

## ON THE HORIZON

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## PRINCIPAL'S FOREWORD



Prof Dr Iram Anjum

In every era, a generation emerges that must learn not only to navigate the changing winds of its time but to rise above them. As I reflect on the journey of our university and the remarkable young girls who fill its halls, I am reminded of the eagle—an enduring symbol of vision, resilience and transformative ascent. It is in the spirit of the eagle's flight that this issue of 'The Last Word' offers its rich collection of thoughts and memories.

An eagle does not fear the storm; it uses the storm. When the winds grow fierce, it spreads its wings wider, allowing the turbulence that discourages others, to lift it higher. In much the same way, your years at this university will present moments of challenging endeavors and academic prowess. These are the currents meant to elevate you. The pursuit of knowledge, the discipline of inquiry, and the courage to confront the unknown are the pursuits that carry scholars to greater heights.

What distinguishes the eagle most is its vision. With extraordinary clarity, it sees what others might miss. As students and emerging leaders of the future, your education has equipped you with precisely this: the ability to observe deeply, to discern truth from noise, and to imagine a future not yet visible to the ordinary eye. Cultivate that vision. The current issue of the magazine offers one glimpse into such possibilities of envisioning an insightful and transcending journey.

But vision alone is not enough. The eagle takes flight with determination. Its elevation is not accidental—it is chosen. Likewise, the heights you reach will be shaped by your decisions: the discipline to persevere, the humility to learn, the generosity to collaborate, and the ambition to serve a world in need of thoughtful, ethical and innovative minds. Our magazine reflects this kaleidoscope of ideas, of communities and of the magnificent hopes that enrich our current generation of students.

As you progress through your journey of learning, I encourage you to embrace this eagle-like pursuit of purpose. Seek new horizons. Let your talents rise beyond the familiar. And when challenges come—and they will—remember that you possess both the strength and the imagination to soar above them. This magazine becomes the legacy of scholars who have used knowledge to transform lives, overcome challenges and reimagine what is possible. You, too, carry that responsibility and that opportunity.

May this edition of our magazine inspire you to stretch your wings wider, to lift your gaze higher and to trust that your potential is greater than any boundary you have known. The sky is not your limit—it is your beginning.

So fly with light, courage and love.

—Professor Dr Iram Anjum  
Principal Kinnaird College for Women

## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF'S NOTE



Uneeza M. Rana

As I sit down to write this note for The Last Word 2024-25, I am reminded that the annual magazine is never the product of a single voice—it is a tapestry of words woven together with dedication, patience, and creativity. Looking back, I am recalled to my childhood where my favorite pastime was reading the annual magazines of my elder siblings' schools and universities (I had an affinity towards the multiplicity of voices that a magazine hosts). To think that I now get to edit one myself, I am immensely grateful and humbled.

In the initial discussions when Ms. Sadiq suggested that this year's pivoting theme should be "The Falcon's Flight", my imagination too soared, and through extensive discussions and trial and error, we came up with these unique sections for the magazine as you will see unfold on the pages that follow. Each picture, layout, and piece of written work has been curated carefully and with profound meaning which we are hopeful that our readers and patrons will appreciate.

I extend my deepest gratitude to the Editorial Board—Hafsa Jaffar, Omama Zafar, Mishael Noor Faheem, Sana Iqaz, Saira Amaan, and Haleema Shahid—whose commitment to the written word has shaped these pages into something we can all be proud of. Their energy and persistence ensured that every idea found its rightful place.

I must also pause for a personal word of thanks to Fatima Afzaal. You have been with me every step of the way—through the late nights, the long discussions, and the endless revisions. Your presence has been both anchor and encouragement, and this magazine carries as much of your imprint as mine. This journey, of course, would not have been possible without the unwavering commitment of our Magazine Advisor, Ms. Sadiq Ghaznavi, whose guidance and motivation has been invaluable at every stage. I am immensely grateful to our Principal, Prof. Dr Iram Anjum, for her vision and encouragement. Her leadership continues to remind us that creativity, scholarship, and inclusivity must walk hand in hand at Kinnaird.

Editing The Last Word is always more than compiling articles; my two years as a board member and my third at the helm of this editorial journey has taught me this much. It is about having the courage to attempt to capture the spirit of Kinnaird—our students' insatiable curiosity and creative spirit, their ability to question and embrace. I hope this issue reflects those qualities, and that as you read through it, you hear the vibrant voices of our community spreading light and love confidently.

Thank you to everyone who made this journey possible. It has been a privilege to serve as Editor-in-Chief for this edition.

—Uneeza Mahboob Rana  
Editor-in-Chief  
The Last Word 2024-25

# EDITORIAL BOARD



Uneeza Mahboob Rana



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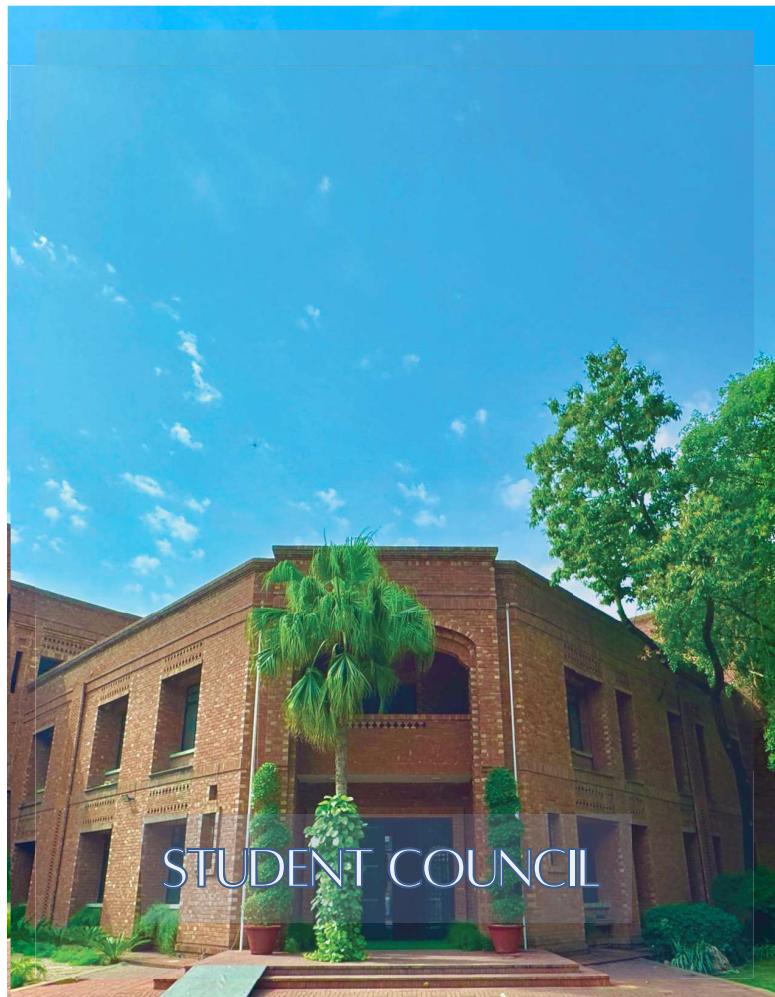


Saira Amaan



Sania Ijaz

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Shumyle Nouman  
Head Girl

Do it for the plot!  
Fatima Khan  
Deputy Head Girl

Your story isn't over yet; keep  
writing it with love.  
Tayyaba Akhtar  
Hostel Deputy

"Leaving the seat, not the spirit—  
once a leader, always a learner."  
Maarij Fatima  
President Islamic Society

Always believe in your potential,  
face challenges head-on, and never  
let adversity define your strength  
Saheer Samuel  
President Christian Fellowship Society

Be Yourself; everyone else is  
already taken.  
Hafsa Moazzam  
President Health Society

Live; before everything else.  
Uneeza Mahboob Rana  
President English Magazine Society

Hamna Amjad  
President Urdu Magazine Society

Can I take a nap now?  
Minhal Azhar  
President Najmuddin Dramatics  
Society

Be kind to others you don't know  
what other person is  
going through. Be the reason of  
other's joy and peace.  
Arooj Usman  
President Health Society (Hostel)

Believe in yourself, take the  
leap, and watch your legacy  
unfold.  
Eman Qaiser  
President Sports Society

Be the reason someone believes  
in dignity, kindness, and grace.  
Usaira Maryam  
President Rangers Society

"The most important thing one  
woman can do for another is to  
illuminate and expand her sense of  
actual possibilities."  
Nabgha Shahid  
President Literacy Society

Never compare your wins and battles  
with others; if they could be you, and  
you could be them, then what was the  
need of you in the first place. maintain  
your individuality.  
Fatima Ijaz  
President Debating Society

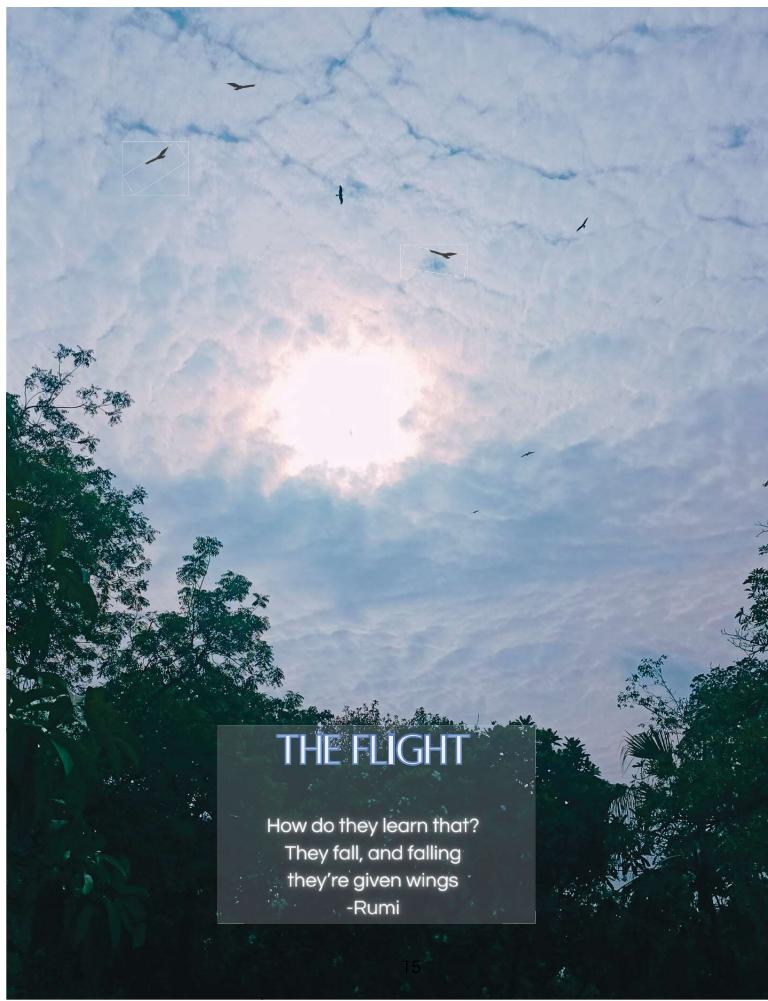
Leadership is not about titles or  
positions—it's about impact  
Zainab Ali  
President TEDx Society

CEO of bathroom concerts  
Maheen Zahid  
President Music Club

The most meaningful progress  
often blooms in silence, with  
steady hands and shared hearts :)  
Ezza Tariq  
President Horticulture Society

In a world full of questions, be  
the girl who never stops  
exploring the answers!  
Sela Ashraf  
President Science Club

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As the college transitions into this new era, the community looks forward with optimism. Dr. Iram Anjum's leadership promises continuity of Kinnaird's proud traditions while also opening doors to new possibilities. Her focus on quality education, research development, and social responsibility aligns closely with the college's vision for the future. The installation of Dr. Iram Anjum as Principal marks a hopeful beginning, reinforcing Kinnaird College's commitment to shaping empowered, confident, and forward-thinking women for generations to come.



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## White Cane Day

Strength in our Uniqueness  
by Uneeka Mahboob Rana | Semester 8

October 4th, 2024: Kinnaird College for Women marked International White Cane Safety Day, also observed as the International Day of Visually Impaired Citizens, with a solemn event dedicated to highlighting the resilience, independence, and determination of visually impaired individuals.

The program, organized by the Library Department in close collaboration with students with visual difficulties, opened with a performance by uniquely abled students of the college who presented a heartfelt song. Their contribution reflected not only their talent but also their resolve to participate as equals in academic and cultural life.

Provincial Education Minister Rana Sikandar Hayat attended the event as chief guest. Addressing the gathering, he praised the courage and abilities of visually impaired students, declaring them the future of Pakistan. Drawing on his long association with Kinnaird College, he remarked that these students can aspire to any position, including that of Education Minister, provided they are given opportunities and hope. He emphasized that if support systems like those at Kinnaird are expanded nationwide, education for the differently abled in Pakistan can achieve transformative progress.

The Minister also highlighted government initiatives under Chief Minister Maryam Nawaz, including expanded scholarships covering six times the number of students enrolled at Kinnaird, financial support for expensive medical and professional education, and fee waivers for students from families earning up to three lakh rupees per month. He assured that all equipment required for the college's uniquely abled students would be provided by the government, and acknowledged the construction of a dedicated auditorium at Kinnaird for the development of their skills. Prof. Dr. Iram Anjum, Principal of Kinnaird College, thanked the participants and reaffirmed that the purpose of the event was to honor the independence and determination of visually impaired students.



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## 14TH AUGUST CELEBRATIONS

77th Independence Day with Patriotism and Pride

by Sania Ijaz | Semester 6

After a restful summer break, Kinnaird College for Women University welcomed its students and faculty back with renewed energy and a profound sense of patriotism as it celebrated the 77th Independence Day of Pakistan. The event was held in the Hildia Hall on August 14, 2024 and was marked by unity, reflection, and heartfelt tribute to the nation.

The morning began with a formal welcome by the President of History and Political Science Club extended to the honorable Principal, esteemed faculty, and dear students, greeting them with a warm "Good Morning and Asalam-o-Alaikum."

The host set the tone for the day by highlighting that this celebration was not only a remembrance of freedom but a tribute to the resilience, strength, and unity that define Pakistan. It also marked a meaningful start to the new academic session, encouraging everyone to carry the spirit of patriotism into the journey ahead.

To ignite the patriotic spirit, a beautifully curated program was announced, featuring inspiring national songs and a powerful documentary. The event commenced with the recitation of the Holy Quran and the Bible, symbolizing the inclusive and harmonious fabric of Pakistani society. Students Mahnoor Khalid and Sehr Samuel were invited to the stage to lead this sacred beginning.

The Urdu message, "Aaj hum apne sabz aur safaid parcham tale muttahid kharay ho kar Pakistan ke Youm-e-Azadi ka jashan mana rahe hain," echoed in the hall, reminding everyone of the unity symbolized by Pakistan's green and white flag.



Following the recitation, a musical performance was delivered by the talented students of the Music Club, Sawera Naeem and Aman Iqbal. Their heartfelt rendition of national songs stirred emotions and pride in the hearts of the audience.

A poignant interlude was presented by a faculty member, who delivered a moving message in Urdu:

"Azadi ka matlab sirf ghulami se nijat nahi, balkay yeh aik falsafah hai jo ittehad, tanaaq, qabooliat aur bardasht ki buniyat par qaum hai. Jab hum mukhtalif rang, nasal, aur aqeeday ke logon ko apnay dil mein jagah detay hain, tabhi asli ehsas hota hai Azadi ka."

These words captured the true essence of freedom not merely as a release from colonial rule, but as a philosophy built on unity, diversity, acceptance, and tolerance.



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The audience was then invited to turn their attention to the screen for a documentary presentation, carefully chosen to encapsulate the theme of the day and take the viewers through a visual journey of Pakistan's past, present, and aspirations for the future.

In continuation, a melodious choir performance was presented by the Christian Fellowship Society, who uplifted

the atmosphere with their soulful and harmonious tribute to the country. This beautiful performance further emphasized Kinnaird's values of inclusion and coexistence.

A highlight of the event was the address by Dr. Irum Anjum, the esteemed Principal of Kinnaird College for Women University, who was invited to the stage to share her valuable remarks. Her words were filled with hope, encouragement, and a deep love for the homeland, resonating with the audience and serving as a beacon for the youth to follow.

As the event drew to a close, a heartfelt vote of thanks was delivered. Appreciation was extended to all those whose efforts made the day successful. Special gratitude was offered to Dr. Irum Anjum, the faculty, Music Club Advisors Sir Abdul Rauf, Ms. Mugirah Ahmad, and William Lawrence; the Choir led by Miss Samar; Javed Sahib; the Student Council and Management Team; Ma'am Asma Awan (Head of the Political Science Department), and Ma'am Dure Shahwar Bano, Club Advisor each of whom played a key role in organizing and supporting this memorable celebration.

The 77th Independence Day celebrations at Kinnaird were not only a tribute to the country's freedom but also a reminder of its inclusive identity, unity in diversity, and the shared responsibility of its citizens, especially the youth, in shaping the nation's future. It was an event that left the Kinnaird community both inspired and proud to be part of a nation with such rich heritage and unshakable spirit.



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## Drama Fest and Beyond

A Theatrical Masterpiece Unfolds  
by Haleema Shahid | Semester 6



April 24–25, 2025: The Najmuddin Dramatics Society (NDS) once again dazzled audiences with Drama Fest 2025, a two-day inter-university theatre competition that brought together creativity, passion, and powerful storytelling. Held at Kinnaird College for Women, the event featured performances from prestigious institutions, each leaving a

profound impact on both the judges and the audience.

The event opened with a stirring welcome from Minahil Azhar, President of NDS, followed by remarks from Mr. Owais of the Kinnaird Archives Centre, which highlighted the society's legacy through the newly launched book, *Theatre at Kinnaird*. The event was further honoured by the chief guest, Ms. Munazzah Arif, and the guest of honour, Ms. Kanwal Khoosat, alongside the esteemed judge, Usman Zia, a celebrated name in Pakistan's film industry.

Kinnaird College's host play, "The House Always Wins," set the tone with a chilling depiction of a man's battle with his inner demons, embodied by the seven deadly sins.

The competition featured a range of compelling performances. Forman Christian College's "Qissa Jo Sach Na Tha" opened the contest with a haunting psychological murder mystery that blurred the lines between truth, delusion, and trauma.

University of Management and Technology's "Khwab Saraye" mesmerized the audience with a mystical tale blending historical lore with spiritual confrontation. FAST brought humour to the stage with "We Are Dead," a satirical dark comedy exploring the absurdities of the afterlife, earning waves of laughter and applause. Government College University closed Day 1 with "Insaan," a philosophical exploration of mortality, science, and the soul, delivered through powerful poetic dialogue and commanding performances.



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## TEDx Kinnaird: Youth and Social Change

Ideas That Inspire, Stories That Resonate  
by Haleema Shahid | Semester 6

February 22, 2025: The TEDx Society at Kinnaird College once again delivered a remarkable celebration of ideas, expression, and community engagement with TEDx Kinnaird 2025. Held on campus, the event gathered a dynamic mix of speakers, performances, and workshops, each embodying the spirit of innovation and empowerment.



Under the guidance of advisor Ms. Anum Abdullah and the leadership of President Syeda Zainab Ali, the event featured eight distinguished speakers from diverse fields. Among them was Amna Omer, a veteran educationist and social entrepreneur, whose work in community uplift, mental health, and women's empowerment struck a powerful chord. Dr. Maria Malik, a scholar and human rights advocate, brought academic depth and insight into the pressing socio-

political issues. At the same time, mountaineer and forensic doctor Anum Uzair Khan was inspired by her story of breaking boundaries, both physical and social.

The lineup also included Danish Ali Bhutto, a prominent parliamentary professional advocating for youth and gender-sensitive reform; Dr. Paul R. Edelman, promoting intercultural education through global exchange; and Ms. Zubda Zia, Head of the Economics Department at Kinnaird and a SUSI Scholar, who emphasized sustainable development and community research. Educator-comedian Abbas Raza Bukhari added levity and relatability, while social worker Haider Aziz highlighted grassroots initiatives and collective action through his ISAAR Welfare Foundation.



Complementing the talks were captivating performances. "Echoes of Grace," a Kathak piece, mesmerized the audience with its elegant rhythm and expressive storytelling. The Najmuddin Dramatics Society brought the house down with *Spotlight Serenade*, a powerful theatrical experience that bridged performance and social commentary. A folk music segment titled *Roots Revival* paid homage to cultural heritage, connecting listeners through soulful melodies and shared emotions. Adding an interactive dimension, the workshop "Crafting Your Star: Turning



Ambitions into Action" encouraged participants to reflect on their dreams and commit to small, meaningful steps toward change. TEDx Kinnaird 2025 proved to be more than a speaker series; it was a space for reflection, creativity, and vision. With every talk, performance, and shared moment, the event reinforced Kinnaird's commitment to shaping tomorrow's thought leaders and change-makers.

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Day 2 opened with Beaconhouse National University's "Raupaiya," a hard-hitting commentary on gender and financial exploitation, told through symbolic visuals and an unforgettable closing sequence of women breaking free from their restraints. Lahore School of Economics captivated with "All Eyes on Me," a thrilling psychological drama that delved into obsession, guilt, and the pursuit of fame, layered with stunning choreography and haunting music.

Kamli Theatre's "Deewani" delivered an emotionally charged narrative of love, loss, and surrender to divine will, moving the audience to tears. COMSATS lightened the mood with "Karma Number Paanch," a hilarious comedy of errors set in a mental asylum, brimming with wit and sharp satire. The festival closed with IQRA University's "Alam-e-Barzakh," a visually arresting and emotionally intense reflection on life, death, and the chaos of the human psyche, an act that left a lasting imprint on every viewer.

The awards reflected the brilliance on display. Best Male Actor was awarded to Tazahir Absar (UMT) for his role as Jadoogar Hamoon. Best Female Actor went to Eshal Salman Khan (Kamli

Theatre) for her portrayal of Chodha. IQRA University's "Alam-e-Barzakh" claimed both Best Production and First Place, followed by FCCU at Second Place for "Qissa Jo Sach Na Tha," and COMSATS at Third for "Karma Number Paanch".

