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Editorial

It gives me immense pleasure to present to the readers the 2013 issue (overall 3rd issue) of The Nustian, the annual literary magazine of the NUST. Despite the competitive academic environment the students found some time out of their busy schedules and forwarded their essays and poems for the literary magazine. Their ideas are mature, candid and positive. There is energy and hope in their writings despite overall sombre national environment. You will find something about everything i.e., ethics, humour and stray thoughts on a number of topics. It may pleasantly surprise the readers that potential engineers and doctors have written short stories and composed verses as well. The Nustians have given a hint that they 'can do it' when it comes to writing.

This issue of 'The Nustian' is a mix of veterans' and novices' writings. Most of the contributions (90%) are from the students, yet veterans like Aslam Bazmi led from the front and contributed both in prose and verse. It was our endeavour to make it a representative magazine of all NUST Schools and Colleges and I believe we have successfully achieved that goal.

I owe my profound gratitude to writers, poets and the student editors who helped me in preparing the draft of the The Nustian. Without their contributions and assistance this compilation would not have been possible. Student Editor Asad Tariq has been a great help to me in proof reading of this issue. He is specimen of a responsive and responsible student, person and editor. Student Editor Ehtisham has also been of immense assistance to me in collecting valuable contribution from College of E & ME. I also owe my gratitude to composers Messers Sheeraz Siddique and Nadeem Shahzad for their assistance and a job done very well. Last but not the least, Mr Mumtaz Iqbal Malik, pioneer-Editor 'The NUSTIAN' has been a source of energy, guidance and motivation for me throughout the process of compilation. His response and advice have always been prompt and vital for me. Many thanks to Malik Shaib for his guidance and cooperation.

I urge upon the students and faculty of all NUST campuses to keep on cooperating with us in future too. They should make optimum utilisation of this forum and share their viewpoint with our esteemed readers. I shall anxiously wait for the readers' feedback and suggestions for the improvement of the coming issue of 'The NUSTIAN'.

Editor



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Standing L to R:

Student Editors: Muhammad Usman Akhtar, Ehtisham Tanvir, Ashar Ahmad



Some Quotes

from

Allama Muhammad Iqbal

*Islam is itself destiny
and will not suffer
destiny.*

*The ultimate aim of
the ego is not to see
something, but to be
something*

*Vision without power
does bring moral eleva-
tion but cannot give a
lasting culture.*

*People who have no
hold over their process
of thinking are likely
to be ruined by liberty
of thought. If thought
is immature, liberty
of thought becomes a
method of converting
men into animals*

*When truth has no
burning, then it is phi-
losophy, when it gets
burning from the heart,
it becomes poetry.*

*Word, without power, is
mere philosophy*

*If the object of poetry
is, to make men, then
poetry is the heir of
prophecy*



R EFLECTION

“What matters in life is not what happens to you but what you remember and how you remember it.”

— *Gabriel Garcia Marquez*

Life is a journey

Qazi Umer Jamil

Success and failure, both are the part of our lives. Sometimes, we succeed and sometimes we fail to succeed. That's life. If we look at the history of great men, they have all once been a failure in their life. But the secret to success is never to give in. And all the great men know this secret.

But there is something to be distinguished among us. That is the direction of our life. If we are in the wrong direction in our life, it does not matter how responsible we are. We are just losing our time. To be successful, a man should know what is his life's goal, the ultimate goal of life. An ordinary person with clear concept of his life's goal can be the most outstanding person in the whole society. So all you need in first step is to choose your goal wisely.

Always remember you are the creator of your own universe. Your story is important. Your goals are important. You were born to be somebody. Once you have chosen your goal, start working on it. You have every second of your time. And in this every second, you should work hard and intelligently, and let your sweat become blood.

As you go through life, you will encounter with failures. Failures are the part of life. And to me, they are more valuable than success. When you are successful, it's because of your result of hard work. But when you are failure, it simply means that you have to learn something new, something special. With failure there will come two things, pain and inspiration. There is time to rise, at the time of failure, just feel the pain and rise. You have inspiration. And remember never accept defeat. Always remember every defeat is temporary. But if you give up, and consider yourself as a fail-

ure, you will be a failure forever. And to me failure is the sign of your upcoming success. Believe me, the joy of success after failure is unimaginable compared to the pain you feel when you are a failure.

Another thing that is required, is persistence. You know sometimes people think you are nothing, you have nothing and you are a failure. The persistence is the road to success. When you are persistent in your ways, soon the world will realize that it is hard to beat you down.

Live in your present. You know every time you are thinking of your future but you don't ever realize that the time is passing and you are travelling into your future. Remember you can't travel faster than speed of time but only in your dreams. You live in a labyrinth that you will escape one day, and how awesome it will be. But you never do it. You just use the future to escape the present. You just destroy your future by thinking of it every time and let the present go without making anything out of it.

Be exact image of yourself. Don't compare yourself with anyone in this world, if you do so, you are just insulting yourself. You were born with some innate qualities. Value them and don't ever wish to have somebody else's life. It does not matter you are in the darkness, after all in the dark sky, stars shine more brightly.

In the end I will say, never give up on your dreams. Your dreams have a value. And you are the only one that can work hard for your dreams. One night, this struggle will end. And there will be forgiveness in everyone's eye. That night you will start a new life, you know it.

*Never trust someone who lies to you
Never lie to someone who trusts you*

A Perfect Evening

Ehtisham Tanvir

Today as I was coming back after attending my last Engineering Materials class of the day, I couldn't help noting the scene the sky presented along the horizon. The sun was already setting and a cool breeze was blowing. I don't know why, but such a scene always takes me away from the material world and my mind gets lost in a pensive mood. At that moment I wanted to capture every detail of what I saw, but instantly felt handicapped for I didn't even have a phone camera. I felt really depressed and out of desperation thought of those people who couldn't even have the gift of eyes to admire this. At least I can do that! With this feeling prevailing in my mind, I kept walking towards the hostels, admiring the atmosphere, the clouds, the sky and everything I could see as far as my sight would let me. But then an idea struck my mind with such a force that I felt as if I had all the power I needed to capture the beauty of this scene. My pen.

Now, as I write this, I am sitting outside my hostel, Iqbal, on a cemented slab, facing the setting sun hiding behind layers and layers of clouds. As my pen moves on the paper, a constant chirping sound of a cricket can be heard, sitting somewhere nearby, probably watching me sitting alone in the cold. The birds, as they fly towards their destinations, are singing songs of a perfect day as if they too are admiring what feast the end of this day has arranged for them.

As the cold autumn wind fondles my face and my hair rustles with it, the song sung by strong winds blowing in the valleys can be heard, enriching the scene further. Since my childhood, three things that fascinate me the most are white clouds, the mountains and the night sky. And miraculously, this scene has all three of these.

During windy days, clouds instead of making huge, gigantic shapes in the sky, create small mesmerizing patches, that are spread on the whole sky, making shapes like long threads, water ripples and round patches. This sky was a mixture of all these beautiful artistic shapes. All clouds seemed to move separately, but in unison, towards an unknown destination, but at the same time giving the message of returning, sometime soon.

The mountains of Murree, although far away, and only faintly visible, enriched the scene to such a richness that they glorified the entire horizon. Mountains have this magical ability of filling the beauty of nature with their enormous size, without even spoiling the beauty of other entities that enhance it. Besides, their existence marks the fact that no matter how strong you become, something still exists that is stronger and mightier than you. That's why I like them.

Now as the sun has almost disappeared behind the edge of the scene, the sky is still bright, with a star or two, faintly visible, but bright enough to claim their separate existence, as if the bright sky never wants to leave this place and be the reason of the fall of this scenery.

The rays of the setting sun, as they rip through the clouds, are creating such beautiful shades of red, purple, blue and so many colours that even the greatest of artists that have ever existed or will exist can't name all of them and can't help admiring the artistic beauty of these immaterial rays. Although the blowing wind is striking each and every thing coming in its path, but the trees and the plants are just dancing slowly and silently in harmony, as if they don't want to spoil the steadiness of this scene either.

But now as the sun has completely disappeared behind the materialistic world, the cool breeze is now transformed into cold, biting wind, freezing my fingers to immobility. I can now, once again hear the sound of the world, far away but close

enough. As if the falling night is giving the clue of a dark, cold night of desperation. But on the back side of what I face, is a sky that is already dark and starry, giving the message:

After brightness, comes the dark,
but be hopeful, on your part
For life is not what we face,
but what we admire, slowing down our pace

Love... or Lust?

Maab Saleem

‘Forget love, I would rather fall in for chocolate.’ The preceding sentence has gained a lot of fame in the last few years (decades, I presume) and you just keep hearing that from people who can’t even pronounce the second word of the sentence correctly. It’s after a lot of fake suicide endeavours and a lot of cold wars and a lot of ‘you light up my world like nobody else’ conversations; that you finally decide to call off, the so called ‘love of your life, most of you will know what I am talking about and if not, then you better not read any further because Thomas Finney awaits you in the drawer.

So, love, in the true sense of the word means to have an intense feeling of deep affection for someone. Tragically, most of the people talking about love these days fail to possess any of these feelings rather they do have an ample amount of time to waste in the washrooms and a 1000 free text messages for a day. This is indeed a face-palm worthy fact. I have always tried to avoid people that call themselves Romeos (well actually they don’t, other people do) because they really make me feel like tearing their hearts out and showing it to them, that it’s still in one piece; that it’s so small and it never could encapsulate a human existence.

The funny part is that, after some lonely wet-cheek days they somehow seem to envisage that they can have someone else to fit inside, if not the one they previously had (or loved) and then they do actually find someone who engages with them and makes them feel the way they did. I pity these poor souls because they never know that the people who don’t respect a divine feeling never get to have any bit of tranquility and internal satisfaction. So, after some days, they are found saying, ‘You said you would die for me. Now that we are apart, it’s time you kept your promise.’ Yes, you are just 17, yes you are vulnerable to addiction of any sort and yes you are not yet mature enough to know what’s worth living and what’s not but the thing that makes me lose my mind is that they relate their 48 hours continuous texting to..Love. They consider themselves wise when they are able to understand love songs.

Do you really want to know what love is? Look inside a mother’s heart, who stays up all night with Quran in hand to pray that her infant may sleep well tonight. Look inside an army camp where brave human-hawks don’t close their eyes at night just because we people, can fearlessly sleep with our heads in our blankets. Look inside Roll num-

ber 36's bag which weighs more than he weighs himself and contains physics book with graphite all over. Look into a basket baller's eye as he runs across the court all alone in the lime-light, a day before the showdown. Look inside your sister's tears when she finds out that you had a small accident and are in a hospital. Look inside a father's wallet which contains less amount of currency and more fee receipts. Or just look into my inbox, you would find real love getting sweeter and deeper with every day that passes.

Well, jokes aside, over the years, I have learnt enough to tell you that once you trip and fall into the valley of love, there is no way back. You are trapped but the good part, you get to have or at least strive for getting the one you dream to be with. This will mislead you yes, but if you learn to walk on water, you will never drown.

Well, I might get close to losing you if I continue

showering you with my deep words so I stop here. Saying 'I love you' just doesn't mean that you have played your part in loving someone, because loving someone comes with a price. You have to sacrifice, endure and survive after all. What we, teenagers talk about while exhaling smoke in the dark is lust, or arousal or anything but love. As humans, we possess an attraction for the opposite sex. So, it's natural to feel different about somebody but terming it love is idiotic, illogical and unbearable for someone like me. There's one thing that a girl requires other than care, chocolates, loyalty and respect: Most of the time! See, I too tripped, thanks to Allah, I have drawn a line that is dedicated to someone.

"I may possess the world's deepest feelings for you, but my mother always gets the best part of my love, because it was she who raised me and made me mature enough to love you the way I do."

It takes nothing to be Successful

Sadia Khaf

"All it takes is . . . nothing . . . to be successful." They looked at him, not understanding a word of what he said.

"People are born successful. Or you can say they are destined to be successful". He continued, "They don't have to find it. They really don't have to look for it. Trust me there is no need".

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?" One of them asked.

"I mean . . ." he looked at the guy who asked the question. "Perhaps I mean nothing. These are just meaningless words. There was no need to create alphabets and words for communication. Man could understand others better without words. . . No let me rephrase it. Man could feel others better

without words. You see we listen to their sufferings but can't feel anything. If someone tells you he is thirsty, you give him a glass of water. Do you feel his thirst? No, you don't. You do it because you have learnt that it's good to quench his thirst when he is thirsty and one day HE (The Lord) will quench yours and you will be rewarded for your good deeds. Can you really feel how a thirsty person is feeling when he asks you for water? You could not if there were no words to communicate. . ."

"Pardon me Sir! But we want to listen about success", he said thinking about the loan he had to return in a few days.

"Success is nothing my pal but your destiny. If you try to find it, you are a fool. And if you try

to chase it, you are mistaken. Running after success is a useless job. Let me ask you a very simple question". He paused.

"If a child dies after one hour of his birth, will he go to the heaven or hell?" He asked them looking into eyes of the guy who asked about success. The guy lowered his gaze.

"To heaven, as we are told" a boy sitting next to him answered.

"Why?" He turned towards him.

"Because he is innocent. He has committed no sins" The boy replied.

"He has done no deeds of virtue either. Why is he among the successful and not among those who go astray?"

No one replied. He looked at them and paused. Then he smiled softly as if he was listening to someone.

"Look dear friends! You are born successful. It is behind you all the time. You don't have to search

it in the books of great scholars or in the lives of successful. It is yours. It is with you all the time. It's you who is running away from it by committing mistakes, by hurting other people, by running after riches and by running after success". He was looking at the ground and talking like talking to himself, or to someone he couldn't see.

"It's with you but you don't recognize it. It comes towards you but you don't embrace it. Righteousness is nothing but avoiding wrong. Success is nothing but sticking to your own path. Sticking to the innocence, truth, honesty you were born with. You go towards failure when you forget the real you and try to find some other path, be some other character, play some other's role, chase after some other's part of the wealth. Be who you are and you will be successful. Stick to the path you have and you will be successful. Do nothing what others are supposed to do and not you and you will be successful".

Trying is what it takes

Umer Huzaiifa

Philosophy, or any such dry topic has never been my favourite but I felt so compelled to ponder over these things a few days back that I took up the pen and decided to share with you people (Beware this is my first such attempt therefore I BEAR NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE CONSEQUENCES.

I have been a student of NUST EME for the last four years (Almost literally, considering that I deliberately chose to stay here even in the summer vacations. You can well imagine the unusual "love" for this place I may have. After graduation, I was taking some time out for planning my career. I met my seniors from EME and professionals from other places as well discussing the ideas I had. While I had so many things in mind and felt

so excited about the future, there was an impending fear of trying the new or less trodden paths for the career. "What would the people say if I failed" being the most disturbing question I asked of myself many a times.

But then I recalled an incident from the past and was greatly amazed at the message that gave. That really built up my morale and confidence in trying to build a new world from the debris of the old pedagogy and standards.

There was this close fellow of mine from my home town. We were just chit chatting one day when the talk shifted to education. He was an associate engineering diploma holder. I asked him to

continue his studies and complete B.Sc Engineering from somewhere for that would create better options for him in the job market. His reply was what changed my way of thinking.

He said, “B.Sc program is not for us. Semester system in the universities these days is based upon assignments and projects which need computing facilities or other electronics hardware. Now you know what the situation of load shedding is and power shortage in the country. How can one complete the work in time or anytime at all? As a result, the professors who are all in all in this mode of education, develop an enmity with you and at the end of the semester, failure and withdrawal is your destiny.”

Of course, this was quite an exaggerated picture of the scenario. I am sure most of you will laugh too. But let’s take a moment out and think over. There is a class still out there for whom even do-

ing bachelors from a respectable university or any university let’s say at the end of the street is near impossible. Had they tried they would have realized the “Jews and Americans” have not gone this far against us as yet. Had they been just strong enough to get enrolled, they would have come to know the reality.

Now, perhaps, exactly this may be the case with us when we are fearful of trying innovative ideas, and bigger things, not realizing that we already have surpassed and excelled the dreams of many. If we are strong enough to come this far, we can go higher as well. I recall at the end, words of a position holder in F.Sc. She said and I quote: “My mother advises me to study also on the part of those who can’t afford it”. That is, trying and exploring new paths and then putting in the best of your efforts for achieving the goals is also important so that others may also benefit from your findings and experiences.

Forgiveness

Syed Haider Raza

Forgiveness is the termination or elimination of resentment, hatred or enmity that might have arisen due to some difference or disagreement. Forgiveness in plain terms means to grant free pardon or give up any personal hostility against someone. Forgiveness is granted without any expectation of revenge or restorative justice. Instead of allowing anger to prevail or the urge of revenge to overcome our conscience, we gain the courage and nerve to put the differences aside and give way to tolerance and pardon. The perception of forgiveness can be found in both Social Sciences and in Religion. Forgiveness is considered to be a superior moral act both in literature and religion. In

practical terms an offender can be forgiven by the wronged person as an act of great ethics, morals and principles. Most religions teach the nature of forgiving others which provide the basis for modern day practices of forgiving. Schools and other educational complexes emphasize on the Importance of Forgiveness so that children could appreciate its value and significance from an early age. Science is discovering the healing powers and medical benefits of forgiveness because when one gives way to forgiveness he gives up his unwanted grudges and opens himself to improvement in his character and which in turn gives him peace of mind.

Best Way to spend your Leisure

Aunas Manzoor

In your tough routine sometimes you have leisure time when you have nothing to do. Spending this time in healthy activities is necessary to prevent you from bad thoughts and activities. It is said that an empty mind is a devil's workshop. In order to save you from being some devil's workshop, some fruitful activities are essential. Here are some tips to spend your leisure in a proper way

- **Religious Activities:** Religion plays a vital role in our life. It has everlasting effects on one's life. So you must give proper time to your religious activities. Do take part in regular religious gatherings especially in leisure time and try to enhance your religious knowledge. You should also make the religion a part of your daily routine.

- **Tourism:** Tourism is a very healthy activity that makes your mind fresh and enhances your interest in life, society and the people around you. So you have to plan for some tours with your friends or family so that you can enjoy the time which you can't in your normal working routine.

- **Reading:** It is said that a book is the best companion. So keep in touch with books of your own interest. Books are useful for increasing your knowledge, providing you good entertainment. Always be a regular reader before going to bed at night.

- **Spend time with family:** Family must be at the top of your priorities. In your rush hours you can't give proper time to your family which they deserve. So in your free time turn your mind to home problems and have a chit chat with each family member. Listen to their problems and try to solve them accordingly.

- **Visit the relatives:** In your tough routine you often don't have enough time to visit your close relatives. So in your leisure time you have this opportunity to make your relations strong. This will increase your social circle and in return you can make some precious friends who can be very helpful in your later life.

- **Games and Exercise:** Games and exercise are essential for good health of a person. A strong body has a strong mind. So make it your habit to spend some time in games and exercise.

- **Healthy Activities:** Some healthy activities like gardening, crafting, cooking, shopping can be adopted to spend your time without boredom. These activities must be according to your own interest. Don't adopt them as per reference by someone else. Just pick the activity which is most suitable to your gender, body and mind

- **Watch TV:** Watching TV is a good leisure activity. Several types of channels like News, Sports, Theatre, Movies, Drama, Comedy, Cartoons, Research programs and Religious programs are available on TV. You can choose one of your own interests.

- **Internet Surfing:** Internet is the largest source of information gaining and sharing. You can visit websites of your own interests and can contact your friends on social websites. You can watch your favourite videos and listen to music of your own choice.

- **Music:** Music gives rest to your mind. A lot of music categories are available like pop, hip hop, rock, jazz, rhythm and classical. You can pick your own choice. Or you can start learning to play musical instruments like piano, guitar, mouth organ, and flute. So you can make your own music compositions and enjoy them a lot. Each person has the talent of such artistic activities. You just have to explore it. Last but not the least you have to take some rest, regain energy and relax yourself in your spare time from hard and tough routine. Above are some helpful leisure time activities which can be adopted according to your own choice. So your happiness depends on how you spend your leisure time.

What Wonders can Elite Youth do?

Ume Salma

Pakistan, our beloved homeland is passing through a challenging time with innumerable problems of security concerns, corruption, human rights violations, increasing crime rate, depletion of natural resources, power shortages and the list goes on. In such a sorry state of affairs, the huge quantum of hope lies with the youth. The youth is a precious asset for any nation and can do wonders if their energy receives proper direction in an optimum fashion.

Where on one hand we brag of the hopes we have lying with the youth and the trust we have in the potential of the youth, let's confess that during these 65 years of independence which motherland has seen, this youth has remained the most neglected class by our leaders. I believe that the root cause of all our problems is that the youth has no direction. We don't have a frame work and we are a stray sheep without the shepherd. We are all confused, clueless and visionless. We are confused in terms of culture, language, education, ideals and career. The young mom tells her baby, **“Wo dekho beta sparrow” and “Mela beta breakfast mei Apple khae ga?”** Even she is so confused that she doesn't know what to teach and preach! Urdu or Angrezi! Meanwhile, the elders are nowhere to be found for guidance and counseling because they are too busy making money to enlighten our future and to give a start to our career! So, there exists a huge generation gap as well.

Being a young individual you have dreams, hopes and ideals. You gleam with aspirations; and at the same time you have an inbuilt store of energy, enthusiasm and a fire of action burning within, but if you are not met with equal opportunities and freedom, you are left frustrated and the turbulence within turns into domestic violence and street riots. Take the education, for instance, that has become nothing more than a profitable business. Those at a remote madrassa are no match to the

ones studying at IBA, LUMS or GIKI. They talk of equality of races, colors and creeds but why not of equality of opportunities and education. Only a minute percentage of youth of Pakistan has access to the intellectual resources, by which I mean internet, libraries, highly qualified professors and social media. This youth, let me call it the intellectual elite of youth (and wish that it realizes the fact), now, needs to take the responsibility for the rest of the unfortunate and unprivileged young girls and boys whose eyes are losing hope because of Nepotism and limited opportunities for them, for whom job advertisements are given in newspapers and people are hired even before the formality of interviews and who may be more talented than the fortunate ones but the talent is going waste and they seek refuge in activities that are no way constructive, rather highly unsuitable like drugs, violence and other illegal business.

This elite should be socially active, be motivated and then motivating, make groups, attend conferences, conserve resources, share information, share opinions and respect other's opinions, promote the true essence of democracy at the grass-root level, avail the freedom of speech by writing to the newspapers and reporting an incident, form student unions but reject any ethnic, rigid sectarian or political groups, because it's the time for us to reject differences and to promote similarities. All such tendencies which fan the forces of separation and disruption may be abolished by your visionary power. You, with a revolutionary vision, can root out racialism, communalism and provincialism from this nation. Remember, those who have the privilege to learn must show the responsibility to act. Realize that your actions bear consequences, however very minor they may seem. Let it be cleaning the porch or teaching a street child to write his name, moving away an obstacle from the road or photographing an orphan- your deeds are counted and can bring change to lives. Realize

that you are part of the system and whatever bad is happening is either because of your violence or silence! Unless and until you consider yourself important, nothing important you can contribute to the society. An educated and well informed youth can revive the present state of restlessness in the country. Start believing!

In no other period of life, an individual needs more guidance in his mental, spiritual and moral spheres than during his youth. But, unfortunately, there is a great dearth of literature on this topic and equally unavailable are the facilities of counseling for a young mind, be it career or psychological. Meanwhile, dear media! We are least bothered who would be Meera's next Patti and how much interested is Behlul into Nehal. Also, dear politi-

cians! Stop playing games on us. We are not a slogan to cash votes. We are not lap-tops, we are not concerts; if you believe in us, create opportunities for us, come up with a sound and long-term policy and offer us tickets from your respected parties.

A sense of responsibility among all the citizens and among the youth in specific can trigger change towards a tolerant and peaceful society. An educated and proactive youth can find solutions in a peaceful manner rather than deteriorating the affairs. Henceforth, youth in Pakistan, specially the privileged ones, through all means can shun intolerance and help promote peace and prosperity in the society. Because, in the end, improvement begins with an "I".

Yesteryears - A glance at my Past

Anam Saud

It is the start of summer and the end of my degree as I write this reflection. After four years of constantly oscillating between home and hostel, I am finally sitting at home in an air conditioned room with a cup of tea and homemade dark chocolate fudge cookies. Life is good. Four years of university life-what to say about it? It has a whole plethora of emotions buried inside the hearts. It gives you memories that will stay with you forever. It gives you friends that are going to march you to your graves. It teaches you the hard way, but those lessons will be learned forever. Getting to this point took forever, but looking back only takes a second. And I will carry the memories and the moments college has given me for the rest of my life.

Life here in this campus seems like it has no end and no beginning. We have been sheltered by a lot and maybe that is a good start. All of us have had been there, thanks to those who shot me down, thank you for making me stronger, for those who have creolized me, thank you for teaching me, and for those who have loved me, thank you for

caring. Teachers have always told me to try new things, and leaving this place is going to be the start of that. I just wish it did not mean leaving all of you. Some of you are as close as family and those who are not, you still cannot keep away from a town of gossip, and we all know everyone's story, so I guess we all will stay in contact directly or indirectly.

I still remember those early days. Most of us were never sure about anything. We saw everything with a confused state of mind. We did not know what to say when and how to act, especially in front of the opposite gender. In short, we lived the first few days in utter bewilderment. Most of us took help from the seniors. However, I thought otherwise and held my own ground. Most criticized my course of action but now that I ponder over it I believe there was nothing wrong about it because that is how I am. "Being yourself" is a quality few have and even fewer practice.

The only scary part of the university life was studies. Becoming a Software Engineer has many perks besides one and that is coding. In these four

years I persistently played, “dodge the ball” with coding. Bless the man who introduced the stream of Network Security, it saved my degree and yes got me a job too.

As cliché as it may sound but the phrase; “roller coaster ride” perfectly fits here. I have seen the best and the the most challenging time of my life here during my stay on campus. The highs were so high I want to relive them over and over again and the lows were so low I want to forget them altogether. However, there is not a single thing I would like to change because all that happened

made me what I am today, a much more polished lady.

Most farewell articles are about unity and how close we have become as a class. I do not think that this applies to us. Instead, I think we have all become close as individuals, not because of some imaginary entity we all belong to, but because of who we are. But that is what is important. In 10 years, we won't be chanting “Class Power”; we will be remembering the individual relationships we all had.

A Walk in the Rain

Saad Khushnood

In the humdrum life, there comes a time when we feel overwhelmed. This feeling does not necessarily mean that we are over worked or have taken too much stress upon ourselves; it merely means that we have spent so much time in the fast lane that we have this innate feeling of slowing down. Instead of speeding up to catch up with life, we sub-consciously feel the need to stop for a while and enjoy the race.

Everybody has his own way of unwinding in such cases. Some people cuddle up to a warm fireplace with a good book. Others find true relaxation in spending time with their loved ones. I, on the other hand, am the introvert type and find myself uneasy with people. My serenity comes from walking in the rain.

Oh, the slight touch of the droplets as they fall from the heavens feels like it washes away my worries as it flows down. The slight rumble in the sky, as monstrous as it may sound, feels like the roar of a lioness protecting its cub. The dark clouds up above seem like gloom to so many; I only see an auspicious emblem of fortune, ushering in the possibility of rain. And during the rain, it feels like the symbol of continuity, for as long they exist it shall rain.

However, these are not the real reason I feel at

peace. Why I feel such bliss in the rain is beyond me. Even today, I walked in the rain in winter. Nothing good comes from it to me afterwards except that my mind clears and my heart feels at ease. This gives both the reason to explore the other, letting me think beyond what I feel are my limits of creativity. Like a third eye opening up to the world, adding another dimension of beauty to it. Yes, even a pessimist like me becomes an optimist. It convinces me that the longer the rain continues right now, the longer the gloom of now will last. As a result, the greater the chances that tomorrow, the day shall be brighter to even it out. To add another dimension to this, allow me to confess that I am more of a man of science rather than a man of faith. Spiritual healings have no place in my life and the concept of emotions, for me, is only linked to chemicals in the brain. Yet the moment I step outside into the rain, I feel close to God. I feel like He smiled down on me and is giving me a reason to believe in Him. As if He wants me to be happy; after all, He gains nothing from making me happy. At that particular moment, I do not feel happy or elevated, mind you. I feel something better. I feel contented with the world.

And that, my friends, is a feeling even happiness cannot match.

Deciphering Love

Syed Ali Zaryab

Take two individuals with high levels of testosterone and oestrogens and you have got yourself two love birds add a bit of monoamine and mix a bit of oxytocin and you will create two people with an inseparable bond usually referred to as Love.

But is love just a few hormones in action? What we consider love is just getting us high on some drugs fabricated by our own body? Well, the answer is YES!

How dull is it to realize that love is nothing but chemicals working their magic? How can we be any different to animals if the love we feel is the same as they? How are we any superior to the wild, vile beast who feels the same way about its lover as we do?

My words may sound harsh but the reality is today we have degraded the word Love to just a petty attraction! An attraction that makes Romeo drink poison and Juliet takes her life. An attraction that caused the great city of Troy to fall. An attraction that made Majnu rip off his shirt and become mad for the rest of his life.

Little do we know that this hormonal attraction is nothing but the lowest, feeblest form of love. Why would you like to devote your life for the wellbeing of a few loved individuals when, you can love your country and become Abdul Sattar Edhi, when you can love your caste and become Martin Luther King, when you can love humanity and become Mother Teresa or love your Creator and become a saint!

Humans are capable of doing unimaginable feats. They have made the impossible possible due to their extraordinary abilities and infinite potentials.

We weren't created to love a few individuals. What we do not understand is that we can love indefinitely, we can love impartially and that we can love infinitely.

So when I ask you to love something that is greater than yourself I am not asking you to stop loving your spouse, your kids, your parents and your family. All I ask of you is not to make them the "only" thing that you live for, not to make "only" them the centre of your universe and not to make them your "only" true love.

Why destroy your existence on one individual when you can help shape the lives of many. Why devote yourself to groom a bunch of loved ones when you can groom an entire nation. Why devour your well being for one person when you can utilize yourself for the comfort of the whole world.

Everything depends upon what we love and how we love it. If our love is of the right kind then we shall be immortal and if it's a mere attraction then our stories would be lost somewhere in the books of history.

We humans, we crave for a connection. We crave to be loved, to be known, to be respected. Without connections we feel lost, lonely and lifeless, wandering in the vast universe aimlessly.

Love gives life meaning; it provides us with the motive that we require to get up every day and deal with the dilemma we call life. Love gives us a cause to live, it makes us responsible and it provides us with direction and shows us our destiny. Knowing that love is essential, shouldn't we tie our self to a cause greater than our petty existence? Or should we just dissolve our being in do

ing something mediocre that every Tom, Dick and Harry can do?

But to tie ourselves we will have to let go of our desires, our lust, and our selfishness. We will have to leave worldly pleasures and embrace the cause. We will have to lose our existence just to nourish our cause. Like a seed which is destroyed in the

process of providing life to a tree.

Love kindly, love passionately and love infinitely but please love the right thing and love it for the right reason. Because in the end its the love that we give to the world and the feats that we do for love that are remembered and everything else is lost forever.

Destinies Apart

Sarfaraz Riaz Bhatti

“We raised him like our younger brother. We cared for him like a new-born till he began to sound higher pitched than us. We were his sister, mother and father all at a time. You know, my father raised us like princesses. We had an estate that would glitter with glowing lanterns when the world around scrambled for 2 anas of kerosene. But time turns and it did turn on us and you know son, we never cared for the turning time. It was when the people and most importantly the closest ones turned that we really felt the strength of changing social positions.”

She began sobbing as she told me her story. Her old face which had now been wrinkled radiated the ruins of a once youthful beauty. Her eyes shied away from spending much tears as she had spent enough last night, weeping to the Greatness of the God who is proud to be insensitive to some and generous to others. Her clothes, simple but old and as plain as her smile, had stitches which had been shrewdly tried to be hidden under the dupatta she wore. The depth of her charred eyes had trenches to bury kingdoms underneath. It required vigour to sit in front of a person who had been visibly an edifice of unlimited patience amid overwhelming problems.

Daughter of a local trader, they were three sisters. When mother passed away earlier than expected, their father took the responsibility of being both

the parents in one person. Being a part of a typical Punjabi environment they could not be given enough social exposure. In this part of the world, trends have transformed in a strange fashion. A household's respect somehow lies in the concealment of the female members. The greatest irony lies in the fact that although folks would respect an educated woman, a girl in school uniform is a disdainful image. However, the unfortunate father kept driving the wheel in hope for a better future for his children. He would roar in the house with rage, yet in the evening when he stood looking westward on the lonely balcony of the 20th century mansion that was tallest among the dwellings, he would feel cold shivers when thinking of the fate of the three innocent souls if something ever happened to him. He adopted his brother's son, two years of age, with a view that the child would someday hold his hand in this male dominated society and take care of his daughters when the old man is no more.

Apprehensions are a poison to being constructive generally; but sometimes they take the exception of being closer to reality. As Homer said, “Men are haunted by the vastness of eternity” and eternity is the uncertainty of limits. Men are haunted and shaken by all uncertainties. Plans are made, lines are drawn and visions are established around us; yet irrespective of the unpredictability of what can be around the corner. Death should be proud

of its absolute certainty. The old man was somehow unaware of fate getting her dirty things established through most unexpected turn of events. On a bright Friday when everyone was in the mosque saying prayers, he had a heart attack. The girls ran out and cried for help, but there was no one to listen. This was the first time when they found their voices to be hollow and their cries just echoing back unheard in the world; and this was the beginning.

Thus were the three sisters left to journey of the life with the companionship of an unseen Almighty, an indifferent family and an unsympathetic society.

