

Arooj

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Editor's Note
Shafaqs-us-Sahar
(The Editor for English Section)

Dear readers!

Literature is a bouquet and words are flowers. And the words are a special blessing of Allah for all humanity. Expressing all emotions and conveying our thoughts would not be possible without use of words. This medium is so powerful that divine inspiration was translated into words by the Almighty. Written words can make or break a society by their strength. In the volume you are holding, our editorial team has collected a bouquet of positive thoughts and soothing words that is sure to spread its perfume through years to come.

I am very obliged to our principal Professor Madam Durr-e- Shehwar sahiba for her patronage and my editorial team for diligent hard work which made this magazine into a work of art. Happy reading!

The Message of the Principal

Part 1: Thoughts and Reflections

Belief in Allah

Saima Muhammad Deen
BS English 5th Semester

In the trial of disease, when you cry, He heals you.
If you cry out in hunger, He gives food to you.
If you have gone astray, He shows you the way.
If you cry out in disgrace, He gives you honour.

He is my Allah who gave life to my brother again and He saved me from the deprivation of my prayers, He showered the blessings of health on him.
Moreover ,my father has not been well for the last eight years, but when he got sick this time, his condition got worse.

He is my God, The One who blessed my father with a new life.
Surah Yasin, His miracle, which is considered the heart of The Holy Quran. Prayers are more powerful than fate, and can shake the throne. Prayers have the power that can do what is hard to imagine.

The Holy Quran says,
"And Nothing will happen to you unless Allah wills."

Thanks to Allah's will and grace, defeating illness in its worst conditios. My Father is hale and hearty today.

Allah hears you call and
knows every heart,
He knows your pains
He just checks your belief
He teaches you prayer and patience.

Miracles are part of our destiny because Allah is with us.

MY PROPHET (PBUH)— MY ROLE MODEL

Ayesha Rauf
Roll No: 49
BS English 5th Semester

Every person has a favorite personality. A person whom you idealize because of various qualities prevalent in his personality is considered your favorite. Like this, I also have a favorite person and he is my ideal as well.

There are certain qualities and traits that are a part of a person's character that makes him different, attractive and appealing in the eyes of others. Every person in this world idealizes someone who is the role model in his life. Hazrat Muhammad (PBUH) is my favorite personality because of being very brave, honest and Holy man. He (PBUH) is my favorite person ever created by Allah Almighty.

My favorite personality, our Holy Prophet Hazrat Muhammad (PBUH), is the last messenger of Allah Almighty. In this world, he was the last human being upon whom the revelation of The Holy Quran was sent.

According to a Hadith, Allah Almighty says to Hazrat Adam (AS),
"If Muhammad (PBUH) would not be created you also would not be created."

Prophet Hazrat Muhammad (PBUH) is the person who encompasses all the good qualities in his personality. As Hazrat Ayesha (RA), wife of Prophet (PBUH) narrated,
"Muhammad (PBUH) is the living example of Quran, he is an embodiment of Quran."

He (PBUH) is the last prophet. He was born in Makkah in the year 570 A.D. Before the birth of Prophet Muhammad (PBUH), people in Arab were completely indulged in every kind of malicious activity. Darkness was prevailing throughout Arabia. Then there came the time when a ray of hope emerged with the birth of Prophet Muhammad (PBUH).

Due to his chivalry, Prophet (PBUH) became very popular in the city of Makkah, People used to call him, "The honest", "The truthful" because of his pious character.

When he reached the age of 40, first revelation of Quran was sent to him in Ghar-e-Hira, The Angel Gabriel brought a message from The Creator, which is mentioned in Surah Alaq,

"Read with the name of thy Lord, Who created man with congealed blood; Read and your Lord is most beneficent; Who taught the use of pen; taught man which he knew not."

After the advent of Islam, Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) started preaching to the people of Mecca as well as others in Arab. He became a source of light for the people who were lost in immense darkness and chaos. He acted as a saviour and a preacher of Islam, but things were not easy for him. Our beloved Prophet (PBUH) had to face many trials and tribulations. He (PBUH) faces a lot of calamities, conspiracies and troubles.

At present, one-fifth of the people of the world are the followers of great and noble Prophet (PBUH). All muslims are grateful to him for his sacrifices and achievements.

In the modern world, everyone wants peace in his life; people work like machines to gain success, fame and money. Most famous figures in this world recognize him as The Greatest Personality in the history of mankind.

For having peace in life, one has to follow the golden principles of Islam set forth by the best teacher, preacher and mentor of this world- Our Holy Prophet Muhammad (PBUH). He (PBUH) turned muslims into brothers of one another, and built a great nation and powerful state.

Countless Durood and Salam on him!

The Most Memorable Day of my Life; The First Fun Fair.

Ameera Aamir.

Roll No : 05

BS ENGLISH Second Semester.

The most memorable day of my life was on December 14, 2019. The day of Fun Fair at Dubai Mahal College BWP. As I was a student of first year at DMC, I had to participate in the function. Even though it was like any other chilly day of December. However, for a girl like me, who had never attended festivals like that before, and a cherry on the top, was with the company of some besties, it was something worth living.

Like always, I woke up at 6 AM, with a dull and boring feeling to follow the same tedious routine for the next 4 months of my introverted life. But on that day, there was an abrupt change in my behavior. I was happy, excited, sparkly, and above all, thrilled to see my friends at the Fair. It felt like a dream come true for me, to start a whole day at college without scheduled lectures, strict rules, lots of assignments and a never ending wait to go back home and watch the MEMES until I fell asleep like a baby. It was for me like finding calm in the chaos.

Even though being a punctual one, still the process of getting dressed, eating breakfast and wearing makeup ended up getting me late. I was wondering if I might be looking like "Beauty" rather than the Beast. But eventually, it turned out to be the opposite. I was looking like melting ice cream. Due to the dry season of December, all my efforts were in vain. The confidence that you get after you prepare yourself to seize the day was also fading away with my makeup.

Nevertheless, I went for the journey. When I reached college, I saw the crowd wearing beautiful glittery and colorful clothes. There was loud music playing on decks. The people were enjoying themselves, dancing, taking snaps and reuniting with their friends and close ones. The entire college staff was also present there. Some teachers were assigned stalls of different kinds. All the teachers were looking beautiful and very hospitable towards us.

The scene of the college was majestic. The freshly mowed grass, sight of flowers and serenity of winter morning was giving me soothing vibes. But there was only one thing which was

missing, my pals, whom I couldn't find in such a crowd. Despite the fact that I was surrounded by familiar faces, the absence of my friends felt like a hole in the hollow of my chest. After searching for my friends here and there for 20 minutes, I started to get gloomy vibes that they might have ditched me and didn't make it to the Fair. But suddenly out of nowhere, I heard my name being shouted. When I turned around, there were my friends Ayesha and Zaha, waving at me with cheerful faces. A wave of excitement suddenly swept across me. We three were finally reunited. We had a group hug. We were dressed in the same shades of green and golden theme with maroon shoes.

Without wasting much time, Zaha and I went towards the gigantic ferris wheel. We were the first ones to ride on it. When the ride started, we felt that we were at the top of the sky and we're about to go to outer space. I could see the entire college from the top of the wheel. It was a spectacular view. But when the gravity lowered us down, all the excitement vanished. The dreadful feeling was making us realise that our time had come. Although Ayesha was standing below watching us smiling. She must've thought that we were having a great time. But in reality, we were like scared kittens holding each other's hands. We were blowing AYATUL KURSI all over us. At last the bumpy ride was over.

Then we went towards the stalls. There were lots of refreshments to fill our needs, like biryani, my favorite macaroni, gol gappy, milk shakes and burger etc. I wanted to swallow all of them because my stomach digested all the brunch after the second round on Wheel.

After satisfying our appetites, we went to meet our beloved teachers and class fellows. We danced together and took pictures to make some memories. All my classmates then decided to ride over the PIRATE SHIP. And this time Ayesha was also with us. We boarded the ship. The ride started and we were floating like kites in the sky back and forth. A song, "I believe I can fly, I can touch the sky" was echoing in my head. But the gravity didn't allow me to enjoy this sparkly moment of my life. Finally the ride was over.

