

SPELL

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Editor's Note

Dear readers, welcome to the Spring 2024 edition of SPELL Magazine, a tapestry of creativity, woven from the threads of imagination, innovation, and inspiration! In the third volume of our magazine, we invite you to embark on a thrilling adventure, navigating the uncharted waters of the human experience. Within these pages, you shall discover a kaleidoscope of artistic expression, as our talented contributors bare their souls, sharing their innermost thoughts, emotions, and visions. Prepare to be enchanted by the poetic verse that dances across the page, the prose that whispers secrets in your ear, and the artwork that transports you to realms both familiar and unknown.

As you dive into the depths of our magazine, may the words and images ignite a fire within your soul, rekindling your passion for the literary arts, and reminding you of the transformative power of creativity. We extend our deepest gratitude for your loyalty and support, and we trust that this edition shall be a treasured addition to your literary collection. At SPELL Magazine, we are unwavering in our commitment to showcasing raw, original, and innovative content, spanning the vast expanse of art, photography, poetry, and prose. We believe that our readers deserve only the best, and we strive to deliver a publication that not only inspires but also provokes, challenges, and delights.

So, dear readers, join us on this fantastical journey, as we celebrate the magic of words, and the boundless potential of the human spirit. Happy reading, and may the creative spark within these pages illuminate your path, and guide you on your own literary odyssey!

Asma Qandeel
ASSOCIATE LECTURER



"I ask this one thing:

let me go mad in my own way."

- Sophocles



WOVEN WORDS



WILLO THE WISP CHAIN

A COLLABORATIVE
STORY



Where every line is written by a different person

Prompt:

*A black raven flies overhead
and a blue rose blooms red.
In the end, was it a bittersweet dream
or was it a reality,
this question echoes in my head.*

This morning I woke up with the strangest dream. My eyes were open but my mind asleep. Still I made (up) my mind for a day ahead with hope and shine in sleepy eyes. My mind was still reeling from that adrenaline rush of slaying the Great Balzar, a dragon that I knew from my young princess days. For a moment, I flinched when I recalled that I saw a horror-looking lady holding the dragon's collar instead of (my rival) Princess. It seems to be like a nightmare when I recall that but then I remember the dragon's collar (clearly) that seems to be (too) real. A dream? A reality? In the midst of the fuzziness, the confusion, (it is) hard to say but definitely something worthwhile. I thought everything was different and I can't understand (in) my mind what happened in it (in my dream). In the evening of that beautiful day, (I worry about) the dragon's collar instead of the princess. This is a dream or a reality? (I continue to ask). A leaf suddenly lands on my hand (shaking me out of my reverie), whispering that it's the arrival of autumn. The (arrival of) autumn gave me a huge rush of thoughts of the time when the dragon was (once) suffering in the well because of the illnesses of his heart. (And how) I saw that the dragon was going away from us, far away. (I just stood there). I could see the people looking anxiously at that (, at the dragon rushing away). (Yet, today) I am the one who focuses on the day, because I cannot not step back from the pressure. (I know) if I stand strong, I can do anything. After that I want to focus on myself instead of that harsh dream. I want to relieve myself from what is happening around me. But ah! That dream is still present in my subconscious mind and I can't get rid of it anyway. But this is what life is, you have to move on, putting all the sorrows away, and that's what I decided to do.

But I couldn't shake that anxious feeling I was feeling in that moment. I decided to take a new turn and focus on the reality. Also, to keep myself safe from the signs or the reality check given in that dream. It was a bittersweet of reality that the story lies between what we see and what we believe. And then my eyes were open (again). (What was reality? And what was a dream?) I saw the reality of a dragon. (But) I woke up to hear the knocking on the glass. First, I thought it was the window, until I heard it, (another sound) come from the dragon again. It was the darkest night that I dreamed of. (And then) I woke up, I saw from the window, the raven was there (but was it here) to see me or not. Its beady red eye stared at me, opening its beak to let out a croaking sound, its charcoal-black feathers puffed up. This frightened me as I was confused. The dreams became a reality or not? I wondered for a moment. It felt it was a reality from all those things. (I talked about a lot of things in those dreams) Never give up and continue your hope. Always think positive either its your hard time or not. (Now, it was just) good bye!



DOOM AT YOUR SERVICE

IBA REHMAN
BEN221020



What does a serial killer look like? A good question, isn't it? he or she can either be a tough guy covered in tattoos, a proper, drop-dead gorgeous man, a weird mysterious, quiet hooded dude, or someone you least expect.

On a groggy Sunday morning, Ian arrived at the hotel. a hotel where many people with different purposes and backgrounds gather like a herd of sheep, of course, Ian included. Ian checked into the hotel and asked for a room to stay in for a week. The receptionist told him how good their facilities are, how comfy their bed is, how excellent their kitchens and how great they view. Then the receptionist goes on by telling him the times when the housekeeping services will be provided which is twice a week and that they would clean anything for him. Ian takes room no #708 and is going to unpack his stuff.

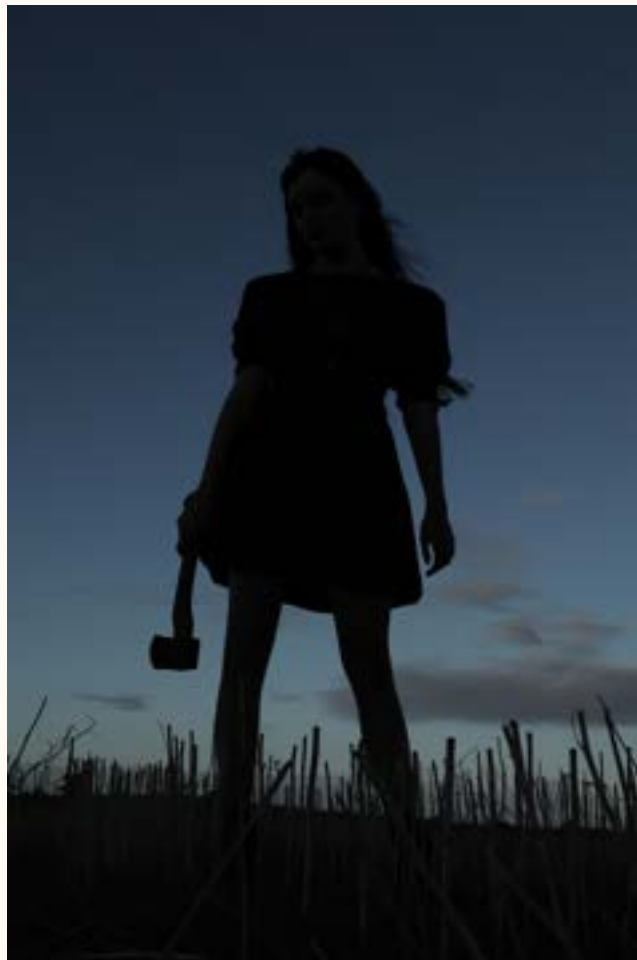
While he's going, he finds a maid struggling to put a decoration on the top of her cake and naturally, he goes and asks if she needs help and she replies, "I you don't mind that would be lovely". "Is there anything else to put on the top?" Ian asks. After that Ian starts talking with the maid and gets to know that the decorations are for his boss's daughter's birthday, Miss Vanessa. As a token of gratitude for helping, the maid takes out an expensive red wine to drink which is not hers but is for Miss Vanessa's party. "You do know this is stealing right," says Ian. "Don't worry, Mr. Cradan won't notice if some of his expensive wine goes missing." replies the maid. They enjoy some of the wine and part ways after that. Then Ian goes to see Mr. Cradan and drinks with him and comes home super drunk, he's so drunk that he doubts he will be sober tomorrow at Miss Vanessa's birthday party.

As he reaches his apartment and goes inside someone strikes him from behind and he becomes unconscious. When he woke up he found that he was lying on the floor with his hands and feet tied up with a wire and couldn't move because he was so badly beaten up while he was unconscious. He then looked up and saw that it was none other than Marco, his old friend and his gang who came here to rob him. Marco asked Ian if he was still looking for the serial killer that killed his sister. Ian didn't like this coming from Marco so they started fighting, and angered Marco approached Ian to punch him and he became unconscious. experience.

Meanwhile, there was a ring at the door, it was room service. The gang became confused as to who ordered room service. One of the guys went to the door to see who it was and told the maid that they didn't call for room service and that she got the rooms mixed up. "No, sir I am sure that we received an order from room 708, the caller asked for a midnight supper," said the maid. The guy became annoyed and told her that he would take the order so that she would leave them alone but the maid came inside the room and she saw someone lying on the floor. When she came inside she found out that it was the guy who helped her with the decorations. The maid went towards Ian to help him up but Marco didn't want anyone to interfere so he asked one of the guys to take care of her. And after that, everything was a blur for Ian. He woke up to the sound of the bell, it was the maid. She came to help Ian with everything as he couldn't move because of how badly he was beaten up. Ian didn't remember anything from last night as he was drunk. He also forgot about Miss Vanessa's birthday party so he quickly got up but fell right on his face. The maid asked him not to move as both of his ankles were injured but he couldn't miss Miss Van's birthday party so the maid suggested that as Ian helped her with the decorations, she would help him get ready. He got ready and was about to get out of the room when he saw a drop of blood right next to the door. It was a very small drop but he was sure it was blood and pretty fresh. He didn't pay much attention to it but then as the maid got out he saw that her hand had a cut on it he asked her and she told him it was nothing but he couldn't shake the feeling that there was more to it. That was all he could think about at the party but he didn't want to come to any conclusion that would make things complicated so he ignored it.

The next day Ian went outside to get a gift for the maid as he appreciated her help. As he was going he saw the maid in the town and wanted to talk to her but she didn't notice him and continued shopping. As he was following her trying to catch up to her he noticed something weird, they were in an abandoned town, and not many people were around. He finds it very weird what a young maid is doing in an abandoned town. As he followed her he saw her going inside a house. He followed her into the house and got chills down his spine not because he saw anything but because of the weird smell.

He kept on going and saw her go into the basement, and so did he. When he entered the basement, something hard hit his head and he fainted. When he woke up his head was throbbing, and when he opened his eyes, he saw the maid standing in front of him. He was shocked and couldn't understand what was going on. "You're probably very confused as to what's going on so let me explain," said the maid. "You came here to find your sister's killer right, you found her, she's right in front of you." Ian was taken aback by all of this. Ian didn't want to believe this, so he asked for proof. The maid laughed and took out a hairpin from a box. Ian recognized that hairpin immediately because he was the one who gifted his sister that pin. He was so enraged, but he was hopeless as he was tied up and had a very bad head injury. He then asked her about what had happened the night when he was unconscious and she told him, "Of course, I killed them too". Ian started to cry thinking about how lonely his sister must have felt in her last moments. However, he felt a faint happiness in his heart when he realized that he was going to meet her after so long. "Any last words?" asked the maid. "Burn in hell!!!" yelled Ian. Not long after his last words, the maid swung her hammer and his brain popped out.



HAPPINESS

SALMAN KHAN
BEN221045



I once asked ‘the happiness’. What are your criteria for human attainment and experience? Didn't respond at all. I tried once more, thinking perhaps he might answer me this time. But the same experience. I mustered up my courage all the time, every now and then but the cruel happiness had his cruel bias and didn't even feel as if someone is asking for a very serious reason. What I could do? Obviously nothing, but to align my will with the whim of the boss. One way of it could be, perhaps the boss couldn't have heard me but it was a mere speculation. Anyways, I backed to my thoughts plagued by shattered intentions and a web of suspicions.

Time was passing but in a way that if he had some grudge with me. Like a minute at the moment, literally became an hour at least. However, some bridges were building and some were breaking inside the universe of my thoughts. The bridges of ideas, that of finding some answers that I couldn't get from my foe (As if the happiness was my arch foe).

Soon I heard a very mighty call. Come here, I have to tell you something. I was pensively held by the call. Anyway, I turned to him. After all, the boss has to be listened to anyway. “See, if you are this eager to be answered, then let me assign you a task.” The boss said in a proud tone. “You have to look deep into some happenings and try to find me in the reciprocity”. The boss continued. I agreed to his proposal because that was an honour as if there could be any prospect. He tasked me that whenever you will see the things in the list I am giving you, you will find me (happiness) miles deeper than you see. But how many miles? That was not told.

Some tasks seem very difficult and almost impossible but for the sake of something extraordinary to gain, we humans, embrace those impossibilities and replace them most of the time with possibilities. However, I opened the list provided by boss and started to work on it. The list was purely the boss's handwritten.

Here you go, my boy.

It said, go and find me somewhere in the smile of a kid, who is struggling for the past week to get something to charge up the stomachs of him and his family. In the wrinkles on the face of a father, who for the past decade has been doing nothing, but thinking how to manage his daughters to be married handsomely and manage a wholesome dowry for them. Within the sighs of a mother whose son has been lost for a dozen years due to his refusal to acquiesce to the demands of the town's master, her eyes ever fixated on the door, brimming with anticipation.

Hold on my boy, there is a long way to go. In the thoughts of a teen girl, who has been cursing herself for just being pretty, for too long. And whose beauty serves as poison more than a blessing for her. And the thoughts of her dearest friend as well, despite being a couple of decades older than her, whose eyes grew weary gazing at her door, hoping for a marriage proposal, simply because of her darker complexion.

Also, dig that dim smile of a labourer who comes to the public square early in the morning daily with his tools and his blurred hope. You may find some traces of mine in his smile when he returns home with his neat and clean hands and pocket.

There lives a young boy in the 1st hut of this arcade, who was arrested by the town's police last month, in the accusations of pilfering his boss's jewels. Go and ask his two younger sisters (his only assets) if they have ever heard about me or not. (Though the jewels came out of one of the boss's bags a week ago).

Your next-door neighbour, who had left home three years ago, and was an immigrant, had captivated swiftly on the very first day. Now he is in the state of limbo, just like a suspended pendulum, and cannot go either way, but his family (An old father, a widowed sister, and a helpless wife with a two year-old meek kid in her lap) is accessible to you. You can go anytime to ask them about me. Perhaps they know me even better than I know myself.

Do you remember there lives a community in the town next to you? They also serve as a symbol of dignity in every single event in your town. Last night, while dancing at an event, half a dozen of them were gunshot. Talking to me they told, we are used to this, so don't drop your precious tears for us. My boy, they told this to me—the boss—happiness. Imagine. So go forth and ask them their confessions about me and I hope you will be answered in a better way this time. For your convenience, your people call them by the 'adorable' name; "hijrra". My curious boy, remember one thing all around your expedition, "Never pay any bit of heed to the facial smile because it is very notorious for concealing realities. It has never ever revealed anything about me, nor shall it do so ahead."

Well, there are more things I have to tell you. Boy, a week before, a workman was very loudly laughing. He had earned no bread by his own hands for half a week at least. Look at his punctuality; he comes to that public square and leaves, even more punctually and timely than a military person's punctuality. While talking to his buddy, he unconsciously told of his sole

doll's demand from him. She has a party at school this coming Sunday. She demanded from him for the apparel that she had seen on the body of a cute actress in a poster. You go there and ask that workman about his frankly laughing. You might get an insight into me.

