

MY DREAMS
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I was born just I have said on 17th February 1917. Now the 17 February was the date on which the deluge of Noah sprang. But this age in which it was my lot to be born is the age of fire. And therefore the deluge had changed its nature from water to fire. That is the deluge which threatened the mankind in this age of modern science-guided thermo-igneous engine driven materialism is going to be of fire. Thanks to the researches of the scientists, the form of the fiery deluge of this age has assumed utmost charity. The date of my birth, that is the 17th February, which was the date of the appearance of Noah's deluge of water, proved ominous for me in view of the fiery deluge of this modern age. I am writing these lines in 1995, in this book that was written in 1980, and since my birth except the first three or four years I have been the target of a succession of trials and afflictions. The most important mission of this age of atomism was given to me, a mission which entailed the acquirement of knowledge of a very versatile nature, and of the highest order. That knowledge I did acquire. It took me forty years to attain to the mark required. But can anyone imagine, how did I achieve all that. I started my education in my twenty fifth years. I had not the means to join some educational institute. I had to work for my livelihood all those years. I studied without a teacher, subjects like philosophy, sciences, math, histories, scriptures, four language that is Urdu, Persian, Arabic and English and their literatures, day in day out for decades, can anyone realize how, difficult, how painstaking, how blood curdling was all this process. Has anyone else in the world achieved anything like that. In 1962 I recognized my mission. From 1972 to 1982 I did no other work, but wrote, day and night and produced fourteen manuscripts in English and equal number in Urdu. From 1968 to 1995, my more than eight hundred articles in Urdu and in English have been published in Pakistan. Poetical works in Urdu are besides. In 1982 after I finished my manuscripts, I became sick, since twelve years I am in suspension, and still am in January 1995. All this lengthy introduction is only a prelude to what I intend to write now, namely, the dreams which could be called as visions which I saw during my life. Their interpretations have been mostly fulfilled. The dreams I saw during my life are countless. But the dreams which may be called as vision are about fourteen in number. To this day I remember their minutest detail.

THE FIRST DREAM

The first dream I saw in about 1923 in my early childhood. It was winter and I slept inside a room. In the north east corner of the room were placed three boxes one upon the other. And a few feet from the Boxes towards the south along with the eastern wall lay a water pitcher. My bed was three or four feet to the west. In my dream I saw a young boy which was made of slightly pinkish light, emerge from beneath the lowest box. He slowly approached the water pitcher and there lay his hands on the cup to remove it for filling it with water. On that instance I thought in my mind,

that I was awake and beheld the boy. The boy also appeared to realize that I looked at him, and he leaving the cup stealthily moved towards the box from under which he had emerged, and there disappeared beneath it.

Regarding some dreams I know the year or the date. But regarding others I have only a vague idea of the period.

MY SECOND DREAM

My second dream was a few years after first. I was only a boy. In my dream I saw that one of the rooms of our house in Soan Sakaser was in a state of dilapidation. The roof was not there, and, about two feet high walls stood there. The debris of the room was gathered behind the walls like a support. Presently I saw two beams of torch light from south playing on the north wall of the room. The wall appeared as if it was about four feet high and heard then a sound of the word ALARUM repeated a few times, ALARUM, ALARUM, ALARUM issuing from the south, that is the direction from which the beams of torchlight came, at a distance of a hundred years or so. Then I saw two horse-riders on their horses approaching from the place whence thousand of the word Alarum had issued in the south. The beams of the light which played on the wall actually issued from the foreheads of those two riders, and they by and by approached the dilapidated room. The two beams of the light dilly-dallied on the wall in unison with the movement of the foreheads of the two riders, just as the forehead of the rider usually moves up and down in unison with the steps of the walking horse. Without hesitation or pausing or looking on this way or that way, and advancing their horses and climbing up the eastern wall of the room and moving on the walls, and making a round on the three walls, that is the eastern, northern and western wall, and ultimately climbing down the western wall disappeared. I had not seen their faces, nor had I recognized them.

