



CAPITAL UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



STUDENTS' PANEL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND LINGUIST (SPELL)

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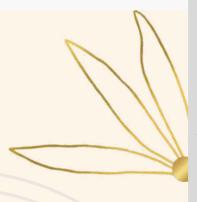
Art conceived by art enthusiasts

Editors



It is the commitment of the entire Editorial board to always provide the most substantive content because we believe our readers deserve the best.

"The first draft reveals the art; revision reveals the artist" -Michael Lee Art and creativity are gifted and this magazine has depicted the true face of art as a gifted skill which can be enhanced with the passage of time. Categorically, there's no way to object to one's creativity as gifts are exquisite to those who own them.



It is better to write from not writing at all because an empty page always remains empty and so does the mind. The selection of words has portrayed that English literature has always been shaped by linguist outsiders. The sorrows and joys the magazine portrays hand in hand are unique to the fact that it is a whole different world in its own creation and the creators are without doubt the ones who brought life into it.

SPELL MAGAZINE

Qurat Ul Ain Fatima Hammad Ur Rehman Farah Gul

Editors

welcome

Assalamualaikum! (السلام عليكم) Or Hello! How do you do? Kaif al- Haaluka (كيف حالك) Hola and Bonjour

Welcome aboard on a journey.
A journey short and sweet.
We want you not to worry.
Just strap in and take a seat.

Oh! Don't mind us, we're just starting, you see.

Trying to get you comfortable, as a host's courtesy.

This might not be perfect. But what did you expect?

So again, strap in and see what comes next. We hope it's to your liking, because we certainly tried our best.

This is goodbye from me now,
Since I have done my part
But don't you start to leave now,
The show's about to start.











Why do we like the night sky?

Human beings are complex species shrouded in mystery. We ourselves are unaware of certain things that we do. For instance, why do we perceive some things as beautiful and some things as ugly?

Yes, nature is refreshing to look at, providing us with satisfaction and a sense of peace. It comforts us like a mother's lap. For some, looking at the night sky gives them the hope that they are not alone during a difficult time.

But why do we like the night sky? What makes us stare at it in awe? Is it the stars? Is it the moon?

Sometimes, I think that maybe it was just us fascinated by the fact that the sun burns our eyes and the moon doesn't and so to catch a glimpse of the moon, we also started to love the sky.

Maybe we'll never know the reason behind our appreciation of the night sky but till then the love for the night sky shall remain a mystery.

When life gets too overwhelming , just look up at the night sky and lose yourself for awhile.

- Deborah A. Ten Brink

Qurat UI Ain Fatima BEN213003 (2nd Semester) where a lot of people wear tank tops. ike Canada, because it is filled with Canadians, re hockey fans, and hockey is dumb because it ort but does not even have a ball or a pitcher. ike people who wear white shoes or socks with its, because they look like they are attending a anada or Detroit.

ske minivans, because they are the product of a spiracy to inflict a dignity vasectomy upon men, like men who wear pastel colors, because it is masculine wearing turquoise, sea-foam green r peach, and these colors are often worn by boy spise boy bands because they are happy, they encourage teenage girls to gather in groups and

at like people who eat lots of foods that end in country music, or refer to Jesus, Elvis, and Dale oly Trinity, so I was prejudiced against most of

How Sweet It Is

ar the white bats and who sl

who should this also helps explain the finger-pointing both

and in the culture between blacks and whites

rich and poor, ugly and beautiful, smart and de

nural, self-help and self-acceptance, victims ar

Republicans and Democrats, Chevy and Ford, M

ried and single, homosexual and heterosexual,

and educated and uneducated, to name a fe

anderstand the concept of reformission, the that everyone is unlovely, Jesus loves everyone

The bottom line is that we are all self-right prone to secretly believe that we are someho

ers because of things we do or do not do. The

that no one is inherently righteous and the teousness comes from Jesus as a gift.4 An

embrace this humbling fact invariably purs

on his or her own, which is the grievous sin of

As long as Christians fail to repent of sel

alone that makes us lovely.

the hot rub I have yet to unveil. When I sit in one of the moden chairs. Hean my head back and breathe in the delicatemountain air. The sun is coming out from behind a milky doud, and as it warms my face, I watch a pair of sparrows flit gound the limbs of two birch trees. The sloping mountain peaks within my view are brightened by the sun; they're now the color of blueberries. It's the first week of May. May in the mandains. That has a nice ring to it. I bet it could be set to some country music tune. Ishould tour Bryson City and the surrounding area. When

pad called this morning, he said I could drive to some of the nearby attractions. He suggested a trip to the Cherokee Indian Reservation, or heading into Gatlinburg, Tennessee, via the Smoky Mountain Parkway, for a day trip. "I bet it's real pretty this time of year," he said.

His voice filled my heart with everything I know to be good, and I knew that I should just hop in my Jeep, buckle up, and go.

Trest my arms against the Adirondack chair's flat, smooth ams. One day, I think-one day the thought of driving won't make me nauseous. One day I won't have to deal with all the pos-traumatic stuff. One day I won't care about the scars on m body. One day my days will be as beautiful as Neville Marmer's symphony playing selections from Vivaldi. Wherever I go, I will be his "Summer" concerto.

Right now a trek in my Jeep down curvy roads into Bryon City for a stop at Ingle's or The Center is all that I can

Acardinal flies by, and his bright color makes me see only mething-blood. Blood, fresh and dried, all over the seats of Lacas's Mustang. I try to force away the memory of that rainy

d been like a child with s Gion, so much so that that the only thing that t I was outside Kyoto, I

t I was outside Kyoto, I go to do with Gion at all; if the other life I'd once oless in the face of it. It's accord. The room grows opens a little less each what has become of it. up at the little inn over-Baron's motorcars to his ge of a lake. When we earing the full regalia of Baron's guests turned to of women, some in ki-or I came to realize they if ew hours from Tokyo ding up a path from the

or!" he said. "This lovely one day be 'the great ers again, I can assure noves . . . I invited you

noves ... I invited you e to look at you; so you and—inside the house, where! Now go along

Baron had asked, past g here and there to the looking around for the y few steps some man "My heavens! An apd take out his camera together, or else walk willion, or wherever, so might have done with Mameha had warned appearance; because

appearance; because om Gion. It's true that imbashi and Akasaka, her debut. But many

or the ancient Chinese philosophers

if I write them?" Pearl asked. "I mean n not sure if the newspaper would

are moving, human stories. Readers might do some good."

a tradition of publishing only what Remember, this is the Nanking Daily, ir funding is from the government paper if not to tell the truth?" Pearl of what is truly happening in China.' blished by the Communists if you Hsun, Lao She, and Cao Yu." ny home and borrowed the books I

church regularly, great changes world, and my job brought me ading soon expanded beyond my her marital troubles to the back sed. She was once again the Pearl

JERIMOTH HAD RETURNED HOME from the P_{acc} over feast convinced that he would find Jerusha waiting for him. He flung open the door of his house calling her name, but only his star. fining open the doce of the state of the sta road toward home. Before retiring each evening, he gazed le road toward home. Before returning each exenting, he gazed longingly in the direction the soldiers had carried Jerusha, watching for her long after the sun had set and the dum light of the flickering stars made visibility beyond the borders of his vineyard impossible. Jerimond would lie awake late into the might, listening in the darkness for the ound of Jerusha's footsteps on the hard-packed road. The first rays of dawn would find him hurrying to the highest point of his land, scan ning the horizon for a glimpse of his daughter.

He had done the same when he returned home after celebrating

the Feast of Pentecost-but no Jerusha. When harvesttime ended and Jersmoth had stored away the last of

his crops, he and his family traveled to Jerusalem again for the Feas of Tabernacles, bringing the tenth portion of all his crops as a sacrifice for Yahweh. Once again they stayed with Hilkiah, and, like the other pilgrims, they slept outside on the rooftop in rusus booths to celebrate the long wanderings of their forefathers in the wilderness. The Feas

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Salvador was of this variety-nor was he interested in find-"You were a big help today," he said as Salvador passed by.

the PVC pipes bobbing like javelins in his arms Thank you, Father," came the accented reply accompa-

nied by the characteristic smile and nod. The man's voice light and scratchy, like that of a washed-up crooner who had traded his talent for several decades of smoking.

We may partake in some festivities later, if you'd care to join us. Just a little song and dance, nothing too elaborate." "No, no, but thank you."

"Okay. If you change your mind, you know where we'll be. We'd love to have you

Another agreeable nod, and then he moved on.

The last of the day's light died away, and torches were lit to aid in the final bits of work and cleanup. Breimayer kept watching Salvador, ever opeful of that momentary glimp n he dissolved unceremonious

daughter tries to avoid following in her mother's footsteps, she ends up succumbing to the same fate.

Pearl liked the story but resented the novel's bitter hopele She preferred stories that offered hope in the end, however tragic. "The character must believe in himself, and he must have the strendure."

Beautiful, heart-wrenching tragedy has been central to the Chinese tradition for thousands of years, "I reminded her." Both novelists and readers relish what you call hopelessness."

That is not always true, "Pearl challenged. "The novel All Men Are Restaurable of the control of the control

Brokers is the best example. The poor peasants were forced to become bandits. But the novel is filled with energy. There is no bitterness to it. To me, this is the Chinese essence!"

"Chinese critics don't share your opinion," I argued. "They say All Men."
Are Brothers lacks sophistication. They consider it folk art, not literature."
That is exactly why things must change, "Pearl shot back. "Everyday
life has a new control of the same of

that is executy why things must change, Pearl shot back. Everyou, life has a power of its own. And it's important to pay attention to it. Look at Soo-ching, the lady who delivered her son in my backyard! I bet she bit off the umbilical cord like the character Er-niang in All.

Min. 4. 9. Men Are Brotherd I didn't see her pity herself. She was ready to go on.

again in the spring?"

bed, they settled down in the large main room of Hilkiah

lighting all the on samps, taking togetner.

"It's hard to believe that the festival is over already," Jerime

"Yes, it has gone quickly, hasn't it?" Hilkish agreed. "To

is the final convocation already. I suppose you'll need to start for

afterroard?"

"That's when our caravan is leaving."

"I hate to see you go, my friend. I can't tell you how enjoy our visits together." Hilkah's eyes twinkled warmly in thight. "Naturally, Elakim and I will look forward to seeing you in the spring for Pasover, Right, son?"

"Absolutely!" Elakim replied. As much as he hated to this father had been right once again, Eliakim had grown very Jerimoth and Hodesh and their little girl. Only the ghost of it daughter, Jerusha, who intruded into every conversation Eliakim uncomfortable.

"Then it's settled, wes?" Hillwish, advantage.

"Then it's settled, yes?" Hilkiah asked. "You will come t

again in the spring:

Jerimoth gave a tired smile, a rare sight on his mourns

"Thank you. I'm honored to stay in your home. And next sp
will meet my older daughter, Jerusla."

"She will be our guest of honor!" Hilkiah said. "We w

our thank offerings to the Temple and hold a huge feast, w

lighting all the oil lamps, talking together.

HAMMOND SHUDDERED AWAKE. The pillow that had been over his head bowled everything off the nightstand before tumbling away. His eyes shifted about like those of a frightened child. There was sunlight slanting through the blinds, casting patterns on the furniture and the carpet. But he didn't recognize the blinds or the furniture or anything else. He was out of breath, his heart hammering Then it started coming back—the phone call, the church,

the coffins, the sickening emptiness that followed the loss of the most beloved people in his life. He saw it all again in his mind, or at least a vague recollection of it. It's bad enough I had to live through it once, he thought bitterly, but I have to endure repeat showings? Then he remembered where he was and why he was here.