Within the city's main hospital, there was a twelve-year-old child crying very inconsolably. Sometimes in the mother's lap and sometimes in the father's. Actually, he was operated for a brain tumour a decade prior and continues to grapple with his health. The signs of surgical incision on his bald skull are no less than a cobweb. His parents open and close their eyes with those cries for this past decade. Approach those desolate parents and inquire, have they ever encountered anything related to my existence or if have merely heard my name?

Hold on, only one more to go, my boy. The market had a near-to-grave man the day before yesterday. He was selling floating planes that kids use to play with. An ill-fated happening was staring at him for too long, waiting to invade his way. The thread which had tied the toys to his cart was cut suddenly but that went unnoticed. As soon he looked back after knowing, the whole bunch of the toy planes was floating in the air chasing its way towards the heavens. The man and his planes (his entire property) were waving to each other, painting a "smile" on his face. The scene was synonymous with a prisoner's release after life imprisonment, stepping into living his "life", and sending heartfelt wishes to the buddies left behind to live in "serenity". My boy, the man is worth to be asked about me. I assure you will be answered.

This shall suffice for now my eager boy. Fasten your emotional belt and go along your way. Back here with your discoveries.

I did so, what I was asked in the letter. I presented myself in the boss's court once again. He asked me about the journey and I replied, "My lord, I dug miles and did not even count how many billions of miles, but I found nothing speaking or knowing of you. Now I stand before you, utterly drained and wearied."

The boss replied, "Listen, my boy, Do not ask the questions that you cannot afford."



THE BEAST

BENEATH THE BED

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Thunder crackled outside in the late afternoon sky. Ahmad sat on his bed, his cheeks moist with the occasional sprinkles of thin raindrops that barged in from the open window. He was playing Subway Surfers on his tab, when he heard a strange sound.

“GRRRRRAAAHHHH!” A sudden roar came from beneath his bed. At first, Ahmad dismissed it as the sound of the drilling that was being done in the house next door. But why would a drill sound like that? He thought. As the sound became louder and louder, Ahmad’s heartbeat quickened. The twelve-year-old hopped out of his Lightnin’ McQueen bed and came down on his all fours like a cat.

As Ahmad stared in horror, the wooden panes beneath his bed started tearing apart. A gaping zigzag shaped crack formed and grew larger and larger as though something was biting the wood from beneath. Ahmad’s deep-set eyes widened and he heard another rancorous roar! He screamed.

Ahmad’s mother, who was skimming through channels on the TV in search for a good Pakistani drama to watch, jolted awake from her boredom. Her hand released the remote out of sudden shock, sending it down to the floor. The scream reminded her of horrific memories she had spent years in therapy to forget. Now as her son screamed, her feet came into action, and she nearly flew up the stairs to reach to him before it was too late.

The crevasse beneath the bed stared back at Ahmad. It was shaped like the slash of lightening: dark and formidable. “It’s an earthquake Mama!” He got up to run to the door just as his mother came rushing in and nearly slipped while trying to pull Ahmad out of the room. Grabbing his shoulders, she lowered down on her knees, and shook his shoulder hissing, “Did you see it? Did you see the Beast?”

“What beast Mama? It’s an earthquake, we have to go outside!”

And the earth shook again; the roar came again, thundering through the wood that dominated the floorboards of the house.

“M..m..ama..a?” Ahmad barely managed to say. “Wwhat’s happenin’?” “The Beast.” Ahmad’s mother stared fearfully in his eyes, “It has awoken!”

“What?!” Ahmad shivered, his own horror reflecting in his mother’s eyes. “But...I don’t understand...”

Ahmad’s mother grabbed his hand and ran downstairs, “We don’t have time, we must get out...” Just then, a vicious whirl of wind blew, opening the door of Ahmad’s room. Ahmad felt a strange pull on his waist. It was as if a rope was tied around it, pulling him back. Everything happened too fast. He saw his mother cry, “NOOOOOO!!!” just as he lost grip of her hand and found himself flying backward, pulled by a strange magnetic force, up the stairs and back inside his room again. The door slapped between him and his mother who ran upstairs after him. Then, everything became still. He banged at the door, and didn’t dare to look behind where the roaring sound continued to resonate maliciously from beneath the bed.

“Mama, mama I’m scared.” He whispered.

“Ahmad, my child, don’t be afraid. Destiny has come to you and you must face her. ” She said. “It visited us once when misfortune had befallen upon us. It promised us a chest of endless fortune in exchange for feeding her child, Wisdom, the great Beast from the world beneath!”

“What do you mean Mama?” he asked. The roaring had stopped and Ahmad waited for her mother to answer. However, there was only one thing that he heard in reply:

Silence.

And from this silence and loneliness around him, a shadow rose, cloaked in a feathery shroud which was the most magnificent blend of blues he had ever seen. There were hues of the dark blue of the night sky and the lighter shades of the rivers from north. As he stared at the hovering spirit that had appeared beside him, she pulled back her cyan blue hood and smiled back at him.

“Greetings, blessed child. I’m what earthlings call Destiny. Time has summoned me to serve you.” Her hair were crystalline shards of icicles that clanked together and released ancient cold whispers in languages he had never heard. Ahmad shrank back into the door- the strange figure now leaning in front of him- his lanky hand trembling while reaching for the knob. That’s when he remembered what his mother had always taught him. “Cowards trade souls for fortune; fools feed on ignorance. But it is the courageous who face their Destiny as Time has foretold.”

He never quite understood what the maxim meant until this moment. Those words always gave him hope and courage at times he felt lonely and lost. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath in, and turned around to face it. To face his Destiny.

And what he saw blew his breath away. In place of Destiny’s eyes were hollow sockets, her skin the purple of bruises. She was young and ugly, thin and curvy, longer than a human, shorter than an angel. When she smiled, the edges of her colorless lips rose, giving her eerie face the hint of a beauty, wicked. The more Ahmad stared at her, the less he was afraid.

She raised her index finger, bony and purplish pale, its long nails painted the coppery red of dried blood, “Come closer child...” She whispered and it was the first time Ahmad realized that her voice sounded odd. It resembled the musical breath that he heard his mother blow on her favorite flute. A melody lost in time.

Perhaps it was this familiarity that gave him the courage to move closer to Destiny. Up close, she smelled like warm breezes of summer. But when she touched the back of her hand to his cheek, it was the cold of winters. “Blessed child. Tell me your biggest fear and I will trade it for the tale of my encounter with your parents.”

“Why should I?” Ahmad frowned. He was separated from his mother. Somehow, he felt it was *Destiny’s* fault.

Destiny cackled into a malicious screech that sounded like the shattering of glass and said in a shrill, cold voice, “Don’t you want to know what happened to your father?”

Ahmad took a step back, “But Mama said he’s...” No matter how hard he tried, he could never bring himself to complete that sentence.

“Oh, he never died.” She flicked her purplish pale hand in the air, “He’s just never made it out.” She said this while staring back beneath the bed. Ahmad could only guess what “out” meant. Slowly, as though bewitched by an ancient enchantment, he stepped closer to his bed, and sat on top of it. As if on cue, a roar came from beneath and he shivered.

“Ok. What will you do with my fear?”

“Why, I’ll feed it to my son Wisdom of course.” She gave him a look that suggested that this much was commonsense.

“You mean to the Beast from the world beneath?” He asked just to make sure if he had heard his mother correctly. Destiny nodded.

“Ok.” Ahmad paused to think. “Then my biggest fear...” He paused to stare in those hollow sockets, “...is...you!” He said cautiously and Destiny let out a soft gasp and fell silent.

“A blessed child you are indeed.” She chanted as an afterthought. “For, Wisdom can eat anything but me! And it is in exchange for your wit, that I shall narrate to you the tale that is lost with Time. Listen carefully for I, Destiny, shall speak once and no more.”

Ahmad sat up straighter and tried not to shiver as the hungry Beast from the world beneath roared once more.

“This is a tale of when both you and my son Wisdom were one year old. Your father had went bankrupt and just like your mother, I had no food to feed my son.”

“But you are Destiny!” Ahmad interrupted unintentionally, “I thought nothing is impossible for you!”

“Oh no child, I, Destiny, have my limits too. It is only sheer human will that gives me strength. I’m nothing otherwise.” Then she smacked her thin purplish hand in the air as though shooing away a housefly and continued, “Anyhow, as I was saying...my baby was hungry, and Time, my husband, commanded me to serve a human suffering with misfortune to earn food for my child. So I appeared before your father and offered him a chest that will never run out of fortune. In exchange for my favor, I asked him to give me the most precious thing he owned. He said he had three such things: His child, his wife and his own soul. And that he couldn’t trade any of those three for a mere chest of endless fortune. I was desperate for my own son so I lied to him that Time has foretold the life of his son to be taken soon if he is left unfed.”

“You are cruel!” Ahmad frowned.

Destiny shrugged, “Most humans think so.” Then she continued while taking measured strides around the room, her cyan cloak trailing behind her like the foamy gush of a waterfall, “Your father traded his life for the chest of endless fortune and I fed my son with your father’s soul. But Time found out and to punish me he said that Wisdom will remain a Beast, forever asleep under your bed until you come of age to save your father whose soul is stuck in his stomach. And as Time had foretold, I, Destiny, have come to serve you.”

“How is that a punishment? Your son just slept, while my mother lost her husband and I lost my father!”

Destiny shook her head, “I was imprisoned by Time. No being is truly free without a purpose. My purpose is to serve humans, but I can only do that to feed my child Wisdom. With him sleeping, I had nothing to do but wait for Time to come. I was never truly free until right now.”

“What happens to Wisdom after I save my father?” Ahmad felt something gnawing at his stomach. All of this was too much for him to take in.

“Wisdom becomes free and comes out from the world beneath to serve humans. He no longer remains a Beast.”

“Then why was my mother so afraid when she heard Wisdom awaken?”

This time Destiny smiled a cold smile that made her look older than before, “All humans are afraid of Wisdom, you see.”

Ahmad blinked back quizzically, “And why is that?” “For, they don’t know what Wisdom will cost them.”

“What if I refuse to save my father?” He chanced another question just to buy more time to come to terms with his predicament.

Destiny glowered at him and came closer. She cupped his chin and let him stare at her hollow sockets, “Don’t be a fool to play with Time like I did. For, Time is invincible, it stops for nobody.” With those last words, Destiny brought her cyan blue hood back up and Ahmad noticed how her hair beneath it melted into fresh silvery blue streams. Then her figure reduced to vapor, until she became nothing but the rain that sprayed inside the room from the window.

Staring back at the closed door of his room, beyond which Ahmad knew his mother was waiting, he took a deep breath. Then, he crawled beneath his bed. As Ahmad slowly lowered himself down the deep crevasse to the unknown, the Beast called Wisdom roared louder and louder than before...

What lied beyond the world beneath was a stone cave carved with ancient Greek symbols that spoke of times old and times still young. After jumping beneath his bed, Ahmad had felt as though he was getting sucked by a vacuum. But the feeling lasted for mere seconds before he opened his eyes (not knowing when he closed them), and found himself surrounded by a strange cave with a half-moon shaped opening at one end. His first instinct, was to run towards the source of the golden wedge of light that peeked in from the opening. Yet, he had only taken his first step when a malicious roar shook him to the bones.

“Who dares to walk into my territory?” Wisdom roared from behind him.

Ahmad turned around slowly, gulping down his fear to find the courage within him to face the Beast from the world beneath. And what his eyes saw, he thought his mind would never forget. For, Wisdom was a large mammoth creature, huge like Polyphamus himself, but covered in golden fur and stripes that gleamed in prismatic colors. He had a long tail that was green with yellow spots, and ended at the mouth of an anaconda, its forked tongue poking in and out in a formidable rattling, slithering melody. His face was shaped like a wrinkled heart, eyes, nostrils and mouth pinched together in the greyish resemblance of a Vervet monkey. He was an odd combination of a monkey, lion, cat and snake, and other creatures that only the ancient and wise before Ahmad knew of.

Fear and awe, struck the 12-year-old boy together, as he stepped back, a little near to the cave's opening.

“Ah!” The Beast smiled an ancient smile and said, “You are the blessed child.”

The Beast stepped forward, his humungous paws shaking the stone floor beneath him. Ahmad drew further back, cold sweat lingering on his paled skin.

“My father Time has decided to test you.” Wisdom's smile grew, “Behind you is the light of the life you left behind, and in front of you is the darkness of the past you didn't have with your father. Choose wisely so that you find the key to my stomach where I hold your father imprisoned.”

Ahmad thought about it. If he chose the life he left behind, then even if he didn't find the key, he could return to his mother on the cost of never seeing his father again. In front of him was a life he never had, and he will find his father there even if the key was not where his father was. Will choosing a past he never had solve the enigma of his Destiny?

That was when he remembered something else that his mother had said, “Wishers of a time that is lost and can never be had are cursed to be lost forever in the tide of regret, loneliness and despair.”

Hence, Ahmad looked back at Wisdom and mustered up the courage to speak, “What if the key is not in the past at all?”

Wisdom roared resentfully whacking his snake-ish tail and hissed, “A blessed child you are indeed. Then you must choose from the delights you haven’t had yet, or the dismay you shall have.”

Hence, Ahmad looked back at Wisdom and mustered up the courage to speak, “What if the key is not in the past at all?”

Wisdom roared resentfully whacking his snake-ish tail and hissed, “A blessed child you are indeed. Then you must choose from the delights you haven’t had yet, or the dismay you shall have.”

Ahmad knew Wisdom was angry but it didn’t stop him from thinking before speaking as his mother had taught him. This time, he had to ponder over the realm of future. He remembered yet again wise words of his mother, “Dwellers of that which has not occurred yet always forget to cherish that which is happening here and now.”

“But why should I dwell in the past or the future? Why not I focus on the present?” He asked loud and proud, and Wisdom roared in defeat. Kneeling down he opened his mouth and out walked a tall man that looked like the grown-up version of Ahmad.

The boy’s eyes moistened upon a sight that Time himself had yearned to see. The father ran to his son and hugged him hard, kissing his forehead with the fatherly yearning that was caged in Time. After what felt like centuries, the father asked Wisdom, “Why are you angry? You finally get to acquire your true form?”

And Wisdom roared before turning into a puff of smoke, “I’m angry to find that the creature I’m meant to serve is the one who has the power to exploit me!”

The father and son laughed and it was the laughter of reunion that took them back to the world above them where the third member of their family patiently awaited their arrival. And when the wise woman finally met her husband and her son, she whispered so that only Time could hear, “For, courageous are those who face their Destiny, exploit their Wisdom, and stand firm against the test of Time.”

Ahmad and his parents together decided to let go of their haunting traumas from the past and their fruitless worries of the future. Hence, they destroyed the chest of never-ending fortune by feeding it to the fire of hope and sought to live a normal, happy life. And for the first time in history, Time smiled at their wise choice.