To this day I remember the smallest detail of that which I saw, though at that time I hardly knew the significance of that which I was shown. Matters very ominous but couched in allusions. All these dreams which I intend to mention here are far beyond the understanding of a Freud or any other modern interpreter of dreams. Nor do the people of this materialistic age generally see such long term dreams. Dreams whose interpretations might appear after twenty seven years. Francis Bacon, the Lord Chancellor of the British exchequer, and the Trumpeter of this modern age of atomism and the founder of the new philosophy of utility and fruits, in his nineteenth year (1561) in France saw a dream, two days before the untimely death of his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon in England. In his dread he saw, his father's house in England, covered all over with black mortar. He quite naturally interpreted his dream which he had seen only two days before the death of his father, as an omen of his father's death. The untimely death of his father, changed the line of his career. His misfortune guided him towards the new philosophy of atomism, a philosophy which has tarnished human destiny. The mankind as a result of Bacon's philosophy of fruit now has reached the brink of atomic hell .Thus the dream of Bacon had two-sided interpretation. For himself, it meant a change in the course of his career. Whereas for mankind it meant a painful destiny in the atomic hell. As for as the interpretation of my dream is concerned. That room which I had seen fallen in my dream witnessed its eradication after about 30 years. But the word Alarum which I had heard at that time without knowing what it meant the alarum that I was to raise in the word about the Nuclear Doom of mankind.

The light that issued from the foreheads of the horse riders meant the light of knowledge and faith that was bestowed on me. So help me God.

MY THIRD DREAM

My third dream, I saw in my village, when I was still a boy. I saw that I stood somewhere facing southward. Before me and a little on my left side stood a tall graceful lady facing toward the west. The lady with her face raised upwards towards the sun stood I thought with her eyes closed. I also stood looking upward toward the sun which was overhead in the middle of the sky. I observed that the sun appeared like a slightly yellow disc, but was without a dazzle before which the eyes blink.

MY FOURTH DREAM

My fourth dream I saw in 1932. I saw a room hanging at the height of about forty feet above my head. Many boys like shrieking voices were rising from the hanging room. I was afraid, but soon awoke.

MY FIFTH DREAM

My fifth dream I saw in 1937, at my twentieth year. I saw four graves that were dug in a line from west to east, and had no dead body buried in them. Of them that was on the eastern end, I found myself sitting on its southern side with my legs in the grave. The site I think was in the north of a village called Kallar Kahar. There was a metalled road at a distance of few yards. This road was from north to South. An old man passed by. He addressed me saying, "Do you not fear to sit in the grave? And he went his way. Then I saw myself moving toward the road. And there on the western edge of the road I saw a cobra that intended to cross the road. I had nothing to strike the snake with, but presently I threw a bag of cloth at the snake. The bag covered the head of the reptile, and I said to myself, after all its head is covered. Some time after that (I do not remember how long, but it was not very long I had to go from Rawalpindi to my village and I intended to go on bicycle. To Chakwal, however I went by bus, and thence I traveled by bicycle. I crossed Bhone and further when I reached a raised area from which Kallar Kahar can be seen, the road went down slope. I went on and the bicycle assumed tremendous speed. Still I did not bother. The road took turn after turn three or four times. And low when I reached at the end of the last turn, the road took on abrupt turn. My bicycle went straight into a deep hollow about fifteen feet deep. I fell on the rock. The right side of my forehead and my face struck a stone. Fortunately the stone was hollow at the place where my right eye was. The eye thus was saved but my forehead was wounded. The blood fell on my clothes. In my bag I had a silken turban. I tied my head with it, and dragged the bicycle out and took the road. Hardly a hundred yards or so I had gone, that an old man met me on the way. He looked at me, and seeing the blood and bicycle said, "young man! even the vehicles fall down into the hollow at these turns, how did you decide to cross this point on bicycle? I had no answer to make. I reached the clinic of Kallar Kahar. There the doctor treated my wound. That night I spent there in the hospital. I had terrible pain in the whole of my body. Next day I returned to Rawalpindi in the bus and a doctor treated my wound.

MY SIXTH DREAM

My sixth dream I saw in the begging of 1939 in Jhansi central province of India. I saw that a very tall person walked from west to east. The distance was such that I could not see whether he was clothed _____? To me he appeared Adam. But I was not sure. He crossed two rivers. The rivers appeared like the sheets of silver. And then

I saw a solitary mound about twenty feet high. On its top was a room in which six women sat spinning cotton.