Ours is a cluster of people deprived of spiritual happiness. Deprivation of spiritual happiness brings desperation and that establishes an outlook in almost all individuals for finding ways to somehow managing their emotional appetites. Yes, this becomes appetite overtime and gets converted into an appetite of ego, a cathedral of wishful thinking and self-appreciation. Then, like hunger turns a person desperate to eat something, these spiritually hungry people look out emotional fluids to sustain their personalities. The greatest mental charm to them is to talk about others and their conduct. This appetite becomes so overwhelming that sometimes they actually 'feed' on other peoples' suffering. They relinquish their suffering, unknowingly curbing and then eliminating completely any sense of humility and humanity left in them. In short, ours is a people that essentially feed on the suffering of the others to keep itself in flow.

Albeit the challenges being cruel, somehow, time passed for the four of them. They were able to preserve and save from the claws of property lawmen the fortunes of their father, thanks to the timely intervention of a local clergyman. Crises after crises built them into strong monuments of human patience and perseverance; and the once famous daughters of the chaudhary became lost in the

archives of chatter of women around when they found new things and problems to talk about.

The boy was loved by the three daughters very much. In the world where darkness surrounded every inch around them, he was the one light in the distant corner. They cherished his smiles and saddened at his cries. Like an idealized love of a sister to a brother and a mother to her son, they adored the relationship as a ray of hope provided by God himself to make things easy. The rich are generally realistic, while the habit of idealism overwhelms the poor. Their closed minds play tricks on them by idealistic monopolies. And the girls' passionate love for their step brother was more than ideal. The eldest started doing some sewing and stitching at home for raising money for the impoverished and abandoned family.

"When he used to go to school, I would go with him to make sure the neighbours' dog wouldn't stare at him. Once I fought with a man and scolded him just because his bicycle's tire touched Asif's pants" she was telling me, her eyes fixed on a mark in the wall. A strange smile was on her face. "Please have the tea madam, it is getting cold" I tried to break her away, placing the cup in front of her.

"He loved tea. You know, we three had two meals a day for like 17 years; just brunch and a dinner. But we always made three for him. But the thing that would burden our budget was tea. For seventeen years my sisters and I never even questioned that this expenditure was excessive. Perhaps it was an unseen resolve and accepted notion to understand and fulfill his every requirement. None of us had tea except him and he loved it". She took the cup in her hand. "Thank you!"

"How much did he study? I mean up to what grade?" I asked, intuitively.

"He is a Hafiz e Quran. I remember selling my last set of gold bangles for sending him to get a diploma in civil technology. Then we sold off an old patch of agricultural land for sending him to Kuwait for finding a job. In the dust of times, none

of us three had the chance to be married. Neither would anyone go ask someone for us, nor would anyone approach. All these years, we invested everything in him” She inhaled deeply, with sigh of a businessman remembering the bitter outcomes from a wrongly invested overture.

“How long has he been absent?” “For over two months now. I remember each and every bit of those cruel days. He had come back to Pakistan and settled for about six months with no intention of going back. He found a job here at a local firm and started working here. In those days, he would excessively talk of marriage and love. Once or twice he inquired, too, if any proposals were there in our minds which were answered in negative.”

She took a sip and continued, “He was very normal that morning. He washed and had his breakfast which certainly started in the house after his job brought in some money. He was searching the drawers and cupboard shelves for his passport which he said was needed for some official purpose. As usual I saw him off at the gate.”

Her voice got low “He normally came back at 1’o clock. But hours after that time, he did not return. We thought he could be on over-time. But when we called his firm, they said he did not come today. It was then that I went to the police station and the elders around us.”

“They tried the best they could but it was of no value. He was nowhere to be found. Then one day, I received a call from the local SHO that a dead body had been found on the river bank. He asked me to come over and see if it was of my brothers’. It is between me and my Almighty the feeling and emotion with which I went there. I examined the body, but fortunately it was not Asif”

“For a whole month we kept searching. You know, abandonment of people did not irk much. Curtailing the hope of meeting the loved one did it extraordinarily. For days I would drag my feet to every

possible person I expected help could come, see their contemptuous eyes, hear their scornful remarks and sometimes stand in their over-crowded waiting lines. The local member of Parliament, Police Commissioner, Highest echelon of the biradari to start the list but all in vain. It was after these times that we received the call”

“And what did he say?” I asked, feeling the need to give her a pause.

It was as if a dam had been breached. The transparent crystals of those tired eyes began to appear in a stream of undivided sentiments on the rugged cheeks. It was a weird show of compassion and cannot be established exclusively. I held my eyes down and looked on the floor, not knowing what to do. There on the floor were being exhausted the priceless tears of compassion with agony. They have the strength to bring stalwarts to their knees, God to the heart, and guilty to forgiveness. The weep turned into cry, cries into suppressed moans and then into pleas. There in front of me my vision of life disintegrated.

“Pardon me, please” she said, composing herself suddenly, managing to bring back an artificial smile on her face. For the force that brought that smile, a gazillion tale could be written to the carpet of that momentary change alone.

“He said that he was in Kuwait. He had married a girl from the firm and he had escaped. Further, that she was the love of his life and there would be no point in searching for him as he had abandoned the country for good. We begged him to listen to us, but he turned the phone down before saying anything else.”

“Now sir, we have nothing left. You are new here and are well-off. I intend to tell you that the turn of events was such that I had to come here. Otherwise it has been ages since we left all hopes of a responsible living. Responsibility of living for us is to save the only remaining thing with us to the grave so that we could say to our father that we

tried our best. That asset is our dignity and that is what we will die for. I came here today if you are willing to give zakat to us, as it will ease out our financial burdens. Zakat is our right, the poor man's right, so I have no reason feeling disgust asking for it. But you are resourceful, if you can trace him out and can just ask him once...." Her voice shattered again.

"Sir you know what, I have one more thing to present, and that is to Almighty. Why is He neutral? Why He does not care for anyone. Neutrality is spectatorship for the tyrant and the tyrannized. For the beast it is the audience to which He can show-off his ventures and scoff afterwards. For the prey it is an exaggeration of pain with the realization that He can save, but lets thing go. Why is he a spectator even as His neutrality is tantamount to being a part of the tyranny?"

"And about that thing, Love sir. He said that he loves his wife more than us and anything else. Sir is love quantifiable? If it is, then how did the love of three people for seventeen years exceed that of a girl of barely three months relationship in a work environment? How can this sacred concept of love be so ridiculous that it is dividing a family and its only hope? This had to be a part of God's radiance, spreading humility and peace everywhere. This had to be the purest form, spreading purity along the way it went. How did it turn evil? Why did it snatch the years-long hope from our eyes?"

"Sir you are so educated, can you please give an-

swers". She asked, trying to smile a barren face with her eyes opposing the artificiality of lip movement.

But I was destinies apart, looking at those tears that were now starting to dry up in the circulated air of the fan. I felt my thoughts came on a standstill. Out there on the carpet of cruel world of love and happiness, young people love without understanding what love actually is. Overwhelmed by raw emotion and ecstasy of relationship, they underestimate everything else they have. They make decisions irrespective of the loose strings attached to their life, ignorant of the roots of the tree which they themselves are just branches of. If love is pure, it does not require any concealment. The embodiment of love in the secret meetings of Heer Ranjha has dynamically changed its concept. It has been thrown out of the avenue of bliss and understanding to the derogatory streets of pleasure and delight. Alas!

But it was of no use to her. A poor man's problems are taken care of when his poverty extends her hand to his belly. He can think of nothing else but how to establish the next meal.

I held a deep sigh and said: "Madam, please excuse me for a moment, I'll bring your sum which is overdue undoubtedly."

It was as if all her problems had been solved and for a moment there was no Asif to poison her life. There was the first genuine smile, which indeed started from the blurred eyes.

When educating the minds of our youth, we must not forget to educate their hearts.

— Dalai Lama

The educated differ from the uneducated as much as the living differ from the dead.

— Aristotle

Words of Wise Outlaws

Anum Khan

Dear reader, We would have loved to introduce ourselves, as we are proud to be what we are, but considering what we are about to tell, we think it's better to comply with AMC's golden rule, "Do anything but never get caught", as we are obedient and true Amcolians in spirit. Before getting engaged to this prestigious institution, our innocence didn't allow us to break any rule, but then we learnt eventually that rules are made to be broken. We have adapted ourselves very well to the system and now our desperate conscience says, 'Go for it gal! It will make you happy at least. After all, what's the worst that could happen?' Ever since first year, we have been wondering how our Administration can see everything through the spectacles of 'SOPs', while we cannot. When we begin to accept some of them, the Administration changes and brings a whole bunch of new ones. Dear Amcolians, our experience has taught us a lot and we would advise everyone not to sulk and haemolyse liters of your precious blood daily. You should rather donate to the ever needy ABDS. The following are some of the things which have tormented us:

1. The ever changing policies of the administration and the level of miscommunication.
2. Demarcation of students into two groups. Because of the extra reservations on the poor hostelites, they are the gloomy picture of AMC. The day scholars have their own disadvantages. They are kept aloof from everything.
3. Heaven has seven gates, whereas our college has NINE. But trust us. It's not even close to heaven. The whimsical S.O.P.s of the college gates and paths... We never know which gate is in use and what the timings are!
4. Out passes- availing an out pass legally is one of the hardest tasks to perform, so we have finally given up (not the out pass, just the 'pass')

5. Getting off the stairs in front of the administration and climbing back just a meter away on the way to lecture hall three- an annoying task in the way of an annoying place.

6. Getting a chit signed by one officer to get to another officer of the same rank.

7. The sole and grumpy photocopier provided by the college, from whom you can't expect to get work done in time. And it becomes impossible to recover the original property!

8. The internet, which the college is so proud of, has been busted for ages and will remain so indefinitely. Hostelites! Forget about it already. These were just outlines of some of the things, and the list goes on and on. However, we must never forget what our college has given us; our pride, that we are Amcolians- and has made us capable beings. Fellows, these little things are part of our training, the aim of which is to impart unlimited 'patience'...We have the solution, and it's the same as it has been for ages. "Don't bother anyone and don't bother yourselves. Just do as your requirement demands and 'never' get caught. If you do get caught, then have a heart, man!" A word of caution in this tale: The positive approach or confidence never keeps your occasional bad luck from haunting you. You'd better not think that you will remain unscathed while being an outlaw- so be prepared to bear any consequences and have the courage to face them. After all, you are cadets. Just make sure that being an outlaw doesn't make you a liar. Your Amcolian senses and intuition will teach you every-thing and this is the true spirit of AMC. Proud to be an Amcolian!

"Heaven has seven gates whereas our college has NINE."

Taking Charge of Time

Aslam Bazmi

Introduction

Someone has rightly observed, "If you want work well done, select a busy man-the other kind has no time." Time has its invisible wings to fly and fleet without our being aware of it. It is only by budgeting the hours and minutes of the day that we can have time left over for useful pursuits. For people willing to accomplish a lot despite preoccupation, there are ways and strategies to make the best use of their time. The art lies in effective time-management and the will and keenness to get rid of trivia in the pursuit of clearly defined goals and priorities. Based on discursive study on the subject and mingling with it personal experiences, this writer has some practical tips to offer that may be found useful in effectively utilizing time- the most precious commodity. Following are the strategies to increase productivity against fleeting time.

- **Change Attitude.** It is human to rationalize inaction and lethargy. Often family ties claim a heavy toll of time and attention, to the exclusion of other important matters. Time-wasters, in fact, are not conscious enough of the value of this most precious element of human existence. Lost opportunities seldom re-knock. The writer feels grieved to think of some of his very competent colleagues for their negligent lateness in passing their career examinations, an act that cost them, besides extreme social embarrassment, an irreparable loss of seniority and timely promotions. Time is indeed a critical commodity in the larger individual, social and national context.

- **Get Started.** When asked how he managed to write all his speeches besides carrying out his official duties as U S ambassador to the United Nations, late Adlai Stevenson replied, "The first step is to begin. The second is to begin again. The first is the hardest." Making a good start on any new project is like going out for your first parachute

jump. It requires a high degree of motivation and boldness. At 40, Winston Churchill took up painting as a hobby. "I mixed a little blue paint with a very small brush, and then with infinite precaution made a mark about as big as a small bean upon the affronted snow-white shield", Churchill recalled. At that moment, a painter's wife perchance entered the room and exclaimed, "But what are you hesitating about?" Getting hold of a brush, she walloped the canvas with large, fierce strokes. "The spell was broken", Churchill thought, and he never felt any awe of canvas thereafter. Just getting into the posture for work may put you in the right mood and then habit and, eventually, discipline may take over and set things in motion.

- **Do not procrastinate.** Procrastination is said to be a great thief of time. Unless overcome, it can reduce a person, however brilliant, into a degenerate or a mediocre soul. William James, the father of American psychology, advises that one must force oneself straightaway to do one thing that one has been putting off. Start each day by doing the most unpleasant long overdue thing like an overdue apology, a confrontation with a colleague or an unpalatable chore. This simple technique can well set the tone for your day bringing with it a feeling of exhilaration.

- **Choose a Pacesetter.** In every office or an organization there is at least one pacesetter. Just watching him or her work can inspire you. James Ling, a noted American financier, once told a reporter, "The first thing I do when I take on a new enterprise is to single out the best man in the field. My initial challenge is to catch up with him. The second is to overtake him. The better he is, the faster we both move."

- **Identify Your Best Time.** There is no blanket ideal time for everyone to perform at his or her best. It is important therefore to find out when one feels ideally disposed to do a job-morning, after-

noon, late at night etc. While people generally work better in a calm and peaceful environment, it is possible to develop with persistence the ability to concentrate and produce quality work in a crowded and noisy setting.

- **Concentrate.** Of all the principles of time management, none is more basic than concentration. People having serious problems with time-management are generally those who try to handle too many things at a time. It is the amount of uninterrupted time that matters rather than the total time spent on a project. Few problems can withstand an all-out vigorous and sustained effort.

- **Slash Gossip.** A little lively gossip during a session of hectic work is good to cheer up sagging spirits. However, spending too much time in pleasantries is simply ill affordable. Inordinate gossip breeds indolence and develops an aversion to work. Instead, by avoiding loss of time in futile gossip we can take care not only of our self-improvement but also the overall well-being and efficiency of our organization. Someone has rightly observed, "If people concentrated on the really important things in life, there would be a shortage of fishing rods."

- **Reduce Idleness.** Idleness is said to be the rust of mind. This, of course, is true only of excessive leisure. In a variety of jobs that others do for us, it is conveniently possible to perform some useful activity. For instance, when our car is being serviced, we can write letters to our friends and dear ones instead of yawning and waiting for the job to finish. On such garage trips, the writer has successfully managed to write poems, mark assignments and even compose some worthwhile essays.

- **Set priorities.** A senior (retired) colleague of this writer, a certain intellectual giant dwarfed by his domineering wife and over-pampered children, proved to be a disastrous failure in his service career. In his sheer Don Quixotic excitement, he would vehemently announce his ambitious plan to clear the entire backlog of files, but only to find the very next day another mound of fresh files on his desk. His tragic flaw lay in his poor sense of

priorities. Anyone with an average intelligence can set his or her priorities, but that is only half of the battle. The critical part is to stick to those priorities till their achievement. Let us heed Goethe's golden advice: "Things which matter most must never be at the mercy of things that matter least."

- **Distinguish between Urgency and Importance.** The difference between 'urgency' and 'importance' can be explained with the example of a flat tyre. Fixing a flat tyre, when one is getting late for an appointment, is a matter of great urgency, but its importance, in most cases, is relatively small. When faced with a number of problems, we must try to prioritize them. If every problem is considered equally urgent, then life would become chaotic. A little foresight and planning to forestall potential problems may ensure that we spend our time achieving the predetermined goals rather than reacting to a series of crises.

- **Do not be a Perfectionist.** There is a clear difference between striving for excellence and labouring for perfection. While the first is achievable, gratifying and healthy, the other is often unattainable, frustrating and neurotic. Craze for perfection is invariably attended by waste of time and loss of efficiency.

- **Shun Idealism.** The author has often failed to write his best essays in the hope to be able to read more and find a suitable time to organize thoughts on a certain theme. Some of us-otherwise very capable-keep looking in vain for an ideal time to carry out long-conceived plans. It is wise to translate ideas straightaway into action. Putting them off till the arrival of an opportune moment seldom helps.

- **Do not let Things Clutter.** Constant swirl of papers on desk is a clear sign of inefficiency. In most situations, clutter impedes concentration and can be a cause of unnecessary confusion, tension and frustration. It would be helpful to place the highest priority item in the centre of your desk while the rest everything must stay out of sight for the time being. One can think of and properly focus only on one thing at a time.

- **Avoid Accumulations.** In the rat race, we some

times buy things that we practically seldom need or use. The temptation to purchase a commodity at 'so-called' throwaway prices at grand clearance sales is hard to resist for some individuals. The same obsession is visible in bulk purchase of fruits and vegetables, beyond a family's consumption. Such adventures, besides upsetting a person's domestic budget, also cost an extra amount of time to secure the superfluous stocks. It is wise to have conveniently manageable household effects, and keep weeding them out periodically.

- **Don't be a Workaholic.** A person who devotes all his or her time to work is not truly hardworking. Long hours do not signify meaningful diligence; it is the results that count. The end of a project ultimately determines one's success or failure. Hence, "Always finish stronger than you start", as the saying goes in boxing. Workaholic syndrome includes symptoms like refusal to take vacation, inability to put office out of mind on weekends, a bulging briefcase and an attitude of alienation towards family members. A sensible approach is to avoid bringing home, as far as possible, office-work on holidays. It affects not only a person's health but also upsets the emotional needs of his wife and children. Instead, choose to work longer in office, if you have to.

- **Delegate.** Giving subordinates jobs or assignments that neither you nor anyone else likes to do is not delegating; it is tasking. To get ample free time for more important matters, we need to learn to delegate the challenging and rewarding tasks to capable people, along with sufficient authority, to make necessary decisions.

- **Take a Break.** Neglecting respite after long hours of work can slow the pace of work due to physical and mental exhaustion. Also, the accompanying boredom and physical stress / tension have an adverse effect on performance and quality of work. A little diversion of some kind like isometric exercise, pacing around the office, and even changing a sitting posture can provide a good relief. A little break increases not only efficiency but also relieves tension, to the well-being of our physical and mental health.

- **Make Checklists.** Making daily action lists saves both time and energy. It should be as regular a routine as the daily brushing of teeth. As Thoreau stated, "It is not enough to be busy. The question is: what are we busy about." Checklists can be useful for a variety of purposes. Thanks to electronic gadgetry, a small palm-sized alarm-fitted digital diary or a cellular phone can contain a mass of useful data: daily jobs, shopping lists, as well as meeting and appointment schedules. In addition, a variety of differently sized weekly, monthly and yearly planners are available in the market to facilitate plotting of important details of engagements throughout a calendar year. Most economically, one may as well jot down on a piece of paper various jobs to be done on daily basis. However, it is important to keep that piece of paper at a safe place for quick reference. Checklists are also very useful to save time on packing baggage for a journey or a hiking trip.

- **Fix a Place for Things.** Unplanned dumping of things is both shabby and cumbersome. Just imagine what could happen if we are not in the habit of keeping keys, torch, watch, matchbox, shaving razor etc at a fixed place. It does not take long to put a thing at a place clearly marked for that. It can save one from a lot of trouble, confusion and embarrassment. Mislacing critically important things can be disastrous. Labeling of various things and documents in clear and bold letters also aids their quick search and timely identification.

Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep a balance, you must keep moving.

—Albert Einstein

Risks must be taken in life because the greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing.

—Leo Buscaglia

We' re talkin' 'bout my Generation

Mishaal Mariam Moin

I have often wondered why I don't fit in with people of my own age. It's like when I'm interacting with friends and acquaintances; I tend to phase-out and wander off into the more fruitful produce of my own thoughts. I nod occasionally and say all the materialistic things I can say to keep an awkward monologue turn into an equally unemotional dialogue. It's painful and it's not something I do on a daily basis and so, it seems obvious that I don't have many friends or don't get along with a lot of people. But the thing is, it's not me. Per se. It's my generation. We're brain-dead. We're impulsive. We seek immediate results. There is so much wrong with my generation that, if we are the future of tomorrow, I don't hold high hopes for what the world leaders will be like.

My generation is impatient. I can't name the amount of people that just want things when they want them. Who are not willing to wait, to relax and unwind till it's their turn? They just WANT. It's always about immediate gratification. Take our internet habits, for example. It's quick, fast, borrowing and stalking and streaming and clicking. I find it exhausting. I deactivated my Facebook account, some time ago and people just can't comprehend why I would willingly commit such a heinous crime of inhumane proportions. To those people I say, I don't understand Facebook anymore. At least, the way it's being used in my community, in my country. It's just stalking people, updating picture after worthless picture so that people see you as a socialite or as this 'hot' 'pretty young thing'. It's demeaning. It's such a lot of effort. For what? For whom? Facebook has caused fights that I've been a part of. Fights that people will probably never fight in my face. But behind that LED screen, they are gods and the keyboard is their slave. I don't believe in hiding

behind a screen to say things that I want to, just like don't need Facebook to help me grow a personality. I have that, just the way I am. Facebook is all about making people believe that your life is "awesome." When it really isn't. No one's life is. Why make people feel bad?

My generation is greedy. They just keep wanting more and more and more. There is no satisfaction. There is no way the thirst can be quenched. New products. New technology. New innovations keep coming up, one after the other. People just keep buying and purchasing but still are needy. To kill this inner need to feel happy. Greediness helps express the desire to seek pleasure. It's a sick self-fulfilling prophecy. Greed is. Everyone of my age wants to have the latest phone or wear the latest designer clothes. I really don't fit in. I don't see the point in wasting my money to stay relevant.

My generation is materialistic. Like I said, I can't carry a conversation with a twenty-something that will last more than 5 minutes. They don't read, they don't ponder over stuff, they don't appreciate the finer things in life, and even our tastes in music don't converge. I listen to Bob Dylan, The Beatles, Simon & Garfunkel, Neil Diamond. They listen to Beiber, Nicki Minaj, and blah de blah. Do you see what I'm dealing with? Materialistic. It's all about who's watching the latest seasons or who's going where wearing what. How about whose reading the latest book? Or who's following the euro zone crisis? Or who's looking at what the Arab Spring caused? Anything. Anything of semblance.

My generation lies and cheats. I'm a university student. I do exceptionally well in my studies and it's something I'm profoundly proud of. I study on scholarship and hence am envied like

nobody's business. People want me to miss tests; people want me to fall sick. People want me to drop out. Fail. Die. You get the picture. What they don't understand is that they just don't see IT. I'm just a person. With average intelligence but I observe. I pay attention to what my teacher is saying. I don't Facebook in class. I don't read other books in class. I don't text in class. I focus. And I work hard. That's it. Really. But no. everyone wants to be me. No, scratch that. Everyone wants my results but they don't want my life. They want shorter paths to success. So they cheat, because they don't study. And because they are lazy. They cheat and they lie about cheating. They make my life a living nightmare because what I'm doing the right way, they make up for by deceit. People have messed up my result by colluding on tests. It's a vicious circle. Yet I keep trying. Because eventually somewhere the universe does strike a balance and calls you up on your sins. Game. Set. Match. My generation is suffering from what one of my favorite teacher calls, 'The Philosophical Decay of Mankind'. It's when you stop thinking beyond minute-to-minute life, in less fancy an explanation. I completely agree. We don't look at the larger picture that's unfolding in front of us. We're so caught up in being young that we don't plan for when we're older. And that's the worst thing you can do. We're so distracted all the time. We want to be constantly in touch with the world via social networking sites. That we've abandoned the art of solidarity. We've stopped cherishing solitude. Perusing hobbies. Going on walks. Creating art. Listening to your favourite song on repeat while lying on bed and peacefully resting.

My generation is short-sighted, unoriginal and ambitionless. Everyone is exactly the same and no one aspires to be different. I was born in the wrong era.



'Honey, what's the password?' Husband asks.

'Our anniversary date' wife replied.

'She did this on purpose'. Husband grumbles.



Wife: This computer is not working as per my command.

Husband: Darling it's a computer and not a husband.



A man meets an accident with his new Ferrari.

Policeman arrives.

Man:- (cried) Officer! My brand new car!

Policeman replied:- You're such materialistic.

You even haven't noticed that your left arm has been cut off.

Man:- (He looks at his left arm and yells)

Oh my God! My Rolex watch!

Who is a fool...?

Muhammad Usman Shahbaz

Gangnam Style is a single released by Psy, belonging to the K-Pop (K = Korean) genre. This particular type of music has caught attention of many Europeans and Americans world-wide, gaining huge popularity over the last years. Recently the song got 1 billion views on youtube (Shoot). The issue is, this is slowly making my hope for the human population fade. What do I mean by saying this?

The “song” has no meaning behind its lyrics, no musical complexity of any kind and even zero existing musical sheets. Thus, I believe people showing interest in casually listening to such piece of crap lack musical knowledge, do not know what to appreciate, have their heads screwed wrong and are easily entertained as a result of their small minds which lack creativity or motivation. How, a member of the human race, with all the intelligence it possesses, is able to be caught into repeating the same retarded phrase or dance?

I call these people monkeys because that is what they resemble the most, in spite of the human appearance. Monkeys, compared to humans, lack judgment, are limited in thinking and lack motivation. Humans on the other hand, use their intelligence in a constructive way, strive for a better situation, trying to surpass the natural barriers of our universe. Humans long for knowledge! If any creature on this planet has its own role to the so-called greater good, does the human help by imitating other beings, instead of putting to use his qualities or aptitudes that make him different? But can the situation, given the circumstances, worsen any more? Yes!

In addition to this, these particular individuals are gathering into groups and maybe communities. A community has a leader and, as any organization, has certain rules to be obeyed. The system that keeps those low-level groups alive is obedience.

If you follow the rules, you are okay, if not, you must be “converted”. Basically, they are sheep, following the shepherd’s (leader’s) orders, willing to duplicate and punish the “non-believers” or heretics. Any quality that represents the human race is to be laughed at. A goal you have set while you were young? Purged. An image picturing people trying to understand each other and accept the differences from individual to individual? Purged. Critical or objective thinking? Purged. There are no in-betweens. Just the “standard”.

In a similar situation, there is the movie “Twilight”, inspired by the book with the same name, written by Stephenie Meyer. I have been traumatized by thousands of teenagers (mostly females) who claimed Twilight was the best book or film ever published, while, at the same time, being the only book they’ve ever read in their whole lives. Weeks before the release of the third sequel of Twilight Saga, there were people who grabbed their tents, bought tons of canned food and started camping like cavemen in front of the building where the release was to take place, during winter. But wait, there’s more. There weren’t a few, not dozens, but close to 200 people, among which there were 4 to 8 months pregnant women. Remember when I talked above about heads screwed wrong? Do you now think I’ve exaggerated?

The question that I ask to myself that why we are so influential, if a group of people likes a certain thing then we start liking it not because we are actually more toward it, but we are so influenced by others. There are hundreds of stories when it comes to “Ashar from humsafar” or “Rap song from Ali Gul Pir”. People call the songs like “Gangnam” creativity and uniqueness, but the reality is that we are moulding as per their criteria. Are we losing our identity? And the answer is “Yes”.



VIEWS & VISION

“In the eyes of dialectical philosophy, nothing is established for all times, nothing is absolute or sacred.”

— *Karl Marx*

The Noble Failures

Maleeha Nayyer

Being called a 'failure' is a compliment! If you don't fail at least once in your life, you will never succeed. While we are at it, let me enlighten you that you have failed many times, although you may not remember: You fell down the first time you tried to walk. You almost drowned the first time you tried to swim. Did you hit the ball the first time you swung a bat? But it was not only you who failed. The most eminent and remarkable personalities failed too. Why? Because they wanted to succeed. Confused? Don't be. The logic is pretty simple: Success is failure turned inside out; the dictionary is not the only place where failure comes before success. Reality offers the same accommodation. Consider:

Albert Einstein, often referred to as the smartest person to have ever lived, did not speak until he was four and did not read until he was seven. His teachers described him as "unsociable and mentally slow". Anti-social tendencies of Einstein are understandable but mentally slow? He was expelled, was refused admittance to the Zurich Polytechnic School and was turned down by the University of Bern. He ended up making an equation in which mass is running with the speed of light.

Walt Disney was fired by a newspaper editor for 'lack of imagination'. If Disney lacked imagination, I wonder whether we even possess the ability to think.

Gregor Mendel, the pioneer of modern genetics cum torture (compelling us to make zillion crosses), actually failed biology!

The 'Wright Brothers' were not always right either. Wilbur and Orville are credited with building the world's first successful airplane. Shocker: Orville was expelled in elementary school and dropped out of high school in his junior year!

Michael Jordan, one of the greatest basketball players of America, won six NBA championships and was part of the Gold Medal winning Olympic Basketball teams of 1984 and 1992. Here is

the slam dunk: He was kicked out from his high school basketball team! Aye, Aye, Jordan.

Henry Ford forgot to put a reverse gear in the first car he invented. He also didn't build a door wide enough to get the car out of the building he built it in. Later on, however, he went straight to the road of success and of course without a reverse gear.

Rudyard Kipling, the man who penned down some of the best poems ever written, (prime example: 'If') received the following rejection letter in 1889 from the San Francisco Examiner: "I am sorry, Mr Kipling. But you just don't know how to use the English language."

Prime Minister of Great Britain, Winston Churchill, failed sixth grade and was unable to gain admittance to any prestigious university. He also had a learning disability. By the way, Tom Cruise has a learning disability too.

Thomas Edison. Thanks to him, we can enjoy electricity (for a while, at least). His teachers considered him 'too stupid to learn anything'.

College dropout. Fired tech-executive. Unsuccessful businessman: **Steve Jobs**. Yes the third famous apple of the world. He will always be best known for his incredible success in guiding Apple Inc. But he'll also be remembered fondly as the poster child for how making mistakes- and even failing- can change your life. Other than **'THE TEN'** mentioned above: **Isaac Newton** was born premature and was taken out of school early, **Louis Pasteur** ranked fifteenth out of twenty two in Chemistry. The point is, in order to succeed, you must be willing to fail. And even if you did- once, twice or even thrice- it should not bring you down. The only real failure in life is the failure to try. 'It's fine to celebrate success but it is more important to heed the lessons of failure.' - Bill Gates Information cited as per research from the internet.

Passion or Profession

Mariam Khalid

A large number of youth in Pakistan undergo the dilemma of choosing between passion and profession. Their education does not prepare them for this. According to a study, 60% Pakistani students throughout their educational career do not know what exactly they should go for. 15% to 20% somehow know but financial barriers and poor guidelines hinder them from going along their passions. Remaining 10% to 15%, mostly of the privileged backgrounds, succeed in following their passions. The main objective of students in Pakistan is to select such a course of study which will earn them a good job. This is the ultimate target that forces them to take a subject they even do not like. Students have to study a course that is 'in trend' in Pakistan even if they like something else.

"Passion is one of the most powerful engines of success. When you do a thing, do it with all your might. Put your whole soul into it. Stamp it with your own personality. Be active, be energetic and faithful, and you will accomplish your object. Nothing great was ever achieved without passion."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

How many of us have been told by their parents that, "Kid, you have to become an engineer or a doctor and be the trend setter in our family" and the son goes through the drill of studying that particular subject only to find at the end of the semester that he was not suited for it, evident through his declining grades. He is forced to complete his studies in that particular field because of its scope in the market. And even if he manages to pass out and make a career, he would not make it big since he lacks the passion required to excel in that field. At that time he would probably be in his mid-50's, with grey hair, weary expression on his face, pondering "Why oh why did I not spend my life doing something that really inspired me. At least

the life journey would not have seemed so monotonous and colorless like my present".

However some people may question, "How can we follow our passions if we don't have any relevant passions to follow?". In that case some people argue that you need to become a craftsman, writes Cal Newport in his famous book '**Four Rules to Cultivate a Career Passion**'. Having a craftsman mindset, where the focus is on what value you're producing in your job. He argues, "There's something liberating about the craftsman mindset: It asks you to leave behind self-centered concerns about whether your job is 'just right,' and instead put your head down and plug away at getting really damn good. No one owes you a great job, it argues; you need to earn it". I believe Newport could be right in a way that we can build our passion for a career. We see musicians, artists and athletes who excel in their fields through deliberate practice and effort.

We are all surrounded by passionate people who inspire us and encourage us to push our limits. They've created lives of meaning that, however big or small, are changing the world. And the best part is that we are all capable of what they've done and the one thing we need is the drive and passion to do it. We can trace many such personalities who made it to the top with their sheer passion and enthusiasm for their work. Sharmeen Obaid Chinoy and her passion for filming documentaries and journalism got her three Emmy awards and she was also the first woman in Pakistan to secure an Oscar. Another prominent personality was Saima Baig, a brave Pakistani woman with a passion for mountaineering, was also the first Pakistani woman to climb Everest. Abdul Sattar Edhi is a name known to everyone, a person who dedicated his entire life to serving humanity and

runs many charity houses and medical staff in Pakistan. These glittering personalities inspire us to follow our passions and to become better human beings and professionals.

Now the question arises, how do you realize your passions at heart? To answer this you can ask a series of questions from your heart. What is the passion that makes you want to jump out of bed in the morning ready to take on the world? What is the passion that will help you keep going when everything around you appears to be falling apart? What is the passion that will make you want to give 110 percent of yourself, rather than putting in the minimum requirement to pick up a paycheck? What is that passion for you? Then, once you identify your passion you can really begin to figure out what roads lie ahead that will allow you to pursue it.

I once observed a friend, my classfellow in the university who was passionate about Arts, especially music since he was a child. He took up marketing and majored in advertising, hoping to vent his artistic talent through this medium. He managed to find a good job but he was not happy. He started learning music part time so he could devote more time to it, cultivating a hobby. His parents were worried that their son would choose to be a musician and that was not considered very respectful according to social standards. He could not be dissuaded but I felt that if given a good learning platform that boy could certainly make a good musician some day. You realize your passions when you examine your past 5 to 10 years for activities, subjects or humanitarian causes that you have been deeply involved with at personal level. Discovering the type of things that deeply energize you and while doing those you feel at peace with yourself.