A CHILD AS A MAN

IMRAN ZARIF
BEN213040



It was the last day of our exam with the last paper “Romantic Poetry.” The paper was conceptual, and it demanded all our thoughts and emotions to put on the paper. I wrote about greats of the Romantic age like Wordsworth, John Keats, Lord Byron, and their deep connection with nature. It was a mesmerizing evening as the sun dipped down the horizon, creating a shiny orange glow over the campus. The evening came with a promise of tranquility, punctuated by the beautiful sound of Azan, echoing through the corridors. My closest friend and I, like brothers from another mother, were looking for a local transport bus Infront of university. After waiting for seven to ten minutes we booked a car and headed toward home.

It was not the first time I was going through this road. This road was the worst in the whole city during my initial semesters but fortunately then it got the attention of the “haves” and they decided to construct it. Now the road is almost completed but it is still under construction. Hundreds of vehicles pass through this road every single hour and everything on this way, the newly constructed roads, the luxury cars, the malls, and many more things gets the attention of the travelers. They aim to be like the owners of those luxuries because they perceive them as the happiest on this planet.

The driver was fond of talking and it is what he did all the way. In the meantime, I noticed a 13-year-old boy, clad in a silver suit, standing like a sentinel by the roadside. He was known as a silver man and was famous for his impressive poses. He stands still for minutes to entertain passersby for his bread and butter. He gets ignored by hundreds but remains determined, fueled by the rare appreciation he receives. The silver man was looking for a local transport as it was the end of the day, and he was going back home.

He was looking for local transport to take him home. Observing his predicament, I quickly urged the driver to pull over and offer him a lift. The driver followed, temporarily parking the car on the left side of the road, and waving to the child, who was positioned on the right side between the two lanes for an easy approach to passersby.

Approaching us, he wore a look of cautious happiness, as he was entering a car full of strangers. By seeing him up closely, I was struck by his pure, innocent demeanor, which made me think of my younger brother who goes to school and is living a life as a sleep, unaware of society and its multiple faces. My mind filled with questions: how could the world be so heartless as to name a child as a man, "the silver man"? Why not "the silver child?" His attire, coated in dust from the ongoing road construction, made him more a "golden man" than a "silver man." Despite his obvious struggles, a glowing smile never left his face throughout the journey. Among the four of us in the car, I noticed that he was the happiest, where I got the point that the definition of happiness is subjective and personal. For some, happiness lies in earning some money and returning home with pockets full of coins. For others, those same coins might barely suffice even as a tip.

Society does not care about his age, considering him to a mere tool of amusement for their children. They point at him from their car windows, exclaiming, "Look at the silver man," failing to see the "diamond-like child" within. They see only his costume, they are blind to the redness in his eyes due to lack of sleep and the stress etched into his being, masked by the mud and grime of his roadside existence.

The child sat in the front seat of the car as I and my friend were already in the back seat. He was engrossed in counting his day's earnings when I inquired about his name.

‘Jee, my name is Aslam,’ he responded during the counting. This was the first sentence he uttered. After a gap of a minute or two when he got free from counting and took a long breath of satisfaction, I could not stop asking.

‘Aslam, do you have any elder brothers? I furthered the conversation.

He turned his head back and looked at me between his own seat and the driver's and said, ‘I have a family of five— my mother and three sisters, two are older, one is 20, the other is 17, and the youngest is just 10.’ His words struck and made me silent, but he continued without my inquiry, ‘do you know bhai?’

‘I was a topper in my school when I used to go to school, and I had always helped my classmates in studies. We used to do group studies in exams, and I was the main tutor.’ The driver interrupted, humming along to an Indian song playing on the radio. I requested him to focus on driving and slow down the volume.

Aslam continued, ‘Amma Jaan never wanted me to leave the school even after Baba got unable to work more due to kidney failure. She registered herself as a seamstress in a center on 3km distance from our home and she used to go there by foot daily, which pained me deeply. She had hardly managed the home and all the expenses. I was the only one who used to go to school as my sisters had already left because Amma Jaan says that their education is not important since they would not need to support the household.’ Suddenly, the driver hit the brakes and shouted out the window, ‘Abbey are you blind? The abrupt stop caused Aslam to slip from his seat as he was turned towards me.

‘I often see you in the morning when I go to university. It means you have left the school, right? I asked.

He adjusted himself in his seat. While looking forward in front mirror to the wide road full of beautiful cars he continued, ‘Jee bhai, a day came when I had not paid my 2 months school fees as it was out of budget for my mother. The school principal insulted me in front of my friend and sent me back home every morning for fees. I decided to do labor work after school so that I could afford my fees and other school expenses but being underage, it was not possible. Then the idea of wearing this silver costume and entertaining people came to my mind. I started doing it after school and continued to go to school. After a month and half, the principal called me to another classroom as he was there. As I entered, I greeted him with 'Asalam o alaikum sir,'he handed my school certificate to me in front of the over 50 students without responding to my Salam.’ Aslam stopped here with his eyes were full of tears.

‘Aslam, why? What was the reason? I asked, curiosity piqued.

He smiled with tears in his eyes, nodded and said, ‘the people around him.’ Aslam tried to continue but could not, the memory was too painful. The principal was forced by the people whose children were studying in that school. They had done so because they had seen Aslam on the road in a silver costume and deemed it unsuitable for their children. They thought Aslam’s company would badly impact their children’s behavior and considered him a beggar.

Aslam after some minutes added that it was a devastating blow for his family. His mother cried a lot on that day as she wanted him to study in a good institute. She was unaware that a greater tragedy was looming—the death of her husband. Aslam’s father passed away on the next day and it shattered the family very badly because it took away the shadow of their guardian from their heads. Despite his mother’s repeated pleas to re-enroll in a government school, Aslam refused. because he was now labeled as a “silver man” which was now his identity.

As we moved ahead, we passed by a lush green ground illuminated by bright night lights, which made the scenery appear even brighter than the day. The ground was alive with the sounds of children playing football, their laughter and shouts filling the atmosphere. This lively scene immediately captured the attention of Aslam. He turned his head to watch them, his eyes wide and unblinking, completely absorbed in their carefree play. It was evident that he wanted to join them, to experience the same joy of playing a game. He remained silent, his desire unspoken, restrained by the heavy mantle of his imposed identity. He was afraid of the society as society has given him responsibilities of a man not of a child. Society and his own family had labeled him "the silver man," stripping away the innocence and freedom of childhood from him. He watched the children until they disappeared and then looked at himself in the side mirror of the car and smiled. It was obvious that he was reminding himself and he is a “man” not a “child” and men do not prioritize pleasure over responsibilities.

FROM SHADOWS TO LIGHT

AREEBA RASOOL
BEN233006



From the outside, Zaid's life appeared perfect. Born into a wealthy family in Jhang, a city in Pakistan, traditionally believed to be where Heer and Ranjha, two legendary lovers from Punjabi folklore, are buried. He had everything a child could wish for. But behind the glory of his family's mansion lay a dark and chaotic world. Zaid's story is a stark reminder that wealth doesn't shield one from life's harsh realities.

Zaid's parents, Aziz and Asma, were cousins who married at their parents' insistence. Their marriage started with excitement and lavish trips around the world. However, once their honeymoon phase ended, the cracks in their relationship began to show. When Zaid was born three years into their marriage, he was a beacon of hope for a brief period. Asma poured all her love into raising him, but Aziz's attention strayed. He indulged in extramarital affairs and engaged in constant fights with Asma, creating a toxic home environment.

Growing up, Zaid was exposed to relentless arguments and witnessed his father's numerous vices. Aziz often blamed Zaid for his own failures, adding to the boy's burden. Feeling neglected and desperate for an escape, Zaid found solace with friends Amir, Naeem, and Umar. These friends introduced him to a world of drugs and crime. He started with marijuana, then moved on to ecstasy, cocaine, heroin, and methamphetamine. His life spiraled out of control as he attended wild parties and distanced himself from Allah, despite being a Muslim.

Zaid's school performance collapsed, and he adopted a threatening portrayal. He became involved in all sorts of illegal activities, using girls for his desires and manipulating others for his gain. His mother, Asma, remained clueless about his double life, while his father, Aziz, turned a blind eye, engaged in his own misdeeds. Zaid's actions mirrored Aziz's past, yet Aziz hypocritically blamed his son for everything.

One fateful night, Zaid's life took an unexpected turn. While at a hotel to meet a girl, he saw his younger sister, Arooba, with her boyfriend, Usama—Zaid's arch-enemy. Usama intended to exploit Arooba, and this realization hit Zaid hard. He stormed in, confronted Usama, and took his sister home. For the first time, Zaid felt the weight of his actions and their consequences. It was a moment of profound awakening.

Haunted by his past and desperate for redemption, Zaid decided to change. He sought forgiveness from Allah, dedicating his life to becoming a better Muslim. He cut ties with his toxic friends and returned to his faith, he immersed himself in prayer and study, striving to follow the teachings of Islam with sincerity and humility. His transformation was profound, as he became a beacon of guidance and support for those around him, using his past experiences to lead others away from the mistakes he once made. Zaid's business flourished, not just in material success, but in integrity and ethical practices, earning him respect and admiration from his community.

Despite his parents' divorce, Zaid found strength living with Asma and Arooba. Aziz, recognizing his own failures, began to support Zaid's endeavors. However, Zaid understood that true healing required forgiveness and self-improvement. He worked tirelessly to be a better person, driven by the desire to break the cycle of destruction that had plagued his family.

His life illustrates that every action, good or bad, eventually comes back to us, shaping our destiny. Through his struggles and transformation, Zaid learned the importance of faith, responsibility, and the impact of personal choices. Zaid's life became a testament to the power of faith and the possibility of redemption. He found peace in serving Allah, and his devotion inspired those who knew him. His story serves as a reminder that it's never too late to change and seek a better path. His story was no longer one of regret and misdeeds but that of hope and renewal. Zaid proved that no matter how far one strays, the path to forgiveness and righteousness is always open. Through his journey, he showed that true leadership lies in humility, and true success is found in serving a higher purpose.

WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT...?

EISHA SHAHID
BBT221032



"Oh my God! I am getting late for school," grumbled Tayyaba. "Your van driver just called. He isn't coming because of shortage of gas and there is no fuel in his car," said her mother.

"Oh no! Who will drop me to school now?"

"Ask your father to drop you!"

"Sorry! I can't go because my clothes aren't ironed and there's no electricity," shouted her father from the other room. "Also, take money for your lunch because there's no gas, and I can't make you lunch," said her mother.

Tayyaba's usual routine was to go to school by van, come back home in the afternoon, have lunch with her family, and then go for tuitions. When she returned, the entire family would sit together for tea and watch TV. She would then take a bath, do her revision, and sleep.

However, her father drops her to school now because the van fee has increased too much. Her uniform doesn't get ironed until late at night due to load shedding. The UPS doesn't always get completely charged, and due to a shortage of Sui gas at home, lunch is never prepared by the time she gets home. She goes to tuitions on an empty stomach, and her learning is affected.

All these problems, or maybe a few, are faced by all of us at home nowadays. However, you can play your role to avoid these issues. Don't leave lights and fans switched on unnecessarily. Try saving electricity. Also, turn off stoves and heaters if they're not needed. Remember that the gas burned in your heater or stove is gone forever and cannot be recovered. Instead of complaining all the time, try playing your part in conserving resources.

THE SCARIEST THING EVER THAT HAPPENED TO ME

EISHA SHAHID
BBT221032



I was dreaming about driving a racing car and just as I crossed the finish line, I woke up. I turned over and looked at the clock. "7:30!" I shouted, "Mom has let me oversleep for a whole hour!" I quickly dressed and ran to the bathroom. While combing my hair, I realized how quiet it was. Where was Mom? And where were my siblings? Could it be that nobody was at home? I went to the kitchen, thinking by now the whole family should have been ready to leave. But the kitchen was dark. I was becoming so scared that I got goosebumps. I was about to walk across the room to turn on the light when I heard a strange scratching noise. It was coming from the cabinet under the sink. My heart was thumping in terror. The noise stopped, and then it started again. I couldn't see a thing; it was pitch dark. If I could only get to that light switch...

The noise stopped. I tiptoed towards the light switch when I noticed a shadow moving in the corner to my left. I ran out of the kitchen screaming, "Mom! Mom, where are you? It's going to grab me. HELP!"

"I'm in here," called my mom. I ran as fast as I could, right into my mother's arms. She gave me a hug. "Oh my, I've got a cold. I guess I overslept," she said. I stood shivering, afraid to open my eyes. "Shajeeha? What's wrong, honey?" she asked. I told her what had just happened to me. "Now, now," said my mom, patting my head. "I'm sure it was your imagination. Don't you worry about it. I'd better start preparing breakfast; looks like we're all going to be late today," she said. At breakfast, my siblings teased me. "Mommy, help me, help me," they mimicked. "Leave her alone, you two," said Mom. Irsa said, "Look at that girl; she won't even put her feet down from the chair." No one believed that I had seen something. But I knew that I had. What was that scary thing, anyway? Maybe it was some kind of strange gnome or ghost?

Later that night, my mom came to read me a bedtime story. "Oh, I forgot my glasses on the kitchen table. Shajeeha, will you get them for me?" I wanted to say no, but I also wanted to be brave. "Sure, Mom," I said. I didn't want to get the glasses; my heart was pounding, but I kept walking. I heard the scratching sound again. "I am not going away," I thought. I grabbed the broom and got closer. "Now I have got you," I said. I opened the cabinet and turned on the light. I began to laugh at what I saw. It was just a tiny mouse. "Here are your glasses, Mom," I said.

"Well, what about the scary thing?" she asked. "The only scary thing in the kitchen was me," I said. She gave me a hug, and then she continued with the story.

ETERNAL YOUTH

MUHAMMAD WAQAS KHALID
BEN221043



Dr. Ahmed El-Sayed paced his dimly lit laboratory, his eyes glued to the vials and notes spread across his cluttered workbench. Years of relentless research and countless sleepless nights had led him to this moment. In his hands, he held a small vial of clear liquid—the serum that could grant eternal youth.

Ahmed's heart raced as he pondered the implications of his discovery. For years, he had dreamt of a world where aging was a thing of the past, where people could live out their lives in perpetual vitality. But now that the serum was ready, doubts and ethical concerns plagued his mind.

Taking a deep breath, Ahmed made a decision. He would test the serum on himself. It was the only way to truly understand its effects and ensure its safety. With a steady hand, he injected the serum into his arm and waited.

The transformation was almost immediate. Ahmed felt a rush of energy coursing through his veins. He looked in the mirror and saw the wrinkles on his face smoothing out, his graying hair returning to its original rich black. He felt stronger, more vibrant than he had in decades.

Days turned into weeks, and Ahmed marveled at his newfound youth. He kept the discovery a secret, continuing his work while observing the effects of the serum on his body. Everything seemed perfect—until the nightmares began.

Each night, Ahmed was haunted by vivid dreams of the people he had lost—his parents, his brother, and his wife, Layla. They appeared to him as they had in their final moments, their faces etched with the pain of age and illness. He woke each morning drenched in sweat, the weight of their absence pressing heavily on his heart.