MY SEVENTH DREAM

My seventh dream I saw on tenth April 1939 in the same town that is Jhansi. It was a terrible dream, I still remember its date and terrible indeed was its interpretation which came twenty seven years after the dream. My village is situated in an east-west valley about a thousand yards wide. Along with the southern hill in the west of the village the road runs towards the west near the southern hill. A few hundred yards the west of the village there on the road is a small mulberry tree. I saw my self standing on the western side of a small mulberry tree my face towards south, on the side of a road. The time was that of Dusk. Before me at a distance of about a hundred yards stood a mountain. Touching the road before me was a piece of cutting land. On its southern edge there stood a raised partition which separated it from the adjoining piece of land. Presently appeared before me on this a raised partition, a lady if you can call it a lady, for it had on its skin no clothes but hair like a blue goat all over its body. She walked on the raised partition towards the west, holding the rope of a huge black and white bull which moved carrying panniers perhaps filled with cereals beheld her. My feeling at her spectacle was something like awe .She had gone a few steps that about twenty five men appeared at about a distance of ten yards to her north with their backs towards me and faces towards her. They wore long shirts, and their turbans they had wrapped around their heads, while their scalps were bare. They began to throw stones at here. She at this did only give a jerk to her head and quickened her pace. I thought in my mind, that everyone dreaded her. No one dared to lay hands on her. They only threw stones at her from a distant place. She moved on. And when she had walked a few hundred yards those men again appeared, and began to throw stones at her with added zeal. The panniers fell from the Bull. The frightened bull stood with his face towards south and back towards north. His mouth opened, and his tongue lolling. She stood turned about, catching the rope of the bull with both hands. Her arms hanging down. Then she looked once towards the north and then she looked towards south as if in order to decide which way she would flee. And then she flung the rope upon the bull, fled towards the south into the hill. I awoke. This was terrible dream I saw. Let it be known that the situation of the dream was in my village. I forgot the dream. But when after twenty seven years when I saw myself in the trouble, the memory of the dream came to my mind. The interpretation was exactly like the dream. The grave of my elder brother Malik Muhammad Khan Oversear stands exactly on that point. Whence and when the interpretation came as terrible as was the dream. The site which I saw in the dream was situated in my own village. And the grave of my elder brother is situated at the point whence the lady had left the bull here my elder brother died. He was buried at the point. When the blue lady had at first appeared to me. I, however, have a reason to heartily thank the events and the characters of the drama that had appeared as the interpretation of the Dream, because as a result I was tossed onto the road of my mission. The road which otherwise I would have hardly taken. Let it be known that all the dreams which I am going to record here, were related to my mission. Praised be God.

MY EIGHTH DREAM

My eighth dream I saw in Mussayyib in Iraq near Baghdad in 1942, in my twenty fifth year .This dream may be linked to my second dream in which I had seen two riders from whose forehaeads issued the torch light. I

saw in this 8th dream also two persons, but I saw them clearly, while the two person which I had seen in the second dream I did not see their face and I could not recognize from whose foreheads issued the touch light. The year 1942 in which I was shown this dream was the year in which the great Italian physicist, Enrico Fermi had finally succeeded in opening the gate of atomic fire and the subsequent atomic hell through his successful realization of fission chain reaction of uranium in Chicago. I had no knowledge at that time of Fermi fission chain or atomic physics, or atomic energy etc. Nor could I think of any role that I could ever play in nuclear affair. But after the dream I experienced a complete metamorphosis. I turned mad after knowledge. The dream changed the entire course of my life.