In the bathroom, he turned on the cold water and splashed his face. He appraised himself in the mirror—pale gray half-moons had formed under his eyes; any darker and he'd look like a corpse. He remembered Noah's standing offer to fill a prescription for sleeping meds-drugs that would put him into such a deep sleep it would take all the

now, and in some ways I was more excited about that than now, and in some ways I was more excited about that man in meeting my husband, because I had heard about Snow Flower's home and family for so long, while I knew almost nothing about the man I was going to marry. Still, although I was filled with anticipation—at last I'd be going to Snow Flower's house!—she seemed vague about the details. "Someone from your in-laws' home will bring you to me," Snow Flower said.

"Do you think swe had a some a state of the said of the sai

me, Snow Flower said.

"Do you think my mother-in-law will join us for your Sitting and Singing?" I asked. This would please me, because she would see me with my laotong.

"Lady Lu is too busy. She has many duties, just as you will one day."

Lady I'll is too busy. She has many duties, just 2 / will one day."

"But I'll get to meet your mother, elder sister, and ... who else will be invited?"

I had expected that Manna and Aunt would be part of Sonny Hayney, since the complete of the complete

I had expected that Mama and Aunt would be part of Snow Flower's rituals. She seemed so much a member of our family that I thought she would want them there. "Auntie Wang will come," she said. The matchmaker would probably make several appear-ances during Snow Flower's Vision.

behind her ear. "I to be a happy tin She still seemed disappointed. I've "And Tongko

and aunt? Then I her Sitting and S

Flower's mother

I took a strand

"How can the I laughed. "Yo my mind comes

THREE DAYS emonies associate Mama sat on the f the women of ou Once M-

lukey. He was

table, the plate iny brown hair uniform. 'But ted, happened ople are being wadays. The men can

the poor shandoned falk crying to us.'

Frank always was home; 'Ma said, putting the teapot and sliding on to the chair next to me.

Didn't flight'. The policeman looked up from his cake, a valing from the corner of his mouth.

The armonal firm - Gerrard's,' 'Dad said, looking at the where it lay on the table. 'Reserved occupation. And, any rank's gone missing too.'

policeman nodded slowly. 'Oh, yes, yes, that's right. Ger-I know it. He helped my sunt move a few things after she I know it. He helped my aunt move a few things after she miled, matter of fact. It was that bomb over at the school

policeman much of a Then Pr Dad said. Frank r of Douglas Sergeant Ne is our lodger Douglas

wanted.

decided

aving a s

pockets, would have

I kept n

remembers boxes of Bi food we ha

"You sure you know what you're getting into? I mean-"What do you mean? I acted in four different plays in high gally you forger?"

did you forget?"

She glanced over at Jamie, who naturally had no ides whalfel ant.

"What was I supposed to do?" she snapped. "It's a fund what was I supposed to do?" she snapped. "It's a forming the shapped of the fill of the fi

"And you know Mrs. Walters retired this year, and the suit it anymore."

"Come on, Dad! She's in her seventies. And no one clean do it anymore. and playing the fall THE CELEBRITY 117

Lots of people play the piano. It couldn't be that hard." "I don't know..." Her father obviously didn't believe a word of it. For just a moment, Jamie had a déjà-vu-all-over-again feeling, just

like his last moment, Jamie had a déja-vu-an-over ago. He belt sh. sat moment of insanity, when he'd applied for the bakery job. He but the same kind of craziness taking over as he watched his hand go up without even asking it to.

"I play a little piano."

They looked at him as if they'd never seen him before in their lives. Your they both echoed. Anne looked at her dad for a little help.

"Well..." Jamie shrugged. Who knew if she'd allow him to volunteer? If nothing else, though, it would give him a better chance to keep an eye on the clusive Anne Stewart. That in itself would be worth it, even if it lust for a few weeks. Who knew what it could lead to? Besides, wasn't would do? A normal person with a norsomething a normal per

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doing it alone, right? I'll give Lance a call it you want. I'my ie way, if you know what I

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Don't just survive, live

Look at him, enjoying under the cherry blossom as if it's his first day on earth, or probably his first spring? Look at him twirling, dancing and being amused. Does he really enjoy that? Or perhaps it's just a show he is putting up in front of others? To show that he is happy? Or to show that he is fond of nature and its beauty?

"Is he really that joyful and cheerful? Or is he just too good at pretending?"

Gareth, the guy who lives in my neighbourhood and also goes to the same college as I do. We usually follow this same path to college. I might not be a very good observer but he really stands out because of his actions. I can't help but notice his strange behaviour.

He never misses seeing the sunrise. He dances in the rain, even in thunderstorms. He looks at the plants and trees, so fondly. He sniffs the fragrances of random flowers as if he is trying to absorb the aroma into his blood and bones.

He greets everyone, even the strangers on the road, with the brightest smile. He is especially kind to kids and elderly people. He helps them as much as he can, indeed a boy with an exceptionally good character. I wonder how can a teenager be so calm and serene. Doesn't he have any stress about studies, grades, social life or even relationships?

"Hey Mielle, you seem to be in some deep thought." Says Gareth, breaking the train of my thoughts. I didn't even realize that he had stopped whirling under the Sakura and was standing in front of me with a grin.

"Not at all," I replied politely.

"Everything about spring is too attractive, isn't it? The environment is lush green with bright leaves, beautiful flowers, buzzing bees and colourful butterflies. The air, the sunshine, they're so fresh and healthy."

He says with a sparkle in his eyes, but it seems more like he is talking to himself than to me. "I see," I reply shortly.

He doesn't fail to notice me in the depth of my thoughts.

"Is there something that's bothering you?" He finally decides to ask.

"Gareth, how do you do this?"

"Do what?"

"This! Always being happy and merry, so optimistic.... Is your life too kind to you, or do you just pretend?"

He stays silent for a while, probably stunned by my sudden questions but they definitely aren't unexpected for him.

"Do you really want to know?"

I don't say anything, waiting for him to continue.

He sighs before he starts to speak. "Two years ago, before I shifted into this neighbourhood, I had a cardiac complication. My heart was weakening at a very fast pace. I stayed admitted to a hospital for over a month.

In that month, I learned many lessons. With the thought of death lingering in my mind, I was in pure terror to die with so many regrets. I was also a pessimistic, melancholic teenager, who forgot how to live after my father passed away."

He kept on telling me his story, with a painful expression. The expression was too rare for his gentle and pure personality.

"I needed a donor. I didn't want to embrace death. During that time, there came a spring morning that changed my perspective about the whole world. I was looking outside the window. The dawn broke after days of nonstop rain so everyone looked happy. Well, everyone except me. I realized that I never really saw the beauty of the sunrise." He is right, I thought. Sunrise is indeed such a beauty we prefer to sleep on.

"The cold breeze moved, making the grass dance and the leaves were swinging along with the rhythm. I felt as if everything was mocking me for being unable to get out of the hospital bed." A long pause.... As Gareth looks at the luminous sky, with moistened eyes. He continues.

"My eyes then fell on an old man in a wheelchair. The wheels got stuck in the mud as he struggled to get out of it. I felt a strong urge to get up and help him, but I was restrained by the shackles of tubes and wires."

He let out an agonizing sigh. I start feeling sad for him. But whatever it was, it's over now.

"My vision was getting blurry. I knew that it was just a matter of a few beats and my heart was about to stop. My whole life, like a movie, played in front of my eyes. Each and every moment seemed to scoff at me because I got the opportunity, but I didn't live in that moment. I was leaving with so many regrets. The last thing I heard was, 'we have found a donor' before I blacked out."

I hold his hand softly. I don't know why but I just feel like he needs support. The way he is telling his story, I can feel it. Maybe because his emotions are too genuine. He was playing with a leaf, which was in his hand for I don't know how long.

"Slowly, I opened my eyes. My mom was holding my hand. I wasn't the old me with a weak heart. A kind man gave his heart to me before giving up on his own life. My mom hugged me and cried her eyes out. I felt the warmth of her embrace. The warmth that I was missing in this cold and cruel world. She handed me a note that was left by the owner of this heart. The note said only four words, 'Don't just survive, live'.

I understood the meaning of life. I knew that I needed to look at the world with the eyes of this heart. I knew that I needed to fulfil that man's wish and I knew that I needed to live for myself too."

Gareth finishes his story as I feel my cheeks drenched in tears. I wipe them off and say, "Gareth, teach me."

"Teach you what?" He frows, with a questionable expression on his face.

"Teach me how to live."



"What are you doing?" Alex inquired. "Reading" came the short reply of Cole. Alex rolled his eyes and decided to leave Cole to his thing. He took one last look at him, sitting under the tree's shade, unaware of the outside world, lost in his book. He didn't understand the fascination of people with books. The amount of time it will take you to finish a book, in that time you can watch so many movies.



And hear me out here, you don't have to rely on your brain to provide the setting of the story. You can just see and hear. 'Who in their right mind would want to waste their time on reading a book?' he thought.

He reached class just on time and sat in his seat. And then Cole arrived with his face in the book he was reading before. Both looked at each other and nodded their heads as a sign of acknowledgement.

And then the teacher came in, all conversation stopped, back straight and the class started.

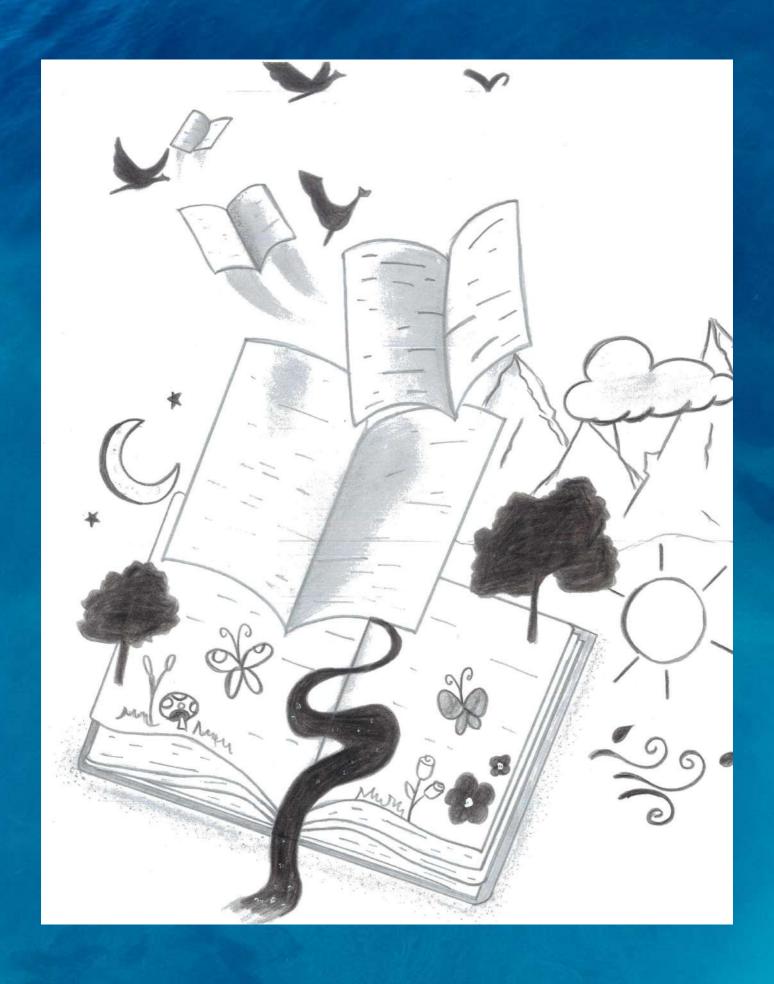
After the class, Cole had to be somewhere so he left in a hurry. How did Alex know that? Well, Cole left his book on the table and just left. Cole left his book. Let's give a bit of context to that, shall we? Cole loves his books. He never leaves them, like never. And he left them today. He really was in a hurry. 'Should I take it with me?' he contemplated. And he decided that it would be best to take it. After all, his friend would appreciate it. He might not understand the fascination with books but he did know how to take care of them.