Then the three of us went to the roof of INTER BLOCK to see the wintery sunset. It was a mesmerizing scene of orange sky with a foggy layer of chilling breeze gradually mantle over the atmosphere around us. We three were tired to death. Time of our departure was coming and we had to return to our boring lifeless routine. A fine day was about to come to an end but somehow it gave us a purpose to look for a bright side in the future. This day brought us much closer, our friendship evolved more strongly. We shared so much happiness together and made golden memories of our youth. I will never forget this experience of my life because I spent it with two beautiful souls on earth, Ayesha and Zaha, my dearest friends.. Their company made my first ever FUN FAIR memorable and taught me to try everything new in my life.

My GRANDPARENTS

Dua Ahmad
Roll no: 6

BS English

Ever since my childhood, the fondest thing I could ever witness was the love of my grandparents. Being a child, I could not just find the right words to explain my love for them.

After all, it is not easy for a little kid to describe something so abstract.

But in my heart, I had portions of memories, and every portion treasured something of association with them; like the gray hair of my dadi, holding hands with dada to help him walk, calming presence of nani amma and color of nana's eyes.

But as I grew up and Dada Abu became a memory and there was additional grave in the cemetery with his name, I started learning many things. That was also when the fear of losing loved ones to the absolute reality of this temporary world - death, got intense.

As the fear kept getting more intense and prominent, I kept finding love for my grandparents around me in bits and pieces. Love, that was no more just a concept but morphed into shapes and things, like Nani Amma's Pandaan, Dadi Ammi's showcase, Dada Abu's reading glasses and Nana Abu's prayer beads.

That was not all. There was the pendulum clock of Nana Nani's room. There were memories of things happening. The attempts of Ammi to get her Visa to go India, the habit of Dada Abu standing and reciting something out loud after Wudu which I could not comprehend at that time and the dominating stance of Nana abu. There was an amalgamation of material and nonmaterial things that stayed in the drawers of my memories and tagged themselves as "Love." The only love that caught my attention, and swelled my heart.

But the time never stopped. The dates on the calender were changing with each passing year. I was growing and they were aging. The wrinkles on their skin increased. The light was slowly leaving their eyes and their voices had hints of multiple decades.

My brain was storing every memory of them. The voice of Nana telling about his youth in India still echoes amongst the walls of my head. The memory of my Nani narrating events of migration hung of those walls like an old calligraphy painting.

Memorization of Iqbal's poetry and singing the very poems in the tone like her father used to, Dadi Ammi left her prints of inclination towards literature on my heart or maybe it already ran in my genes. Somewhere in the cabinet of my room, the diary of my deceased Dada rests. Some cartons consist of yellowed papers, dry inkpots, books with fractured spines and aged pens. It all leads to thinking that this was all I could get in their inheritance.

Now the love for them had taken over the skies and natural surroundings as well. The sky at sunset, pale orange hues remind me of my Dada as he would sit outside in the evening with the color of his attire somewhat similar to the shades of dry leaves. The white caped clouds swimming across the splendid blue sky gives me flashbacks of times when I would watch Nana Abu pray.

The remains of their remembrance linger in the sky with all its elements. The full moon on a quiet night reminds me of my childhood, I would lay next to Nani amma on the roof at night and she would ask to recite Kalma before drifting off to sleep.

The sky with all its conspicuous patterns takes me back to nights when Dadi Ammi would point out "Suraiya" and "Zuhra" planets in the sky.

Now that there is yet another grave with Nana's name inscribed on the gravestone, I have learned many things. The world is an illusion and full of deceptions. So, I look ahead to meeting them in Hereafter. That is another part of this story, yet to be started.

Electronic Media in 21st Century

Shehnila Iqbal

Roll no: 15

BS English (5th semester)

Television has proved that people will look at anything rather than each other.

Television is a wonderful invention. It was invented by Baird in 1926. Modern science has invented many valuable things but there is nothing which contributed so much to our joy of life as the television.

Television is more interesting than people, if it were not than we would have people standing in the corners of our rooms.

It is great source of information, amusement, learning, recreation and teaching. A wonderful change has been coming in its range, scope and working.

Television is the first truly democratic culture — the first culture available to everybody and entirely governed by what people want.

The one function television news performs very well is, that when there is no news, they give it to you with the same emphasis as if there were. High power relaying stations have been built to link these separate stations with one system. Television enables you to be entertained in your home by people you would not have in your home.

It presents programmes for both lettered and unlettered. It appeals to both the eye and the ear. It has knit the world into one whole. The world has become a family.

Television is man's eye through which he observes near as well as distant things keenly, minutely, fondly and clearly.

It has many disadvantages. Students ignore their studies. When young men watch various serials, they adopt evil ways and bad habits. The innocent children cannot distinguish between real and unreal. Some westernized trends affect the characters of youth. There are pros and cons of everything . To avoid the negative impact of this device, we have to manage our routines better and realise the importance of things as those should be.

A NIGHTMARE

Rabia Bibi
Roll No: 20
BS English 5th Semester

My last night's sleep was not pleasant at all. Our nights are meant to be serene always. But yesterday night, I had a nightmare. Dreams are very common for every person, this one was quite horrible for me.

I saw that I am standing in front of a door and some kind of voice is coming from inside. When I entered through the door, I saw that there were many dead bodies and an eternal flame was glowing nearby.

There was blood, and signs of pain all around the area. Then suddenly I saw a hooded figure approaching me! I got scared and started running in the dream. For how long that phase went on I do not know. I remember precisely when I felt the touch of that hooded figure on my shoulder!

When I woke up from sleep, I was completely devastated. Thanks to my mother who had woken me up! How much I was scared of it, even after waking up, I can't explain.

Nightmares are not a pleasant experience. But we realise how safe we actually are when we wake up from one. Thank God for the security of our homes where life is nowhere near a nightmare.

EDUCATION — THE PRICELESS JEWEL

Bisma Rashid
Roll No: 27
BS English 5th Semester

Education is the most important thing for human beings. It is a continuous and lifelong process. It brings a great change in our lives. Life becomes prosperous and meaningful. It is foundation of human development. It is said that education is the third eye of a person.

Education teaches us to be polite. So, education makes the people polite and courteous to others. They are always helpful and honest.

Education is that property which cannot be stolen. Educated people are always respected. They are always respected wherever they go. Education teaches us to be civilized. They can understand the problem of other people. Education provides Man a power like that of doctors, mechanics, pilots and teachers, etc. They can play an important role for the development of the country.

Uneducated people are a burden for the country. An educated person can solve any problem easily and efficiently. They can easily find out what is good and what is bad.

Educated people can change the whole society. They are always involved in creative work. Thus, educating the people should be the first priority in a country.

PRANKS CAN BE DANGEROUS

Maryam Shahbaz

Roll no: 11

BS English 5th semester

A prank is basically a practical joke or any mischievous act. These pranks are being performed on a daily basis among friends, cousins or even relatives. People consider pranks just a joke. That is okay with a person who is known to us if we prank them. The practice of pranks is increasing day by day.

Some people love these pranks and like to play them with their loved ones. But my opinion is a little different about this practice. I think that these pranks are okay if someone does it with a near and dear one. But the situation becomes worse and difficult to handle, when a prank is performed on someone who is unknown.

But as these pranks are increasing day by day, these have an extremely dangerous impact on society and people.

It was considered normal to prank a person who is known to you but it depends on what kind of prank it is. The person can be even harmed with that prank and it can even be that deadly that it can take the life of that person who is the prankster.

As nowadays, some YouTubers have considered it to be a normal thing to prank people without even thinking that it can even take their lives.

I think that it is not okay even to prank your listeners because it can also be deadly.

As a prankster Pamela Lal was shot dead accidentally by her own cousin as he thought that she was an intruder. Even he, Nerrek Galley was his family friend but that prank resulted in the death of the prankster herself.