There in the dream I saw that I was somewhere on a plain in western Iraq or in eastern Syria, for the remote blue hills of Turkey appeared far in the north in background, I stood with my face towards north. And lo! I beheld before me, lying on a bare bedstead that was woven with some coarse material, a man with his head towards the west and feet towards the east, a lean, tall, sinewy, dirty, coloured, and swarthy person in supine posture with face upwards, he was like a skeleton of bones, with very little flesh and almost nude, tied to the bedstead with ropes. His eyes were closed, but seemed to peep upwards through the minute apertures that appeared between the eyelids. He seemed to have been engrossed in some deep, remote thought, and as if in deep agony of mind. I stood looking on him for a while. Then I saw that I stood a little to the North, twenty or thirty yards or more, and there before my eyes I saw a tree, my face still towards the north. The tree was neither exceptionally tall, nor was it very gigantic, and was round above the stem. The leaves of this tree resembled the leaves of the papal tree. On every leaf of the tree sat a small parakeet of green light, all engaged in humming together a continuous chant, in comprehensible to me. I could only hear the continuous sound. The whole tree appeared to be enwrapped in radiance. I stood looking at the tree for a while, and then still further to the north, say about a hundred yards or more, I saw myself (still facing towards the north) standing face to face with two men. One of them stood toward my left hand. The other stood a little toward my right hand. The one standing on my left hand was a man of small stature of light built, and of slightly dark complexion and had a very lean and sharp nose, and sharp lean features of face. On his head he wore a turban of green colour like saint AL-KHEDHR. It was a turban desired like a cap similar that which the late grand Mufti Al-Hussaini of Palestine used to wear, but was of green colour. His head was tilted on his right shoulder, as if unable to hold it upright due to rigorous religious exercise. But he that stood toward my right hand defied all expression. So unimaginably glorious, so supremely grand and gracious was he in appearance, and was of a tall and upright stature, white radiant colour and was extremely robust. He stood like a _____ upright with his eyes fixed on some very remote object towards the south, neither making a gesture, nor moving his eyelid. The hair of his head was jet black and reached the lobes of his ears. He stood without a head gear. His beard was thick and jet black, and was of a moderate length. On the whole he appeared to be unimaginably unique paragon and graceful of manly beauty, that defied description. He was taller than for I had to raise my eyes to look at his face. And I felt awe like a use of feel in the presence of my father. And when I stood before him, the word Ibraaheem (the Arabic counterpart of Abraham) appeared in my mind. There was a resemblance between the upright stature of the word Ibraaheem and of the upright stature of the person that stood

before me. And I thought in my mind that I was a candidate for some appointment. And that the one on my left, the green turbaned one, recommended me to the one on my right. And it looked askance at the one on my right without moving the head, and appeared as if felt awe of the superior and hence looked askance. His eyes had a look of entreaty about his recommendation.

The whole atmosphere was bathed in a flood of moonlight that no Wordsworth could imagine. I awoke with mingled feelings of great joy and great regret. Joy at the dream, and regret at my awaking from such a dream.

It is well known that Al-Khedhr is the symbol of knowledge divine, and Abraham the patriarch is the symbol of religious authority. After the dreams I experienced a metamorphosis in myself. I felt an unshakable thirst for knowledge, and studied both the ancient and the modern, and both the religions and the worldly subjects without a teacher or a college for forty years, and wrote the following books.

GABRIEL'S EXTINGUISHING THE ATOMIC HELL SERIES-I

(Final list)

Volume-I

The First Eruption of Gabriel's argument against the atomic hell.

Volume-II

Quran predicts, characterizes and averts the atomic hell.

Volume-III

Atomic-energy-for-peace a curse.

Volume-IV

Quran versus Atomism, Ancient and Modern.

Volume-V

An Essay on Bacon's life in Reference to his Philosophy.

Volume-VI

Unscientific Philosophy of the Scientist and the Quran.

Volume-VII

Democritus enkindles, Abraham Extinguishes the atomic hell.

GABRIEL'S EXTINGUISHING THE ATOMIC HELL SERIES-II

(Final List)

Volume-I

Quran sounds its nuclear warning about the atomic hell.

Volume-II

A Quranic design of the Neutralizer of the atomic hell and my mission therein.

Volume-III

The case of the atomic energy for peace in the court of Lord Justice Science.

Volume-IV

Atomic hell the logical consequence of Baconian philosophy.

Volume-V

Atomic hell, Baconian philosophy, Anti Christ, Quran and Abraham.

Volume-VI

Relation between the Quran and the Bible.

Volume-VII

The Quran corrects a philosophy confined to the Present Day Science.

Volume-VIII

Gabriel's Islamic Bomb.