Back in Alex's room, he placed the foreign object he had acquired, on the table softly. And while looking at the book, for the first time in his life he felt a weird, unknown feeling. His fingers itched to open the book and read it. He looked left and right as if he was a criminal and started reading the book. "The Book Thief" was the book title. Alex let out a snicker, oh how the odds align.

"Alex!" a voice called out. "Huh? What happened, mom?" Alex snapped out of his reverie and said. "Come, it's time for dinner," his mom replied. Alex reluctantly leaves the book and the world of Liesel behind.

The next day, Alex waits for Cole at his locker wanting to give him his book back. After dinner, he didn't read another page as he was scared of his own feelings and thoughts. He hated that he enjoyed the book but he was going to try again today. He just needed the book owner's permission now. "Hi, Alex." "Hi, Cole. So uhh I- Remember how you were reading that book yesterday? Well, you left it in class and it's with me" Alex rambled fast. "Oh thank you but why do I sense a 'but' coming along?" Cole asked calmly. "Yeah about that, can I keep the book with me for some days?" Alex finally asked. He was fidgeting while he waited for Cole's answer. "Yeah sure, no problem," Cole said. This answer confused Alex, why didn't he ask any more questions? What was going on? He should be surprised and ask questions right? A list of questions kept on going through his head. "Hey, don't overthink this. Do what your heart tells you." With those parting words, Cole left Alex to his own thoughts. And he did what his heart told him. He started reading the book and delved further into the world of Liesel. He felt ashamed when he read how much hardship she had to go through to read. She stole books albeit for another reason but she wanted to read them too. Her passion for reading and her journey just took him in. And before he knew it, he was at the end. He had lost track of time, just like Cole and he couldn't help but want to cry for wasting so much of his life staying away from books. He could have read so much, he could have lived so many lives through the characters yet he chose to waste it. But he wouldn't waste time now. He had places to be, worlds to discover and characters to fall in love with.

One book was all it took to change Alex's perception regarding reading for pleasure. At the end of the day, you just have to believe in the magic of books to enter the magical realm of words.





Hiraeth

Home That I Left Behind

I remember I used to think how this place didn't feel like home, how I longed for comfort and security, how the winds, the smell of the earth, and the night felt foreign. For a long time, I felt like I didn't belong here, the air around me didn't want to accommodate me so I felt like an outcast. But now that I'm about to leave this place, it feels like a piece of my heart is here somewhere and it hurts to leave all this behind, maybe my heart is still beside that huge, sturdy tree in my front yard whose roots kept me grounded, gave me the sense of stability I longed for, or maybe it's in my backyard where the sun always stays for a bit longer as if the last rays of the sun never want to leave the small kitchen garden so it paints it in a golden hue, and everything seems breathtaking, or maybe it's in the view of my balcony, the flamingo pink of the sky when it rains, the grey clouds that still make a beautiful landscape, the vastness of the world ahead of me, a glimpse of how beautiful this Earth is, maybe my heart is in those flower beds that sprout sunflowers one spring, marry golds the other, or the cat outside my kitchen door with her adorable eyes, rolling on her back so I'd give her attention or food maybe- definitely the food.



Maybe it's in the distant bell of the nearby school and the chattering of the kids that bounced along the street all the way to the walls of my house. Most probably my heart is in the starry night sky above, the moon that watches over me, or the swings made out of nostalgia, the park close to my house and the unbridled joy of the children playing there, our cafe with warm mugs of cappuccino and hot chocolate, peaceful late night and early morning walks.

I remember all this, and so much more like the slow rain all year round, its blueness would seep into me just like the rain that seeped into the ceiling of my house, friends who made me the happiest, and my house which ended up feeling like home somewhere along the line.



Maybe I know it's the end of almost two decades of living life like this that I don't even know how to not live like this anymore, I don't know how to not be a traveller anymore, how to stop this heart from wanting to experience sunsets and sunrises in as many different places as I can. It's ironic how I long for stability but thinking about settling in one place makes my skin crawl. How do I grow roots in this place when all of Earth calls out my name?

Change brings fear and new hope, and new hope is something worth experiencing change for, so I hope someday I can feel almost whole, with small pieces of my heart buried in so many places I might never have the chance to visit again.





Sakura

It is about May when the leaves of cherry blossoms were grown properly again. The season of spring for the Japanese brings hope, and a new start to life and their kids start the new class of their schools with new hope and will.

There was a long, long road with trees on both sides and Cherry blossoms falling from the trees, making the scene beautiful with their beauty.

On normal days, there was a lot of traffic seen on this road but today rarely cars were moving here and there, I was sitting in a car, black in colour, shining like the rays of sun hit the car, I was enjoying driving because weather was so beautiful, beside the driving seat there were placed bags full of grocery and other stuff, at the back seat, a lady was Sitting wearing maid clothes, she's my maid.

When I was going my way suddenly someone appeared on the road moving in the middle of the road, the person bowed holding his left foot and suddenly he fell to the ground, I was shocked I put my foot on the brakes and there was a huge noise of a car dragging through the air. I opened the door in a rush, with full of anger, heading towards the person who was still on the road holding his left feet, when I went near him, I came to know that person was a woman, but I was angry so I hyped up asking her,

"Excuse me, lady! Are you out of your mind? What are you trying to do? Suicide!"

The woman looked up, I was shocked for a second when I saw the woman's face. Her eyes were bloodshed, her cheeks were warm, her nose was pink, she was crying, I got a little soft and knelt beside her.

"Ahh! Pardon me, lady! Why are you crying? Why are you sitting at the bottom of the road? Can I help you?"

"My left foot is hurting, this pain is unbearable. Also It hurts when I try to walk".

"Maybe you got a sprain, you should get to see a doctor, if you don't mind, I can take you to the doctor".

"No first-first there's something more important than that!"

The woman was watching time on her watch again and again. Then she said in requesting manner to man, "Can you do me a favour? As you know I am unable to walk, I want to pray salah, but there is no place I can, I don't have so much time, please, please, help me, help me to get anywhere I can perform Salah, it's a huge request, kindly help me."

"Okay! Okay! Calm down! there is one mosque near where you can pray, I will help you get there."

I said softly then I stood from my position and walked back to my car then I opened the door of the back seat and bowed a little,

"Maki! Please come with me, kindly help that lady to get in the car."

"Sure sir!"

My maid got out of the car and went near that woman and helped her get in the car by holding her from the back while keeping her arm on her shoulder. She helped her to sit in the back seat of the car and sat with her.

Then I started the car.,

"What's your good name young lady? The man asked the woman while driving the car looking ahead on the road."

"My name's Sakura."

"Wow! But you don't seem to be Muslim then why do you want to offer prayer?"

"By the mercy of my Lord, I am Muslim. It has been two years since I accepted Islam."

"Great! So happy to hear. But can I ask why you were crying, just for a prayer?"

The woman gave me a strange look as if she was shocked through, the front mirror.

"You know mister, what's the problem with human nature! We don't appreciate things we have in the present, now with us. We just focus on things we are wishing for or we don't have."

"I accepted Islam two years back, learned salah, fasting and other basic things. Then about one year later I came to know that I got asthma. It's when it became difficult for me to offer prayer. It's so heartbreaking when you want to do something but can't do it properly because you are helpless due to different reasons, although I am on treatment it is difficult for me to offer prayer. You call it just a prayer, it's not just a prayer for me."

The pain on the woman's face was not hidden from me, but her eyes were on the falling cherry blossoms, outside the window.

"Here's the mosque, you can pray here, Maki will help you get inside the mosque. And she will stay with you until you finish. I'll wait here in the car." I was so ashamed so keeping my eyes on the road I said to her.

"Thank you so much, May Allah pay you for this help, sorry I didn't ask your name?"

"Khizar, Muhammad Khizar."

"Thanks again Mr Khizar, may blessings come your way."

Maki helped Sakura get out of the car and they went to a small mosque. An hour passed when Maki came out of the mosque, her face was dread with fear, she came near the car and bowed at the side mirror looking at me, she was breathing fastly, unable to speak normally.

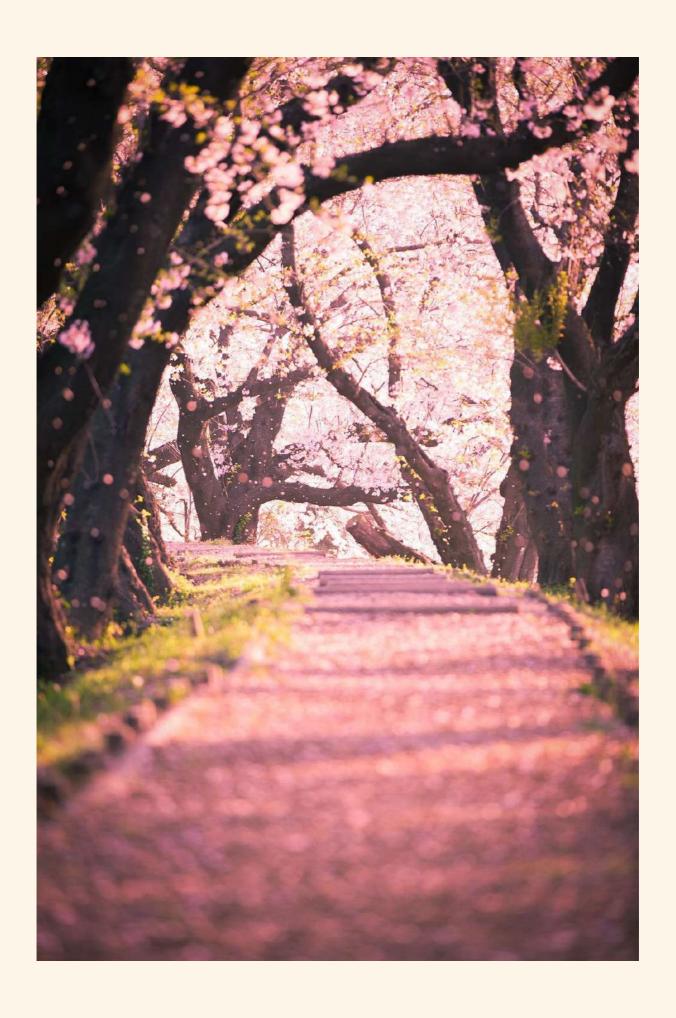
"What happened Maki? Why are you so frightened?" I was amazed to see Maki in this condition.

"She-She passed away sir! She is no more!" I was shocked, who was she talking about? I got out of my car and went near her.

"Who? Who passed away?" I asked her again,

"That lady, the lady who was with us, Saku-Sakura! Lady Sakura, she passed away!"

"Passed away? But-but she was- How is it possible? I was shell shocked, how is it possible he was alive before, talking to me and now she passed away? Is life this short?"



"She passed away, I was sitting behind her, she was praying. She was doing sujood, it took so long being in sujood when I got up and moved her a little, it is when she fell to the prayer mat. When I checked her heartbeat, she was no longer as Maki was telling me.

"Sakura," I whispered her name. Sakuras have a short life span, she is no longer and humans are the same as sakura.

"You know mister, what's the problem with human nature?"

A voice whispered in his ears.

"Ah! What I have done, my Lord? Forgive me, my Lord! Have mercy on me. Oh, the Most Merciful, forgive me for all the prayers I left considering them not important at all. Forgive me for disobeying you. Oh my Lord, where will I go if you will not forgive me?"

Tears were flowing from my eyes, I put his hand on my chest and heart, I had a sort of different pain in my heart 'my lips moving, repeating these words again and again. I was in an unconscious condition and I forgot about anything, the only thing on my mind was to repent.

"Sakura's from trees were still falling on the road completing their life spans."