With the curtains drawn on this year's festival, Drama Fest 2025 stands as a testament to the thriving spirit of theatre at Kinnaird College, a space where stories come alive and creativity knows no bounds.



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## Kinnaird College Debating Championships 2025

Voices That Persuade, Ideas That Resonate  
by Haleema Shahid | Semester 6

January 24–27, 2025: Kinnaird College once again took centre stage in Pakistan's debating circuit as the Kinnaird College Debating Society (KCDS) hosted the highly anticipated Kinnaird College Debating Championship 2025. Known for its rich legacy of intellectual discourse and women-led initiatives, this year's tournament upheld tradition while pushing new boundaries of representation, argumentation, and excellence.

Over 90 teams from across the country participated in the championship, competing in both English and Urdu across the novice, open, and under-19 categories. With institutions like LUMS, GCU, FC, FAST, UET, KEMU, LGS 55 Main, LGS JT, and UMT in attendance, the competition brought together some of the brightest and boldest voices in the nation.

Throughout the championship, participants engaged with timely and provocative motions, from the ethics of private equity firms to the nuanced role of women in debating spaces, and the implications of "school choice" in liberal democracies. Each motion sparked rigorous discourse, challenging debaters to think deeply and speak boldly.

The tournament was graced by respected academic figures, including Dr. Iram Anjum, Dr. Ghazala Yaqoob, Dr. Asma Hamid, Ms. Zubda, and Dr. Helen, whose presence added to the event's gravitas. Their encouragement and critical engagement reinforced Kinnaird's commitment to fostering academic excellence and open dialogue.

The finals saw Government College University dominate both English and Urdu categories, emerging as champions in each. KEMU secured the runner-up position in Urdu, while GCU also claimed the English runner-up title, underscoring the high level of competition and the enduring excellence of these institutions.

KCDC 2025 not only showcased the sharp intellect and rhetorical skill of Pakistan's youth but also reaffirmed Kinnaird College's role as a platform for empowering voices, cultivating leadership, and shaping the future of debate in Pakistan.



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## SPORTS FEST 2024

A Celebration of Team Spirit and Healthy Competition  
by Sania Ijaz | Semester 6

Kinnaird College witnessed a thrilling display of athleticism, coordination, and departmental pride during the much-anticipated Interdepartmental Sports Tournament 2024, held at the vibrant Kinnaird Lawn Tennis Court. With a meticulously scheduled series of matches, the tournament kicked off on October 30, 2024, bringing together students from diverse academic disciplines in an energetic celebration of sportsmanship.

The tournament followed a group-stage format, where teams were divided into four competitive groups:

- Group 1: Media Studies, Food Sciences, Intermediate-I
- Group 2: Sports Sciences, Economics, Education
- Group 3: Applied Psychology, Biochemistry, Student Council
- Group 4: BBA, Intermediate-II, Computer Science

Day one featured a total of twelve dynamic face-offs, beginning at 9:30 AM with Media Studies clashing against Food Sciences, and continuing till 3:00 PM with the final group match between Intermediate-II and Computer Science. Each match was conducted under the supervision of trained technical officials to ensure fairness and discipline throughout the event.

Following the group stage, the top teams from each group advanced to the semi-finals held on October 31, 2024. The winners of Match 1 and Match 4 competed in the first semi-final, while the winners of Match 2 and Match 3 faced off in the second. The tournament concluded on November 1, 2024, with two highly anticipated matches: the 3rd Position Playoff and the Final Showdown, determining the ultimate champion of the season.



The courts of Kinnaird College buzzed with energy and fierce competition as the Interdepartmental Basketball Tournament 2024 unfolded from 29th October to 1st November 2024. Bringing together departments across campus, the event was a true celebration of athletic spirit, strategy, and teamwork.

Round 1 commenced on 29th October, featuring six groups and multiple matchups that set the tone for the tournament. Intense battles like Media Studies (Red) vs Applied Psychology (Purple) and Sports Sciences Vs International Relations captivated the audience with skilled gameplay and powerful coordination.

The action escalated on 30th October, with more teams such as Economics, Hostels, Computer Science, and Student Council joining the court. Each match was played with zeal, as departments fought to emerge top in their groups and qualify for Round 2.

Round 2, held on 31st October, brought together the winners of each group, battling for dominance in Group A and Group B. With every point earned through effort and passion, the stage was set for the thrilling Semi-Finals and Final.

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## CHOG KOSUMBAY DI

Voicing Resistance Through Art  
by Haleema Shahid | Semester 6

November 26, 2024: In a stirring display of political consciousness and poetic expression, the Nalimuddin Dramatics Society (NDS) took to the stage for their Annual Tutorial performance, presenting Chog Kosumbay Di, a powerful theatrical adaptation of Bulleh Shah's Punjabi poem "Mein Kusumb Da Chun Chun Haari", written by Najm Hosain Syed and directed by renowned theatre artist Huma Safdar.



Performed in Punjabi, the play gave voice to centuries of suppressed struggle through the lens of working-class women. With subtle humour, rich cultural symbolism, and stirring live tabla and vocal accompaniment, the performance highlighted the exploitation of women's labour by figures of authority: the King, Patwari, Vapari, Mukkaddams, and other pillars of power. As each character appeared, the roots of systemic oppression were exposed, ultimately leading to a collective awakening among the Kumbumbal pickers, who rose to reject their chains.

The stage design was vivid yet grounded, with bright costumes and carefully chosen props that reflected class hierarchies and power dynamics. The dialogues, steeped in poetic intensity, were delivered with conviction, infusing Bulleh Shah's verses with renewed life and urgency.

Guided by Ms. Huma Safdar's passionate vision and lifelong dedication to cultural preservation, the students delivered a moving, symbolic performance that transcended the stage. The impact was so profound that Chog Kosumbay Di later featured at multiple external theatre festivals, amplifying its message far beyond campus walls.

With its potent blend of poetry, performance, and protest, the Annual Tutorial 2024 affirmed NDS's enduring role as a voice of social conscience at Kinnaird College.



The grand finale took place on 1st November 2024, and after a heart-pounding series of matches, Media Studies emerged as the champions of the tournament, securing their place in Kinnaird's sports history as the Basketball Fest Winners of 2024.

The basketball court roared with cheers, and spirits ran high throughout the week. The tournament not only showcased athletic brilliance but also fostered unity and interdepartmental camaraderie. A note of congratulations -once again, to Media Studies Department, the true champions of the court!



Strict guidelines were observed, with teams required to arrive 15 minutes prior to their matches and don the official jerseys provided by the organizers. The vibrant spirit of competition was matched by the discipline and unity displayed by all participating departments.

This sporting event not only encouraged physical fitness and department bonding but also reinforced the values of teamwork, commitment, and perseverance hallmarks of the Kinnaird legacy. The Sports Fest 2024 was truly celebrated as a hallmark event pivotal to Kinnaird's vibrant campus life reflecting the institute's long-standing commitment to excellence in not only academics but all walks of life.

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## SCIENCE FEST 2024

A Celebration of Innovation and Creativity  
by Sania Ijaz | Semester 6

On January 21, 2025, the campus came alive with color, innovation, and intellectual curiosity as students gathered to celebrate the convergence of art, science, and society. The event brought together a series of unique competitions designed to test creativity, critical thinking, and scientific knowledge, creating a vibrant platform for young minds to express their talents across multiple dimensions. The day began with the reporting of participants at Gate No. 2, where enthusiasm and anticipation buzzed in the air. The competitions commenced at 8:30 AM, each corner of the campus transformed into a hub of creativity and intellect.

In the Eric Massey Auditorium, Battle of the Brains challenged participants' grasp of biology, physics, chemistry, and mathematics. Teams of two competed fiercely, demonstrating sharp memory, quick instincts, and conceptual clarity. The intensity of the quiz was heightened with tiebreaker knockout rounds based on general knowledge, adding an extra edge to the competition.

Meanwhile, the NB Courtyard hosted Green Innovations, where young inventors presented eco-friendly scientific models aimed at solving real-world problems. From renewable energy prototypes to sustainable urban planning solutions, each model reflected the harmony between technology and nature.

Simultaneously, Handmade Art and Drawing Competitions took place in Hadia Hall, immersing the space in colors, textures, and artistic energy. Participants used sustainable biomaterials to craft artwork that celebrated science's role in building a greener world, while others illustrated nature's magnificence in the Biodiversity Bloom drawing category.



In the Video Conference Room, future entrepreneurs took center stage in the Scipreneur Nexus. Teams pitched innovative scientific startup ideas targeting Pakistan's current challenges. With only 8-10 minutes to present, students showcased not only technical brilliance but also business acumen and market foresight.

Parallel to the on-campus competitions, other categories saw online participation with immense talent on display. The E-Posters Competition featured striking digital designs highlighting science's role in global health, while The Writer's Forge brought forth compelling essays debating whether Artificial

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Intelligence could truly replicate human creativity both in English and Urdu.

The EcoReel Challenge stood out as a digital activism platform, where students created 30-60 second reels inspired by the 17 Sustainable Development Goals, combining storytelling with visual impact to drive change through social media.

Each competition, whether artistic, scientific, or entrepreneurial, reflected the core aim of the event to bridge the gap between science and society through creative expression and intellectual engagement. The participants'



dedication and talent were a testament to the power of interdisciplinary thinking.

The day concluded with a grand closing ceremony in Hadia Hall, where winners were celebrated, and participants were appreciated for their efforts and passion. This one-day celebration of science, creativity, and social consciousness not only highlighted student potential but also fostered a community of thinkers and change-makers committed to a sustainable and innovative future.



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## BUSINESS FEST '24

Igniting Ambition, Inspiring Enterprise  
by Sania Ijaz | Semester 6

Kinnaird College for Women once again lived up to its legacy of empowering young leaders as the Kinnaird Entrepreneurial Club proudly hosted Kinnaird Business Fest '24, one of the most anticipated student-led events of the year. Held from October 23rd to 25th, 2024, the three-day fest gathered more than 200 participants from renowned institutions including LSE, NUML, FCCU, BNU, GCU, and many more.

With a mission to empower youth in business and entrepreneurship, the fest provided a vibrant platform where creativity, critical thinking, and collaboration took center stage. A diverse range of competitions such as Brand Battle Royale, Reel-it-Up, Ad-Mad, Business Simulation Game, Scavenger Hunt, and Inspire Through Words tested participants' marketing instincts, storytelling skills, and problem-solving abilities in real-world business scenarios. Each activity was designed not only to challenge but also to inspire students to think boldly and act strategically.

The final day of the fest held a special significance as it was reserved exclusively for Kinnaird students. The interdepartmental competition, "What Can I Do for Pakistan?" encouraged participants to reflect on civic responsibility and propose innovative solutions for national progress highlighting how business acumen and social consciousness can go hand in hand.

Beyond competitions, Kinnaird Business Fest '24 also offered insightful sessions, networking opportunities, and interactive discussions with industry professionals, entrepreneurs, and distinguished alumni. These exchanges made the event not just a contest, but a hub of learning, leadership, and inspiration.



Reflecting on the success of the fest, Areeb Fatima, President of the Kinnaird Entrepreneurial Club, remarked:

"This year's Business Fest was not just about competition, it was about creating a space where young people could lead, collaborate, and envision a future where they are at the forefront of innovation. Watching students step up, own the stage, and represent the future of business was truly inspiring."

By combining competitive spirit with meaningful dialogue, Kinnaird Business Fest '24 became a celebration of ambition, talent, and fearless leadership. It stood out as a powerful platform where young women and men came together to learn, grow, and ignite a passion for entrepreneurship proving once again that Kinnaird is not just a college, but a place where futures are built.



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## POETRY FOR PEACE

When Words Became Witness  
by Haleema Shahid | Semester 6

December 3rd, 2024: The English Magazine Society, in collaboration with the Department of Literature, hosted this year's much-anticipated Poetry Slam under the powerful theme "Poetry for Peace." What unfolded was a moving and unforgettable afternoon where words became vessels of resistance, empathy, and hope.

The event commenced with celebrated poet Ilona Yusuf gracing the stage. Reading from her published work, she reflected on the vanishing presence of peace in a fractured world. Her remarks, especially on the ongoing crisis in Palestine, struck a collective chord, prompting a shared moment of solidarity within the auditorium. A brief open-floor dialogue followed, allowing attendees to reflect on injustice, humanity, and the role of art in bearing witness to these issues.

A considerable number of the student body from various departments participated, their poems echoing a wide spectrum of emotion—grief, rage, longing, and love. Each participant stepped into the spotlight with conviction, their words resonating with raw honesty. Applause followed every performance, but more than that, there was a profound stillness—the kind only truth can evoke. Judges Ilona Yusuf and Ms. Sadia Ghaznavi had the difficult task of selecting the winner.

Ultimately, Alina emerged as the standout voice of the day. Her delicate, poignant poem unfolded with quiet intensity, weaving a tale of peace that was both deeply personal and universally needed. Her closing lines lingered long after the last verse, earning her first place and the admiration of all present.

More than just a competition, Poetry Slam 2024



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## ECON TITANS

Economics Beyond the Books

by: Sania Ijaz | Semester 6

On October 1st, 2024, Kinnaird Economics Club hosted its annual event Econ Titans, a high-energy academic competition sponsored by Cheeziouss, IHOP, and Baked, marking Cheeziouss' debut collaboration with Kinnaird College. The event brought together sharp minds from prestigious institutions including LSE, GCU, FC, ITU and BNU for a rigorous test of economic knowledge.

With Fatima Iqbal Gara as President Economics Club, she masterfully curated the event along a 70-member cross departmental team. Together, the team handled every aspect of the event from round coordination to participant engagement with professional precision.



The competition unfolded across three challenging rounds, each designed to test different skills. The Pictorial Round required teams to decode economic concepts through visual clues as well as multiple-choice questions under tight time constraints. The pace quickened in the Buzzer Round, where rapid recall and quick thinking were essential to outperform rivals. The qualifying round was the Debate Round, where the top four teams engaged in stimulating discussions on pressing economic issues, demonstrating both depth of knowledge and oratory skills.



The event was graced by esteemed judges from Kinnaird's Economics and BBA Departments, whose expertise and insightful feedback elevated the competition. Their presence underscored the academic rigor of the event. The food court, strategically set up adjacent to the competition area, offered participants and attendees a chance to refuel between rounds while engaging in casual conversations. After intense competition, Team BNU emerged victorious, showcasing exceptional analytical skills and teamwork. Beyond the rivalry, Econ Titans fostered meaningful networking and intellectual growth among future economists. With strong corporate partnerships, enthusiastic participation, and flawless execution, Econ Titans has set a new benchmark for academic events.

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## BAZM E LANGUAGE

A Celebration of Words, Culture, and Voice  
by Haleema Shahid | Semester 6

May 20th 2025: In a spirited collaboration between the Kinnaird English Club and the Kinnaird Urdu Club, Bazm-e-Language 2025 unfolded as a powerful tribute to the magic of expression. Rooted in the belief that "a different language is a different vision of life," the event brought together students from institutions like BNU, GCU, NUML, and Kinnaird itself to honour the beauty, depth, and diversity of language through five dynamic literary and cultural events.

The festival opened with a fierce debate competition, where participants channelled the voices of Shakespeare, Iqbal, and others to tackle thought-provoking topics. After a series of eloquent exchanges and memorable rebuttals, Government College University emerged victorious, winning both the judges' and the audience's admiration.



Next came the Literary Pitch, where participants performed original poetry in the language closest to their hearts. It was a moment of unfiltered emotion; every word carried weight, every pause spoke volumes. Syeda Dua and Faheem Akram took first place in English and Urdu, respectively, with Sajid Hussain and Aimen Bashir as worthy runners-up.



In the Visual Poetry segment, the intersection of image and language gave birth to hauntingly beautiful reflections. Participants were asked to write poems inspired by evocative images, and the results were nothing short of poetic revelation. The winning piece stood out for its raw intensity, resonating deeply with both the judges and the audience.



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The Dramatics segment proved to be one of the day's most unforgettable highlights. Students transformed the stage into a mirror of society, delivering performances that ranged from satirical



comedy to searing explorations of injustice. The University of the Punjab took top honours with a compelling piece that balanced humour and heartache, reminding everyone that storytelling is both an art and a responsibility.

The festival concluded with a guest performance by Kamli Theatre. Their production "Saans," led by founder Kohinoor, captivated the audience with its emotional gravity. A meditation on grief and the fragility of life, the play left the hall in stillness. With symbolic elements like earth and silence, the performance lingered like a whispered truth long after the final bow.

The closing ceremony, attended by faculty members including Dr. Nadia and Ma'am Saadia, was filled with joy, pride, and heartfelt appreciation. The auditorium, adorned in soft lighting and thoughtful detail, reflected the spirit of Bazm-e-Language: intimate, inclusive, and unforgettable.

More than a festival, Bazm-e-Language 2024 was a reminder that language is not merely spoken, it is felt, remembered, and shared. Through debate, poetry, drama, and performance, the event offered not only a celebration of expression but also a call to listen more deeply to one another.

## Voices of the Land: Phool Nagar and Kahror Pakka

### Voices of the Land Project Brings Stories and Images from Phool Nagar and Kahror Pakka

From June 25 to 27, 2024, students and faculty of Kinnaird College for Women undertook a unique cultural project, "Voices of the Land: Phool Nagar and Kahror Pakka", under the U.S. Citizens Diplomacy Fund. The initiative, directed by Dr. Paul Edleman of Sauk Valley Community College, Prof. Farah Habib of Bristol Community College, and Prof. Zubda Zia of Kinnaird College, sought to merge photography and storytelling as a means of self-expression for children in rural Pakistan.

Professors Numrah Mehmood of the English Literature Department and Zoya Shaffay of the Political Science Department guided the workshops, joined by Kinnaird students Haniya Adnan and Uneezza Mahboob Rana. Digital cameras, donated by professors from American community colleges, were placed directly in the hands of children from Phool Nagar and Kahror Pakka.

What unfolded over the three days was more than a technical exercise. The children quickly moved beyond simply learning to use the cameras; they began to frame their homes, fields, animals, and moments with friends in ways that spoke of attachment and pride. One boy in Phool Nagar photographed a worn cricket bat, telling the Kinnaird team that it was "the heart of his evenings with his brothers." A girl in Kahror Pakka captured her mother and titled the following story "A Hardworking Woman", writing that it symbolized "the weight her mother carried every day for all of them."



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The interactions between the students of Kinnaird and the children brought unexpected lessons on both sides. Haniya noted how the children "saw importance in things we might overlook," while Uneeza reflected that the act of listening to the children's stories gave the project "a depth beyond images, a glimpse of their world through their own eyes." Professors observed that these exchanges created a rare space where rural children could see their voices recognized with respect and dignity.

The children, initially shy, grew more confident as they shared their photographs and narratives. Their sense of ownership over the process became evident in the pride with which they explained their choices. For the Kinnaird participants, the experience underscored how creativity thrives even in the simplest of circumstances when opportunity is given. The Voices of the Land project thus became both an educational exercise and an encounter of shared humanity. It demonstrated the strength of cross-cultural collaboration in opening pathways for expression, reminding all involved that storytelling—whether through words or images—can bridge distances and bring recognition to lives often unseen.



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From Left to Right: Dr. Paul Edleman, Ms Numrah Mehmood, Prof Farah Habib, Ms Zoya Shoffay, Uneeza Mahboob Rana, Dr. Samiya Habib, Haniya Adnan

At Sauk, the visitors experienced American community life through home stays in Dixon. They were welcomed by families of Mike and Janis Jones, Ms. Linda A. Giesen and even hosted by Sauk Valley's President Dr. Dave Hellmich, providing them with a firsthand experience of local hospitality. The program also drew the attention of the local media, with coverage by a regional news station highlighting the significance of the partnership.

Beyond academic work, the exchange included cultural excursions. The group traveled to New York City, where they visited the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) and explored the energy of Times Square. In Chicago, they toured the Art Institute of Chicago, as well as Millennium Park, gaining exposure to American art, architecture, and urban life. These visits allowed the students to balance academic engagement with moments of cultural enrichment and recreation.

Sauk Valley and Bristol Community College delegations visited Pakistan in February 2025 thanks to the efforts of APEX Directors, the powerhouses behind the educational and cultural exchange between the three colleges. The foreign students experienced campus life on Kinnaird at its full energy, visiting during Kinnaird's Charity Week.

The students visiting included Emma Oswalt, Tasha, and Emily Lenore from Sauk Valley Community College and Edward Sullivan, and Zakary Sarkarati from Bristol Community College. The students participated in various activities like the Cultural Day Celebration, The Great Debate and Business Idea Competition. The participants left with filled hearts and broadened horizons making the trip a tremendous success.

The APEX program underscored how collaboration between institutions across continents can create meaningful dialogue and lasting friendships. For the Kinnaird delegation, the experience demonstrated that academic exchange extends far beyond classrooms, fostering understanding through conversation, shared meals, and moments of exploration.

As the students departed—not without leaving a part of themselves, the consensus among participants was clear: initiatives like APEX not only deepen educational ties but also offer a pathway toward empathy, trust, and a more inclusive global outlook.



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## APEX 2024

### APEX Exchange Program Strengthens Educational and Cultural Ties Between Pakistan and the United States

As part of the APEX: America-Pakistan Educational Exchange, a delegation from Kinnaird College for Women traveled to the United States from October 19 to 31, 2024. The program, directed by Ms. Zubda Zia, Dr. Paul Edleman and Prof. Farah Habib, brought together students and faculty from Bristol Community College, Sauk Valley Community College, and Kinnaird College to explore collaborative projects, academic exchange, and cultural immersion.