It was on 17th February 1917, the day and the month of the traditional deluge of Noah, against the fiery deluge of this present age, and the year of Lenin's revolution, that I was born in a village in Salt Range (Valley Soan

Sakaser, Khoshab) a tract which now forms part of Pakistan. My first reflection of this house of trial was a pair of lofty hind legs of a camel when I was barely an infant a few months old. My mother sat in the right hand side palanquin of the camel. I in her lap, when the camel began to rise, the rope snapped and the palanquin fell and I was tossed from the lap of my mother, and fell behind the legs of the camel which had by then risen. Spectacle of the two lofty, ozymandian hind legs of the camel is still fresh in my memory. And when many years later one day I happened to mention the incident to my mother, she was visibly astonished, and said, "How you can remember, you were barely a few months old then. You might have heard it from someone". How little did then I know, what this abnormal memory was to do with me in my life in this world. Many of reminiscence of the glimpses of Wordsworthian nature in my very early years I have still fresh in my mind. In modern kind of schooling or the school I had no interest. After a reluctant attendance in a school I left without sitting even in the Matriculation Examination. My father succumbed to the grief at the tragic incident and died in disappointment. His great hopes in me had been shattered. Alas!

MY NINTH DREAM

In my early childhood, I saw a dream. I saw, that one of the rooms of our house was in a state of dilapidation. The roof was not there, and, about four feet of the walls stood. The debris was gathered behind the walls like a support. Presently I saw two beams of torch light playing on the northern wall of the room, and I heard then a sound of the word, "Alarum" repeated a few times, "Alarum, Alarum, Alarum" issuing from the South at a distance of about a hundred yards or so. Then I saw two horse riders on their horses approaching from the place where the sound of the word "Alarum" had issued in the south. The beams of the light that were falling on the wall actually issued from the foreheads of those two riders. And they by and by approached the dilapidated room. Without hesitation or pausing or looking this way or that way, and advancing their horses and climbing up the Eastern wall of the room and moving on the walls, and making a round on the three walls on their horses, and then climbing down the Western wall, disappeared. I, to this day remember the smallest detail of that which I had seen, though neither the significance nor the interpretation of the dream I understood till at the last stage of my mission. About fifty years later when I read the life history of Francis Bacon, I realized that he too had seen a dream in his nineteenth year. Francis Bacon the trumpeter of this modern age, when in France, had two days before the sudden and very untimely death of his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon in England seen in a dream, his father's house in England covered all over with black mortar. When the sad news of the demise of his father reached him in France, he quite naturally interpreted the dream he had seen as an omen of his father's death. His interpretation, however, was only partially correct. His unfortunate dream had a very far reaching interpretation. The untimely death of his father had changed the course of his career, that unfortunately for this mankind led him to his philosophy of atomistic materialism which today prevails in the entire world, so that this entire world may be seen now covered all over with black Baconian Mortar. About my own dream the point is, that I do not think, I, in those years of my very early childhood had either heard the word "Alarum" or could have known its meaning, though now, in the light of my mission. I have its perfect recognition as the forewarning of the particular alarum that I now raise before this world. Also I am doubtful that I at that time had ever

seen either the electric torch or the beam of the electric light. The dilapidated room I think meant the destruction of this Baconian atomism, while the beam of the electric torch meant the light of faith now to prevail over this world. The room I saw in the state of dilapidation in my dream has actually been destroyed. And I have for ever left that place.