Emotions Lie Qurat Ul Ain Fatima BEN213003 (2nd Semester)

"Ryan!" *Knock knock* "Little Ry... Come on now. I'm about to leave." There was no response from the other side, like always. The young woman was getting sadder and sadder as time passed. "I know you're angry that I'm leaving you alone here. I love you too, little bro. Don't miss me too-" Before she could complete her sentence, the door opened with force. "Ah! My dear prince, you've come out at last," she smugly said. "What do you need, Nancy?" Ryan replied. "I'm leaving," Nancy whispered. Ryan let out an irritated huff and closed the door again. And Nancy left, sadder than before.

Back in Ryan's room, we see a whole wall dedicated to family photos, but none with his sister Nancy. The dark blue walls and white bed offer a welcomed contrast. Ryan was lying in his bed. His desk in the corner had a lamp, a pencil holder, a desk calendar, a computer and, above the desk, on the wall, two big numbers, 15.

-2 months later-

Ring Ring Ryan's phone was ringing, and that too in the wee hours of the morning. *Ring Ring* Ryan picked up his phone and peered with one eye closed. It was his sister. Like always, he put the phone on silent and went back to sleep. Ryan didn't hate school. He despised it. And the reason for that was his sister. She was an overachiever, always has been, and wherever he went, he would see the medals and trophies she brought into school. Everyone would call him Nancy's brother first, and then Ryan. He was walking through the hallways aimlessly and alone. So immersed in his bubble, he lost track of time. And when he got a call on his phone, again from his sister. He was agitated. Ignoring the call was an everyday routine, but he rarely went late to class, and today he was about to. And before he knew it, he was sprinting through the hallways as if his life depended on it. He reached the class out of breath. "Ryan. Why are you late? Don't you know what time it is? Sit on your seat. No detention for you because I owe Nancy. Ah! That precious child. How is she faring so far away from home? How's Ivy League treating her? That child worked hard to get to her dream university. Tell her I said hi." Mrs Williams said.

Mrs Williams and the other kids went back to what they were doing, but not Ryan. Ryan was just sad and miserable again.

The rest of the day passed in a blur except for the last period. Ryan failed a quiz that would be a part of his grade, and the teacher had given him a pretty long talk about working hard, just like his sister. Both of his parents were away, so he came home to find the door locked. He lifted the mat, got the key, and opened the door. He knew his parents were not home but still hoped to spend some time with his mother; he went straight to the kitchen where a note was left with some money. It said to bring groceries with a list of items and something for Ryan himself to eat. He hated going out. The school was already too much and now groceries too. It was all Nancy's fault. After bringing home the groceries and eating some ramen, he retired for the evening. This whole day was just too much. And to top it all off, like always, his sister didn't get the hint, leaving him messages, tagging him on social media, and sending voicemails narrating her whole day. For what? Ryan wanted to know. To rub it in his face that she's the perfect one, and he's not? But he couldn't even say that because his sister was brilliant. She didn't tell him of her accomplishments. She never did. But she told him everything else and just never left him alone. He never told her anything, but she told him everything.

While going to his room, he came across his sister's. And he went in. Why was he going there? He didn't know. He hated that room more than Nancy. And the two walls filled with medals and trophies, shields and certificates were the reason. Whenever he came here, he hated Nancy more. Why did she have to be good at everything? Why did she get everything so quickly? He wanted to look at those trophies closely. With a softness he didn't know, he picked up one award and just looked at it. He saw his reflection and imagined himself getting it. But he could never get it. He put the trophy back, envious of Nancy more and went to his room. And back in his room, his territory, he broke down. At the worst time, his phone rang. It was Nancy. He picked it up. Another ingredient in the recipe for disaster.

Nancy just shot like a bullet and started, "Hello Ryan! How are you, little bro? You don't know how much I miss you guys. I want to come home. Why are you not speaking, Ry? You okay?" Ryan couldn't hold it any longer; he let out a sniffle. "You're scaring me now. Please say something. What happened?" Nancy was going crazy, her mind feeding her various scenarios. No, she had to be calm. Ryan's sobs were not stopping. She tried again. "Where's mom and dad?" That was the last straw. It was Ryan's turn to speak. "I don't know, you tell me. It's not like they're both doing two jobs for me and like I'm the one in the most expensive university in the country. You're the smart one, aren't you? Figure it out, your greatness." Nancy asked, hesitantly, "What's wrong?" Ryan was on a roll. "Oh, nothing. Besides, why should you care?" The conversation cut to an abrupt end. A knife began twisting in Nancy's back. When did she not care? Was she at fault? What did she do? When did her parents work two jobs? Was she at fault? She called over and over, but to no avail. Ryan cracked a faint smile, oddly proud of his new "achievement" on the other end.

It had been one week since that eventful day. His sister's calls and messages were becoming less and less frequent. He didn't get any calls or messages from her for the last two days. That was a record. Well, at least Nancy was finally getting the memo, Ryan thought. He was content for the first time in his life.

It was a Saturday. A good Saturday in a long time because both of his parents were home. All of them were eating together at the breakfast table. Life was good. Well, until his parents invited Nancy to lunch to have a family dinner. But something weird happened. Nancy didn't pick up their call at first, and when she did, she said she couldn't come. Ryan was happy, but there was a feeling in his stomach that something was not right. And so he did something which he never thought he would, contacting Nancy himself. He messaged his sister, "Hi." And soon messaged her throughout the day, some simple messages and some talking about what he did. And for the first time in his life, he truly felt alone. Like something was missing. He would get disappointed whenever he saw that there was no new message or call from Nancy. The roles had been reversed. Was this how Nancy always felt?

The days passed in a blur, and it was the following Sunday. When his parents said they were going to meet Nancy. He wanted to go with them, too. That came as a surprise, but he wasn't bothered. He always seemed to surprise his parents. And this time around, he was unaware of why he wanted to go, too. The whole ride, they talked little. Because they were worried for Nancy, well, his parents were. He was having second thoughts as his inner voice questioned him. What are you doing, Ry? You hate her. He kept saying to himself. But it was too late. He couldn't turn back now.

They reached her dorm and knocked, but there was no answer. They had been waiting for some time now, and his parents were tired and had jobs, so they had to leave, regretfully. But Ryan assured them he would wait for Nancy and ask her to drop him off tomorrow. His parents were happy that both the siblings were finally bonding and so left. And then came the long wait for Nancy. It was late when he finally heard footsteps coming his way. It was Nancy in a greasy fast-food uniform. Or the remnants of Nancy. The young woman didn't have that confidence. She was barely holding on and looked like she would drop dead soon. Her eyes were quiet and empty. She didn't even notice Ryan sitting by the door. Ryan cleared his throat, and Nancy sprung into action as soon as she noticed him; she hugged him, smiled, and beckoned him inside. She was talking to him as if that day hadn't happened. Ryan narrated the whole story of how mom and dad were worried and came here. Nancy was ashamed and apologized. And then she started looking for her phone, which she couldn't find. "Hey, it's okay. I already messaged them. They understand." Ryan said to calm her down. "Oh! Thank you. I'm such a bad daughter, aren't I? Worrying you people, making you come here. I'm so sorry." Ryan tried to cut in, but Nancy was rambling. "I'm hungry. Let's eat." This stopped her, but only for a moment as now she started rummaging through the fridge to find something to eat. If there was one time in his life that Ryan wanted to facepalm, it was now. But his sister was not in his right mind. He could see that much. She was talking to herself now, thinking of what to make.

"Cereal, another cereal, empty cereal box, Mac and cheese, milk. I have nothing here. Why don't I have anything here? So sorry, Ryan, I'll just grab something else from the grocery shop." Nancy was moving too fast and needed to be calmed down. "It's okay. I'll eat mac and cheese." Ryan interjected. "But you hate mac and cheese?" Nancy was confused, but she relented. It was pretty silent when Nancy was cooking. "So, where were you?" Ryan asked. "I was at work." "Work? But you-you don't work. Do you?" Ryan was flabbergasted. "Well, I do now. I have four, actually." She said proudly. This was highly unsettling for Ryan, and he felt guilty. No wonder she didn't reply to his messages and here he was, being salty about it.

The food was pretty good, Ryan concluded. "Now I know why you love mac n cheese." Nancy was quiet, too quiet. There was an awkward silence followed by a simple question, "Why are you here? You hate me, don't you?" "Honestly, I don't know myself. I was just worried, I guess." Nancy let out a chuckle. "You? Worried about me?" Her fun-loving demeanour caught up to her, and she continued, jokingly in a posh accent, "What a momentous occasion! Bestowed upon us at this fine hour! Sir Ryan hast joined us! That gent hast joined the poor to consume with those folk the poor food." Ryan played along. "Why yes! Yes, it is!" They both started laughing and shortly after, the room fell silent once more. Finally, Ryan did the one thing that you, dear reader, wanted to read. "I'm sorry, Nancy." Nancy was confused by this. "Sorry for what?" And then Ryan continued, "For being a terrible person and an even worse brother. For being jealous of your hard work. For thinking that you took our parents from me. I was envious of you. I'm sorry about everything. I-" Before he could finish, he was interrupted, "Hey. It's okay. Now don't get too sappy on me here. You're going to cause a flood here, you little dork! And I'm sorry too for never noticing how you felt." Nancy spoke through a sob. They both smiled and cried together. They had opened a new chapter in their lives and this one would be better, much better. It's true when they say emotions can lie.



Freedom Demands Sacrifice

"The caged bird sings with a fearful trill of things unknown but longed for still and his tune is heard on the distant hill for the caged bird sings of freedom."

The birds were singing on the eve of independence as well, when the night was 13th August 1947. It was 11:00 pm in the night. The announcer entered Studio No. 5 of All India Radio - Lahore and settled on his seat, and waited for the Red light of the studio to come on. As soon as the red light came on, he announced, "This is Radio Pakistan, please wait for our next announcement!"

And alas, that moment finally came. The clock finally struck 12. It was 14th August 1947. The signature tune stopped and the red light came on once again.

The announcer in his full might announced, "Pakistan Broadcasting Service. We are speaking from Lahore. The night between the thirteen and fourteen of August, the year 1947. It is twelve o'clock. Dawn of Freedom."

Chants of Pakistan Zindabad soured in the air where men, women and children came out in the streets to celebrate the independence day of Pakistan.

Pakistan! Pakistan! Pakistan!

Billions of people set foot on the free land of Pakistan, and as soon as they arrived, the lands were full of people in sujood, people kissing the ground, crying their hearts out. For they sacrificed their homes, their families, and their jobs for this freedom. For the freedom of a separate homeland, for the freedom of living and breathing in a free country, for Pakistan.

But how did we achieve this ecstasy? How was this freedom possible?

With sacrifice! With Unity! With the hope that our sacrifices are for the greater good!

With the will to sacrifice our forefathers, our brothers, the will to sacrifice our homes, our children, and our lives for the sake of this freedom we have today! This Freedom demands sacrifice, bravery and persistence. It comes with great responsibility and the pain of untold suffering.

Oh, but the sacrifices never stop! We pay the price for freedom every single day! When we refuse to bow down in front of the fascist regime in Kashmir, we sacrifice our foreign relations. We sacrifice our economy and face sanctions because we refuse to accept the apartheid state of Israel; we sacrificed our diplomatic relations when we said no! we will not listen to anyone speaking against our beloved Prophet!

Our soldiers sacrifice their lives at borders every single day! And for every soldier, a mother sacrifices a son, a child sleeps without saying bye to his beloved father and his wife silently weeps for the price paid for freedom. This is the sacrifice, my friends!

This is what we give up for freedom.

Right at this moment as we celebrate our freedom of speech, of being here and chanting slogans of sacrifice, millions of people in the world remain <u>imprisoned</u>, enslaved, and in chains.

Our sisters in Kashmir, sons of the soil in Yemen, and our children in Palestine sacrifice their peace, happiness and families every day, their bodies bruised with explosive bullets, their eyes bleeding from all the pellet guns fired at them. But their hearts are alive, screaming for freedom, willing to sacrifice more and more just for the sake of freedom!

