who were part of the Muslim league and who were well-satisfied with British colonialism as long as their interests were protected. The fanaticism of the Hindu Mahasabha also horrified the general Muslim populace. On occasion efforts at reconciliation failed because of rightwing religious fanaticism on both sides, while on occasion, they failed due to the shortcomings of Mr Gandhi, Mr Jinnah and Mr Nehru, and other leaders, all most admittedly exceptional but quite flawed men. Any student of history knows that a thousand and one golden opportunities were missed for an

amicable understanding between the Muslims and Hindus. However, it was as if history and circumstances, and people and leaders, with their fears and egos, were conspiring for Pakistan's birth and hence were conspiring for my birth!

My Father the Hero

The other integral part of this "conspiracy", was a good looking nineteen years Delhi boy, expert in shorthand and typing, an avid reader of English magazines, who was wondering when and how to migrate to Mr Jinnah's Pakistan, the new country for the Muslims of India. This was my *Abbi*, my father, *Zainulabideen Qureshi*. *Abbi's* childhood story is perhaps even more heart wrenching than my mother's. However, unlike *Ammi* I never saw *Abbi* being sad about his past. In fact he had quite a cheerful and optimistic disposition. He really needed this optimistic disposition to escape from the various soups of trouble, some ordained, others of his own making, in which he found himself through his life, as we shall see in the subsequent chapters!

Abbi was born in *Chaandwali Haveli* in old Delhi. When he was but an infant, his mother, i.e., my *Dadi*, went back to her *maika* after repeated fights and arguments with her territorial sisters in-law. She was not even allowed to take her infant son with her. Soon afterwards, she yearned to be reunited with her son but was forbidden to go back by her brothers who felt that they had been insulted. Her pining built to such a crescendo, and she became so desperate to return to her baby that her brothers had to restrain her physically by binding her in chains to prevent her from escaping! Thus, she could never reunite with her son, my *Abbi*, again. In her painful and desperate situation the only respite she must have got, if it can be called that, was that she was pregnant at the time she had left her in-laws. The birth of her second son surely would have provided some solace to the aggrieved mother.

Abbi only came to know of all these details regarding his mother when he grew up a little. I can only imagine the psychological effects that it must have had on the young boy. And perhaps the trauma registered even before he had gained consciousness. As per modern mental health specialists such as *Gabor Mate*, even infants register trauma that can have lifelong effects. *Ammi* would often say, "*How the little child must have cried*

without his mother, knowing that she lived in the same city but that he could not meet her..."

Abbi's yearning for reuniting with his mother was so strong that even as a child, he became determined to become financially independent as soon as possible so as to bring his mother to live with him. This is why he swiftly gained expertise in shorthand and in English in his boyhood, and landed his first job at the young age of seventeen in 1945. The first thing he did after securing an independent means of living was something that he had dreamt of doing for years: he went straight to his maternal house to bring his mother with him. The son and the mother met for the first time in years. They hugged and cried together for a long time as years of love and regret came pouring out! However, it seems happy endings only happen in the movies. Abbi's uncles, their egos still hurt after so many years, refused to let his mother go with him. Abbi remained adamant. Finally the uncles came up with a clever plan. They told him to fetch the trunk of jewellery that they had given to Abbi's father at the time of marriage as part of the dowry.

Abbi went straight home and asked his father for the chest of jewellery. His father told him that this was just a ploy by the mammoos to get back the jewellery: "Even if I give you this jewellery, they won't return your mother to you. Remember when she was bound in chains because she wanted to come back. Your eldest mamoo is a very short-tempered, egotistical man. He would never agree".

Abbi was only seventeen years old at that time! He had no power over his father and could not force him to give him the jewellery, especially when his father might have been right. Thus, at the unripe age of seventeen, the boy who had long desired to be reunited with his mother came to learn a bitter truth: desires and ideals are one thing, the harsh realities and circumstances of life, quite another.