This does not just stop here, but these deadly pranks due to immature nature of youngsters are still being performed and they even resulted in deaths of people in different countries like India and even in Pakistan.

Recently a Pakistani YouTuber Rana Zuhair was shot dead while filming a prank video in which he was pretending to be a ghost to scare people.

These pranks are getting more popular continuously and their dangerous aspects are also increasing. So, people should not perform such irresponsible acts which can be deadly for others and themselves.

CHOOSE HUMANS NOT EVILS

Sahar Asghar

Roll No: 7

BS English 5th Semester

Life is not easy. Yet we need to see if this is us who are the culprits of making it difficult for us and the others.

If a person is hurting you again and again, even after talking about it, that person is not improving. If it has been a long time since you were happy inside out. So, just hold yourself for a few moments, and ask yourself, why did you come into a relationship, for all this? That one person is hurting you constantly, even after knowing that it is damaging you viciously, and how badly it has broken you down from inside. Everything is fine. You love them, you think, that is fine too. Maybe they love you back, and that is fine too.

But a love like this? It is toxic.

Where you are crying out loud everyday, begging someone not to hurt you every day and that torment still goes on.

You do not want it, you do not need it, your parents did not raise you to see you suffering for a single day of your life, every moment feels like a year. You deserve to be loved. You do not deserve the pain, getting physically or verbally abused every day, every moment of your life.

You do not deserve it all. Do not convince your heart to tolerate all of this anymore. You do not deserve the kind of love you are getting. So, just tell them that you do not need them anymore. Toxic relationships, gaslighting, emotional blackmail is unacceptable.
"Choose humans not evils...."

COUNTRYSIDE

Fozia Hamid
Roll No: 34
BS English 5th Semester

Life in the countryside is simple and fresh due to its greenery and peaceful atmosphere that is remarkable.

There is no noise of buses and mills. The people who live in such areas are very close to nature and one another. They enjoy fresh air and pure atmosphere. They are healthy, active and smart. They enjoy the nature- fresh air, rising and setting of the sun.

The people who live in this area are very brave and hardworking. They get up early in the morning. After offering their Fajr prayer, they go to plough their fields. When harvest time comes, all of them, men and women and even children go hand in hand to harvest their crops. They eat their lunch together in the field and then return to their homes in the evening. The people eat pure food and drink pure milk. They use fresh fruits, vegetables and butter. So, they enjoy good health.

There is no traffic pollution. Everything is pure. The people are very simple and hardworking. Therefore, the natural scenery attracts every person due to greenery and simple life.

I love to enjoy my life in such an awesome natural surroundings and fresh atmosphere. I love country life.

The College Magazine: an Opportunity to Create

Maria Fayyaz

Roll no. 20

BS English 2nd Semester

One of the Most important aims of education is to enable the students to express themselves correctly and adequately. College magazine is very important in this connection. A college magazine encourages the student to express their literary talent.

A College Magazine publishes stories, poems and articles written by students. Reports of literary and cultural activities of the college are also published in the magazine.

Most of the College Magazine have two sections- Urdu and English. Each of the sections is a collection of a few articles, some stories, some poems and a couple of addresses and speeches. The Urdu section is always bigger in volume than the English section as it is easier for the students to write in Urdu. Only a few students write in English. The size of the Urdu section is larger than that of the English section.

The articles received for publication in a college magazine are often too poorly written to be published word of word. Most of the articles have to be rewritten or, at least, extensively edited by the teachers. Afterwards, these are published in the magazine. Thus, the students learn to write and their creativity flourishes.

The standard of a College Magazine is naturally not very high. It is a magazine of those who are learning to be writers. They have their faults, but they have their promise, too. Soon they will become good writers and the leading magazines and newspapers of the country will gladly publish their articles.

A Miracle

Amna Malik

2nd Year

Edwin Robinson (April 10, 1794- Jan, 27, 1863) was an American Biblical scholar known for his magnum opus, Biblical researches in Palestine, the first major work in Biblical geography and Biblical Archeology, which earned him epithets "Father of Biblical Geography"

A man who was blind and deaf was struck by lightning and after that he could hear and see

This is one of the best “accidentally cured” incidents I have ever come across in my life; in the year 1980, Edward Robinson of Falmouth Maine, had been blind for around nine years due to a severe head injury caused by a collision with the tractor trailer. His seeing and hearing senses were affected. But the story doesn't end there; he wasn't meant to live his life like that forever.

One fine day, he was looking around for Tock Tock, his pet chicken. Suddenly, he was caught in a lightning storm; may be God had some other plans for him. Instead of returning to his house, he swung his aluminium cane to find a cosy shelter for himself underneath a huge tree at the backyard of his house. This was perhaps the best decision he could take at that point of time because returning home in the terrible storm was difficult. No doubt, the aluminium cane and the huge tree shelter was too tempting for the storm to control its witty nature; he was struck by lightning which blew his hearing aid and darkened the grass around him.

He was knocked out for around 20 minutes. After regaining strength and consciousness , he managed to crawl back to his house and rest. After a while, when Edwin finally woke up, he realized that he could see; it was neither peripheral vision nor a blurred one.

This was not only the blessing he got from surviving the lightning; after 35 years of baldness he observed growth of hair on his head. “Well, this just makes me say that lightning fixes everything!”

WRITER'S BLOCK

Dua Ahmad

Roll no: 6

BS English 2nd Semester

I crumple yet another paper and throw it away in the corner of my room. There is a heap of wrinkled balls of papers already there. The effort has been going on for days. I pour my heart out on pages but it has stopped making sense. All the feelings are gathered there and have turned my heart into dystopia. The poems do not touch their cores anymore. They fail to amuse me even.

The pile of papers in my head appears like a grotesque sculpture that once used to be exceptionally beautiful. The curves are not fine as they used to be. The details were marred over time by the agents that I cannot recall.

My words were never this ugly. There is, perhaps, some evil spirit that disassembles the letters. And at the final read, they not only lack charm but also appear somewhat familiar to the language of neanderthals.

My God, I always have felt a strong attraction towards all ancient buildings and antique pieces. But why do my writings lay like smithereens of human bodies on a land smitten by war, disgusting and repulsing everyone, even myself.

My pens have been preferring broken nibs. The sentences I write are half-truth. The truths like a cloak of clouds are settling over the setting sun. The truth that is relevant now and sounds like a lie when you look at it again.

The clocks are running and their sound is not 'tick tock' anymore. It is more like someone is hurriedly using the typewriter.

Maybe someone is writing something much better than me. Something that would appear like swans and not vultures. Something that would swell the hearts instead of filling them with disdain. The sound of the typewriter is striking against my conscience. Which is fast asleep. What could happen to have it awaken? Maybe, nothing.

Maybe, I should stop looking for concision in the residencies of old writers and poets. Maybe, I should snap my quills from in-between and turn that pile of papers into a hearth. Or Maybe, I should myself step into one.

My First Cooking Ever

Zafeera Kamal Hashmi ,
First Year.

We all have our Mothers at our homes, who cook delicious food for us. Whenever I ate the food cooked by my mother, I wondered how it would be like to cook? Would it be easy or difficult? Well, I got the idea about it when I tried to cook for the first time. Now I am going to share it here with you all.

It was a sunny day and my Mother was out at work. Me, my father and my siblings were at home. We had already taken our breakfast and then, it was time for lunch. So, I decided to check the refrigerator to find something to eat. But, all I found there were some vegetables and sauces but nothing ready to eat. Just then, I decided to cook. As that was my first cooking experience I decided to cook the simplest dish and it was none but rice. I chose rice because I had already seen my mother cooking it multiple times. So, I started to wash three cups of rice. After washing it I drained out the water and added 10 cups of water in it with 5 tablespoons of oil and 2 tablespoons of salt. Then, I placed it on the stove, covered it with a lid and waited for it to get cooked.