And they did not give this freedom to us. We won this freedom; we fought for it, and it asked for our blood, sweat, unity, and faith. Freedom demands sacrifice.

We salute our freedom fighters and those ancestors who offered every ounce of their blood and risked their dignities with immense morale, looking right in the face of barbarous enemies. Let us all cherish the beauty of freedom our Lord has offered us and let us all bow down in front of Him to show our gratitude for this heaven on Earth, beloved Pakistan! Make a promise to yourself that you will not shy away from your duty as a citizen, that we will cherish and protect this freedom till our last breath, for freedom demands sacrifice!

As we are the Shaheens of Igbal who are not afraid of great heights, we are the followers of Imam Ali who rightfully said that the death of dignity is better than a life of humiliation; we are the ghazis of this nation and we are Muslims! For us, sacrifice means martyrdom, and martyrdom means paradise! And freedom, my dear friends, demands sacrifice.

Oh, no, we do not shy away from sacrifices. We look at it in the eye and ask for our freedom! If not given, we snatch it but we never let go of our freedom, for it demands sacrifice! It demands perseverance, and it demands that we never give up and never stop fighting!

And Yes the journey is long and tiring, and there may be many more sacrifices on the way, but for my home, my beloved country, my Pakistan, as Khaled Hosseini said, For You A Thousand Times Over!





Slow Poison

Fear of being judged works as slow poison. I am a student of Bachelors, it's been fourteen years of education, I always wanted to highlight this problem, faced by most of the students and I have personal experience about it, its related to bullying. I have seen students suffering from it, how your classmates and close ones took your smile and confidence from you. Imagine you choose not to talk because someone has a negative comment about your voice. Imagine you wear a mask, not as a protection against Coronavirus but as protection from judgments. When you stop wearing your favourite colour because when last time you wore it, you were suggested not to choose it ever again.

When people make fun of your looks because you have not ticked the checklist of beauty standards of society. The moment when you pronounced a word differently and the whole class was laughing at you. Also, body shaming and colourism are part of it. We are living in a society where people judge and observe from your eyelashes to your accent. I know all this is normal and maybe we are now habitual to it, but I know it's not okay at all. The person who becomes a victim, his mental health gets hurt to the extent that he loses his self-confidence and drowns in the ocean of insecurities.

But I want to say that maybe it's not you, it's about them, they are insecure about certain parts of them and they try to degrade others to feel the superiority. When a person says something negative about someone, he is giving his opinion, not explaining the person so, it's about him/her not about you. We can overcome it by increasing our self-expression and self-awareness in ourselves.

"Allah says in Quran in Surah At teen; certainly we have created man in the finest of moulds.."

I know we get compared all the time by our families, and friends, in society but my concern is, that educational institutions; are the most respectful place, where we faced and suffered this unappreciated behaviour, done by people who are the chosen ones. When God intended to bless someone, he bless him with education. Knowledge, so such blessed people need to think and focus on what they are doing to others? Because of you, your classmates cried for hours because you bullied them. This sort of behaviour needs to be stopped and addressed. Can we become more humble and respectful towards others? Good behaviour reflects in white souls. Everyone is unique and beautiful in their own way and our **imperfections** make us complete and unique.





From One Minute Down to they Can't Play Him

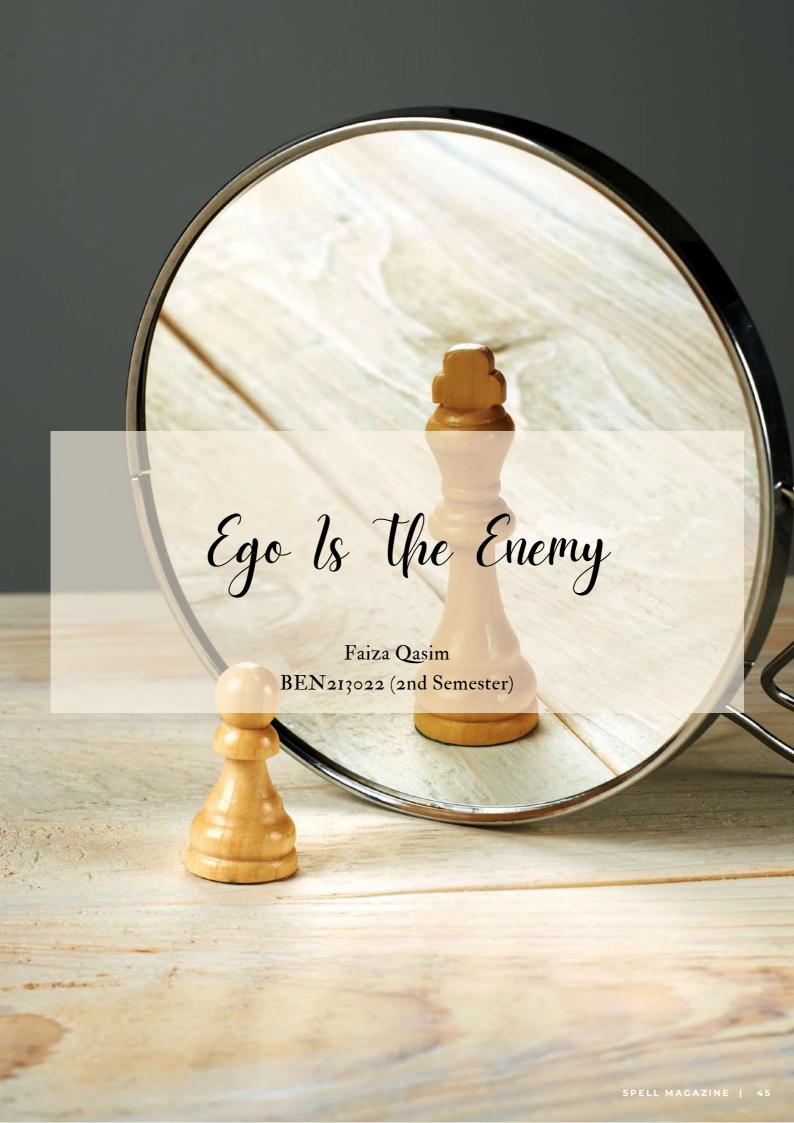
Ruman Mehmood BAF193014 (6th Semester)

From One Minute Down to they Can't Play Him

These lines from famous English commentator Naseer Hussain: "Pakistan cricket at its best one minute down next minute up." And "they cannot play him" has its separate fan base. Pakistan cricket came a long way. It may be the end of the world cup 2021 but definitely the start of a new road for Pakistan.

In a time of crisis where teams like New Zealand and England pulled off from towering Pakistan, it was a campaign of hope and a promise of an exciting future. No one gave them a chance at the start of the tournament yet they ended the super 12 stages being called "favourites."

They proved yes they are the nation that loves cricket and heavily focuses on it. Their leader **Babar Azam** proved to be an authoritative new leader and won many hearts around the globe through his humble approach and calmness. He was as cool as cucumber yet very passionate tops the chary with leading runscorer and may be witnessed as a man of the tournament. He showcased his captaincy in a match where they defeated India after **13** straight losses.



Ego Is The Enemy

TALK, TALK, TALK

"Those who know do not speak." Those who speak do not know."

Blank spaces, begging to be filled in with thoughts, with photos, with stories. With what we're going to do, with what things should or could be like, what we hope will happen. Technology, asking you, prodding you, soliciting talk.

Almost universally, the kind of performance we give on social media is positive. It's more "let me tell you how well things are going. Look how great l am." It's rarely the truth: "I'm scared. I'm struggling, I don't know."

At the beginning of any path, we're excited and nervous, so we seek to comfort ourselves externally instead of inwardly. There's a weak side to each of us, that—like a trade union—isn't exactly malicious but at the end of the day still wants to get as much public credit and attention as it can for doing the least. That side we call ego.

Writing, like so many creative acts, is hard. Sitting there, staring, mad at yourself, mad at material because it doesn't seem good enough and you don't seem good enough. In fact, many valuable endeavours we undertake are painfully difficult, whether it's coding a new startup or mastering a craft but talking, talking is always easy. We seem to think that silence is a sign of weakness. That being ignored is tantamount to death (and for the ego, this is true), So we talk, talk, talk as though our life depends on it. In actuality, silence is strength— particularly early on in any journey. As the philosopher (and as it happens, a hater of newspapers and their chatter) Keyboard warned,— "Mere gossip anticipates real talk, and to express what is still in through weakens action by forestalling it.

And that's what is so insidious about talk. Anyone can talk about himself or herself. Even a child knows how to gossip or chatter. Most people are decent at hype and sales. So what is scarce and rare? Silence, The ability to deliberately keep yourself out of the conversation and subsist without is validation. Silence is the respite of the confident and the strong.

Strategic flexibility is not the only benefit of silence while others chatter. It is also psychology. The poet Hesiod had this in mind when he said, "A man's best treasure is a thrifty tongue".

Talk depletes us. Talking and doing fight for the same resources. The more difficult the task, the more uncertain the outcome, the more costly talk will be and the farther we run from actual accountability. Talking—listening to ourselves talk, performing for an audience—us talking about this. Doesn't that count for something? The answer is no.

Think about it: a voice of a generation does not call itself that. In fact, when you think about it, you realise just how little these voices seem to talk, it's a song, it's s speech, it's a book— the volume of walk may be light, but what's inside it is concentrated and impactful.

They were quietly in the corner. They turn their inner turmoil into product and eventually to stillness. They ignore the impulse to seek recognition before they act. They didn't talk much. Or mind the feeling that others, out there in public and enjoying the limelight, are somehow getting the better end of the deal. (they are not). They're too busy working to do anything else. When they do talk—it's earned. The only relationship between work and chatter is that one kills the other.

Let the others slap each other on the back while you're back in the lab or the gym or pounding the parement. Plug that hole—that one, right in the midd of your face—that can drain you of your vital life force. Watch what happens. Watch how much better you get.

TO BE OR TO DO?

In this formative period, the soul is unsoiled by warfare with the world. It lies, like a block of pure, uncut Parian marble, ready to be fashioned into—what? A lot of people want to change the world, and it's good that they do. You want to be the best at what you do. Nobody wants to just be an empty suit. But in practical terms, which of the three words Boyd wrote on the chalkboard ate going to get you there? Which are you practising now? What's fuelling you? The choice that Boyd puts in front of us comes down to purpose. What is your purpose? What are you here to do? Because purpose helps you answer the question "To be or to Do?" Quite easily. If what matters is you—your reputation, your inclusion, your personal ease of life— your path is clear. Tell people what they want to hear. Seek attention over the quiet but important work. Say yes to promotions and generally follow the track that talented people take in the industry or field you've chosen. Pay your dues, check the boxes, put in your time, and leave things essentially as they are. Chase your fame, your salary, your title, and enjoy them as they came.

Boyd concluded with words that would guide that young man and many of his peers for the rest of their lives. "To BE OR TO DO?" Which way will you go? Whatever we seek to do in life, reality soon intrudes on our youthful idealism. This reality comes in many names and forms: incentives, commitments, recognition and politics. In every case, they can quickly redirect us from doing to being. From earning to pretending. Ego aids in that deception

Every step of the way. It's why Boyd wanted young people to see that if we are not careful, we can very easily find ourselves corrupted by the very occupation we wish to serve.

Easier in the sense that you know now what it is you need to do and what is important to you. The other "choices" wash away, as they aren't really choices at all. They're distractions.

It's about the doing, not the recognition. Easier in the sense that you don't need to compromise harder because each opportunity—no matter how gratifying or rewarding—must be evaluated along with strict guidelines. Does this help me do what I have set out to do? Does this allow me to do what I need to do? Am I being selfish or selfless? In this course m, it is not "Who do I want to be in life?" But "What is it that I want to accomplish in life?" Setting aside selfish interest, it asks: What calling does it serve? What principles govern my choices? Do I want to be like everyone else or do I want to do something different? In other words, it's harder because everything can seem like a compromise.