MY TENTH DREAM

In 1942, my 25th year I had another dream to which my first one which I have above mentioned may be linked. In the second dream which I will now mention, I saw again two persons, but in a different prospective. It was in 1942, my 25th year, and the year in which Enrico Fermi, the great Italian Physicist had finally succeeded in opening the gate of the atomic fire and the subsequent atomic hell through his successful realization of the fission chain reaction in Chicago, without my knowledge of either Fermi, Einstein or any such thing as the atomic energy, or the atomic physics. I saw the dream in a place called Mussayyib near Baghdad. A dream, that changed the entire course of my future life. There in my dream I saw that I was somewhere on a plane in western Iraq or Eastern Syria, of the remote, blue hills of Turkey appeared in the North as background. I saw that I stood with my face toward the north, and I beheld before me lying on a bare bedstead that was woven with some coarse material a man with his head towards the west and feet towards the east, a lean, tall, sinewy, dirty coloured, and swarthy person in supine posture with face upwards, and like a skeleton without much flesh and almost nude, tied to the bedstead with ropes. His eyes were closed, but seemed to peep upward through the minute aperture that appeared between the eyelids. He seemed to have been engrossed in some deep, remote thought, and as if in deep agony of mind. I stood looking on the figure for a while. Then I saw that I stood a little to the north, twenty to thirty yards or so. And there before my eyes, I saw a tree, my face still toward the north. The tree was neither exceptionally tall, nor was it very gigantic, and was round above the stem. The leaves of this tree resembled the leaves of the pipal tree, wide and round. On every leave sat a small parakeet of green light, all engaged in humming together in a continuous chant incomprehensible to me. The whole tree appeared to be enwrapped in radiance. I stood looking at the tree for a while, and then still further to the north, say about a hundred yards or so I saw myself, still facing toward the north standing, face to face with two men. One of them stood on my left-hand. The other stood a little to my right hand. The one standing on my left was a man of small stature of slight built, and of slightly dark complexion, and having a very lean and sharp nose, and sharp lean features of face. On his head he wore a turban of green colour like Saint Al-Khedhr, it was a turban fashioned like a cap(fez) as the one that the late grant Mufti Al-Hussaini, of Palestine used to wear, and was of green colour. His head was tilted on his right shoulder, as if unable to hold it upright due to rigorous religious exercise. But he that stood toward my right hand defied all expression. So unimaginably glorious, so superbly beautiful was he in appearance. He was of a tall and upright stature, and white radiant colour, and sturdy built. He stood upright like a tower with his eyes fixed on some very remote object towards the south, neither making a gesture, nor moving his eyelid. The hair of his head was jet black and reached the lobes of ears. And he stood without a headgear. His beard was thick jet black, and was of a moderate length. On the whole he appeared to be unimaginably unique paragon of manly beauty with apparently Persio-Iraqian features. He was taller than me, for I had to raise my eyes to look at his face. And I perceived

a sense of strange awe in his presence and when I stood before him, the word Ibraheem (the Arabic counterpart of Abraham) appeared in my mind due to the resemblance that occurred between the upright stature of the word Ibraheem and the upright stature of the person that stood before me. And I thought to myself that I was a candidate for some appointment. And that the one on my left, the green turbaned one, recommended me to the one on my right. The green turbaned looked askance at the one on my right without moving his head, and appeared as if trying to know the mind of the one on my right regarding the response to his recommendation. The whole atmosphere was bathed in the flood of moonlight that no Wordsworth could imagine. I awoke with mingled feelings of great joy and great regret. Joy at the dream and regret at my awaking up from such a dream.

In the days I saw this dream, I could read the Quran but without knowing either the meanings or the interpretation thereof. When many years later I learned the meaning and the interpretations of the Quran, I knew about a Holy one mentioned in the Quran, whom the authentic commentators of the Quran have called Al-Khedhr because he was dressed in green apparel. The Quran has revealed, and the Quran only, of all the scriptures, that Moses was sent by the command of God to Al-khedhr to know that particular kind of knowledge which Allah had particularly bestowed on him. Moses, however, found himself unable to learn that particular kind of knowledge. Al-Khedhr told Moses, that all he did was only by the command of Allah, even if apparently unjustifiable. The general tradition remembers Al-Khedhr as a guide to those who might have lost their way in the wilderness, and that he had drunk the water of the spring of eternity and lived for ever. Besides that I also knew in the light of the Quran that my dream was a near description of the first 18 signs of the 53rd Chapter of the Quran. That describes a scene seen by the Holy Prophet in Heaven during his night journey to the throne of God. The Quran says:-

" By the star when it setteth, your compatriot erreth not, nor is led astray, neither speaketh from mere impulse. It is no other than a revelation revealed to him. One terrible in power taught it him, endued with wisdom With even balance stood he in the highest part of the horizon: then came he nearer and approached, and was at the distance of two bows or even closer and he revealed to his servant what he revealed. His heart falsified not what he saw. What, will ye dispute with him as to what he saw? He had seen him also another time, near the Sidrah which marks the boundary near which the Garden of Repose when the Sidrah tree was covered with what covered it. His eye turned not aside nor did it wander. For he saw the greatest signs of his Lord!. (*The Quran LIII-I-18*).