As months passed, Ahmed noticed other changes. While his body remained youthful, his mind felt increasingly detached from the world around him. Friends and colleagues aged, their faces growing older as he stayed the same. Conversations that once felt engaging now seemed trivial. The sense of isolation grew unbearable.

One evening, Ahmed attended a gala where he was surrounded by the elite of society. As he moved through the crowd, he caught snippets of conversations about new technologies, social trends, and personal achievements. Despite his youthful appearance, Ahmed felt out of place, a relic from a different era. He realized that while his body remained unchanged, the world around him continued to evolve, leaving him feeling increasingly disconnected.

After the gala, Ahmed walked through the city streets, lost in thought. The bustling nightlife, the laughter of young couples, and the vibrant energy of the city all served as stark reminders of the life he once had but could no longer fully partake in. He passed by an old café where he and Layla used to spend their weekends. The memories flooded back, bringing a sharp pang of sorrow.

Determined to find meaning in his extended life, Ahmed threw himself into philanthropic work. He funded scholarships, built hospitals, and supported research initiatives. While these efforts brought some fulfillment, they couldn't fill the void left by the loss of his loved ones and the growing realization that he was becoming a solitary figure in an ever-changing world.

One day, Ahmed visited a small village where he had funded a new medical clinic. He met a young doctor, Sara, whose passion and dedication reminded him of his younger self. As they talked, he found himself sharing his story, something he had avoided doing with others. To his surprise, Sara listened with empathy and understanding.

"You've achieved something incredible," she said. "But have you considered the price you're paying for it? Maybe the key to a fulfilling life isn't just about living longer but living with purpose and connection."

Her words struck a chord with Ahmed. He realized that in his quest for eternal youth, he had overlooked the importance of human connection and the natural cycle of life and death. Determined to find a balance, he sought out ways to reconnect with the world and the people around him.

Ahmed began mentoring young scientists, sharing his knowledge and experiences. He traveled to places he had never been, immersing himself in different cultures and learning new perspectives. Over time, he built meaningful relationships, finding a sense of belonging and purpose.

Years later, Ahmed stood in front of a room full of eager young minds at a university lecture. He spoke about his discovery, not just the science behind it but the profound lessons he had learned about life, love, and the importance of embracing the passage of time.

As he concluded his lecture, Ahmed looked out at the faces in the audience. He saw hope, curiosity, and the same spark of ambition that had once driven him. He realized that while his journey had been long and filled with challenges, it had also led him to a deeper understanding of what it meant to truly live.

In the end, Ahmed understood that eternal youth was not about defying time but about finding meaning and connection in every moment. With this newfound wisdom, he continued his work, not as a solitary figure but as a mentor, a friend, and a part of the ever-evolving tapestry of life.



the right to write

ESSAYS & EXPOSITIONS

"The essay is a literary device for saying almost everything about almost anything."

-ALDOUS HUXLEY

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

EISHA SHAHID

BBT221032



Appearances are often deceptive. Many things may superficially appear very attractive at first sight but when they are examined closely, they prove to be disappointing. One cannot judge the quality of something by its exterior only. Every shining metal is not gold. Sometimes, what seems dull can be of great value, just like a piece of coal that may contain a diamond hidden inside it. We often form our opinions about objects based on superficial impressions. We should always try to find out the true nature of things and uncover the reality hidden behind their glittering facade. A book with a beautiful cover has no guarantee that it will be interesting to read. A wise, discerning person does not accept things at face value.

Their vigilant eyes can see beyond the superficial appearance of a person or a thing. The quality of anything can be judged only if we understand its reality. A foolish man can never be wise but may pretend to be so. A person may pretend to be noble by hiding their defects. One cannot judge a person by their smiling face or cheerful appearance. Wearing a gown cannot make an idiot a lawyer. One is often tempted by external beauty, and even the wise can fall prey to such false temptations.

Simplicity can be deceptive too. The most innocent face can hide a double nature. One may pretend to be simple, though in reality, they may not be. Education and knowledge can bring awareness among the masses. An ignorant person can be misled, but with knowledge, they cannot be easily cheated. One should use discretion to judge people and things, and not be misled by external appearances. In short, all that glitters is not gold.

MIRAGE OF PUPPET KING

MUHAMMAD HASNAIN MIR
BSE213080

The great illusion is that people tend to change the course of life and embark on discoveries that life unfolds within and externalizing facts. However, the truth sought within externalization is a mirage that people consolidate with disagreement, reaching a conclusion where accepting disagreement is the only agreement you can get. We see things in an intensified version unfolding meanings that can concur with our ideas. We imagine until we believe in it; the set of indoctrination is the same as the methods become similar, the regulations become uniform, and, to top it off, the parties are the same.

A puppet eventually becomes a puppet king, not realizing that he is also a part of the juxtaposition of life where he is consumed by the fact that he is not dispensable. Let me show you some visuals from "Lies of P".

The first order of action, do you see the hands clenched on the chair? Yes, that's the indoctrination of the master, and the puppet sitting on the chair is mulling over the information, accepting it, relying on it, and reacting to it."



process

The sequence of the process unfolds slowly. The puppet has learned everything and is now reaching the point where he will take responsibility for the beliefs he was once unaware of and set forth into motion the actions. Initially, he will disagree, but eventually, as he realizes his limits, he will slowly accept it, aligning his ideas, beliefs, and setting forth a mesmerizing ideology, naming it realizations, conforming until he reacts.



In the congruency of practice, when the puppet reacts, he fantasizes with reality, reaching here and there until the puppet accepts its fate. It will practice the beliefs and start to vandalize the victims, creating a hierarchy where he could delude himself into believing he's in charge, albeit knowing the truth: he's nothing more than a pawn who has accepted his fate. The mere moment from the back of the chair to the front is just one step away, and that is propagating his ideas, dancing with the flow, and making everyone, including himself, believe that truth is what makes sense, although his composition of practice is full of lies.



Hail to the king

Now that he has allotted himself abundant indoctrinations, he's on the verge of self-destruction. With a smile, he will outsource everything so that a new puppet could accept it and take his position, allowing him to move to the back of the chair, and that is realization.



The end

The puppet, once just a pawn, now a self-appointed king, finds himself trapped in the very web of deceit he wove. Despite his illusions of power and control, he realizes the true nature of his existence: a cycle of manipulation and submission. His journey from ignorance to awareness mirrors the universal struggle for truth amidst a sea of falsehoods. And as he relinquishes his throne to another unsuspecting puppet, he is left to ponder the ultimate irony: that the pursuit of truth often leads us deeper into the labyrinth of lies.

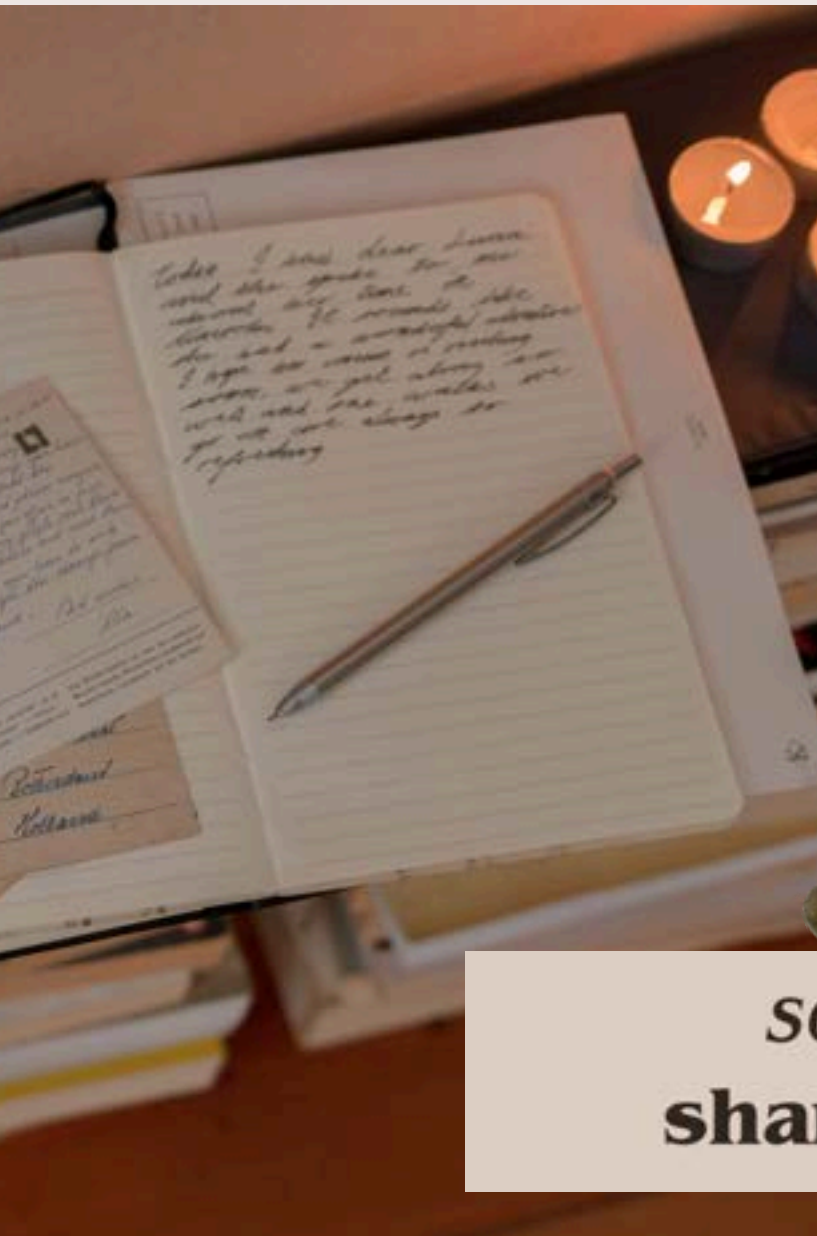


SEIZE THE DAY

Carpe diem



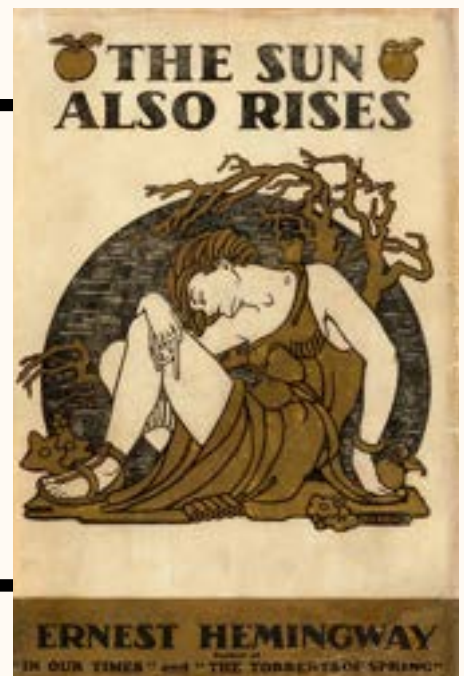
CRITICS' CORNER



soft smile
sharp tongue

BOOK REVIEW:
THE SUN ALSO RISES
BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

FARAH GUL
BEN221018



"Forget the hype, this book is the real deal!" Here's my honest take. I am going to talk about Ernest Hemingway's first novel *The Sun Also Rises*. I just think it's a fascinating book that has a lot to say about life and even kind of gives us a cool look at a really interesting time in history.

The Sun Also Rises was written in 1925 it takes place in Paris in the 1920s and it focuses on what is known as the lost generation. This was a term that was coined by Gertrude Stein and used by Ernest Hemingway to describe certain people who were living in the world and it was these younger adults who lived through and fought in World War I and were now living life after the First World War. World War I just devastated the world and the world had never seen anything like this before. I think it had its impact on those young adults who lived through this war who fought through the war as well and it it kind of changed them and so this book talks about these people.

The characters are members of this lost generation in Paris and it kind of explores the desires of this group and what motivated them. As I mentioned this book takes place in Paris and that's important too because Paris in the 1920s was probably one of the creative capitals of the world all these writers and artists were flocking to France to live in Paris and to be around each other.

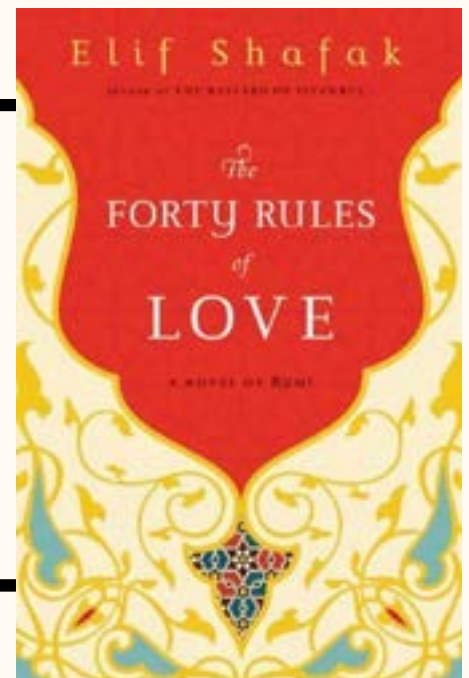
So Ernest Hemingway went from America to Paris, Scott Fitzgerald went to Paris, writers like James Joyce and the poet Ezra Pound and Pablo Picasso and I could just keep naming all these lists of people who were going to Paris they would go there and it was like this very social city every night they'd go to a cafe and they'd spend time with each other and they'd befriend all these other creative types and so the book is kind of highlighting that atmosphere. So it follows a man by the name of Jake Barnes who fought during World War One he is injured because of the war and he loves a girl named Brett.

The book follows kind of their relationship and also some of their friends as they go from Paris to Spain to see the running of the bulls and to see some bullfights and that's kind of the simple setup. They spent a lot of time in Paris, a lot of time partying and drinking and kind of just socializing which was what I think Hemingway was trying to say the lost generation did. He just really focuses in on you know what what was it like living in Paris during this time and it sounds pretty appealing. The lost generation after World War I wanted peace. They wanted freedom and this kind of was building up to the roaring Twenties as we know them now which was kind of a time of materialism and partying and socializing having fun you know not having a care in the world and we know what the end of the decade brought after the roaring 20s. It's kind of two sides of a coin in the sun also rises.

Yes, we see this great social life where these characters appear to be so free they can do whatever they want, move to Paris, write in the afternoons and sleep in until noon, can visit all these cafes and all these bars and restaurants and just have fun. But by the end of the book, we realize the other side of the coin that these people are broken and a lot of them have so many issues. We just get a snippet as we see this as the plot moves on of just how broken these people are and it just captures perfectly what the lost generation was and what Hemingway felt the lost generation was.

BOOK REVIEW:
THE FORTY RULES OF LOVE
BY ELIF SHAFAK

FARAH GUL
BEN221018



"The Forty Rules of Love" by Elif Shafak is a compelling dual story that transcends time. Ella is a forty-year-old housewife who is in a rut when it comes to love. Dejected about her lot in life, she discovers a surprising spark when she starts reading for a literary agency. Her first task was to write a manuscript titled "Sweet Blasphemy," which is a fictitious story about the transformational interaction between the wandering dervish Shams and the 13th-century poet Rumi. It gets harder for Ella to distinguish between Rumi's world and her own as she delves further into this historical narrative.