Although it's never too late, the earlier you ask yourself these questions the better. Think about this the next time you start to feel entitled, the next time you conflate flame and the American Dream. Think about how you might measure up to a great man or woman like that.

Think about this the next time you face that choice: Do I need this? Or is it really about ego? Are you ready to make the right decision? Or do the prizes still gutter off in the distance?

To be or to do— life is a constant roll call.

DON'T BE PASSIONATE

You seem to what that uvida vis animi which spurs and excites most young men to please, to shine, to excel. Without the desire and the pains necessary to be considerable depend upon it, you never can be so.

Passion—it's all about passion, Find your passion. Live passionately. Inspire the world with your passion.

People go to Burning Man to find passion, be around passion, and to rekindle their passion. The same goes for TED and the now enormous SXSW and s thousand other events, retreats, and summits, all fuelled by what they claim to be life's most important force. Here's what those same people haven't told you: your passion may be the very thing holding you back from power or influence or accomplishment. Because just as often, we fail with—no, because of—passion.

The same is true for countless entrepreneurs, authors, chefs, business owners, politicians, and designers that you have never heard of— and never will hear of, because they sunk their own ships before they'd hardly left the harbour. Like every other dilettante, they had a passion and lacked something else.

To be clear, I'm not talking about caring. I'm talking about the passion of a differ sort_unbridled enthusiasm, our willingness to pounce on what's in front of us with the full measure of our zeal, the "bundle of energy" that our teachers and gurus have assorted us is our most important asset. It is that burning, unquenchable desire to start or to achieve some vague, ambitious, and distant goal. This seemingly innocuous motivation is so far from the right track it hurts.

Passion typically masks a weakness. Its breathlessness and impetuousness and franticness are poor substitutes for discipline, for mastery, for strength and purpose and perseverance. You need to be able to spot this in others and in yourself, because while the origins of passion may be earnest and good, its effects are comical and then monstrous. Passion is seen in those who can tell you in great detail who they intend to become and what their success will be like — they might even be able to tell you specifically when they intend to achieve it or describe to you legitimate and sincere worries they have about the burdens of such accomplishments. They can tell you all the things they are going to do, or have even begun, but they cannot show you their progress. Because there rarely is any. How can someone is busy and not accomplish anything? Well, that's the passion paradox. Passion is form our function. Purpose is function, function and function. The critical work that you want to do will require your deliberation and consideration. Not passion. Not naivete. It would far better if you work intimidated by what lie's ahead—humbled by its magnitude and determined to see it through regardless. Leave passion for the amateurs. Make it about what you feel you must do and say, not what you care about and wish to be. Remember Talleyrand's epigram for diplomats, "surtout, pas trop de zèle" ("Above all, not too much zeal"), then you will do great things. Than you will stop being your old, good-intentioned, but ineffective self.

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Writing has only been invented 4 times: Full writing systems appear to have been invented independently at least four times in human history: first in Mesopotamia (present-day Iraq) where cuneiform was used between 3400 and 3300 BC, and shortly afterwards in Egypt at around 3200 BC. By 1300 BC we have evidence of a fully operational writing system in late Shang-dynasty China. Sometime between 900 and 600 BC appears in the cultures writing also of Mesoamerica.



"I am." is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.

• •

There are only four words in the English language which end in 'dous': tremendous. horrendous, stupendous, and hazardous.

Microsoft founder Bill Gates bought 'Codex Leicester', one of Leonardo Di Vinci's scientific journals for whopping \$30.8 million in November 1994.

'Dreamt' is the only word in the English language to end with 'mt'

Ghosts appear only in 4 Shakespearean plays: Julius Caesar, Richard III, Hamlet and Macbeth.

No word in the English language rhymes with month, orange, silver, and purple.

'SWIMS' upside down still looks like 'SWIMS'. The only 15-letter word that can be spelt without repeating a letter is uncopyrightable.

Aloha is a Hawaiian word that means both hello and goodbye.

A language dies every 14 days. A language dies when the last speaker of that language dies, and the world loses the knowledge that was contained in that language. Even before the last speaker dies, a language is useless when it no longer defines a community and cannot be used to communicate meaning.

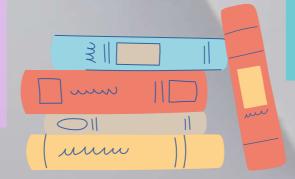
The longest English word without а vowel rhythm.

When Dr Seuss was stuck writing his books, he would go to a secret closet filled with hundreds of hats and wear them till the words came.

Dahl served in the Royal Air Force during World War II and also tested chocolates for Cadbury's while he was at school. (I guess we know where his inspiration for Charlie and the Chocolate Factory came from).

John Milton used 8.000 different words in his epic 'Paradise Lost.

The first published novel that was 'written' on a word processor was Len Deighton's 1968 novel Bomber.



Silent and Listen are spelt with the same letters.

'Scrabblement' is a 17th-century rare word referring to 'writing of а rambling character that like of madman'.

'A la recherche du temps perdu' by Marcel Proust is the longest book in the world at 9,609,000 characters. Translated into Remembers of Things Past, the book tells the story of the narrator's experiences growing up.

Oxford English Dictionary notes the earliest use of the word 'wicked' to mean good/cool to be from Fitzgerald's novel 'This Side of Paradise'. He is also thought to have used the word T-shirt for the first time.

> The Governor of Hunan Province in China banned Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland because he believed that animals should not be given the power to use the language of humans and to put animals and humans on the same level would be 'disastrous'.

The most published works by one author is 1,084 by L. Ron Hubbard (USA) whose first work was published in February 1934 and the last in March 2006.

> Howard Berg is considered the fastest reader in the world. "The Guinness World Record Book" recognized Berg in 1990 for his ability to read more than 25,000 words per minute and write more than 100 words per minute.



All the Bright Places

You are all the colors in one, at full brightness.

Who says you can't read a book more than a few dozen times? Well, with All The Bright Places, I did. From the moment I began reading it, I instantly knew I was in love with it. And ever since it has been a treasured piece of art to me. It is a heart wrenching story about a girl who learns to live from a boy who wants to die. Okay, okay I know, sounds depressing. But I promise you, no matter how much it makes you cry, it will make you smile too. Its crushing reality combined with the mix of emotions and the sappy romance is one of the best reasons to read it.

Oh, and not to forget the characters. Theodore Finch and Violet Markey, the duo that could have had it all. Finch is fascinated by death and constantly disappears in a spiraling thought pattern. But he is grateful for the life he has and everyday something good, no matter how small it is, brings him back to life.

On the other hand, there is Violet who just wants to leave everything behind her. Jennifer Niven has given a life to Violet's character through the grief she experiences in the wake of her sister's death. She just wants to escape the trauma and memories of it all.

When Violet meets Finch on the ledge of the bell tower at school, it's unclear who saves whom. Niven gave such a unique setting to the whole story by taking them to discover the natural wonders of their state and the poetry of Virgina Woolf. Finch makes Violet see the beauty in every little thing, he gives her a reason to live. He gets her back in the car after a year and takes her to great places. And violet accepts Finch for who he is, a weird, funny, mentally distrubed and wild guy. But as Violet's world grows, Finch's begins to shrink.

"You're off to Great Places!

Today is your day!

Your mountain is waiting,

So... get on your way!"

Dr. Seuss

Jennifer Niven is one of the few writers who has talked about mental health in her stories. And that too, so deeply and with such intensity. The book explores how the characters cope with their dark emotions and thoughts. How everyday they find a reason to live and don't ever give up.

A topic like mental illness is intertwined with romance and poetry. It is a well put together book that goes through the stages of denial, anger, loss, acceptance and finally learning how to move on. Though I cried my eyes out while reading this book, I also laughed, smiled, and felt as though I was living through it all. The last few chapters after (the not so sudden) plot twist were my favorite. It was like a perplexing mystery puzzle that got you feeling a little something. And after writing this review, I think I'll go back to reading the book one more time.

"I feel a thousand capacities spring up in me.
I am arch, gay, languid, melancholy by turns.
I am rooted, but I flow."
Virginia Woolf

ALL

The story of a boy called Finch and a girl named Violet.

THE



BRIGHT



PLACES

Jennifer Niven



Saying It Again

"Nowadays people know the price of everything and the value of nothing."

Oscar Wilde, The Picture of Dorian Gray

"The one thing that doesn't abide by majority rule is a person's conscience."

Harper Lee, To Kill a Mockingbird

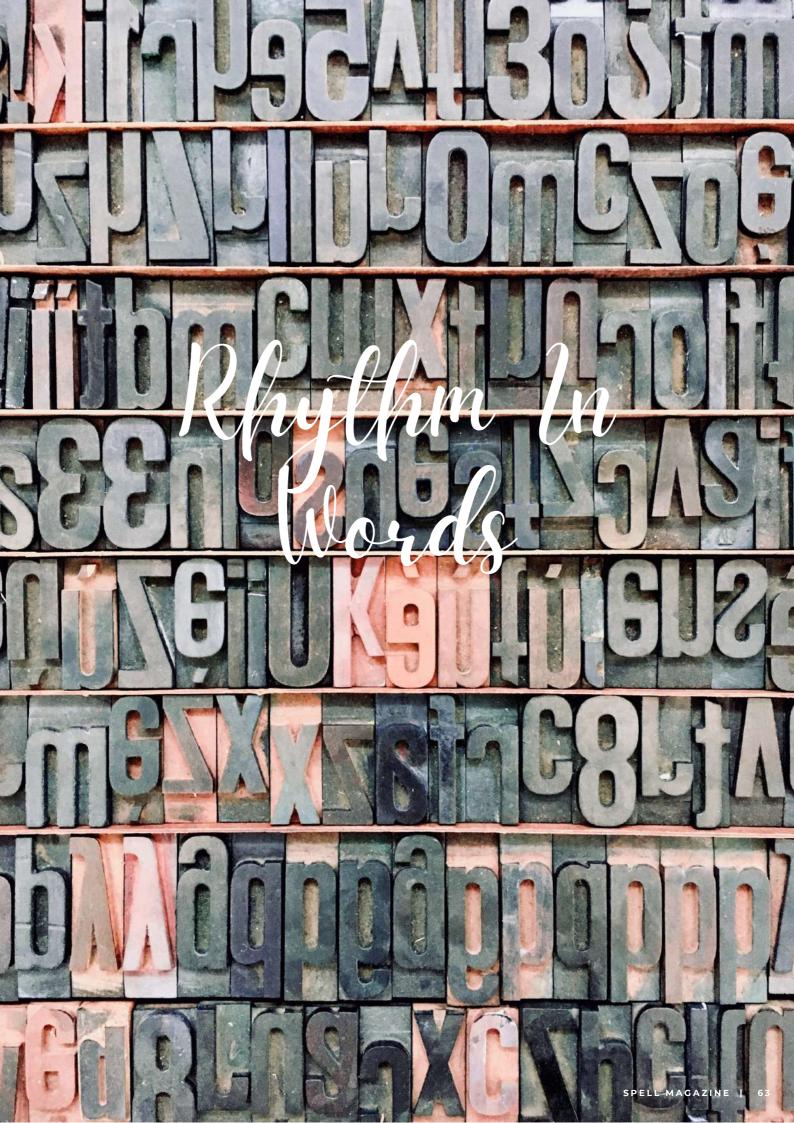
"Until I feared I would lose it, I never loved to read. One does not love breathing."

Harper Lee, To Kill a Mockingbird

"All that is gold does not glitter,
Not all those who wander are lost;
The old that is strong does not wither,
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.

From the ashes a fire shall be woken,
A light from the shadows shall spring;
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be king."

J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring





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Colour



Looking in the mirror, I try to seek
What they see, when they look at me
I look, I glance, I stare, I gaze
Of course, I find nothing, so as to speak
Just like always, what do they see in me?