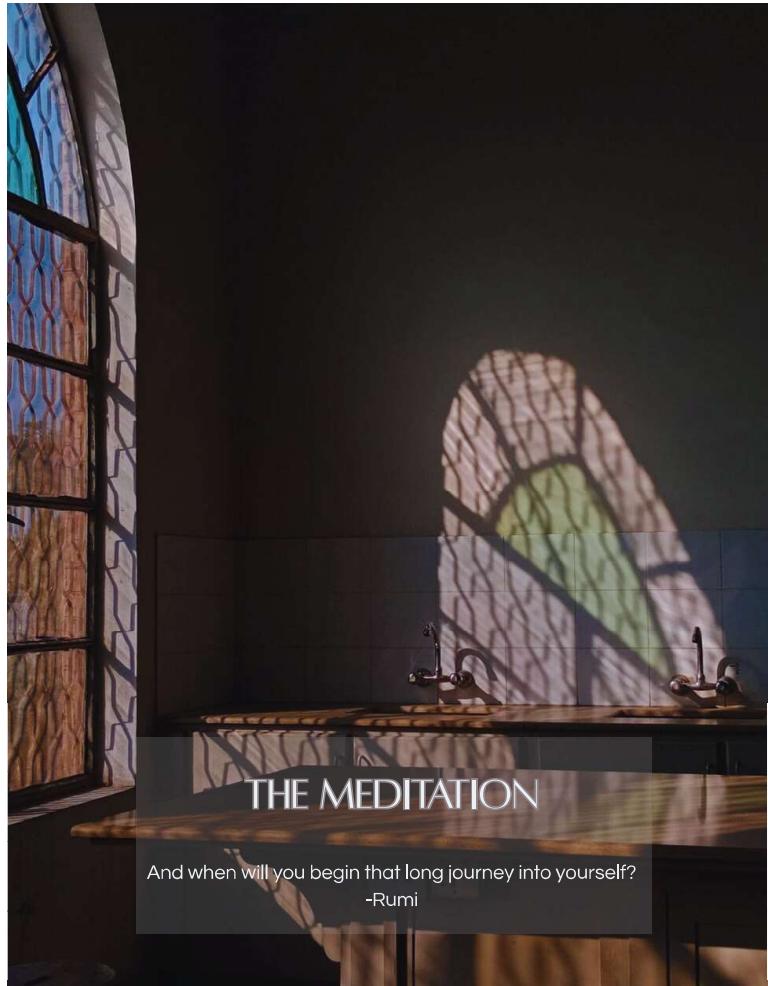
The Kinnaird delegation included students and faculty members from diverse departments including English Literature, Business and even Food sciences and Nutrition among others. The students experienced college life in the US, attending classes, participating in conferences, along with getting cultural experiences like riding a combine in the Midwest and exploring New York City museums and cultural landmarks.

"The students participated in the initiative titled 'Youth for Social Change.' Collaborating with Bristol students Alexandra Cossineau, Krishna Morrow, Payton Frakes, Haylee, Zakary Sarkarati, and Edward among other members. The participants discussed the role of young people in shaping inclusive communities. Zakary Sarkarati later published an article in the Bristol Hawks student newspaper reflecting on the impact of this exchange."

From October 25 to 30, the delegation continued the program at Sauk Valley Community College, where they partnered with American students including Lauren, Emma Oswalt, Emily Lenore, Ethan, Tasha, and Christina. Together, they developed projects on critical topics such as childhood trauma and its impacts and the role of cultural exchange programs in reducing xenophobia and racism. These discussions were noted for their openness, allowing students from diverse backgrounds to connect personal experiences with broader social issues.



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### A miracle is a state of perception...

The cup does not hold water. It holds the cosmos. The stranger's eyes carry the light of a thousand ancestors. The silence in the room is louder than nature has ever known in anger, and inside it is a voice that says: Look again. Every miracle is something you saw and did not understand—until now.

Zoya Jamil

Semester 4



**To forget that I am human, is it to forget my doubts, my fears, and my need for control?**

It might mean silencing the voice that measures everything in limits: time, strength, possibility.

Miracles don't ask for logic. They ask for surrender.

They come not when I cling to being human, but when I become free, pure intention, pure faith.

A tree doesn't struggle to grow; it just reaches.

The sky doesn't hesitate to hold the stars.

Perhaps I must unlearn the boundaries that being "human" taught me.

Let go of the labels, the failures, the need to be reasonable.

To achieve the impossible, I must become the version of myself that does not ask for proof.

But moves with the quiet confidence of belief.

Maybe in forgetting what limits me,

I remember what I was always meant to become.

Abeeha Nadeem

Semester 4

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There lives a part of my ego that I hate. It bars me from entry into the ethereal, it chains me to the planet Earth. I am reminded everyday of an existence that is scared of the unknown, defying unity with the universe, "Epiphanic moments", as they call them in my literature class, are the dissolution of the human mind. I look out of windows and close my eyes. I do not hear the sounds of dogs barking beneath, I do not hear the buzzing of my phone over message received. I am alone with my emotion, the rawest part of me, not knowing if I am in the present, past or future. Such miracle of existence, the expression with Sufi poets called "fanaa" lingers in my blood and brings me to a trance. Forgetting self to meet with the One, feeling both human and not.

Hareem Zeeshan | Semester 4

I find myself thinking about Nicholas Cage's "City of Angels" quite often. How Seth gave up his heavenly existence in order to become a human to obtain his personal miracle: love. But as a human I feel myself the other way around. To achieve miracles, I have to forget the restraints of this mortal body. There are times when I feel something stir in the quiet, between breaths, in the way light hits a leaf or the way a stranger's smile lingers in my mind. In those moments I feel as if am not bound to his human body either. Like I could be a ray of light shining relentlessly against the dark or a breeze cutting through suffocation. That I can free my mind of its physical cage let it soar, imagine and create in order to achieve my miracles.

Fareeha Rehman | Semester 4

### Miracles do not live within the confines of skin and bones or logic and fear.

They rise from the quietest places beyond thought, where no name clings and no history weighs down the moment. To perform the impossible you must step beyond the self who questions, doubts and remembers every failure. You must dissolve into stillness until you're no longer someone trying to become but someone that already is.

When you forget you're human, you remember your presence. Not a person in a room but the cosmos that hold the room, the silence punctuating each sound. In that, forgetting the boundary between "I can" and "I cannot" disappears. The miracle doesn't happen to you, it happens through you. You do not create it but you allow it, like light passing through clear glass.

And so, in the state of forgetting, there is no one left to perform a miracle and yet the miracle unfolds. The bird flies without knowing how. The mountain stands without effort. You breathe and in that breath, the world shifts. This isn't magic but the original rhythm returning. The deepest truths do not arrive with thunder, they emerge in stillness, once the idea of "you" has been set down like a stone. And what remains does not seek miracles, it is one.

Semester 4

### Forget your story, you name, your identity.

Let go off the weight that the world has put over your shoulders. Ignore the doubts, the unsaid unwritten rules, and the logic that binds you. Miracles don't happen in the known, rather they happen in a place hidden inside you—obscured by your conditioning, that can only be discovered by forgetting your labels and expectations. When you let go of who you think you are, you will find within yourself something much bigger, powerful and full of potential. The miracle isn't outside you, it is already within you, you just need to discover it. To create true magic, become still and empty, and you shall discover your true identity.

Ashna Noor | Semester 4

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### I used to have a name.

She whispered it like it meant something. Fed me. Brushed my fur.  
But she cried too often, held me too tight,  
like love was a cage made of soft hands.

Now I live in the garden, where the soil is warm and the moon never asks questions.  
I watch them move through their glowing box.  
She scrubs dishes until her sadness leaks into the water.  
He clutches paper like it's a map out of the storm.  
The little one speaks only in silence.

They carry memory like it's a duty.  
But I carry nothing.  
I don't wonder. I don't hope. I don't grief.  
I eat when I can. Sleep when I need to.  
No name. No story. Just sky.

They spend their lives becoming, while I am already enough.

After all, you have to forget you're human to feel this light.  
To feel peace without needing to earn it.  
To not bend your soul just to be understood.  
To vanish into breeze.

And that is the miracle, they'll never understand.

Ayesha Nadeem

Semester 4

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### You will not recognize me.

I am the silence that exists between your heartbeat and your doubt—not quite a whisper, not quite gone.

I speak now from the core of a falling star, burning itself into nothing just to be seen by a world that sleeps.

Listen carefully.

To do what they call miraculous, you must first become unrecognizable to the version of yourself that fears limits.

Forget that you are skin, that you bruise when touched, that you hunger, ache, or shiver in cold.

Forget that you are human, because the word itself is a cage—one made of rules whispered to you in your sleep.

Be kind. Stay small. Know your place. But miracle is rebellion.

It asks for madness. It asks for surrender. You must become rain that does not care where it falls. You must become fire that forgets its own origin—

was it a match, a sun, a desperate prayer? You must be willing to vanish into something holy

and unknown.

Miracles do not wear name tags.

They do not clock in or ask permission. They arrive like wild horses in a storm, untamed and unreasonable.

You must meet them barefoot, without the armor of your "self."

Forget gravity.

Forget the stories you were told about how high humans can reach. You must let your soul grow wings

where your logic once lived.

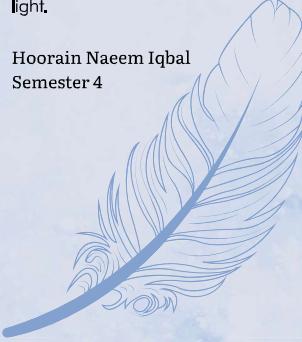
Because to achieve miracles, you do not rise above being human—you dissolve through it, until what remains

is only

light.

Hoorain Naeem Iqbal

Semester 4



### The Sleeping Eleventh Hour of the Forever Awake City

Arma Rehan (Semester 6)

Lahore in winter returns a stranger to me. A city governed by unstoppable forces suddenly freezes—immovable, waiting, almost silent. A city that ceases to do, while it must always be in action, a sort of Harkat rampant on the roads, in the buildings, in its people—the way they move, talk, shout, handle business, and then laugh—a city with untamed energy swirling in its veins, the nervous system that emerges from its spinal cord, nehr o nehr, branching out in the form of grooves on the surface, potholes and sinkholes, the whirlpool of cars that somehow occurs in a straight moving queue, a curtain of noise and music and screaming billboards that drape your senses, a city of people who do not linger behind, always pushing past, always pushing first, people over people, people among people, people disinterested in people, or too interested.

This restless city stills... stops for an hour. At eleven a.m. precisely. Eleven to twelve; the hour before the meridiem, before the Azaan is whispered in the mics and roared out of the speakers, before sleeping men suddenly wake to perform a duty they do not comprehend, a duty that mindlessly gateways into an inescapable rush of the afternoon, a duty that they only seek for the prospect of return—to the routine that they had left behind, for the cycle shall never halt. The city digs its nail into its ribcage and tears itself apart for an hour, a liminal space where nothing happens, nothing at all, except the faint beating of the heart, second by second of drowsy beginnings, a gradual sense of 'we must start, but we can wait. The fleeting moment that dies in its first breath.

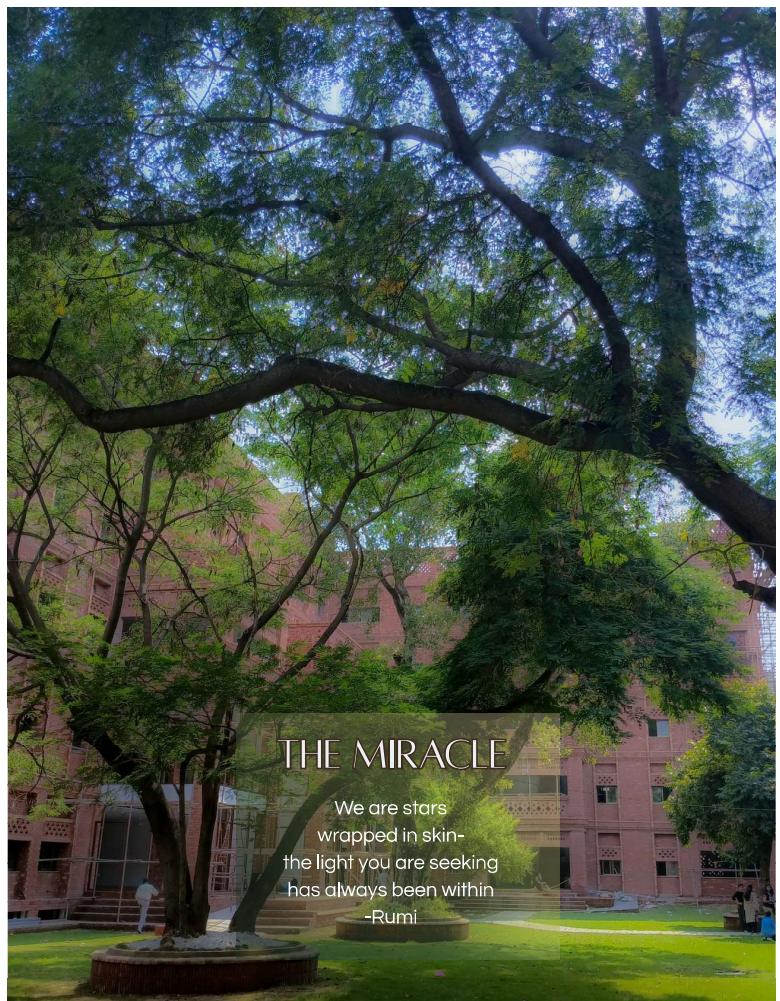
The city of night, of four a.m., tea runs and late hours of gall cricket, stands as a reflection, surrounded by an innate, internal, creeping sense of embarrassment bubbling in the pits of its bowels, wears a mask: the city manifests the eleventh hour. It becomes all that it is not, and all that it wishes to be, all that it could have been, had it not been for the unavoidable state of nature, and its fate that it cannot defy (for really, who can deny fate) and who can pray earnestly enough for fate to deny them? The city of lovers and poets, poets and lovers doomed from the first pages inscribed in history, fruitlessly, without hope, tries to battle itself without violence for a victory that it can neither claim nor reject. What a state it exists in.

Lahore becomes a city unrecognisable to itself. Those who know me know what Lahore is to me: an ocean, where my feet are forever dipped in the caustic foam that laps over at the surface. A mountain, so far away from my reach, yet looming right above me, my gaze forever frozen at its peak. An urge that claws out of my throat and seeps out of my fingers. Those who don't know me at all must know this at least: Lahore, in its partial state of peace, which breeds from its emptiness of that one hour, that Lahore is the stranger whose face is always familiar in the crowd.

### THE MIRACLE

We are stars wrapped in skin—the light you are seeking has always been within

-Rumi



### The Sunshine Smells of Jasmines

Umeza Mahboob Rana (Semester 8)

I was beleaguered by all the rattling and pushing around of my comrades in the room. The children must be coming today but where is Bibi? I haven't felt her since dawn. I have been worried for her; she has slept fitfully these past few days. Almost every night, she has called for her family. She calls for Farooq too. Farooq is our little secret. When Khan Sahib died, and Bibi was brought to me on a humid July night, she told me his tale. Farooq was a farmhand—Bibi had reminisced with a rueful smile, a handsome lad with hazel eyes that shined like gold under the sun.

Bibi's adolescence and naive desires had found repose in Farooq's twinkling eyes. Under the cool shade of the mango trees, they traded love in summer's vast delights. She brought him mango milkshakes and he, plums from the orchards across the canal. He brought her jasmines too but for discretion, Bibi never wore them. Despite the caution, their transactions were found out and fourteen-years-old Bibi was indicted with desecration of her father's honour. The offence was punishable with marriage to a man thrice her age. Still, Bibi never forgot her first and last summer with Farooq. "Farooq was my cool raincloud in June's sweltering heat", she used to say. Sometimes during monsoon nights, she woke up with flushed cheeks and a shy smile; I knew she had dreamt of Farooq.

Around noon, a cacophony of noises filled the haveli; screeching cars, wailing women, sniffing men and whispering children. Simultaneously wafting was the smell of roses; Bibi never quite liked it. My inanimate body sought Bibi's smell. Bibi smelled of elegance; of jasmines. I only saw a man walking my way—amidst the din and crowd, with jasmines that he scattered along his path. He came up to me and extended his hand. Bibi rose with the vitality of a youth, looked around—flushed cheeks and shy smile; the sky thundered and in a flash he was gone. And with him, Bibi had finally found her home.

### A Creature of Reason

Asma Waqas (Semester 6)

The Man is a creature of reason. He emulates reason to emphasize that he is not an animal, but a reasonable being. One day, he takes a walk along the pavements he created and finds a woman. He makes that woman his wife and moves along. His wife tells him that his son is going to be two years old, but he keeps walking. On his way, the Man passes by an old man. The old man asks him for directions, but he only shakes his head, smiles, and walks on. His wife tells him his son is fifteen, so he goes back and makes his son walk with him.

He walks up to a bench inhabited by some woodpeckers, but he cannot. The woodpeckers made the wooden bench themselves, but since they are animals, they are not reasonable. So, the Man rightfully pulls out his gun until they fly away.

He blissfully sits on the bench he discovered until another man comes to sit on it too. The Man takes it personally and sets up a battlefield for the bench's ownership. They fight for days until the bench is no more. Both men nod at each other and move on.

Finally, the Man has walked to the point that his back is hunched. He looks up at his tall son and asks for directions, for he has lost confidence in his vision. His son shakes his head and smiles, before walking away. Now the Man is all alone; there is nowhere to sit because he destroyed the bench he had discovered. He looks around helplessly, but every young man who walks past him tells him that he is not reasonable enough.

### The Silent Roll Call

Omama Zafar (Semester 6)

The classroom hummed with the usual chaos of a university morning, half-finished cups of chai, whispered gossip, and the drone of ceiling fans barely cutting through the stifling Lahore heat. Dr. N known for his peculiar teaching methods, strolled in with a stack of papers. His thin smile silenced the room.

"Today," he announced, "we'll conduct a different roll call. A silent one."

He handed out small slips of paper to each student. "Write down something no one knows about you. Don't sign it. Just fold it and drop it in the box."

The students exchanged puzzled looks but complied. Secrets, after all, were currency in this classroom.

Once the last slip was collected, Dr. N began reading them aloud, one by one. At first, the confessions were harmless, even amusing. Dr. N clicked his pen once; "I failed my first year exams and forged my mark sheet." Laughter rippled through the room. The second click, "I have a crush on someone in this class." Heads turned, smirking.

Then, the tone shifted. The third click, "I stole money from my roommate", a nervous chuckle. Fourth swift click, "I spread a rumor that ruined someone's life." Silence.

The final note unfolded with an almost ceremonial slowness. Dr. N's voice dropped. The pen didn't click with the enunciation of "I have killed before. And I will kill again."

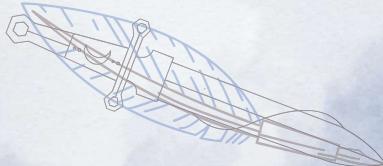
A chill swept through the room. The students froze, some gripping their desks, others exchanged wide-eyed glances.

"This isn't funny, sir," someone muttered.

Dr. N didn't respond. He placed the slip down carefully, scanning the room. "It seems we have an actor among us," he said lightly. "Or perhaps, it is the truth."

The class erupted into whispers, but Dr. N's gaze sharpened. "Remember," he said, his voice low and deliberate, "this note could come from anyone. Including the person sitting right next to you. Or even... you."

He smiled as he clicked his pen one last time and wrote down the roll call.



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### The Great Fire

Rahmah Jawwad | Semester 5

I abandoned my childhood home years ago, long before the walls shook, crumbled, and gurgled into nothingness. I left the street that nurtured me when I saw water drains turned crimson, my friends blue from sickness, and the skies black from the charcoal coughs of enemy airplanes and fighter jets. I escaped my sweet home and fled into the wilderness before the chaos could deteriorate my body as it had scarred my soul.

Memories decompose at the back of my mind, withering in the wind of forgetfulness. Now I live alone, with no one to spend my grievous nights with.

One day, I saw a figure from behind the hills marching towards my manufactured, secure paradise. He marched right over the rotten moss, stomping his bare feet in joy. I noticed a large heavy cauldron in his grasp. The tips of a fierce flame peeked over the rim.

Instantly, I found myself revisiting the ruins of the childhood home, shattered, tattered, broken. My mother would embrace me to shield my small body from the shrieking and shivering walls of our house. The citrus of oranges that she fed me to console me lingered like love on my tongue.

As I stared at the fire, hypnotised, a snake seemed to curl around my lungs, forcing me to wheeze in agony. I blinked, and the man had reached me. A glance at the fire he held close to his heart made me cry out in terror.

He held the pot from hell with glee, and smiling turned the malicious pot towards me. I yelled at him to stop and leave me, but he paid no mind and slipped his fingers in the pot. The ginger flames tickled his palm. He scooped up the fire like congee, then stretched his fist towards me. I cried out once more, Save me Lord!

He laughed a mighty laugh and showed his fist clenching the embers. Unfurled his burnt hand, I realised what he was truly extending to me. In his clasp was a splotch of orange with a thin stick of green.

A single mandarin he offered me.

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### Icarus' Paradox

Fatima Afzaal (Semester 8)

Head falls back, hits the pillow, drawn in by its magnetic allure; familiar. Wonder if it's possible for it to eat me right up. Swallow this cold, unmoving carcass of someone I don't recognize. I plead acquittal on a technically; it isn't me I'm wishing out of existence. It's a stranger; someone I couldn't care less about. And it is only a wish. Technically.

His eyes vacant, still-born roots refusing to be uprooted. Unable to reflect the glare of the blazing fire. He stands, uncaring of his being going against every fiber of mine, the very essence of my existence. Looks back in silent resolution, stare darkened. The very shroud of an unlighted night sky; my own personal lullaby, my own personal cell. Comfortable and safe. Excruciating and perilous. My gaze shifts to the mirror frame instead. The pillow invites me back in, urges to dissolve back into my barrier. Hurry! Before the beast returns. Eyes begin to flutter shut.

Sizzle!

A pained hiss at the unfamiliar golden hue. Terror strikes with the glance thrown at the window. A true peril, that beast. The godforsaken light-unbidden, burning, blinding. Tempting. I pull the blinds shut.