Everyone deserves the opportunity to live a life of fulfilment and passion. Whether you are a student struggling to find a major or someone later in life looking for a new career and a fresh start, you can

always find time to discover the right career for you; the career that will fulfil your passions and lead to a life of happiness and fulfilment. Look deeply inside yourself and you will be on your way in your journey for finding your career passion, achieving career success, and living your life.



Answers of a Brilliant Student

Teacher: *Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?*

Student: *At the bottom of the page.*

Teacher: *In which state does River Ravi flow?*

Student: *Sir, it flows in the liquid state.*

Teacher: *What's the main reason for divorce?*

Student: *Marriage.*

Teacher: *What's the main reason for failures?*

Student: *Exams.*

The Dilemma of ‘to be or not to be’

Murad Khan

*Dedicated to my very honourable teacher Lt Col
(R) Muhammad Bashir, who made me think and aim
beyond my horizons to achieve greater success.*

Human psyche is always overwhelmed by the transitions taking place around him. He is preoccupied by the people around him. He takes half impressions wherever he goes or whatsoever he transacts. His transactions are fear ridden, the fear of unknown, the dichotomy of to be (or not to) be. Human existence, infact, is the management of fear. Jumping the highest, running the fastest and throwing the farthest are some forms of fear management.

In fear there is no growth. All facets of human personality become overshadowed with the unseen apprehensions. All dimensions of human personality whether intellectual, social, moral and physical suffer manifold. Man loses gregariousness and enthusiasm in him which are thought to be the hallmark of human personality. When man is not able to live to his maximum, he loses the spontaneity in him. He carries countless faces in countless circumstances. This is the sad fact of modern man equipped with machines and well versed with modern technology.

Faith removes all fears and apprehensions from the believers. The Islamic faith which we proclaim to be the custodians of, makes its believers face the circumstances of life with exquisite and utmost courage. That is why it is mentioned in the Holy Quran.

The modern technology which is thought to be the greatest asset ever achieved by human race has sealed man’s destiny and fortune in the romantic hilarity. Man’s circumstance is in a deadlock. Look into his eyes and you will find the arid wilderness. There is no stimulation in man except that of self conceit. The world is how we look at it happily, the whole world is harmonized into a sin-

gle melody. If it is looked at sadly, the whole thing agitates you bitterly and so on. So the disposition is something built in human beings but infact it is shaped by the circumstances. Socioeconomic reasons are the main contributors.

All confident people are good decision makers. The successful leaders of history who made some critical decisions at critical times were all confident of themselves and their abilities. Starting from the Holy Prophet (PBUH) to Quaid-i-Azam all were exceptional when it came to decision making. The art of decision making comes from strong faith. Faith gives spontaneity and wisdom. If a leader is wise and spontaneous, he will surely make good decisions. Let’s have a glimpse of the Holy War of Uhad (Ghazwa-e-Uhad), in which Prophet (PBUH) instructed the archers to take the position on the back of the mount to counter any ambush from that side which was to be unforeseen. That vision in Prophet (PBUH) was nothing but due to strong faith. Faith removes indecisiveness from the believers therefore the leaders are supposed to have a strong faith in order to make firm decisions.

Man wants the world to be turned into utopia, all forthcoming and all accommodating. But the happiness infact lies inside man. If human soul is in harmony the body will follow as such otherwise it will be a complete turmoil. The dilemma or dichotomy in which the modern man happens to be engulfed in is all due to lack of faith. It is faith and only faith which comes to man’s rescue in all circumstances and transactions.

The Will, The Won’ts And The Can’ts...

Victor Hugo said “people do not lack strength, they lack the will...”

There is much truth in above adage, which describes types of human beings in the world. “The

will, the won'ts and the can'ts. The first accomplishes everything, the second opposes everything and the third fails in everything. Man is a creature basically six foot tall, but he has been able to conquer space and the majestic heights of the imposing mountains.

He is able to break new grounds, not on account of his physical power but because of his resolve and his power of will. Great souls have been known to use this will power to great extents, while lesser mortals in its absence lead to an unknown existence. These lesser mortals are the ones with wavering mind and feeble will and cannot succeed in their lives.

By meeting challenges and facing our adversary that we are able to improve ourselves. Infact meeting challenges is the essence of our lives. We should not be privy to development, had not great successor before us overcome challenges posed them by nature. Infact there is nothing impossible to be achieved by man.

Remember the Wright Brothers, they had their limbs broken but they finally succeeded in achieving their dream of flying. Such heroes must be regarded as ideals of today.

History of mankind is flooded with instances of how ordinary people achieve great things, by their will power. Napoleon rightly said: "The word impossible exists in the dictionary of fools..."

The won'ts and can'ts are the ones living in thoughts of failures which always daunts them away from their aims and objectives. Thought of failure is the stepping stone to success and accomplishment. Only belief in oneself carries man from earth to the surface of the moon.

We must not only desire and aspire for something, but also work with reslove to achieve it for, "God helps those who help themselves"! The won'ts and can'ts have no place in the highly competitive world of present. As it is rightly said "Great souls have will, feeble one's have only wishes... And wishes and desires we know lead to no-where.

Faith in Allah

Ali Aitzaz

This is the story of a girl who was a boarder living with her roommate. This girl after shifting into hostel never went to bed early. But for a few days she was constantly missing her fajar prayer and this thing was really disturbing for her, so one night before sleeping she prayed to Allah to please forgive her sins, protect her from Devil in the morning so she could wake up for the fajar prayer. She set her alarm and went into the dream world. She felt that there was a coin in her mouth that would go into her throat and she needed to do some-

thing to save her life. She tried to put finger in her mouth and then was the time that she woke up from dream. She woke up a few minutes earlier before her alarm would have rung. Then she realized that this was just to wake her up for Namaz and Allah had heard her prayer last night. We all need to pray if we want something from Allah and ask Him in a way in which He would like us to pray. Have faith in Allah and He will never disappoint you because He always listens, hears and He is the one who never rests or sleeps.

Attitude determines altitude

Youth Musings

Aaiza Umer

Much of literature has been devoted to the examination of youth. Like free masons they have always managed to be elusive and mysterious. Historians and scientists believe them to be an unpredictable species that can, on occasions have tremendous influence on the working of the earth. However once they hibernate, it's hard to get them out of that state. They are said to present an interesting study of volatility and maturity. Also very much involved and in interaction with them are 'Religious Scholars'. In fact they are extremely possessive about these life forms. They have gone on to categorize them into two major subdivisions. The 'protege' which can be recognised by its tendency to act always as they are told and following most steadily the path of virtue and good fortune. Then there are also found the 'incorrigible' covered with dark spots marking their type they inhabit all corners of the earth. Not surprisingly they are wild, primitive and their intelligence seems to be very limited as they struggle even with accepted postulates of existence. Whereas the life style of the former is orthodox and family-based, the incorrigible communities are found to be less consistent in their style of living.

Yet the experts on youth are still the parents; hands down. Those unfamiliar with the word should tend to take them as guardians, care-takers or excessively attached with their subjects because the funny thing about youth is that they have no adult transformation. We know butterflies evolve from a caterpillar into what they end up as, as do all other species but what differentiates youth from the other genera is that they change species once they move out of the youth zone. For centuries researchers have gasped and awed at the complete transformation and habits. There is still much work to be done to actually assess when this moment takes place. So what do I intend to add in my article? Well the funny thing is that I am

the youth. Allow me to delve deeper and explain the mysterious workings of the mafia I'm trying to unearth. My mafia, actually! Consider me an envoy. We have decided it's time to enlighten the world.

Let's register the complaints first! We have sunk into a disgraceful limbo. We do nothing. Futility envelops us perhaps. We don't search for betterment. Knowledge has no attraction for us. There is of course the debate that even those supposedly 'studying' are all doing it for reward and not the learning itself. We are disgruntled, bitter. Uncaring for those who do so much for us; ungrateful for the homes we live in; unconscious of the numerous things we take for granted. We are suspicious. We are restless. Very much lost! While this might not be worrisome for many for such an intelligent species this is a serious cause of concern. And also more than ever as we are a formidable 20% of the planet. I must succumb. All these accusations bear weight. And yet the doctrine of our rights and explanations is as ensues...

You see fellows, circumstances have a big hand in shaping all of us. If growing up hypocrisy, we see a system of lies and unfairness, we see judgemental looks, everywhere we go we have to earn ourselves some respite. How can you live with yourself always blaming? Always feeling inadequate? So we turn away. We become distant and withdraw ourselves in our cocoons. Do you not see that there are always expectations; always comparisons. If I am the smallest speck of sand on the dirtiest beach who amongst all is brave enough to counter. Am I not worthy? Once upon a time we built a mould and we started expecting everyone to fit. Is that how the story goes? Well aren't we destroying the division of labour? Where each member does what he/she is best at? By sparing the carpenter aren't we depriving the whole

community of an art? I at least call that a crime! And yes that is a deliberate hint at the academic grading system and all those 'caring' persons who evaluate us by it. I'm not going to propose a whole new system just now but it would suffice if we had a slight attitude readjustment. We're supposed to be a family, "O mankind! In a family you love each other for its own sake."

As the notorious youth we are also supposed to be shallow. Indulgent and trivial in our desires... Our prada bag and nike shoes and what not are amazingly significant in our life... But the need to follow basic ethics? Well all of it holds. We have no excuse. It's one of the basic things lacking. Let's reflect! Where did we go wrong? When life became a race? When competition took preference on quality? I sound the ultimate idealist looking with sad ponderous eyes upon the gloomy ways of the world but you've got to notice I make a valid point. The west is all glamour and fame; we try and achieve that but there's also the west that is stringently responsible about social behaviour. If we didn't have a conscience I wouldn't waste a second on us. But we do! And Oh the vision of what we could be, comes to me secretly in the night... anyway seriously I do see glimpses. When Pakistan wins a match how united; how focused and motivated we are. When there are floods despite everything we do help. Why not extend that? To little things... Not scorning the less wealthy but seeing class differences for the sham they are. By not gossiping about the people around us but seeing how very like us they are. By not starting a contest between men and women that involves pointless insult-flinging. By quitting the blame game and stepping forward to be the change. And in this manner strengthen our base. I guess we hardly ever notice the strength of the individual but trust me that's what gives the messiah his power!

They also say the youth is cursed. They are doomed to run in circles. They are lost in rock that was supposed to keep them safe. Their faith! But I disagree. It is supposed to be a search. I say why

don't you let us? Why don't you let us get to God in our own good time? Why do you stuff obsolete religion down our throat so in the end all that is left is ashes of cynicism? You notice the brain washed terrorists of the equally dangerous disclaimers... So tender of age and still they consider they know it all. It's the confusion that rages in your very hearts that makes them so. You have not found your own peace. Because your own questions were never answered... That's why you insist on such absolute decrees, is it? But you don't like accepting that. You force us to follow the same path! But what good is faith when its insides are hollow and lack conviction? We are not irreverent just curious. There in is a difference. We will make our decision. All you have to do is trust us.

Summing up I'd like to say I knew you'd listen and listen open-mindedly. I assure you we highly appreciate that. I mused because in my humble opinion the gap was worsening. But buckle up the end of world does not come this second and there is the hope of another second to add forces with it! My appeal extends particularly to parents because they know us the best and they have got more power than they can imagine. So here's a better world. Or let's be done with the cliché: Here's the youth powered with new world-order. I see you frown at that one. Not to worry adults... your affection and wisdom will always be wanted and never will this world be out of space for you. So let's rephrase for the final time: Here's to balance!

*Help someone who is in trouble' he
will remember you when he is in
trouble again.*

*He who opens a school door, closes a
prison.*

— Victor Hugo

The Illuminati Conundrum

Saad Khushnood

All across my adolescent life, being surrounded by politics and similar disagreements had proven themselves to be a constant nuisance from which there is no relief. Such was part of growing up, I told myself. However, I failed to truly understand the depth of this particular issue. Politics permeates every part of our social design. Be it our daily routine, studies, work or even religion. Nothing is safe from this harbinger of decadence. I tried to be reasonable; to avoid this plight as much as possible. But I admit I took a dangerous turn when I tried to read up on a globally reclusive issue: The Illuminati.

There is hardly a person who does not have at least a vague notion about the Illuminati and what purpose they hold. For those who do not know, I shall give the facts without being too biased. The Illuminati is considered a secretive and very reclusive group of individuals who seemingly belong to wealthy families all around the world. It is said that they have affected every major event in the world after their formation during the European Renaissance era. Some people even go as far as to say that these people are worshippers of demons and pave the way for the upcoming apocalypse. In truth, no such forces have been proven (or disproven, mind you) to exist.

Some people would now ask why I would link the Illuminati in an essay seemingly about politics. Am I trying to prove or disprove their existence? Am I here to preach about their evils? The answer is: I am trying to do neither. The main issue I aim to deal with is to provide the real reason why people believe in the Illuminati and why WE, the people of Pakistan, ought to forget about them. I must admit, before I continue, that my research into this matter was not very thorough nor do I claim it to be conclusive. That being said, I believe logic and reason should be sufficient for explaining such a topic.

The problem when talking about the Illuminati is that there are no records of when they started, what actions they have done or whether they even exist or not. Everything we know about the Illuminati is based on pure rumours and speculations. That is exactly where I shall start from though; the rumours. Each of these rumours stems from European countries and European texts, depicting the Renaissance era. What we know about the Renaissance era is that it marked the birth of scientific deduction within Europe and was inspired by the breakthrough of the Muslims in Spain and Arabia. The results of these practices were disastrous for the Church, which had an almost monopolistic hold on the minds of people. An example was Galileo, who claimed the Earth orbited around the Sun whereas the Church claimed that the Sun revolved around the earth. The result of such a blasphemous claim was Galileo's fall from grace in the eyes of the public. A fall financed by the Church.

Such examples gave rising scientists the need to hide their research, making their claims privately but still continuing the pursuit of scientific truth. To do this, they created a guild, of sorts, which the Church was unaware of. The objectives of the Guild were to continue logical progress and follow up on scientific reasoning. To illuminate the minds and prove that pre-conceived notions will hold back humanity. The Illuminati were born. They were considered destroyed almost instantly afterwards, in an event in Italy called "The Purge". Rising thinkers were killed in their homes and crosses were burnt on their skins. Then, they were thrown in the streets to make an example.

So what does this history lesson tell us? Number One: The Illuminati were originally thinkers and philosophers in Europe, who were possibly eradicated completely. Number Two: if they even did survive up till now, it was clear that the Illuminati

would have serious hostilities towards Christians who almost destroyed them, but not Muslims. But perhaps the most important thing we must learn from this is Number Three; this is a rumour meant to instil fear in the HEARTS OF THE WEST, not us in the East. This rumour is a purely western fallacy which has no links with us whatsoever. To believe it looks childish and insincere towards all those who are blamed to be a part of it.

This last point is one which I personally believe in myself; however I have seen many a young mind corrupted by paranoia of Freemasons and Illuminati, about how they are destroying our na-

tion and how helpless we are against them. These young minds, which I have seen to hold so much potential, sit in their homes and plot the next Jihad against an enemy which most probably exists only within their minds. Rather than that, why do they not continue with the education they are being promised and soar towards the heights they can so easily achieve? Leave the fear of the Illuminati for those who it is targeted for, the west. Only fear the issues we have within our own homeland: paranoia, indifference, betrayal and egotism. This, I believe, is the next step in a continued struggle I like to call "Healing Pakistan - one rumour at a time"

(Who are you calling) Nimrod?

Fauzan Raza

nim·rod [ˈnɪmroʊd] n.

1. also Nimrod A hunter.
2. Informal A person regarded as silly, foolish, or stupid.

If you are not described by the second definition of the title of this article, you will have noticed how dissimilar the two accepted definitions of this word are and therefore you would have felt a nudge from your innate inquisitiveness as to how this came about. The story behind this, I assure you, is quite interesting.

People who are familiar with Abrahamic religions recognize that this is not actually a word rather it is a name. Specifically, that of a hunter in the Bible and who, according to Islam, had a confrontation with Abraham. As a hunter his skill is said to be exceptional and he is suggested to be cunning. Hence, it is established where the first definition came from.

I am what people call a bookworm and because I take my responsibilities seriously, one night, around my midterms, found me engrossed in a suspense novel by Robert Ludlum; 'The Matlock Paper'. The plot revolves around a mystery man who spins a web of bribery, blackmail and

compulsion. The man is known by his alias 'Nimrod', which sounded strange to me because, even though, I knew who Nimrod was I was unfamiliar with the use of the word as allegory to mean a dangerous hunter (how Ludlum saw his villain) and was only familiar with the second definition of the word. The book was written, however, in the early '70's and probably the first definition was still the more accepted one then.

So what inspired the second definition? The answer is, I'll repeat myself, quite interesting. In the '40's people took a break from Mickey Mouse and tuned in to watch Bugs Bunny. Bugs was a wise cracking rabbit who Elmer Fudd made futile attempts to hunt. There was an episode in which Bugs called Elmer 'Nimrod', however, the reference was lost on most of the audience and it sounded like it meant stupid. Elmer's character didn't help with the misconception either.

And so from that day on, I kid you not, the second meaning of the word came to life. Seriously, how amazing is that? Languages are indicative of how we think and function. And to see the gradual impact of popular culture on it is very remarkable and as I promised, quite interesting.

Beautiful Soul

Tehreem Tanveer

What comes to your mind if you are asked to describe beauty? Is it an impressive sight of a sunset in the evening and a radiating moon within the shadows of dark? Is it a girl with an attractive look or a handsome man in a branded suit? Without any doubt all of them are beautiful. Ok then tell me how can you say that they're beautiful? From where does this capability to spot beauty come from? It comes right from our consciousness. In other words we can say that it is within the eye of the beholder. Here I have to add:

“Beauty is not in the face; beauty is a light in the heart”Kahlil Gibran

So if beauty is within the heart, then is it not wrong to say that everything is beautiful? The answer is NO. Because everyone has one's own observation and opinion and everyone's opinions contrast just like beauty is based on whom you ask. Having a glance over different opinions there are some people who believe in physical beauty and others believe in spiritual.

As women, the majority of us waste a hell of time making sure we are physically beautiful. We put all our efforts to have a perfect height, wear branded clothes and purchase the best material things. According to the definition “Beauty is the characteristic of a person, animal, place, object, or idea that provides a continuous experience of pleasure or satisfaction. Do you think doing all these things gives you satisfaction? Absolutely not. It is just a physical attraction which allures our senses. Actually it is apparent beauty given much importance by our society.

Do you ever think of spiritual beauty? It is a kind of beauty associated with soul of a man. It is the beauty connected with heart. Finding the balance of mind, body and soul is spiritual beauty. Physical beauty can be lost by age, accident or some other reasons but spiritual beauty can never be

lost. Believing in yourself is an inner beauty that can make you realize that you are capable of doing anything that you put in your mind. It's the spiritual beauty that gives strength and determination to follow your own path without being thrown by the obstacles in the way. It is the self confidence obtained through experience of falling and then rising again. In short believing yourself is spiritual beauty. The mind with spiritual beauty is much more beautiful. Spiritual people will call “ugly” whatever the rest of the modern world consider beautiful. The rest of the modern world does not appreciate spirituality and looks down upon the people who value their inner beauty the most. Our spiritual clothing is beautiful in the eyes of our Lord for He is the great designer of it and as others see it, they will see that it is the fruit of God's work in us. Beauty is something no one can describe and yet everyone is able to see it. These are typical characteristics of a spiritual subject: it is impossible to describe what spirit is unless and until you have felt it. But once you have felt the beauty of your spirit, you will see it everywhere. So the next time someone asks you to define beauty don't forget to put yourself in. Now that's the real beauty.

“Prayer is not asking. It is a longing of the soul. It is daily admission of one's weaknesses. It is better in prayer to have a heart without words than words without a heart.”

Read me into your Life?

Mishaal Mariam Moin

The ending of a book has always been saddening for me, like a goodbye between two friends. Each moving on to a new phase in life, one that does not actively call for participation of the other, each altered by the wisdom of the other. Each moved by the experiences they shared. Each letting go. It's an emotional connection, between a book and the reader. The book holds infinite knowledge that it wishes to share with the reader, while the reader fosters this insatiable thirst to acquire the wisdom printed on it. To me it's a lot like friendship, the initial chapters of a book compared to the first few meetings with a newly acquainted companion. As we move on, we get to know the plot, the characters; their personalities, their lives, their loves, their tragedies, exactly in line with how the seeds of friendships blossom, bit by bit, a little more each day. Till the middle, where we have grown so fond of the characters that their pain, hurts us. Their love moves us. We root for the heroes and we openly curse the villains. We become one. Just like we become a part of our friends. Who was once an acquaintance turns into a trusted friend; a person with whom we make numerous memories and share all sorts of secrets.

Friends don't judge us and we don't judge books. We help them go through whatever predicament they get stuck in, we offer unconditional support and advice and all of this is equally reciprocated. Many of us, literary addicts, when find themselves in a plight; turn to books for moral guidance, help and a much needed source of distraction. A fantasy world, where our problems float away to the backs of our minds and where we come to find peace in another's universe. I know I do this. I read to forget my problems and instead immerse myself in the problems faced by whichever protagonist I'm following by that moment. Books have taught me

compassion and selflessness. Books have taught me how to love. It has ingrained in me the 'moral balance', the ability to listen to both sides of a story before making a judgment and taking sides. Books have helped me mature and grow and have given me the chance to look at things from a perspective I normally wouldn't. An altered point of view, so to speak. They have instilled in me knowledge; they have shared with me secrets. They've taught me not to judge them by their covers. They have made me understand that it is vehemently important to read between the lines in order to find hidden meanings, carefully concealed, only to reveal themselves to whomever actually cares not to take things as they appear, but to take things for what they truly are.

Books have undoubtedly shaped me into the person I am today; so have my friends. All these attributes they too hold, but unlike books, that have always been just a bookshelf away, that have always proven to be right there beside me at times, when I've desperately searched for an alternate universe to escape into. If books have taught me to love, people have taught me to hesitate, not to open my heart to the world. If books have taught me to be selfless, in practice, people have always made me regret the amount of affection I shower upon them. People have taught me selfishness, anger, hate, jealousy and betrayal. They have taught me to be skeptical, to be critical, and not to believe the good in people. They have always brought me down, rather than encourage me to fly. What books tried to create, the real world broke down, twice as strong.

Some of you might argue that this has little to do with people and more to do with me choosing the wrong friends in the first place. But really, isn't it just a bit easier choosing books than people?

Agreed that I'm obviously a bad judge of character and couldn't tell a psychotic killer from a healthy hippy, but all of us have been backstabbed by a close friend, or have seen someone turn into a person we can barely recognize, are we really to

be blamed? Are we really to be pointed at, when people let us down? When basic principles like loyalty and honesty have ceased to be a part of the average Joe's personality. Are we really at fault for building up defenses?

Variety is the spice of life

Ahmad Ayub Butt

It is said that life is like a "curry, without spice it becomes vapid and tasteless". The plain meaning of this saying is that variety or diversity adds zest or spark to life, making it more interesting, meaningful and lively. A prolonged uniformity always ends in dullness and of course an unvarying action of any one of our senses is ditto to no action at all. It is well known that variety is the mother of enjoyment or a great source of pleasure comes from variety. Man who has never been ill cannot sing the joys of health. Man who has not encountered the hardships, the trials and tribulations faced by the poor, cannot value the delight of wealth. Man is placed in the midst of a wonderful woven nature which is changing slowly and gradually. The sun rises and sets, stars rush out and retire, seasons change, flowers bloom and wither and rivers ebb and flow. All these changes are so constant and marvellous that they add a sparkle to human life because Man by nature is a social animal and his life has become so complex and messed up, that for its healthy existence change is necessary and of course we are well aware of Man's fear to monotony and boredom.

When we say that ours is a world of survival of the fittest, we mean those can only prosper who can fight, conquer and turn to use the external circumstances in their favour. Now, we have seen these external circumstances are constantly changing.

Therefore to adjust human life to these ongoing changes our activities must also be varied. One

kind of activity is not able to cope with the ever-changing environment. Hence variety becomes a biological necessity.

Without variety life cannot prosper, no knowledge of pleasure is possible. It is the root of all concerns of life. It enables us to see new life from a different perspective; it stimulates our energy and broadens our frame of mind. But one should always remember that the taste of a dish is spoiled by putting too much spices in it, so the flavour of life is killed by an unhealthy craze for novelty. Therefore, much as we appreciate variety as a great biological and psychological necessity, we should be on our guard against developing a craze for it. Because many lives get wrecked on the rock of novelty. So it is in the best of our interest to avoid extremes in our lives.

Courtesy costs nothing but buys everything

— Hazrat Ali (R.A)

I cannot teach anything to anybody, I can only make them think.

— Socrates

New Trends in Modern Persian Poetry

Dr Sikandar Abbas

The Persian language has been a medium for literary and scientific contributions to the eastern half of the Muslim world. Although Persian language and its rich literature are preferably present in Iran, Afghanistan and Central Asian region but it has given shining not only to Iran, Tajikistan and Afghanistan but has covered the subcontinent of Pakistan India and Bangladesh also. In certain cases, it has even transcended in a pleasant and meaningful manner the boundaries of socio-political relations. It has also exerted a strong influence on South Asian languages, especially Urdu, as well as Hindi, Punjabi, Sindhi, Saraiki. Modern poets treat diverse subjects with a determination to see their countries happier and stronger in all possible ways. Urdu uses the Persian script with a few additions to cater for the phonetics of local languages. The script is also referred to as Nastaliq style, which is really the Perso-Arabic script. It is written from right to left unlike the Roman script which is written from left to right. So much so that Urdu adopted the Persian Script and Grammar. Urdu is similar in appearance and letters to Persian and Pushto. Even in this twenty-first century, Hafiz and Sad'di are family names for the educated Pakistanis. The migrations and travel of Iranian poets and writers to the subcontinent which can be considered as a branch of literary and cultural relations between Iran and Pakistan, is a subject of serious research and study. Today, Persian and Urdu languages are considered to be the two closest languages in the world. Urdu is the offshoot of Arian language of the subcontinent with the roots in Sanskrit but after that it has naturally been strongly inspired by the Persian language. The impact especially in Urdu literature is fairly deep so much so that Urdu poetry is being considered as reflection of Persian poetry. Abdul Islam Nadvi in this connection said that Urdu literature has developed under the shadow of Persian poetry and has inherited prose, poetry style,

especially its words are completely inspired by the Persian language. During this period Urdu was greatly enriched by Persian words, as most of the official work was done in Persian and the courtiers had to learn the Persian language. Urdu poets took pride in composing their verses in Persian. Allama Muhammad Iqbal is not the only poet who wrote in Persian. Not to mention his doctoral thesis on the development of metaphysics in Persian. Persian has been the official language of the subcontinent for nearly one thousand years. In 18th century the British Government put an end to its status through a Govt order and replaced it with English. "Sayed Ali Hajviri Makhdom Omam" was born in Pakistan and made Punjab alive, used to read and write in Persian. Therefore both Iran and Pakistan respect him and nobody can deny his spiritual influence on the cultural behavior of these two nations.

Persian has not finished up till now and various segments of the educated people including academicians, scholars, poets and writers still know or endeavor to learn it. Sixty percent of the words, phrases, and idioms of Urdu are derived from Persian. Urdu poets take pride in composing their verses in Persian. Iqbal preferred Persian for poetic expression because its circle was wider than that of Urdu in Muslim India. Among his 12,000 verses, about 7,000 are in Persian. His love for Persian language is evident in his prose and poetry.

He is a great admirer of Rumi, who sought in a series of impassioned poems to expound his vision of Islam as a dynamic faith and a panacea for the social and political ills of the Muslim world. An intellectually endowed poet of fertile mind and reformist ambitions, his lively imagination is matched by his emotive intensity and mastery of expression. Iqbal may well be considered the

most significant poet in the classical Persian tradition since Hafez. Yet the inspiring calls of Islamic unity of Iqbal Lahori ring in the heart and soul of the people of these two nations. Indeed, do these great cultural and literary collections belong to Pakistan or Iran? It is difficult or in a way impossible to answer such a question. It is almost near 1000 years that their cultures are blended together through the Persian Language in such a way that has created a unified literary framework. In view point of geo-political importance of Tehran the capital of Iran Iqbal had suggested that it should become a Geneva type centre for Muslim states to ponder and resolve their problems so that their common interests are fully guaranteed.

If Tehran becomes the Geneva of the east
The destiny of the world perhaps may change

تهران ہو گر عالم مشرق کا جنیوا
شاید کرۂ ارض کی تقدیر بدل جائے

(zarb-i-Kalim, p.146)

We hail from Hejaz, China, Iran

از حجاز و چین و ایرانیم ما
شبم یک صبح خندہنیم ما

We are the dews of the same smiling morn
Modern Persian and Urdu poetry is still passing through a transitional stage. There are poets who indulge in pornographic verses with a rare blend unknown in classical poetry. They fill their poems with concrete and specific sensual detail. The modern period of Persian and Urdu poetry is short but creative. In the modern times which include the latest trends and sensibility in Persian literature, especially poetry, certain phonetic and grammatical characteristics of the contemporary Persian language, the intellectual renaissance and the rapid educational progress achieved in Iran. The European languages that have perceptibly af-

ected Persian are Russian, English and French. The modern poet completely identified himself with the national struggle and brought forth a new consciousness and a new urge in literature. The nineteenth century Persian poet showed complete indifference to modern influences from the west which had shaken the style and themes of Persian prose.

Fridun Tavallali (1919) claims to be the founder of "Shi'r-i-Nau, i.e. the new school of poetry. In fact he has aimed at striking a balance between the old and the new. The student of modern Persian poetry cannot ignore Fridun as he is one of its chief architects, and he has done more than any other single individual to give it a distinct norm.

The modern popular Iranian poet, infused with a new sensibility, is more under the spell of Fridun than Nima in his norms and genres. Nima Yushij (1895-1959) is known as the founder of modern Persian poetry for his break with the form and spirit of conventional verse. A few notable classical poets in modern time arose since 19th century, among which Mohammad Taghi Bahar and Parvin Etesami have been most celebrated. The introduction of new forms, in Khanlari's opinion, is not an essential prerequisite of modern poetry. What is important is the freshness of idea and perception. However, if the classical form cannot stand the impact of the new theme the poet is at liberty to seek suitable, new models of expression. It seems that new Persian poetry is moving increasingly away from rhetorical devices, and closer to colloquial idiom and a lyrical sensibility fused with social, historical and philosophical awareness. In the 1960s a new generation of poets appeared who, like Ahmad Shamloo, wrote prose poems, but tried hard to be modern by experimenting with Dadaism, automatism, formalism, futurism, surrealism and other known and unknown trends. Akhavan Saless (1928-1990) has established a bridge between the Khorassani and Nima Schools. Among the followers of Nima Youshij, it was Mehdi Akhavan Saless (M. Omid),

who had the broadest knowledge of Persian classical poetry. This new style was introduced to the Persian literature by Nima Yooshij and to Urdu poetry by Miraji and Nazar Muhammad Rashid. It is worth mentioning here that Modern poetry is not by any means against rhythm and meter as much as possible. Due to constraints a poet faced composing a piece of poem in a traditional style by a limited number of hemistich division sometimes as few as a poet of Modern poetry is now free enough to utilize as many hemistich divisions as a poem permits.

Modern Persian poetry, which essentially continues the Qajar style, may conveniently be dated from the beginning of this century until World War II. Whereas the poets of the Qajar period produced sturdy and well composed but not original poems. The twentieth-century poets proved more receptive to fresh ideas, new forms, and original imagery. So strong is the Persian aptitude for versifying everyday expressions that one can encounter poetry in almost every classical work, whether from Persian literature, science, or metaphysics. In short, the ability to write in verse was a pre-requisite for any scholar. Works of the early era of Persian poetry are characterized by strong court patronage, an extravagance of panegyrics, and what is known as “exalted style”. The tradition of royal patronage began perhaps under the Sassanid era and carried over through the Abbasid and Samanid courts into every major Persian dynasty. The Qasida was perhaps the most famous form of panegyric used, though quatrains such as those in Omar Khayyam’s *Ruba’iyyat* are also widely popular. Khorasani style, whose followers mostly were associated with Greater Khorasan, is characterized by its supercilious diction, dignified tone, and relatively literate language. The chief representatives of this lyricism are Asjadi, Farukhi Sistani, Unsuri, and Manuchehri. Panegyric masters such as Rudaki were known for their love of nature, their verse abounding with evocative descriptions. Parvin (1910-41), who remains, with Iraj, one of the two most popular poets of the pe-

riod, is an eloquent writer of passionate humane feelings and ethical outlook. Parvin (1906-1941) is a learned, thoughtful and successful poetess whose poems the orphan’s tears, Today and Tomorrow, “The heart’s Kaaba” are famous. She is best known for her tender, fable-like (pieces) written in moving tones with moralizing intent. Parvin Etesami may be called the greatest Persian poetess writing in the classical style. One of her remarkable series, called *Mast va Hoshiyar* (The Drunk and the Sober), won admiration from many of those involved in romantic poetry. Mohammad Taghi Bahar’s 1886-1951 main contribution to this field is his book called *Sabk Shenasi* (Stylistics). It is a pioneering work on the practice of Persian literary historiography and the emergence and development of Persian literature as a distinct institution in the early part of the twentieth century. It contends that the exemplary status of *Sabk-shinasi* rests on the recognition of its disciplinary or institutional achievements. It further contends that, rather than a text on Persian ‘stylistics’, *Sabk-shinasi* is a vast history of Persian literary prose and as such, is a significant intervention in Persian literary historiography. Mohammad Taghi Bahar had the title “king of poets” and had a significant role in the emergence and development of Persian literature as a distinct institution in the early part of the twentieth century. The theme of his poems was the social and political situation of Iran. The present century also saw the last of the poets of note to write in the grand style of the Khorasani School. An important movement in modern Persian literature centered on the question of modernization and Westernization and whether these terms are synonymous when describing the evolution of Iranian society. It can be argued that almost all advocates of modernism in Persian literature, from Akhundzadeh, Kermani, and Malkom Khan to Dehkhoda, ‘Aref, Bahar, and Rafat, were inspired by developments and changes that had occurred in Western, particularly European, literature. Such inspirations did not mean blindly copying Western models but, rather, adapting aspects of Western literature and changing them to

fit the needs of Iranian culture. In modern poetry, all formal canons, thematic and imagery conventions, as well as mystical dimensions of the traditional school are by and large abandoned, and the poets (taking their cues from the West rather than from native traditions) feel free to adapt the form of their poems to the requirements of their individual tastes and artistic outlooks. Hence there is great variety of styles among modern poets. Jalal Homaei, Badiozzaman Forouzanfar and his student, Mohammad Reza Shafiei-Kadkani, are other notable figures who have edited a number of prominent literary works. Critical analysis of Jami's works has been carried out by Ala Khan Afsahzad. His classic book won the prestigious award of Iran's Year Best book in the year 2000 of the hundreds of contemporary Persian poets (classic and modern), notable figures include Mehdi Akhavan-Sales, Simin Behbahani, Forough Farrokhzad, Mohammad Zohari, Bijan Jalali, Siavash Kasraie, Fereydoon Moshiri, Nader Naderpour, Sohrab Sepehri, Mohammad-Reza Shafiei-Kadkani, Ahmad Shamlou, Nima Yushij, Manouchehr Atashi, Houshang Ebtehaj, Mirzadeh Eshghi (classical), Mohammad Taghi Bahar (classical), Aref (classical), Mohammad Reza Ali Doosti (classical) Parvin Etesami (classical), and Shahriar (classical). Among the prominent Persian poets of the younger generation are Mana Aghae and Ziba Karbasi. Mana Aghae combines the form of the previous generation (especially Farrokhzad and Sepehri) with new topics and metaphors relevant to the 21st century. Among them are Nosrat Rahmani, Fereidoon Moshiri, Nader Naderpour, Hassan Honarmandi, Siyavash Kasrai, and Mohammad Zohari. Akhavan (1928-1990) and Azad (1933) kept the nomadic tradition, and others like Shamloo (1925), Sepehri, (1928-1980), Forough(1933-1966), gradually moved towards free verse and tonal language. While the core of modern poetry remains romantic, many poets of a liberal or radical bent have been preoccupied with protest against the establishment as well as with promoting their social and political ideas. Poems of protest, however, are mostly couched in allego-

ry, symbolic language and muffled terms, as open criticism of sensitive issues could be perilous. Modernist poets have, no doubt, produced works of considerable freshness and beauty, more in line with the contemporary cultural climate of Iran.