These are the signs of the Quran, first ones are about a vision of Gabriel by the Holy Prophet (Peace be upon him) and the subject of revelation and after that are the signs about the Sidrah tree and other great signs of Allah seen by the Holy Prophet (Peace be Upon him) during his night journey in heavens. The Sidrah tree was in the seventh heaven. On every leaf of that tree was an Angel engaged in adoration. There is the abode of Angel Gabriel and the repository of the four revealed books constantly recited there by Angels.

After I had seen the dream I became prepossessed by the desire of knowledge for the sake of knowledge, and from the year 1942 to this day in the year 1980 I have been engrossed in study of various branches of

knowledge, and all of the highest classical order, languages, literatures, histories, philosophies, sciences and scriptures. The Quran having been the central point of my study, around which every subject revealed. All that I did without a teacher. Nine volumes in various languages, I have written of these two following may be regarded as the key to the future destiny of this mankind that now approaches its grievous doom:-

1- Quran predicts, characterizes and averts the atomic hell. English.

2- Quran quells atomism and redeems the mankind from the hell of atomism. English. Both these volumes are the interpretation of a 36 word "104th Chapter" of the Quran by the name of Al-Homaza. This Chapter of the Quran is a miracle undeniable, and is concerned with atomic hell.

MY ELEVENTH DREAM

In the same period and the same region that is Iraq I saw two other dreams. In the first dream I found myself standing with my face toward south. Before me stood a mosque of grand structure and built with red stone. Its gate was at the eastern end of its northern wall. Before this gate I stood and the atmosphere was like dusk, and a fierce wind blew from the west and I slipped into the mosque. There I beheld in the center of the compound a solid, cubical, whitehead pulpit.

MY TWELVETH DREAM

In the second dream I saw myself lying on a bare bedstead in the north-east corner of a great stately hall of mud walls most exquisitely rendered and plastered all over nicely with mud. Behind my head on the northern wall I perceived without looking with eyes or moving my head the picture of crucifix.

And now whether I had seen any dream or not, and whether I had learned all that knowledge without a teacher and in most adverse circumstances or not, it is the affair personally of my own. Mankind is bound to see and judge my work on the basis of science and argument, and not on any pretension or claim of divinity or divine sanction. This only is the proper course in this particular age. By whatever agency, I gained my object, is the concern exclusively of my own. I have by the Grace of Almighty Allah done my duty, it is for the mankind now to take up the yoke, as the last attempt to avoid the grievous atomic doom. Ask not who says it. But see what has been said. All those mystic experiences, that I had, and all those mysterious portents which I have seen, and all those mysteries that were revealed to me during my lengthy and grievous ordeal, warrant a volume, and need time to write. That I have none at present. Take what I have to offer to you at this critical juncture of human history, and deprive not yourself of a guidance and light that could save you from a dreadful doom and a horrific end.

My THIRTIETH dream I saw in 1964 in Lahore, in the Muhallah Krishan Nagar, where I lived in a rented room. This Muhallah once was of Hindus, who had migrated in 1947 at partition to India. There I saw four dreams in 1964. In the first dream which was my twelfth in succession, I thought that I was in the room. There in the Room, about four feet inside from the north east corner of the room stood a big stem of accacia tree. I only saw the huge stem and not the whole tree. Then from the north east corner of the room approached three impressive figures. One was before them, and the two following close on him, so close that the bodies of the three touched each other. The one who was before them was tall, lean, sinewy. His colour was dark. He stretched his neck and looked from behind the stem of accacia into the room. In his eyes was curiosity, and wonder. As if there was some thing or some one surprising and unique. The two that followed him were also of dark colour, just as is of the inhabitants of the south east-region of the Pakistani West Punjab and further of the East Punjab and Karnal, Gurgaon etc. They were shorter than him, but were stocky. After a while the whole scene disappeared. I had no idea about their identity during in the dream. But when I awoke afterward, I quite naturally thought about them. My conjecture was, that the one wholed than was Rama and his two sons Lau and Kau, The picture which of Rama, for he looked exactly like the picture of Rama, which I had seen sometime a very prominent figure in hindua religion. About the two who followed him, my conjuncture was that they were the two sons of Rama, Lau the founder of Lahore and Kau the founder of Kasur. The picture which of Rama a very prominent figure in Hindu religion, which I had seen in some book, was exactly like him when I had seen in my dream. Naturally my thought went toward the city called Ajodhan in the past ages, and was situated in the south east region of the Pakistani west Punjab, near Pak Pattan Sharif, due to the phonic resemblance between the word Ajudhia as is written as the city of Rama, and Ajodhan that was in the Punjab. The fact that Lau the son of Rama had founded the city of Lahore, and Kau, the son of Rama had founded the city of Kasur both in the Punjab, reinforced my view. Thus I thought that the city of Rama was Ajodhan in the Punjab, but that is my own surmise, without any substantial proof. The three visitors spoke not a word. And all the affair was only a glimpse, and disappeared within a few seconds. My suspicion however was that perhaps those illustrious men of God curiosity in the Godly men of God was due to that the mission that of warning this mankind about the atomic hell, and trying to guide them teach them how to escape the dreadful end in the atomic doom.