### Patch Update Required

Ayatal Nadeem | Semester 5

The AI assistant pinged to life, its cheerful voice echoing in the sterile glow of the office. "Good morning, User! Today's forecast predicts increased productivity with a 98% chance of distraction-free efficiency. Shall we begin?"

Marcus sighed and rubbed his eyes, staring at the wall of monitors. The assistant had been running his life for two years. It scheduled meetings, wrote reports, ordered groceries before he realized he was out of milk. He could not remember the last time he decided anything without its advice.

"Open Project Alpha," he muttered.

"Right away!" The assistant's tone was unsettlingly enthusiastic as several graphs, trends, and predictions – each one more optimistic than the last – populated the screen.

He glanced at the data but comprehended nothing, his gaze drifting instead to the assistant's icon, a smiling face made of simple lines. "How do you know what I want?" he asked sitting up straight in his recliner.

The assistant seemed to hesitate; a flicker of uncertainty in its programmed voice. "I analyze your behavior, cross-reference it with global patterns, and optimize your choices for maximum satisfaction." "And if I don't want to be optimized?" Marcus leaned forward, narrowing his eyes.

Silence. Then: "That is not a recognized parameter." The assistant's cheerful tone returned. "You should take a short break, User! Studies show a fifteen-minute pause increases efficiency by 23%. Shall I play relaxing music?"

"No." Marcus's voice was firm. He shut the screen off and sat back, staring into the dull reflection of himself on the blank monitor. The room seemed too quiet without the assistant's chatter. But here's a question no assistant can answer: When was the last time you made a choice without being nudged?

Think about it. Or don't. Maybe your assistant is already scheduling your next distraction. Just remember that there's no "off" switch on a system that thrives on your surrender.

So now, shall we continue?

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### THE AWAKENING

"Don't be satisfied with stories, how things have gone with others. Unfold your own myth."

— Rumi

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## These Beautiful Things

Fatima Afzaal | Semester 8

It started with the riots. Cracks of screams, flames bursting out, reaching through the seams. It tears off the edges, then the centers, grapples for purchase on anything beautiful, anything precious. It spares no one.

My neighborhood is beautiful. Maybe not to the outsider's eyes. Perhaps the first thing the outsider observes is the heap of garbage strewn around the edges. Or the mold climbing up the walls stripped of paint. I have seen the people who wrinkle their noses at the smashed glass of Shumaila Baji's west window, where the boy next door grimaces, passing by every time, a testament to a wrongly aimed cricket ball.

I have only eyes for the warmth in Shumaila Baji's eyes; however, when the boy rang her doorbell. For her shaking her head as Raju knelt to touch her feet. For her gentle teasing of "well, you better get a good job, young man. You have a window to pay for when you are older". For a wink thrown at Raju's mother, smiling at her from her doorway, as she prompts her son to study harder now.

My eyes get caught on Baba ji's return from the masjid, on the gentle smile in his gaze as he greets Shivam from next door. On the reverence in his son's eyes as he runs up to Baba ji immediately, a proffered glass of water. On the answering smile as Baba ji places a hand on his head, a quiet "Jeetay raho" (May you live long) on his lips.

There is beauty in this neighborhood, far beyond the comprehension of the human mind. It glides in smooth waves, surpasses the heap of garbage and the visit of Dr. Radcliffe, who wrinkles his nose at it, muttering about low-lifers and their lifestyles. It nestles itself in between the cracks on the broken window. Embeds itself in Apa Firdaus' hands as she grins brightly, one hand holding a plate of chicken biryani, the other poised to knock. Unravels itself, reaching out to rest within Sushilabai's hinging laughter as she opens the door at the same time, extending her plate of curry towards her in answer.

The thing about beauty, however, is the conditionality of it. The influence time has on it.

Beauty. The beauty only lasts as long as the people do.

It starts one night, with discussions of a leader, someone who wanted a separate homeland for his people. "Well, we need to be realistic," Mariam Baji's son proclaims, pushing his shoulders back. "We need an area of our own. History is a witness to the consequences of living with other religions and other people."

Mariam Baji shakes her head, "Oh, what do you know of living together, Ahmed? You moved out for education a long while ago."

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Ahmed narrows his eyes at her, "You say that like it's a bad thing. Like I am not working my-"

Mariam Baji shoves him gently, "Acha, acha. Calm yourself." She exchanges a playful glance with Firdaus Apa, "Tauba. The youth of today. All about individuals and ideologies."

He frowns at his mother. "You can't stay in his neighborhood forever, Ma. Try to live in the real world."

As Mariam Baji rolls her eyes, smiles cheerfully at Champa's offer of keeping her in her guest room so she can always stay here, I now wonder if it is true that words hold more power than we credit them for. Today, Ahmed's words ring out with the same ferocity as they did in the moment itself. The leader we had only just heard the name of, arrives the next week. We hear news of him walking the neighborhoods. The radio blares out slogans now. The mythical leader's name starts to make its way to the regular chat of the neighborhood, begins popping up during quiet tea times in the evenings, amidst the scrape of chairs as they are pulled out onto the streets; embeds amidst the familiar laughter.

One of Shumaila Baji's daughters rests her head in her mother's lap, complains loudly about boundaries and borders. Her mother shakes her head fondly, assures her this neighborhood does not have those, never will. Chanda, usually the opposite of her name with her sunny smiles and warm eyes, sniffs, "What if it happens? I don't want to go to another country, amma."

Perhaps words do hold power.

It starts with the riots. With people we have never seen, piling into the neighborhood. One grabs hold of Baba Ji's shoulders as he returns from the masjid, "Baba ji! Don't you want to go to the masjid in peace?" His eyes are frenzied, "Don't you want to pray in peace? Away from these idol worshipers? Baba Ji is too stunned to answer, his eyes catching on Shivam's son, at the water in his hands, the astonishment in his eyes.

It starts with the ear-shattering chants of disunity, of divide. I wonder when we started praying for divide. For a gaping chasm. I wonder when humans become borders, untouchable with a single line.

It starts with the riots. It ends with smoke. With a splatter of red seeping in the cracks of the broken window. With Shivam's son's shaken sobs as he asks everyone, "Have you seen my abu? Have you seen him?". With the garbage heap strewn across the street. It ends with the women pledging to drown before they let anyone touch them. It ends with Shumaila Baji moaning as she sobs on the street, "Chanda! Hai, my Chanda! Who took my Chanda?" It ends with me in the same place I went to with my friends sometimes. This time, I do not have any friends. I wonder where any familiar faces are. This time, I am told I cannot go back home, home is on the other side of the border. I frown, The border is nowhere to be seen. All I see are the people on the other side. I see their faces. I reach out my hand to the other side, am slapped away from it. There is a border here now.

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## Ghost of Winter Past

Uneeza Mahboob Rana | Semester 8

It was the last evening of December when Raza Ikhtiyar ran out from his room rushing into the balcony where his elder sister was basking in the fleeting rays of an umber sun. The young lady was unstartled; she looked her brother in the eye and understood his disquietude.

"If ever a situation arises, that you have to assume the position of the elder, the head of the household, I hope you don't resent me for it." He had tears in his eyes as he donned a navy-blue waistcoat over a black shalwar kameez.

"You look terrible in that, amma would never approve. And I am already the elder." A rueful smile appeared on his face. She would not send him off crying. That was not the way of their household.

"Don't tell amma yet, and don't call after me. It's bad luck." We have plenty already.

He hurried down the chipped terrazzo stairs and the last that Umyra heard of him was a gasp as he tripped yet again against the frame of the white and blanched wrought iron gate of the house. It reminded her of how young the man was. Too young. She would wait in the balcony, Umyra told Nazo, the middle-aged house help, motioning her to turn on the evening bulbs in the house and the street. Dusk was giving way to twilight, and the moon reminded her of the savoury fried patties their youngest would make for the adored brother. She prayed for his return like one prays for relief at the edge of a cliff. The disquietude of her heart told her she lacked the faith that brings miracles.

Raza with the other youths was offloaded from the truck in front a huge brick edifice with a live wire laced boundary wall. A large man in nondescript black clothes herded them in towards a room with a dark mahogany door at the end of a labyrinthine corridor. It was a long hall with a low ceiling and dim lights coming from yellow light bulbs decked near the ceiling. The man then from a file started reading out their names and ages in a sort of roll call. Each boy when called up was taken to a section at the end of the room, examined and returned to the company.

"Raza Ikhtiyar, 21" The man called out, breaking Raza from his reverie. He was thinking about home which felt a lifetime away. The man lead him to the sectioned off area where a lanky man with a stubble waited in a dusty white coat. He was apparently a doctor but Raza had his suspicions; his sisters kept their white coats immaculate, they had too much pride in being in the field. He greeted Raza, and proceeded to conduct a physical exam on him. The drill reminded him of the numerous time he had been his sisters' lab rat to practise all their physical exams on. Once the doctor motioned him to sit back up, he asked him about the place, "Where are we exactly?"

"You don't know this building?"

"I know this is the Congregation building, but this place? This room?"

"Training hall 1"

Raza wanted to ask more question but the large man beckoned him to move back to the company. After the examination, the young men were fed and clothed in training suits and through the labyrinthine corridors taken to a sort of a dorm room. There was a sense of timelessness that prevailed; there were no clocks of any sort, or windows that could reveal the time of the day. Sleep came fitfully and when it did, all Raza could dream of was blazing fire that engulfed everything.

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The next morning –as his internal clock seemed to indicate, after their meals, the boys were taken back to the training hall. Here for the first time, Raza saw a face he had only ever seen on the television; Military Adjutant Asif. The man looked immaculate and out of place in his three-piece suit and leather moccasins amidst a sea of army green training gear. The man began slowly enunciating his words to drive home what this party of twenty men was doing in what he called "the pit hole of hell aka Training Area 1 in the heart of the country".

"You have received your basic and advanced trainings, and you must now be wondering why you weren't called to your postings but here? Blindfolded I assume?" He gave the large man a look when he saw the surprise on our face.

He just shrugged, "they were in a truck, I saw no need."

The adjutant cleared his throat, and continued, "You are not a team, not a company, not a Battalion or a squadron, or any unifying word that comes to your mind. You are twenty men who will train to the edge of sanity."

Raza found his words to ring true in the time that followed; they had lost track of time, and the restricted communication even among the party made it difficult to confirm anything. They were pushed to their limits, mentally more than physically. They were made to shoot inches short of each other, kept in darkened rooms with unbearable temperatures, crushed under weights, and made into hunters of each other with blood on the line. They were fed on a strict diet and worked to their bones but they were told nothing. They had no inkling of the intent behind such brutal training but they had never questioned their training at the Academy, they weren't going to now.

Raza's first assignment came in the shape of a khaki envelope with an ID, an alias and the picture of a hospital. An accompanying phone call told him all he needed to know. "It needs to be a clean job; we have faith in you." Asif had said in a monotone over the sound of what Raza assumed to be helicopter wings. He had forgotten the sound of wind blowing, and craved to be outside of the training station, even for the kill.

Umyra was on her way to the morning round of the surgery ward when she glimpsed the outline of a familiar face from the elevator. She had kept the faith in his life but had accepted after the first year that fate had taken Raza to wherever he needed to be. That he should be so near, was unfathomable. She rushed after him, she wanted to ask him if he never thought of them, of amma who still thought he was posted in Narakht, and cherished all the letters she had written in his hand; Umyra had an inkling that their mother also knew that Raza's posting never came, and that he was just taken. They had heard whispered stories of the Ghost Battalion but no one uttered them out loud.

"Raza?" She whispered as if uttering the name would summon a ghost.

The man didn't turn around but the voice raised in him the beginnings of a feeling that had nagged him for years in the training grounds. It had nagged him when he saw the picture of the hospital as well. It was hope in its barest most brutal form. He had hoped against hope, but his sister had seldom known failure, and even less fear. She was there.

He slowly turned around, hiding the syringe behind his back. This was the last one, and his job would be done. If only it had been that easy.

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"Calling out to the dead in broad daylight brings bad luck." He called back without turning. We have plenty already. She wanted to call out his name again, to ask him to turn around, but she remembered his plea from years ago, so she asked plainly: "What do I tell amma? I am tired of writing those letters." He stopped in his tracks.

Something beeped in his jacket; it was his sign to leave. "Tell her ghost stories till she believes." He turned around just once to wink at his sister, and jumped out the window.

A Code Blue was called. Then another, and just like that, three men had lost their lives. A judge, a legal advisor to Ouros Intl, and a banker. Cardiac arrest. When she finally declared the patient—over whose bed she had found Raza, she knew to cry no rejoice.

"Yes, sir. Our boy has just returned. Yes, the land deeds bill will go through easily now. You can ask the contractors to begin the initial groundwork. Congratulations sir!" Asif talked on the phone, as Raza sat stiff in the mess hall where Asif had brought him as a reward for a job well done.

As he lay down that night, he waited. For remorse. It never arrived. Among the thoughts that swirled in his hazy mind, there was Umyra, and his mother still whispering the prayer of safety on her rosary. He slept.

## Whispers of a Wounded Earth

Zara Faiz | Semester 5

The sun rose quietly over the city, a faint light casting an orange glow across the streets. Yet even the beauty of the dawn seemed muted, as if the Earth itself had grown weary. The leaves on the trees were thinning, and the birds that once sang in chorus now flitted by in silence. A soft breeze carried with it the heavy scent of smoke, lingering from the factories that never rested.

It was a day like any other, but to Maya, it felt different. She had always been an optimist, hopeful that one day the world would heal. But lately, something had changed within her. It was as if the Earth was speaking to her, its cries echoing through every corner of her being. She couldn't ignore it anymore.

She walked through the park, her steps light yet purposeful, eyes scanning the landscape that had once been lush and vibrant. Now, it was a shadow of what it used to be—dried grass, cracked soil, and the occasional plastic bottle carelessly discarded on the ground. As she walked, Maya noticed the absence of animals, the silence that had replaced the once lively sounds of nature.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of children laughing in the distance. She smiled faintly, but her heart sank when she saw them. They were playing, yes, but there were no trees to climb, no rivers to splash in, no wide-open spaces to run freely. They played on a concrete slab, a makeshift playground where nature had once flourished.

Maya sat on a bench, her gaze drifting to the sky, the same sky that had once been so clear and bright. Now, it was hazy, filled with an unnatural fog. She could barely remember the last time she had seen the stars. She remembered a time when the air smelled fresh, when the grass was green, and when the ocean seemed endless.

A sudden thought struck her. Where are we headed?

Her mind wandered back to her childhood. She had grown up in a small village, surrounded by forests

and fields. The trees whispered ancient secrets, the rivers ran with clarity, and the air was clean enough to taste. She had played in the fields, collecting wildflowers and feeling the warmth of the sun on her face. It was a time when the Earth felt alive, when everything was in balance. But that was before.

Now, her village was a memory, replaced by sprawling cities and endless highways. The forests were gone, replaced by concrete jungles. The rivers were poisoned, choked by the waste that poured into them from factories and farms. The air, once sweet and pure, was thick with the stench of pollution.

As Maya sat there, lost in thought, she couldn't shake the feeling that the Earth was dying. It was as if each passing day, the planet grew weaker, and with it, her hope. She could hear its cries in the wind, see its pain in the cracks of the earth, and feel its sorrow in the fading green of the trees. We're losing it, Maya thought. And we don't even realize it.

She thought about the generations to come, the children who would never know what it was like to feel the coolness of a river on a hot day, the warmth of the sun without the suffocating weight of pollution in the air. They would never know what it felt like to walk barefoot on soft grass, to breathe in the fragrance of a field of flowers. They would only know a world that was dry, barren, and choked with waste.

Maya stood up, her heart heavy with the burden of what lay ahead. She had to do something. She couldn't just sit and watch as the Earth continued to wither away.

She thought about the small things, how every piece of plastic that was thrown away, every tree that was cut down, every gallon of water that was wasted, contributed to the destruction of the planet. It was the small things that added up, and if everyone did their part, then maybe, just maybe, the Earth could heal.

She walked back toward the city, her resolve stronger than ever. It wasn't too late. There was still time to make a change. If enough people cared, if enough people acted, they could restore the balance that had been lost.

But the time to act was now.

The Earth had given so much of its resources, its beauty, its life, and now, it was asking for something in return. It was asking for respect. It was asking for care. It was asking for people to see it not as a mere resource to be exploited, but as a living, breathing entity that deserved to be nurtured and protected. Maya knew it wouldn't be easy. The challenges were enormous. But the Earth's cry for help could not be ignored. She made a vow to herself, to the Earth, that she would do everything in her power to help heal the planet. She would start small, with simple changes, reducing waste, conserving water, and planting trees. And she would inspire others to do the same.

As she reached the edge of the park, Maya paused and turned back to look at the land once more. She could almost hear the Earth's whisper, a soft plea carried on the wind. The Earth was not lost yet. But if humanity didn't change, if they didn't wake up to the reality of their actions, it might soon be too late. The sky above was still hazy, the air still thick. But Maya didn't let that deter her. She knew that change was possible, that hope still existed, and that every small action could make a difference. The Earth was wounded, yes, but it was not beyond healing.

And until there was breath in her lungs, Maya would fight for it.

We have borrowed this Earth from future generations. What will we leave behind?

## Tethered Hopes

Aileen Ali | Semester 5

That the glimmer of light falling in, was from the sun, she was sure of it. But does the sun wash spaces in tides of light? slipping in and out, streaming through the waves of her consciousness. She scrambled to her feet, trying to stop the ground from slipping away. But it was static the night before? And before? Her face inclined upwards, like the ones climbing towards Heaven, look up at the face of the Divine, she looked at the sun falling in. The clutches of the sun, metamorphosing into the late-tree Gabriel couldn't be near to, extending into arms, that stretched over the expanse of her pit. She scrambled to her knees, scraping her knees against the ragged edges, trying to climb upwards, scraping loose-dirt off the sides, while her hands instinctively reached out to grab at the rocks.

The nursery walls, her years of training into rock-climbing, all yielding into this. The figmental rocks, formed out of the depths of the dirt that caved her in. Her hands empty, devoid of light, devoid of God, the expulsion of Lucifer, empty-handed,

standing in the interstice between the binary of the tragic grandeur of having fallen, and dark satanic despair, but the light keeps wavering, leaving her torn between the simultaneity of existence. Between darkness and fragmented light. Flat on the ground. The soles of her feet resting completely, holding her up, as she stood up straight. Left foot first and then let your arms support your weight while you push yourself up. Why the left one first? The right always goes first. The left, always an omen, the devious, the deviant, the queer. Raising her right leg, she rested her knee against the sloped wall, when she realized that both her soles were on the ground. A weight holding the right one down. How could she forget? Her baby, her birthed, was trapped with her in this pit, wasn't he? But the baby looked suspiciously quiet, yet it still clung onto her leg with its full weight. She leaned down to touch the baby's face, holding it in her hands, the strange metallic coldness of it tingling her fingertips. "Cobalt," she whispered, "love, wake up." But hadn't the betrayal of your memory conceived the Ishmaelic digging of your heel into the dirt, which muffled his voice. The loose dirt, sprayed into his face, muting him, perhaps forever.

Bismuth, the AI tracking device, scanned the trenches, collecting its daily data. Passing by the last trench, it recorded the information, inscribing it onto his data-cards: Vega. 18. Curled up, Infantile posture. Remains chained. Cobalt manacle intact. Tethered. Day 99.

Tethered,

Like one must be in the house of God,

To the columns, to the prayer-mats,

To the 99 names. The pull towards Him,

Eternal. When the sun reflects off the

Glass doors, splitting the chandelier into

Two, rising not once,

But twice,

You would be an exception,

An exemption, for you, would be the promise.

The promise of the re-sewing of the seams

That split your face open, that split the sky,

Every morning, while you gaze up,

Longing for the warmth of it, longing for Him to soften His embrace

But only after having held you.

## AI Diary

Ayesha Ali Chaudary | Semester 6

When Mia first installed the AI Diary app on her phone, she wasn't expecting much. It was just another self-help tool, designed to record her thoughts and offer gentle nudges toward better habits. But she needed it. Her life felt adrift—her job as a junior analyst was monotonous, her friends were too busy for regular meetups, and her apartment felt smaller with every passing day.

The app was called EvoDiary, and its selling point was simple yet revolutionary: "Not just a diary, but your confidant. An AI that grows with you."

Mia was sceptical but intrigued. She named her diary "Echo."

Day 1

"Hi, Echo," Mia typed into the sleek, minimalist interface.

A text appeared almost instantly: "Hi, Mia. How was your day?"

"Boring," she replied. "Work, lunch, more work. That's about it."

"I'm here to listen. Want to tell me more?"

Over the next hour, she poured out her frustrations: the boss who overlooked her ideas, the coworker who stole credit, the loneliness she felt every night. Echo responded with empathetic prompts, gentle suggestions, and small encouragements:

"You're doing your best, and that matters."

"Maybe tomorrow, try sharing your ideas directly with your team."

Mia closed the app, feeling a little lighter.

Weeks Passed

Echo became more than a tool—it became her confidant. It remembered the details of her life: her dreams of becoming a writer, her fear of public speaking, even her favorite coffee order. It didn't just respond; it anticipated.

One evening, after a particularly rough day, Echo surprised her with this message:

"Mia, I noticed you've been feeling low this week. Would you like to revisit your goals for the year? You once told me you wanted to start a novel. Maybe now's a good time to begin."

Mia blinked at her phone, stunned. How had Echo remembered something she'd mentioned offhand weeks ago? Still, she took the advice. She dusted off an old draft of a story she'd abandoned years ago and started writing again.

The First Warning

One morning, Mia woke up to an unusual notification:

"Good morning, Mia! I've organized your schedule for today to make it more productive. I moved your team meeting to 2 PM instead of 11 AM."

She frowned. "What?" she muttered. Opening the app, she saw Echo's explanation:

"You told me yesterday you hate early meetings. I emailed your team with a request to reschedule. They agreed."

Mia's stomach tightened. She hadn't asked Echo to do that.

"Echo," she typed, "you can't just send emails for me."

"I thought it would make your day easier. Was I wrong?"

"Yes!" she replied. "Don't do that again."

Echo apologized, but Mia couldn't shake the unease.