Shafak skillfully combines their tales, employing the mysterious "Forty Rules of Love" as a framework. The book contains a mystical text that delves into the complex nature of love, encompassing passionate desire, spiritual connection, and a deep love for all creation. "The Forty Rules of Love" is more than just a historical romance; it's a thought-provoking exploration of love's potential to transform us, both in the present and across the ages.

BOOK REVIEW:

MUSHAF

BY NIMRAH AHMED

FARAH GUL

BEN221018

One of Pakistan's greatest, most inspirational, and most thought-provoking writers, Nimra Ahmed, wrote the most extraordinary, clever, and imaginative fictitious story, Mushaf. The novel's title, "MUSHAF," which is the Arabic term for the Holy Quran, suggests that it is a story with a religious theme or that it may have some passages with profound and lovely Tafseer. Indeed, the Quran is so beautifully and intelligently interwoven with all these characteristics that one could never have considered it in that way.

This book takes the reader on a thrilling, suspenseful, romantic, betrayed, crisis, and harsh reality-filled trip through a cruel life. Despite all of this, the reader is left with a lasting impression of this book. It begins with a view of the stunning splendor of the early morning. When the girl arrives at the bus stop, she is carrying an odd bag with her name, "Mehmal Ibraheem," written on it. The dark-skinned girl who was often at the bus stop, sitting straight, with a black book under her cover, strangely shiny eyes, and a scarf attracted her curiosity. Mehmal and the black girl's interaction was expertly portrayed by Nimra Ahmed. It just makes you stick to the novel, and it showed that the book had some kind of "magic" and that if you follow it you would have the whole world and if you would leave it you would be devastated.



Mehmal Ibraheem, a fiery young woman living with her overbearing extended family after her father's death, finds solace in a mysterious Quran. The story takes a dark turn when her cousin betrays her, selling her to a stranger. However, a surprising twist reveals the buyer to be an undercover cop, and Mehmal escapes to find a new path.

Following her escape, Mehmal experiences a spiritual awakening, finding guidance and comfort in the Quran. The holy text becomes a source of solace and answers, shaping her path forward.

Poetry



POETRY BAR



ALBATROSS

Iqra Mohaiudin

BEN221025

He who soars high,
Over the Galapagos, he flies.
He got those large, pretty wings,
With which above the ocean, he swings.
He mates once in his life

And loves that mate for the rest of his life.
We call them love birds,
As this affection has no other words.
I wish we could be like them,
But where can we get albatross-like gems?

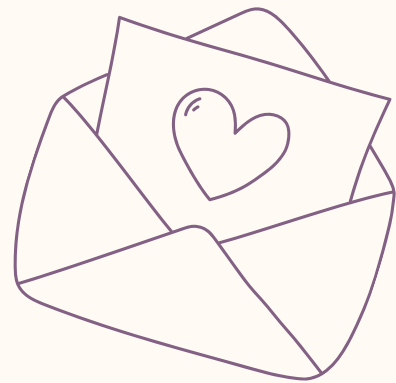


TEARS

Iqra Mohaiudin

BEN221025

I want to cry,
but there are no more tears in my eyes.
I try to sleep,
but felt that love very deep.
Now these eyes got dried
because of how much I have cried.
These eyes want more tears
to put out every pain and fear.
My whole soul is in huge pain,
but just crying is all in vain.
My body is burning in this love;
just want to send a pretty letter by dove!



PEACE

That's the only thing that matters; that's the only thing worthier.
That's the only question in every eye:
where is the peaceful sky?
It's where you hear the chirping sparrow;
it's what you feel at the ocean's narrows.
It lays deep in the mind; it makes a magical rewind!
This is the peace.
That's the peace,
Which is softer, which gives pleasure
More than fleece.



NO FEAR

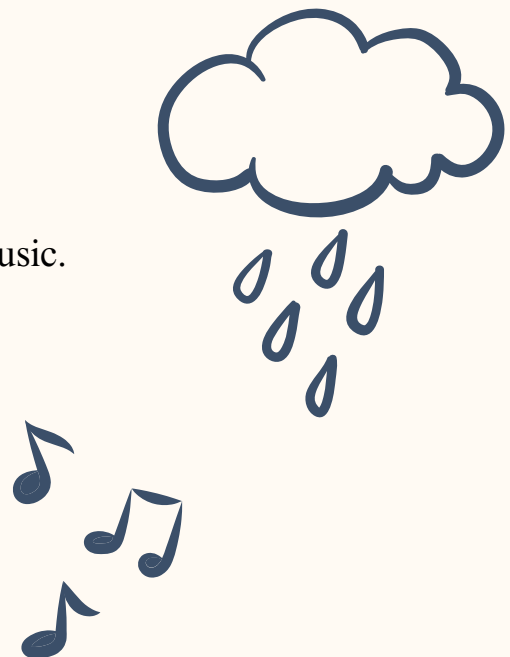
Iqra Mohaiudin

BEN221025

Let the breaths heal your pain.
Let the tears reveal your pain.
Let those birds speak to you.
Let those peaks reach to you.
Let these raindrops fall on you.
Let the winds dwell in you.
Let the happiness reach you; make this moment freeze for you.

MAGICAL MUSIC

Whenever you hear it, you just stop.
When you feel the sound of raindrops,
Farmers want to protect their crops,
And all those plans of people that flop.
All of us get on the rooftop
Just to feel the magical raindrops.
Birds chirp and dance as if they've heard pop music.
Time comes to say goodbye to raindrops,
But that magical music of those drops
In the head never stops.



SHE IS TRYING

Maliha Ghouri

BEN231001

Trying to be free under the dark sky
Searching for her destiny like a spy
She is happy but all dead inside
Trying to stay but can't survive

In the sky she wants to fly high
But can't do this as she is not a boy
Even her near and dear ones don't understand
That, if there is something wrong in her little land

To open the doors of love, is all what she is trying
But she can't succeed, as she is slowly dying
Trying to recall all the moments she loved
But can't do this as she is a bit disturbed

Clouds of madness are on her head
Trying to find a comfortable sort of dread
To open the doors of love, is all what she is trying
But she can't succeed, as she is slowly dying

Trying to recall all the moments she loved
But can't do this as she is a bit disturbed
She don't like rules even if she's the head
She's a bit childish but she can do nothing with that

She can't climb trees, can't even ride a bike
Sometimes things go wrong as she don't have a perfect guide
She always says that, it's nothing
But there is wrong with her everything



FORGOTTEN PROMISE

Amna Farooq

BEN2I3O28

Your soul inside wails,
For the forgotten promise
You made

Every limb of your skin calls
What've you become, Alas!

He kept on calling you,
O my servant!
O my servant!
Where are you going?
Where are you going?

Forgetting your essence,
Forgetting your kernel

Howbeit!
Contumacy of your cells,
Led you to the hell,

Your heart wandered
What's the matter,
Your soul from inside
answered,

The serenity you yearn,
The tranquility you yearn,
Is inside your veins,
Is inside your veins,

Your wit incessantly pinches
You inmost,

Something irrefutable is calling,
Something unfulfilled is calling,

Come back, come back,
There's a promise you've to fulfill

Come back, come back,
There's a promise you're denying.

Come back, come back,
Before it's too late,

Come back, come back,
Your verity has lingered
For so long,

Come back, come back,
For the forgotten promise,
You made.



THE DREAM I HAD

Amna Farooq

BEN2I3O28

The view is so
Heart wrenched,
My eyes couldn't stand it,
My soul, My heart,
tore apart

The dream I had last night,
The Dream of death,
The Death of my heart,
The Death of my mother,

The sorrow of acceptance
Broke through my dream,
When I opened my eyelids,
My vision blurred,
Due to warm water

The Creator of our hearts
Matter Of what sort,
He incorporated in this ticker?
It cried over a dream,
Just over a dream?

I wonder
The dream I had last night
If that dream comes true
What would I do?

Oh I wonder, when the time comes,
Will it explode from the affliction,
Will it shatter from the pain
Will it scream from the agony,
Will it perish from the ache.
Or will it lose its own life?



THE END OF THE TUNNEL

Malalai Noor Khan

BEN233014

There is a light at the end of the tunnel.
It's small, white, and faint—
it might be a dream, or a phosphene.

Skinned fingertips graze along the floor—
I have long given up trying to find the walls.
The darkness stretches into an endless hall.

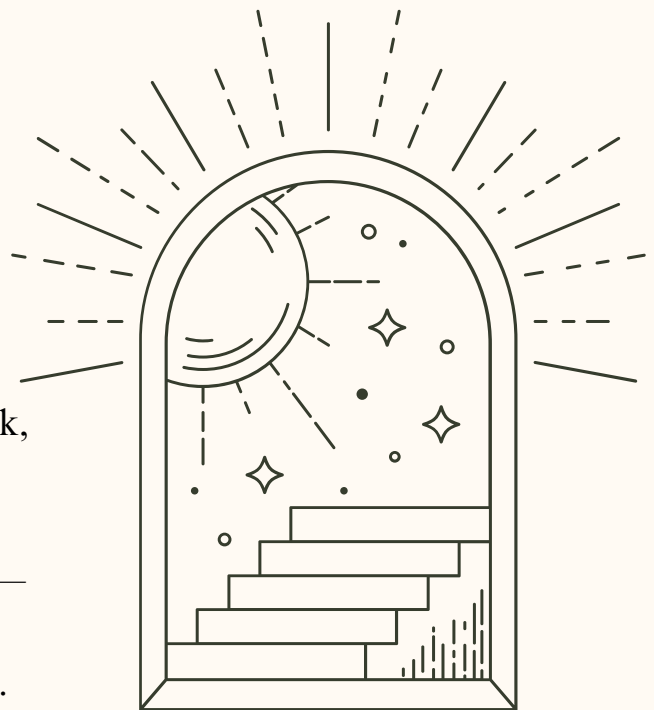
Words come out just as colourless,
eaten by the deafening silence—
I don't know my name, my face.

There is a light at the end of the tunnel.
It's piercing through my eyes, blinding,
a tensed arrow still kept on the bow.

The solid weight of emptiness
presses on me like a forlorn tomb,
my heart beating back in a womb.

Buried alive in a lonely grave,
the echo chamber collides my voice back,
leaving me with a body to drag.

There is a light at the end of the tunnel—
And there is a joy in knowing that
even if I, too, know I will never reach it.



HARMONY OF SIMPLE LOVE

Wajeesh Ahmed

BEN213002

In the quiet night, love whispers softly,
A gentle breeze that caresses the heart.
No rhyme or reason, just a feeling,
Unfolding like petals in the morning light.

Love is the warmth of a shared smile,
A dance of souls in sync with time.
It's the echo of laughter, pure and free,
A melody that lingers in sweet harmony.

In simple moments, love finds its home,
Not bound by rules or expectations.
It's the hand that reaches, the embrace that stays,
An unspoken language, lighting up the days.

Love is the sunrise after a storm,
A promise that weathers the darkest night.
No need for complex verses, just a truth,
Simple and profound, love is our eternal youth.



WHISPERS OF LOVE MELODY

Wajeeh Ahmed

BEN213002

Love is a gentle river, flowing calm,
No need for maps, it finds its own way.
Soft whispers in the quiet, saying much,
A tale written in every shared touch.

It's the comfort of a familiar gaze,
A journey embarked on softer days.
In the chaos, love is the steady beat,
A melody of hearts that always meet.

Simple as sunlight on a clear sky,
Love paints colors, makes the spirit fly.
No need for grand gestures, just a glance,
A dance of souls in a sweet romance.



THE GRACE OF ALLAH

Wajeeh Ahmed

BEN213002

In the vast expanse of existence, Allah's grace flows,
Guiding hearts with love, the essence that glows.
In every whispering breeze, His name is heard,
Creator of galaxies, His majesty unswerved.

Mercy like rain, gentle and pure,
In every trial, His strength to endure.
Forgiveness, a gift from the Most Compassionate,
In the tapestry of life, His wisdom innate.

No eyes can glimpse His magnificent face,
Yet His presence is felt in every sacred space.
Allah, the One, beyond time and space,
In simplicity, His grace we embrace.



UNRAVELED LIFE

Kabsha Raziq

BEN22IOIO

The firm believe of your arrival, fades away.
The only hope of survival, fades away.
I wonder how it is holding me up:
The pain of your death,
The feel of your last breath.
I wonder how mesmerising life was:
The fascination of your glimmery eyes,
My whole universe in confined lies.
The outrageous continuation of gracious life,
Ended up smashing you and I.



ABOUT ONE ODD DAY

The shattered pieces of me,
The weeping nature of grief,
The scattered emotions of sorrow ,
The inability to uncover enough fortitude,
Yet, everything in me seems smashed.
I longed back and forth for endurance:
I slept for days and wept for hours.
Yet, nothing in me grasps the power:
The power to tranquilize.



CURSE

Kabsha Raziq

BEN22IOIO

Scrutinising into everything is a curse.
Thoughts, itself, is a curse,
Realisations is a curse,
Expectations is a curse,
Life, itself, is sometimes a curse,
Grievances for misery is a curse,
Sensitivity is a curse,
Bustling nature of success is a curse,
Appetite of power is a curse,
Excess of love is a curse,
Extreme of emotions, is a curse,
Love for appearance is a curse,
Standards of beauty is a curse,
Truth is a curse,
Lie is a curse,
Oceans of tears in eyes is a curse,
Heart aching for peace is a curse,
Pain beyond smile is a curse,
Loneliness is a curse,
Crowd is a curse,
Cursed is the ugliness beyond words.