I have everything the same as they
Two eyes, two ears, emotions at bay
I conceal, I hide, I deceive, I lie
They and me, we're just the same
And then I wonder, what do they see in me?

They tell me I've got features harsh
They tell me I've got features nice
They talk, they stare, they speak their mind
They tell me what they want to say
And then I know what they see in me.

They tell me it's not about the features
It's something else, which I can't comprehend
I plead, I scream, I beg, I cry
Yet they don't want to listen and then
Then they tell me that I have colour

Looking at myself, through their eyes
I gawk, I ogle, I gape, I glare
I peer at my face, and I realize.
It's not about the features; it never was.
It has always been the colour, Alas!

I don't have everything the same as they
I didn't fit the standards, so I failed
They can glare, talk, they can say what they
want

And I can't say, this isn't the way, They tell me that I have colour They stare and laugh at me,
They don't give me the part,
They reject what I do as if I don't have a heart.

They think they're better than me Just because I have colour.

They're confident, impressive, and so much more

Yet they waste their time on little ol' me They discuss, they share, they guess, they hear

I would like to ask them, how are you so sure?

About what you think of when you see me

But you know what I believe?

People without colour, you're not distinct.

I'm happy, content and luckier than you I don't bully, hurt and break hearts
Pay heed to this; you need to rethink

I'm happy that I have colour.
I'm happy I'm not one of you
Because if I too was without colour
I would be arrogant and lost like you
And unaware of the beauty that resides
in colour

And that in truth is what you should see in me



If He Comes to Meet Me

I lost the one whom I love the most
I shall tell him every secret, first and foremost

I forgot the reason of why I am here How will I face him, if he comes to meets me

He created me from dust, I forgot his favour How will raise my head, if he comes to meet me

I fell into a quicksand, he kept on calling me How will I get out, if he meets me

He was closer than jugular, I went far away
How will I ask him to come ,meet me

I was falling, he saved me, and I ignored him How will I confess? if he comes to meet me

I went on the wrong path, I lost him on the way Will he accept me, if he comes to meet me



Avorsor

Zona Imran BBT201007 (5th Semester)

Avorsor

My past. It haunts me each day
My demons, clawing at the soul's clay

A day passes, an old night rewinds All the scars, it gently reminds

The faltered steps, the missing trails My story's got a lot of brail

Move forward, says my Soul to me Move past, whispers each reverie

A thousand words, a thousand more To voice them all, I'll wait s'more

I've embraced her, that girl called 'me' Yet kinder still, I've got to be

I'd left it there, as a distant nightmare But back it is, as satan's dark glare

My small lessons, and lessons too big Have taught me this: you're just a twig.

Shade's ain't solace, shade's ain't sanctum Shade's plain death, is Death a sanctum?

Growing, or graying, oh Soul! Are you sane? Can't figure you out, alone I crane

I'm all I have, all, that I own An endless trap, my game unknown

Words, my solace, words, my friends Words, my hamstring, words, my ends.

I wish, my mind would quieten down A single minute, I'd cease to frown

Living your story quite grays your hair Living its truth, does it make life seem fair?

If the Soul's a Rose, then the Rose awaits, Awaits its share, of thorns and fates.

'Help' it says. Help, it needs.
'Help do come.' Is what it reads.



BEN213007 (2nd Semester)

Self Confidence

Be confident, you only have you When one teases, let the inside, praise you.

You do the tasks and accomplish the duties
When it comes to yourself, you degrade your beauties

You do your best, and never rest Make efforts until the better is the best

Never get tired, but always abide. The hindering emotions, you always hide.

Don't be intimidated, you are unique Elevate your stature, adopt the technique

Love yourself and be confident Excel and compete, be the best competent



He A Poet

Shama Bashir BEN213027 (2nd Semester)



He A Poet

He a poet That I have been waiting for ages To see how He winds up movement of solitude in pages In the pearls that cones from his pen He wants them to, when He pours to the pages Thought, that by sharing my words I'd get to know the reason But. I got lost In the play of his words That, poet is only of his sort That I won't even forget That favor.... The void that was in my being He filled it with vision Pour my feelings In his style, in front of his door The beautiful movement of life Let my feelings sour In his words I will converting my dreams In the reality of life...



the Misfit

I'm uncertain; Either you – the Misfit or Me?



Friends The star besides the moon, The darker the night, the closer they get, Not a single night, when the star left him alone, Even though the millions in a big sky, where all stars are alone, Star and the moon, never left each other forlorn, When the night came, they hold tight, Like a diamond in the sky, shinning bright, Like the true friends, holding tight, Better together, all day and night. Sumayya Farooq SPELL MAGAZINE | 78 BEN213035 (2nd Semester)



Impression

Am I intelligent?
Yes, I am
But do I study?
No, I don't.

Why am I so different?
I am not sure.
I know I should be studying
But I don't

Does everyone talk about me?

Yes, they do

But do I care?

No, I don't.

I know its fascinating to spread rumours

But do you know I take it as humour

And all of my answers are spontaneous, on my own

To win the class, that's my game Tell me where's my crown to claim

All the pun and all the fun
This is what I do and grab my day

I play with my pals
And make the day calls
But do I study?
Not at all.



Memories

There were times, when I remembered moments and I started feeling gloom in me that I can't go back, this is something we can't have again. So I started hating having memories even if they were cherishable. Like I have lost something though it was all meant to pass by. But then I learned that it was actually meant to pass by

A.K.Y Imagines

As november was ending and I was turning a page, and writing a memory. I gazed at the horizon. Sky was as blue as an oblivous dream is. The stars too were fading. So I thought butterflies too will soon fly away. And it will become a story.

But before november ends, and before I turn a page. I want to look back.

Just before anything happen, I want to go back. When sky was not a mere lucid dream. And the stars were twinkling in that gigantic clear sky. To that chilly winter tea and short evening stroll. Calling the butterflies to fly back to me. Because I dont want to remember it as a story.

A.K.Y Imagines



Self Love

Love Yourself because you are the only one you have Love yourself because no one else is going to do that for you

The kindness that you hide inside. Why don't you bring it out?

You are afraid of a new you, isn't that all about?

The way you get triggered by a single push, don't you? You have no tolerance, you aren't ready to accept.

Be the change that you want to see in your Mother Earth Be the wave of peace that you are finding since your birth

Be the bad guy, there is so much joy

Do what your heart says, Don't be a people's toy.

Feel your presence & the light around you. Discover yourself & everything about you.

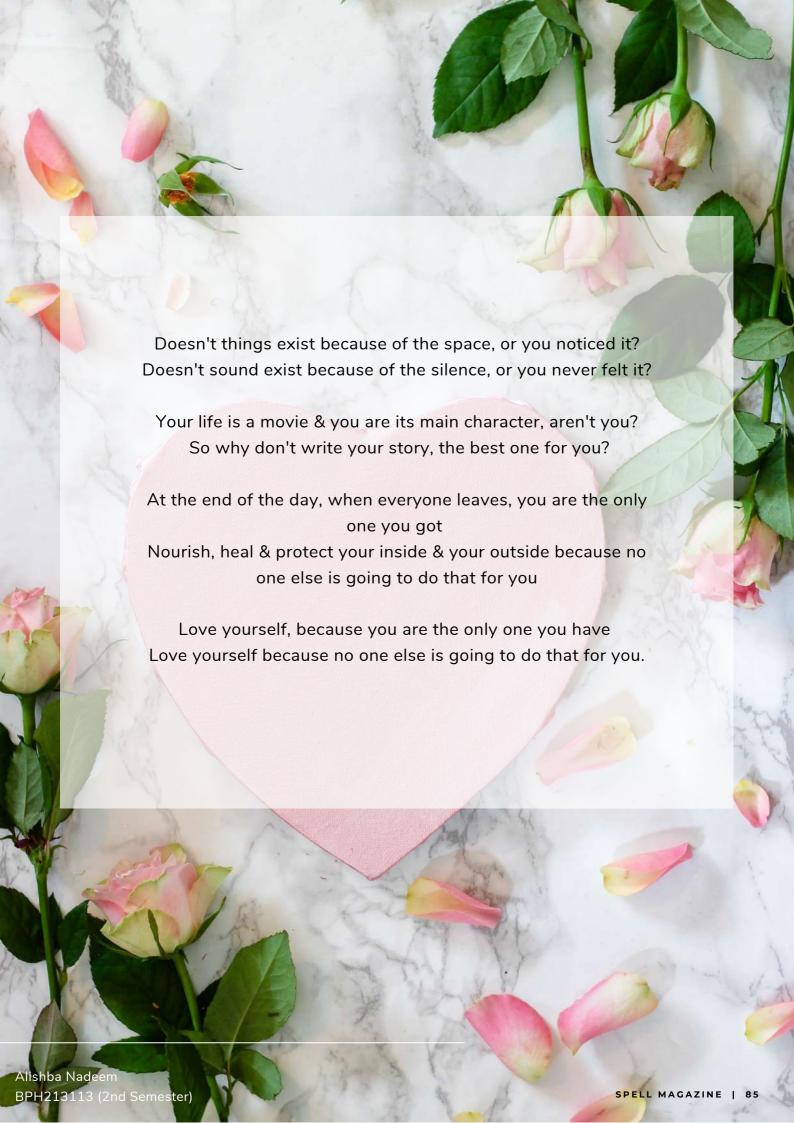
Spread love & kindness wherever you go Leave your everlasting mark wherever you go.

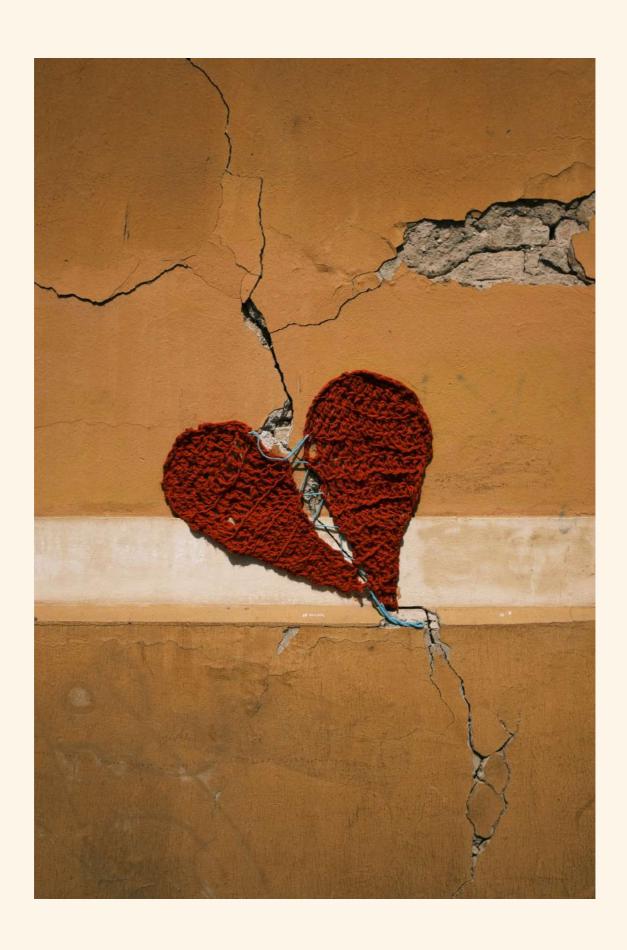
You are your home, seek refuge in yourself
You will find everything you'd ever want, only within yourself

If you are unaware of your powers, So be conscious of it You are an embodiement of happiness, just know this.

You remember your past, because who you are without it
You remember your future, because where will you go without it

But do you ever feel your present moment & the isness of it Isn't it the only thing that you'll ever have, the here & the now?







One Thing I Did Wrong

A northern wind arrives
That burnishes grief
And opens the sky.

The soul wants to walk out

Is that cleaning air

And not come back

The soul is a stranger
Trying to find a home
Somewhere that is not a where
Why keep grazing on keep why?