Nima Yushij (1895-1959) is considered the father of modern Persian poetry, introducing many techniques and forms to differentiate the modern from the old. A highly controversial figure in modern Persian literature, Nima's role in making some fundamental experiments in modern poetry and firing the imagination of the young poet cannot be underestimated. Nima says that there is nothing final or absolute in art. It is solely judged by its relationship with life and life is a dynamic process for him. Nevertheless, the credit for popularizing this new literary form within a country and culture solidly based on a thousand years of classical poetry goes to his few disciples such as Ahmad Shamlou, who adopted Nima's methods and tried new techniques of modern poetry. Nima Yushij, founder of modern Persian poetry, who freed Persian poetry from the fetters of prosodic measures, was a turning point in a long literary tradition. It broadened the perception and thinking of the poets that came after him. Nima offered a different understanding of the principles of classical poetry. His artistry was not confined to removing the need for a fixed-length hemistich and dispensing with the tradition of rhyming but focused on a broader structure and function based on a contemporary understanding of human and social existence. His aim in renovating poetry was to commit it to a "natural identity" and to achieve a modern discipline in the mind and linguistic performance of the poet. Nima held that the formal technique dominating classical poetry interfered with its vitality, vigor and progress. Although he accepted some of its aesthetic properties and extended them in his poetry, he never ceased to widen his poetic experience by emphasizing the "natural order" of this art. What Nima Youshij founded in contemporary poetry, his successor Ahmad Shamlou continued.

My Home Is Cloudy

Cloudy is my home
The earth all over is clouded by it.
Dark, drunk and faltering
The wind whirls over the mountain pass.
The world all over is faltering.
And my spirits!
O Flute player! Where are you?
Gone to the far side of the road with your solo
song.
Cloudy is my home but
cloud has begun to rain.
Dreaming my lost bright days,
I behold my sun on the sea.
The world all over is dark
And drunk by the wind.
And there! On the road--
The Flute player
Ever playing his flute
Going on his way
In this cloudy world.

Sohrab Sepehri (1928-1980) was born in Kashan on 7 Oct, 1928 a very talented artist and a gifted poet, Sepehri shot to stardom with the publication of *The Water's Footfall* which was subsequently followed by *The Traveller* and *The Green Volume*. Sepehri died of blood cancer in Tehran in 1980. Sohrab Sepehri expressed his ideas in philosophic way;

Behind the Seas

I shall build a boat.
I shall set it a float.
Away I shall go from this alien land
Where nobody in the meadow of love
Deigns to wake the heroes.

N. Naderpour was born on June 6, 1929, in Tehran, Iran. His father, died when Nader was only fourteen, was a skillful painter and a literary man. By the age of thirteen Naderpour had read the great classical Persian poems, and journals of the time published his classical-style poetry. He is also among the few modern critics who have not confused artistic integrity and achievement with commitment to definite sociopolitical views. Nader Naderpur, a popular poet from the mid-1950s and died in his Los Angeles home on Friday, February 18, 2000.

God's Poem

I know what poems you voice and he did not,
Or else more than you he voiced but concealed,
But if God and you were placed side by side
Which one would you favor, indeed?

A. Shamlu (Bamdad) (1925-1999) was born to the family of an army officer in Tehran. Like many children who grow up in army families, he received his early education in various towns including Khash and Zahedan in the southeast and Mashhad in the northeast. He, prompted by his innovative urge, has experimented with a variety of styles, has remained a major influence among the modernist poets. Shamlu approached free verse in forceful works supporting his cause. He discovered the inner characteristics of poetry and its manifestation in the literary creations of classical masters as well as the Nimai' experience.

OF Death

Never have I feared death
Even though its hands
Were frailer than trivia.
My only fear alas is of dying in a land
Where the grave-digger's wages
Exceed human liberty.
Should death be worthier than all this,
Never, ever have I feared death?

Mehdi Akhavan Sales (1928 - 1990), also a follower of the Nima school, has produced among others, long poems of veiled protest and of epic quality. Many other poets, mostly beginning their careers in the 1950s, have become well known in the modernist school. It is a fact, however, that practically no new major poet has come to the fore since the mid-sixties. The critics consider Mehdi Akhavan Sales as one of the best contemporary Persian poets. He is one of the pioneers of free verse (new style poetry) in Persian literature, particularly of modern style epics. It was his ambition, for a long time, to introduce a fresh style to Persian poetry. Akhavan-Sales breathed fresh air into traditional meters, using Iranian myths and history as texture for his poetry.

Moment of Meeting

The moment of meeting is impending.
Once more am I frantic, drunk.
Once more trembles my hand, my heart.
Once more I feel in another world.

Simin Behbahani (1927) contributed to historic development in the form of the ghazal, as she added theatrical subjects, and daily events and conversation in her poetry. She has expanded the range of traditional Persian verse and produced some of the most significant works of Persian literature in the twentieth century. Behbahani herself used the "Char Pareh" style of Nima, and subsequently turned to ghazal, a free-flowing poetry style similar to the Western sonnet. Simin Behbahani, the renowned poetess, who took part in cleansing the Augean stables of society. She draws grim picture of the somber side of life with great skill.

Gracious she came from afar, in blue silk
Holding an olive branch, eye full of words
I ran to greet her, held her hand in mine
There was still motion in her veins, warmth in her flesh
You're dead, alas, years ago, mother!" I said

Forough Farrokhzad (1933-1966) is important in the literary history of Iran for three reasons. First, she was among the first generation to embrace the new style of poetry, pioneered by Nima Yushij during the 1920s, which demanded that poets experiment with rhyme, imagery, and the individual voice. Second, she was the first modern Iranian woman to graphically articulate landscapes from a woman's perspective. Finally, she transcended her own literary role and experimented with acting, painting, and documentary film-making. Her poem "Let us believe in the beginning of the cold season" was published posthumously, and is considered by some to be one of the best-structured modern poems in Persian.

Rebirth

My whole being is a gloomy gospel
That, repeating you in itself,
Shall bear you to the dawn of eternal blooming
and growing.
In this gospel I signed you, Ah.
In this gospel I grafted you
To tree, water and fire.

Fereydoon Moshiri (1926- 2000) is best known as conciliator of classical Persian poetry with the new poetry initiated by Nima Yooshij. One of the major contributions of Moshiri's poetry, according to some observers, is the broadening of the social and geographical scope of modern Persian literature.

The Lane

Without you moonlit eve, through that lane again
I passed
All eyes, staring, all around, for you I searched.
The zeal of your visage overflowed in my cup of life.
I became the crazed lover I once had been.
I remembered, one night together through that lane we passed.
We leaped and glided in that desired retreat,
Then sat an hour beside that creek.

Shafiei-Kadkani (1940) a poet of the last generation before the Islamic Revolution worthy of mention is Mohammad-Reza Shafiei-Kadkani (M. Sereshk). Though he is from Khorassan and sways between allegiance to Nima Youshij and Akhavan Sales, in his poetry he shows the influences of Hafez and Mowlavi. He uses simple, lyrical language and is mostly inspired by the political atmosphere. He is the most successful of those poets who in the past four decades have tried hard to find a synthesis between the two models of Ah-

mad Shamloo and Nima Youshij.

Farewell

Where in such haste?
The thorn asked the breeze.
I feel so gloomy here.
Do you not want away?
From this desert's dust?
I long to, alas
My feet are bound

Sanctity of the Human Life

Sarfaraz Riaz Bhatti

‘When in ancient world, communities tried to settle down, they always looked out for a suitable place. The best fortune of community would be settling down in an area of fertile land, where they would be able to live prosperously and the surplus natural wealth would not lead them to fight among themselves for control. With time, however, tendencies to mutual competition for the resources gave rise to discrepancies and divisions which led to deciding the fate of these social orders. If the differences and urge to get more was transformed into a tendency to get more from outside their lands by force, it led to formation of empires, or otherwise infighting erupted and the infringement of the nation led some other one to take them over, as this is the nature of the real world as we know it.

This is one of the facts of the world that no one can deny. No matter how much someone adores the Romans; it is a fact that they attacked and ravaged thousands of miles of lands and killed millions of people just to ensure ‘safe trade routes’. All praises can be offered to the Arab civilization for their exceptional military gains and outstanding cultural achievements, yet one can find out that the genuine Arab reason for taking control of other lands vanished soon after the four caliphs,

and demographic reasons along with economic, military and sometimes ethnic priorities took over the mainstream hypothesis of ‘spreading Islam’ as the main reason to press or take over other nations. Similarly, the Ottoman control of Mediterranean for about three centuries was not due to genuine Islamic preaching, but was enforced largely due to the paradigm of naval deterrence for safe trade routes. From the start of the world, till today, economic factor has been the most vital in nations’ fortune, as it ensures the survivability of the people as well as the prowess required to exert the hegemonic pressure on other sections who are deterred into accepting the writ of a power. The wars between Carthage and Rome for example were fought genuinely due to economic reasons which made virtually impossible for two communities to co-exist while at the same time compete economically. The war ended at nothing but gross destruction and consequent annihilation of Carthage, and hundreds of thousands of men, women and children paid the price of being in an economic competition.

The new world of today, too, presents something different if we look at it from the naive perspective mapped out and commented upon by media persons. We find nations going to war for some-

thing different. But in reality, the paradigms have not changed even if ways have somehow. It is regrettable to see the economic deprivations of many countries and then finding out that leading industrial countries were behind it. The exploitation of the economically weak by those who have power is the side of coin internationally ignored, because the 'internationalism' in itself is a concept best suited to those who tend to engulf maximum natural resources of a country. The lucrative economic leverage through oil was the major reason for Iraq war, which left no less than seven hundred thousand people dead and millions wounded for the rest of their lives. It leaves behind a country in shambles and a shattered economy which will take decades to come to the point it was in 2003. The propaganda machinery worked, blinded the people and everybody was suddenly thinking that Iraq was the only demon to be stopped at all costs. It happens every time. The great powers do not just attack by telling and yelling the actual reasons. They always attack and desecrate under cover of some reason which most of the time is falsely generated so as to convince that their aggression was 'mandatory' or 'necessary' somehow. Hitler attacked Poland after convincingly preaching to the people of the Reich, that Polish soldiers were behind an attack on a German outpost; which today has been established was orchestrated by German establishment themselves. Even if someone looks closely, all of the patterns followed by Nazis during their World Conquering stratagems were economically driven and wealth oriented so as to provide for the people of the Reich, a constant source of income as well as reason to keep giving the war their blood and hard work.

The continuum of the megalomaniac and resource hungry nature of powers has brought the world in an unexplainable yet worrisome state of affairs. A country's mothers send their sons to the battlefield, thinking they are going to lay down their lives for the sake of honor and greatness of their land. These gentlemen on the other hand are involved in atrocities and misconduct on some of

the most deprived sections of the world, in order to retain or sometime restore the hegemony of the big players involved. Every conflict has some hidden economic agenda; every battle has something to do with resources. There exists one genuine question after this entire hullabaloo-which one of those 'warriors' is right.

The answer is simple. The sanctity of a single human life is something that has to be honored and respected. In all religions of the world, in every philanthropic concept of the world, the sacredness of human life is above everything regardless of time and space. It has to be understood that killing some innocent destitute may restore 'Government's Writ' (The best narration nowadays used by the governments to evade the blames of atrocities done by them on their own citizens) or it may bring 'Peace' (The common rhetoric used by the supreme to attack and vandalize the weak nowadays), but it is something called brutality and barbarism-and these two things always fire back not in matter of years, but days and months. If some religious sect is killing people-innocent people- they are wrong, because they destroy the sanctity of the human existence and life. If some country does the same, they are wrong- no matter how strong their economy is, or how strong this propaganda machine is working. It has to be established that those who are defenceless, are human beings after all, and that under no pretext- be it economy, security or peace- can their right to live and prosper be deteriorated or even questioned. In the world of today, where even the best of the ideologies are seemingly incapable of holding back devastation and destruction by one another of human beings, this seems to be the only and constructive way to idealize and construct the ideas of one's self.

You live only once, but if you do right one is enough



HUMOUR

“” A joke is a very serious thing”

— *Charles Churchill*

Bookish People

Humza Aamir

While the title suggests that things are going to get a bit rough, in literal terms, for geeks, for people who think all of human salvation lies in a mathematical equation or whose idea of the second best past time is cramming and arranging, in alphabetical order, all the id's they've hacked using a hard to pronounce piece of software only because their first best pastime is actually downloading it, illegally, using a virtual private network, via a p2p client, in the middle of the night. But and rather fortunately, it's not aimed at such people, not at folks who are better at communicating with machines than with their human brethren, what this is aimed at though, is establishing an analogy between the people we meet the types of books we come across our whole life.

So you had the co-incidence of reading a funny, flashy magazine and noticing the pesky annoying life form normally referred to as a close friend sitting beside you was somehow similar in nature to the text going under your eyes? Their way of putting out words being similar to the colorful call-outs imprinted on your favorite piece of literature. Observe the way in which both seem to bring humor and giggles out of the most serious of situations and you'd be pressed to think that the only difference between the magazine and your buddy is that the latter doesn't have a price tag.

And has any recent encounter with a brochure reminded you of someone who's a bit shallow, has a materialistic approach towards everything and likes to show off a bit more than others? Yup, they're the weightless and deeply unpleasant brochures. You open a brochure with the hope of finding something worth reading but all you get is stuff written in bullets, some catch phrases that make little sense and a motto that makes none. The brochure person is the same, their words repeatedly advertising the fact of what they can do,

alongside their glossy appearance. Such people find the same place in our lives as the forgetful brochure that remains lost and crippled under the car seat for ages.

Onwards to the boring lot, the kind who inadvertently remind you of the oh so desperately dull text books. And as most text books are opened in the weak hope that some benefit or productivity will result but all that happens after a few minutes is the sound of a head banging on the table with some snoring to follow, the same happens when life thinks of dealing roughly with you and prepares an encounter with a boring lad. Both scenarios have a lot in common, the silence in the air, the sighs of hopelessness, the staring away from the subject and finding nirvanain your phone after every ten seconds, even though there are no notifications. And since there are so many commonalities between the text book and the boring chap, staring at a wall or initiating a self-talk over the popular half-filled glass of water to get that optimistic-pessimistic thing going, are certainly the better options.

Thankfully, life is full of variation and everything does balance out eventually. Proton is there for the electron, day is there to pick up things from where the night left off and before I begin to sound like a weird theorist, for every boring chap, there's one who's as mad and crazy as those 1 minute microwaveable kernelpops. They are the bookish equivalent to the comic, funny faces, slightly abnormal expressions and absence of common sense, or indeed any sense. Place any of your friends who is a bit jolly in the upper chamber, next to a comic and you'll find that both have no idea what they're on about, both are prone to sudden mood swings and both give you the time of your life.

Then come the encyclopedias, the kind who've gone a bit chubby from all that staring in front

of the screen and taking in as much information as possible. They know everything, literally everything. They can tell what happened at the 27th minute of a decade old movie, they know who married who and who divorced who in all these silly TV dramas. They know how this universe came into existence and who ate the most cheese in under a minute. Want to know when the brontosaurus went extinct? Come this way. Meeting such people is like turning the leaflets of the all-you-can-know-encyclopedia. You don't know where to start with and certainly have no idea of where things end up.

Of course you do know where things end up and that's when your favorite novel occupies the space in the palm of your hands. A novel that's been read several times and despite knowing the story, the character, the flaws and the ending, you still light up your lamp and cushion your pillow before getting ready to read it once more. Does that happen with someone else too? The setting of things, the preparations and arrangements? That one final look in the mirror? Yes it does, with the kind of people who have such an enigmatic charisma that in a memorable conversation you'll fail to notice a talking giraffe with a grenade in its hand has just emerged behind you from a parallel universe, if such a thing were to happen of course.

In the same way that this novel lives in the best part of your book shelf, such people live in the best part of our minds. And since the novel person has been now related by everyone to someone, it's probably a better idea to get a move on. A move on to the wisdom and quotation books. The encounter with them is often scarce and accompanied by a purpose but it leaves you inspired. Such people, like the books they symbolize, are deprived of any non-sense or gibberish chit chat because what they believe is in the principle of thinking before speaking. And that's probably the reason why there's a strange feeling of tranquility and peace around them. You'd definitely not be guilty here for thinking of your favorite teacher or a spiritual guide.

Meeting a very old friend, after a couple of years?

Seems like wiping the dust of a book you had in your childhood doesn't it? Frankly, the list is endless but the time isn't.

So get your, reading glasses on, witness this wonderful spectacle and stack'em up on your shelf.

A navy Captain is alerted by his First Mate that there is a pirate ship coming towards his position. He asks the sailor to get him his red shirt.

The sailor asks: "Captain why do you need a red shirt?"

The Captain says : So that when I bleed, you guys dont notice and are'nt discouraged. They fight off the pirates. The next the captain is alerted that 50 pirate ships are coming towards their boat. He yells, "Get me my brown pants."



Height of FB addiction.

A boy's FACEBOOK status-

I' am online on FB during lecture. Haha...

Comment from his teacher:

Get out of the class now.

PRINCIPAL liked the comment..



Two ladies fighting for a seat in a bus ..

Bus Conductor : The older one should sit here

Both looked at each other and the seat remained empty

The Foreigners

Dr Muhammad Naseem Baig

Although I have never been a writer before, I want to put a few of my experiences on paper as a trial to gauge my ability as a writer or communicator. When first time I heard from one of my colleagues (now Dr Intikhab) that we have been selected for PhD scholarship in China I couldn't believe it because when I sent my papers to HEC my mind was clear that its just a waste of stationery and effort, since the universities are full of capable people much better than us. But here the will of Allah played and three of us were selected from MCE along with 37 others from all over Pakistan and only 11 were given admission in **Tsinghua University, Beijing, China**. (Later during our stay there we came to know that this university is the No.1 in ranking in China and 62nd in the World). I kept on thinking about the name of the university. Initially, I thought that Chinese must be inspired by a place in Pakistan as Toba Tek Singh or in short T.T. Singh to name this university or some Indian Punjabi played a role to include Singh in it. This remained a mystery for me till I learned elementary Chinese and our teacher made us clear about its meanings.

Although the complete tenure we spent there was wonderful and memorable. And none of my experiences, explanations or narrations are without the mention of Mr. Wasif Ali Zahid, the near-to-perfection human being and Muslim who embraced shahadat during studies and whom no one out of those who knew him could ever forget. He will live in our memories till we all go six feet below earth. We all wish his son Mr. Aakif Ali a happy and successful life.

A few funny incidents which have made a place in my memories as unforgettable will be shared with readers and due to paucity of time and space all aspects will not be expressed here. All the 37

scholars selected had to board on same flight on 28 Sept 2003 starting from Karachi. We were projected as 1st group of scholars and scientists to be sent by HEC for PhD studies abroad under a pilot program launched by Govt of Pakistan and a brainchild of Dr Atta-ur-Rehman. A few of us including me were addressed by the ambassador of China in Pakistan, and during his speech the ambassador used a few words of Urdu which impressed us a lot. And we thought, someday we could also use a few words of Chinese language in our speeches too.

All of us were conversant with the name of Mr. Muhammad Ali Sheikh the Project Director of our programme. I had an idea of an Arab Sheikh about him that he would be a very healthy man with a French cut beard on his face talking in English but in an Arabic style. But when I met him I couldn't stop my smile, as he was a very slim and smart person having his moustache out of proportion and resembling Mr. Mario and Mario plus of the computer games my kids used to play. He was a very helping, kind and pleasing personality and when I conveyed my feelings to him he gave me an appropriate response that name Naseem takes the mind on feminine side and brings freshness to the thoughts but contrary to that my Military moustache made him scared. He was generous enough to say Good Bye to all of us at the airport.

When we all from different areas entered the airport check in area showed different colors and styles. Just to narrate one, a comrade later on named as "**Khanla**" thought that since Govt of Pakistan has given us so much protocol before departure so the red carpet for a line on check in desk is also meant for us. He was also flying for the first time in his life.

All others thought that he must be a wealthy man and might have upgraded his ticket. So after six people when it was his turn to get the boarding pass, he got a smiling response by the lady sitting at counter (although mostly its impossible for those ladies to smile due to the structure of their faces under the influence of age and kids they have to look after). Khanla got excited at her smile and presented his passport and ticket. Now the smile was gone and instead an original face said, can't you see in which class you have to travel? Are you so sleepy that you can't see what you are doing and can't you read simple "Angraizi" that this line is for Business class. This sudden bashing made Khanla a bit confused and then facing towards us he asked "Oye tum log mujhe bata nahin saktay thay key is larki ka damagh kharab hai" and his face expressions were like a dumber or to be more precise like Mr. Beans. So we all couldn't stop our laughter. This was the first impression of all of us about Khanla which persisted all along the tenure we spent together in Tsinghua.

Finally came the moment when we had to land at Beijing Capital airport. In PIA flight we all felt like we were in Pakistan but the moment we came outside the plane, the world was changed for us; we could see the people from different countries speaking different languages and presenting different levels of beauty and health. Majority was of Chinese but all of them couldn't talk to us in English. Chinese language to us was like ducks discussing international affairs or monkeys fighting on matrimonial matters. So we felt helpless from beginning and could imagine about times to come. Immigration process took less time since we were Pakistanis and Chinese are very friendly towards us. We all came out of airport together and were again relaxed to see an English speaking Chinese lady to receive us. She was Professor Yao Ling from Tsinghua University Beijing and the reason for her good English was the time she spent in USA during her studies. She told us many things about Tsinghua University and most exciting for us was that there is a river inside university

campus flowing south to north. Since I belong to Jhelum and my in-laws are in Sarai Alamgir so I could imagine that this university must be very big if a river is flowing inside the campus and on the other hand I felt tired that what if my classrooms were on the other side of the river, in that case I would have to cross the river daily and that too without using any bus, tonga or Chingchi rickshaw but either on foot or bicycle. We finally reached the university East gate and from there a teacher told us that it was one end of the university and on the other end lie our dorms; on our way we saw beautiful trees and grassy lawns and a ten foot wide drain which had about six to nine inches of stagnant water in it, but it was beautifully concrete lined and amazingly clean on banks. When we were finally taken to our hostel rooms, we asked Prof Yao about the river and were surprised to know that the drain we saw was actually the river she mentioned in her conversation. Although this relieved me of my tension about crossing the river but at the same time we knew how Chinese people explain big things as small and vice versa. And we all enjoyed this river side walk whenever visiting the University's library.

When the problem of boarding and lodging was over all of us felt hungry. Since we all had the idea that Chinese people could eat anything on earth starting from insects to trees and big animals like whales and elephants and we were afraid that we might not find **halal** (Muslim) food to eat in surroundings. We were happy to know when Madam Yao announced that we would have a lunch of Muslim food as a good will gesture from university in dining hall on ground floor. So right at the time of lunch we all entered the dining hall where we saw smiling faces of waiters and waitresses who said a few words in Chinese to us, all passed over our heads but in return we showed them our bigger teeth and wide open mouths, probably to show how much we wanted to eat. Then came the time to remove the lids from the dishes, we couldn't understand what was in dishes, but even then we were sure that food is halal. We were all

looking for spoons, forks and knives but could only find two small wooden sticks with each plate. Seeing our hesitation to start food, Prof Yao told the mess staff to give us plastic spoons. Then we started to take food in our plates one by one. When the plates were giving the look of heap of crushed aggregates we came back to our seats and started eating. At the very first bite I felt like vomiting and I could find the same expression on faces of almost all except for Khanla. He was eating like he was enjoying each and every bit of it, showing us his white big teeth he said: **khao na, Kabhi acha khana nahin khaya?** and we all were trying to find some **“acha”** part of food to eat. Ultimately all of us left the food in dishes after maximum of four spoons. The food slipped down our throats was having a fierce battle with our stomachs and the stomachs were behaving like a lean goat against a strong bull. So this lean goat gave up in washrooms and we were at start point again. Amongst us was Mr. Rafiq Muhammad Chaudhry from Faisalabad who had the experience of Thai foods and foreign environment’s experience since he did Masters from A.I.T. Thailand. So on his advice we all went to a nearby market, bought new bicycles and started the operation **“FOOD SEARCH”** around the university. After asking many pretty girls, Chaudhry Saab finally took us to a Muslim restaurant operated by Xinjiang (Sinkiang) people. Here it is worth mentioning that China has this Muslim majority province and the people cook in Afghani or Peshawari style. So all of us enjoyed the Tikkas and Naans and this restaurant was marked as our eating place. It was located in Beijing Language University where students from all over the globe were studying. So in other words this restaurant also gave a global look along with Muslim food. Chaudhry saab would lead us for every meal like a duck leading ducklings towards water, and people used to smile at us. Initially we couldn’t understand this smile, but when at the end of 1st month except for two all got their bikes stolen, we understood why people used to smile at us. (Buying a new bicycle by a student was considered action

of STUPIDITY) so after 1st experience no one repeated it. Chaudhry saab during his sermons said that all those who had good intentions (Achi Niah) in mind won’t get their bikes stolen, because his bike was amongst those two. After 2nd month when bike of Chaudhry saab also got stolen he issued an amendment that **“Allah tests people’s Faith by putting them under some stress.”**

On the 1st day of our language class we had a German student with us too, in total we were thirteen. The teacher was a nice smiling Chinese lady, Madam Chengweimen, and she started with the sentence that **“I welcome you all my foreigner friends.”** We started looking at each other, because we had a different definition of word **“foreigner”** on which the only German student was fitting in. All the time during first day this tiny teacher of ours pretended to be scared of us (I was surprised how she could read our minds). But at the end of first week I got the reason. We had a very healthy colleague from Sind university, I would just call SAIN to explain him, he had a jet black beard and moustache equally matching the color of his skin and thick curly hair with only white part as his teeth visible on his face, and he was the one sitting in the front row of the class, right in front of Miss Chengweimen and always smiling and looking at her to show his interest in Chinese language and Chinese teacher as well.

Before I conclude this part of diary I would like to mention a very funny part. Myself, Intikhab and Chaudhry saab were traveling in a bus from a market to our university, under the guidance of Chaudhry saab. He was sitting in the front row of the bus with a very pretty but English speaking Chinese girl. We both were sitting just behind them, since each row had two seats. The girl was constantly turning back and talking to Intikhab and sometimes to me as well but was reluctant to reply Chaudhry saab. We lost our way and forgot to get down at the right stop, so on our way we asked that girl to help us and guide us to take the right bus from her stop, she agreed. When she was

about to go back after telling us which bus to take and where to get down, she asked us a Question but could only find two small wooden sticks with each plate. Seeing our hesitation to start food, Prof Yao told the mess staff to give us plastic spoons. Then we started to take out food in our plates one by one. When the plates were giving the look of heap of crushed aggregates we came back to our seats and started eating. At the very 1st bite I felt like vomiting and I could find the same expression on faces of almost all except for Khanla. He was eating like he was enjoying each and every bit of it, showing us his white big teeth he said: **khona, Kabhi acha khana nahin khaya?** and we all were trying to find some **“acha”** part of food to eat. Ultimately all of us left the food in dishes after maximum of four spoons. The food slipped down in our throats was having a fierce battle with our stomachs and the stomachs were behaving like a lean goat against a strong bull. So this lean goat gave up in washrooms and we were at start point again. Amongst us was Mr. Rafiq Muhammad Chaudhry from Faisalabad who had the experience of Thai foods and foreign environment’s experience since he did Masters from A.I.T. Thailand. So on his advice we all went to a nearby market, bought new bicycles and started the operation **“FOOD SEARCH”** around the university. After asking many pretty girls, Chaudhry Saab finally took us to a Muslim restaurant operated by Xinjiang (Sinkiang) people. Here it is worth mentioning that China has this Muslim majority province and the people cook in the same manner as Afghani or Peshawari style. So all of us enjoyed the Tikkas and Naans and this restaurant was marked as our eating place. It was located in Beijing Language University where students from all over the globe were studying. So in other words this restaurant also gave a global look along with Muslim food. Chaudhry saab would lead us for every meal like a duck leading ducklings towards water, and people used to smile at us. Initially we couldn’t understand this smile, but when at the end of 1st month except for two all got their bikes stolen, we understood why people used to smile at us. (Buy-

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right bus from her stop, she agreed. When she was about to go back after telling us which bus to take and where to get down, she asked us a Question of life, and it was
 “You told me you are all Pakistanis, and I could understand what ever you both spoke, but which

language this person sitting with me was using for conversation?”

And we had no answer because he was talking in English too, Except that it was more of an Indian Punjabi style.

First five minutes in the exam hall

Fouzan Abdullah

The world has indeed advanced a lot and we rightly live in the age of modernism. In the olden days there was no TV. Children played in the open, there was physical interaction among people and we used to write essays on topics like “Last Five Minutes in the Exam Hall.” Now all of this has become much more advanced. Now situation has changed so much that I am compelled to write an essay on “First Five Minutes in the Exam Hall”.

I will explain how. Today was our Engineering Material sessional and I along with my friends had prepared well for it. Actually we were very confident that we had prepared well and were like, bring it on!!! But there is a saying “A cat teaches lion all tricks except climbing on the tree.” I am afraid our Materials teacher also taught on the same lines and upon looking down on the paper it was the same story:

In class: $1+1=2$

In exam: $f(x,y)=\sum \frac{\sin x}{\sqrt{\cot 2x}}$. Integrate the expression

Needless to say that when the exam started, while everyone was writing on full tilt and was thinking which answer he knew best, I was thinking whether to make a run for it now or five minutes later. Those five minutes were the most crucial in the whole paper. As I had to make a decision, then and there, in the full presence of all students and teachers, whether to do the paper or not. They say that time heals everything. I agree with them.

Time surely heals everything, including one’s sense of shame. For when I resolved that I would do the paper, I first had to dispel the feeling of shame at what my parents would say if they were present now. That solved, the next big step was to see whether I knew ANY of the questions a little bit. Tears filled my eyes (from the inside) when I remembered the good old’ days when I checked to see if I knew ANY of the questions a little less so I could leave it in choice. But I was brought back to reality when our teacher came in the class to check upon us. He went to see each student personally and asked if there was any problem. When he came to my desk, I learned that I am very good at controlling emotions, and that this teacher also gives courses on Anger Management. Well I ignored the violent infighting going on in my heart, and said with a big smile in my face, “Sir there is no problem, you have made a wonderful paper “the latter I said in my head”.

As the paper progressed my decision-making capabilities were being enhanced every second, as I found out that the longer remained in the exam hall, the more I dwelt on the paper, and the more I was able to derive from it. For staying in the exam hall made me do the paper, and once I had resolved to do the paper, there was no looking back. I did all the questions asked of me, though I hardly knew anything about the long question, in fact I

doubted I had even read that topic, but there is a saying, "Where there is a will, there is a way." So I kept doing the paper even when my course mates had started to leave the hall looking dejected, and I am proud to say I did the paper good enough to get respectable marks (and be able to look my friends in the eye)

That day I truly began to respect my Math teacher, who emphasized all the two years I studied from him, that whatever happens, "Don't leave the exam hall before time." Now I know the value of his words. And thank Almighty for being kind to me, and giving me the chance to study from such a great teacher.

Cramminator

Eefa Tabassum

In the dead murkiness of the night and the chasm of emptiness that seems to extend beyond limit, I step over many a soul, sleeping in bliss in their hostel rooms. I stare at them in awe and admiration, while I scurry to the study room to join my fellow nocturnal cramblers. Most of the class is there. My graveyard shift has begun!

No, I am not a doctor on call or a security guard on night duty. It's just that tomorrow is another exam for which I have only begun studying. At midnight the night before the exam, I am now officially in 'cramming purgatory'.