After about 45 minutes, I turned off the flame and removed the lid and stood shocked to see an extremely sticky and half-burned rice pudding in front of me. I was really upset to realize that my cooking could be that much worse. I wasn't able to show my Father and siblings the so-called rice I cooked. I somehow managed to do it, and I was literally embarrassed when they looked at the rice amused and exclaimed that I had cooked, with a roar of laughter.

No one dared to eat the rice because of their creepy structure. But then, I thought of giving them a try because I thought that they wouldn't taste that much bad. Gathering my courage I took a small amount of it. But, as soon as I tasted it, I felt like I ate the worst thing of the whole world. Without wasting any moment, I spat it out of my mouth and quickly drank a glass of water. At this moment, I was feeling a little bit guilty because I knew that the rice I made were going to be wasted. I was thinking that what mistake I made, that caused this situation. Just at that moment, my mother arrived home as I quickly went to her and told her the whole incident. At first, she looked at me in disbelief but then laughed a little. She told me that I used the right ingredients to cook rice but the proportion was wrong. Although my first cooking wasn't much nice but, I can now say that I made very tasty rice.

So, what I concluded was that cooking is not an easy task at first and what I learned from this experience is that first learn then practice

Different Skin Tones

Hafiza Zoha Arshad
Roll number 13
second year

People on the earth have different skin tones, due to a pigment called melanin. Melanin is a substance in our body that produces hair, eye and skin pigmentation. The more Melanin in the body produces, the darker the colour of the eyes, hair and skin will be. People with more melanin production have dark complexion. This substance absorbs harmful ultraviolet radiations

and protects the cells from the solar damages. Less melanin means less protection from the sun rays.

Melanin production begins in large cells called melanocytes. Factors affecting melanin production are; exposure to ultraviolet light, inflammation, hormones and age.

Despite the variation in the human skin, hair and eye colour, almost all the human beings have roughly the same number of melanocytes. However people with dark skin tones have melanosomes that are higher in number, larger in size and more pigmented than those with the light skin tone.

Diseases due to less melanin:

Vitiligo is an autoimmune condition that occurs when the body does not produce enough melanocytes this causes a lack of pigment that can appear as white patches on the skin or hair.

Albinism is a rare genetic condition that occurs due to the less production of melanin than the surgery. This may have happened due to the reduced number of melanocytes.

Motivation

Ghazala Perveen
ADP 2nd Semester

Motivation means moving energetically toward a goal. It is an internal state that leads to direct approach maintains better behavior.

Motivation means that one should face the obstacles and find an inspiration that help one to go through tough times.

In addition it helps one to move further in life. It is a strong tool that helps one to get ahead in life to get motivated, we need a driving tool or goal that keeps us motivated and move forward. Moreover it also helps one in being progressive both physically and mentally. Moreover a goal does not need to be big and long term, it can be small and empowering. Furthermore you need the right mind set to be motivated.

Although there are very types of motivations, but there are generally two types of motivations that are self- motivation and motivation inspired by others.

Self –motivation:

It depends on the strength of someone to stay motivated without the influence of opposing situations and people.

Further people always find a way accumulate the reason and strength to complete a task. Also they do not need the other people to encourage them to perform challenging task.

Motivation by other:

This motivation required help from others as a person is not able to maintain a self-motivated state. In this category a person requires encouragement from others. Also he needs to listen to the motivational speeches to set a strong goal and most importantly inspiration.

“The Key to success is to focus on goals not obstacles”

you will learn to fight your fears and negative thoughts when you are motivated. It helps professionals to be positive and happy while working hard to achieve the goals. When you are motivated you learn to organize and prioritize your life. Motivation helps the student to concentrate and work hard in the class.

It awakens the sense of meaning in life. It is a strong tool that helps to get ahead in life for being motivated we need a driving tool that keeps us motivated and help us in moving forward

“Optimism is the faith that leads to the achievement nothing can be done without hope and confidence”

Motivation is the very important for overall development of a personality and the mind. It also puts a person in action and in a comparative state. It improves the efficiency and desire to achieve the goal it leads to stability and successful life.

“ Successful people do what unsuccessful people are not willing to do, Don't wish it were easier, wish you were better”

It is in fact discipline that helps you to achieve your life goals and also helps to be successful in life.

Gilgit Baltistan

Wajeeha Ramzan

Roll No. 40

BS English 2nd Semester

This essay is about the respectful memory of the world's 8th wonder located in Gilgit Baltistan where our Chinese brothers and Pakistan Army sacrificed their precious lives during the construction of Karakoram Highway. It is a 1300 kilometer long route that connects Pakistan to China through a silk road. The road was constructed during 1966--1978. About 692 Pakistanis and 108 Chinese lost their lives during its construction. It is situated 8000 feet above sea level. The highway is also known as the sign of China Pakistan friendship highway as this is highest paved highway in the world. It consists of beautiful valleys, narrow passages and tunnels made in rocky Karakoram mountain range and one is amazed that how these tunnels were made. In 1965 When USA ceased to support us and imposed ban on Pakistan's import and export, then China helped us. A lot of defense equipment came from China. As there was no road link available, hence all the equipment was transferred via airlift to Pakistan. Once the war ended, a delegation in the leadership of Gen Bahadur Sher, went to China to thank the Chinese government. During the visit Zhou Enlai said,

“If there is a road connecting us, could we have supported you in a much better way.”

When this message was conveyed to field Marshal Ayyub Khan, he ordered to start the project immediately without cost estimation. A German engineer, who had experience of constructing

roads at many places in the world, when saw the geography of area and hardships of the area, said,

"let the Pakistanis do it".

He said this teasingly, meaning that this road could not be constructed. Thus this task was assigned to the army to begin the construction at urgent basis, because army was the only institution that knew how to see through all hardships. When army started constructing this road, they did not have any equipment or machinery. They started this road with the help of shovels. Because of the extreme low temperature of the environment the rocks would stick to the hands. The most dangerous aspect was "if they don't bring the force to lower altitude, this force will finish; where they were they all were freeze". Oxygen level was very low at such altitude. After every two to three steps, they had to stop and catch their breath. There were frequent snowfalls, thunderstorms, rains. If you spill water on the road it would freeze, similarly if water fell on your body, it would freeze too. At that place all the men fell sick and they started vomiting because of the effects of high altitude. The doctor was in worst condition as compared to others. They were asked, are there any medicines for this. They replied there is no medicines for high altitude sickness. You cannot imagine how the life used to be in those areas and how the karakoram highway has completely changed the lives of the natives.

But now edible goods are also transferred to northern areas. Now there are proper hotels, and this economic boost is only because of KKH. It is said about Shakra-e-Karakoram that it passes through northern areas but it actually passes through our heart.

FOUR YEARS IN A SHED

Ayesha Ahmed

BS English 2nd Semester

A story of famous couple Marie Curie and Pierre Curie.

This is a story of two scientists; Marie Curie and Pierre Curie in preparing pure radium. They had to work in a wooden hut for four years. At that time, they did not have any proper clothes for conducting dangerous experiments. There was smoke produced by experiments which hurt their eyes and throat.

Due to wind, iron and coal often get mixed with purified products. Due to these obstacles Pierre wanted to postpone the operation; but Marie tried to continue her efforts. Although Marie also scorned difficulties, and even the gaps in her own knowledge made her task complicated, but she was determined and persistent.

In 1902, Pierre and Marie succeeded in preparing a pure radium and made the first determination of atomic weight of new substance which was 225. So, because of the continued efforts of a woman, radium officially existed. It means one should never underestimate women.

Bermuda Triangle

Rubab Khadim

2nd Year

Bermuda Triangle, the devil sea, also known as the Dragon's Triangle, is a nightmare in the water located near the Japanese coast.

The first case of a missing ship is said to be recorded in September 1950; when a flight with US Navy Bomber was missing without a trace in the region.

90% of planes and ships that had gone through the Bermuda Triangle were never seen again. Those who survived some of them lost their memory and don't know what happened to them exactly.

The Bermuda Triangle is thought to be at a point on the earth where there is high magnetic activity

More than 1500 people are missing who entered the Bermuda Triangle and were never seen again.