Good falcon soul, you have flown Around foraging long enough

Swing back now toward The emperor's whistling

Moment of truth



truth

Truth will let you see
Like a bright star shines in the sky
Truth will let you free
It needs no help from the lies

Don't judge the truth

By what people do

First find the truth

Then do what's right for you

Truth will lift up your soul

From the darkness on the ground

If you let the bells of truth toll

Your real will be found

Don't you see the world?

Hopes, dreams and lies may survive on the Earth

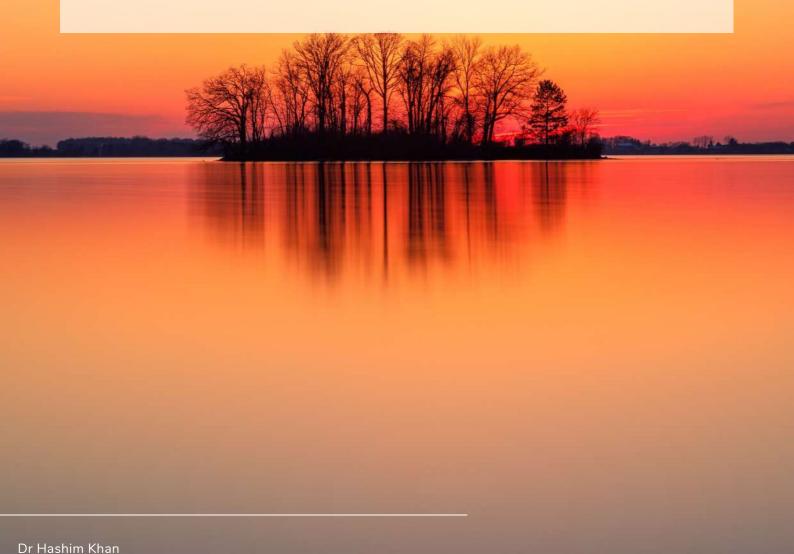
But when you see the graveyard

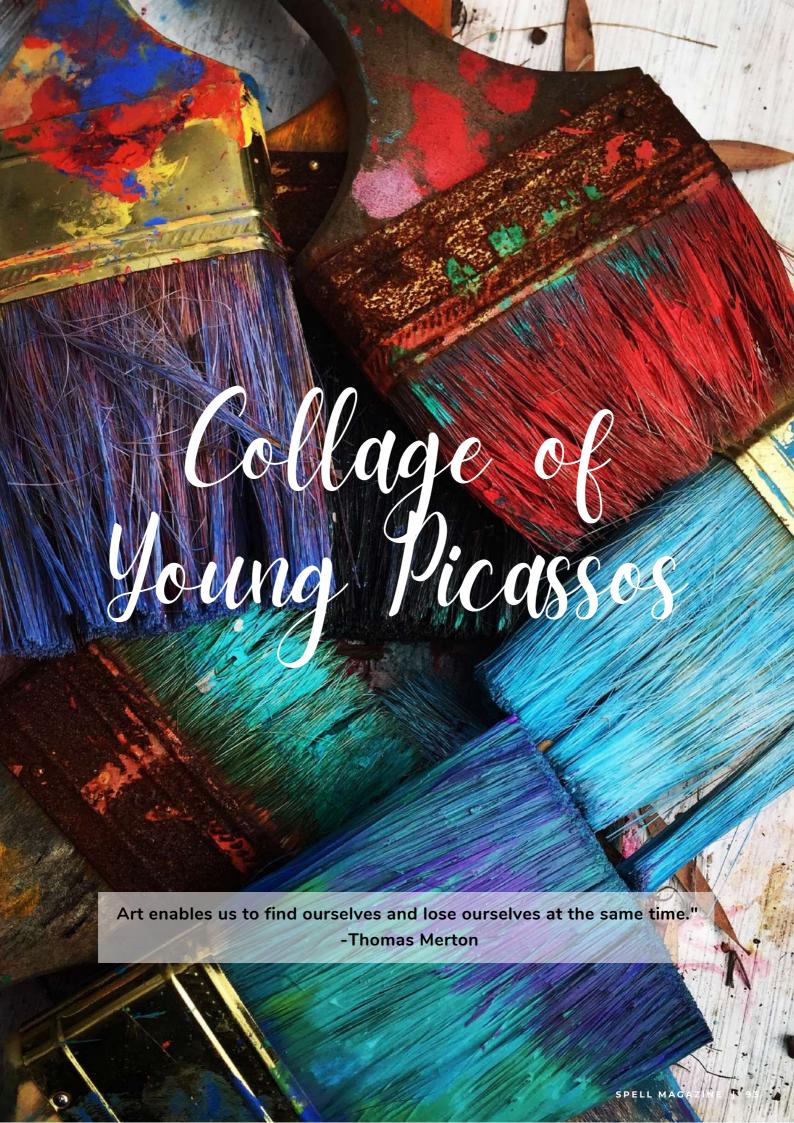
Truth can still survive beneath the dirt



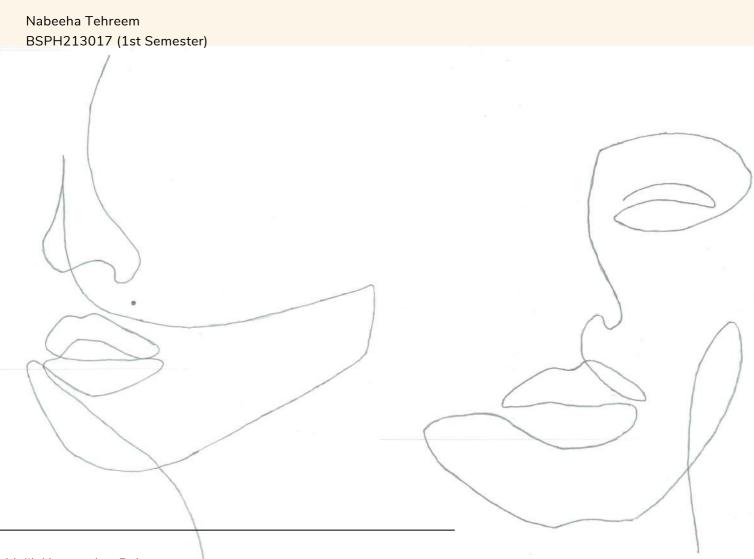
Nature Appealing

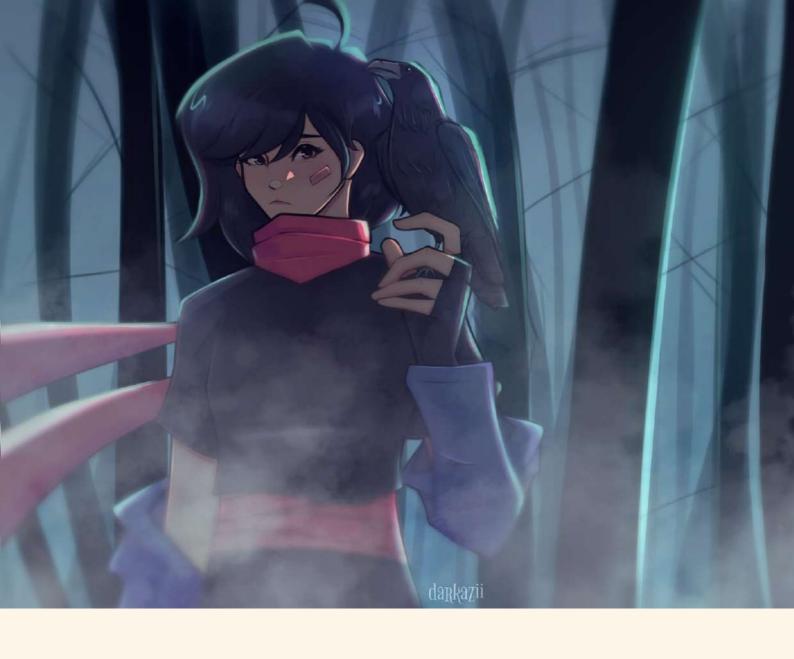
Sights n sounds are calling thee
Above the mountains, on the sky
Hovering birds' melodies around me
But I hear the stream's sobbing n cry
Sights, sounds n the blooming spree
perplexed are all as if a sinister decry
Carrying heaps of a clandestine debris
Questions, concerns, queries whereby
Redemption of Capt. Bligh in the Pacific Sea
Thou, the best of creatures, can satisfy









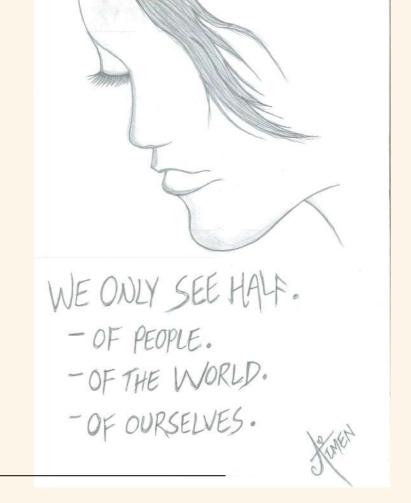


A person's mind is a dangerous place. You're always facing some sort of difficulty one after another. For instance, a choice may seem like a small thing on the outside however it's a completely different story in one's mind. Here I am, trapped in my own mind, as my anxiety grew over a certain situation, I felt trapped in an unfamiliar area with this thick fog uncertain of what to do next. The negative thoughts in my head were voiced by a crow that clearly had no intention of letting me breathe and live in peace. I know I'm the only one I have, I'll have to get through this difficulty as well, just for my own sake.



"I had walked along that street all my life but had never been so aware that my back was to my home."

Farah Fatima BSP211044 (3rd Semester)



The Swing

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,

Till I can see so wide,

Rivers and trees and cattle and all

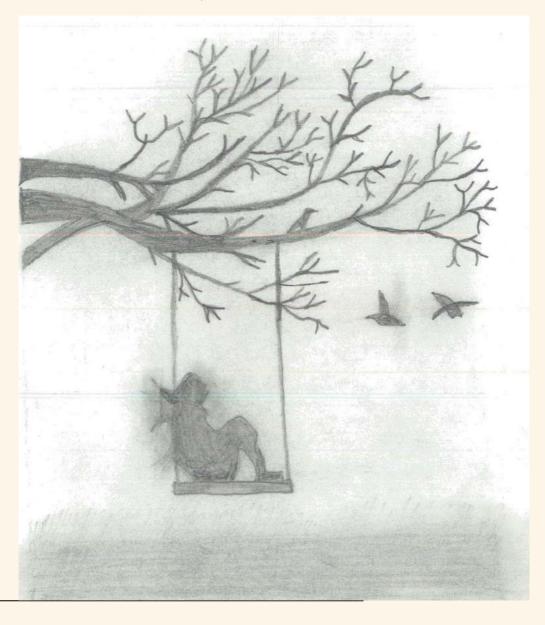
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,

Down on the roof so brown—

Up in the air I go flying again,

Up in the air and down!





The Starry Night BY ANNE SEXTON

That does not keep me from having a terrible need of—shall I say the word—religion. Then I go out at night to paint the stars. Vincent Van Gogh in a letter to his brother

The town does not exist
except where one black-haired tree slips
up like a drowned woman into the hot sky.
The town is silent. The night boils with eleven stars.
Oh starry starry night! This is how
I want to die.

It moves. They are all alive.

Even the moon bulges in its orange irons to push children, like a god, from its eye.

The old unseen serpent swallows up the stars.

Oh starry starry night! This is how

I want to die:
into that rushing beast of the night, sucked up by that great dragon, to split from my life with no flag, no belly, no cry.

Qurat UI Ain Fatima BEN213003 (2nd Semester)



How beautiful the leaves grow old. How full of light and color are their last days.

- John Burroughs

"Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me From mine own library with volumes that I prize above my dukedom."



The End