I seat myself sartorially next to a window overlooking a barren sight. I believe it offers the least distraction. I devise methods to keep my sinking hope afloat. It begins with frantic text messages to counterpart day-scholar cramblers. Then begins the unenviable task of dividing the number of hours with the number of topics. I wonder whether there will be room to squeeze in a strategically-timed nap (sometimes there is, sometimes not).

The next few hours, my body runs in sympathetic over-drive. I quench my thirst with tea, coffee or Red Bull, in increasing orders of crises. I think of the classification of anti-somnolent in my mind but there was no such thing to be found in Katzung. There is an ebb and flow of motivation throughout the night. At times, it feels I have survived. At others, I lose it. Overwhelmed by fear, guilt and self-cursing, I fear that time loses its constancy and loyalty. But one thing is undoubtable: on the

basis of pages memorized and work accomplished relative to the time spent, I am most productive in these few hours.

At daybreak, every inch of my body aches, the back feels as stiff as a board and the eyes are bloodshot. It requires an immense effort to keep the eyes open. The twitching of the palpebral muscles is rapid enough to send those muscles into tetany. I beg for the misery to end and make a solemn promise to myself to study regularly from the very next day. (Fortunately, this scenario happens with me rarely. However, there are some for whom this is oft-repeated).

Half an hour before the exam, I gulp down a cup of coffee, make a dash to the examination hall, mentally regurgitating all that I painstakingly filed in my memory to robotically fill sheets, then come home to recuperate and pay off all that heavy sleep debt. It doesn't take long to return to normal function.

One of my High School teachers once said: "No matter when the assignment is announced, be it the start of the year, mid of the year or the end of the year; it will always be started and completed the night before its deadline."

No matter how hard we try to disprove this hypothesis, the teacher's words remained buoyant with the flow of time.

But what gives us the impetus to become habitual cramblers? It could be because the final exam

holds the bulk of the grade; that make or break, the now or never. Many people like to hibernate and slack the entire year, holding their energy in reserve and give it their all at the end.

In my opinion, that is a lousy way to study. The end results may masquerade our half-hearted attempts at studying, but they will never earn us mighty grades or rank us amongst the toppers. They are just enough to get by, to shield our par-

ents from the shock of failure and prevent us from facing a consequential interrogation.

Cramming doesn't promote true learning. Memorized stuff is rapidly forgotten as it is only stored and filed in our short term memory. Long term learning suffers and it may cause us to never realize our true potential. It's a short cut and should be used only as the last resort. There is no alternative to regular study sessions.

The Final Moments

Saad Khushnood

The clock above me ticked down to my eventual and impending doom. In front of me lay my very own death pact; a contract I myself had written, read and signed. To my left and right, strapped to their own garrottes and forced to undergo the same ordeal as I was, were more victims of a truly disastrous contract. I'm unsure of what events transpired behind me but I'm sure the horror in front of me could easily outweigh it. In front of us was a podium. On that podium, standing and watching over us, were the Disciples of Lucifer. Keeping a good eye on the new imps of hell, the Disciples were bent on maintaining order until we all had finished our concords. But amongst them, standing taller and uglier than any of the other of the Disciples stood a true monstrosity, hitherto known as "The Beast". The medals and shields ornamenting his chest showed many years of service to his employer. The smug impression on his face showed his pride over it. All I knew was that he was my ticket of escaping this hell. Only he would have the power here to let us go, to let the tormented and damned have a second chance. Above him, the clock hung over what seemed like the First Gateway of Hell. However, it took me a few seconds to realize that mere seconds remained

on the gargantuan mechanical face. The intensity and frequency of scribbling increased around me as the final countdown began.

5. Sensing blood in the air, the Disciples moved off the stage and took positions in front of us. Clearly they had practiced this ritual many times before.

4. Blood red ink was visible everywhere as trails were left in front of every forsaken soul. The dungeon seemed to close in on everybody.

3. Everybody shifted in his seat in unison, sensing that the hour of reckoning was at hand.

2. The Beast, who hadn't left his place at the podium, suddenly came to life. He moved towards the edge and shifted his composure.

1. He looked at the clock one final time, cleared his throat, and boomed out loud as the clock struck zero.

His words, I will not forget: "Gentlemen, put down your pens. The examination is over."

In Love of Kit Kat

Fouzan Abdullah

Life is full of surprises and startling revelations. Agreed? No? Well let me share with you a bitter sweet experience. Today was NUST Science Society's event TECHTALK. I came all the way from EME College to attend it in H12 NUST. Why am I making it an issue of attending this event? Because being a student from EME I feel very much the absence of effective public transport system in the twin cities. So as I was saying I attended this seminar on Zero Energy Homes by Saad Asif CEO Nexton group of companies. At the end of the seminar there was this interactive question and answer session in which the organizers asked some questions from the audience based on the knowledge given by the speaker. Correct answer warranted a free Kit Kat medium bar (I happen to love Kit Kat very much). On the first question asked I eagerly raised my hand determined to win a Kit Kat (I hadn't eaten a Kit Kat for a long time).

Question: What is the biggest source of power consumption in homes?

Me(effectively misinterpreting the question and with everyone's eyes on me): Iron

(Silence)...

...

God, why did I raise my hand? Why? But then the organizer pronounced my answer as incorrect, and I was relieved of my misery.

Not to be deterred I raised my hand again a few questions later. This time I damned as hell knew my answer was right because I happen to have done a lot of reading on this stuff.

Question: What is the first step to power efficiency?

Me: Reduction of power losses in distribution and transmission.

Now of course the question asked was WHAT the first step was. Not HOW you do it. Of course you improve the power transmission and distribu-

tion by better wires and insulation. Again nobody seems to understand my answer and the organizer again pronounced my answer as incorrect. Now, I am seething. Alone, sitting in the corner of the seminar hall. With half of the Directors sitting behind me, I feel like a fool. Well you tell me, if I said milk was beneficial for children. And you said no, not the milk, but the cow is beneficial. What would be your reaction? I felt like shouting out you wise people!!! But then I thought better of it and looked forward to the free samosas and tea awaiting me (though I was to find out later, I had no appetite for them). In short I feel this is an example of gross injustice (or plain pin-headedness on part of the organizer, or probably it was a policy of NSS not to give Kit Kats to its petty executive members, but the office bearers. Well I'll never know, because I have never been so much in the society. Hell, its miles away from my college, so I never cared for it anyway. Sounds like the case of sour grapes, well, I am not sure which case this makes. You help me decide.



A beggar found a Rs. 100 note.

He went to a 5 star hotel for dinner...

Bill Rs. 3000

He was unable to pay

Manager handed him to Police

He gave Rs. 100 to Policeman & got free

It's called Financial Management without

MBA..

Pateesa

Ehtisham Tanvir

Yesterday I visited a local bakery to get some stuff. Sweeping the store with my eyes, I found Pateesa in the desi sweets sections. My stomach was filled to the top but the sight of that sweet, delicious Mithai made my mouth water and the next thing I was doing was taking huge bites of that desi-ghee drenched, soft, needle like crystals. All of a sudden, the word Pateesa written on the top of the sweet box took me from where I was standing, back to 2009 when I was still in my school in Sialkot.

Of all the courses I have ever studied, Chemistry is the worst of all. I always had problems understanding chemical reactions and learning those alien looking reactions by heart was something I really loathed. Studying two moles of that ugly looking calcium carbide reacting with monstrous god-knows-what under hell like conditions in the presence of a crappy catalyst producing something poisonous was like a nightmare to me. After successfully passing 9th grade with good marks, here I was with this book in my hand whose covers were too far apart and full of dreadful chemical reactions.

Sir Maqsood was our chemistry teacher at school in 10th grade. I never before had a chance to meet this mysterious man. He had a reputation of being very strict with studies and happened to have a private tuition centre of his own. Soon after the start of the new class, I had to face the harsh reality that relying on just the school to pass this year's exams was out of the question for it had just been two months since the start of the new academic year and the administration had already changed two physics instructors. After much thinking I finally decided to join Sir Maqsood's tuition centre. The tuition centre was located in the heart of the city and was a huge hall full of benches and tables and of course students. Some of my other friends

had already joined and we used to sit and study together. In the absence of Sir Maqsood, the hall seemed more like a fish market. Students could be seen talking and shouting at the top of their voices. Abusing and throwing stuff at each other was a common observation to make.

It was my first day at the academy, and a general noise of chattering and shouting could be heard, when suddenly the only wooden door of the hall creaked open. The whole hall shook and every thing came to a halt, as Sir Maqsood's footsteps entered the big room. If I had ever witnessed pin-drop silence, it was at that moment. Sir Maqsood, with his bulky figure, bearded face and a slow, steady tread, walked the rows and columns of benches, hitting a student of two at their backs with his heavy hand, uttering his conventional remarks, that I can never forget, "Parh lain, parh lain.. Aap se nai honi matric... Aap kitaabain bech k Pateesa khaain Pateesa... [Study lads, study! You are not going to get through matric exam like this... Go sell your books and eat Pateesa...]".

Sir Maqsood's way of teaching was very unconventional. He taught groups of four to five of us at a time and then let us learn what we had just studied. The next day we had to take a test of the previous day's lessons. As it was part of the deal, so I had to study all the science subjects excluding Mathematics and Biology. But the real problem was chemistry. No matter how many times I learned those reactions, I could never reproduce them on the paper the next day. In the school, where Sir Maqsood taught us too, things were even more problematic, for he used to ask questions in the class orally. I remember one such instance really well: It was a week after our school's trip to Murree and I hadn't learned the chemistry lesson. Sir Maqsood asked me a question regarding the structure of ice. I had a faint memory of

the structure to be something like a web or something. I wasn't able to answer and the next thing coming were some humiliating remarks from the teacher I was really afraid of.

Sir Maqsood had a very shy nature. I found it out on the day of our farewell party, when during a skit, his name was mentioned and everybody in the auditorium started calling his name, asking him to come on the stage. To my utter astonishment, his face flushed red and he left the auditorium. One other reason for his fame was his black helmet. There was about a distance of 500 metre from the parking lot to the academic block. After parking his 100 cc motor bike in the parking lot, he didn't bother to remove his helmet. Instead he used to pass by all the students, all the way to the staff room with his black helmet on his head and its wind shield down. I never witnessed him wearing anything other than Shalwaar Kameez and a waist coat.

I don't know if it was the fear of this man or those insulting remarks in front of my friends, that I started working really hard with chemistry. Hours of practice and learning in his presence in the hall was a tiresome work, but I did it all the same. Once before his arrival in the academy, a friend of mine told me a hilarious story of a poor fellow who found it very amusing to skip academy and roaming about the city with his friends. One day after the result was announced which he had failed, his mother came with him to the academy and blamed Sir Maqsood for not teaching her son well enough. On this Sir Maqsood said "Ye to mere pass kabhi aya hi nahi [He never came here]". When this little secret of that poor lad was revealed, all that could be seen were Sir Maqsood's fists and that boy's flesh. After a few blows, the boy's mother changed places with Sir Maqsood and beat him up (with her chappal).

My story with Sir Maqsood and his chemistry lessons does not end here. I took chemistry's final exam confidently and when the result was announced, to my utter amazement, I had scored full marks in the subject I once thought I would fail! After some days I and my friend visited him in his

home. He never praised his students but the smile on his face on hearing my marks said it all.

It is due to such teachers that I am today what I am. It was the fear of my teachers that drove me to study. Their affection was fused into the effort they put into me. Students today lack this trait of respect for their teachers, our education system encourages young minds to disregard the efforts of their teachers and the teachers, I am afraid, have lost their value.

"Silence is wisdom, abstinence from speaking is safety and concealment is a part of happiness".

— Hazrat Imam Hussain

"It is easy to dodge our responsibilities, but we cannot dodge the consequences of dodging our responsibilities."

— Josiah Charles Stamp

"And oftentimes excusing of a fault doth make the fault the worse by the excuse."

— William Shakespeare

"Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans".

— John Lennon

"Right is right, even if everyone is against it; and wrong is wrong, even if everyone is for it".

— William Penn

"If you want to keep a secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend."

— Anonymous

"Generosity hides short comings".

— Anonymous

"It is hard to fail but it is worse never to have tried to succeed..."

— Roosevelt

Chaudhry Russell

Aslam Bazmi

Discovering a Genius

My association with him spans well over three and a half decades- right from our college days. I am under an oath of honour not to disclose his actual name (although he does have one), not even its initials. He yearns to be called Chaudhry Russell, and I have never denied him this small childish pleasure. However, to spare the reader jarring repetition, I would mostly refer to him in this profile as 'Chaudhry' or 'Russell'.

Chaudhry and I first parted our ways in 1976 when I joined Pakistan Air Force, and he, with a master's degree in mathematics under his belt, chose to be a college lecturer. One has to meet Chaudhry Russell to savour his company, and praise the Almighty for making him such a rare treasure of all freaks and fun! Basically a Punjabi speaker but, when angered, English is Chaudhry's only weapon to assail his foe. He exploits the full stock of his English vocabulary to curse the offender, and it is not infrequent to see him panting like a boxer after each round, after he calls halt to his guns.

Surprisingly, Russell is not a plain mathematician. His intellectual horizon is immensely vast, and embraces every imaginable domain of scholarship -- all genres of literature, as well as philosophy, economics, geography and any other worthwhile field of knowledge. He has made inroads even into the tender realm of poetry, and is proud to have introduced a novel trend in Urdu lyrics, a province of literature, which according to him has tremendous scope to be enriched mathematically. One of his couplets (a modified version of Mr Chughtai) reads:

Chaudhry thinks he is too big for this nation. The more you praise him, the more you make a genius of yourself. He strongly maintains that literary masters of the past were not as great as people have oversized them through unnecessary glorifi-

cation. Plato, Homer, Shakespeare, John Milton, Benjamin Franklin, Tolstoy and George Bernard Shaw did not have golden wings to soar as celebrities forever. He is bitterly critical of old literature and asserts that contemporary literature is far more sublime and cultivating. He is sure that if a great work is compiled on modern verse, his poetry shall command a prominent place in such anthology.

Russell is extremely inflated with the notion (though he says he never gets inflated) that he is a great philosopher. He has been made to believe that Greek philosophers dressed themselves slovenly, and would neither shave nor do their hair. Russell rarely combs his hair and is allergic to wearing tidy clothes even on his birthday. He is so fond of looking in the mirror that one can hardly see both separated from each other. Russell maintains that it is the mirror that tells you where you stand in the society, and how long it would take you to become a full-bloomed genius.

اکہتر مہتر، تہتر، چوہتر
رسل کا ہے اندازِ بیاں اور

English Mathematica

Chaudhry Russell has a unique comprehension of English language. His distinct flair for use of certain English words merits a special mention here. I still vividly remember his two most favourite usages of "establish" and "what I mean". Chaudhry uses these expressions most copiously with a variety of meanings. A staunch advocate of richness of the language, he is of the view that English words are not semantically as circumscribed as people some time tend to regard them. There can be countless ways of using a single word in varying contexts. He uses his words in such an ingenious and frugal manner that one feels tempted to

learn no more than a few words to tailor a good speech and churn an excellent piece of writing. Of the many instances of Russell's great mastery over the English usage, I would illustrate only a few of them. Instead of saying, "I am wearing clothes" (while dressing himself), Russell prefers speaking and writing: "I am 'establishing' my dress". Once I happened to visit him while he was having his lunch. Seeing me, he exclaimed with joy, gesturing with both hands to spell, Come on! "Let's 'establish' meal together, he asked me warmly." I came across another use of the word on a seminar day. It was a mixed gathering of ladies and gents. Chaudhry habitually tried to steal a glance over the female folk. One of the elderly ladies was gracious enough to return his furtive looks. As she looked towards him casually, Russell gave a dig in my ribs, whispering joyfully, "Lo, she is 'establishing' her lovely gaze (ogling) at me".

Of his fond use of the other darling phrase, "what I mean", I can call to mind only following two examples at the moment:

"I am happy, what I mean, very excited today. It is, what I mean, an august day, being the 14th of August, a date on which I was born - I mean the day when I opened my insightful eyes in this mortal world, of course with a 'philosophical thumb in my mouth."

"My son, what I mean the eldest one, is a very promising youth. He is the only eldest son I have; what I mean is that the other ones are not as 'eld' as he is."

It is never easy to escape the influences of a long association, so I too have picked unconsciously Chaudhry's conversational style. Whenever I 'establish' (go) to his place, he 'establishes for me' (serves me with) a cup of coffee and we 'establish' (hold) a good talk for 'establishing' (keeping) good emotional health.

Chaudhry's insatiable craze for acquiring more and more knowledge of English is rooted in a past episode, which he amusingly narrates to all and sundry. After completing his 8th grade from his village school, his father brought his bright son to an urban English medium school. On arrival

at the new school, he was greeted with a test in elementary English. While answering a question on the gender, Chaudhry wrote: "horse's wife" for 'mare', "cow's son" for 'calf, and "foxee" as the feminine of "fox". In the paragraph composition, he used several times "the goodest" and "the badest" as superlative forms of good and bad. The other naivets included: 'beated', 'catched'" 'cutted' and 'shooted' as the past tenses of beat, catch, cut and shoot respectively. His brilliance showed at its best during translation from Urdu into English. In a desperate bid to render one of the Urdu sentences into English, Russell wrote: 'I do not drink cigarettes'. If the reader is in a quandary, and cannot make head or tail of Russell's English translation, then the blame is squarely attributable to Urdu. In fact, in those days Russell owed total allegiance to his step-mother tongue, Urdu, in letter and spirit. To his dismay, the English teacher not only flunked him in the test but also held up his poor performance to public ridicule. This proved to be a turning point, and Chaudhry since made it his avowed mission to excel in this elusive language. To 'sanctify his resolve that day, he showered monstrous slurs on his former English teacher who had been describing him as 'the brightest boy of the school'.

One of Chaudhry's wildest dreams is to enter the top intellectual club, and reign supreme in literary circles. He was overjoyed on being invited to read his scholarly paper at a national seminar last summer. In his treatise titled, "Pakistan -- Our Destiny", Chaudhry boomed more than once, "Pakistan was found by Quaid-i-Azam, a man of lofty vision and iron will. It is now our duty to "aggravate" (naively used as a synonym of 'enhance') the image and prestige of this ideological state." Having failed to compel any accolades, Russell turned to me for a compliment or a possible clap. After the ceremony, I quipped, "Chaudhry Sahib, as far as your ability to aggravate the country's image is concerned, be rest assured, no sane person can deny your talents"! Chaudhry thanked me profusely for such a 'nice' compliment. In a grateful return, he described 'a genuine intellectual in the

making’.

I vividly recall Russell’s maddening excitement when his parents proposed his hand for a young buxom lady, some 33 years ago. I visited him in the evening to extend my felicitations. Exuding an ecstatic joy, he portrayed his fiancée as a perfect beauty -- a paragon of all womanly charms and graces. Here is his mathematical portrayal, (to borrow Chughtai’s description) of his Mona Lisa: “She has elliptical ears, and the curves inside them are equiangular spirals. Her chin is parabolic, and the eyebrows resemble inverted catenaries. Her ellipsoidal head, carrying a tuft of helical spring-like hair, rests on a perfect cylindrical neck. And the nose sitting on her face is vertical half of a right circular cone.”

Chaudhry had a British pen friend named Turner. In one of his letters to Mr Turner, Russell wrote his name as THOLOGNYRRH. Mr Turner strongly protested against such a wanton ‘orthographic molestation’ of his name. I too sympathized with the poor soul, but Chaudhry gloatingly insisted there was nothing wrong with the spellings. After terribly exhausting Mr Turner’s patience, Russell finally relented to unravel the conundrum. The gimmick lay in making fun of the English phonetic system. His new spellings of TURNER were based, as illustrated below, on the queer sounds of certain English letters:

“TH” for ‘T’ as it sounds in the words, ‘Thames’ and ‘Thomas’ etc.

“OLO” for ‘UR’ as the sound is so represented in the word ‘Colonel’.

“GN” for ‘N’ as it sounds so in the word ‘gnat’, ‘gnaw’, ‘gnash’ etc.

“RRH” for ‘ER’ as it sounds like that in the word ‘myrrh’.

I was quite amused by Chaudhry’s amazing grasp of the funny side of English orthographic and phonetic systems.

Russell proudly claims that he started composing (rather paddling into it!) in his early teens. I have seen both the sets of his poems -- the ones he wrote ‘in his early teens’ and the ones he penned

down ‘in the prime of his middle age’. It is not fair on my part to be so candid but the truth is that I am at loss to make out between his two chronologically different poems; both appear to be plagiarized except a few silly lines that cannot be anybody else’s. Once he recited to me a ‘ghazal’ which he claimed he had versified while he was in the 7th grade. I was taken aback to note that the concluding line was exactly that of the great Urdu poet, Mirza Ghalib. He had replaced only the word ‘Ghalib’ with ‘Russell’.

کچھ تو کہیے کہ لوگ کہتے ہیں
آج رسل غزل سرا نہ ہوا

A pastmaster literary robber (kleptomaniac), Chaudhry does not desist from laying hands even on sheaves of famous quotable quotes. He frequently plunders from Shakespeare’s works. “Frailty thy name is woman”, is a famous Shakespearian line but Chaudhry contends that it is wrongly attributed to Shakespeare. To prove his point, he argues that he has several kindred quotations like: “Brevity thy name is Bacon”.

Peccadilloes with Foreign Languages

Chaudhry has an innate passion for learning new languages. A polyglot in his own right, he claims proficiency in nine different languages. In fact, it is in no one’s power to dissuade or deter him from barging into a dialogue with a foreigner of any nationality in the latter’s native language. On a few occasions, I had the misfortune of seeing at Russell’s hands the gross ‘abuse’ of several alien visitors’ mother tongues. Only a month ago, Chaudhry accompanied me to the airport. In fact, I was to pick a friend and I thought Russell would be a good company to kill time at the air port. On such visits, Russell’s sole interest is in slurping several tins of Pepsi (invariably at someone’s expense) and netting some foreigner in order to buttress his sloppy proficiency in the latter’s language. The day did not prove auspicious enough,

and I had to order another tin of Pepsi for him. While he was inanely sipping the fizzy drink, an Arab national had the ill luck of turning to us for some guidance. Chaudhry could not let go off such a golden opportunity! His pedestrian conversation with the poor Arab, as far as my memory serves me, ran as follows:

كَيْفَ أَنْتَ يَا شَيْخٍ؟ هَلْ أَنْتَ سَعُودِي؟ أَنَا عَالِمٌ كَبِيرٌ مِنَ
الْبَاكِسْتَانِ هَلْ أَنْتَ مُسْتَدْمِنٌ مِنْ وَجْهِكَ لِلسِّيَاحَةِ؟

It can be loosely translated as: “How are you, brother? Are you a Saudi national? I am a great Pakistani scholar. Are you on a pleasure trip to Pakistan?” The use of pronoun

used for female second person in Arabic, as well as the mismatch of Arabic and Persian languages amply reflect Chaudhry’s hollowness in the Arabic language. The Arab youth looked agape for a moment, and then disappeared swiftly, leaving the poor mother tongue at Chaudhry’s mercy!

Chaudhry Russell is a fairly travelled person. During his short visits to China and Iran, he was able to pick up a few Chinese and Persian words. He had since been bidding for a ‘showdown’ of his competence in those two languages. His first ‘victim’ turned out to be a Chinese. The poor chap was relishing his dinner in a restaurant where Chaudhry and I often assembled for ‘so-called’ intellectual gossip. As usual, Chaudhry could not resist the temptation. He took no time to pounce on the poor Chinese with a volley of his freshly learnt Chinese words and expressions. The ‘Beijing boy’ seemingly starving of the spoken taste of his native language started cackling endlessly in the veritable spoken idiom. Finding the situation unequal, Chaudhry asked me to make a “quick exit” under the pretext that his chaste Chinese was in a grave risk of being contaminated, if he continued listening to the rustic Chinese youth!

Only a week later, it was Iran’s national day. Chaudhry cajoled me into accompanying him to an Iranian friend of him in a posh part of the federal capital, with the ulterior motive of parading

his smattering of the Persian language. Although our Iranian host fluently conversed in Urdu, but Chaudhry chose to speak Persian. The lop-sided gossip, with Russell’s patchy Persian, dragged on tediously till high tea was brought in. The host asked Russell, using the stock Persian phrase (عافتر بفرمائید) to meaning (please fall to the eatables). Having not even the faintest idea of the actual meaning of the phrase, Chaudhry took it to be a suggestion for saying something about Iran’s national day, and he hastened to oblige the host by uttering his thoughts in Persian. After a little pause, the host reiterated his usual courtesy, and Chaudhry started all over again with his telegraphic discourse on the special bonds of friendship that Iran and Pakistan had enjoyed since ages. Had the host not smelt Russell’s inadequacy in modern Persian, the latter would have continued his monologue ruthlessly, to our sheer agony.

Hooked on the Bait!

One can seldom come across another model of Russell’s foolery. One might be amazed how I dare call him a fool. In fact, Russell is a great lover of fools. He is greatly impressed by Shakespeare’s fools. In Russell’s view, genuine fools are the embodiments of great intellectual wisdom. And I have no reason to slight Russell’s innate foolishness par excellence.

Chaudhry’s forgetfulness is proverbial. Once I rode pillion on his scooter to Rawal Lake for a little outing. In his usual playful mood on such trips, Chaudhry took out the scooter key from his pocket and began tossing it up and down in the air - concentrating more on the gossip than on the key. The inevitable could not be averted long! In the heat of discussion, as Russell threw up the key, he simply forgot to catch it - and the key, after briefly hitting the ground, plopped straight into the lake. And with that was cut short Chaudhry’s coltish sport, awakening him to the pains of life! Again, I had to become the scapegoat. The pleasure trip that day cost me a good 2-mile-walk, plus a 100-rupee note to be paid to the key maker which I had to fork out. Russell, as usual, had forgotten

his wallet at home. I swore there and then not to join Russell's future outing programmes with a blind zeal. But only a few months later Chaudhry again latched on my visit to a friend who had lost his younger brother in a tragic road accident. I had hardly said a few words of sympathy when the absent-minded Chaudhry jumped into the conversation. The bereaved soul felt mortally embarrassed when Russell asked him: "Was it your driver or brother who was killed in the accident? I hope the poor car did not sustain any fatal injuries." I wish I were no more on earth to witness Russell's gross misbehaviour on such a solemn occasion. His profuse apologies afterward did little to help cleanse of the bereaved friend's wound the salt

that Russell had so abundantly sprinkled.

Although I have had bellyful of Chaudhry Russell and the idea of parting with him does strike me often but he is too difficult a riddance. The more I try to distance away from him the greater grows his fondness for me. Honestly speaking, Russell is too sincere a friend to fall out with, so I have no choice but to endure his innocent antics, his forays into the province of literature and even his brash lingual duels with foreigners. I am convinced to the core that Russell is by far the most devoted friend I have ever known and lived with. The truth is that the people of his breed and calibre are not born every day--nor even on every soil!

The Return of Answer Books

Awais Amin

It has been almost two and a half years of mine at EME. In this tenure, I have experienced that there are some moments that have no parallel. The amalgam of joy and woe of those moments imprints such a lasting impression on our minds that we keep remembering those moments for a long time.

One of such moments is the moment when the teacher brings the checked papers in the class. The moment when students standing outside the classroom in corridor waiting for the teacher see the teacher holding a healthy white paper bag passes a ripple of shock, fear, joy and hope through students.

At first, there is a group that experiences a wave of joy and hope. They are the 'theetas'. Those, who know from the very moment they leave the examination hall that they have done well and wait restlessly for the papers to be checked.

Then there are some who experience a mixed feeling, they are those that do a "so-so" paper and

they hope; against hope that they get good marks. Thirdly, there is a group which experiences the shock and fear. They are poor non-theetas who know from the moment they leave the examination hall that they have done horrendously bad and keep praying that teacher never checks the papers.

Finally, the time comes, instructor announces in the class, "I have checked your papers and I will show them to you now" and then he takes out the checked answer sheets. The curiosity, fear, joy and hope reaches its peak.

Just before the instructor calls the name of first student to give him the answerbook, the poor lads who know they are doomed, fearing that teacher will announce the marks with names, ferociously shout at the CR, "oye, sir say paper pakar k distribute kar day". Sometimes, the teacher gives the answer sheets to CR, sometime he doesn't but doesn't announce the marks. But, sometimes he does announce the marks.

Instructor calls a theeta, he goes towards the stage, grabs the paper, takes a look at his marks, takes a 180 turn with a smile and returns to his seat. As

soon as he sits on his seat, a group of relativity theorists lump towards him asking, “kitne aye”, “kitne marks hain?” and the theeta proudly replies with his marks with as loud a voice as possible, “*itnay aye hain*”. After telling his marks, the theeta begins his calculations on how to get a “Higher Alpha” and not to fall in the category of “Lower Alpha”.

Now, instructor calls those who experienced a mixed feeling when they saw the teacher bringing the papers to class. They walk towards the instructor in a tense gait, grab the paper and if they get more than they expected, walk back with a smile and come back to their seat and happily tell their marks only to the person sitting next to themselves and then start thinking about possibilities of them getting an Alpha or B+ at least. If they got less marks than they expected, they walk back looking at the answer sheet, silently sit at their place, try to hide their answer books from relativity theorists and promise themselves to study more for the next paper.

Then comes the group, the poor non-theetas. Teacher calls their names, they walk towards the teacher with a super speed and a mild smile, grab their paper, don’t look at the marks, walk back to their seat with even more speed and wider smile, sit at their place, take a look at their marks, laugh, put their answer sheet under the desk, get worried, tell the marks to their best friends, receive condolences and then meditate, trying to work out a plan to score good in next exams.

After all the answer sheets are delivered, the instructor announces, “If anyone has any issue about the paper can come to me now” and just a few seconds after that, instructor is surrounded by a group of creatures who are not satisfied with 48/50 and want 49/50.

This whole process takes about 30 minutes to complete. After that, the instructor talks a little about the paper saying it was VERY EASY and next paper will be VERY DIFFICULT and moti-

vates the students to do well in the next paper and asks to return the papers to him and finally, it gets over and the life gets back to that boring routine.



*Dear Lays manufacturer !
You forgot to mention one more thing in the list of your ingredients.*

Air 90%



Having 1 child makes you a parent but having 2 makes you a referee.

*.....
Marriage is a relationship in which 1 person is always right and the other is always a husband.*

*.....
You can't buy love but you pay heavily for it. Wife and husband always compromise, husband admits that he's wrong and wife too agrees with him.*

*.....
Our language is called the mother tongue because the father never gets a chance to speak..!*



*.....
A boss was telling an applicant the two main rules of the company.. He said, "Our 2nd main rule is cleanliness. Did you wipe your feet on the mat before coming in?"*

*The applicant replied, "Yes sir! I did."
Then the boss said, "Our 1st main rule is trustworthiness.*

There was no mat!"

FACT &

Fiction



FACTS & FICTION

“Fiction reveals truth that reality obscures.”

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

My Stay at CAE

Muzammil Bashir

Just like every other child, I also grew up adoring planes and fantasizing becoming a pilot. It wasn't until eighth grade that I started to think about becoming an aeronautical engineer. In fact, it was my uncle who told me about it. It was only then that my interest shifted from becoming a pilot to an aeronautical engineer. After being denied by PAF, I applied in NUST and put avionics as my first preference. And by the grace of God, I got selected in avionics engineering at College of Aeronautical Engineering, PAF Academy, Risalpur.

I was quite enthusiastic about my stay here at Risalpur. I was also mentally prepared for some "physical torture" at the military institute. As soon as our parents left, we were treated in the manner which I had already expected. First of all, we were given fresh cadet cut. Then, we were summoned in one room where we were briefed about our daily routine.

It has been now about one and a half years at CAE and I have found my entire time here really enjoyable. Life in CAE is quite different from other colleges of NUST. Here Nustians are not allowed as much freedom as in other colleges but still you enjoy your time.

Routine of a NUST cadet at CAE is as hectic as that of an aviation cadet. You have to wake up 2 hours before college and report to a senior. You have to prepare for college. You are then supposed to clear the mess before mess clearance of seniors. You have to follow complete SOP. After college, you have to be in walking out dress. NUST Under Officer (NUO) and Junior NUST Under Officer (JNUO) make sure that the junior most observe prep with complete "devotion". Mobile phones and laptops are out of bound during complete first semester. Even, tuck shop, TV room and tea bar are also out of bound. You have to do "mile" daily during sports. If you fail to comply with any of the orders, then whole course has to report to seniors

in the evening after sports or prep.

Hostel life is amazing in CAE (or it's just that I find it amazing). Here course mates are much closer to each other as compared to other hostels. We have a lot of gatherings here. Usually the whole course goes out on a gathering as a unit. There is no extra messing facility available in NUST hostel so we either seek our way to CSD or to Fiaz. Fiaz is not a tuck shop; it's a phenomenon. College has even appointed a barber for us who regularly visits us twice a week. One cool thing is that we also have batmen like aviation cadets who are really a blessing. Mess is of just normal quality. One thing we all here hate is that there is no internet available in hostel. Weekends are usually not much fun as there isn't much to do. Risalpur is a small town. Apart from Saddar bazaar, there isn't much outside Risalpur cantonment but there are some really good army facilities.

Most of the instructors here are either in uniform or retired from Air Force. It really feels amazing to study from those and with those who are in Air Force. Most of them are PhD from reputed foreign universities. There is also a very good student to instructor ratio at CAE. CAE had been developed only for Pakistan Air Force. But later on, it also started training cadets from Army, Navy, PIA, NUST and some friendly Air Forces. Labs at CAE are amazing, especially those of aerospace. There is also a mirage III in structure lab. Hanger of Super Mashaq is just nearby the college. You can even see Super Mashaq, T-33 and K-8 flying the blue skies.

CAE is a great college to spend your 4 years for a bachelor degree. Although, there doesn't seem to be much fun like in other colleges but still you enjoy your life here. I love my college and I'd select CAE if I were given a second chance.