Many people believe it is a fraud but where did all these ships and planes go?

Father's Love

Laraib Riaz

Roll no:04

BS English 2nd Semester

Your presence makes me feel safe and secure. Your absence haunts me. With you by my side, I have nothing to worry about. But without you, it's scary. The world outside is cruel and heartless. I alone, won't be able to fight with these horrifying demons outside. Your little girl will end up losing herself in this dark world. I need you to hold me when I cry, embrace me when I am stricken, silent and heartbroken. I have confidence that when I succeed, you love me forever. Because no matter where and how and with whom I end. Dear father, you will always be my hero.

“A father should present the fundamental qualities of leadership, responsibility, and accountability, as well as capabilities of planning, disciplining and love.

Fathering is a full-time job.”

-Myles Murroe

ان کو خالی جگہوں میں سیٹ کرنا ہے

Do you know!

Rubab Khadim

2nd year

- 1: There are so many different types of apple. If you were to eat a new one everyday, it would take you almost 20 years to try them all.
- 2: You cannot snore and dream at the same time.
- 3: Hold a slice of bread into your mouth to avoid crying when cutting onions.
- 4: No one knows who named our planet earth.
- 5: If you place a banana next to the green tomato, the tomato will ripen due to ethyne gas produced by the banana.
- 6: Venus is the only planet that rotates clockwise.
- 7: A snail can sleep for 3 years.
- 8: Space has no gravity, pens won't work there.
- 8: On a clear dark night the human eye can see a candle flame for as far as 30 miles away.

Fun facts about science

Maha Ameer Ali

2nd year

- 1: The ocean produces the majority of oxygen on earth.
- 2: It is impossible for most people to lick their elbow.
A crocodile cannot stick its tongue out as its heart is in its head.
- 3: French fries are Belgian, not French.
- 4: You cannot sneeze with your eyes open.
- 5: The number 4 is the only number you have the same amount of letter as its value.
- 6: You cannot smell while you sleep.

Motivational Lines For Working Women

Hafiza Zoha Arshad
Roll number 13
second year

- 1 A beautiful women Is a beautiful woman, but a beautiful woman with a brain is an absolutely Lethal combination.
- 2 A woman with a book and a pen has the power to move Nations,
A woman with a mind and a voice has the power to change the world.
- 3 A strong woman understands that the gifts such as logic, decisiveness and strength are just as feminine as intuition and emotional connection. She values and uses all of her gifts.

Part 2: Songs of Sweetness

Journey of Life

Hafsa Hussain
Roll no. 23
BS English 4th Semester

Life is not Existing
But a stopping place
A pause in what's to be
A resting place along the road
To sweet eternity

We all have different journeys

Different paths along the way
We all were meant to learn something
But never meant to stay.

Our destination is a place
Far greater than we know
For some the journey's quick
For some the journey's slow.

And when the journeys finally end
We' ll claim a great reward,
And find an everlasting pause
Together with God.

Even After Forever

Maham Khan

Roll no.32

BS English 4th Semester

Till you meet your stars and all,
Your dreams come true
I will wait even after forever for you.
I 'll be there if you will feel
Blue in this dark world
I'll sing your favourite song if you
Forget the words.

I want you for worse or for better,
I'll wait for you even after forever
If you ever break and feel like
Crying and no one is on your side
I'll be right there to wipe your
Tears and to make you smile more wide.

Why don't you hear my silence,
It says we can be together
But I am ready to wait even after forever
If you feel alone and look good,

Things have come to an end,
I'll be there and we'll begin again.

Before Death

Umme Aiman

Roll no. 29

BS English 4th Semester

In the vicissitude of my life,
I want to ramble around the moon
Before my legs would not amble
I want to leap on snow
Before my heartbeat got slow
I want to be drenched in rain
Before my blood stop in vain
I want to float on clouds
Before my feelings got numb
I want to have a peaceful cup of tea
Otherwise, it is reality,
I will die very soon.

Destination

Khadija-tul-Kubra

Roll no.

BS English 4th Semester

You walk on the straight path,
Never take a step back,
Don't stray from your destination,
Never give up on your dreams
Never listen to your erroneous heart,
Even if the road is thorny

Don't care about anguish
If the destination is too far
Dwindle distances.

A Cockleshell

Huma Anwer

Roll no. 14

BS English 4th Semester

Cockleshell on the black seashore,
Ready to get afloat from the beach
That seems like a bark
It's oars waiting for the waves
Til it lasts on the water,
As if it knows it will not last forever,
And eventually will sink
Because everything has to end,
It may be the sense of immense freedom,
Innocence, fertility, discovery life or breath of life,
But human life is fleeting.

No One Can See Me

Tehmina Bibi

Roll no.30

BS English 4th Semester

No one can see me,
No one can hear me,
But I am still here,
Though my soul is no more,
My body is still there.

Someone cries, someone shakes my hand,
Someone says "please wake up,"

Someone says, "I shall never break your heart again "

But now I can't feel,
I can't speak,
Will someone tell them on my behalf,
That my soul is calm,
Because I am free now.

Love

Yusra

Roll no.37

BS English 4th Semester

Love is deaf, love is blind,
Love is rough and love is kind,
Love hurts and love heals
Love endures all taunts.

Love is the feeling of the unknown,
You can easily unfold
But rarely found,
When love calls, you feel a little breeze,
True love is tough like a stone,
Violent like the devil and kind like the Creator.

Lover is underneath our eyes,
Beneath our hearts,
Love doesn't discriminate,
White or Black
Rich or Poor.

Love can take you high up within the clouds,
Where there are no wounds,
When Love wins, hate is defeated.

I Wonder

Huma Anwer
Roll no. 14
BS English 4th Semester

I felt myself in trance,
As if I was stuck in an ocean, like a desolate lighthouse,
Far away from the rabble of noise,
Maybe it is where I want to be,
Or may be where I never wanted to be,
Surround by the darkness,
In the cyclone of my life,
As if I was scattered by the winds,
Or maybe I was walking through absolute nothingness,
I wonder how to exude from these dark thoughts ,
Or, how to be placid?
May be, I should step forward,
Or, Be reborn from ashes like a phoenix
I wonder!

Soul Like a Bird

Fatima Javed
Roll no. 33
BS English 4th Semester

Drowning in my own tears,
Vision lost due to over crying,
Now I can't even see the sky,
And the sun which depicts hope.

The bird residing in my window,
Flew away,
So it's just me with no sight.

And it's me with my might,
To go further,
To stand high.

My echo of screams,

And my anxious soul,
That doesn't let me have good dreams.

There is nothing good,
I can't be positive,
Because all we see is,
My world shattering around.

And the negative signs
Dominating the colours of my walls.

To My Friends

Maria Basit

Roll no.35

BS English 4th Semester

To my friends who celebrate with my gains and cry with my downfalls,

To my friends who push me to be better,

To my friend who joins me whether it's my coffee or a drink,

To my friend who protects and defends me, when I am not around,

To my friend who believes in me and trusts me,

To my friends whom I seldom see but they show up when it matters the most,

I know thank you is not enough,

Cheers to more years of trials and celebrations,

I know this is a bit cheesy, yet,

I love you guys to the end of the universe and back.

Let's Move On

Mehwish Hasan

Roll no.25

BS English 4th Semester

Bethink!

The dreadful moments,
Hazards appear and go across,
World was saturated with misery,
Verily, it is an ache to realise,
Realise that numerous previous lives,
Cast away from our sight,
Pandemic breaks the world apart,
That is ailing to every heart.

Life is frozen, and is at standstill,
Don't know how to live,
Don't know how to breathe the air,
Don't know how to choose,
Don't know how to dream now,

But we have to accept,
The plague may go beyond, eventually,
Hope and faith may redeem us gradually,

The sun will rise again,
Morning will come again,
As no darkness no season
Can last forever,

Everything will be so calm and bright,
So no need fall in fright,
Hope for the best, days are near,
Yes, spring season is finally here.