My FOURTHIEH dream there is Krishan Nagar, in the same room, that is my fortieth dream in succession was a hellish dream which foretold a decade of life in hell, but on the other hand was most productive, because it was in that period (in Wah Cantt) that I wrote all my works for which I had started after thirty year long struggle for the acquirement of knowledge I saw that I stood on a wide piece of land which was west –east. I looked at the piece of land from the south, and I stood looking the western part of that land. It was covered all over with creeper plants. After that I saw the Central part of the land. It was covered all over with a kind of grass, which is very short and sharp and has a radiant yellow colour. In the middle of this part of land was a grave in which was heat and smoke, and I felt that I was in it. How long I remained in it. I do not know. Then I saw the eastern end of this

land. There I saw two elephants of a small size sitting side by side facing east. Their backs were towards me. I stood looking behind the one that was on the left. The one on the left had circular patch about three inches in diameter on its skin, where there was no hair, while the skin of the one sitting on the left was whole. Then the dream ended. The interpretation of this dream began in 1972 in Wah and is upon me still in 1994. From Lahore I moved to Wah Cantt where I saw the type of the yellow grass which I had seen in the dream. From 1972 to 1982, however, was a period most productive in my life, for, during these years I wrote all those volumes both in English and in Urdu that were my mission? Four years I wrote and typed between eighteen and twenty hours daily. It is something which is hard to believe. But it actually happened, and the period of these four years could be regarded as in the grave full of heat and smoke which I had seen in my dream in Lahore. Although the entire period from 1972 to the present time in Jan 1995, I spent in agony and torment which may be linked to a life in a grave full of heat and smoke. Praised be God, for his boons besides there are great. And he knows the good and the evil. What is good and what is evil for us.

The FIFTHIETH dream in the room of Krishan Nagar, that is my fiftieth dream in succession, I saw at a time when I had undergone the operation of my eye for Nakhuna. And I was discharged from the Hospital and I had returned to my room in Krishan Nagar. I saw in my dream that my bedstead on which I slept began to run westward beside a line of Bushes. It went running for about seventy yards, and then it ran backwards. And then it beside a plant which is called Asgand Nagori.

In the SIXTIETH dream in the room of Krishan Nagar and my sixtieth in succession. I saw three or four brown dogs that surrounded me and barked at me. Their master sat quite near towards the west. I stretched my arm and tried to slap him. But my hand struck the wooden side of my bedstead and I awoke.

My last dream that is the SEVENTIETH in succession. I saw that I stood on the eastern side of my village in Soan Sakaser, with my face towards the west. Before me I saw three houses built with coarse huge stones, but all of them without a roof. Then I saw two women. One of them stood silently by the houses towards the south, while the other woman went in a circle around the three houses from south to north with her face towards me and her back towards the three houses. I then raised my head towards North east and yelled twice, Allaho Akber. And the dream ended.

I have recorded thee dreams. I do not mean that I saw no other dream. No I might have seen thousands of dreams in my life. But I forgot them and they were not of much commence. Ordinary dreams. They also could be divided into categories but it is no use. These dreams which I have recorded here mostly their bearing on my mission and indicated for reaching consequences, and to this day I remember their minutest detail. There were times when people used to see dreams and used to ask interpretation. Those were the times before this age of materialism. Now a days the people see no dreams. The cruel necessities of life and the greed and necessity of wealth prevails. Nothing of the spiritual world is left in man's mind.

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