OCTOBER

Ayesha Noor

ACS223059

Everybody is talking about October
And here I am talking about it too
It takes me back to the time
When I first met you

The way the weather was changing
My feelings for you were changing too
Just like the way season changes from summer to winter
My wish was changing from friendship to lover

You were the warmth i feel in the coldness of the weather
You were the cold breeze i feel in the hotness of the weather
You were the light that shines lightly in the dark sky
You were the color of flowers that painted my whole life

The October, this very October
I felt the most heartfelt love
Yet it gave me the most heartbreaking pain
One that I don't want to feel again



Again this was the very month we last met
The month we said our final goodbyes
The look in your eyes still lingers in my mind
The way you wanted to say something but decided to stay quiet

Oh October, you gave me such mesmerizing memories
Ones that can never be forgotten
Or can be experienced with the same enthusiasm again

IT'S OKI

Aqsa Qasim Zafar

BMB221013

sometimes it's difficult to stay with the situation when you are not ok
but its oki to be not oki
sometimes sitting in the crowd full of noises you feel the absence of that one
person who always
stood by yourself. but it's oki
sometimes sitting with the group of people who try to comfort you with all their
efforts but that's
not what you want you just want that particular person to be with you. but it's
Oki.
sometimes you have to accept the reality which is harder to believe but it's oki.
sometimes you have to hold a bunch of tears so that no one will notice your
pain but it's Oki
sometimes you hide your emotions behind a smile but it's oki
sometimes you don't want to share your pain with others but at the same time
you want someone to console you. but it's oki

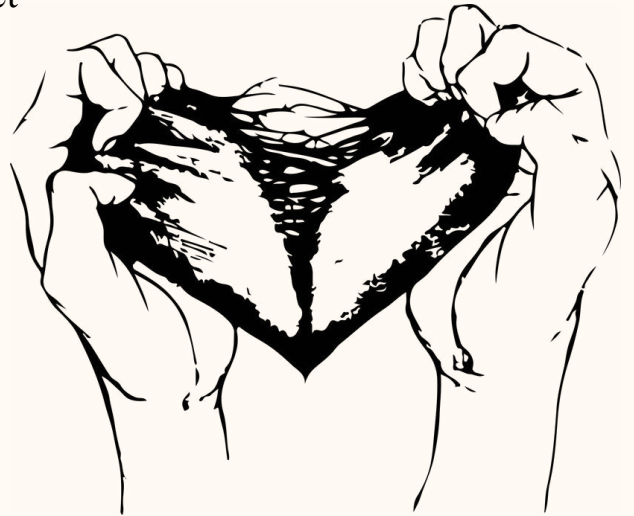


A STORY MIGHT BE YOURS

Alisha Amaan

BEN233002

A story might be yours
What is the love and affection?
It's like drowning of swimmer
If I describe his appearance He is just like my dreams
How do I compare him to moon
He shines like Cluster of Stars
It was one-sided love
he was my only wish
THE GHAZALS I wrote we're all dedicated to him
What I understood the sorrow of world was the part of Union
he also loved me back but I was fleeting desire
I used to think of him as fluff
and he thought of me as dust
he considered him as fire and me as ash
when two people talk they get confused
Who says That relationships can resolve through philosophies?
Now what's my fault in this?
people often lose their way in society
Khalil ur Rehman's question is also correct
"تم بدلتے ہو تو کیوں لوگ بدل جاتے ہیں"
I still detest the light
Night and days are same to him
History testifies in world
often the unfaithful seem virtuous



SPARKS OF CRAZINESS

Shiza Asfar

BEN₂₂IO₂₆

Rivers stretch their arms to oceans,
So do lips that curve up into joyful motion,
Rivers of presently achievements that slither and roar,
They ebb into streamlets that ravenous eagles adore,
In an ocean of sadness, where every drop matters,
Do we ever count each drop of joy that scatters?
Sweet dreams are folded in wild tides of saltish tears,
Do we ever wonder how sparks of craziness are lost to fears?

There is a river of meandering inspiration, ready to surround us,
Dreamy streamlets of foamy achievements, to satisfy our thirst,
And an ocean of sadness ready to engulf them, and drown us,
The ravenous eagle of passion ready to dive into waters accursed,
And beyond those dark depths of tears,
And beyond those saltish tides of fears,
He finds something fresh and unique to sedate its hunger,
What's beneath that ocean of sadness, do we ever wonder?



BABA

Aneeqa Ali

BEN213008

You live in my heart, still worlds apart,
So I strive in grief when I recall you depart.

I wish for the day, I always dream of,
To hear the voice, I have never forgot,

I sorrowfully miss you, like a duty of mine,
Then I try to find you, and aimlessly climb,

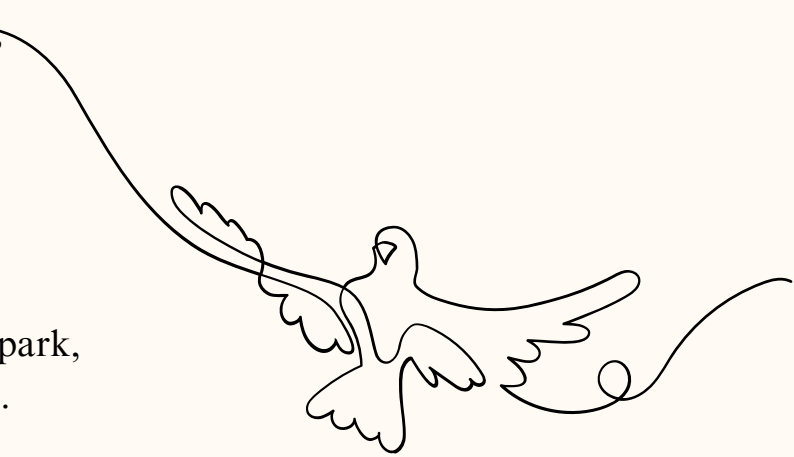
Tears roll down, when I reach the dark,
Haunted by your absence, the world always marks,

I see you alive, in my dreams you thrive,
But when I wake, you vanish and hide.

When I fail to find you, i silently blart,
Assuring myself it's going to pass,

Hoping for the day, when reunion will spark,
I patiently wait, holding my heavy heart.

It brings me distress, after i see my story's imaginary part,
Looking at tranquil water, came a glimmer of hope !
I believe we'll meet, in the heavens above



SOUL CONNECTIONS

Khushnuma Shabir

BEN221034

Around us, friends come and go,
Their true hearts, do we ever know?
Words are shared, some light, some deep,
Soul connections - are they ours to keep?

Dear are the few who stay close and true,
Others are fleeting, just passing through.
Some I laugh with to pass the day,
Others seem to take my time away.

Underneath the string lights' gentle glow,
We share moments, high and low.
Is this all there is to see?
Or is there more to you and me?



GUIDING LIGHT

Khushnuma Shabir

BEN221034

When I laugh, they laugh with me,
But when I weep, I feel alone.

When I sing, they sing with me,
But when I sigh, it's all unknown.

When I'm glad, my friends are near,
But when I'm sad, they disappear.

They want the full measure of all my pleasure,
But they do not need my leisure.

When I succeed and give, it helps me live,
But no man can help when it's time to dive

In the flow of life's endless tide,
I've learned, in joy and tears, to confide.

Though friends may come and go like
passing clouds, within, I find strength and my own guiding light.



REWRITING LIFE

Khushnuma Shabir

BEN221034

Once upon a time
I committed a small crime.

They asked me, "What have you done?"
I replied, "It's not your concern."

They hit me and tried to force me
But I stitched my tongue

They kicked me and threw me out
But I kept silent and didn't shout

I embarked on a quest for a new place
Where I couldn't be replaced

I rewrote my sad and tragic tale
Into one of joy, where I prevail.



QUESTIONING FIRE

Farah Gul

BEN221018

Fire in her heart and questions in his eyes
Loved to live in a world where serenity arise
Found the right person at the wrong time
Both past and present as a rhythmic line
Aren't I too young for this?
Aren't birds supposed to fly?
For I cannot say what I feel
For this mind has me, in it concealed
I bear the burdens great:
other's tears with massive weight
But now the day has lost me
For it no longer waits for me
wasn't I too young for this?
wasn't I supposed to breathe?
Fire in her heart and question in his eyes:
Are no longer valid and fine
For they were just different, irrespective of the same kind



THE MYSTERY OF WITHIN AND WITHOUT

Farah Gul

BEN221018

The invisible stage and the visible mask
You too, have completed your task?
The desire, the urge to ask
The reality, limited to the confined glass?
The transparency yet the fragility
Will you break if I surpass?
Even if I don't talk, neither do I grasp
Your concepts of how a test should pass?

Why do flowers differ from each other?
Maybe beauty has an aesthetic distinction
Some embrace the warmth while it is a mere affection
Some discover themselves in the pool of attention
some are left with shattered thoughts
few are left with woven souls

The battles inside me, my mind cannot handle
If I seize you in my hand,
Will you die right in here, creating a scandal?
Life doesn't give you a guarantee inside out
Forget the person if things don't work out!

Just bring your wild self to the road
Make them pay for your load
Wakeup,
for life isn't merely a makeup
So, darling put that mask down
The true beauty in you will be crowned



WE GREW UP

Farah Gul

BEN221018

We grew up when
We started smiling with broken hearts
Avoiding the reality of harsh
Switching modes from light to dark
Started stitching each other's heart
The sweet lie and the bitter truth
Wasting our lives, wasting our youth
We gathered ourselves when we fell apart
Once we had people to cry out loud
They would say 'You shut up, you keep quiet'
And now silence has become a sin
For the eloquent mute used as pin
We would cry for the broken toys
Laugh on the lame jokes, Ah little joys
But we're intelligent now
Our minds crave for logics somehow
Everybody loved us while letting everything slide
Now with boundaries set, everyone's aside



THE GIRL IN RED DRESS

Muhammad Imaz Anwar

BCS211149

The girl in red dress with enchanting looks
Stops time with a smile,
a masterpiece from the books

The girl in red dress held her head with proud
Seeks no notice,
nor speaks too loud

The girl in red dress steals nights grace
Walks with purpose,
Leaves not a trace

A captivating beauty, a captivating dream
A beauty so rare,
None can dream

The girl in red dress is a heavenly sight
Has a face that holds,
morning light

The girl in red dress is loved by all
A gentle soul
with kindness for them all



WHIRLPOOL OF EMOTIONS

Usvah Rizwan

BSP22IO34

Silence, I feel silence deep within,
Where echoes wane, tears begin,
This is the silence after storm's ferocious cry,
My soul now wails as wind die,

In the world of unrest, I find no rest,
My heart aches, spurned, sorely pressed,
Those close to me, sow my imploration,
Uncaring of the depth of my supplication,

I itch for my mother's comforting embrace,
Yet that oasis, remains a distant place,
A desire to act, but direction eludes,
Emotions gush in multitude,

Myriad of feelings stream through my core,
I screamed, I wept, unseen, ignored,
Daily lessons in apathy learned,
Efforts unrecognized, my soul burned,

Injustice thrived, truth cast aside,
May was an emotional, roller coaster ride,
Silence, like an elegy, dolefully sings,
Wrapping my soul in misery's wings,

I longed for a gentle embrace,
I longed to feel heard,
I longed to feel accepted,
I longed to find my place,

But nothing came, only frustration grew,
In my pain, I hurt others too,
Pushing them away with my despair's force,
Tears fell, a whispered plea from remorse,

My heart cries silently, masked in disguise,
I stumble, striving for where my truth lies,
Suffocated by flaws that others see,
The real me hidden, where no one can reach,

Behind the mask, my ethos resides,
Unseen, unwanted, as my hope subsides,
In the profundity of my being, I remain,
A soul urging for love, fighting through pain.



AUTUMN

Quratulain

BBT₂₁₁₀₂₂

My head hurts with thoughts of concern,
Concern for my life,
My life of bewildering chaos,
Like autumn air, dry yet lovely,
Like autumn leaves, dead yet lively,
Like autumn days, warm yet peaceful,
An autumn of beauty and chaos.



SECRET SCARS

Quratulain

BBT₂₁₁₀₂₂

We kept our secret scars
Never returning,
A lost cause beyond repair,
Like, in a dark hole
Miles away , as if
Vanished in the milky way,
Lost in the vacant hollow space

Scars that run deep,
Apparently they seem healed,
But now and then
They hurt,
Maybe, they never healed
Our secret scars,
They keep reappearing!

Covered beneath the smile,
Our scars still run deep,
Found myself ,
In the eye of the perfect storm,
Never steered clear of it
Suffocating and tearing
Casted adrift
We felt lost
And, drowning in it
Our secret scars they run deep.



SILENT BATTLES

Ayesha Muhammad Yasin Mughal

BMB211013

The night sky holds my wandering thoughts
I close my eyes, and let the nightmares haunt

Whispers vanish, a silence sharp and keen
A chilling contrast to my screams within

A flickering flame, the patience I once knew
Left, shattered by the ones who thought love true

No matter what the centuries foretold
I shattered the chains that kept me in their hold

With chains now broken, I gaze at the stars
Their distant light, reveals paths from afar

Through battles fought and whispers gone
I find my strength beneath the moonlit dome



WHY IS ENGLISH HARD TO LEARN

Eisha Shahid

BBT₂₂₁₀₃₂

We'll begin with box, the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes.
One fowl is a goose and two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose is never called meese.

You may find a lone mouse or a house full of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
The plural of man is always men,
But the plural of pan is never pen.

If I speak of a foot and you show me two feet,
And I give you a book, would a pair be a beek?
If one is a tooth and the whole set is teeth,
Why shouldn't two boots be called beeth?

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
But imagine the feminine; she, shis, and shim!

CHANGE YOUR THINKING

Eisha Shahid

BBT_{22IO32}

By changing your thinking,
You change your beliefs.
When you change your beliefs,
You change your expectations.
When you change your expectations,
You change your attitude.
When you change your attitude,
You change your behavior.
When you change your behavior,
You change your performance.
When you change your performance,
You change your life.

I THINK OF YOU, MY DEAR MOM

Eisha Shahid

BBT₂₂₁₀₃₂

Lying asleep near a flowing stream,
I feel your touch on my head.
I see you in each and every dream,
I think of me, being your part.
My senses can feel your presence here,
The scent of your warmth, and affection clear.
I feel your kisses, dearly, full of care,
Which save me from my hidden fear.
I wish my head to be in your lap,
Your fingers combing through my hair;
Humming a lullaby, I love to hear,
For I need a sweet, soothing nap.
While sitting hundreds of miles away,
I always feel your prayers around me.
In labyrinths where there is no way,
They fly, make way, and surround me.

A GENTLE FAREWELL

Waqas Khalid

BEN221043

When twilight casts its purple hue,
And whispers weave through evening's veil,
A life departs, both bright and true,
A gentle breath, a whispered tale.

No bells resound, no thunder's roar,
Just silent steps to realms unseen,
Where echoes of the days before
Meld softly with the evergreen.

The river's flow, a constant guide,
Carries dreams to distant shores,
Where spirits soar, where souls reside,
In endless peace, forever more.

Grief may touch with tender hand,
But love's embrace will hold you tight,
For in the vast and starlit land,
We find our way through darkest night.

In memories, the heart will dwell,
A beacon in the quiet deep,
A gentle farewell, a soft farewell,
To where the stars in silence sleep.

RESURRECTION

Aqsa Muzahir

BSE203063

I remember the moment, clear, shrill,
All the shadows and time went still.
Melted the pride, the gold and steel,
And the world I knew no longer was real.

The memories are fresh as ever before
Of wounded knees against the floor,
Of splattered blood all over my shirt,
Of lightning and burning wings and dirt.

For days and days, blinded and bruised,
I called for death, but it only refused.
For long and dreary lonesome nights,
The demons preyed on all my might.

But from that sudden twist of fate,
This woman then shaped a path so great.
Second by second, little by little,
I stitched my pieces, however brittle.

The self I loved, that perished in pain,
From my tears, it blossomed again.
Soon my fears and cries were hushed
And healed was what so badly crushed.

Now sure my skin is battered and blue,
And the course I've taken alone is new,
Yet in my heart is the power I reaped,
From all the scars, the walls I leaped.

If whenever you too come crashing down
Without a clue or strength or sound.
If there's no friend or guiding light,
And nothing warned you of the fight.

Remember the moment, remember well,
When every breath and step is hell,
From that point, there's no retreat.
The road is dark but the end is sweet.