Broken Heart

Alia Bibi

Roll No. 24

BS English 2nd Semester

Would it help?
If I could sing!
Because I would sing
A thousand love songs for you!
Would it mean you will stay?
And you will find a new way
To fall in love with me
Over and over again.
This wouldn't have to end!
But I can't sing!
So I stay silent,
And keep breathing on the beat
Of my broken heart.

Mother

Fatima Aslam
Roll no. 23
BS English 2nd Semester

For as long as I can remember,
You were always by my side!
To give me support, confidence and help.

For as long as I can remember,
You were always the person I looked up to,
So strong, so sensitive, so pretty!

For as long as I can remember,
And still today,
You are everything a mother should be.

Whatever I have become is because of you,
And I shall always thank you for our relationship.

My Parents

Fatima Aslam
Roll no. 23

BS English 2nd Semester

You are both special in every way,
Encouraging me more and more each passing day.

Both of you are a reason why I am so strong
With you two at the helm nothing can go wrong

You two helped me through many trials and tribulations,
You made things better in every situation.

Thank you so much for always being there,
And showing me that you truly care.

Words could never explain how I feel about you,
But I hope you know that I truly love you two.

You are mine I love You

Fatima Aslam

Roll no. 23

BS English 2nd Semester

I am your parent, you are my child,
I am your quiet place, you are my wild.
I am your calm face, you are my giggle.
I am your support, you are my wriggle.
I am the finish line, you are my race.
I am your praying hands, you are my saving grace.
I am your lullaby, you are my peek-a-boo,
I am your good night kiss, you are my " I love you!"

What Mums Do

Fatima Aslam

Roll no. 23

BS English 2nd Semester

Cook and clean
Wash and fold

Keep me warm when I am cold.

Drive me here
Take me there
Mum, you sure are everywhere.

School and sports,
We have such fun,
And you are there when our day is done.

Tuck me in
To bed so tight
That is when you say good night!

True Friends

Sidra Umar
Roll no. 14
BS English 2nd semester

I'll be there when you are crying
I'll be there when you are smiling
I'll be there when you are happy
I'll be there when you are down.
I wish you could see
The angel I see
When you stand
In front of me
If I am happy or sad
Upset or mad
You're still the greatest friend
I ever had.
You are always there for me
When my spirits need a little lift
I can't thank you enough for that
You are truly an extraordinary gift.

A confident women

Syeda Misbah

2nd year

I am strong
I have been throw a lot in my life
And I am still standing I have self- worth
I took a lot of soul searching
To finally see for myself
I am not perfect
I don't need anyone to tell me
I already know my glow
I am beautiful
Nobody perfect but I have
Seen my good and bad sides
I am just myself
I will never be alone
I will always be there for me

.....

Dear Woman

Syeda Misbah

2nd year

Dear women,
Be like the moon
Don't show your full heart
everyday
Young women,
You will survive near death
Of your soul
But you must stand up
Overcome your hidden wound
And go on with your life
Choose yourself
And start healing your broken heart

The Sound

Zarmina Irfan

Roll# 832

The sound of my spirit
The sound of my soul
All the time I hear it
The sound of people's crowd
I hear the sound when I am alone
A magical and mysterious sound
Some time it's looks like a light
Sometimes it makes me free of my body
This sound ask me to go out of my friends
Follow me I am your soul
The sound says lose yourself
Lose yourself in the sound
You will find everything
Just follow the sound
And just follow the sound
I can fly toward a secret Sky
I want to hear many sounds
Sound of pain, sound of heart
Sound of love, sound of wind
Sound of fire, sound of leaves
Sound of breath, sound of air
I am free as wind to hear any sounds
Follow the sound
Follow the sound

Part 3: Tellers of Tales

Blueprints

Wajeeha Tahir
Roll no. 486

“No! you don’t understand. Mr. Asfandyar does not plan to stop here but he has more brutal plans which need to be stopped. You are wasting time here. Now he is planning to kill innocent people, even his adopted son Sheheryar.”

She stood up and faced them,” I went to that apartment to save my only childhood friend Sheheryar. That guy who got killed came to kill Sheheryar on Mr. Asfandyar’s order, I knew, so I offered him those documents so that he does not kill Sheheryar. But he never changed his mind even after the deal. That day I ruined the apartment walls to give him a sign that he will never get blueprints if he ever plans to kill my friend again.” She took a long breath and continued.

“I did not know Mr. Asfandyar had sent another assassin who was there waiting outside so that the first killer may not tell Sheheryar anything. I had given them the blueprints for the safety of my friend. But The secret killer shot him at the very spot. I had to run to avoid the suspicion that would definitely rest on me in the situation.”

“I hope you are not making this all up and misguiding the case right”, said Zayan.

On this Sara angrily turned and went out of the house. Zayan stopped the other cops by a sign of hand and went after her. Outside, in the fresh air, Sara took a deep breath and asked Zayan, looking steadily at him,.

“ What would you do if you were in the same place as I am now? Would you let this all happen? Or fight back?”

Zayan looked into her eyes and felt she was telling the truth. He started trusting Sara, side of the story. He hesitated, and said to her, “I believe you, Sara! I promise I will help you. Please talk to me”

They decided to meet the next day to share information about the case.

~...~...~...~...~...~...~...~...~...

It was a dark night. There was no moon there to show anything. Sara and Zayan were walking the street, discussing in whispers. Suddenly a black van stopped by them. Numerous men rushed out. They caught both of them and kidnapped them in the black van with tinted windows. They put blindfolds on them, and took them to some secret place.

Sara and Zayan struggled to get free but couldn’t help it and gave up. The Van stopped and a man took off the blindfold from their faces. They took them to a dark place far from the city.

They entered an abandoned huge motel hall, with neon lights on the walls. Motioning toward mismatched chairs in a small conference room, they offered chairs to them.

They sat around the rectangular table, stained with coffee-mug circles.

The room’s walls were two tones of flaking plaster: lime green around the top and dark green around the bottom. An odor of darkness permeated the air. They left Sara and Zayan alone in the room and locked it. After been tortured by the millions of minutes sitting in the dark room, they heard footsteps.

A man with white hair, wearing a midnight black long coat, entered the room. He was no one else but Asfandyar Khan. He was smiling mercilessly.

“Sara, my stupid little girl!” He advanced, looking into her terrified eyes,

“Where have you been hiding this whole time? I searched for you almost everywhere, but you escaped every trap. Yet, all thanks to this diligent young detective, Mr.Zayan, who found you and helped me unintentionally.”

Zayan started to fight to get free. He could not do it.

Coming closer to face Sara, Mr. Asfandyar continued angrily

, “You stupid little girl! give me back those blueprints so that I may start the construction of my dream architectural company, the way I always wanted it to be. It will only be possible if I make it according to the blueprinted map Tibraizy made. You have wasted enough of my time!”

Sara struggled, furiously looking back in his eyes. She gasped, “This can only happen in your dreams. I won’t let you do that!”

Mr. Asfandyar took out a sharp knife and put it against Sara’s neck. She struggled to get free. Zayan shouted to stop him from this assault but he was tied too securely.

“Ahhh! So would you still fight me, little Sara! Don’t you remember how your father died fighting the same battle, huh?”

Sara’s eyes filled with tears, “I will never forgive you! You will have to pay for everything you’ve done! Kill me if you want to. I don’t have anything to lose but you have! You will never get to know where the blueprints are and you will never be able to open the locker, And that’s all I want.”

“Okay then you should not be living and breathing any longer. You need to go to your dad.” Mr. Asfandyar said, pressing the knife a little.

“Hey, hey! Stop that!” Zayan shouted, “She does not have prints. I have them. I took them from her in between the interrogation and handed them off to my assistant. Let her Go”

”WHAT THE HELL! you detective! give them to me now!”Mr. Asfandyar shouted.

”No!” replied Zayan, “ Only if you leave Sara alone and let her go.”

“ Okay then,” pulling back his knife, he said, ”Now give me those prints, detective.!”