Life as an Executive

Fouzan Abdullah

This is my own story based on experiences and memories regarding the working of NUST Science Society and my perspective of things happening there.

When I first read the promo of NSS, I got all wide eyed and wishful. I saw in NSS everything an official society is depictive of, the professionalism (at least in their ads), the working way and the general environment. It was all very sophisticated and official and beautiful for me. Yes, I say beautiful because I had this feeling that being an NSS member makes you automatically very important, that you are contributing to the science throughout the world, and that you are at a level above the lowly laymen (read students who don't give a damn about societies). My professionalism rating of NSS 10/10.

Well I applied in publications, submitted the tasks.... and lo and behold; I got an interview call. I couldn't believe my luck. Being a freshman in engineering and just beginning to grasp the intricacies of the professional world, it was heaven for me that I was being called for an interview!! A real live interview!!!! I got all excited and waited anxiously for the big day. Being from another campus of NUST, I had my interview on Skype. I had this picture of a strict, important looking man, thoroughly professional, with the aura of a dragon. The next thing I knew I was looking at the face of this crazily smiling nice young girl (three years senior to me but still a girl!!!). I immediately relaxed and then we were talking, laughing, sharing experiences and I don't know what else. But then the meeting (it didn't seem like an interview really) was over and she was saying that if we select you we will tell you. Ok I said.

And then I waited. And waited. And continued waiting.

Then I asked my elder brother who is doing job

whether you call an interviewer and ask whether you were selected or not. I was of this view that maybe I had been rejected that's why I was being ignored. My brother said, ask them, they won't bite you. Ok I said.

I wrote them a nice long email asking about what happened to that interview I gave a month ago, and Wow! They were tumbling over themselves saying apologies, and that it was a mistake and that they are extremely sorry and that I had been selected. This was one and half months after the interview, mind you! So that's how my impression of a professional society slipped some notches.

Professional rating 8/10

This is summer semester and the month of May. I anxiously wait for my letter. Which not unexpectedly, never comes. Then the finals start and I am beginning to curse the society heads for being so irresponsible about their recruitment drive.

Then in the fall semester, after two and half months that is, I again contact them and ask them about my selection. Their response hit me like a bombshell. They were saying that it was the beginning of a new session, all the old admin had left and they had a completely new admin and didn't know anything about any recruitment drives in March. What the hell! I thought in my head. I showed them their own promo. Which, again not unexpectedly, they didn't recognize. Sigh. I then contacted my campus coordinator, who contacted the HR Director, and after a week of pulling strings, I was able to make them realize that they indeed had selected me and that I was now officially executive member of the Professional Society. Let's see what lies ahead.

I went to the event immediately after my selection that was MTS (Meet The Scientist). All executives' presence was mandatory as here was to be a group photograph of the full team of NSS

comprising around 80 executives, office bearers, group head, etc. So my friend (who also got selected as NSS member) planned to go to the event. Unfortunately we got very late, and upon reaching SCME (School of Chemicals and Materials Engineering) Seminar hall, we found that everyone was filing out. We waited sheepishly at the entrance for the photograph. After the group photo I asked about my Director from the joint secretary and explained to him that we got late; sorry about that. I expected a reprimand, but their response took me by surprise.

Us: Sorry sir hamay dair hogai hm ne meeting miss kr di. Apbta den wo (director) kahanhain

He: Meeting misskrdi? koi baat ni, group photo me to thay na?

Us: Han sir thay

He: Phir khair ha

I was just beginning to grasp the meaning of the word professional. Oh so thoroughly professional.

Professional Rating 7.5/10

Then I found my Director and had a long chat with my Director about how I am from a different campus, and how I cannot come to each and every meeting, probably I will rarely be seen here, I said. Its ok she said. I was thankful she understood me. We had this conversation for like 30 minutes. Then after this we (my friend and I) left for EME College.

I was now at ease. I had become the member of a professional (looking) society, and I had made friends with Director (sort of) and didn't have to go to their meeting, but still got to carry the tag of NSS with me and show off to my friends. Oh how I enjoyed watching them burn.

Then a week later, tragedy struck. My Director changed and the new Director immediately called a meeting of her team. I was left standing in chest deep water. But I managed to wriggle out of this one. And once again everything was ok.

Then one day as I was online on Facebook, I got a message from the president...I couldn't believe my eyes. I, a lowly executive member, was being

inboxed by the NSS President. Wow, this had to be important. It sure had to be. I quickly replied her. Better read the conversation.

President: So how does it feel to be a part of NSS finally?

Me: (feeling that I had to be extremely professional and sophisticated as this was the high and mighty president... better impress her).

Me: It feels great to be sitting in EME and have some association with H-12 campus frankly and some apprehension on the high level of quality and work. I will have to be on my toes as I will be very concerned about the quality of my work not matching your high expectations.

President (obviously bored by my professional talk): Ok, for now just share it on your wall.

(Sends me the promo of the next event)

Me: (speechless)

Had I read correctly? Was this really the president? Was this the leader of NUST's Biggest and Most Professional Society? She was asking me to share the promo on my Facebook wall. What a dumb thing to do. And surely unbecoming of the president. But well I guess she was human too (of course she was -_- , that was me on the seventh sky, everyone else was on first slip, stupid me, share the poster on my wall, of course I could do that, what was stupid in that, stupid me, I will never forgive myself for thinking that way again.

Professionalism Rating 6/10

Well, well, well, so much for professionalism. After daydreaming two months about the most professional society of NUST, I was getting enlightened on every step. After that, as I was to find out through experience, there was not so much work to do as the showoff that came with it. On the society's main page, the main regular activity was... Guess what Wishing birthdays! Yes you read correctly. Upon asking the HR Director (whose job, I guess, is to keep the page healthy, juicy, and full of activity, no matter how mundane it is) her answer was;

HR Dir: NSS is a professional society and we

wish birthdays to show that we are a part of the grinding factories of the professional world and we do care about our executives. Fair enough, I thought.

But the continuous lack of activity on my group page of publications was unnerving. Wasn't there anything to do at NSS I thought?

Then my sensible friend of EME college told me that as NUST is a new university they don't have so many societies and events, so whatever societies they have, no matter how much people are on their team, work is done by only a diligent few. And the rest are merely on reserve. Wow I thought.

Professional Society Rating: 4/10.

Life kept going on this way. I was at my grandmother's one day when I got a text from my director "Check fb inbox". Sigh. I thought. After waiting for any type of work to do for almost two months, I am now being contacted when I have come to uncle's wedding.

Apni to bad luck he kahrab ha yaar.

I profusely apologized, she graciously accepted. And life was normal again.

Then next semester started and I began with a new will to scale back on extracurricular. I resolved to give a back seat to professional society (was it still professional? The only thing professional was their two piece suits in events)

The Dawn of Inspiration:

But to my horror, NSS pulls off a big one with Inspire (Internship Student Poster Presentation), I wasn't even following it on the group as I didn't give a damn about internship (I was still in second year and not interested in internships, at least for now).

I was at my aunt's one day and then I got this text from my friend, tuned on Sachal TV. I had never heard of it before, but still I tuned in on it, and wow!! This is my society on TV. Can you believe it. The professional society is professional after all. I tell anyone and everyone under the sun about this event.

I am in this society. This is my society. I am an executive member of this society.

Did you appear on TV?

Go to hell dammit. Who cares whether I came on TV or not. IT is my society and I am still a member of it.

But nobody is interested and I start to cool off too. After all, what is the big deal anyway, Professional society or not, it is still run by students.

What's the matter if everyone is so sophisticated as I hoped, they are after all humans, and you can't be perfect. That does not mean that I am, but I still felt that these people were super professional people.

In short I have come a long way from the wide eyed, high up to the seventh sky kid of the first year who wets his pants just watching the message of the president on his inbox.

Enlightenment:

After all, this is student society and everyone, is a student. At the end of the day it is collective benefit for all of us. We all learn from each other. What's the big deal if we crack jokes sometimes? We are humans too. And I personally liked everyone's happy go lucky attitude in the event I went and met them (that happens to be a grand total of two events). At the end I am thankful to NSS for giving me an opportunity, and I am sure I will learn more from it in the days to come.

Professionalism Rating: Who Cares?

Disclaimer: *The following article is the writer's perspective of real life events. It is intended to be purely humorous. Criticism is not directed to any one person or group in particular.*

From The Writer: *It is not my intention to hurt anyone. Just a lighter side of things. My apologies if I have transgressed the bounds at any place.*

Behind the scenes of getting into SEECS

Awais Imran

Discussions, over which field of Engineering I should get into, started as early as SSC-II. I always wanted to do something related to computing and so, the only field suitable for me was Computer Science or Software Engineering.

My parents and my grandparents, of course, suggested going for Electrical Engineering since it has the highest scoring requirements (from which, it was incorrectly inferred that it has the best after-graduation job scene). Other fields, such as Accounting & Finance, Chartered Accountancy and even Mass Communication were considered but ultimately struck off the list.

This confusion, of whether I should go ahead with my parents' choice or go for CS/SE, was unusually stressful for me. I had the record required to be an Electrical Engineer, but had no real interest in it. Computer Science on the other hand, as I was falsely led to believe, would be riskier because it has less "scope" in Pakistan.

The cause behind this misconception is the lowest merit requirements for these courses in the Universities here. Nevertheless, after a lot of research to back my choice, I finally managed to convince my father. It wasn't easy, but I managed to do it, thanks to considerable help from friends and older relatives. CS/SE has plenty of scope: it is a skill-dependent field, where employers tend to focus on your skills, rather than the university from which you graduated.

I was selected for NUST on August 29th. There was a little problem however; I was selected for Computer Engg at E.M.E and not Software Engg. at SEECS. I, for the life of me, cannot remember why I chose it to be my first preference. Thankfully, my father and I went straight to the Registrar,

who wasn't very helpful, to get my preferences changed.

The next week or so proved quite difficult for me. The thought of a few seconds, spent choosing my preference on a form, determining my major disturbed me.

Still, despite everything, I was selected for Software Engineering at NUST- SEECS in the 2nd list. I remember the exact moment: I was hanging out with a friend when I received a text message from another NUST hopeful, "Start jumping! Check NUST result".

I did actually start jumping up and down... like a little girl.

After spending a week down in depths of despair, I got what I wanted. It was the happiest moment of my life.



*Classroom is like a train.
1st two benches are reserved for VIPs . .*

*Next two benches are general coach.
Then last two benches are very demanded.*

Because It is a SLEEPER COACH.



A camel can work the whole week without drinking. A man can drink the whole week without working.

I am a 'theeta' and I know it

Aamna Zahid

Power bunks, no way

I am a Theeta I am not supposed to do power bunks. I was born to maintain a hundred percent attendance record how can I forgive myself if I ever break my record. So no bunking, I will attend every lecture even if my whole class is not attending, their attendance their virtue and my attendance my headache simple as that. In fact I will also try to convince the teacher to arrange a graded quiz so they may know the long term disasters of their acts. I mean this much non seriousness deserves a lesson...what say?

Relative system Yesss!

I am in NUST that makes me a theeta. Cream comes to this institute People Being a Nustian is no joke. And guess what this Geek institute has its own perks for geeks... Yes the "Relative system". So I will study day and nights, I will study openly, I will study secretly. I will not share my assignments. Come on people I make them with quite much effort why should people get them without any effort; I will leave my facebook status online on night before exams so people may think that I am chilling out and in real I will be studying a lot "a simple bluff" I mean people should know I am a theeta and get better grades than everyone and show this cream of Pakistan I am even better than them. They may be geeks but a Theeta'a supernatural one?:

PR with teachers

Forget the people with average intelligence of my degree. I will go after the MS and PhD lecturers and professors, only they can help me for my cause. So my contact list should have their contact numbers. I will follow them on facebook and will correspond with them on mail too. They should know that I am in quest of knowledge. I

want to learn more than they teach in class. Infact wait a minute why not show them that I know much more than my class. So I will also utilize my out of box knowledge in class, ask questions from that. Discuss some advance topics in class. This will surely impress them. Good idea for sure:

I shall help

On paper checking days I do appear, even I already know that I will be getting straight As just to help my poor teachers. Kids will be fighting about the unfair marking and marks so I will stand with him for moral support and also assist him handling the wild students by pointing out the mistakes in their exam papers and why actually teacher deducted their marks and even I can explain these kids a better way to answer the exam questions. See how I shall help.

Assignments before due date

I am a genius and I am punctual so I will make assignments before due date. Infact again I have a better idea if I get wind that my fellows are planning to postpone assignment. In any case I will go to teacher before them and submit my assignment. Good idea; then teacher will never listen to them and tell them if I can make assignment they can complete it too, what a joke like they have a high IQ and punctuality like me.

If my computer can multitask, so can I

If my computer can multitask then my mighty brain should have no problem. So my workspace should have everything a laptop, books and all my gadgets. I will study from MIT website, go through my books, message my seniors about their projects and complete assignments all at one time. Being a theta is so cool you feel superhuman all the time.

Sinister Season of AMC

Naveed Malik

April may have made a fool out of us by bringing us sudden snowfall up north and intermittent showers in our hometown Rawalpindi but for the 2nd year class, 34th MBBS, it has brought an altogether new season: the exam season.

With their third module ending on the 9th of April and send-ups commencing from the 25th, these guys find they have a lot to think about. Head and Neck, Gastrointestinal Tract, Renal Physiology, Endocrinology... and the list titled 'things-to-cram' goes on and on.

Fevers run high as cadets are seen huddled together around scanty anatomical models in the museum. Some are found bewildered, trying to make out the head from the tail of the embryology models, while some just gaze in awe at the incinerated cadavers lying on the dissection table in the DH. Histology slides prompt many individuals to consult the Ishihara Charts in the Physiology Lab.

The formerly deserted cemetery, also known as the library, where previously no more than a few morbid souls roamed, comes to life and is hustling and bustling with student activity. The shelves are devoid of the dusty books that once occupied them. Each cubicle bears a 'DO NOT DISTURB' sign as cadets scrutinize their text books, their noses buried in the pages. Pillars of books demarcate the territories of hardcore 'thetas' of 34th MBBS like Shehryar Shah Roghani and Sahar Yasin Soomro. Approaching them is like putting one's head in the mouth of a hungry lion; it cannot be accomplished unless one's a veteran. And even then, there is no guarantee.

Move slightly medially and you land in the computer center, the den of the 34th-ian cyber freaks, including Waqas Bhatti, Kashif Abbas and Azhar

ul Hassan Qureshi. Here the atmosphere seems to be slightly better ventilated as we see an odd smile pass around every now and then. While some cadets are engrossed in 3D models of head and neck rotating in front of them; there are some who seek solace in sports videos on youtube or online 'Akhbar-e-Jahan' (Yes they are that desperate! Oh and don't worry Ahmed Kamal, I didn't tell them who it was. Azhar's screen, however, bears a blue strip near the upper margin; God bless you Mark Zuckerberg.

With the announcement of deadlines by every HOD alongwith stupefying stipulations by the Physiology Department, in some circles, panic seems to have set in. MCs, PCs and NCs alike, everyone is found running here and there frantically with one's practical notebooks in one hand and a wad of cash in the other. Desperate times, indeed, call for desperate measures.

These dark times find students calling on new gods like Faiq and Firdous and holy books including Essence and Concise. Guyton and Ganong lie lost somewhere deep in the chamber of secrets, christened 'store room' by the hostel authorities. Lippincott and Harper are all but forgotten while Snell and KLM are names that Ali Riaz just fails to recognize.

Everyone seems to be searching for the two P's of Amcolian success: past papers and pet questions. However, despite these dire circumstances, there are certain outlaws who simply refuse to frown and tend to, as they say, 'go with the flow'. This lot is mostly found lurking in the vicinity of the cafeteria and while they, too, have Mini-Guytons clenched in their hands, they always greet you with a broad smile and, if it's Shais Talat, a wicked SMS joke.

Being a Janitor's Assistant

Fouzan Abdullah

Wednesday afternoon, 15th of May, and I am sitting in an auditorium waiting for yet another event of NSS, Meet the Scientist, to start. As it mentions scientist I have an image of this nerdy guy with frowning brows and hurried step. Yet the man who is staring out at me from every of the six corners of the auditorium is the complete opposite of what I imagined. This is Dr Adil Najam, as the poster shouts out at us. He is also VC LUMS, winner of Goodwin medal for effective teaching and numerous other things.

Dr Adil's turn to hold the stage came soon and hold he did. For the better part of two hours or so he took us to an exhilarating and wonderful journey down memory lane, back to when he was a boy.

"When I was four years old, my parents left me at school. They haven't yet come to pick me up." My assumption negated. He was a scientist after all. Only a scientist had to be this crazy to have passed three quarters of his lifespan (judged on the regional lifespan) studying; and still showing no signs of stopping.

I turned back to the stage. Dr Adil (I was beginning to like his personality with every passing minute) was telling us about some of the lessons he had learnt from his life; "The seven lessons of my life" he called them.

Beginning with a lust for learning, I along with the audience was first lectured about the importance of humility. He was telling he had been a janitor's assistant in Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). (Funny, I thought, to travel all the way to MIT to be a janitor's assistant). Then I heard him saying that his father was a government servant and I was brought to my senses.

He had a taste for dance too, as his life's ambition was to see LUMS students as waiters in the LUMS cafeteria. Oh, but wait, wasn't he saying something about being humble, I think that's why, stupid me.

Then we were advised to build bridges, not walls. Yeah, you heard me right.

Build bridges, not WALLS.

I was just starting to think that being a civil engineer he had remembered some old phrase from his textbook, but then I came to know that he was actually telling us to keep our options open, not limit ourselves. Oh so that's where the wall comes, I thought to myself.

Moving on to his work in the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, he proudly told us that being a jack of all trades (Law, Engineering, Teaching) he could converse with ease with everyone, as the other men on the panel were so liable to using their respective field's jargon. But thanks to being in school since 4 years old, Dr Adil was able to sail through. This incident was narrated specially to lecture us on being multidisciplinary (and; this was me thinking, tempt us into learning all the life; fat chance I thought)

There are smart people in this world. And there are good people in this world, he tells us. But being smart is due to no effort on their part, they were born smart. But being good is an art, only a few are able to master.

To be smart is good, to be good is great.

And then came the not so inspiring words,

"Make friends on your way up, because you will meet them on your way down."

I am sure we were just as confused as he himself was when his teacher uttered those words. Yet he was right in saying that,

"We all come down sooner or later. It is called gravity."

As Dr Adil was so kind to tell us. And thus another remarkable session with another remarkable scientist ended with promise of such remarkable sessions brought to you by the so very remarkable (I will say so, I am an executive member, hell yeah) NUST Science Society.

R.I.P Fairy Tale

Arslan Khan

Note: “We” refers to brothers. And by brothers “we” don’t mean all the masculine gender.

Before our sojourn here, we were the dwellers of a fantasy world; a world that is so far from being true; a world in which the concepts of kindness, sympathy and honor which are believed to be redundant now are there and entities known as friends actually exist. And then out of thin air MCS appeared.

Reality hit us so hard in the face that the fantasy world came crumbling down upon us, pinning us face first to the floor, knocking the air out of our lungs. As if a house maid sounds the summons to damnation: “Get up Boy! Time to go to school.” The boy pleads: “But I am really sick, I can barely walk”. The executioner of a woman looks at him in contempt and says: “Now we don’t want to make things a little too easy for you. Do we? But what do stubborn fighters do? Well they fight. Strong believers of “rising from the ashes” philosophy, we engaged survival mode while others were excelling, scoring brilliant GPAs, we were desperately battling for our existence not to mention the eternal peril of withdrawal looming dangerously ahead. It is not that we didn’t study and all but whatever we did helped little to fit us in. We made “friends”. Oh yes we did, but few stood by us in the long run. Some thought of us as being a distraction in their ultimate goal of pursuing good grades, though we never hindered their study. Some found other friends who weren’t strictly speaking boys; they too parted because the “other friends” didn’t approve of us, though we never meant any disrespect. Some were fully capable of laughing and mocking us but lacked the ability to endure a simple anecdote; we left them. We wished them all good luck and happiness. We spent our time like this.

Semester 1: The world was falling apart; we were trying to pull ourselves together.

Semester 2: Still no clue.

Semester 3: Got relatively good grades. Yes, but the competition was getting fiercer, with the people getting hungrier let alone meaner.

Semester 4: Found out that hypocrisy may not be the best policy but it sure as hell is the best practice, still we couldn’t indulge in the practice because we thought that it was against our honor; Result: we suffered.

Semester 5: For a change we didn’t study (this definitely doesn’t mean that Rawalpindi is teeming with recreational spots). You might’ve heard: “Change is what? Change is good”

But in our case the result was otherwise yet.

Semester 6: can’t say (grades have not been finalized)

Through all these years we have learned:

- Stay cynical. Don’t trust anybody. Nobody cares whether you live or die.
- Walk like you own the place but do not act like you own the place. Do not let anything get to your head.
- Be vigilant, at least one person is trying to fix you all the time.
- Money makes the world go around so try and make as much money as you can.
- Don’t give justifications, friends wouldn’t need them; fair weathers wouldn’t believe them.
- Beware of staffs; their most favourite pastime is fining students and their second most favourite pastime is fining students, so is third

and fourth.

- Choose Final year projects only from the list proposed by department.
- Say things only if you can do them. Don't just run your mouth.

Now concluding our torture of an article we just want to say that all in all the university life (three years now) was an incarnating experience, a metamorphosis from boyhood to manhood. We got to see the real world and it did us a world of good you see, nobody is going to welcome you out there on a red carpet with roses in their hands. But probably with a smirk on their faces trying to outshine you in a drab interview room or maybe a grumpy boss ready to fire away orders. But things could also turn out to be really great for you if a guy who is really rich and influential is very closely related to you.

Till then, enjoy your stay and don't forget to do your own things. See around. Cheers mates!

"Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune but great minds rise above them."

— Washington

"Be not afraid of going slowly. Be afraid of standing still."

— Chinese Proverb

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

— Ralph Waldo

"Love is a serious mental disease"

— Plato

"Choose a job you love and you will never have to work a day in your life."

— Anonymous

"Love is not just looking at each other; it's looking in the same direction."

— Antoine de Saint-Exupery

Teacher fell asleep in class and a little naughty boy walked up to him,

Little boy: "Teacher are you sleeping in class?"

Teacher: "No I am not sleeping in class."

Little boy: "What were you doing sir?"

Teacher: "I was talking to God."

The next day the naughty boy fell asleep in class and the same teacher walks up to him...

Teacher: "young man, you are sleeping in my class."

Little boy: "No not me sir, I am not sleeping."

Angry teacher: "What were you doing??"

Little boy: "I was talking to God."

Angry teacher: "What did He say??"

Little boy: "God said He never spoke to you yesterday..."



Impact of Job Change:

A taxi passenger touched the driver on shoulder to ask something. Driver screamed, lost control of the car, went up on the footpath & stopped a few centimeters from a shop.

The driver said:

"Don't ever do that again, you scared me".

Passenger apologized and said:

"I didn't realize a little touch would scare you so much".

Driver replied:

"Sorry, it's not your fault. It's my 1st day as a Cab driver. I've been driving a van carrying dead bodies for the last 25 years.

Drama Serials

Ali Aitzaz

Drama serials are considered to be the best time pass for the house women and other classes of women. The most attracted ones are the teen agers and the twenties. Not only the women but men and kids are also very much involved in these dramas now-a-days. They are a good thing to pass the time if they have some moral lesson or something that helps to build the nation or cause a positive effect on the minds of the spectators. But there are consequences of these dramas as any other activity that is done to pass time.

The channels showing these dramas take it as a business and so they add more spice each and every time as the audience may get bored watching the same story in each drama. The spice added may cause severe damage to the nation as a whole by affecting individuals. The dramas mostly watched in Pakistan include a great number of Indian dramas. They show their culture and many other aspects of their own country. It is a good thing to be discussed publicly and dramas provide a great and effective source for that. These have some damaging effects on the minds especially of the young generation.

In many stories, the love of college age boys and girls is shown to be hurdled by the father of one or some other senior family person and in the end, the couple betrays the family for their own purpose. It affects the minds of the college and university students in a sense that they take their own family members as hurdles in their love stories and other activities that they don't allow the children to do. It is one of the major reasons for the lack of respect and love for the parents that they deserve. This is one side effect of watching these drama serials for young generation that is supposed to make the county's future bright. How can it be done when they are too busy making

their own way to the one in their mind?

Another effect of the Indian dramas on the children is the religious one. Many children spend their time watching the kids' dramas and the others with their mothers, sisters or others who may not be affected themselves. I would like to quote an example of this thing here that, Maulana Sahib in our area's mosque spoke about once. He said, "I was once invited to a marriage of a rich family in Lahore. It was a regular function as there was music and cheers everywhere that was a bit hurting too, (not going to that point here as it is not being discussed here) but the thing that hurt the most were the words of a little girl that may be of 8 or 9 years. I heard her asking her mother about the end of the ceremony when Nikah had completed. Her mother told her that it is done, we are about to go home, to which the girl replied, khtm kese ho gyi? Abi to phherey b nhi hue." This was purely the effect of the Indian dramas. This must be supervised.

The Sas-Bahu serials are one of the most trendy ones overall. They have a bad impact on the adults as well. When the women in the house watch those dramas, they tend to apply the stories to their own families. Everyone starts finding the mistakes of others to be discussed and shared with each other excluding the one being discussed. This is a real bad thing. Everyone trying to cut the leaf of the other without letting the other one know who the real jack is. This is not taught to us by Islam and the Holy Prophet (PBUH).

Another major problem being faced as a consequence of these spicy dramas is the addiction. The spice is added to attract as much viewers as possible and thus the spice added does the trick. The one watching the dramas already are addicted to

it very much and they don't miss even a single episode of the serial. This causes many delays in some works. Everyone advises to avoid smoking and other stuff to be safe and not to be addicted but no one pays attention to this addiction.

There are of course some good points of the dramas such as one gets to pass the time easily and gets some knowhow of the world. This also satisfies the minds of some story lovers. The spice added causes some kind of addiction to the dramas and it also helps to maintain the routine somehow. The dramas produced for fun actually help one to relieve the stress of the day a lot. They refresh the mind and help the spectators to carry out the task effectively. The dramas should be supervised by some sensible person as what the children should watch and what not. There are certain programs for the knowledge of children and the adults as well that should be watched. They create one's interest in some field very effectively. This all is one aspect of the television.

"No great man ever complains of want of opportunities"

— *Ralph Waldo*

"A germ cannot be polished without friction, not a man perfected without trials"

— *Chinese Proverb*

"A friend is who knows all about you and still love you."

— *Elbert Hubbard*

"You can never cross the ocean unless you have the courage to lose sight of the ocean"

— *Elbert Hubbard*

"If you cannot forgive and forget pick one"

— *Robert Raul*

"If you will call your troubles experiences, and remember that every experience develops some latent force within you, you will grow vigorous and happy, however adverse your circumstances may seem to be."

— *John Heywood*

"Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

— *Confucius*

"Life begins at 40 - but so do fallen arches, rheumatism, faulty eyesight, and the tendency to tell a story to the same person, three or four times."

— *Helen Rowland*

"Dont wait to strike when the iron is; but make it hot by striking"

— *William B. Sprague*

"An archaeologist is the best husband a woman can have. The older she gets the more interested he is in her."

— *Agatha Christie*

"You know you are getting old when the candles cost more than the cake."

— *Bob Hope*

*"Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can."*

— *John Wesley*



S CIENCE & FICTION

“Life imitates art far more than art imitates Life.”

— *Oscar Wilde*

Comp- Kills Creativity

Muhammad Haris

Competition, defined as the struggle between two individuals or a group of people for a certain defined profit or a prize, hinders creativity, the process of creating something new. Unlike competition that ignites an 'always-to-win passion' creativity promotes innovation. Creativity brings with it soothing relief, comfort and a feeling of satisfaction whereas competition causes most of the stress and discomfort in human lives. A state of openness to yet unseen possibilities, creativity is ignited naturally when one is fully immersed in one's work or job.

Our education system, which badly suffers from the lack of an intrinsic purpose of learning, is chiefly responsible for killing the innocent ideas of the children individually and collectively; it's the main hurdle in the progress of the country. Unmindful of the surroundings and undaunted by risks, a child brings his mind into play. He observes life from a different perspective, but once admitted to school, all his vision to turn dreams into reality fade away. At school, he is over-burdened with textbooks of various sizes and shapes. This predicament in first place kills the seeds of creativity within him and then compels him not to think beyond the acquired knowledge. Instead of visualizing $2+2=4$, he starts memorizing things. Always mortally concerned to secure good grades and stand out, he enters into a never ending race of competition which he must try to win throughout his life. To add fuel to the fire, the exams are a test of the memory and not the application or analysis of the acquired knowledge. Ironically, the student tries to memorize the knowledge in order to prove his worth to the competitive world, and with it is extinguished the spark of creativity deep inside him.

The ravages caused by competition are not confined to children alone. As an engineering student,

I myself am a grim witness to the oppression of the competitive environment pervading our universities. Almost 85 percent of the students learn merely to earn for themselves. And for that matter, they undertake every effort to secure good grades. In the feverish self-created competitive scenario, they don't mind even pulling down their classmates. Instead of imparting to them sound knowledge, design and problem-solving techniques, the universities too rely more on evaluating the students in terms of grades, thus distinguishing students on the basis of uncreative exams. In the whirl of competition, the nation's would-be engineers destined to revolutionize the world find themselves in the rat-race of achieving high grades, thus isolating themselves from the sublime path of true learning.

In the presence of latest software technologies, why are these bright minds forced to solve numerical questions on paper? This is a moot question that agitates the mind of an objective observer. The universities focus more on teaching theoretical subjects. Consequently, the young engineers, who need to be equipped and groomed to solve the problems of the society, become a liability rather than an asset. And to their utter despair, most of these young lads lose their jobs just because they are devoid of the practical knowledge relevant to their fields and professional careers.

Competition is for winning and creativity is for satisfaction. Competition imparts jealousy, grudge and in extreme case hatred for the winner whereas, creativity is always acknowledged with dignity and pride by the people. Consider within families, competition amongst siblings or cousins for that matter, won't result in a healthy outcome, as ultimately, we'll have a loser (although extremely creative) with a heavy heart.

The Internet is underattack

Fahad Arshad

Experiencing poor connection speed? Well, the internet was under attack, and still is. Being one of the most vital amenities of the modern world, disrupted Internet service is causing a lot of agony for the users as well as for organizations that depend on the Internet for their transactions.

“Spamhaus” is an organization that battles Internet spam and blacklists any sites or organizations that generate spam and in the process they make a lot of enemies.

Spamhaus has been under a drastic and inevitable attack since 18 March after Cyber-Bunker, considered to be the main perpetrator of this attack, was blacklisted due to alleged spamming.

Cyber-Bunker along with many other agitated spammers, who saw an opportunity for settling score, retaliated against Spamhaus by DDOS-ing them. Distributed Denial of Service (DDOS), is an attack wherein the attackers overwhelm the target’s server(s) with requests resulting in the inability of that server to respond to legitimate traffic and thereby going virtually offline.

Pretending to be Spamhaus, attackers sent large amounts of traffic to DNS servers (that direct traffic). After the traffic was thought to be legitimate the servers provided Spamhaus with the ‘request-

ed’ data. Being unaware, Spamhaus was not ready to face such an assault and as a result, the DNS servers started to choke. Consequently, traffic all over the World was re-routed to alternate paths which weren’t the best or optimum routes. These longer routes meant that it took requests more time to process and what followed was a Global drop of Internet speed.

In nontechnical terms the highway on which information travelled was out of order and smaller roads had to be taken by the entire traffic. Moreover, these roads were of course less direct and longer than the highway.

To give a rough idea about the magnitude of this attack consider this; for this attack data speed of up to 300 Giga-Bits per second (which equals to 300,000 Mega-Bits per second) were reached compared to an average size DDOS attack that has data speed up to 70 Mega-Bits per second. The largest attack that high-end servers can sustain is of data speed of up to 100 Giga-Bits per second. This attack is still not over and could prove to be a harbinger of similar acts of such massive impact under the pretense of blatant cyber justice. Meanwhile, try switching your routers off and then back on.

(The author writes at www.tamak-toyian.pk)

Graduation Speech

*I would like to thank the Internet,
google, wikipedia, Microsoft Office,
Ms Excel and Copypaste.*

*True fiends are the ones who have nice
things to say behind your back*

.....
*Be happy in front of people who don't like
you. It will teach them patience*

Regenerative Braking

Muzammil Bashir

Nowadays, almost everyone hear terms like carbon footprint, carbon emission, going green, global warming etc. Every company or corporation advertises its products with a frequently heard quote “environment friendly”. Most of the countries are working to alleviate global warming (which will eventually bring an end to life on earth), by encouraging the use of renewable energy sources, efficient and eco-friendly products and modern technology. Previously one thought of a vehicle as either a gasoline or diesel powered but now there are many different kinds of vehicles namely fuel cell powered, compressed gas, all electric vehicle, hybrid electric vehicle etc, mainly to cut down on fossil fuels and carbon emissions. Regenerative technology is one of the many technologies to make the vehicle on road more efficient.

According to a very famous and important first Law of thermodynamics which is simply the law of conservation of energy “energy can neither be created nor destroyed, but changes from one form to another”. Every time you push a brake pedal you are converting kinetic energy of a car to heat energy which is wasted. Automotive engineers developed a system to capture this lost energy.

In a traditional braking system, brake pads produce friction with the brake rotors to slow or stop the vehicle. Additional friction is produced between the slowed wheels and the surface of the road. This friction is what turns the car’s kinetic energy into heat. With regenerative brakes, on the other hand, the system that drives the vehicle does the majority of the braking.

Regenerative braking has its roots from mass transit system where they were first used. Many modern mass transit trains and trollies are electric and thus were prime experimental platforms to test

regenerative braking with. Most electrical trains do not use manual brakes, instead rely on what are called traction motors. These are electric motors which provide resistance to the wheels turning, slowing them down.