However, as I stated earlier, Abbi simply did not have pessimism in his nature. The pain of being away from his mother had been with him since childhood and so it remained, but he determinedly kept polishing his skills and personality. And thus, very quickly he landed a job with the famed bureaucrat of India-Pakistan Mussarat Hussain Zubairi as his

stenographer. Abbi became very impressed by Mr Zubairi. He was at the age in which one gets influenced by dynamic and ambitious personalities. In fact during those times, the educated Muslim young men of India were specially impressed by Mr Jinnah. Like him they wanted to speak English, wear Western clothes and nourish their souls with all the beauty and riches that life had to offer. The giant of Urdu literature, *Qurutulain Haider* has depicted these educated young Muslim men in many of her writings.

At the same time, things at home were seldom free from tension. After *Abbi's* mother had left years ago, his *phuppies*, had gotten their brother, *Abbi's father, my dada*, married for a second time. With the new wife, the *phuppies* were more civil, likely to demonstrate that the previous altercations with my *dadi* had not been their fault. However, they were very territorial about *Abbi* and never allowed him to get close to his stepmother or to his new siblings who arrived later on in quick succession – seven children in seven years in fact!

A domestic incident from those days which *Abbi* used to tell me, somewhat humorous, somewhat pathetic but in any case a massive demonstration and indictment of our patriarchal society, went something like this: The *phuppies* decided to get *Abbi's chacha* married. For this purpose they happened to visit a rich household in old Delhi. The girl they saw there was enchantingly beautiful. The wedding was quickly arranged and the *phuppies* were well-satisfied with their achievement. However, the drop scene occurred when on the wedding night in his bedroom, *Abbi's Chacha* unveiled the bride and discovered not the beautiful *Houri* that his sisters had promised him, but a downright unattractive bride. He came out of the bedroom crying bitter tears, and chaos ensued!

The next morning when *Abbi* woke up, there was an air of doom and gloom in the house. The *phuppies* were clamoring for revenge: "*We will send this woman right away to her home. They showed us a beautiful woman, and got our brother married to the complete opposite.*"

However, as these plans were being hatched, the plain looking woman's rich family had already come up with a preemptive plan of their own: a multitude of servants carrying gifts and goodies on their heads stood queued outside the *Chandwali haveli*. The residents of *Chandwali haveli*, not least the *phuppies* themselves, were suitably

impressed by the rich offerings. This procession of gifts continued for days. Everyday plans would be made to send the new *chachi* back home and everyday there would be more gifts already on offer preemptively.

Of course, wealth weaves its own magic! As Jaun *bhai* has said:

یہاں تو جاذبیت بھی ہے دولت ہی کی پرودہ
۳ یہ لڑکی فاقہ کش ہوتی تو بد صورت نظر آتی

The essence of the above couplet by Jaun *bhai* manifested and the plan to send the new *Chachi* back to her home was abandoned. Instead the *phuppies* found a second wife for *Chacha*. And thus he lived with two wives. Ironically, in his old age, after he too had migrated to Pakistan, *Abbi's* Chacha was no longer bothered by his first wife's plain appearance and in fact her inner beauty had won him over. In fact, later on when they had settled in Karachi, he appeared to like spending more time with her as compared to his second, more outwardly beautiful wife!

Just like my *Khala*, *Abbi* too was a government servant, and at the time of partition, he was also given a choice between India and Pakistan. Maybe the following three facts helped him in making the decision to migrate *all alone* to Pakistan: a) His father, my *dada* was a nationalist and was not a supporter of the creation of Pakistan and furthermore had no desire to leave his *Chandwali Haweli*; b) Just like Amitabh Bachchan in the film *Deewar*, *Abbi's* dream of living with his mother had been brutally shattered (for the sake of which he might have thought of staying in India); and, last but not the least c) Mr Jinnah was *Abbi's* Quaid-e-Azam.

These days it sounds easy, glib, even cheap to say – Quaid-e-Azam. It has simply become Mr. Jinnah's name like *Bapu* or *Mahatma* have become Mr Gandhi's names. But for *Abbi* and many of the educated Muslim youth of that era, Mr. Jinnah truly was *the* Quaid-e-Azam, the leader who had shown them dreams of a life of dignity and progress in a new home, the messenger of a bright future (*here I must confess that due to my leftwing background, unlike Abbi, I cannot be an unequivocal admirer of Mr. Jinnah*).