Zayan replied, ”I don’t have those with me. I deposited those in my bank locker.”

“Tell me the pin code, you idiot! Right now!”Said Mr. Asfandyar impatiently. His patience was running thin.

Meanwhile, secretly, Zayan had untied his legs. Suddenly, he kicked Mr. Asfandyar on his stomach. Being the wizened old man, he fell backwards. Zayan opened the bindings on Sara’s hands. Sara grabbed the fallen gun and they jumped out from the window in the dark oak branches down there.

Then they started running towards the jungle to hide. They crossed two miles and reached a road.

Then they suddenly stopped. There were Mr. Asfandiyar and his guards, holding guns towards them.

Mr. Asfandiyar pulled out another gun on them and Serra pulled her gun back at him which she had taken while escaping the motel.

Mr. Asfandiyar laughed at her in a taunting manner, "I told you, Sara! This is the last day of your life. Let me tell you a secret, stupid little girl! You can never kill me because you are just like your mother! Fragile and terrified, look at your hands. They are shivering just by holding that gun! Just like your mother, Let me tell you a little secret: keep it between us okay? Your mother did not die when you were born but I killed her when she got to know about my betrayal towards your innocent stupid father."he laughed mercilessly, "She tried to save her family she got killed by my hands, And now it's your time to die."

After hearing this painful truth, Sara's eyes were bloodshot. Infuriated with anger and tears, all of her painful childhood memories started flashing in her mind. Then her fingers gripped the gun more intensely and she started to pull off the trigger, "I will not let you kill another innocent life", She cried.

Right at that moment, a whistle was heard from the forest. Many cops rushed out. They grabbed all the gang within seconds. They had been following Zayan for hours and now they had their chance. Zayan took the gun gently from Sara's trembling hands. She was sobbing with relief. Her life was finally her own. She was free.

The one Eyed

Bushra Javed

Assistant Professor of English

After Esha prayer, in an open red tiled veranda, Zarmeen was lying next to her dadi Jan's cot. She was insisting that she tell her a story.

Dadi Jan thought for a while. She realised that Zarmeen was turning nine. So she decided to tell her the tale of "Dajjal"! Dadi started the story but Zarmeen interrupted her after a while.

"Really, dadi Jan!"her eyes wide opened, "Is it possible that there would be a person with only one eye!? And he would be able to control man and fulfil his desires? Would he be a magician"?

"No dear, he won't be a magician, yet a deception. He will allure the people to Evil. And as far as I heard a huge number of women would be his followers."

" Why dadi jan"? Are Women that foolish?"

" No my dear girl! it is because he would trap them with his oily tongue. The women will fall prey to him because they are innocent."

Just then her Dadi jan realised she was getting upset.

" Zarmeen! Don't worry. You recite surah Kahaf's first ten verses and you will be saved from his deception."

Well, that was easy. At least she could do that. She promised herself to remember all the features dadi jan told her about Dajjal- the cursed one!

Summers turned into winters so did the autumn to spring. Zarmeen completed her MBA and soon was established as a very prestigious business woman. She was a very confident lady. Her long black hair ,fair complexion and sparkling black eyes made her so attractive that it was not easy for even a woman to not admire her. She was considered a beautiful woman with a brain. She often played chess with her colleagues and every time won. The walls of her room were filled with her medals and appreciation letters .

The red tiled veranda, the sparkling sky full of stars , dadi jan and the dajjal.... did not stay any longer in her mind. It was success, appreciation, wealth, gathering of people...she was over the moon. Who would believe that once she was so scared of the one eyed imaginary character that she never forgot to recite duas to seek shelter from his evil.

And once, when she was attending an international conference ,she met Hassan. He was someone she could not define in words. Graceful, tall, intellectual, well groomed..and many other adjectives could be added to explain his personality but all could not justify ! He was like no one to be compared with... He was Hassan ... a wonderful perfect man. Even when she was back from the event, she could not get out of his spell.

After a week when she got back from the event she was informed by her secretary that she had a visitor. She asked her to let the person in as she thought it might be some business man. As soon as the visitor entered ,her heart missed a few beats. That was Hassan all in flesh in front of her.

He explained his purpose of the visit and once again her heart missed another beat. He told her gently that he could not forget her since she left the conference and how he never felt for anyone the way he felt for her. As his parents were not alive ,he came himself to propose to her.

If Zarmeen was on a planet where there was everything but not a moon, she felt the moonlight spreading here to illuminate her whole sky! She accepted his proposal and asked him to meet her family and lo and behold.... He was all hers. Things were happening as if it was a dream.

However, she didn't know that like every dream, this too would break someday!

The time after her marriage passed so quickly that she could not manage her own business. Now and then Hassan had trips to other countries and it was getting impossible for her to travel along with him. She asked him if she could give time to her work which was neglected badly and Hassan agreed. He was going to Paris for three days this time, Zameen promised to call him every day. Things were settling down once again.

It was the third trip, in the same month and to Zameen's surprise, Hassan did not call her. He even ignored her calls and messages. She considered it normal at the beginning but it was getting worse after every trip. This time she could not hold herself. She packed her bags and decided to follow him.

She made a call, "Hassan! Where are you?"

"Dear, I'm really busy in a meeting will catch you later", she heard Hassan lying.

"You need not to spare much of your time, just turn back. I'm here and I guess, now you won't lie". It was not her voice, her way to talk to Hassan.

He turned back, there was no sign of guilt on his face, rather he seemed more relaxed, some one she didn't know. "I just want to know the fact, no more no less"!

She thought he would deny, he would make her sure about her love, would make promises but what she heard was enough to burn her into ashes. Hassan unapologetically told that he had married this woman a month ago. He was no more charmed by Zameen now.

And what she found was heart wrenching! It was his Hassan with another lady. How was that possible? He was perfect for her and so she was for him... Her planet was dark at once.. Gloomy..turned into glass and that was cracking every second.

With a heavy heart she returned home.. The servants of the house were astonished. Her pale face, dark circles around the eyes, her dishevelled hair...what went so wrong with her that broke her so badly.

"Baji is affected by evil eyes". Said her maid Kalsoom, "Or some churail has entered her body".

"Hy Allah, what to do now?"

"I know a baba gee. He is very learned. He has stayed in dark caves for more than 15 years. I heard during a chilla, while fighting the evil spirits he lost one of his eyes. He is very famous in our village. He just looks at the person and takes out all his jinns".

"If what you say is true," said the old cook. "Ask baji if she wants to go to him. You are the most senior maid and Zameen Baji always takes your advice".

Kalsoom entered Zameen's room. She was half unconscious. She helped Zameen to get up and told her about baba gee.

Zarmeen heard herself crying and begging kalsoom to take her to him. Her degrees , her medals all were staring at zarmeen, but all zarmeen wanted was to repair her hurt ego . Her loss was unexplainable. Kalsoom asked her to do wazoo. As baba gee was very pious who didn't see the women without wazoo and parda.

With a strange mindset , Zarmeen got up, kalsoom told the driver the address . After some time they were standing outside a house. The door was half open , and it felt dark inside. There was a black lizard staring at her . She mustered her courage...was she really going to do it.

She entered into a hall full of women. Sobbing , complaining and some were very indifferent. Some were sitting and telling the other how baba gee gave her a taweez and her mother in law left the house. A middle aged woman sitting in the corner was lamenting his son for taking drugs. Every one had one hope," Baba gee will certainly help her"!

She saw a small messy room next to the hall. She walked inside dry roses, strange leaves , the smell of earth pot , flames , peacock feathers, there was a huge tin of donation box with a big lock. Green cloth spread and a man with a huge tasbeh and a was sitting in the center of the room. Zarmeen couldn't see his face properly but noticed his muttering lips.

Like a possessed one, she sat near the feet of the amil baba. He already knew her story. He told her how that other lady is controlling her husband with the help of spells.

" I'm ruined! What am I going to do now?"

" Don't be disappointed, lady. Look here. Your husband will love you more than he ever did. He will treat you like a queen and become restless if he doesn't find you around. You will be the only woman he desires in the whole world."