In general, regenerative braking is the capture of momentum from slowing the vehicle down so that the energy in the vehicle’s momentum is not lost. Electric vehicles, such as hybrids, usually capture the regenerative braking energy as electricity for re-use by the drive train. Other vehicles capture the regenerative braking as a kinetic force to be released later to assist the powertrain or other vehicle components.

Broadly regenerative braking is classified into two types:

- Electrical Regenerative Braking
- Mechanical Regenerative Braking

Electrical regenerative braking

This type of system is mostly employed in Electric vehicle (EV) and Hybrid electric Vehicle (HEV) having electric motors in their wheels, which run from dedicated batteries. One of the more interesting properties of an electric motor is that, when it’s run in one direction, it converts electrical energy into mechanical energy that can be used to perform work (such as turning the wheels of a car), but when the motor is run in the opposite direction, a properly designed motor becomes an electric generator, converting mechanical energy into electrical energy. This fact is used in electrical regenerative braking. When a driver pushes brake pedal the electronic circuitry or more appropriately Braking Controllers reverse the motor making it act like a generator (dynamo). This

electrical energy can then be fed into a charging system for the car's batteries. The energy stored as electricity is then returned to the drive train during acceleration or is used for other vehicle systems such as climate controls and electrical components.

In addition to this, braking controls decide whether to deploy regenerative braking or mechanical braking depending upon the speed for safety reasons.

Energy regeneration also helps drivers to travel farther which is very useful for long journeys.

Teleportation

Abdul Arham

In this modern era, everyone seems to be in a super rush. People tend to look for shortcuts and try to find the alternatives that are less time consuming. Fast cars, air jets, and rockets have come into existence but now we are looking for ways to outrun light. Poor humans! They are the most restless beings anyone has ever witnessed. They never show their contentment on their achievements but aim for perfection. They always tend to make improvements in the existing objects and God knows that the room for improvement is expanding continuously like some reckless balloon.

Speed is passion for many people while for others it is a necessity. The rich Arab youngsters and the thrill loving racers treat speed like a tame pet but, on the other hand the working class has to speed up in order to keep up with time because time, showing its characteristic stubbornness, waits for none. With the development in science and technology, our lifestyle is also getting more and more indebted to comforts. And we engineers are taught one thing right from our first class: economic feasibility. Other than looking for shortcuts, we humans also have a natural tendency to choose the things which are less expensive. If we have things our way then we will definitely try to get a Bugatti and Koenigsegg in the price of Honda CD 70. Keeping this cost effectiveness and time saving in mind, who can blame Merlin's desire for apparition and disappearance?

Our dear scientists are now trying their level best to thwart Merlin! Now work is being done on a

different mode of travelling by combining the knowledge from transportation and telecommunication. Thus this new mode gets its name from its parent disciplines i.e., "teleportation". Most of us have been introduced to this idea in the movies and television series like Star Trek, where captain Kirk and Dr. McCoy used this technique to beam down onto the different planets.

The idea of teleportation was very fascinating and is now too. But until 1993, it came under the heading of fiction. The credit for shifting this subject to the realm of reality goes to Charles Bennett and his team of IBM workers. The scientists kept on working and then in 1998, it was a team of California Institute of Technology along with two other groups who successfully managed to teleport a proton. The atomic structure was studied in a great detail and the team, like a skilled magician convincing the crowd about the authenticity of his magic tricks, demonstrated that the original photon was destroyed and its replica was created some 1 meter away. But for the particles greater in size than the photons, the scientists found themselves in a tight spot with Heinrich's uncertainty principle and certainly we cannot upset Mr. Heinrich. If we cannot know the position and speed of an object simultaneously then we cannot teleport it but this is contradictory to the statement of Heinrich, thus leading to disappointment for the fans of Captain Kirk. But followers of "where there is a will, there is a way" came up with a new solution. The fans of the complicat-

ed relationships will be happy to know that they came up with the idea of quantum entanglement. Quantum entanglement is a very broad concept. Quantum entanglement occurs when the particles like protons and neutrons interact with each other and then get separated and the resulting specie has the same spin, etc. using this concept, our scientist friends took three photons. The more the scientists are in a scientific article, the merrier it is. So now we shall discuss this interesting ensemble in a detail. Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen effect is a celebrated feature of quantum mechanics and it helped the team of scientists in 1993 to bend the clause of Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. How "naughty" of them! According to the Heisenberg's principle it was thought that such a minute study of one photon would destroy it, so they took some information from a proton and some information from the quantum entangled photon and then they copied the information to the third photon. So a replica was created but the original one got destroyed. The whole process is explained in detail as under:

Some part of the first photon was analyzed and the remaining part which was not scanned was transmitted to a third photon which was not previously in contact with the first proton by using the Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen effect. As a matter of fact, another photon was involved too which interacted first with the third and then it had an interaction with the first photon. The three scientists who brought about the concept of quantum entanglement were of the view that when particles come close to each other, and then get separated, they tend to exhibit some of the individual characteristics that can be related to one another. This has been repeatedly supported by the experiments. Believe me that Einstein did not have the hobby of giving out false alarms and supporting baseless facts. So what happened was that the two photons, that were in contact and then got separated, are taken at the receiving end and at the transmitting end and the photon at the transmitting end is scanned with the photon that is being teleported and then that partially extracted information is

sent to the receiving end and after the application of some procedures on the photon at the receiving end, it gets converted into an exact replica of the photon that was being sent.

Well, this idea certainly scares me. Imagine taking a teleportation trip from your office to your home and what reaches your home is not yourself but some replica having the same memories and feelings due to the synchronization of the same digital information.

Next the Australian National University successfully managed to teleport a laser beam in 2002. But the real hero came forward in October 2006 who teleported the information from a laser beam to an atomic cloud, thus not only satisfying he satisfied Mr. Heinrich but also taking a leaf out of Einstein's book by making teleportation possible between energy and matter. This was performed by Dr. Eugene Polzik and his team. Lately a team has managed to perform teleportation of the particles at a macroscopic level. A group of rubidium atom was teleported to another group that was placed 100m away with about 90 percent accuracy.

I really feel like ending this article and putting you all out of this misery but by doing so I will be doing injustice to the concept of quantum internet. The scientists sincerely hope to create quantum internet which will be many times faster than that being used today by using the concept of entanglement. The quantum bits will be sent or teleported more effectively than the transmission that takes place today through optical fiber. The atoms will be in the routers receiving the incoming photons and then these will be sent to the next router.

There are pros and cons of every method. According to the entanglement theory, teleportation leads to the depletion of entanglement and thus to entangle the particles again we have to bring them close to one another. But is this much work going to be worth one freaking teleportation?

The scientists are coming up with better and new approaches to reverse this entanglement after every teleportation. One such approach is to teleport quantum states sequentially whereas the second

protocol attempts to teleport several states at the same time.

The question is will we manage to teleport ourselves? The human body is not a static system. Moreover this whole entanglement and partial scanning and teleportation may result in the recreation of a being that does not even remotely match us. Imagine taking a trip from your office to your home. One second you disappear and when then a mutated form of you reappears with arms sticking out of the eye sockets. We cannot trust the recombining atoms completely as they can have the ten-

dency of “trolling” us. Moreover this teleportation phenomenon cannot take place at a speed equal to or greater than that of light. Therefore those planning for their villas construction in outer space are in for a scare. The teleportation machine may look like a photocopy machine. It will produce a replica of the person undergoing teleportation and the original one will have to be destroyed. Well! At least I am not going to sacrifice myself for the sake of teleportation of my replica. So scientists, I wish you good luck with that!!

“Adversity causes some men to break; others to break records”

— William A. Ward

“What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.”

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

“Life is not a problem to be solved but a reality to be expressed”

— Kierkegaard

“Happiness will never come to those who fail to appreciate what they already have.”

— Elbert Hubbard

“I have always maintained that no nation can ever be worthy of its existence that can not take its women along with the men”

— Muhammad Ali Jinnah

“A teacher affects eternity. He can never tell where his influence stops”

— Henry Brooks Adams

“You are never as good as every one tells you when you win. You are never as bad as everyone tells when you lose”

— Anonymous

“The talent of success is nothing more than what you can do well.”

— Henry W. Longfellow

“Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards”

— Soren Kierkegaard

“Determination, initiative and persistence are the foundation of success. There is no power on earth that can undo Pakistan”

— Muhammad Ali Jinnah



N

ATIONAL

“It is not always the same thing to be a good man and a good citizen.”

— Aristotle

Pakistani Media

Muhammad Ziyad Rasheed

Why has Pakistani Media started reporting like Indian media; going to the extremes of a topic, getting biased at times and then playing old songs in the background, repeating the scenes and displaying them in slow motion. News of fashion shows, Bollywood movies and other such things are shown as “BREAKING NEWS!” and included in the headline bulletins. All screens are ‘red’ even in the normal coverage and they keep on showing ‘exclusive or breaking’ news even in normal routine.

I can see at least 3 new channels in Islamabad emerging only recently; a couple of months back and they are also following the footprints of old giants of this industry. The Media in Pakistan is independent and with less restrictions as compared to many countries of the world. It is in its initial phases of development.

Television has vast impact upon the psychology of the viewers. Moreover such channels are seen all over the world since live streaming is also available over the internet. Let’s give a positive impression to the world whatever our internal conflicts and problems may be.

Come on Media people; get some mature now. All Pakistanis are not foolish.

Moreover, there is almost no coverage of international events and happenings around the globe. PEMRA should take the notice and act appropriately.

Seven Deadly Sins

1. *Wealth without work*
2. *Pleasure without conscience*
3. *Knowledge without character*
4. *Commerce (Business) without morality (Ethics)*
5. *Science without humanity*
6. *Religion without sacrifice*
7. *Politics without principles*

Regional Security 2014

Tughral Yamin

2014 would be a watershed year in the region. The NATO/ISAF will be withdrawing from Afghanistan leaving behind in uncertain hands i.e. Afghan National Security Forces (ANSF), comprising the Afghan National Army (ANA) and Afghan Police (AP), whose capabilities to operate on their own are suspect; President Hamid Karzai as per the Afghan constitution is not permitted to take part in the elections due in April next year; some

US military advisors and trainers, whose numbers are still to be determined; and a resurgent Taliban in the East and South of the country. Add to this a host of major and minor external and internal players, including India jostling for space in an Afghanistan without US forces and you have an explosive mix. A number of scenarios can develop once the Americans pack their bags and go home:

- **Scenario I.** External forces keep Afghanistan alive by funding it and adding spine to its weak institutional organizations through a dedicated cadre of advisors and consultants. The country continues to function as an extremely unstable entity, with diminished central authority until such time that a strongman from the military, clergy, politicians or the civil society arrives on the scene to steer it towards normality.
- **Scenario II.** The ANSF dissolves and the presidency is too weak to control the situation, and the sundry warlords/Taliban fight to gain power. After a short or extended civil war a new force emerges as the major power in Kabul and gives new direction to its internal and external policies as per the ideology that it subscribes to.
- **Scenario III.** The country implodes and fragments into a number of new states. The east and the south becomes the fiefdom of the Taliban, while other ethnic group holds sway in the centre, west and north. Each redefines external relations depending on its regional and ethnic affiliations.

It is in Pakistan's interest that Afghanistan remains a stable country after the foreign forces depart. Chaos in Afghanistan will not only negatively impact on the overall regional stability; it would also bring hardships to Pakistan in the form of a fresh influx of refugees. Pakistan is already home to approximately 3.5 million of them. About half of them are registered and others are illegal. The Afghans have been regularly relocating to Pakistan ever since the Soviet invasion and the refugee population has been blamed for the increase of crime and violence over the years. The advent of the suicide bombing has been the direct result of children forced into extremism because of lack of opportunities and falling prey to forces, who capitalize on their vulnerabilities. Expert forecast that the new wave of refugees would double the existing population of Afghans in Pakistan, se-

verely burdening the already fragile economy and further aggravating the law and order situation.

Given the bleak situation, Pakistan needs to take a number of policy decisions to handle the worst case scenario. First of all it needs to decisively and aggressively extend its writ in the FATA. The lawless elements in the tribal areas must be eliminated forcefully and under no circumstances be allowed to capitalize on the chaos in Afghanistan. Secondly the borders must be sealed. Refugees must not be allowed to use the unfrequented paths to infiltrate into Pakistan. The border controls must be stiffened to monitor all those adopting the legal routes. Thirdly, Pakistan must alert the world of the impending human tragedy in the aftermath of the exodus of the foreign forces leave and seek the help of international agencies to handle the crisis in the making. Last but not least Pakistan should prepare its own agencies to receive a new rush of displaced persons. Police must monitor them effectively and the government, NGOs and volunteers must be organized to channelize these people into designated areas. Our urban and rural areas must not be allowed to become safe havens for those who have no other recourse to livelihood but crime and violence. The time for action at the government level is now before it is too late.

Education is the most powerful weapon that you can use to change the world

— Nelson Mandela

There are worse crimes than burning books; one of them is not reading them.

— Joseph Brodsky

Death may be the greatest of all human blessings

— Socrates

In three words I can sum up everything I have learned about life. It goes on

— Robert Frost

Pakistan Air Force

Muhammad Awais Younis

Did PAF completely dominate the skies in 1965? Most people would say 'yes' and why wouldn't they, for they have read tales of M.M. Alam, Cecil Chaudry and Sarfaraz Rafiqi ruling the skies and taking down enemy fighters. If we compare the air forces of two countries in 1965 we see that the numbers were not on our side but technologically we can call it a draw. We had regions only 2 mach capable jets (F-104 starfighter) often called 'bad-mash' by Indians. Pakistan's F-86 sabres were somewhat inferior to Gnat but could carry more armament and were able to make faster maneuvers. PAF's B-57 Canberra bombers were actually developed from EE Canberras IAF was using, so naturally B-57s were better. And even with these technological advantages it took PAF continuous raids till 15 September to disable Amritsar radar and Indian bombers would sometimes even come in broad daylight deep till Peshawar airport. The main thing ignored in our history books is that IAF had to keep much of planes at Chinese boarder because of high tension. Victory is not about body counts, enemy war machines lost or area captured; I will leave that part to military analyst: the people who think that war begins at battlefield and also ends there, but in reality battlefields are just the foreplay of war.

PAF's real defeat started the day the 1965 war ended. US embargo put PAF's progress at stall and whereas IAF improved dramatically with Russian help. Induction of Mig-21 and Su-7 made them so powerful that they were convincingly able to defeat PAF in upcoming war of 1971. And things started to get worse as years passed by. PAF started to 'over-trust' F-16s. JF-17, although a good induction, lack the qualities of an excellent fighter. PAF arsenal lacks any aircraft capable of making a good offense. Currently it doesn't have any strategic bomber, any twin engine fighter ca-

pable of delivering 'punch', land support jets are also not there and none of the present PAF fighter is capable of super-maneuvers. Another notable thing is that Pakistan army didn't need much of air support in that war because its armor and artillery was almost equal to Indian army, a luxury Pakistan army doesn't enjoy now-a-days.

And during the same course of time IAF evolved to a whole new level. Now not only do Indians have numbers on their side, they also have all the things that modern technology has to offer. Vector thrusting, super-maneuverability, stealth, speed, power and aerial intelligence are all on their side. And the main difference between PAF and IAF is still to come: unlike us, IAF has specialized aircraft for each job. Su-30 MKI along with mig-29 does air dominance, Sepecat Jaguar and Mig-27 are for ground support, HAL FGFA will be their 'surprise', and mirage 2000 and HAL Tejas their multi-role fighters. The imbalance of forces will become even worse when 126 Rafale will join ranks of IAF.

May be on those few days of 1965 we achieved something, but we stopped there. The illusion of complete victory clouded our minds. We started to think that because we did those feats in 1965, we will be able to put that stunt again and again. But in the real world things have changed. We are underestimating the training and strength of foes. If we have to survive this battle, a complete restructuring of air force and many specialized aircraft are needed. If government and PAF policy makers can spare some time from believing in American technology, they should consider including greatly overlooked Russian technology. Not only does US weaponry cost more, constant embargoes from her side have always stalled PAF's modernization. Actions need to be taken urgently, technologically it is going to take a lot more than 3 squadrons of

J-10, and some multi-role fighters like F-16 and JF-17 to hold back those red roundel jets but that is just a small part of things we need to improve.

The most important thing is that we let go of that 'superiority complex' and start to realize that we are up against a much stronger opponent.

Pakistan in the N-11

Syed Hassan Mussana

I was reading an economic research paper a few weeks back when I came across an information about the importance of the share of Pakistan in the global economy. Research papers were published by a well-known economic organization named "Goldman Sachs" which is based in the U.S.A and is the work of a well-known economist Jim O'Neil. It still stays disappeared from the very eyes of our own nation and from the people who just say that Pakistan is a poor country and it cannot sustain. And it was then that I thought I would share this important information with my fellow Signalians in simple language.

Now before going to the facts and figures, I will just describe that what "N-11" actually means. This acronym N-11 stands for Next 11 which are the 11 countries, according to the Goldman Sachs, which have a high potential of becoming, along with the BRIC/BRICS, the world's largest economies in the 21st century. The countries are alphabetically Bangladesh, Egypt, Indonesia, Iran, Mexico, Nigeria, Pakistan, Philippines, Turkey, South Korea, and Vietnam. These countries have the capability to rival G7 in the few coming years. Before telling you more about their capabilities, I will tell you a bit about the terms I just used, the BRIG/BRIGS. This is also an economic group of nations and this acronym stands for "Brazil, Russia, India, China" and possibly "South Africa" hence BRIGS. BRIGS or BRIG are the nations which have the highest growth rate that will soon surpass even G-7. And the G-7 are the nations with most developed economies including U.S., U.K.,

France, Germany, Italy, Canada and Japan are

the Great-7 of the 8; China hence making it G-8. Now I come back to explain N-II. The term N-11 was introduced in 2005 in a paper named as "The N-11 more than a Dream" in the Global Economics Paper no 153. The paper clearly explained that the past as well as the projected values of GDP of the three groups mentioned above. GDP or Gross Domestic Product should be written in italics is the market value of all officially recognized final goods and services produced within a country in a given period of time. The paper revealed that N-11 's collective GDP will expectedly be reaching near the G-7's in next few decades.

Here are some major points of it as written in the paper:

- The N-11's weight in the global economy and global trade has been slowly increasing, with a contribution to global growth of around 9% over the last few years.
- Growth has generally risen across the group. Recent growth performance has been quite stable and dispersion in growth is the lowest in 20 years.
- Although the N-11 is unlikely to rival the BRICs as a grouping in scale, N-11 GDP could reach two-thirds the size of the G7 by 2050.
- All of the N-11 have the capacity to grow at 4% or more over the next 20 years, if they can maintain stable conditions for growth.
- Since our projections account to some extent for current growth conditions, significant progress in improving growth conditions could

lead to substantial growth bonuses in some places beyond these projections. This bonus could be as much as 3-4% in Bangladesh, Nigeria and Pakistan.

Again, these are only the major features of N-11; not all.

According to the economic surveys and the reports generated, we also come to know that in terms of growth of the global economy, Pakistan has been placed in the list of Developing countries with the lower middle income economy. Only South Korea is listed among developed countries. While Iran, Mexico, Philippines, Turkey and Indonesia in the “Newly Industrializing Countries” category with upper or lower income economy. Countries like Egypt, Nigeria, Vietnam along-with Pakistan are in “Developing Countries” category all with middle income economy. Bangladesh alone was placed in the “Least Developed Countries” with low income economy.

The above mentioned facts were shared with you with the aim of making clear the picture of the world’s economy and the future prospects of our own national economy. Some of you, the readers, may not agree with me because I am discussing

here just a single research paper.

The basis for these predictions is the growing population of these countries which is constantly increasing the demand of the different products and hence services thus increasing business opportunities. Moreover, with the increasing demand, these countries have been able to meet these demands by gradually increasing the supply. Now if a country meets the rapidly increasing demands, certainly it means that it is developing at a rapid pace and thus the market size of these countries is gradually increasing which can surpass the biggest markets of the world if they continue to do so. These all are the contributing factors to why these nations are predicted to be the future economic powers.

Hereby concluding all the discussion, the presence of Pakistan in such a group as N-11 certainly is hopeful for the nation and such positive thoughts should be provoked rather than spreading pessimistic and depressing news. And yes, most importantly, we should take a pause at this moment and try to analyze the situation ourselves and should read from the neutral sources that what they have to say about our country.

Pakistan in a parallel World

Bilal Riaz

The sky was blue and my plane was gliding smoothly in the balmy air. When I peeped down through the window, the surface looked exactly like a labyrinth with tiny vehicles finding their paths vigorously. After a while the Steward announced we will be landing shortly. At the airport, I was astonished to see that things have changed so much. It was beyond my comprehension how Pakistan changed so much.

It was highly sophisticated, organized and ironically I couldn’t find litter anywhere. Meanwhile

my tourist guide arrived and when I inquired, he told me that due to economic recession and inflation, a civil war sprang out. After a long and tedious fight, justice prevailed and tables were turned. A new Pakistan that was much stronger, both socially and economically soon began to be the centre of attraction of many handsome multinational companies. It became a distinctive combination of democracy, welfare and Islam. It was all because of a sincere leadership, whose un-tiring efforts revolutionized the space with actuation,

impulsion and passion. It shaped a country steadfast, powerful, and everlasting. When economic recessions and hardships came, it stood upright to the merciless onslaught of the oppressors and by the virtue of that, Pakistan flag kept waving. Its welfare programs differed from previous ones due to their relatively universal coverage. It changed altitudes and were instrumental in the move to the welfare of the state. Science and technology served as an important part of national politics, practices, and extreme national identities. Both science and technology were immediately linked to the national ideology and practical functioning of Pakistan.

Today Pakistani intelligentsia is acclaimed throughout the world in several fields. They are at the cutting edge of science in fields such as mathematics and nuclear physics. Education is promoted at all levels and is free and compulsory to all its citizens. Every human being is treated equally in the eyes of law and above all, the Islamic laws are exercised in their true spirit.

In addition, Pakistan maintains its role as a key player in the world politics. Pakistan has very good relations with Muslim as well as non-Muslim countries. It is a permanent member of UN Security Council. It is serving humanity in calamity and war hit areas with its vast human and monetary resources. An organization is formed that has made all the Muslims around the globe a single family. Kashmir has got independence. My happiness is beyond words to hear this because Muslims of Kashmir struggled a lot for independence.

Pakistan armed forces are among the best in the world. Pakistan has exploited its vast reserves of natural resources and Balochistan is being helped in development and poverty alleviation. Road networks are extremely impressive. Throughout the year, thousands of tourists visit northern areas. In short, Pakistan is not less than a super power.

My guide took me to Lahore, Karachi and many other places along with northern areas. It is interesting to note that along with Bhasha and Kalabagh dams, hundreds of small dams had also been built. Electricity is free throughout the country and it has been exporting spare electricity to other countries. As per a trade pact with Afghanistan, Pakistan has the control of Wakhan strip that links Pakistan with Central Asia, in return Pakistan keeps free trade policy with Afghanistan and Iran. Relations with India have been hot and cold and at the same time Pakistan maintains its supremacy over India because of the norms that it follows. Tolerance, justice and deterrence are the prime agenda of its foreign policy.

My chest widened with pride that I am part of such a magnificent civilization, but "SUDDENLY" the surroundings started fading off and I realized it wasn't a dream wasn't any imaginary regime, it was none other but a TIME MACHINE.

Our dreams are about nothing but unachieved goals and incomplete desires that we want to fulfill. I realized that we have an urge to change the present situation and make it the Quaid's Pakistan in its true meanings.

I AND THE REST 180 MILLION POUNDING HEARTS HAVE A MUTUAL FEELING!!!

Let us take an oath that we will leave personal interests aside and work devotedly and diligently for our motherland. Only then this dream could become reality.

Liberty: A Mere Sarcasm

Saad Bin Shafqat

Liberty... A word so sweet that just hearing it gives man an immense pleasure and satisfaction... yet when it comes with hands dabbled in blood, there are so few who have the courage to shake hands with it. I am not going to give you a long, boring article to read because I know people don't tend to like such things, so, let me tell you a story. A story of a hero; Feroze Khan. Not a man you would have heard of; neither a man who may make the headlines on a Sunday morning paper. He was not an ecclesiastical figure as the Pope or a great politician like Churchill, he was neither the president of a powerful state nor some great laureate.....he was just an ordinary Kashmiri and on that day, I was attending his funeral.....you want to know his crime.....so did I and out of curiosity, I went to his mother whose eyes were dry as if she had promised herself never to cry.....I asked that brave woman why her son was dead.....she looked at me and with great determination and said

“He is not dead....
He can never be dead.....
He asked for liberty and the tree of liberty
Must be refreshed from time to time with
The blood of patriots!”

And then someone told me that he had stood in the way of Indian soldiers when they were trying to carry away a girl in his neighborhood. He requested them to leave her and let them live freely, let them live in liberty but sadly he had his tongue to fight with which he could not match the bullets of Indian rifles. He lay there with his blood coloring the land crimson and his wide open eyes shouting.....if we cannot have the liberty, then this death is a better choice.

Fellows, this true story might not impress you because today we are living the lives of slaves. It is

true that our feet are not bound by chains but our tongues are which cannot speak the right things, true that our backs are not bleeding due to whipping but our ego does bleed when we push and mutilate each other for a sack of flour; true that we are not dragged in the streets but our soul is when we see the future of our country begging in the streets in ragged dirty clothes for a morsel of food; true that we don't have to lie on burning sand with tied hands and feet but we do have to stand in protocol for people who beg for votes and then become our masters; true that we don't have to do the bidding of others but here I think I am wrong. We are doing the bidding of others aren't we? What else do you need to believe that we are the victims of modern slavery and sadly, many of us enjoy it but there are a few who can see the tragedy of the scenario. Feroze Khan could see this and he decided his fate in an instant that death was better than slavery and his crimson blood colored the soil with the proclamation that either he should have liberty or death. How many of us have that courage?

I will leave that story there for a while and tell you what liberty really is. As a man cannot enjoy any pleasure without health, a society cannot enjoy any happiness without liberty. According to Benjamin Franklin, any society that would give up a little liberty to gain a little security will deserve nothing and lose both. And now, just think for a moment, does the present situation of our country match with this quote of Franklin? Have we not traded our liberty for a handful of coins and still continue to do so? I urge you to think fellows because when men yield up the privilege of thinking, the last shadows of liberty quit the horizon, and this marks the line after which a free man becomes a perfect slave. Shakespeare says in Julius Ceaser.

“Freedom is not free, it is attained by the most

expensive price and that is blood. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly ; it is the dearness only that gives everything its value.”

And I agree to it because the liberty of our people and the freedom of our rights are worth defending in all hazards; it is our duty to defend them against all attacks. We have received them as an inheritance from our ancestors who purchased it with toil and danger and on the expense of treasures and blood. It will be a mark of everlasting infamy to us, a disgrace that will be written throughout history, if we should suffer them wrested away from us by violence or by trickery without a fight or struggle and for that, we don't need a Che Guevara because we are not under resourced Cubans, we don't need a Jaon of Arc because we are not discomposed French; we don't need William Wallace because we are not disheartened Scots, we don't need a Nelson Mendela because we are not deprived Africans..... we are well resourced, composed, spirited and brave people who just need a trigger and that trigger could have been Feroze Khan or many others like him.

Let me take you through the pages of history where the legacy of our ancestors is written in golden words. The legacy that tells us of 313 standing against heavy odds denying the significance of life for liberty, the legacy that tells us of Tariq bin Ziad and Musa Bin Nusair burning the boats at Jibraltor, it tells us of Hajjaj Bin Yusuf and Muhammad bin Qasim who conquered Sind thousands of miles away from their reign on the call of a sister; it tells us of Ghazni, Ghoris and Saladin who fought with martyrdom in their hearts for the liberty of this religion and its followers; it tells us of the shimmering swords unsheathed by Tipu Sultan and his blood coloring the land of Maisoor crimson and crying one day's life of a lion is better than hundred years life of a jackal', it tells us of Aziz Bhatti, Shabbir Sharif and Muhammad Akram shaheed who received bullets on their chest have the right to liberty or death and if they couldn't get one, they would embrace the other. Such a bright history, which, at every point tells us

that we can compromise on lives but not on liberty then how can we be a slave to anyone? Where did we go wrong? Just ponder over it!! Because

I want liberty,
To do as I please,
I want the freedom,
To succeed,
I want to get rid of the chains holding me,
I want to choose my every breath,
Or with warmth I'll welcome death,

There are those who will say that liberty and freedom of mind and humanity is a dream. They are right because it is a dream. It is my dream as it is your dream and everyone in the world has the same dream. What they forgot to mention that not everyone can convert his dream into reality. According to Thomas Paine, those who expect to reap the blessings of liberty must undergo the fatigue of supporting it. Do we have the power to realize this dream? Yes, we have.....can we use this power? No, because we are enjoying this slavery. Liberty is not a cruise ship full of pampered passengers, liberty is a war-ship and we are all crew. Sir Patrick Henry depicted the true feelings of every honorable man when he said these words and this is what we ought to think if we need to progress

“Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains or slavery. Almighty God; I know not what course others will take but for me, give me liberty or give me death”



A woman told her husband, “I saw George Bush in my dream last night. Husband: Don't oil your hair if you want to keep Bush away. Where there is oil, Bush is there.



RHYMES

“Poetry is the art of substantiating shadows, and of lending existence to nothing.”

— *Edmund Burke*

No Missed Calls

Aslam Bazmi

We can't freely meet our bosses
Let alone a minister or a head of the state;
Appointments may not come through
As wished, aspired or planned

The host may delay or refuse a call:
He may be too busy to give us time;
He may be sick or recreating on leave;
He may be tired or not pleased;
Or simply too arrogant to meet a commoner

But we can dial straight and meet in prayer
The Mightiest of all, the Lord of the universe;
The Creator and Owner of life;
We can seek His audience whenever we feel

At any moment of day or night;
He is Omnipresent round the clock
To every soul, whether in a jungle,
Desert or valley
On hills and mountain peaks;
Whether flying in the air or sailing on sea

Whether at home or abroad, lonely or in a group
Always eternally engaged in work
Sans any fatigue, rest or sleep
He listens and attends to all
Regardless of our dress, language
Culture, manners or mode;
He knows even what's in our hearts
One only has to try and call Him;
With Him are no "missed calls"

What a great privilege indeed!
Thanks to His Mercy and Grace;
He never looks down on us;
Nor he embarrasses us
Because of our misdeeds

To Him belongs all glory and praise;
He alone is the Saviour, indeed!

I am on the verge of death

Kulsoom Rao

Standing on a mountain cliff
About to jump in eternal peace
Looking a last look at life
Shattered pieces, why survive?

Leaving the cold grip of love,
I am on the verge of death

No hope why to live
Yet no way to end myself
A deep sigh, a dark history
Why live a life of mystery?

Saying bye to the world of material,
I am on the verge of death

Surrounded by the world of fake
Visions of across the mask
Killing mistrust crowds my heart
Solitude burns me apart

Slicing through the broken images
I am on the verge of death

My courage is no support
Imagination near to turn vague
Set aside my thoughts to wander
Life is about to surrender

Allowing my shadow to cry
I am on the verge of death
Life attracts my death so hard
Asking my soul to leave

Continue . . .

Rue peace what I demand
Pray sinking sun to never dawn

Permanent sleep treads my eyes
I am on the verge of death

Wish to never rejoice
Getting used to getting pain
I allow no one to rule
Shedding pain is so cruel

My dream awaits at my door
I am on the verge of death

Burned my past to ash
No pray for future
Leaving all the love behind
No way could life rewind

Letting go of life at last
I am on the verge of death

Letting go of life at last
I am on the verge of death

*“A teacher affects eternity. He can never
tell where his influence stops”*

— Bertrand Russell

*“To be blind is bad, but worse is to have
eyes and not to see.”*

— Helen Keller

Awaken Lions of Desert

Juwairiyah Naeem

This is the land the Prophets paced
The horror of the Romans rest beneath
Many a Pharos came to stay
Their lives were ended in total dismay
You have called upon your dooms yourself
Stop! Stop! Before resenting this day!
The Ummah of the Prophet (PBUH) will reunite
In the name of Allah they will fight
They are the bricks of a giant wall
They will stoop before no one at all!
Time has come to unveil the truth
The secrets concealed in the silent tears
The lions of the desert have woken again
To conquer the kingdom that was theirs once
O People of the west! Can you hear it not?
The wails and the sufferings of the ones oppressed?
Listen to my words and listen close
God's earth is not your market place
What you have come to haggle is an empty deal
For falsehood by its nature is bound to perish
Like a nest dwelling on a feeble branch

Get well soon!

Mubeen Fatima

Frosty hands have begun to ache now,
Stormy hills not willing to allow,
“Impossible”, a voice whispered silently below,
Louder and louder, it started to flow.

Out in the cold, following this misty dream,
Yet how many difficulties are to come,
Laughed, a voice on his absurd aim,
“Give it up”, the voice called it futile and lame.

The cold, the storms were not his foes,
But the enemy residing inside the soul,
Success, that enemy will never let him bring,
An enemy, whose voices echoed within.

Hope though, the man has in his heart,
Faith still lies, deep inside his scars,
Between his dreams, he himself lies,
He will truly win, when that enemy dies.

He finally found, what was wrong,
Only fighting himself, will make him strong,
Because that enemy lies inside his skin,
An enemy whose voices echoed within.

No you aren't Afraid of Him

Muhammad Maab

We, the forgetful, leave no reason to be blessed
We, the self-absorbed, still never fear Him
No, you aren't afraid of Him!

We, the ones, who flaunt a lot, know not even a thing
Being cursed, is what our fate would be, if just Merciful, wasn't He
No, you aren't afraid of Him!

'God forbid! the police may catch us, we're gonna be doomed!'
Who cares if He's everywhere to watch our sins
No, you aren't afraid of Him!

'Show me your answer, there's no teacher around'
Don't you know someone's the All-seeing?
No, you aren't afraid of Him!

