

Interview

Prof. Dr. Zafar Iqbal

Vice Chancellor



Kisht-e-Nau: Sir! First of all how would you narrate your journey from the son of a farmer to being Vice Chancellor of the biggest university of Asia?

Vice Chancellor: I was almost 5 years old when I was admitted to primary school. I studied till 5th class in the village. My father was a small landlord and the environment of village was religiously good. 99% population of the village belonged to Randhawa family which had common forefathers but unfortunately they neither left prayers nor fighting. That was a time where there were no long homework and I still remember playing with my class fellows

because of no study pressure. The most important side was the Molvi Sahab's class which we had to take before going to school. Our parents woke us up right after Azan when it was still dark and we used to go to mosque. The molvie Sahab used to read some Ayats as Nazra and then translation etc. Due to some reasons, I had to go to Karachi. I got army like recruit training there. Some of my brothers were studying, some used to do job and some had a business of their own. Their food was my responsibility and I was in second shift of school. I studied in Alimia secondary school Nazimabad. Shah Norani Sahab's Wife was

their headmistress. Then I studied in Government girls and boys secondary school for three years and stood first in my school in matric.

During 1971 war I did my FSc. I stood first in my first year of FSc. But in second year my result was poor. Cutting it short my parents called me back. I implored them and I did my FSc. In third year and as a whole stood first in class. I applied in Sindh medical college and got admission but my father asked me not to stay in Karachi anymore. So I came back.

Those were winters and you know that landlord doesn't work at day but they wake up at 4 or 5'O clock. I was ordered to get up



3 in the morning and run for 5 to 7 km along the river's bank after doing oil massage and proper kit as our land was located on the riverside. The river's water was extremely cold in winters and frozen layer on it is called "Kakkar". There was layer of Kakkar and I had to take bath in this river after exercising and that was my commando training. I would say that your training,

brought me at UAF to get admission in animal husbandry. I filled form for DVM as well. I had 625 marks and I was at the top of list.

After getting job of lecturer at UAF I enrolled in PhD and I was the first PhD from the faculty of Agri Sciences, the trend setter. There was an assumption that you cannot do Phd here but I accepted this challenge and

should play games here. He then told me that there were sport trials today. I told him that I had already gotten admission. He said that we still have to select other students. So come, so we can select them. I was very happy because a sportsman is always looking for opportunities. After that I participated in all sports during my duration of 5-7 years in university. I participated basically



patience, tolerance and people's behavior has an impact on your personality when you are going through difficult times. Positive attitude of people has a positive effect and if it was negative I would not had been remembering it.

Meanwhile I asked Abba g to let me go now. He told me that I can go but before that I would have to compete with my cousins and you can only go if you win. We had to lift soil bags of two maunds on our shoulders. Competition of weight lifting and Kabaddi was held. I went through this, passed the internship. I wanted to get admission in medical college.

I had gotten admission I Sindh medical College but didn't go there. Ultimately my father

Alhamdulillah I succeeded in it. After that I went for postdoc for one year in 1992. I was selected as assistant Professor in 1992. After so many years of practice I became Associate Professor and then became dean. Now you can see me as Vice Chancellor in the same institute. After that

Kisht-e-Nau: Sir! As you said that you were fond of sports so how did you continue the extra-curricular activities at university?

Vice Chancellor: When I got admission I didn't use to miss sports ground. I used to take 20 to 30 rounds of the ground. There was a great sportsman "Chacha Rashid" (may Allah bless him) at that time. Once he stopped me one day and asked me from where I was. I replied that I was a native of Gojra. He said that I

in weight lifting, Kabaddi, 400 km race and wrestling.

Kisht-e-Nau: As Kisht-e-Nau is a literature magazine for students of UAF, what type of books, you used to read in your student life?

Vice Chancellor: Yes! First of all in my childhood, I used to read a kids magazine "Taleem o tarbyat! After that, I read the "Tarjuman-ul-Quran" of Maulana Modoodi all my life as much as I could since the time I can remember. I think cable came in 1999 when I was in university. I got a cable connection and books left me. Otherwise I had rich library but people borrowed books and never gave back. I had a long strong journey with books and there was no day when I slept without reading 2-3 pages of books at least. I used to read



autobiographies of great people as they give us hope and direction but for the past 8-10 years my connection with books has weakened. All the vocabulary I have is still the fruit of books I used to read 8-10 years ago.

But when my training started in village where I listened to "Thorey", "Tappay", "Mahiye", "Dastaan-e-Ameer Hamza" and "Saif-ul-Malook". Just imagine a full moon light in the dark. I completed four books, "Heer Ranjha", "Saif-ul-malook", "Kalaam of Mian Muhammad Bakhsh", "Sassi Panu" and "Dastaan-e-Ameer Hamza" in detail.

Kisht-e-Nau: Few days ago, we celebrated "Sisters Day" at university and you distributed scarfs to female students. On the other hand, You face a huge criticism on even international level. What would you say about it?

Vice Chancellor: I uploaded a status in previous days stating that we don't need a crowd but need individuality and to keep our identity. We don't have to

waste away our identity and scarf is our cultural identity. You should do hijab and so should the men in the way they are required to do so. Hijab started with identity as Muslim women were asked to do so by Prophet (PBUH) so that they could be recognized among the crowd. You are Muslim and you know that it's a great sin for males to have a female getup and females to have a male getup. We are not allowed to follow the negative traditions of Christianity or Hinduism so that we can be differentiated. Wisdom is the lost wealth of Muslim so he should take it from wherever he finds.

Kisht-e-Nau: Sir! As a vice chancellor, what are your innovative plans for this institute to bring a change?