These were not only the words but Zarmeen's heartiest desires. She felt like she was looking at all of this in a mirror.

"What am I supposed to do to get all this"? She asked.

"Nothing, my dear. Just look at me."

She saw his hands approaching her." All your worries will end soon, my baccha, don't be shy. Just trust me, I'm like a father to you." He was taking her chaddar off her shoulders. She felt her head getting bare.

She was numb.

He was so close to her that she suddenly noticed his eyes.

He was the one eyed man....

She reflected. She knew him. How did she not realise when he was claiming to resolve her problems like the one dadi jan told about ..

"Many women will follow him. He will allure them with his oily tongue. "

The promise she had made to herself,"Dajjal will never fool me."

All the ayats were playing in her mind.

She suddenly got up and rushed towards the door.
Dajjal is not someone you relate to through your memory.
He's a challenge to your beliefs.
He's not the only one. There would be many like him to be faced by our future generations before the day of judgment.
He's the one you will face at least once in your life!!!!
She got back home and washed herself. She spread the prayer mat and started to cry. She wept so loudly that her voice was echoing in the house.
" O Allah forgive me. I testify there is no God but you. I seek your refuge from shaitan and Dajjal the cursed one."
Her heart was melting, she felt the presence of thousands of angels in her room. They all were consoling her. Her anxiety, her fears, her depression all were gone in a moment.
She was surrounded by light. Her body was at peace. So was her heart.
Kasloom and other maids waited long for her to come for dinner. They came into the room to ask if dinner should be served.
They found Zarmeen laying on the prayer mat. Peaceful and profound! They started sobbing. But they didn't know zarmeen has at last found the true refuge. She was in safer hands now and would remain under the blessings of Allah Almighty forever. Her dadi would be with her and she would be equally proud of her!

The Sunny Side

Mahnoor

Roll no. 35

Ahmed was the kind of guy everyone loved and admired. someone would ask him how he was doing, he would reply, "If I were any better, I would be twins!"

He was always in a good mood and had something positive to say.

He was a restaurant owner. He was an exceptional manager because he had several waiters who had followed him around from restaurant to restaurant.

He was a manager by profession. The reason the waiters followed Ahmed was his encouraging attitude. He was a motivator by nature. If an employee was having a bad day, he was there telling him how to look at the positive side of the condition.

Observing this kind of decent style donned by him really made me curious. So one day, I went up to Ahmed and asked him,

“I don’t get it! You can’t be a positive person all the time. How do you do it?” Ahmed replied,

“Each morning I wake up and tell myself, Ahmed, you have two choices today. You can choose to be in a good mood or a bad mood.”

He further explained that each time something bad happens, he decides to choose to be a victim or learn from it. He prefers to learn from it. Every time someone comes to him complaining about something, he chooses between accepting his complaint or pointing out the positive side of life for him as a result of facing the issue courageously.

“I choose the positive side of life.” Ahmad said.

“Yeah, right, but it’s not that easy,” I protested.

“Yes it is,” Ahmed said. “Life is all about choices. When you cut away all the junk, every situation is a choice. You choose how you react to situations. You choose how people will affect your mood. You choose to be in a good mood or bad mood.

The bottom line is It’s your choice how you live life.”

I reflected on what Ahmed tried to tell me. Soon after, I left the restaurant to start my own business. We lost touch, but I often thought about him when I made a choice about life instead of reacting to it.

Several years later, I heard that Ahmed did something one is never supposed to do in a restaurant business. He left the back door open one morning and was held up at gunpoint by three armed robbers. While trying to open the safe, his hand, shaking from nervousness, slipped off the arrangement.

The robbers panicked and shot him. Luckily, Ahmed was found injured and people rushed him to the local hospital.

After 18 hours of surgery and weeks of intensive care, Ahmed was discharged from the hospital with fragments of the bullets still in his body. I saw Ahmed about six months after the accident.

When I asked him how he was, he replied, “If I were any better, I’d be twins. Want to see my scars?”

I declined to see his wounds, but did ask him what had gone through his mind as the robbery took place. “The first thing that went through my mind was that I should have locked the back door,” Ahmed replied. “Then, as I lay on the floor, I remembered that I had two choices: I could choose to live, or I could choose to die. I chose to live.”

“Weren’t you scared? Did you lose consciousness?” I asked.

“ No, I was conscious.” Ahmed continued, “The paramedics were great. They kept telling me I was going to be fine. But when they wheeled me into the emergency room and I saw the expressions on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I got really scared. In their eyes, I read, ‘He’s a dead man.’ I knew I needed to take action.”

“What did you do?” I asked.

“Well, there was a big, burly nurse shouting questions at me,” said Ahmed.

“She asked if I was allergic to anything.”

“Yes,” I replied.

The doctors and nurses stopped working as they waited for my reply... I took a deep breath and yelled, ‘Bullets!’ Over their laughter, I told them, ‘I am choosing to live.

Operate on me as if I am alive, not dead.”

Ahmed lived... thanks to the skill of his doctors, but also because of his amazing attitude. I learned from him that every day we have the choice to live fully.

Attitude, after all, is everything.

Friendship

Sawaira Saeed

B.S English 2nd Semester

Once there were two friends named Ali and Faisal. They lived in the same village. Ali belonged to a rich family but Faisal was a poor boy. Despite the difference in their status, they were fast friends. They went to school together, played, dined and studied together. They spent most of their time with each other.

Time passed by and they both grew up. Ali took over his family business and Faisal found a petty job. When the burden of responsibilities fell upon their shoulders, it was impossible for them to spend time with each other as they did before.

One day Ali came to know that Faisal was ill. He went to his house to see him. After enquiring about his health Ali did not stay there for long. He gave some money to Faisal for buying medicine and soon left him saying that his business will suffer if he stayed there.

Faisal felt sad at Ali's behavior because at this time of illness he needed a friend more than the money, he wanted to share many things with him as they met each other after a long time. Although he remained upset yet he did not tell anybody about his friend's behaviour. After recovering he worked overtime, earned some money and returned it to Ali.

After a few months, one day when Faisal was at his work, someone told him about Ali's accident. He left all his work then and there and ran to see Ali. He donated his blood, stayed with him day and night, consoled him with his friendly gestures. Seeing Faisal's love and sincerity he felt ashamed of what he had done to him.

When he was discharged from hospital, he went straight to Faisal's home and apologized for his selfish behavior and said, "Dear friend now I realized that money is not as important as friends' company and sweet words of consolation."

Faisal smiled and replied, "never again spoil friendship by weighing it with money."

They hugged each other with vows of love and care.

In the Dark Night

Maryam Fatima
BS English 4th Semester

Atiqa moved around here and there and her hand touched the phone and turned on the torch. Her room was sordid with the bundles of papers and charts. Without wasting a moment, she went down quickly, picked up a bag, put her gun in it, some devices, some dresses and hung it on her back. She collected the papers, burned them without leaving any trace and went out of the back door. She was heading towards Imran's house.

It was a Muslim area in the Indian occupied city of Sirinagar. The police was torturing the Muslims with firing and violence. There were screams everywhere. Wearing a hat on her head she walked fast wondering if police would find her. A news reporter was shouting that a Pakistani spy was present in Sirinagar.

It took her three minutes to reach Imran's house. Atiqa breathed a sigh of relief that he would definitely help her as he had secretly helped her to come to India by the sea.

As soon as the door was opened, she started violently. The scene was so devastating that she lost consciousness after seeing the front view. The police was torturing Imran for finding out who else was with him. She ran back quickly. She needed shelter as soon as possible.

She left the police behind her for a while.

She was running desperately when an old man motioned for her to stop.

He asked her to come in and said, "Daughter, don't be afraid, I am also a Muslim, I will tell you the address of a person who will help you."

As Atiqa got a safe way out of this difficulty, she changed her mind about going to Pakistan. She still wanted to struggle as Kashmir was not yet freed. She would not lose heart and keep fighting.