'Thank God, nobody was here that night, here's your money'
O you dark surrounded, 'they' noted everything, you did
No, you aren't afraid of Him!

Bowing before Him and then falling a prey to Satan's evil
Should He reward you for exercising casually?
No, you aren't afraid of Him!

'Allah o Akbar' 'That will be 10k only, inclusive of interest'
Knowing the depth, why would you still love to drown?
No, you aren't afraid of Him!

Fearing means just knowing what He is capable of ?
O, you pitiable, think a bit, fear a bit!
No, you aren't afraid of Him!

Anytime You Need a Friend

Nida Usmani

If your heart is broken
I'll get the glue
In thick or thin
I'll stand by you
Can give your heart a quick mend
Anytime you need a friend

If you are ever feeling low,
Please at least let me know
I can try to cheer you up
And make you rejoice from head to toe
Can bring your sorrows to an end
Anytime you need a friend.

Will be there whenever you call
I will support you like a wall
You won't have to watch your way
Will catch you every time you fall
Firmly I will hold your hand
Anytime you need a friend
Will try to ease all your aches

No matter whatever it takes
May our friendship last for good

Hope that it never breaks
Hours and hours I can spend
Anytime you need a friend.

If you have something to share
I am always ready to hear
You never have to be alone
For you I'll always be there
On me you can always depend
Anytime you need a friend

My feelings for you have no end
More than all the grains of sand
For you I will always fend
Your way, to right course, I'll wend
To all your needs I will attend
Anytime you need a friend....

"The time you enjoy wasting is not wasted time."

— *Bertrand Russell*

"No man ever got very high by pulling other people down."

— *Tennyson*

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

— *Tennyson*

Soul Entity

Syeda Zahra Hassan

Walking in a moonlit night,
Touching my face, I feel the cool breeze
My soul, though, feels not its might
But feels thee, in its essence

Walking in a moonlit night,
My hands touch the fluttering leaves
My soul, though, touches not its might
But feels thee, in its essence.

Walking in a moonlit night,
I had a crush on enchanting moon light
My soul, though, sees not its might
But feels thee, in its essence.

Walking in a moonlit night,
My soul, though, feels not what I feel
But it feels thee,
That is, thus the proof of my soul entity...

Twig under the rock

Hassan Nadeem

The dark storm above,
The meek cuddled dove.

Fragile and weak,
The quest for love and heat.

Hustle, hustle...the crowd approaches.
For I see an end,
The start of an end,
Till the dead of the end.

The gale is harsh,
Among the moor and marsh,
Strive to escape...
Though the rock is hard.
I am a twig, the twig among the twigs.

In hail and shine,
Till the ecstasy declines.
Live, live.
Die not,
I am a twig under the rock.

Voices echoed within

Mubeen Fatima

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“Impossible”, a voice whispered silently below,
Louder and louder, it started to flow.

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Yet how many difficulties are to come,
Laughed, a voice on his absurd aim,
“Give it up”, the voice called it futile and lame.

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But the enemy residing inside the soul,
Success, that enemy will never let him bring,
An enemy, whose voices echoed within.

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Faith still lies, deep inside his scars,
Between his dreams, he himself lies,
He will truly win, when that enemy dies.

He finally found, what was wrong,
Only fighting himself, will make him strong,
Because that enemy lies inside his skin,
An enemy whose voices echoed within.

My divine herald

Ahmad Hassan

Rest me, my cradle in Thy arms
Where I long to end my being
And forge a place in Thy bosom

Escape me, my metallic world
To the tender wisps of Thy air
Enveloped in virgin Edens

Pour me a vial of Thy blood
Sweeter than Olympus's wines
And delve me in Thy madness

Pray me, myself to life
And touch my cold fingers
Thy warmth in a mortal world

Alight me, and come hither
Solder Thy heart with mine
Together to Immortal worlds

Desires, Aims, Destiny

Syed Hassan Mussana

What is it that keeps us
From reaching where it needs us?

How is it that our destiny
Takes us away from, where we want to be?

I surely know the answer
It is to make us bolder..

And when bold enough we are
We can take this world so far

Where no one has been ever before
We can reach there, I am sure

But when the time is far away
It stands for us, ready to slay

Just make your desires, the aims of you
And you will be able to make it through

Don't stray in the valleys of distraction
Just give your last and with perfection

If you have courage and faith
Will surely stand among the great

No matter how many hurdles are there
Just stick to your cause and adhere

That's what the history with it has brought
That's what the incident of Karbala has taught.

Our story

Mishaal Mariam Moin

We lovers surrender,
To a heart that's that tender.
Our accidental love.
Yet here we stand,
Hand in hand.
Half rain, half sun.
Our efforts unite,
Erase and rewind.
Old pasts are now forgotten.
But fragments of our fights;
Blind like flashing bright lights.
Green eyes become numb.
Your remorseful apologies,
My thoughtful eulogies,
Our wounds are healed shut.
But remember: Insecurities might bring,
More attached strings;
But aren't we already puppets to each other?
A love tipped dart,
Has set you apart.
Our lives are now connected.
So, forever it will be, just you and me,
A rusted lock, but a shiny key.
A destined twist of delirious fate.

I seek you

Hassan Nadeem

In the depths of the oceans,
In the stillness of sunset,
I seek you, in the vastness of the sky.
I feel you, yet I seek you unwillingly,
Yet I seek you.

In the sweetness of honey,
In the bliss of meadows,
Your presence lures me.
I seek you as I wish, I seek you in the smile of a child.

In the flame of a fire,
In the numbness of blizzards,
Your presence scares me.
I seek you against my desire, I seek you in the cruelty
of my race.

In the peace of mind,
In the journey to eternity,
Your presence amazes me.
I seek you in awe, I seek you in the nearness of infinity.

I seek you not hopeless; I seek you to find you,
And I know I'll find you, when I seek you ;
In the nothingness of everything.

Slow Serendipity

Dr. Nasir Jalal

On a dusty road through the forest thick,
Met a ventriloquist hiding behind a wall of brick,
Ahoy! Said he and jumped right in front of me,
The little friend greeted too but chuckled big.

Hello said I, and asked their name,
We are one, they said, or so we claim,
Their joy and sorrow, anger and hatred,
All felt I, when on me they put the blame.

Innocent, not guilty as I plead;
The ventriloquist raised a knife as his own arm had bled,
The puppet cried forgiveness instead,
Knew I not where to tread.

In fear the ventriloquist cried,
While the puppet breathed last and died,
My hope to revive sorrow shall pass,
The will to move on eventually realized.

As baby "sorrow" slept in the cradle of fear,
My frozen steps melted to bear,
The journey through a forest so thick,
That life itself gave way to the one in rear.

Shadow

Nauman Javaid

Dark within me reveals in night

When I follow the moonlight

Makes me strong, able to fight

The strange surroundings and the weak noise

Finding life in creeping flowers

Walking bare foot on unpaved path

When the shadow leaping on my back. Hark!

Stop, that is not your path!

“The richest man is not he who has the most, but he who needs the least”

— *Anonymous*

“War does not determine who is right only who is left.”

— *Bertrand Russell*

“I would never die for my beliefs because I might be wrong”

— *Bertrand Russell*

“When a nation becomes devoid of arts and learning; it invites poverty. And when poverty comes it brings in its wake thousands of crimes”

— *Sir Syed Ahmed Khan*

Catharsis

Shizza Fatima

Milky light flooding through window
Moon hung over sky
Enjoying its miraculous impinge
The way its light conjured shadows over sky High Mountain
Cavernous valley and open meadow
The splendor of it made me frisson
Sending panorama through my body
I let its elegance absorb me
Let its rays filled me with purity
Let it take me away from veracity
Into realm of dreams
I took a conduit
Lined with rusty autumn leaves
Moon light now and then peek through leaves
As if filtering its rays
Leaving behind me agony
That had pricked me
Leaving behind ghost of past events
Leaving behind every second thought
When I turned
All these things were lost in white shimmering light
Escalating my beliefs
A clearing ahead
Where everything gleamed as pearls of deep serene sea
Mountains mesmerized by the beauty of nature
Soothing breeze prevailing silence
And utter magnificence
These were the long lost friends I was seeking
Sitting there with them
Talking with them in language
No one could grasp

Dedicated to Students...

Haider Asfand Yar

“If I could make this world a better place to live
Then let me do what I am good at
Not what you expect me to do!

Sun rises, flowers bloom...then Oh my GOD why so much gloom.
The more I think, the more I forget

You can't expect cheetah to fly
Lion to squeal and crows to roar
Do what you were meant to be
The world tries to take you in a whole different situation

But know what you are meant to be
Know your potentials!
Know yourself...& you will know GOD!!!”

*“There is much pleasure to be gained
from useless knowledge.”*

— *Bertrand Russell*

“Loneliness is better than bad company.”

— *Abdul Qadir Jilani (R.A)*

*“To conquer fear is the beginning of
wisdom ”*

— *Helen Keller*

Rain

Mubashra Manzoor

Falling crystal drops
Where touch my face
Rejuvenate my body
Enthrall my soul
Rekindle my heart
Deep down inside my heart
Through the corridors
I see a child with zest
Who wants to play in rain
Wishing to build castles
On the shores of her dreams
Where imagination is the sand
With her wet feet
Feels the touch of sand
Dance! dance! and dance
And then
Drenched to toe
While standing under the sunlight
With astonishing eyes on rainbow
That's filtering through the prism of wishes
Laughs and laughs with joy.

Highest Mark-up!

Aslam Bazmi

Who offers highest profit?
What is safe to invest in?
Dollars, euros, yen or gold
Real estate or stock exchange?
How can we multiply our possessions?
Keep haunting us day and night
Such hounding thoughts

Let's loan to the Gracious God
From His own granted wealth
Before we check out, wrapped in white shrouds
For the final departure to our eternal abode
Bidding farewell to our sojourns in this mortal world
Leaving the entire greedily built fortune
To our family and kin

Verily He repays manifold
Befitting His infinite magnanimity
What an investment, wow!
An endless treasure, for sure

There can't be a greater deal, indeed
I deeply feel and sincerely believe

My Lord

Syeda Zahra Hassan

At times in the dark cages of life,

Like an innocent child who has lost his tear
Like a captive, not vehement but can't bear

Think of the happiness and glee
Which deep inside my heart feel

After having a glimpse of you
And never ever forgetting the woe

At times in the dark cages of life,
I am just like a lost bee finding its hive.

When in a pensive mood and sobbing
In the dark life, my heart throbbing

But these frantic people cannot even think
How an eye, far from thee, blinks

And hoping you to be aware of my adore
That this heart feels you from its core.

At times in the dark cages of life

When I feel blue, wishing to die
Tired of this evil lie

I get weary, feeling crazy for your smile
Wanting everyone to listen to my heart a while

But then is visible the ray of hope
In the form of prayers, handing over me the rope.

Going to your place (Kaaba) is my utmost desire
So that I can feel you, at your home, by the fire.

I wish you to be my only road
No doubt, you are MY LORD...

Army

Muneeb Ahsan

Standing awake in the snowy dark night
Carefree of anything as harming as frostbite

Wearing the proud loyal brown uniforms
Carrying its dignity and all abiding norms

Why do they not surrender in the harsh sandstorms of summer
Because they wish to take the breath of every enemy murmur

Going fearlessly high up in north, deep the seas in south
Many days with not a droplet of water or a nibble in mouth

Carrying huge massive loads of weaponry and arms
Wishing to blow all evils with the sparkling charms

Years and years away from their families and homes
Yet never ever a separation with their homeland forms

Why is it that difficult to salute these great brave sons
Who never dare to think once while missing all those funs

Read me into your life

Mishaal Mariam Moin

As they drop to the ground, they crash,
Like broken bits of shattered glass.
They glitter in the moonlight,
And seem like shiny stars;
My tears must seem pretty,
To those who don't know pain.
My tears must seem worthless,
To those who've loved in vain.
Yet to me they tell a story;
They've traveled from my heart.
They tell me that his heart,
Is a million miles apart.

*"It is not who is right, but what is right,
that is important."*

— *Thomas Henry Huxley*

*"If you do not tell the truth about your-
self you cannot tell it about other people."*

— *Virginia Woolf*

*"Apology is a lovely perfume; it can
transform the clumsiest moment into a
gracious gift."*

— *Margaret Lee Runbeck*

*"Keep your face always toward the sun-
shine and shadows will fall behind you"*

— *Walt Whitman*

Jinnah

Muneeb Ahsan

Quaid they called him, saluted his dignity, praised his governance
Man who stood who raised not arms but words with endless fragrance

Grooming the best arts, finally assembling a national stage
Relieving men, women, children and deprived souls from the cage

Majestic looks he carried, brilliance showered from his moves
Intelligence was well depicted, every speech of him proves

Night or day worked for a shattered downtrodden minor group
Fighting strongly and standing up right in front of the mighty troop

Making the devils what we meant to be
How can I praise sum up his efforts so briefly

Elegance was above all, the power of Jinnah, a shining star
Puffing away all griefs, sorrows in the best Cuban cigar

Standing alone yet firm steps of uniting the people he took
Possible independence, respectable pathways he unhooked

Weak on health, putting life at stake building in us unity
Making even the Englishmen to put away their brains and degree

Discipline he wanted in us to construct high
To end every suppressed innocent Muslim cry

The Leaf

Muhammad Hassan

Once, I was going somewhere
And the way, I was passing through was beautiful
The smile over the faces of leaves was prominent...me watching them and passing by
I was able to hear the sweetest sound of the water coming from nearby
Suddenly I saw someone sitting on the way in the shadow of a tree
That shadow was dense due to the shade of multiple trees
Then she spoke...It was not her voice that was beautiful
It was not her smile either, may be her eyes, that seem oppressed
Having pain deep inside or may be face but, not so attractive, her face was
Still I got attracted... me watching around but the only thing that I left with was
'She'
There was nothing else for me to watch, no water sound
But it was she that I was following...
Suddenly there was a place where sun was burning our souls and she disappeared
While I was in sunlight, very hot out there and each second seemed to be equal to a month...
I can't remember how many years I passed there...
Then one morning she returned with a smile on her face
It was not her smile that made me happy and turned the sun down
It was her...
Everything was same as they were once before.
Then there was change in season, leaves start to fall.
I don't know which leaf covers her and makes her disappear from my sight and since that time I am
looking for that leaf...
The leaf that had hidden whole world..

Pictures

Ahmad Hassan

In pictures I try to think
Fathom the colors in the ink
While my eyes they won't blink
I let strange feelings sink
Divine; in my place I shrink
Your face with auras in shades of pink
Colours my soul to the brink
Taken away from the worldly link
In ethereal realms I slink
To find not even a wrink
And I hear only my heart's tink
And I can but smile and wink
To the picture's ink
That crafted the face I love

*"Faith is taking the first step even when
you don't see the whole staircase."*

— *Martin Luther King, Jr*

*"A man who is a master of patience is
master of everything else."*

— *George Savile*

O You People!

Asad Tariq

O you people! What do you want?

O you people! What do you want?

When you see a house on fire,
And the market burnt entire,
Long and long chains of blasts,
And even longer their effect lasts.

O you people! what do you want?

O you people! what do you want?

With caste, color and religious discrimination
Your nation has got into a dangerous situation
Quarrels more frequent, which were initially rare
Here, there, and everywhere.

O you people! What do you want?

O you people! What do you want?

Raise your voice and speak out loud,
Because silver lining is with every cloud,
Your nation needs someone to guide,
But, at first, you will have to decide.

O you people! What do you want?

O you people! What do you want?

Don't mess it up!

Haider Asfand Yar

“Life is so short, try to make it better
When will this candle melt away....who knows?”

Everybody wants to live forever
But their actions don't complement each other

Love of life or just a beautiful lie
It's all just an illusion my dear

Till you know!
Everything you love will be taken away

No love; no lies
Stop living in a fool's paradise”

*“Kind words can be short and easy to
speak but their echoes are truly endless.”*

— *Mother Teresa*

*“Anything you're good at contributes to
happiness.”*

— *Bertrand Russell*

*“He that studies revenge keeps his own
wounds green, which otherwise would
heal and do well.”*

— *John Milton*

“A friend to all is friend to none.”

— *Aristotle*

*“A friend is someone who understands
your part, believes in your future and ac-
cepts the way you are.”*

— *Anonymous*

My College Days Are Over

Hira Siddiqui

A beautiful part of my life is over
Where I had awesome memories
It was like having a fun tour
Where laughter came with ease

Alas! My college days are over.....

Teasing friends was the greatest joy
Mocking them the favorite task
Never had such fun with a toy
Because these toys were my friends in a mask

Alas! My college days are over.....

Taking treats was a fun and play
Empty wallets made us satisfied
Now it all looks like a house of clay
Which can be ruined from any tide

Alas! My college days are over.....

Their memories are like a lullaby
I sleep every night thinking of them
Their memories make me feel happy
And make me feel like the world is my realm

Alas! My college days are over.....

My eyes long

Rabeea Aman

----From the eyes of a martyr's mother:

My eyes long, long to see eternal peace
Through the tears, they hope for the wars to cease
For they have seen lost love, faith and honor
Fight for patriotism, for whom to humor

Alas; story of my life, written, read, revived
Blood on his camouflage, stained gold, my son has returned

---From the eyes of a Sufi:

My eyes long, to see the day I meet my Lord
Rust on the trees, the veins in those leaves
The very hope when crushed
Silent screams, though hushed

A Sufi; with patched color, Oh! The world I truly deny
You would too, if you could see, dancing bliss through my eyes

---From the eyes of a Daughter:

My eyes long to see your beautiful face once again
The moment you melted and faded to grey
Enclosed, in our last resort
Flashbacks of ticking time, for what it was
Worldly pleasures, worldly stakes, worldly craves
Is all that I've gained from cradle to grave

---From the eyes of the betrayed:

My eyes long, for love, joy, redeem
Love that never dies; joy that never fades
For I've seen friends who stab, love to lust, hoped and crushed
Reasons to argue, cries and complaints, treated unjust

--- From my eyes:

From the eyes of a man, a thousand tales unfold
Not just a look, alive - a walking soul
What lies common, no man has ever known
Maybe just longing eyes, unheard thoughts, silent moans

Harmless December

Rabeea Aman

If I were to describe what's it like now..
 It feels like lighting the candles beside my window as I forget to escape, how..
 People make friends to have fire places with..
 How could I have had any as I find reasons to be parted with..
 I watch the snow fall outside as the coldness embraces me..
 It falls like the sadness inside me..
 It settles one flake on the other so softly..
 It decides to laden my soul where my love walks as the city sleeps..
 And a deep sigh fogs the glass pane..
 The only instinct is to raise my hand and write your name..
 I could spare myself this ordeal..
 But I can't be with you just to be left again, to be lonely..
 It's warm in your arms and your heart beat sounds sincere..
 But I can't know if its me you endear..
 I could seek your summer to make my winter easier..
 But I can't keep doing this and make the loneliness more inferior..
 So what ill do next is wipe what I had written..
 Letter by letter im going to make you forgotten..
 Even if love traces your footsteps by my side..
 I'll wait till more snow falls and they'll hide..
 Because all the world breaking and being ravaged in December..
 Is nothing compared to me accepting I wasn't enough to remember..
 My memory wasn't enough to make you mine..
 If that's the case at least I know I don't create jilted hearts for passing time..
 So I'm blowing out the candles on my bed side..
 I'm watching the stars in the sky..
 And I wonder how it's still held high..
 When within me a world is breaking inside..
 My blood flows and it feels like a shooting star in sight..
 I wish upon a breaking piece of myself tonight..
 Who am I to be granted anything this time..
 But it's easier to break apart in darkness..
 Than to watch you fade after leaving me half way in a love that's harmless?

Half of a whole

Saad Salman

Separation brings me more close to you,
Like that star near moon in the blue,

The way you smile I won't forget,
I do remember the time you left,

I know the fault is all mine,
I failed to get the things aligned,

What I am trying to say here,
Is that differences are always there,

But to leave me wasn't the solution,
Rendering me to this evolution,

You should have discussed matters with me,
Lightening me the things which I couldn't see,

You know I'm always, a bit lazy,
Getting late in matters when it has to come early,

I know there is no need to make confession now,
There is not gonna be any regression now,

I think I got what I deserve,
Paid back with harshness which I serve,

Teeming from inside with shattering vows,
The clinking of bangles and tresses of yours,

Sitting alone wrapping all this sum,
Longing and hoping that you would come,

Now I'm just left with a broken soul,
I'm nothing more than half of a whole,

Downtown Motel

Eswat Ahmed

So on a bright sunny day,
She took me to the downtown motel,
Started telling about herself,
With a bunch of pizza and bottle,

Staring into my eyes,
With sweat across her face,
The voice with trembling vocals,
And heart at a rapid pace,

How she lost the guy she loved,
She told me her epic,
I wished I could suspend my senses,
The story was so tragic,

Tripping from the eyes drop by drop,
Now the water on her cheeks wasn't sweat,
To bear the distress of such a level,
It was just her courage I bet,

While sitting around the corner,
Thinking about the one I knew,
Relieving her grief though hiding my own,
I just said "I got you"..

Harsh Times

Saad Salman

Falling behind trees
Deep in the meadow
Burning like a hell
Tracing like a shadow

But you have to be strong
Against these harsh times
Stood up as one
Like a bunch of pines

The night be over soon
And there will be a new day
Filled with happiness
And the sorrows will go away

Now stop cursing yourself
And give up your anxiety
As it's only in the darkest nights
That the stars shine more brightly

"Success usually comes to those who are too busy to be looking for it."

— Henry David Thoreau

"Be kind for everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle."

— Plato

I want to tell you

Hira Siddiqui

I want to tell you about a man
For he is the one, I am a fan

I want to tell you about the life of a soldier
For all of you who thinks him a dodger

I want you to know about his bravery
Who dares to prefer death over slavery

When the earth would shake under our feet
He is the one who takes all the heat

Or either the river blows up its waves
He who stands, and the world amaze

I want to tell you how he fights in the battle
Roaring the enemy, showing skills and mettle

For he who doesn't weep, for he who doesn't sleep
For he I could shower all of my keeps

Sprinkling from the sky as first drop of rain
They are with you to lessen your pain

I want to tell you about the miseries of his life
Longing for little things, we all have in rife

Losing friends in the field, and relations at home
He rather stood with calm, as if a man of chrome

I want to tell you that he has also got feelings
Hiding them somewhere, doesn't show is his dealings

I want all of you to feel about his pain
Don't need any praise, just not to call him insane

With his heart and soul, he is protecting the Land
Asking for nothing, but just give him a hand..

Poem

Ismail Ahmed Khan

When the bolt strikes
And the past rolls before your eyes
And the trumpet blows, sounding your demise
You come to realize
Behold! time flies

Time plays with everyone before he dies
It puts man to trail, it tests, it entices
Mere repentance doesn't silence the crackles of vice
Because deeds ride the stallion of time, which break through ice
Behold! time flies

Wasted time in slumber, not withstanding the price
What is the purpose of remorse now, why now curse your lies
You now want the time back, when death is to cut loose your splice
Down in the pits of dismay, no one will hear your cries
Behold! time flies

A dreadful dream it was, though true, so open your eyes
All is not yet lost, if you act wise
Break the shackles of ignorance, ascend from the pit and rise
See the light of Truth clearing the darkness, see the clear skies
Time flies, but behold! Truth turns the tides!

Hunt before you are hunted
Games of Time

Multiple Identities

Muhammad Sadiq

Who am I?
Sometimes I ponder
And even wonder
Who am I?
Pakistani, Tibetan, Persian, Asian
Or a free citizen of a global village
I'm Pakistani, being born here
No, I am Tibetan having father's origin there
No, I am Persian having mother's origin there
Oh! I'm baffled
I am Pakistani, but love to live in Persia
No, no this isn't my identity
I'm Asian
But listen.....!
He's Asian, she's Asian and they all are
Where am I among them?
Or being Asian what's new?
I've the same eyes an Arab has
And the same brain an American has
Oh God! I'm lost
My identity, my individuality...
Is found nowhere
Wait....!
I think I found it
Yes, I found my identity
It's somewhere very near to me
It lies in my thoughts
In my deeds
Oh yes! It's my inner self, that's me.

Poem

Ismail Ahmed Khan

The shower of fire
On the road covered with mire
Deep down in the heart of liar
Burns the aqua oh ye Sire

Those whom you admire
Tend to trap you in weir
And ferry your soul to kier
To tan you with the filth, oh ye Sire

Knock some sense is your head
Wipe away the sweat of ignorance from your lire
Muster your strength against everything that
bodes dire
Widen your gaze and see the light coming from
the pier

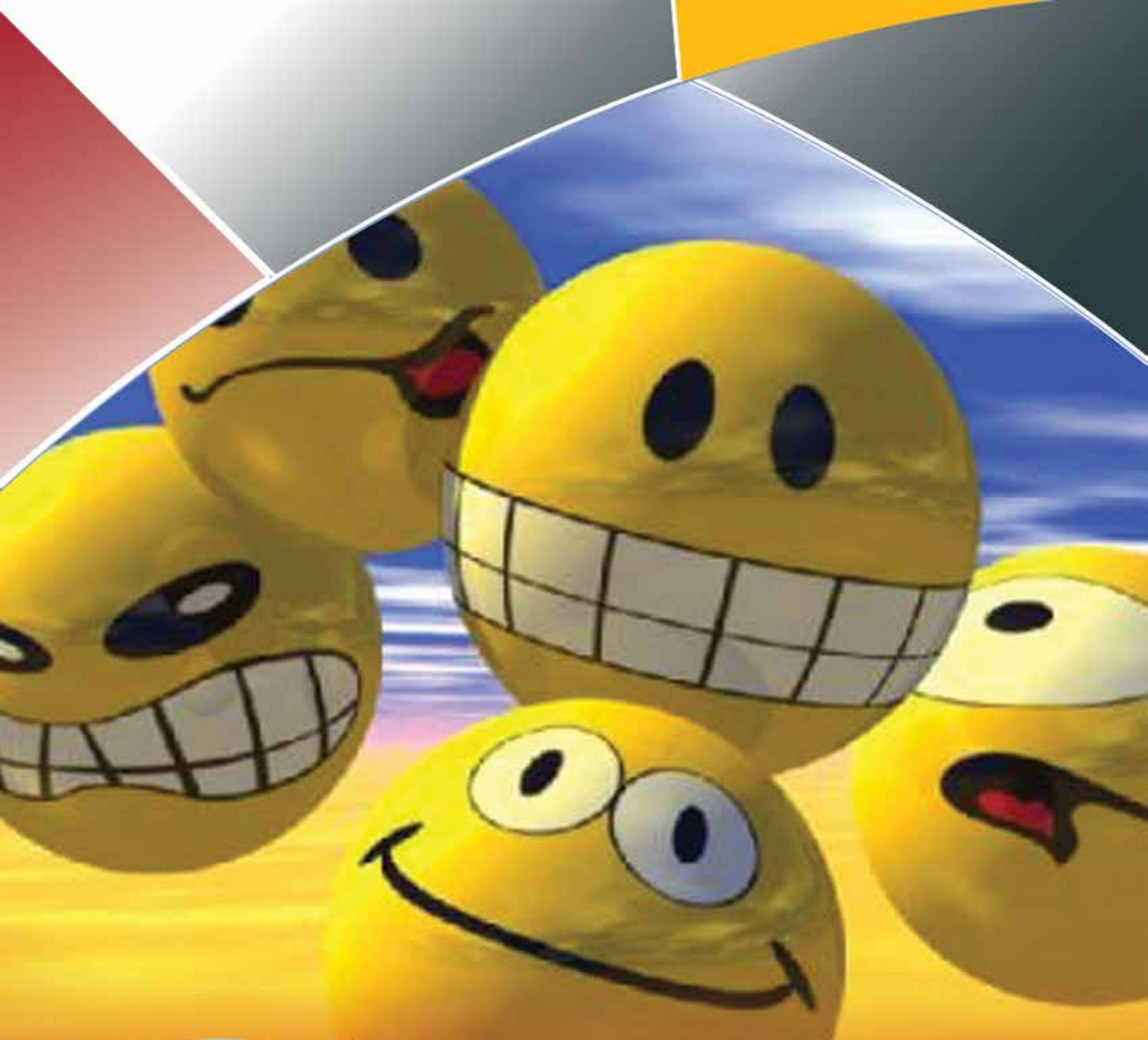
Sharpen your instinct and smell the hope in aire
You are the heir of truth, yes you are oh ye sire
Have faith in yourself and the Almighty will take
you higher
And extinguish the fire of liar, oh ye sire

*"Life can only be understood backward
but it should be lived forward."*

— Soren Kierkegaard

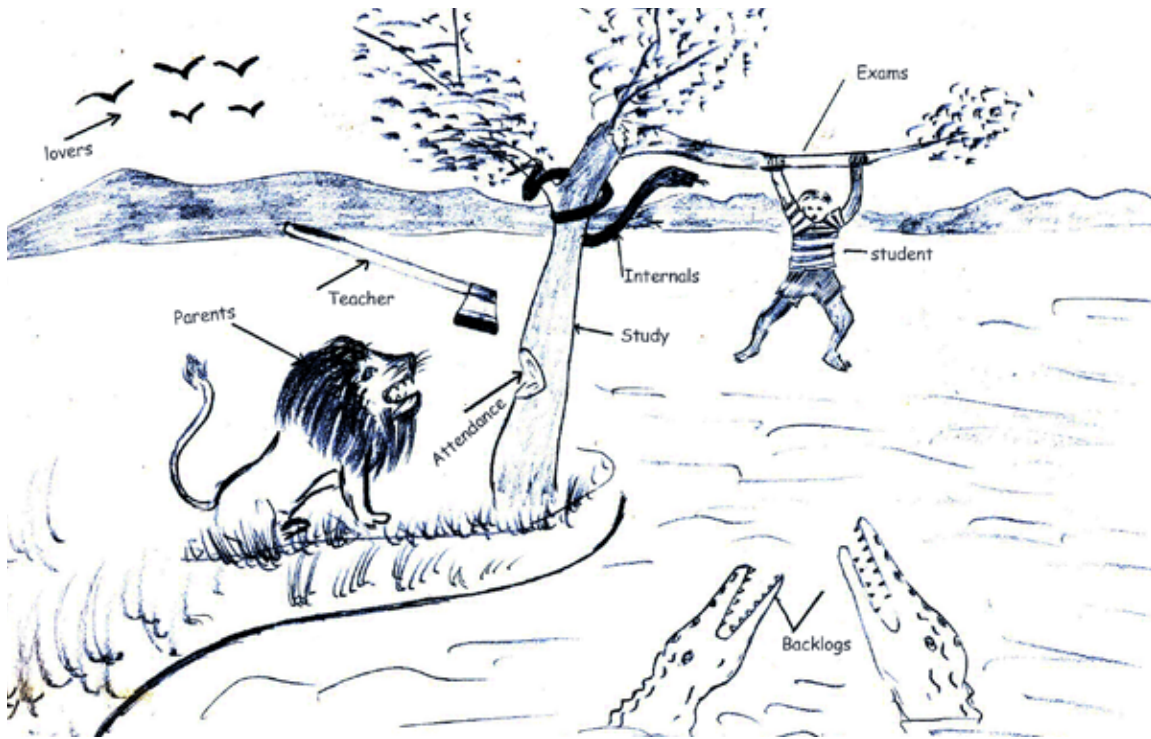
*"I have never in my life learned anything
from any man who agreed with me."*

— Dudley Field Malone



CARTOONS

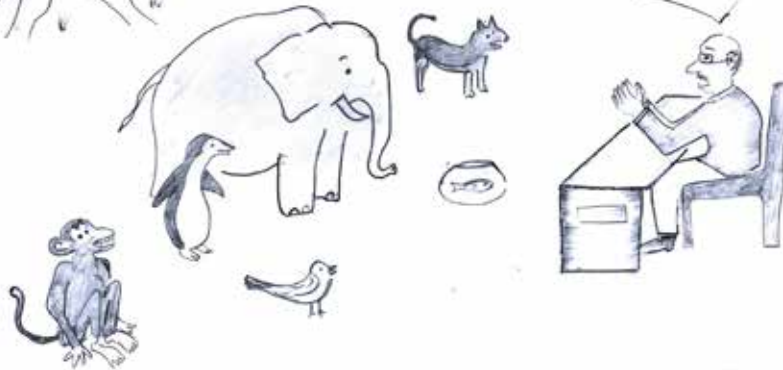
“Cartoon punches are juicy and relieve pain instead of causing pain.”



Our Examination System

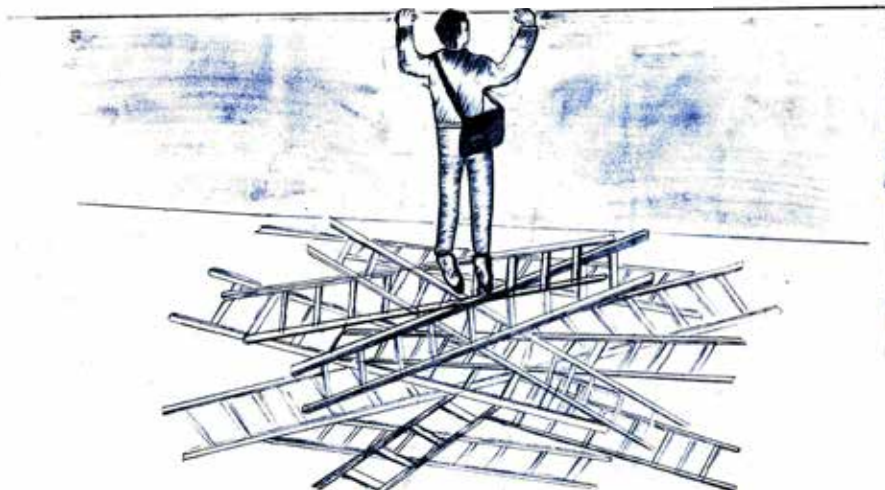
For Fair Selection
Everybody has to take the same
examination:

"Please Climb that tree"





Toughest way to climb



A NUST UG