³ In this world, beauty too is dependent on luxury
Had this girl been poor, she'd have looked ugly

In any case, the above three reasons made *Abbi's* decision to migrate alone to Karachi easier. But before he could leave, his *phuppies* had one final play in store for him. One of his *phuppies* had migrated to Lahore much earlier, and she had a daughter named *S*, who was roughly *Abbi's* age. The *phuppies* in Delhi got *Abbi* engaged to *S*. auntie before he left for Karachi. The idea was that the two could come back to Delhi for their wedding and then return to Pakistan to live in matrimonial bliss in the new land of Pakistan. Yes, as those who have read about the partition know, many people had imagined that the two countries would have cordial relations and people would be able to meet each other frequently. Indeed, many migrating people had even left behind their house keys with their neighbours! Imagine that today even our cricket teams have to play on neutral grounds! In fact, as I write, the Indian cricket board, the BCCI has refused to send its team to Pakistan for the 2025 Champions Trophy. When I went to visit my son who lives in the Netherlands, and travelled freely between Belgium, Germany and the Netherlands, I was heartbroken at the fact that we South Asians haven't managed to do something similar.

Ishq par zor nahin hai ye woh aatish Ghalib⁴

At the young age of nineteen, *Abbi* migrated to Karachi. *Khala* (and thus *Ammi*) had been lucky to have been given government-quarters in Karachi because she was a female government employee. *Abbi*, being male, was granted no such privilege and had to find his own lodgings. Here too luck conspired and how. As luck would have it, *Abbi's* new boss in Karachi turned out to be a cousin of *Apa* (my maternal grandmother). He recommended *Abbi* to *Apa* thus:

"He is an honest, hardworking young lad. Keep him as a paying guest. He will get a place to stay and you will get to earn some extra money. Its a win-win for both of you."

It was highly unusual in those days, still is, for a household of women to take a young unmarried male as a paying guest. However, *Apa*, an uneducated widow with two young daughters, had been dealt one blow after another. Her spirit had been rendered raw and

⁴ Love is a flame that cannot be controlled Ghalib!

wounded, and she must have also felt financially insecure. Thus, she agreed and *Abbi* became her paying guest. And this dear reader is how my father met my mother!

Exactly how did the romance between *Abbi* and *Ammi* burgeon in those seemingly “ancient” days? Its hard for us to imagine. However, fortunately, Jamshedpur’s *Imtiaz Ali* through his film *Love Aaj Kal (part 1)* is there to our rescue. I imagine that it must have been along the lines on which *Saif Ali Khan* and his lover *Harleen Kaur* embarked on their romance: a silent exchange of intimate glances followed by an exchange of written notes, and maybe followed by meetings in some park somewhere.

The Love Story that Cannot be Kept Afloat

Ammi and *Abbi*’s love blossomed. Intoxicated by this new found love in a new city, *Abbi* had forgotten that Dehli too, according to the famous poet *Mir Taqi Mir*, “*was a city among cities*”. What I mean is that he had apparently forgotten that before migration he had been engaged to his cousin who was in Lahore and that they were supposed to get married in *Mir’s city among cities*, Delhi. However, this forgetfulness didn’t last long. Reminders in the form of letters were sent to him shaking him out of his romantic, love-filled reverie. *Abbi* felt obliged by the promise he had made in Delhi. Another dream was about to shatter. He was left with no choice but to tell *Ammi* everything and also to admit, both to himself and to her:

وہ افسانہ جسے انجام تک لانا نہ ہو ممکن
اسے ایک خوب صورت موڑ دے کر چھوڑنا اچھا

*The love story that cannot be kept afloat
Tis better to leave it on a beautiful note!*

Deus Ex Machina in Real Life!

Ammi must have been heartbroken and *Abbi*’s heart too must have been heavy with grief. However, their sadness and defeatism notwithstanding, little old me was supposed to come into this world and fate had one final trick in store, namely: *Dilip Kumar*, *Noor Jehan*, and their love saga *Jugnoo*.