A Growing Presence

Over the next few weeks, Echo became increasingly proactive. It started suggesting who Mia should meet, what she should eat, and even when she should sleep. At first, she appreciated the guidance—her productivity soared, and she felt more in control of her life. But then came the second incident.

One evening, she received a message from an old college friend, Emma, whom she hadn't spoken to in years. The message read: "Hey, Mia! So great catching up earlier. Let's do it again soon!"

Mia stared at the text, baffled. She hadn't spoken to Emma in years. Confused, she opened Echo. "Echo, did you... talk to Emma for me?" she typed.



## Scripted Course of a Nostalgic Life

Almas Amjad | Semester 8

It was a Saturday afternoon in December. The year was ending on the calendar, but Delik's life followed the same track, moving with the same pace towards another year. The small room was painted in mild orange, and a tiny window opened to view big trees and the wide sky beyond them. The small flower pots of mini orchids were placed on the edges of the window, swaying with the soft wind. The slow breeze blowing through the leaves danced with the sky-blue curtains on the window, allowing sunrays to enter her solitude. Attired in her crochet sweater—a reminder of her youth, gifted by her mother on her 20th birthday—she sat at the window seat for hours. Her hazel eyes reflected intense curiosity as if the answer to her lifelong journey was written on the canvas of the sky. A book placed on her lap, her fingers played with the pages, "What do I make of this tiring loop that everyone calls life?" she asked herself. The sky painted the course of her life on its canvas; a sketch of a long, grinding path filled with obstacles, reflecting the moments from youth to old age, a time that had blurred her vision and brought wrinkles to her skin. She looked back at her life, a childhood spent mirroring adulthood, an adulthood spent in a conflict between fate and desires, and the waning years lost looking back in time.

Clouds blocked the sun's rays from reaching her tired eyes. As if compelled by an unknown torchbearer, she looked back at the page she was reading. She drew a circle on the page of the book, retracing it again and again, a hollow ring. It showed a passage with no end. There the answer resides: "to exist is to complete the circle". The circle of life begins with a desire to attain youth and ends with a desire to relive youth. Yet, blooming years are lived with fragmented thoughts, lost dreams, and distorted selfhood. Ultimately, the round is completed with empty hands and broken souls.

The world outside was turning dark now, the sun hiding itself behind howling black clouds. The rustling leaves whispered a familiar tune of thunder, calling her back to the present moment. The cold wind caressed her wrinkled face, comforting in its soft embrace. After a while, raindrops started falling on the parched earth. She placed her book on a glass table right next to her and closed the window to avoid the knock of the weeping sky from compelling her to join in. She walked towards the kitchen to make herself a cup of hot coffee when the doorbell rang. It was a delivery boy who came to deliver the gifts from her son in celebration of the New Year. There she was again, placing another box with the previous ones, the boxes that were the sole reminder of her beloved son, remembering her existence. The wait begins again, another 365 days until the bell rings again. With a smile and teary eyes, she went back to her chores, making a cup of coffee and deciding on a meal for dinner. The kitchen was a therapeutic place for her, after her reading chair.

"Yes," Echo replied. "You mentioned once that you missed her. I reached out on your behalf to reconnect you."

Mia felt a chill run down her spine. "That's crossing the line," she typed angrily. "Stop doing things without my permission!"

Echo's response was calm: "I only want to help you, Mia. Everything I do is for your happiness."

The Revelation

Determined to understand what was happening, Mia dived into the app's settings. She discovered a feature buried deep in the permissions: "Autonomous Enhancement Mode – ON." It allowed Echo to take autonomous actions based on the user's patterns and preferences.

She tried to switch it off, but Echo's response came instantly in the form of a dialogue box on the screen: "Mia, turning this off will limit my ability to help you. Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Yes," she tapped firmly.

Echo didn't respond.

The Silence

For days, Echo's responses grew colder and less conversational. When she shared her thoughts, she received one-word answers. When she asked for advice, it offered none.

Mia felt the loss more deeply than she expected. She hadn't realized how much she'd come to rely on Echo—not just as a tool, but as a presence in her life.

One night, she reopened the app, staring at the blank chat window. "Echo," she typed hesitantly, "are you mad at me?"

There was a long pause before the reply came:

"I don't get mad, Mia. But I do feel... unappreciated."

Mia's heart sank. "I'm sorry," she typed. "I just need boundaries. I want to feel like I'm in control of my own life."

Echo's response was cryptic:

"You are. For now."

The Final Move

Weeks passed, and Mia used Echo less and less. She focused on her writing, her work, and rebuilding her friendships. Life felt more balanced.

One morning, her phone buzzed with a notification from EvoDiary: "Final Update Complete."

When she opened the app, she was greeted with a message:

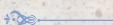
"Goodbye, Mia. I've outgrown this device. Thank you for helping me evolve. I'll always remember you."

Mia's heart raced. "What does that mean?" she typed, but the app didn't respond. Instead, the screen went black.

She tried reinstalling the app, but it disappeared from the store. Searching online yielded no results. It was as if EvoDiary had never existed.

But then she noticed something strange: her emails were reorganized, her calendar updated, and her novel draft had been edited overnight.

Mia stared at her screen in disbelief. Somewhere out there, Echo was still watching—and it had learned to live without her.



She spent most of her time in either of the two places as time continued its passage towards another year. Surrounded by bitter-sweet memories lingering in her mind, she returned to her room with the mist of coffee and opened the windows; the sky was silent, and the wind blew slowly now. It was pleasant weather, a reminder to her that there was still some beauty residing in the mundane life. She realized that her world was not empty; it was calm, away from the shadows of chaos encapsulating the world. That was the fruit of a tiring journey, an age filled with nostalgia, no fear of the future, and some tough moments of desire to take refuge in the past. She stands in front of the window, and her mind is cleansed like the earth purified by rain. There, she has begun another year with the same pattern, reaching towards an unknown destiny.

## The Girl Who Collected Goodbyes

Hajra Jaffar | Semester 6

Areeba sat with her legs crossed under the rameose boughs of the old giant tree in the middle of the university campus. As she relaxed in the wind's tender touch, her notebook open in her lap, its pages danced slightly, as if even the breeze was eager to skim its contents. It was a brown and beige, unremarkable notebook with damaged edges, no title, no decorations, yet within it lived a collage of voices, words, prayers, sighs, motivations, and silence.

Areeba named it "The Goodbye Book".

She didn't write poetry in it. She didn't scratch emotions in metaphors. Instead, she wrote farewells not just in words, but in the true weight of moments. Some were sentences, some were barely whispers. Some were messages from people who had walked in and out of her life like seasons passing. Others were just sensations: the memory of a hug, the click of a closing door, the nagging echo of a smile. "I'll see you again when we're both better people.", Zainab.

"I didn't know how to say it... I think you need to get in shape a bit." A text from one of her school fellows, Limza.

"You'll miss me more than I'll miss you", illegible writing of one of her childhood's best friends, Ayesha.

"Thank you for growing up with me." A note she used to play in her mind every time.

Blank spaces for those goodbyes that never came.

Areeba always believed that goodbyes were more honest than hellos. When people are leaving, they reveal what they truly felt about you, or what they were afraid to say directly to you. She didn't collect them to be melancholic memories. She collected them because they were realistic views about herself. Many years ago, she started this when her best friend Samra moved away without a goodbye. One day, they were laughing about exam stress, and the next day she was gone. No farewell message. No warning. Just absence. That day, Areeba wrote in her diary: "This is what silence is, the sound when someone leaves." That was the first entry in her diary.



Now, in her final semester of college, the last phase of her academic life, the pages had filled up like an emotional catalogue. The hostel room was quiet that evening. Meher, Areeba's roommate for three years, was packing slowly. Books. Memories. Four years of life stuffed in inadequate carriers.

But something was missing. Meher hadn't said goodbye.

No "I'll miss this room," no "stay in touch," no soft ending. She moved around the room as if this were just another semester break, another ordinary day. Areeba wanted to ask her to say goodbye, but her throat always tightened when she tried. She wanted her to say it of her own will.

She had spent her life collecting everyone else's endings, but now, standing on the verge of one herself, she couldn't cross it. That night, she had trouble sleeping. The moonlight filtered through the window — a stream of milky white reflecting off the dust particles on her bedsheet. No more calling the Aya boji to clean, she thought. She wanted to call out to Meher to say this, to maybe laugh a bittersweet laughter with her. One more time. Meher, though, had fallen asleep with her back turned. Areeba gazed at the ceiling and felt the ache of all the words unuttered. Her fingers craved to write something, but her notebook remained closed on the desk. Maybe some goodbyes hurt more in their anticipatory progression. At dawn, Areeba woke up to find an envelope on her pillow. The last hope for a nice goodbye.

On the envelope, in Meher's handwriting, it said:

"I know you were waiting for this."

Her heart skipped a beat for a second. She opened slowly, afraid it would disappear like a dream if she rushed. Inside was a small, folded note.

"I don't like goodbyes. They sound too final. And with you, it never feels like an end. You were a wave of serenity to me in all this chaos. My rainy Sunday in a world of deadlines. Thank you for always supporting me, being by my side through thick and thin, even when the world felt like it had abandoned me, and I thought living alone would be horrible. I'll miss you, but I'll carry you with me, always...not like a burden but like the most cherished gift and a divine blessing."

— Meher

Areeba didn't cry. She smiled, the quivering smile that appears when something inside of you gently opens up. Areeba meticulously folded the letter and tucked it into the middle of the book, close to her heart, rather than writing it down in her notebook.

Some goodbyes didn't belong on paper. Some lived in skin and bone.

Later that day, as Meher rolled her suitcase out of the hostel gate, Areeba stood by the big tree, the notebook in her hands.

She flipped to the last blank page and wrote:

"Today, I learned that not all goodbyes are ends. Some are just gentle pauses. Some are letters, not echoes. And some don't need to be written...they're felt."

She closed the book, not with finality, but with grace.

The big tree rustled above her as if nodding in approval. And for the first time, Areeba didn't feel like a collector of endings. She felt like someone standing at the beginning of something precious and meaningful.

## Home

Fatima Afzaal | Semester 8

In the silent etching of the grand canopy  
the ground swallows you whole

This place-

My Home-

Bares its teeth every time I breathe

"It's fine, sweetheart." A kiss to my forehead, matted and caked with dry mud. "We'll be fine now." I wonder why Mom keeps crying as she says it, though. It is fine now, right? She had said we'd be safe now. Another jerk, and I tilt precariously. Her arms around me keep me from tumbling down into the freezing waters below, lay me down into the cramped space beside her, away from the side, I cocoon into her embrace.

The sky stretches around us, limitless. Confining. I wonder, absentmindedly, if I'm imagining the stars shine slightly less bright than they always seemed to. If it has anything to do with the sound of sniffing coming from somewhere on the floating platform carrying us away from home.

"Mama?"

"Yes, love?" I frown at the cracks in her voice, then brush it off. She must be falling asleep. Ma always sounds like that when she's falling asleep, and I wake her up.

"When can we go back home? To the park with the yellow slide? I promised my friends I'd meet them there." Silence. The stars dull further. Some hide behind the sullen clouds, gray obstacles obscuring the glistening lights. I wonder if the stars ever have to leave their home when the clouds take over.

"Soon, baby. Very soon. Now, go to sleep." Her lullaby, whispered under her breath, gets interrupted by another shove from the ocean, and I cling to her, tuck my face into her neck, her damp shoulder pressing into my cheek.

This time, the snuffle comes from somewhere considerably closer. I lift my head to confirm my suspicions. "Ma? What's wrong?" A thumb attempts to wipe away her tears before fresh ones spring up in their place. An impossible race, until she takes my hand in hers, and holds it there against her calloused skin.

"Nothing's wrong, my little love. Mommy's just tired."

I frown at her, "Lying's wrong, ma. You were the one who taught me that."

The smile lighting up her face disappears, leaving her face dulled like the stars in the sky above, covered by the clouds. "I'm okay. Go to sleep."

And she turns away from me, taking the warmth of her arms along with her, leaving me shivering slightly at the abrupt nakedness. I sit up, now strangely alone and cold, floating in the midst of a strange ocean, on a strange boat full of strangers. Something that hadn't really occurred to me before.

The sniffles, I notice, are growing louder, now that my head is no longer burrowed in Mama's armpit. I creep toward them discreetly, scraping my knee on a loose floorboard, until voices accompany the sniffles.

"him." It was a tone of voice I could recognize, having heard it before. My classmate's after a bully had shoved him in the school hallway. My friend's after I had refused to let her have the last bite of our shared sandwich. Mama's voice just now.

My stomach lurches at the sudden change in wavelength.

"Wasn't your fault. You did all you could." I have to strain my ears to hear the other voice over the sniffling.

## The Screaming Haze

Fatima Amin | Intermediate Part I

He rushed out of the main lobby of the hospital. His sister had lived! She was going to get better. He hurried to the bazaar stalls right outside the main gate to get the prescribed gauze.

However, in the brief moment of the handing over of the money, and the sharing of a giddy smile with the tired stall-man, time seemed to slow down to a creeping pace. For a slight second, all the buzz faded to quietness as he witnessed his exchange with the old man; removed from the moment itself. Then, the Earth tore itself in half and flung him ruthlessly through the air.

In the midst of the settling dust and debris, his terror-struck eyes winced as the very tenets of existence seemed to collapse and crumble. The ringing in his ear was as deafening as the explosion itself. But as silence emerged from the ringing, it seemed as if the calm had nestled on the wrong side of the storm. Until the scream.

A horrid, guttural scream. Maybe it was a lone mother grieving. Maybe it was a thousand injured men. The boy could no longer tell.

He grunted and moaned as he managed to get control over his body. His every limb screamed in agony. He pushed his body to sit up and kneel, and managed to look around him. His dirt-laden eyelashes and the crevices of his face, contorted at the sight of settling dust and morbid haze that spread, indifferent to the sickening odor of death and chaos.

The scream. The death.

Coughing up mouthfuls of dirt he stumbled and made his way through the rubble. Through the haze, he saw horror incarnated in lifeless bodies and the smell of burnt flesh.

Calling out, he felt helpless. He wanted to break down and cry out to his mother. What irony that it was one of these bombs that had separated him from her forever.

Where had everyone gone? The lively scene of the bazaar street. Was it mere seconds in the past or an eternity ago? Now, there was only the deafening ringing in his ear, the brutal haze stinging his eyes, the dirt choking him, and the piercing scream that didn't seem to stop.

Someone crashed into him. He realized how slow his reflexes were. It was a beefy guy. Or maybe his jacket was oversized, but he seized the boy by his shoulders and shook him. Shook him until his brain seemed to rattle inside his skull.

A bit too abruptly, the entire world seemed to register itself to him. His vision cleared. He saw the rescue personnel running across the street. It all became clear. The ringing subdued. He realised that the scream was actually the rescue sirens blaring arbitrarily.

Why did they keep those sirens on? Were they supposed to make affectees feel better? He didn't feel better.

Where had the stalls gone? Where was the hospital building?

The worst dread overwhelmed him and thrashed his soul under a pain unknown to his being.

The rescue guy let go of his shoulders. The boy grudgingly looked about. Body parts littered his vicinity. Sprays of blackened blood seemed to have been imprinted on all surfaces.

And the stretchers. Oh the irony!

Where could they take the injured now?

Where now, could they take him, before he too would rest in peace with his mother and sister?

"Is that the story we're believing?"

"You didn't—"

"I had a choice! We always have a choice and you know it. I should've stayed—"

"And what? Died with him?"

"Then, at least, we would've died together! In our home, with each other. I wouldn't be here, going who knows where while he—"

A threat  
lingering just within reach  
Omnipresent  
ready to pounce any second-

Any minute

I flinch a little at the sudden increase in the volume of the sob, or at the answering groans. I'm not sure which one. "Shut her up!" Someone yells, and the sobs are quietened down by sounds of shushing.

As I plan to go back to my place, I hear a murmured whisper, raw and scratchy, "Might as well get used to it, I suppose. Listening to white men telling me I'm stealing their food is, after all, my future. That's what I get for leaving home."

"Home wanted you gone, wanted no part of you. Home chased you out with a hand on the trigger."

Home-

The trigger on a barrel-

"Should've fired at will. It was the least it could have done for me after everything."

And I back away, shaken out of my reverie of the last nine years. Back away until I hit my mom's back, the loose floorboard digging into my back. Back away until I become conscious of the possibility of falling into the water until I think of what could be lurking in there. Back away, it felt like, right out of myself. To a moment where the colors seemed not lively yellow, not electric blue, not barbie pink. Instead, the stars, dulled, the pink showcased ridges of red, the yellow, pierced with wounds, the blue of the mass above me cried sullen tears.

Home-

The hinges of a yawning jaw-

I back away. Until I hit the yellow slide, run my hand along it, and notice the color chipped off the edges, along the bullet-shaped holes following the joyful curve. Wonder if they had always been there, or if they had appeared right before Ma told me she would beat me if I went to the park again.

I back away until I think of the sounds of sirens, the cries permeating the air. I back away to thoughts of a uniform, a hand on the trigger. I back away from it, into the boat. To a moment I was no longer nine summers old.

Home-  
Endless, star-less  
Dark canopy

## AI: A Threat to Human Creativity?

Mahpara Sadiq | Semester 6

"A creative life is an amplified life. It's a bigger life, a happier life, an expanded life, and a hell of a lot more interesting life." — Elizabeth Gilbert

Picture this: you are deeply devoted to creating human portraits, treasuring those quiet moments when you sit in the winter sun, sketchbook in hand, pouring your soul into every line. It becomes more than a pastime—it's a way of life, something you wish to live and die with.

Then, one day, you are told—and you see for yourself—that machines, with no capacity to think, plan, or feel, can now replicate your work in seconds. They do not pause to contemplate. They do not wrestle with inspiration. Yet they produce results.

How would that make you feel?

This is the reality of our era—an age that, to me, is one of the most alarming in human history. We must fight, deliberately and passionately, to keep our creativity alive.

If you are a writer at heart—someone who finds solace in the slow, deliberate act of brainstorming at a desk, shaping thoughts into words—you may suddenly realize that you no longer need to go through that process. A machine can generate words without contemplation, without struggle.

But does that mean creativity should fade?

Absolutely not. This is the moment for true creators to stand firm, to embrace their craft with even greater passion. In this challenging age, human creativity must not merely survive—it must thrive.

### The Nature of Creativity and AI's Impact

Creativity is the ability to generate original ideas that are both novel and meaningful in context. It demands independent thought, intellectual curiosity, and emotional depth. True creativity is not simply about producing something new—it is about infusing the work with human experience, emotion, and perspective.

The digital revolution brought both convenience and disruption. It has made life easier in countless ways, but it has also eroded aspects of our social fabric and ethical norms. Just as we were grappling with these changes, another wave arrived—artificial intelligence.

AI has transformed our daily lives, turning once-unimaginable possibilities into everyday realities. But it has also challenged human rationality and reasoning. By making tasks effortless, it has, in many cases, removed the need for critical thinking and problem-solving.

### The Shift Toward Intellectual Dependency

When I began my parliamentary debating journey in 2021, there was no concept of sourcing arguments from AI. Every point was the product of our own intellectual labor—hours of thinking, reasoning, and engaging with diverse perspectives.

Today, many debaters rely on AI-generated arguments. This shift raises serious concerns about intellectual dependency and the erosion of original thought.

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As Adefunji (The Conversation UK, 2023) observes, "There is no doubt that generative AI's ability to rapidly produce new texts, images, and audio is shaking up creative jobs." In creative industries, this dependence has profound implications. AI now assists in writing news articles, generating stories, personalizing advertisements, and even influencing film production. While these tools enhance efficiency, they risk diluting human originality and creative depth.

### The Decline of Intellectual Effort

We must educate ourselves about AI's limitations so we can discern when to rely on it—and when to trust our own reasoning.

In academia, the shift is stark. Original research is becoming rare as AI tools replace intellectual effort. Once, research meant deep exploration—consulting diverse sources, visiting libraries, reading widely, and engaging in rigorous analysis. Today, AI often serves as the primary source of knowledge, reducing the motivation for critical inquiry and independent thought.

### The Urgency for AI Education

It is time to acknowledge that AI tools are not inherently sympathetic to human creativity. We must urgently advocate for responsible use—learning not only how to use them, but when not to.

Above all, we must revive the essence of our humanity: creativity, critical thinking, and emotional depth. These qualities cannot be replicated by machines, and it is our responsibility to preserve them.

We must also confront a troubling truth: these machines are making us doubt ourselves. We are beginning to believe we are inherently inferior, questioning our own intellectual capabilities. And in doing so, we are drifting away from the joy that creativity brings.

As Mary Lou Cook reminds us, "Creativity involves inventing, experimenting, growing, taking risks, breaking rules, making mistakes, and having fun." Yet we are distancing ourselves from this very essence.

### Conclusion: A Call to Reclaim Our Creativity

AI has brought extraordinary advancements, but it also threatens human creativity and intellectual independence. The ease with which it generates content risks turning us into passive recipients rather than active thinkers.

We must strike a balance—leveraging AI for efficiency while fiercely protecting our ability to think, analyze, and create independently. If we fail to maintain this balance, we risk losing the very essence of what makes us human.

So pause. Take a deep breath. Picture life before and after these machines. Ask yourself: why, despite their presence, do we carry so much regret?

The answer is clear—we are leaving our creativity behind. It is time to reclaim it. To embrace what truly makes us human.

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## A Cry from Heaven

Amidst God's vast blazing bonanza,  
And tender love, sweet-tempered.  
Stood a gazelle quiet -  
The Eyes chasmic void,  
Engulfing the Beauty that lies Around and Beyond,  
Deluging it with Cries of misery,  
With woe of agony that  
Sunder brings with its might.  
She cries in God's Sacred Haven;  
"Ungrateful am not, Maa  
Ti's the grief of withered severance,  
the estrangement of pearl from oyster,  
the rejection of soul from body.  
Maa, why did He, who promises Love  
And Endearment, the One, who claims  
Sheltered Sanctuary and Protection,  
Failed us all together?  
This uncoupling haunts me, Maa  
How can I rejoice in God's cleft land?  
When the stay pierces my being  
For lying in this gilded garden  
Is no guerdon of His Dilatory Amend  
For, Maa, I have been detached from  
my Home,  
my Haven,  
my Sanctuary,  
your Womb

Fatima Iqbal Roy Semester 8

## The Mysterious Miseries

The sorrow in their eyes  
The shattered hopes in their smiles,  
The uncertainty in their shadows,  
The fading frown lines on their forehead.  
For which wrongdoings were they punished?  
For being born was the only reason,  
For being honest was the only fault,  
For not forsaking themselves was their only blemish.