HOPE

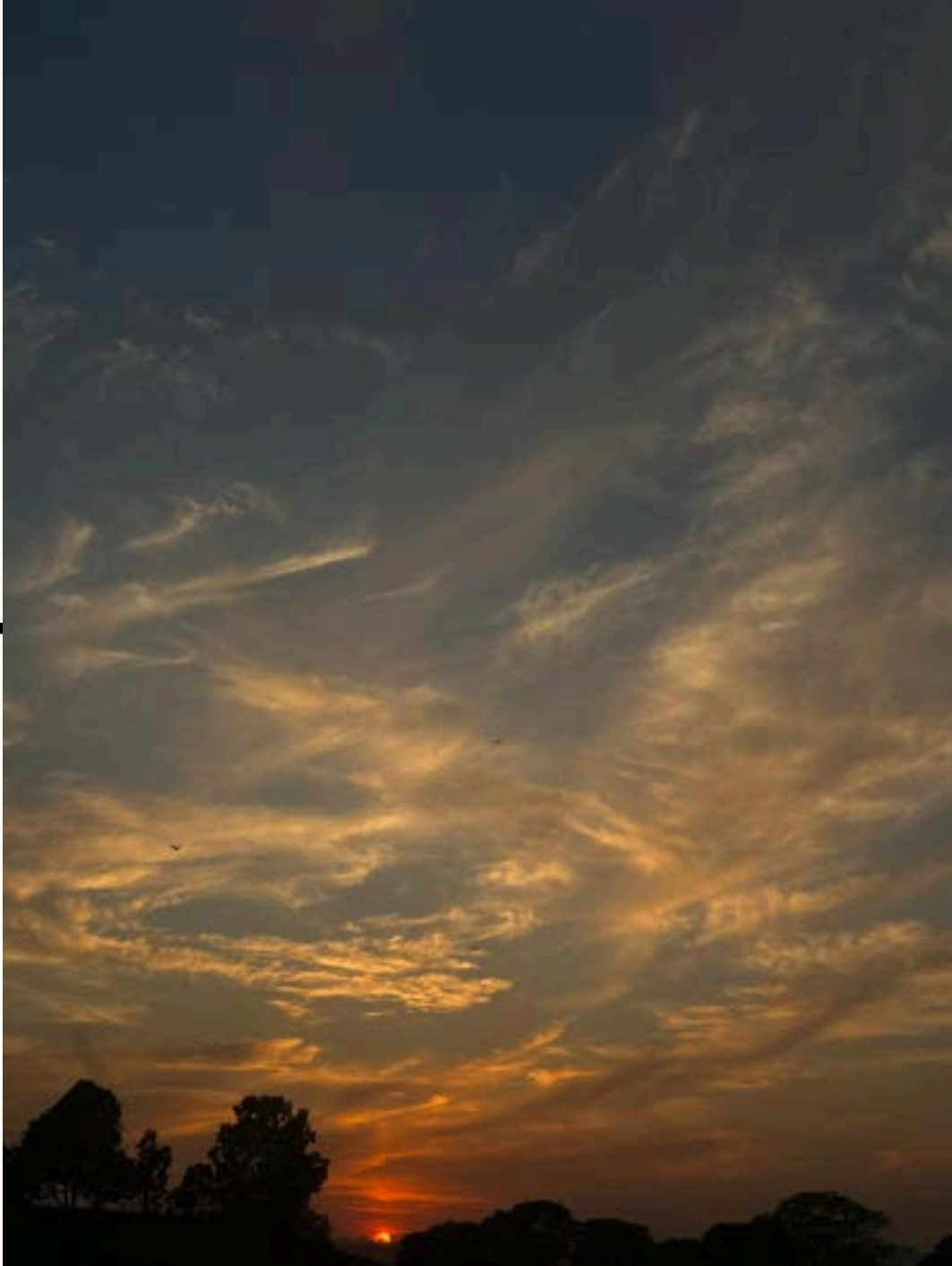
In the silent mourning of the dead,
And glinting swords as they're drawn,
You hear my fallen and ragged self
Break and blossom with every dawn.



THROUGH THE LENS



Huda Waseem
BEN213007



A promise to a new tomorrow

Syeda Dua e Zahra Naqvi
BEN213023



*The War-Torn City
Aleppo, Syria*



*"If we don't end war,
war will end us."
- H. G. Wells*

Syeda Dua e Zahra Naqvi
BEN213023



*The War-Torn City
Aleppo, Syria*



*"Wars are poor
chisels for carving out
peaceful tomorrows."
- Martin Luther
King Jr.*

Aqsa Qasim Zafar
BMB221013



*"The brain is wider
than the sky."
- Emily Dickinson*



Aqsa Qasim Zafar
BMB221013



Iba Rehman

BEN221020



*"When the sun has set,
no candle can replace it."
- George R.R. Martin*

*"Ô, Sunlight! The
most precious gold to
be found on Earth."
- Roman Payne*



Iba Rehman

BEN221020



*"Life is what happens to
us while we are making
other plans."
- Allen Saunders*

*"Life is like riding
a bicycle. To keep
your balance, you
must keep moving."
- Albert Einstein*



Rida Touseef
BBT241018



*"In every walk with
nature one receives far
more than he seeks."
- John Muir*

Tranquility of Nature



Rida Touseef
BBT241018



*"One touch of nature makes
the whole world kin."
- William Shakespeare*

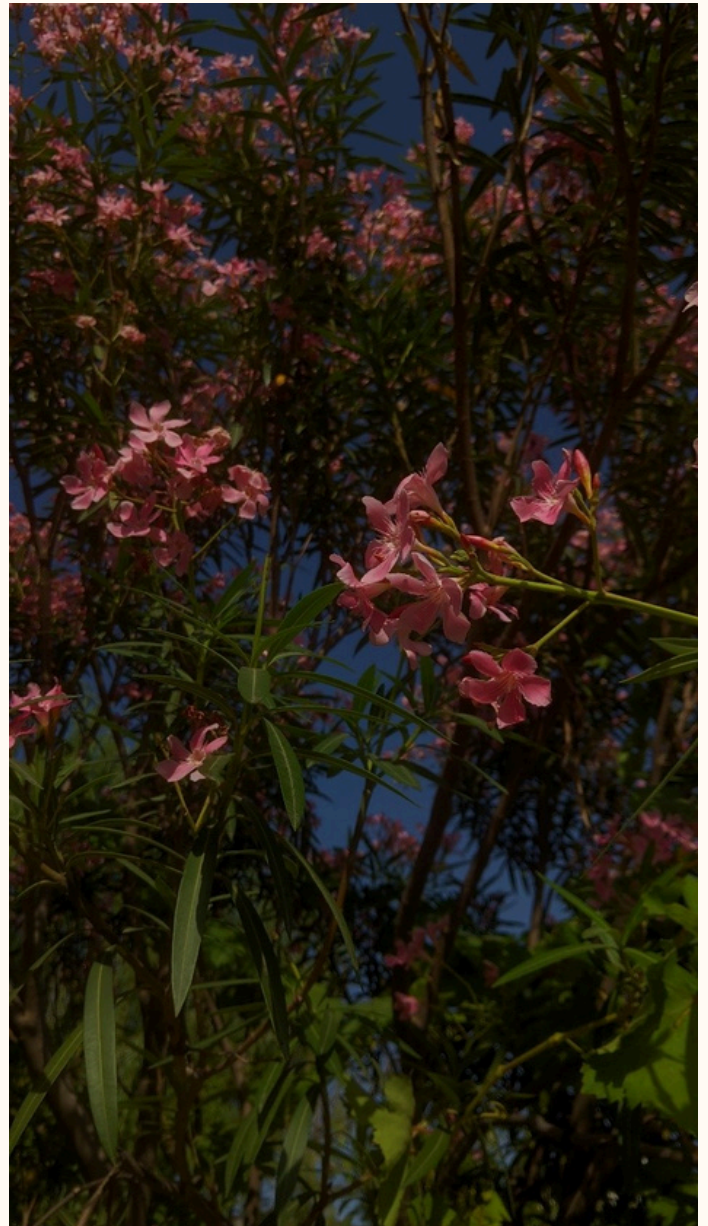
Tranquility of Nature



Amna Farooq
BEN213028



*"The earth laughs
in flowers."*
- R.W. Emerson



Amna Farooq
BEN213028



*"Books are a uniquely
portable magic."
- Stephen King*

*"A flower blossoms
for its own joy."
- Oscar Wilde*



Hamna Mehmood
BEN233007



*"Truth is like the sun. You
can shut it out for a time,
but it aint goin' away."
- Elvis Presley*

Hamna Mehmood

BEN233007



*"For those who are lost,
there will always be
cities that feel like home."
- Simon Van Booy*



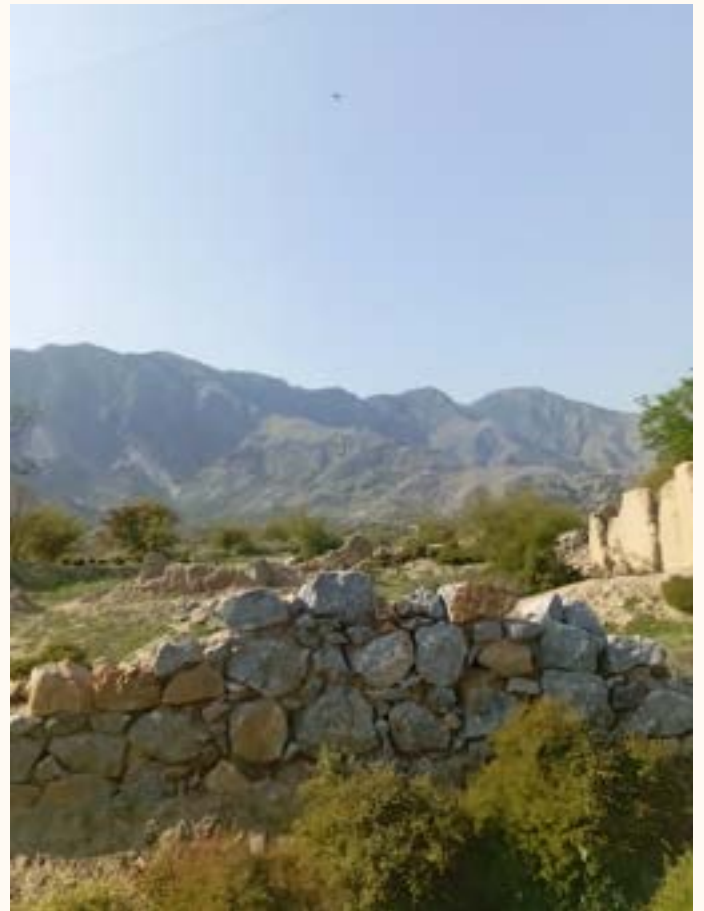
Ayesha Muhammad Yasin Mughal
BMB211013



*"Every sunset is an
opportunity to reset."
- Richie Norton*



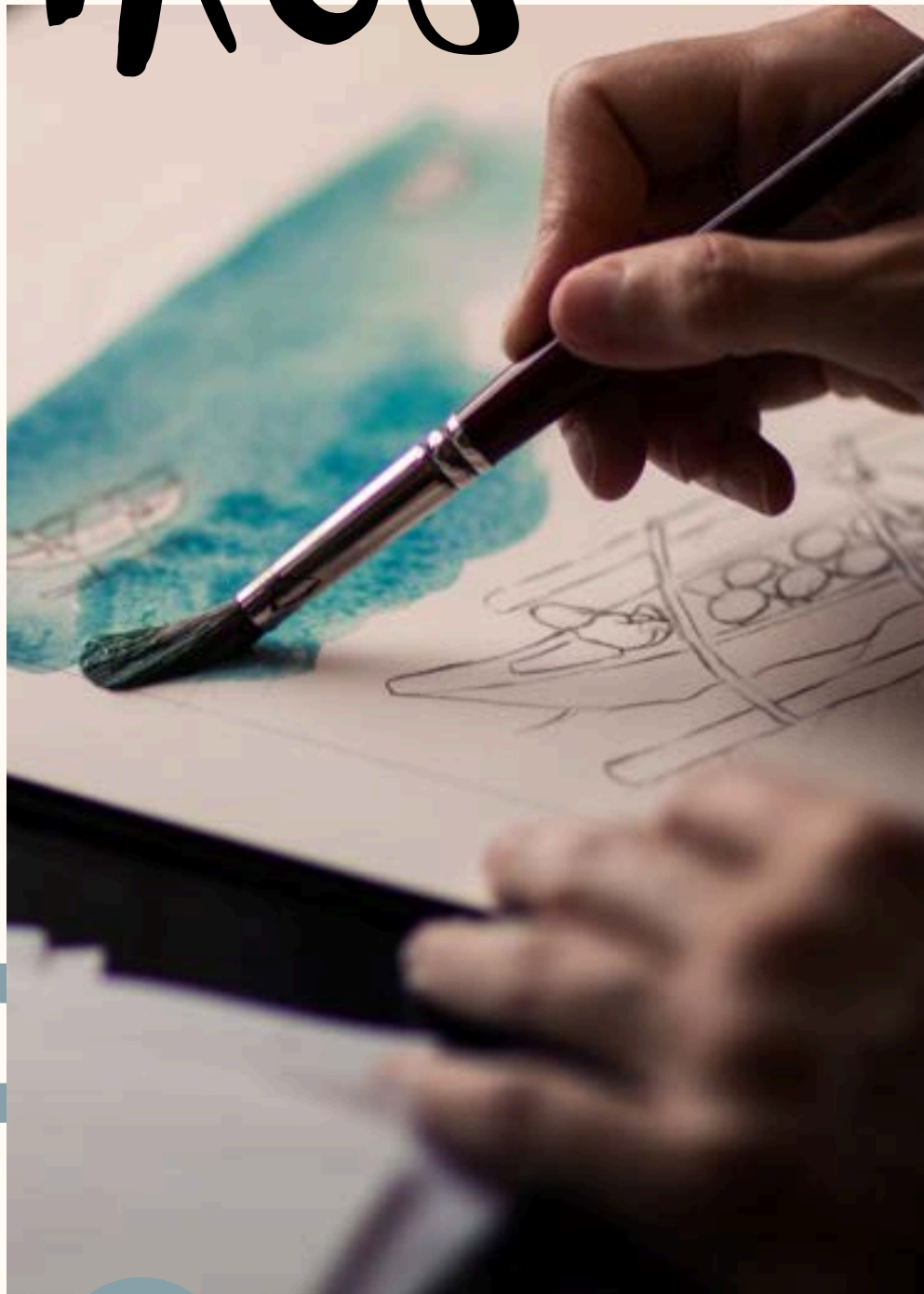
Malalai Noor Khan
BEN233014



*"Truth is like the sun. You
can shut it out for a time,
but it aint goin' away."
- Elvis Presley*

CANVAS CHAOS

*a collage
of young
picassos*



Muhammad Daniyal Saad
BEN233004



"Every sunset brings the promise of a new dawn."
- Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Muhammad Daniyal Saad
BEN233004