This famous movie of these legendary artists was playing on the cinema screens in Karachi in 1947. *Apa*, my grandmother wanted to watch this movie, and thus the task fell to *Abbi* to chaperone the three women, *Apa*, *Khala* and my *Ammi* to the cinema hall. Picture the scene: A dark black hall in which *Dilip Kumar* is painting the huge silver screen with his sensitive depiction of a myriad of emotions. *Noor Jehan* is evoking all kinds of passions with her soulful singing. The audience members are taut with the sense of impending drama. And what dear reader you might wonder is the story of the movie? Two lovers whose love cannot be fulfilled because of pressure from the boy's family who want him to get married to someone else! What? Art is imitating real life!? And as this is going on, that famous song, my life-facilitating, life-affirming song, starts playing on the screen:

یہاں بدلہ وفا کا ہے وفا کی سوا کیا ہے،
محبت کر کے بھی دیکھا، محبت میں بھی دھوکہ ہے
کبھی دکھ ہے، کبھی سکھ ہے، ابھی کیا تھا، ابھی کیا ہے،
یونہی دنیا بدلتی ہے، اسی کا نام دنیا ہے
Loyalty only gets you betrayal here
I tried a hand at love, love too is a charade
From happiness to grief, nothing familiar anymore
Such is how things change, such is life

Now what does one say? What *can* one say!? *Ammi* must have thought that she would be able to successfully bottle her grief. But then this gut-wrenching song came along like a sucker punch. The song was depicting her internal feelings and external circumstances so truthfully and painfully. How much the world changes! Where were her friends, *Kalwant Kaur* and *Balwant Kaur*? The streets of *Amritsar* that she had left behind, her house where lived the last memories of her father and brother? And then in this new land, she tried a hand at love but love too proved illusory and traitorous. *Ces la vie, ces la vie*.

Such were the emotions assailing *Ammi* as this young girl of only sixteen, sitting in that dark cinema hall in Karachi in 1947, watched her own love story unfurl on the big

screen. She could not hold her emotions in check anymore and started crying uncontrollably. Obviously, the film had also been having a profound effect on *Abbi* but *Ammi's* tears proved to be the last straw that broke the camel's back. He must have decided in his soul:

تم اپنی کرنی کر گزرو، جو ہوگا دیکھا جائے گا

You do what you gotta do, we'll deal with what comes

After returning home, he remained awake in his room the whole night, pacing back and forth till morning. By the break of dawn, his decision had been made: he dispatched a letter to Delhi in which he introduced his family to his bride to be, *Dilafroze*, my *Ammi*, later *Dilafroze Qureshi*!

So that's how it happened, and *S. phupho*, to whom *Abbi* had been engaged, later on became one of my favourite aunties. However, one final historic twist remained in *Abbi Ammi's* union. The wedding date was set for that infamous day: 30th of January, 1948! Students of history already know what's coming next. This date is one of the most ominous dates in the history of South Asia. *Ammi* would narrate the events of this day as follows:

I was in my bridal dress, nervous and excited, surrounded by a group of jolly women in a merrymaking atmosphere. Just then some cries arose: "They killed Gandhi! Gandhi has been shot dead. Gandhi murdered". A wave of terror ran through all present. Everyone feared that widespread violent riots would surely occur. People ran back to their homes leaving the bride and the groom, me and your Abba, all alone at the marriage ceremony. So this is how we began our marital life!"

In Pakistan, not many people are willing to admit that Mr. Gandhi (whom we have turned into a villain) was killed by a Hindu fanatic as vengeance for his crime of being sympathetic towards Muslims. He was acting as the guardian of the Muslims in India, something which Hindu fanatics found totally unacceptable. Gandhi ji, a disciple of Tolstoy, gave his life for Muslims and yet we lose no opportunity to malign him! It was Gandhi who, by going on an indefinite fast, compelled Mr. Nehru and Mr. Patel to transfer to Pakistan the monies and resources that were its due. Mr. Jinnah too despite all his political differences with Mr. Gandhi, respected him and admitted him to be a great man.

Jinnah, Gandhi, Kashmir, Amritsar, Delhi, Karachi, Peshawar's *Yusuf Khan*, Kasur's *Noor Jehan*, Delhi's *Zain-ul-Abideen Qureshi* and Amritsar's Kashmiri girl *Dilafroze*, who later became *Dilafroze Qureshi*, and their firstborn baby, a girl, me, *Mahnaz Qureshi*! Such was the tumultuously exciting beginning of my life.

Magar picture abhi baaqi hai mere dost—Aagay Aagay dekhiye hota hai kya.

(But the film is not finished my friend – Wait and see what happens next)

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