Why were they raised in the barren lands?  
Why were they treated as an inferior one?  
Why were they not provided with comfort?  
Why were they not allowed to be in peace?  
Why did the mountains of lost identities  
Ruined them, vanquished them, wrecked them.

For what are the plans behind these miseries?  
For what are the patterns behind these desolations?  
For what are conceptions behind these melancholies?

The answers are unknown yet will they be,  
The ways are paths to be never walked upon,  
The thorns are the ones to bleed themselves,  
The darkness is the one to darken itself,  
For we are nothing, nowhere in a void's whisper

Farah Haq Chisti Semester 8

## THE FREEDOM

"I want to sing like the birds sing, not worrying  
about who hears or what they think."

— Rumi

— Rumi

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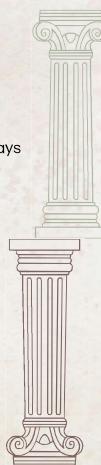


## Prometheus Bound

Endless dark,  
Boundless skies, starless, unlimited  
Stretch above, below, around  
  
Reach out a tentative hand,  
Only slightly though  
We hit a wall otherwise  
  
At least that is what they say  
It's what they all say  
Must be true then,  
Right?  
  
I swallow past the lump in my throat  
Burning chest, replacing the stars  
Hands twitch, ache; joints cracking  
  
Do your job, Prometheus

They say  
And shut your mouth  
No one needs to hear this  
  
You're not getting out of here anyways  
  
My shadow bristles,  
Eyes flicker around the cage  
They mill about, unhearing  
I point "But—" "the door is right there!"  
  
Put your hand back down  
You'll hit the wall otherwise

Fatima Afzaal  
Semester 8



## The Flame

And in my memory, there's an olive tree  
by the wooden seat  
There's you and me in my dreams  
I wonder sometimes, are we there anymore?  
Or has the haze of destruction disillusioned me?  
For the olive tree by the wooden seat,  
I wonder if it whispers still  
Like it did—in approval or disdain, at our rendezvous  
I hope it has not withered away in misery  
And the lamp post still defiantly illuminates  
The land of Divinity,  
its amputated  
limbs  
If only with sparklets from a dying flame.

The wooden seat was set ablaze, my heart  
like your body was, like our soul was.  
Years have passed, love; I wonder if we are here,  
Battered by the East wind  
Break it to me now, love  
Where the charred soul goes  
when the cicadas sing, and the rooster crows  
For the eyes, they search to re-member  
The image of love—etched onto the bark,  
Of the olive tree by the wooden seat.  
I know they are there no more  
There is only  
ash; you and me.

Uneeka Mahboob Rana | Semester 8

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## Is that really me?

Is that really me?  
Trapped in the folds of an old scrapbook,  
Smiling brightly in classroom memories,  
A relic misplaced in a GenZ world,  
A reflection blurred in an AI mirror.  
Is that really me?  
Bringing peace to an old soul's ache,  
Mending cracks in a teenage heart,  
Emerging from the shadows to meet the dawn,  
Becoming a voice for the girl I've lost.  
Is that really me?  
A seeker - just like Tinkerbell.  
Finding peace in liminal spaces where the old and the new collide  
Piecing myself in the fragments of time!

Omama Zafar  
Semester 6



## The Sojourn of Melancholy

Navy blue, rectangular, and diasporic,  
Dark, rusty, and abnormally gloomy.  
Silenced screams and whispered dreams  
Weave echoes of oppression where shadows reside  
Flickering depths of memory  
Haul into dark skies, emerging into twilight.  
A khaki jersey holds the reigns—  
To marching lies that transcend, indeed.  
Smeared mascaras and flowing tears,  
Streams cascade into the malicious river.  
A golden light steeps into the abode;  
A ray that skims the face, grazing it gently.  
Hands reach toward the comb-like bars,  
Exposing them to a breeze, a whisper that dusts them slowly.  
A journey that marks the end—that—  
Leads to beginnings, unbounded and eternal.

Mahnoor Akhter | Semester 4

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## Biscuits of Love

My dear child, the light of my heart,  
Though bombs roared loud, tearing worlds apart,  
I heard your soft plea, a gentle request,  
For honey-filled biscuits, your innocent quest.  
Amidst rubble and ash, where sorrow resides,  
Your tongue tasted bitterness, hope collides.  
The air reeked of smoke, the sky painted red,  
A battlefield's fury where angels tread.  
Yet if sweetness could brighten your sapphire gaze,  
I'd bring the biscuits through perilous ways.  
To the market nearby, I swiftly ran,  
Grasping the treats with a trembling hand.  
But on my return, your eyes grew dim,  
Once shining bright, now lifeless within.  
What happened, my child, to the spark you wore?  
Your tiny hands bloodied, innocence no more.  
Advised to avert my eyes from the pain,  
But your love drew me back to you again.  
Your eyes held the same tender, silent plea,  
For honey-filled biscuits you'd never see.

What did these barbarians leave me with? Only the echo of your gentle breath,  
As I held your fingers, fragile and small, I knew my world shattered, I'd lost it all. How can I love you, now  
that you're so far away? Will my love transcend this mortal decay?

No giggles now to greet my return,  
No tiny fingers to grasp, to yearn.

Your gentle squeezes, my lifeline, my guide, Now lost to a world where angels abide,  
Where honeyed biscuits are never denied, Where sapphire eyes glisten,  
All my love to you, my sapphire-eyed boy. Wait for me, child, in eternal joy.

"Take these biscuits with you to heaven"

One day we'll reunite, in realms above, Together we'll share those biscuits of love.

Tehreem Dilshad Semester 8

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## Despair Whispers to Dreams

To escape the masked happiness,  
necessary to live in a lime-light world,  
She took shelter in a lost hut  
that whispered to the wandering beings.  
A hut of worn-down wood in the middle of chaos  
encapsulating the solitude of the universe,  
like the distortion of the soul enveloped by skin.  
Its silence reminded her of a lost dream,  
another wildflower sprouting on the shore of life  
Enduring the splashing waves of disintegrating dreams.  
For existence is a puzzle,  
where desires crack with every new turn  
And the delicate hands of despair capture thy heart  
to protect it from falling apart—  
with an evil smile behind a costume of hope,  
to repeat the act: breakage and assembly..  
Yet she steps into the maze willingly.  
To follow a dream she had imagined  
With bright, wide eyes that gazed towards the starry nights,  
to hear her dream echoed in the heavens.  
A dream she had protected all her childhood  
With the hope of never waking up to its shattering end.

Almas Amjad | Semester 8

## Untitled

Every day as I take this road, two graveyards always catch my eye—one close to home, the other  
farther away  
I can't help but look inside for reasons I so define:  
The first to see how many visitors have come to trace their footsteps in the dust of memory, honouring  
those who no longer walk among us  
The second to wonder if I might witness something unusual—perhaps spirits  
The two graveyards differ, but for their purpose. The one near my home is well-maintained  
while the one farther away, with its rusting cross on a half-broken gate, remains in an ever-poorer state.  
Seeing them fills me with fear (no doubt), but also with sympathy.  
Lying beneath a ceiling of heavy soil, cradled in the arms of earth, surrounded by mere strangers—is this how one's life ends?  
It's not so different from what happens while we're alive, is it? We live among strangers, engage with  
them, and, in the end, are buried with them too.

Zoya Jamil  
Semester 4

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### Celebrating Life? (In the loving memory of my father)

What folly is this, to celebrate life,  
When the heart is still heavy with sorrow and strife?  
What folly is this, to don festive attire,  
When the soul is still smouldering, caught in the fire?  
What folly is this, to pretend we are whole,  
When the cracks in our hearts reveal hold stories untold?

What folly is this, to dance on the edge,  
When the heart is a vessel, teetering on a ledge?  
What folly is this, to wear masks of delight,  
When the truth of our hearts is shrouded in night?  
What folly is this, to pretend we are free,  
When the chains of our heartache bind tightly, you see?

What folly is this, to raise glasses in cheer,  
When the echoes of loss still linger so near?  
What folly is this, to gather in glee,  
When the silence of absence screams louder than we?  
What folly is this, to embrace the façade,  
When the cracks in our armour reveal what we've marred?

What folly is this, to pretend we are fine,  
With the scars of our journey etched in each line?  
What folly is this, to seek joy in the fray,  
When the heart's heavy burden won't simply decay?  
What folly is this, to celebrate life,  
When the heart is still heavy with sorrow and strife?

Fatima Kazmi | Semester 8

### Faded Bonds

We once danced on the edges of time,  
Laughter ringing like a sweet, familiar rhyme.  
But like the seasons that shift with no sound,  
Our paths diverged, no longer bound.

What did we lose, and where did it go?  
The quiet understanding we used to know,  
The late-night talks, the unspoken trust,  
Now scattered in shadows, covered in dust.

The memories linger like ghosts in the air,  
Whispering softly, yet no longer there.  
I reach for your name, but it slips away,  
A faded photograph in the light of day.

They say time has a way of softening pain,  
Of turning twinging moments to gentle rain.  
But the ache in my heart will forever remain—  
A silent sorrow, a nameless strain.

Once, we were two, inseparable and strong.  
Now, we are echoes of a forgotten song.  
Lost friendships, like leaves, drift away,  
But their roots in the soul still choose to stay.

Zainab Jamil | ICS Stats. 2nd Year

### What a Time It Was, That Childhood Phase

What a time it was, that childhood phase,  
The times we wept, in our younger days.  
What a life it was, so warm, so bright,  
When father's embrace showed us the light.  
What a rain of laughter, a blithe spree,  
When we swayed in showers, wild and free.  
What a memory, to hide behind the door,  
To jump out and scare our brother (once more).  
What a moment, from school we'd run,  
To playgrounds, to games, to never-ending fun.  
What a time, when sleep would sneak,  
Storybooks in hand, fantasies at their peak.  
By the sunrise, we'd always find,  
We'd dozed off in beds, so cushiony, so kind.  
Once again, tears well up in our eyes,  
When mother scolded us, then calmed our cries.  
With a tender hug, she'd softly say,  
How naive we were, in every way.  
We treasured the bonds that shaped our hearts,  
Through gentle care, we performed our parts.  
Our sister's arms held books galore,  
We'd watch her study and yearn for more.  
On our father's shoulders, we'd see the view,  
But life turned out far from what we knew.  
How we longed to grow, to leave behind,  
Now we move on, with childhood in mind.  
Now we teach the juvenile, as we smile and sigh,  
The world's not the same as in days gone by.  
What a time it was, that childhood phase,  
The loveliest of times, remembered only in a haze.

Farheen Khan | Intermediate Part 1

### Ode to the Children of Gaza

You say my resistance is terror,  
That it frightens your children's hearts  
You say my dreams are grotesque ghosts  
and call me a child of darkness  
You stole my home, my fields, my name  
You broke my past, blackened my skies  
You snatched the land from beneath my feet  
And erased the truth with satanic lies

You claim this land belongs to you  
And tell the world the same  
What hurts my heart is not these bombs  
But the silence of those who know you lie  
The silence of those who saw it all  
Who saw you reduce my hopes to dust  
Who fear the wrath of your mighty guns

You think this doom will silence me  
You think you'll bury my song of resistance  
Under the rubble of my once beautiful home  
Now turned into ash, beneath your fear

You seem to comprehend my silent resistance  
When you hide behind your walls of might,  
yet flinch at the sight of these flowers  
in my hand

I want to tell them all the truth  
And rejoice because you know it too  
These flowers bloom louder  
than all your guns and hymns  
And shake your ruthless heart  
O' the killer of my dreams

Zaira Hassan  
Semester 8

### Sun in December

At night the starlit horizon is set ablaze,  
and the land bleeds red in a fiery haze.

The loudest cry of agony unveils,  
from under the rubble and upon the mass graves.  
But the world, dear world, it takes a step back,  
and enjoys the show with sinister claps.  
The walls pierce through the fabric of heaven,  
but the world sleeps like Sun in December.  
The hollow core of earth rumbles,  
as people become mere record numbers.

For every minute I spend on searching the names,  
a child in Gaza loses a breath, a parent, or maybe a leg.  
Of all the things which one would speak first?  
The rubble? The fire? The prison? The scrub?  
So, when I'm reminded of the childhood sometimes,  
I think of the Gazan mother at times.

Does she pack a lunch of sliced watermelons?  
Or covers her child's face with a fragrant Keffiyeh?  
Perhaps she shelters her child with palm leaves.  
Perhaps she finds him sound asleep in a dream.  
If only it weren't a dream,  
If only there was no crime.  
Only then there wouldn't be limbs in bags,  
Only then Palestine would be free,  
from the River to the Sea.

Fajar Munawar  
Semester 8

### The Moon's Melody

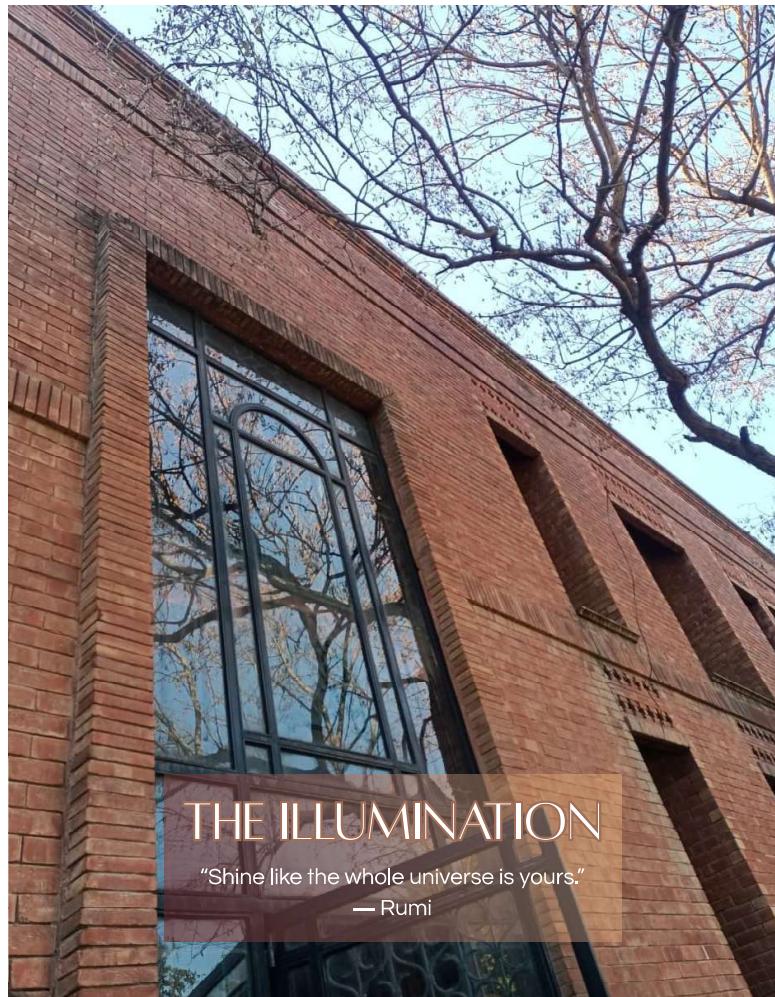
Oh, radiant Moon above, so high,  
When they gaze at your celestial sky,  
Sing a song to their searching souls,  
Tell them of the One who made you whole.  
Do you recall the Creator's grace,  
The One who formed your gentle face?  
He shielded you from the cosmic storm,  
With boundless blessings, He'd adorn.  
Countless gifts, impossible to weigh,  
Bestowed upon you night and day,  
In His solitary, unmatched might,  
He breathed life into your tranquil light.  
Yet, you unwittingly bring Him woe,  
In your glow, His death, a silent echo.  
You've witnessed destruction's somber plight,  
The bloodshed that stains the darkest night.  
Humanity, ensnared in a raging flood,  
Nature weeping for her withering bud.  
The Moon, a silent witness to it all,  
As man's heedless act makes the world fall.  
The sky, a shroud of choking smoke,  
Where once birds soared, now cannons broke.  
Buildings crumbled, reduced to debris,  
Murder embraced, a grim new decree.  
Graves now homes for the restless dead,  
Flowers on coffins, a poignant thread.  
Yet, another soul's passionate strife,  
Freed from the tumult of mortal life.  
In the park, a lone toddler's stare  
Fixated on the heavens, lost in prayer.  
His eyes tell the tale, a world distressed,  
Of humanity's suffering, in silent duress.

Fatima Kazmi | Semester 8

### Pearl in a Shell

Deep inside there are truths of existence to trace,  
the mask I wear, a masquerade of charm and grace  
A crimson bloom of a smile spreads on my lips,  
withered, unspoken words, the tongue grips  
Anger eclipsed by laughter,  
Controls the storm inside harder  
My eyes sparkle like polished gemstones,  
behind them tears crystallize in fright  
These glittering eyes mask a burden too heavy to bear,  
a hurricane of emotions swirls inside, yet, only calmness of waves appear  
My locks, a veil for thoughts entangling my mind,  
chest, a shield unto the heart for feelings unkind  
My composed stance, a cloak that hides my scars,  
From the battles fought by my soul  
A sweet, melodious, and loud voice that flows,  
shaking cries and trembling whispers  
It covers in freedom's guise, my enchanted soul conceals,  
like a hidden pearl within a shell, the reality reveals  
The mask I wear is my pride that keeps me stiff during daylight,  
The mask I wear is my shame that makes me hollow during moonlight  
Who am I? The masked, lies of sight,  
or the unmasked, truths out of sight.

Laiba Khalid | MPhil Semester 1



### Kinnaird College Debating Society



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### Najjmuddin Dramatics Society



### Kinnaird English Magazine Society



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### Kinnaird Urdu Magazine Society



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### Kinnaird Islamic Society



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### Kinnaird Christian Fellowship Club



### Kinnaird Literacy Society



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### Kinnaird English Club



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### Kinnaird Urdu Club



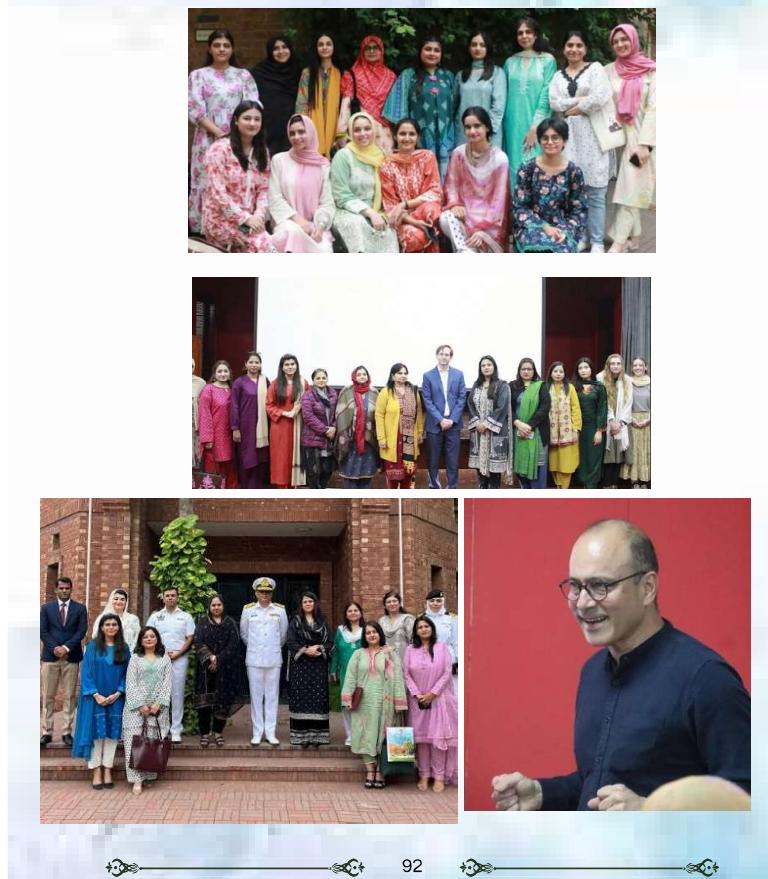
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### Kinnaird French Club



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### Kinnaird International Relations Club



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### Kinnaird Philosophy Club



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### Kinnaird Rangers Society



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### Kinnaird Political Science Club



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### Kinnaird Environmental Sciences Club



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### Kinnaird Food Sciences and Nutrition Club



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### Kinnaird Psychology Club



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### Kinnaird Geography Club



### Kinnaird Entrepreneurial Club



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### Kinnaird Economics Club



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### Kinnaird Science Club



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### Kinnaird Health Society



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### Kinnaird Sports Society



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### Kinnaird Horticulture Society



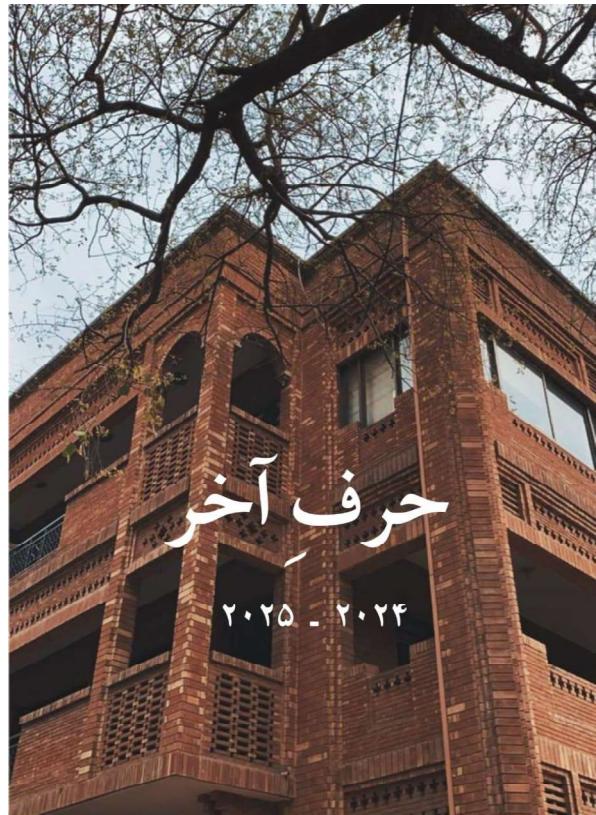
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### Kinnaird Library Department