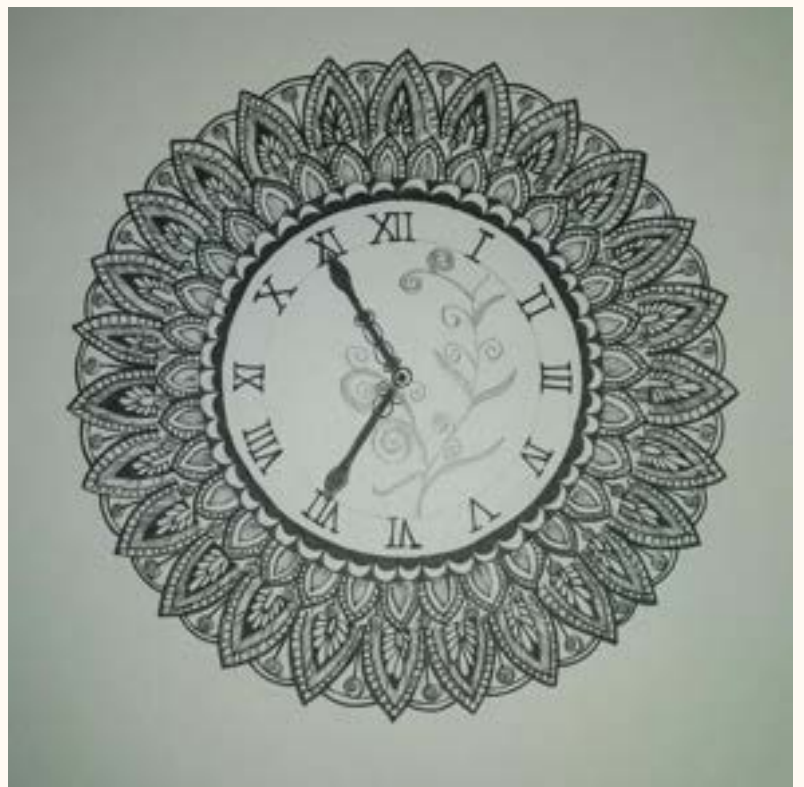
Hamna Mehmood

BEN233007



*"Balance can keep
the world's peace."
- Jet Li*

*"Time moves in one
direction, memory in
another."
- William Gibson*

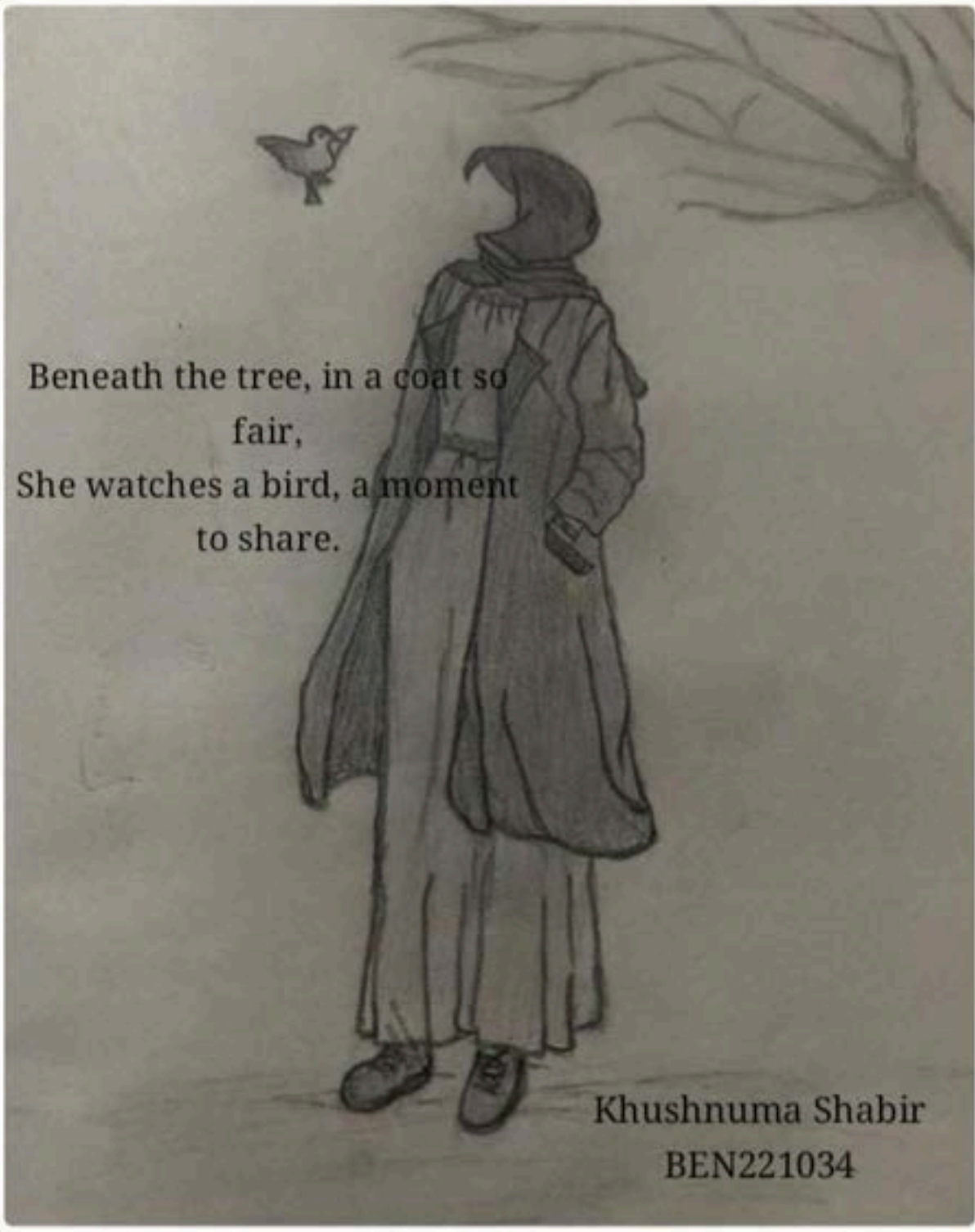


Hamna Mehmood
BEN233007



Khushnuma Shabir

BEN221034

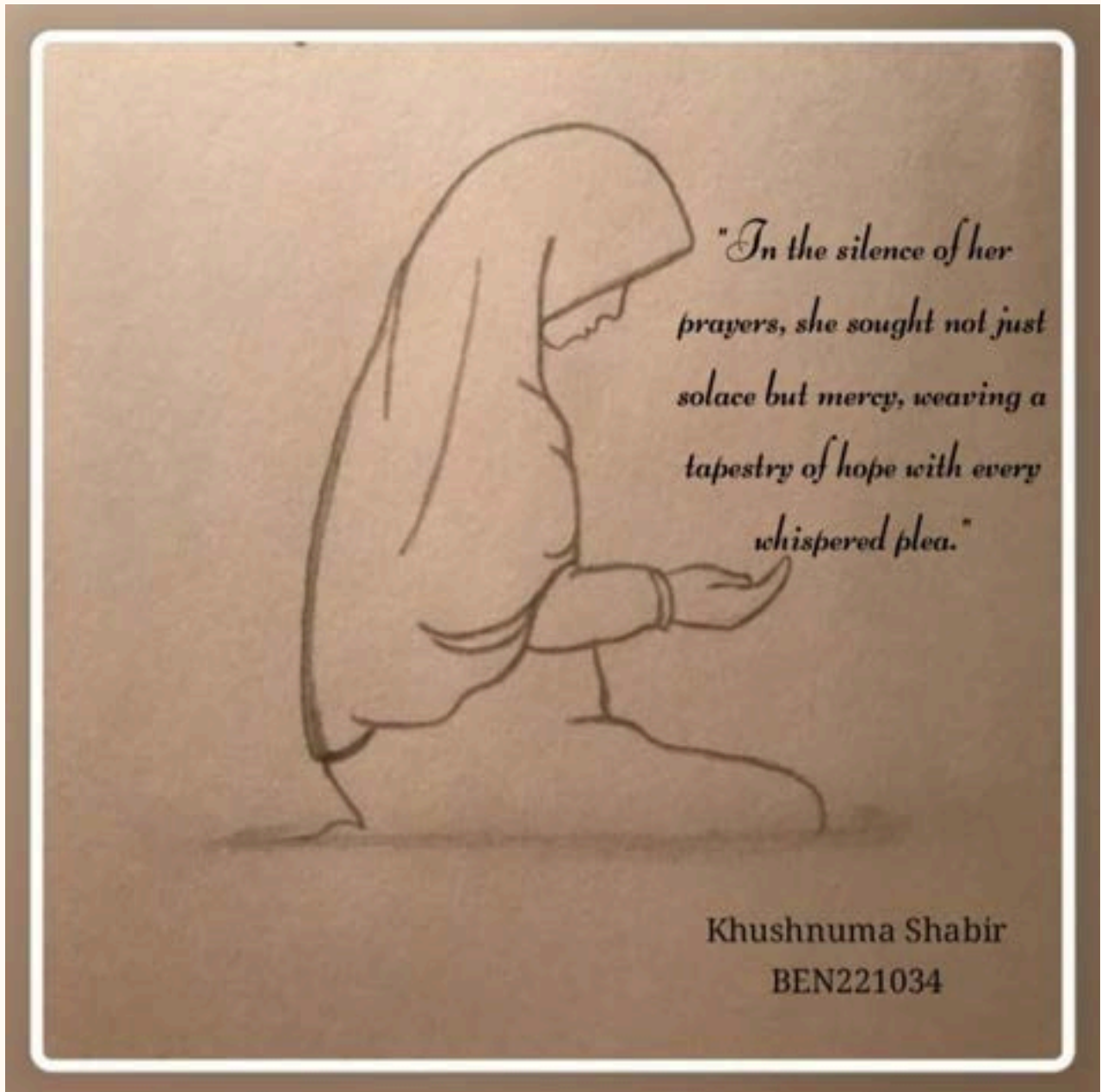


Beneath the tree, in a coat so
fair,
She watches a bird, a moment
to share.

Khushnuma Shabir
BEN221034

Khushnuma Shabir

BEN221034



"The best way to find love is to find God"

In the heart of details, the soul of realism beats



*"What I've learned is that life is a
balance between idealism and realism."
- Peter Hook*

Aleena Asif
BPH233085





Maha Noor Sohail
BAF231027



Perception



Maha Noor Sohail
BAF231027



Goddess

Cavernous



Mann



A World of Illusion





*Nature is so majestic that it
can make death mesmerizing...*

Almira Haider
BCS233015



The Girl With a Pearl Earring

A Sphinx Cat



Almira Haider
BCS233015

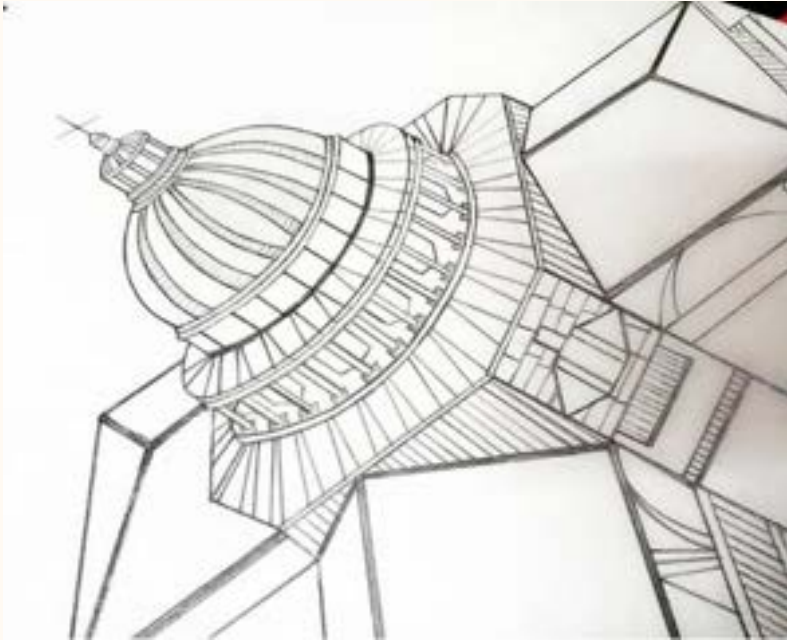


"Even death has a heart." - Markus Zusak



Your eyes are full of language. - Anne Sexton

Saad Ahmed
MCE213028



A Tomb

A Peacock



Saad Ahmed
MCE213028



Camel Mandala

Bismillah



Saad Ahmed
MCE213028



A Mughal King

A Mughal Queen





NEWS WRAP



FALL 2023

Teacher's Appreciation Day



FALL 2023

Global Information and Literacy Week



FALL 2023

Global Information and Literacy Week



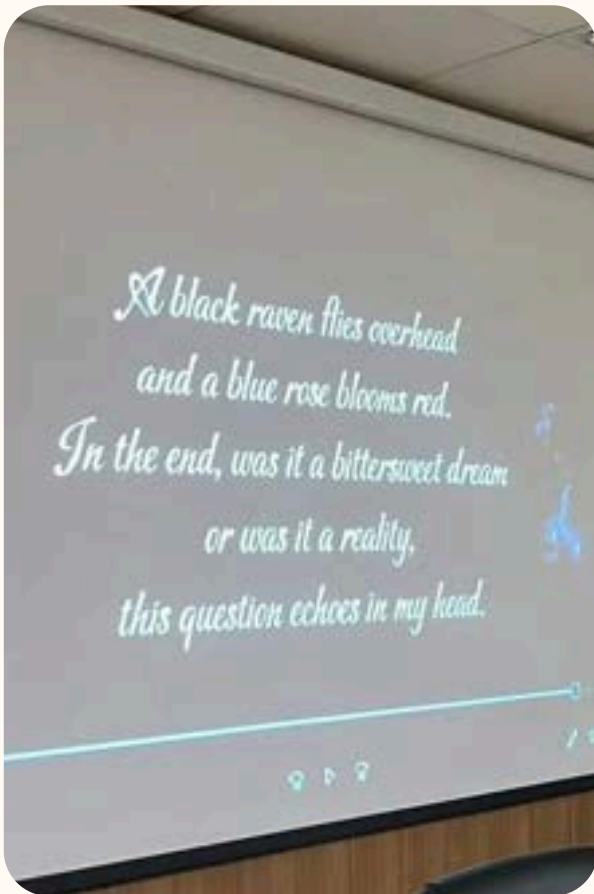
FALL 2023

Global Information and Literacy Week



FALL 2023

Will-o'-the-Wisp Story Chain



FALL 2023

Literary Trivia Contest



FALL 2023

Theatre Showdown



SPRING 2024

Dadaist Poetry Contest



SPRING 2024

English Language Day



SPRING 2024

Reading Club: Literary Feast



SPRING 2024

Writing Club: Chronicles of Change- Rewriting History



SPRING 2024

Speaking Club: Human Library



Credits

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STUDENTS' PANEL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND LINGUISTICS



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