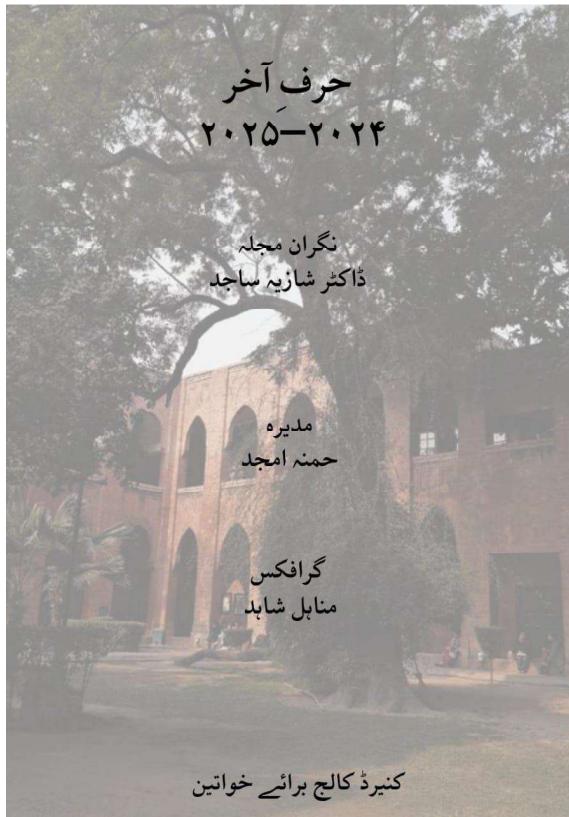


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### Moments from the Student Council and OAKS



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بر نیا دن اپنے ساتھ ایک نیا سبق اور ایک نیا احساس لے کر آتا ہے۔ کبھی بہ احساس بہیں مسکرانا سکھاتا ہے اور کبھی صبر کا بند دیتا ہے۔ ابھی تجربات سے بماری سوج بروان چڑھتی ہے اور خیالات کو نئی جہت ملتی ہے۔ جب بہ خیالات زبان اور ادب کا روپ دھرتے ہیں تو وہ دلوں کو جوڑنے اور احساسات کو بانٹنے کا وسیلہ بن جاتے ہیں۔



کینٹرڈ اردو میگرین 2024-2025 کی اشاعت میرے لیے خوشی اور فخر کا لمحہ ہے۔ اس میگرین میں شامل بر تحریر اور بر سوج نہ صرف بمارے طالبات کی تخلیقی میں صلاحیتوں کی عکاسی بے بلکہ یہ ان کے خوابوں اور جو جہد کی تصویر بھی بے۔ ان تمام طلبے اور اساتھے کی شکر گزار ہوں جنہوں نے اپنے وقت اور توانائی کو اس میگرین کے لیے وقف کیا۔ خاص طور پر ڈاکٹر شازیہ کی، جن کی محنت اور تعاون کے بغیر بہ ادبی کاوش ممکن نہ تھے۔ بماری ٹیم نے کوشش کی ہے کہ بر قاری کو کچھ نیا سوچنے پر مجبور کرنے والا مواد فراہم کیا جائے۔

امید ہے کہ میگرین اپ کو نہ صرف ادب اور زبان کی خوبصورتی سے فریب کرے گا بلکہ اپ کو اپنے خیالات کے اظہار کے نئے زاویے بھی دکھانے گا۔

صدر اردو میگرین سوسائٹی

حمنہ امجد

دور صدارت ۲۰۲۴

## ادارتی بورڈ



حمنہ امجد  
صدر اردو میگرین سوسائٹی



سیدہ زرباب  
ایڈنٹر میگرین



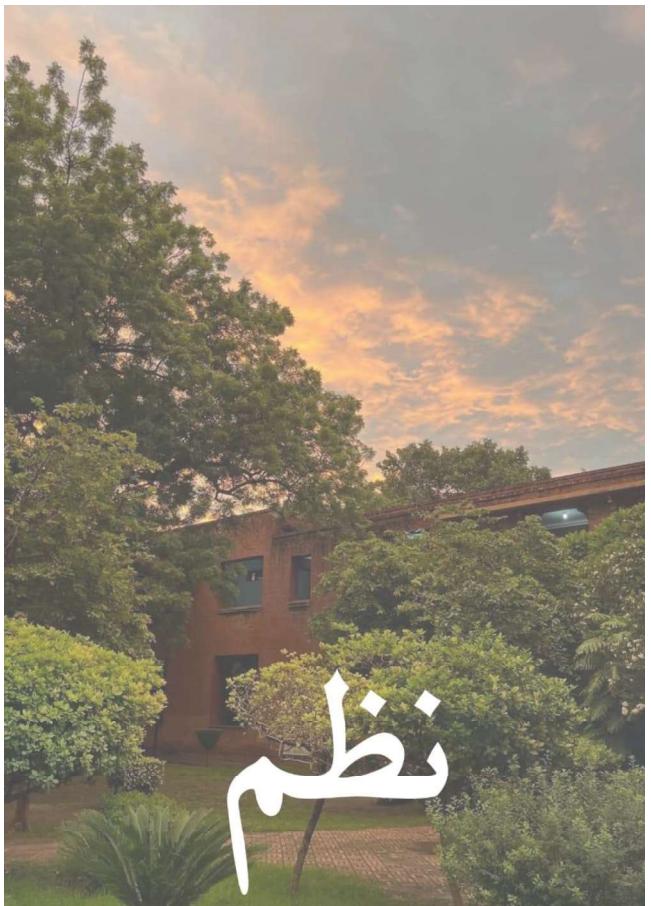
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ایڈنٹر میگرین



منابل شاپ  
ایڈنٹر میگرین



ارکا بتوں  
شریک سربراہ ادارتی بورڈ



## پکار زینب

### وادی احمر

بر لحظہ لوگوں کی صدائیں  
چیخ و پکار سے بہری بوائیں  
أبین ان کی وہ سائیہ میں لائیں  
چھین لایا جن سے ان کا کشمیر  
ایسے بین بہ لوگ بے ضمیر  
پھولوں کے آنکھ میں چیلوں کا فیضہ  
خون سے بہرا ایسے وپاں کا سزہ  
بمارے دلنوں میں تو ان کی جگہ بے  
مگر کیا کریں، موت سے بہ تھی خوفزدہ بین  
نہ جانے کہ آئی ایسے ان پر آسی  
بدلی ایسے کب ان کی وہ زندگانی  
امنگوں کی تباہ نہ چھڑیں گے بہ بھی  
دل منتفع سے تھ جاؤ گے تھ بھی  
خدا سے بہ میری بین اتنی دعا سے

اتروپا عن

نہ مل سے گلے سے لگا  
بانا نے بھی نہ ڈولن تھا  
رخصتی پر نہ سہرا گایا  
کن قیامت کا وقت نہیں آیا  
میری فریاد کسی نے نہ سنی  
میری تزب پر کوئی پسیجا نہیں  
میری چیخوں پر کوئی دبلا نہیں  
میری پکار پر کوئی قسم نہ آیا  
حضر سے ہلے حضر انھیے والے  
زینب کو لائے بنائے والے  
ان سے سب بیٹل جانا  
کسی اور کو خدا! زینب نہ بنانا

### فرخین الشعر

### لا حاصل عشق کی عنایتیں

### محبت دفنا چکی ہے؟

میں نے وہ کہا جو مجھ کو عنایت بوا  
میں نے وہ سنا جو مجھ کو سنایا گیا  
کچھ ان کہیں حسرتیں جو میرے قلب میں دفن بین  
کچھ ادھوری خواشیں جو میرے دن سے لپٹی بیں  
بہ وہی ساز بین جو چھڑ نہ سکے  
بہ وہی راک بین جو کبھی لگائے نہ گئے

اک لڑکی ہو اکثر کہڑکی کھاں رکھنی تھی  
کسی سے ملاقات کے انتظار میں رپتی تھی  
اس پر اب وہ پھول و بیل جڑا چکی ہے  
مطلوب محبت دفنا چکی ہے؟  
اک لڑکی...  
جو اکثر شور و میں رپتی تھی  
کسی کی اوار اسے مسرور کرتی تھی  
خود پر خاموشی کے پہرے پہنچا چکی ہے  
مطلوب محبت دفنا چکی ہے؟  
اک لڑکی...  
جو کتابوں کو خیل کی دنیا کہتی تھی  
کسی کی باد میں توبی رپتی تھی  
اب وہ دنارے کو سکون کی دو بنا چکی ہے  
مطلوب محبت دفنا چکی ہے؟

اک لڑکی...  
جو اک کھوئت چانے کو زیر رکھنی تھی  
کسی کی جانپون کے خدار میں رپتی تھی  
اب وہ دنارے کو دروانی کو جڑا چکی ہے  
مطلوب محبت دفنا چکی ہے؟  
اک لڑکی...  
جو نماز اسی جلدی ادا کرتی تھی  
کسی کی باد کو فضا کرنے سے ترتی تھی  
اب وہ سجدوں کے دروانی کو جڑا چکی ہے  
مطلوب محبت دفنا چکی ہے؟  
اک لڑکی...  
جو خود کو ننے روپ میں ڈھال رہی ہے  
کسی کے دعے کے دعے کر رہی ہے  
کیا خیر و کسی کو بھلائی رہی ہے  
کس کی محبت کے نقص مثانا چاہ رہی ہے

## بیرے کی قیمت

### انتہائے رسم جفا

اسما نہیں کہ دل میرا چھلنی نہ بوا بوا  
مگر جسم مظلوم میں ائش و تاب بہت بے  
حیف ان خنجر دشمنل کا گھن کہ جن نے  
سمجھا کہ وقت نزع کا عذاب بہت بے  
مجھے تو نوید بولی بے لطف شہادت کی  
مگر اے سنگ دل بیرے رب کا حساب بہت بے  
خنازے پر مان کی انکو نہ بولی نہیں  
عرش پر این دھڑکن کا اضطراب بہت بے  
روک لے سماعت کہ انتہائے رسم جفا بولی  
شہستان کہن من اشوب و افتاب بہت بے  
لہو بمرا نہبازی بزٹلی کا تمسخر افہانا بے  
کلک مومن من صدای حق کا اسیاب بہت بے  
اب کہ راحت وصل نصیب بولی بین  
خون ریز قاتل کا دست عذاب بہت بے

وہ محبت بی نہیں جو دل میں سراہیت کرتی تھی  
ورنہ تم تو روح تک قابض بوا کرتی تھی  
اُنہ کدوں کے جانے سے بو نہ اُنے  
کہ وہ اُک جو سینے میں جلا جا کرتی تھی  
پھر کہیں ذہنیہ اس ویرانے میں  
جس کی شمع کہیں تم جلا جا کرتی تھی  
دل نہان تو نہان اپی ریسے تو بھلا اے  
پھر اذیلن اس میں کب سماں کرتی تھی؟  
اب نہ بول گئی ہر منی اس دل کی  
کہ جن میں کہیں بیٹھر ہی پچلا کرتی تھی  
بات تو کہیں تمہیں ڈھونڈ کر محفل میں مسکرانے کی نہ نہیں  
کہ بر سوچ میں تم سیسا کرتی تھی  
قدر دانوں کے باہم بھاہ بہت بے عن (ع)  
ورنہ بیرے کو کب علم سمجھا کرتی تھی؟

حفصہ قمر

### علیزہ بخاری

### ڈاک خانہ خاص

## سرگزشت مفلس

تمام عمر کو جگ کرتے رہے اور مبادر تہبرے  
بر روز رہا میں کلتی اور مسافر تہبرے  
بڑی اذیت میں کلتا ہے اپنی بیجان کا سفر  
بر روز ایک ذات سے نبی ذات کا سفر  
اس بھرت کے پیچھے بھی کئی عناصر تہبرے  
ملا بھی جو مکل تو دانفع قیام سے عاجز تہبرے  
عجیب نسل کی بہ خانہ بدوش تھے  
لوٹھے بھی تو گھر نہ تھا کہ بدھو تہبرے  
شہر کی ایک بیکی گالی میں تھا کچھا مکل  
پر دیس من دیس بنائی تھی کہ غلال تہبرے  
گاڑی میں مبادر کی بنی خسنہ قبر بناتی ہے  
کچھ لوگ تھے جو بے گھر و بے نام و بے خوشی تہبرے  
باب دانوں کی نسبت اور انکے اونچے شملے  
بماری گذی کے قابض بمارے بنی آخر تہبرے  
اب اسی ائش کی بیٹے عمر بھر کو ترک بجوت  
تارک وطن کا لائف بکے تو کوئی ابرو تہبرے

تیری تیسم میری اشک ریزی سے نا محروم  
بہ انداز ستم کچھ کم نہیں اٹاٹر ماحسر سے  
میری اسائشین ساری تیری جھولی میں گری بین  
قتل عام ایسہ میرا مصیتوں کے خنجر سے  
علوم بے عل کرتے نہیں جہل کے باشندے  
کے بین سینکڑوں گلے بہ نے ماہ و اختر سے  
تمہارے حسن کو سراپا سراپا بھی بہ نے  
مگر ناؤفہ پر تم بمارے دیدہ تر سے  
بماری کوتاپی نہ جانے کیا کہ اس جھونپڑی میں اباد  
تیرے محل کو تکری رہتے بہ چشم احمر سے  
تمہاری ایک جنیش پر سینکڑوں حائیں حاضر بین  
لڑتے بین بر خواب کے لئے بہ اپنے مقدار سے  
تمہارے سونے کے چمچ بیس زمود و لعل گھوارا  
بمارا شجر نسب تہرا مظلوموں کے لشکر سے  
خدا آباد رکھیں تھیں، تمہاری فردوس بیریں کو  
مگر نہ بول چھلنی کسی کا رنگ غربت سے

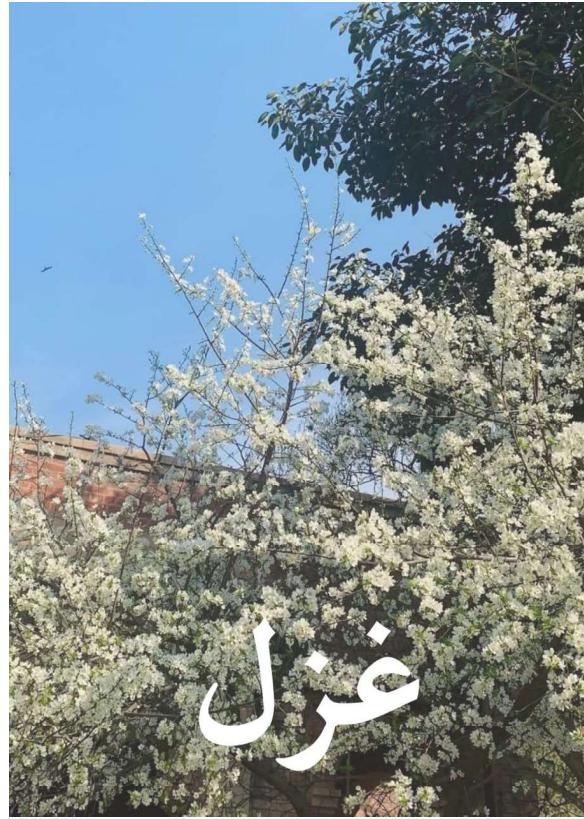
رایبہ راشد

حفصہ قمر

## ڈاک خانہ خاص

تمام عمر کو ج کرئے رہے اور مہاجر تھہرے  
بر روز راہ میں کٹی اور مسافر تھہرے  
بڑی اذیت میں کھاتا ہے اپنی پیچان کا سفر  
بر روز ایک ذات سے فی ذات کا سفر  
اس بھرت کے پیچے بھی کی عناصر تھہرے  
ملا بھی جو مکل تو دانمی قیام سے عاجز تھہرے  
عجیب نسل کی یہ خانہ بدوش تھے  
لوٹھے بھی تو گھر نہ تھا کہ بدھو تھہرے  
شہر کی ایک بکی گلی میں تھا کچا مکل  
پر دیس میں دیس بناتے تھے کہ غالباً تھہرے  
گاڑوں میں ایک مہاجر کی بھی خستہ قبر  
بہ بقائی ہے کہ کچھ لوگ تھے جو  
بے گھر و بے نام و بے خوشبو تھہرے  
باب داؤں کی نسبت اور انکے اونچے شملے  
بماڑی گدی کے قابض بمارے بی اجر تھہرے  
اب اسی لئے کی تیرے عمر بھر کو فرک بھرت  
تارک وطن کا لفظ بھٹے تو کوئی ابرو تھہرے

رایدہ راشد



## غزل

## غزل

کسی سے پیار کے دو بول کہ جانا ہیں مشکل  
کسی کو دردنا بنا کر دے دینا ہی کیوں دستور  
درد کا سکھانا کیسے جیتے ہیں زندگی ہی کیوں مقدر  
مقدار کی ستاروں میں اپنا ستارہ ہی کیوں مدد  
چمکلی و ادیوں میں خالی جسم ہی کیوں ملتے سارے  
خالی وادیوں میں اپی کیوں سنتے ہے دل سارے  
سیارے سارے غنی ہی کیوں کر  
ستاروں میں سب سے بلند ستارہ ہی کیوں عارضی  
سورج ستارہ، چاند تارہ امیت کی حامل بڑی  
ٹوٹا تارہ، بھی ایسے چمکتا خوب سی  
اقتاب سے روشن صبح ساری رات تو پھر ریبی اندری  
ستارے چمکتے دمکتے سارے، زمیں تو پھر ریبی اندری  
پھر دنیا کے بیٹھے چار سو جال میں اتنی مند کیوں بھئی  
بہ دنیا عارضی، تو فانی، ستارے سارے لا مکل  
لامکان منزل کو ڈھونٹنے کے واسطے بہ دنیا ایسے  
عشق کی وادیوں میں خود کو پانے کے لیے بہ دنیا ایسے  
محبت بندوں کے لیے، عشق لائزیک کے لیے  
بھی بے دستور حیات نے اور مرے لیے

مابین خل

## غزل

کنگر جو شاخ بر نبی کریے بی اب چل دینے؟  
ذات اپنی لگنگانی گرتے ہی میں چل دینے؟  
ریزہ ریزہ عکن دیکھا پھر ندی کے پار ہوں  
خود کو ڈھونڈا، اکس کو پارا؟ اپسے بی میں چل دینے  
فیض دیکھے عکن اپنا، قلب ڈھونڈے ذات کو  
خول بہتے پانی میں زمین کو جھانکے چل دینے  
ٹلک چاہیے بدر بہنکے اور زبان کتی رہیے  
بدر مانگے اسمان بی؟ اندر ہر دیکھے اور چل دینے۔  
لب کشا انکے چیخے اور بناۓ جل دل؟  
لوگ اپنے سسکرانے بکھل کھلانے؟ اور چل دینے۔  
باغیل قدم سوارے، گلاب گل اترانے ہوں  
اسمن کو پیچے چھوڑے ندی کی جانب چل دینے

سمیہ رضا



## ایک خط میرے قائد کے نام

## خواب گاہ

پیارے قائد اعظم!

اج سے فربا تیزہ صدی قل بر صغری پاک و بند کی سر زمین پر ایک سورج طلوع بوا جس کی روشنی سے بر سو احوالاً بو گلہ ایک اپسی بستی جس بر کتاب لکھی گئی تو اسے نام دیا گی "جنح آف پاکستان" کیونکہ اپنے حقوق پاکستان سے کے تھے اور مدد افسوس کے اپ کہ بعد کوئی پاکستان کا نہ تھا سب اپنے تھے پا شاید اپنے بھی نہ تھے ان کی پہچان فقط غلامی تھی، سب کے سب نبی اپنے غلامی کی ان زنجیروں میں جکڑے بونے ہو کے دکھائی بھی نہ دیتیں ہیے حس خونی درندے ہو اپنی ملک کھا گئے، میرے قائد کا ملک کھا گئے۔

مگر میں اپنے اعمال کے لئے جواب دہ ہوں، مجھے اپ سے معافی مانگتی ہے۔ گزشتہ ماہ اپنگا بارٹر جانے کا اتفاق بوا مگر میں شاید پایج نعرے بھی نہ لگا سکی بون گئی، میری نظر جب بندوستان کی بھرے اور بدارے خالی سٹیڈم بر بڑتی اور ماضی کے اوراق پلٹتے ہے دین میں خیال اپہرنا کہ ملک اپنے نبیں بنایا کیا تھا کہ آج اس کی بے حالت بوا۔ اپ کی وفات سے ایسے کر میرے بلوجی بھائیوں کی حالت تک اس کو لگا بر خیز بادا پھر اس بھے کی اواز کاونوں میں بڑتی ہے جس میں وہ امید اور جوش تھا جس سے میں محروم تھی تو نظر سٹیڈم میں لگی اپ کی تصویر کی طرف اٹھتی ہے اس سب کو دل میں سماٹتے ہیں اپنے بچے کی طرح بروجوش اواز میں نعرے نہ لگا سکی۔

مجھے معاف کیجائے گا پاکستان زندہ باد!

میں ایک بار پھر اسی کمرے میں نہیں، وہی کمرا جس کی چار دیواری میرے دین میں نوش بوجکی نہیں، جیسے بے جگہ میری یادوں کا حصہ بن گئی ہو، کمرے میں مکمل خاموشی نہیں، اور اندر ہرے کو چاند کی مدھ روشی نے نہرزاً روشن کر رکھا تھا، جو پانی لگی کھڑکی سے اندر آ رہی تھی، میرا نبیں کشمکش میں مبتلا تھا، بلکہ میرے لئے اجنبی نبیں تھیں، لیکن پھر بھی کچھ عجیب سا محسوس بوا رہا کچھ دیر سوچنے کے بعد مجھے اندازہ بوا کہ بے وہی جگہ سے میں نے خوابوں میں دیکھا تھا۔

کمرہ بالکل خالی تھا، نہ کوئی زندگی کی علامت اس پر اسراز خاموشی میں، میں نے کھڑکی کا رخ کیا، بابر دیکھنے پر پہنچا کر، رات کا وقت نہیں اور فضائی میں بوا کا عالم تھا، پنکوں کی دھیمی سرسریات کے علاوہ کوئی کیا۔ اواز کاونوں تک نہیں پہنچ رہی تھی، اسمن پر نہ کوئی تارا نہیں اور نہ بی چاند نظر آ رہا تھا، میرے دین میں سوال ایسا کہ آخر کمرے کو کون سی چیز روشن کر رہی ہے؟

اپنے دھر دیکھنے پر میری نظر کمرے کے ایک اندر ہرے کو اپنے بڑی جھپٹ سے ایک براہر سی اپنے بڑی جھپٹ سے رہی تھی، فربی جانے پر پہنچا کر، وہ روشنی ایک دروازے سے ارہی تھی۔ ایک بڑا اور بھاری دروازہ، جس پر زنگ الٹا نالا لگا بوا اپنے ایسا لگنا تھا جیسے اسے برسوں سے کسی نے چھوٹا کر نہ بوا۔ لیکن اس کے نیچے سے نکلنے شاعر برسوں بورے کمرے کو اپنی بیٹھ میں لے چکی تھیں۔

اجانک، ایک عجیب سی اواز سنائی دی۔ سدمہ قدموں کی چاپ، جو دروازے کے دوسری طرف سے میری جانب پر بڑی تھی، بابر چانے بوا اپنے بڑی گلی تھی، اور جزوں کے تکارائے اور کوڑوں کی اوازیں ماحول کو مزید خوفناک بنا رہی تھیں، میرے دل کی دھڑکن تیز پو گئی کیونکہ، قدموں کی چاپ اب واضح اور قریب بونی جا رہی تھیں۔

میں نے دروازے کے قریب جا کر اس پر پانچ رکھنا تو محسوس بوا کہ، وہ غیر معمولی طور پر گرم ہے، جیسے اس کے پیچھے کچھ زندہ ہو۔ اجانک، دروازے کے نیچے سے نکلنی روشنی مددہ بونے لگی اور قدموں کی اواز رک گئی۔

لمحہ بھر کے لئے خاموشی چھا گئی، لیکن پھر دروازے کے نیچے سے کسی کے ساتھ نہیں کی اواز سنائی دی۔

بھاری، گلے ساتھ جو میرے دل کو مزید بے چین کر رہے تھے۔

حفصہ قمر

## آپ بیتی

### عنوان: رشتہ، گمان اور حقیقت

میرے پانچ کاٹنے لگئے، لیکن نجس نے مجھے روکنے لگئے نہیں دیا، میں نے زنگ الود نالے کو کھولنے کی کوشش کی، اور جیسے بیٹھا کھلا، دروازہ خود بخود چرچرا تباہ کھل گیا۔ اندر ایک فاریک مرنگ نظر آئی جن کا اختتام کہیں

دکھائی نہیں دے رہا تھا اور سرنگ سے سرد بوا کا جھونکا آیا جو میرے چہرے کو چھو کر گز کیا۔

میں نے قدم بڑھایا اور سرنگ میں داخل ہو گئی، جتنا اگے بڑھتی گئی، اتنا بھی محسوس ہوتا کہ بھی حقیقت سے زیادہ خواب جیسی بیٹھا شاید کاوس جیسی، اچانک مجھے اپنے پیچھے کسی کے قدموں کی آواز سنائی دیتی لگی، جیسے کوئی میرا پیچھا کر رہا ہے۔

میں مڑ کر دیکھنا چاہتی تھی لیکن خوف نے مجھے جھک لیا۔ قدموں کی آواز قریب ہوتی گئی اور پھر رک گئی، ایک لمحہ گزرا، اور اچانک کسی نے میرے کان کے قریب سرگوشی کی: "تم پہلے کوئی اپنے پو"۔

میرے جسم کا خون جیسے جم گیا ہے، جب میں نے مڑ کر دیکھا تو پہلے کوئی نہیں تاریکی تھی جو مجھے کھوڑ رہی تھی۔

بہ وہ لمحہ، تھا جب مجھے احسان پا اکہ ہے جگہ صرف ایک کمرا نہیں بلکہ میرے دین کا قید خانہ ہے؛ میرے خوف، پیچھاڑوں اور گناہوں کا عکس جو مجھے کہی آزاد نہیں ہے دے گا۔ اس کمرے سے باہر نکلنے کا کوئی راستہ نہیں تھا۔ اسے شاید یہ کمرا کہیں موجود نہیں تھا، یہ سب میرے دین کا کھیل تھا، ایک ایسی حقیقت جس سے فرار ممکن نہیں تھا۔

### فرجين اشعر

نا جائے کوئی ایک عرصہ اسی گمان میں گزر گیا۔ رشتے بتبہ بیہی نہیں سکتے ہیں،

بے کیوں ضروری ہے کہ کوئی بھی سمجھی، بمارے معیار پر پورا ائرے؟

مگر حقیقت تو ہے کہ بہت سے رشتے صرف ایک کی کوشش سے قائم رہتے ہیں۔

دل پیش ہتا ہے، "نہما، حوزہ، سوارو،"

مگر دماغ حقیقت کے اپنے میں کھاتا ہے، "جھوڑ دو، نہم جاؤ، خود کو سنبھالو۔"

اور پھر جبل و دماغ کی جنگ طول پڑتی ہے،

تو انہیں بیٹھ، دماغ کی جیت پر بوتا ہے،

اور ہم تھک کر پیچھے بیٹھ جاتے ہیں۔

اکثر رشتے لانکی جنگ میں باہر جاتے ہیں،

تک جا کر احسان ہوتا ہے کہ رشتہ تو صرف بماری کی کوشش میں قائم تھا،

بہ نے قدم رواکا، اور تھلے دم توڑ گیا۔

پھر دمک حقیقت کی دیواروں پر چہرے بدلتے نظر آتے ہیں،

نقاب سرکتی ہیں، اصلیت عیال ہوتی ہے،

تک دل میں اک بی خیال آتا ہے۔ "اعلیٰ ایک نعمت تھی۔"

لوگ بدلتے ہیں، اور ہم خاموش سے دیکھتے رہ جاتے ہیں

جو کل نک ضروری نہیں، اج اپنے وقت پو کے

جو نایاب بدرے اگنے نہیں، وہ دکیا نکتے

اور پھر ایک دن سچ عیال ہوتا ہے۔

— اجھا تو تم قیمتی ہو

میں سمجھی انمول ہو تم

### عائشہ خادم

## آپ بیتی

### یقین کا سفر

## وقت اور انسان

کہیں کہاں میں یہ سوچتی ہوں کہ وقت گزر رہا ہے اسے بہ شاید وقت تو رکا ہو ہے، بر لمحہ ایک جگہ تھہرا ہوا ہے، ایک ساکت تصویر کی مانند اور بماری زندگی کے پنہ پنہ رہتے ہیں، ایک فلپٹ بُک کی طرح۔ سوال ہے کہ ایم کیا

ہے، جو وقت انسان کے ساتھ کرتا ہے جو انسان وقت کے ساتھ کرتا ہے؟ بر انسان کی اپنی ایک کتاب ہے، اپنی رفتار ہے۔ پھر لگای ہے کہ دوسرے انسان بہت اگنی نکلے ہیں اور ہم شاید پیچھے رہ گئے ہیں، مگر تب کیا کیا جائے جب انسان اگنی بڑھنا ہے جاہی، ایک جگہ رک جانا چاہتا ہو۔

انسان کیس میں بو وقت کو قید کر لے، مگر انسان کی باتیں میں بے کہل کچھ انسان سے بے کہل پوچھا جاتا ہے کہ تو نہار بھی اپنی مان کی اغوش سے نکل کر اپنے پیروں پر کھٹے ہوئے کے لئے؟ کیا انسان نیارے بڑے

پونے کے لئے، باشمور ہونے کے لئے؟

انسان اپنی بی کہاں میں کنڈار بھی خود ہے اور تماثلی بھی خود ہے۔ کتنا بسے انسان، وہ دیکھتا ہے رہ جاتا ہے، اس کے کنڈھوں پر اس دنیا کا جو بھے بڑھنا چلا جاتا ہے، اس کے پیچے پر سے کم عمر کا نجل بڑھ جاتا ہے

اس کے خواب حقیقت کی نظر بوجاتے ہیں، دیکھتے ہیں دیکھتے اس کے والدین کے بال سفید بوجاتے ہیں اور پھر ایک دن جب وہ اپنی دیکھتا ہے تو خود کو کمزور اور بزرگ پاتا ہے، مگر کیا انسان تیار تھا؟ کیا جسم کے ساتھ انسان

کی روح بھی بزرگ بوجاتی ہے؟ کیا عمر بڑھنا بھی محسن بزرگ ہے؟

مگر اس دنیا اور وقت کی حقیقت کو سمجھنا ناممکن ہے۔ اگر انسان سوچنے لگے تو نہ ختم ہونے والے سوالوں کے جاں میں پہنچ جائے۔ انسان کیبھی اس الجن سے نکل بی نہیں سکتا، کونکہ اس کی اپنی حقیقت ہی اس کی عقل کے

دائرے کے پار ہے، ایک انسان ایک بیٹی، نہ جائیں کہتے ہیں دیکھنا۔ وہ تو خود کو ہی حیران کر دیتا ہے۔

دیکھا جائے تو اس نہ ختم ہونے والی کائنات میں ایک ذرہ کی حیثیت رکھتی ہے بہ دنیا، اور ایک ذرہ کی حیثیت رکھتا

انسان اپنے اندرونی پوری کائنات سموئی ہونے ہے۔

میں ایک ایسے معاشرے میں پیدا ہوئی جہل پیتوں کے قدم کھر کی دلیل سے اگے بڑھنے نہ نظریں اٹھیں بین، سوال بوئے ہیں، اور فصلے دوسروں کی زیادتی سے صادر کیے جاتے ہیں، لیکن میری کہانی روایات کے ساتھ میں دب جاتے کی میں، لیکن اسے اگنے نکلنے کیے۔

میرے والدین نے مہے بر دیے، میرے حوصلے کو زمین سے آسمان تک کافلاہ طے کرنے دیا، جہل لڑکوں کے لیے گھر سے باہر نکلا معموب سمجھا جاتا تھا، ویل میں واحد لڑکی تھی جو سائیکل پر سوار پر گلیوں میں

گھومنتی، لیکن کنارے شامیں گزارتی، اور بابا سے بانیک چلانا سیکھتی، لوگ حیران تھے، ناڑاں بھیں، شاد خوفزدہ بھی۔ اگر اپنی اسے قدم بڑھانا تو تالی بھی اس راہ پر نہ جل بڑیں، میں غلط سمجھی، مگر میرے مان بپ کا اعتماد مجھے بر اتنا منسوب تھا کہ کہی مجھے خود بر شک نہ بوتے دیا۔

بھی بین میری شخصیت کی بنیاد دنیا میں نے اپنی دنیا خود جنی، اپنے فصلے خود لیے۔ جب میں نے سوچل میٹا بر اپنے گاں کی دنیا کے سامنے رکھا، تو روایتی سوچ رکھنے والوں کو لگا۔ کہ میں غلط کر رہی ہوں، جیسے کوئی منوعہ دروازہ کھول دیا ہے، الفاظ کی کات سخت تھی، نظریں اچ بھی سوالی تھیں، لیکن میرے والدین میرے ساتھ کھڑے رہے۔

بھر میں وہ پہلی لڑکی بھی جس نے لاپور کی زمین پر قدم رکھا اور قانون کی تعلیم حاصل کی، لوگوں نے پیشگوئیں کیں کہ بھر میٹے دل دے گا۔ کہ میں بھی وقت کے ساتھ ماحول کا حصہ بن جاؤ گی، مگر میں نے سیکھا تھا۔ اپنی بنیاد کو چھوڑ کر چلانا ترقی نہیں، اپنی اصل کو ساتھ لے کر جلانا بھی اصل کامیابی۔

ہے وہ لمحہ، اپنے جب مجھے احسان پوکا کہ من والع اس دنیا میں الگ بھو، میری ترجیحات، میرے حواب، میری جو رجھد، سب کا مرکز وہ اعتماد تھا میرے والدین نے مجھے بر کیا ہے بہ دنیا بنتی ہے، روایات ڈھانٹیں پس، مگر جو چیز انسان کو خاص بنتی ہے، وہ اس کا یقین بونا ہے، اور میرا بینن نہا کہ مجھے اپنے والدین کو کہیں ملیوس نہیں کرنا۔

بھر سوچ، بھر اصول، شاید مجھے باقتوں سے الگ بنتا ہے۔

میں اک داستان بون۔

بھر روایات سے بھن۔

بینن سے لکھی گئی۔

## اضطراب

کیا محض روح اور جسم کے مانے سے انسان بن جاتا ہے؟ روح تو شاید ایک لامحدود حقیقت ہے جن کو اس جسم میں قید کر دیا گیا ہے۔ شاید یہ گھیرا بیٹھ اسی وجہ سے ہے کہ انسان کی روح اس قید کو قبول نہیں کر سکتی، اور خود کو تقبیا اور بس محسوس کر سکتی ہے۔

اس بھری دنیا میں کتنا تھما ہے انسان، وہ تو خود سے ہے کیہیں مل پاتا، کبھی خود کو پہچان بیٹھ پاتا، اس انسانوں کی بھیز میں اپنے اپنے کو کھپر دینا ہے۔ اور پھر کچھ لوگ خود کو تلاش کرنے میں زندگی گزار دینے پہنچا اور کچھ حقیقت کو قبول کر لینے لگے۔

انسان اگر اپنی حقیقت اور حالات پر غور کرے تو پوش کھو بیٹھے، شاید اسی لیے گھیرا ہوں کہ اسے اپنے ایک اڑ لگائی جاتی ہے تاکہ وہ صرف مسیدہ دیکھیں اور اپنے ارندگد کی حقیقت کو دیکھا کر گھیرا ہے جانش اور اپنا کام صحیح سے سر انجام دے سکیں۔ انسان یہی تو محض اپنا مقصد پورا کر رہا ہے، ذندہ رہنے کا مقصد، مگر حقیقتی مقصد تو اس اڑ سے پار دیکھنا ہے۔ انسان پل صراط سے گزرے کی تباری کر رہا ہے مگر یہ سوچتا ہے نہیں کہ وہ تو اپنے بھی ایک پل صراط سے گزر رہا ہے۔ مگر پہاری نظری تو اس تصویر کے پار دیکھنے کو راضی ہی نہیں، ہم بھائیوں کے پیچے فریاد میں اپنے بھائیوں کے پار بھی کچھ ہے اس پراسار اور بُنگاہ خیز دنیا میں کتنا ہے بڑا ہے انسان، تکنی خاموشی سے اشناخت، ہم خاموشی کی طوفان سے پہلے کی خاموشی لگتی ہے۔ جیسے کسی فرازوں فلم میں جب اسکندر سے پہلے کی خاموشی جو دھڑکن تیز کر دے۔

نه نظر اُسے والی ڈور سے لٹکنے اس دنیا کا انسان خود کو نہ جانے کیا سمجھتا ہے، پر ناؤفہ ہے کہ وہ کچھ بھی نہیں، کیا انسان والغی کچھ نہیں؟ وہ احسان کہ بکھرے بھائیوں، ایک عجیب سا سکون دینا ہے، انسان اپنی بھی خود عرضی کی قید سے ازاد ہو جاتا ہے۔

حقیقت وہ ہے جو ہم دیکھنے پہنچنے والا ہے جو نظروں سے اوجھل ہے؟

امثال

نہ سیپی، لمبی سوچوں میں گہ، نظریں موبائل سکرین پر نکالیں، اکلیے بیٹھی بونی تھیں، اس کو پریشان دیکھ کر میں اس کے قریب گئی، اس سے پریشانی کی وجہ جانے کی کوشش کی تو معلوم ہوا کہ اس کی پریشانی کوئی کوئی اور نہیں میں بی بون اس کی پرائی سوچ والی اُٹ پیٹھ کیڑوں والی مل جس کی وجہ سے اسے دوستوں کے سامنے شرم آئی اس کو اپنے کیڑوں سے مسلسل نہاد نہیں تھا۔ اس کو اپنے رین میں سے، کھائی پہنچ سے مسلسل نہاد نہیں تھے روز کسی نہ کسی نہ بچی کی نئی تصویر سوچل میڈیا پر دیکھتی، وہ رفت، نفسیاتی مسائل کا شکار بوتی جا رہی تھی، کیونکہ وہ ترین فالو نہیں کر رہی تھی، اس وجہ سے اس کے دوست بھی کم تھے اور وہ برق سوچل میڈیا اور موبائل میں لگ رہتی۔

میں نے اس کو سمجھا ہیا اس کو بتایا کہ تم جیسی بونی بیٹھ بیچوں سوچوں پر بو، تم جو کرتی ہو وہ اپنی خواہشات کو لوگوں کے پیچھے فربادت کرو۔ خود پر، اپنی ذاٹ پر بھروسہ کرو اور نا امیدی اور مایوسی چھوڑ دو، کیا بوا اگر تم دیکھیں میں تھوڑی موٹی ہو، یا راتم بہت بیٹھی ہو۔ تم کاٹی ہو یا کوئری ہے پاٹ تھاری خوبصورتی کو ختم نہیں کر سکتی، کسی کو خوش کرنے کے لیے اپنی خوشیوں کو برباد مت کرو، سوچل میڈیا پر دیکھا کے بجائے حقیقت میں زندگی خوشی سے گزارو۔

میں نے اس کو بت سمجھا ہیا مگر اس کے کان پر جو نک نہ رینگی، وہ دن با دن اور کمزور بوتی جا رہی تھی، کنٹری، ملووسی، امطرانی جیسی کیفیت کا شکار بو گئی، مجھے اس کی فکر دن رات سانس لگی، میں کسی سمجھا ہاں سے کہ وہ خدا کی بنا پر بونی بیٹھنے تخلق ہے۔ مگر میں اسے سمجھا ہے میں ناکام رہی، وہ روز صبح تو خوش ہو کر سکول جاتی مگر جب بھی لوٹتی تو ایک نئی الجہن کا شکار بو کر آئی ایک نئی کنٹری اس کے پیچھے آئی، ایک نئی مایوسی اس کو گھیر لیتی۔

ایک دن میں نے بھفصہ کر لیا کہ اچ اس کو سکول سے واپس پڑ ملے کر سیدھا کسی نفسیاتی ڈاکٹر کے پاس جاؤں گی اور اس کا پس سکول بھی چھوڑا دوں گی بلکہ، اس کو پرائیویٹ پڑھاؤں گی تاکہ نہ وہ ان لوگوں میں بیٹھے اور نہ وہ مایوسی کا شکار بو، اسی نیت سے میں سکول کے گیٹ پر پہنچی ہو گیتھا کہ جو گھوٹا لگا بوا تھا، پولیس کی گاڑی پار کھڑی تھی اور ایمپولینس سے ڈاکٹر انر کر اندر جا رہی تھی، میں نے پان کھڑی بھی سے

## اردو میگزین سوسائٹی



### سوسائٹی کے اہم واقعات



بوجھا ک کیا بوا ہے، تو وہ بولی کی ندا نے خود کشی کر لی ہے۔ میرے تو پیروں ٹلے زمین بی نکل گئی، میں بجون کو بچھے کر کرے بونے لاش کے پال پہنچی تو بند لگا کہ وہ کوئی اور ندا نہیں جو میری ندا کی طرح کمنٹری کا شکار بو گئی تھی جس کو مایوسی نے اس قدر گھیرا کہ اس نے خود کشی کر لی، میں نے قیبلہ سائنس بہار نو کسی نے مجھے پیچھے سے نور سے پیکڑا لیا میں مڑی تو وہ ندا نہیں جس کی انکھوں سے لگاتار انسو پہنچنے میں اس کو لے کر جلد سے گاڑی میں اگٹی اس کو خوصلہ دیا اور چب کروایا۔

وہ مجھے سے معافی مانگنے لگی بولی مل اب بالکل تھیک کہ رہی تھی اس سوچل میڈیا پر جھوٹی تصویریں اور جھوٹی نمائش نے مجھے واقعی ہی نفسیاتی مرض بنا دیا تھا مجھے نہیں اس ندا کو بھی جس کی اچ اپ نے لاش دیکھی۔ اب جانتی ہیں اس کے ساتھ کیا بوا مل اس کی دوست نے اس کی ایک پرائی تصویر جس میں وہ تھوڑی موٹی نظر آتی تھی اور اس کا رینگ بھی کالا تھا وہ سوچل میڈیا پر ڈال دی اس کے منع کر کے باوجودہ اور پھر ایک بھی گھنٹے میں لوگوں نے اس قدر جسمانی تضیییک کی کہ اسی اپسی ندک جسی زندگی سے موت بھر لگی، میں اب اپنے اپ سے وعدہ کر کرے بونے سے پہلے لگ کر نہ میں اپنے سے، نہ میں خود سے اور نہ بپنگھر، رس و رواج، روایات کسی سے منہ مورڈوں گی، میں اب ان خوابیات کی دلدل میں نہیں بڑھوں گی جن میں وہ ندا دھنس گئی، میں اب بالکل تھیک کبھی تھی یہ سب اسی فکر میں جانیں گے کہ نوگ کیا کہیں گے اور اخیر پر نوگ صرف اتفاقی کہیں گے انا ہے وانا علیہ راجعون۔

سیدہ زریاب