Vice chancellor: Unfortunately, this university has a lot of challenges. Others might have more but we do have some challenges as well. The challenges are that our capacity is 8 to 9 thousand students. We have practically converted this university in a money-making machine. We admitted 28000 students and now they are passing through the pipeline. We can try to gradually decrease the number but they can never be



cut down to 8000 because of we have expanded into a number of programs. We have compromised on the quality by increasing quantity sacrificing the quality. And I said earlier, I want to go back to the way of taking admissions without entry test. What is the rocket science in this, here we fail to fulfill the student numbers for the evening college and have to run after that. So what is the need for the entry test? Let us trust in the boards and give admissions based on the FSc results. Why are we doing unnecessary expansion? All that creative work is there but that can be possible only if such VC comes to this institute whose goal is to make this institution a model. All of our activities should be purposeful. Before doing an activity, you must think of the benefit it will give to the institution and what will be type of the benefit? Will it be in

education or in terms of cash? It is claimed that we do 1000 activities a year which is roughly 7 activities a day but where is the impact? Have we produced seeds, any progress in breed animals or vaccinations? What have we done? Even today you hide our faces when a landlord tells you they have to go buy seeds from the importer but not from us.

Kisht-e-Nau: Sir! As you are the student friendly vice chancellor in the history of UAF and almost half of the student population is in directly contact with you on social media.

Vice Chancellor: Today I attended a function for charity arranged by Information technology. Charity is not only money but can be a



smile and listening to others. If you listening to others can help someone stop eating Xanax then what is wrong with that. It is Sadqa-e-Jariya. People come inside or outside to meet me whole day and I listen to them. I cannot help all of them but atleast I can listen. I help them as much as I can do. Students' problems are not the fault of mine, controller office and DSA as we have no system. If you want to destroy a nation, destroy its institutions and if you want destroy an institution destroy its system and our system has been destroyed.

Kisht-e-Nau: And how would you manage your time?

Vice Chancellor: I am trying my level best from 3 September, the day I joined. There are 28000 students and most of them are in contact with me. If I am awake till 1 or 2 am, I respond. What I do is that I receive a complain like



Fatima hall's geyser was not working, I print screen and sent it to warden, Similarly if someone's admission got cancelled I send to the respective deans and director graduate studies and the matter is solved within 48 hours. Everybody knows that Vice Chancellor responds. I have Whats App feedback and I don't need any other director monitoring. I just believe in that either you can solve the issue or not, but listen to the people. And to manage it, I want to shift it to a suggestion portal in which I want to give administration to students with no DSA, superintendents or wardens. Student body elections are probably occurring after few days in hostels. So all the change of

system will take some time.

Kisht-e-Nau: What would you address the students of this era?

Vice Chancellor: I always say to the new generations to obey your elders and parents. Sometime, some events of your life leave an impact on you. These impacts are positive as they don't let you become cruel or hypocrite but give you humanity and I have passed through these stages. My father is Waliullah and he has earned Halal money all his life. In 2001 I was facing economic crisis and I was wandering with passport in my hands. I wanted to go to USA or somewhere abroad where I could travel and earn money. Ultimately one day my father saw me and asked me to come to him. I went and he

asked me, "Why are you wandering with passport in your hands?" I replied, "If you allow me I want to go abroad for some years to earn money as I am facing economic crisis." My father said, "When you go there say my salam to their God." I told him that God was same in both places. He replied, "If God can give you livelihood there, the same God can give you livelihood here as well. So I put passport aside and started a job. I was first tenured professor in this university and was the first one out of the highly paid professors here. So all this was due to the advice of prayers of my elders.



Interview

Dr. Tariq Rehman

Writer



Kisht-e-Nau: Sir! Tell us about your childhood. How it was?

Dr. Tariq Rehman: Actually, I have written about it in newspapers and Government College magazines. So, you see I was brought up in Pakistan Military Academy, Abbottabad since my father was a civilian officer, Mathematics instructor. He retired as the head of the Mathematics, in 1970. So, I was brought up there since I was about three. So, I studied in Burn hall which was run by the Roman Catholic Church in those days. Now it's running by the army, also an English Medium School. It was a particularly an easy-going school to study in, quite pleasant one, I tell you.

8:30 a.m. was when the classes started, then we would get free by 1:20 p.m. So, it was easy going, with few breaks in between. Three months of summer holidays. Plus, we got to have all this time to enjoy our own self as the priest did not believe in summer vacation work. Most of the children were also used to play on the countryside, but I took it as Wordsworth's love for the Lake District because for me this was amazing. Horseback riding and travelling became my

hobbies, back then. And I read books, a lot. Book reading was another one. Although English was not a second language at our school, but I still managed to learn it at home. The thing that made me weak in Urdu reading was because my school paid no attention to it. Reading my mom's Urdu novels did not help much either.

Kisht-e-Nau: And there is where your creativity actually started. Right?

Dr. Tariq Rehman: No, no this creativity started since I started authoring small English poems & short English stories at the age of 19. At that time, I did not know how to write Urdu. Although I was a frequent reader. I would write all the content and would not show it my mother even. Even though I could, but I did not want to.

In those days you see most people from my school joined the army, so I also joined the army as a cadet. Then I decided to leave the army. But this was not possible because I was not allowed to leave, the army during a war. But I was not sent to East Pakistan. Because I told them that do not spend time there. I was in a division in Multan.

Actually, it was not in Multan. It was on the border. But I was not sent there & yet, it was the easiest subject, so I started authoring short stories etc. And I had done my B.A also and I got the first division. So, I thought that it is amazingly simple & then I started reading on my own because there was no one to teach me. So, I just read the whole book. I mean Shakespeare. I read the complete works & novels. I read all the novels. I mean most of the novels which I got. Not everything was available in the libraries but a lot of it was there, so I read that and in 1972 I cleared the examination of MA & in those days only people which you took. I mean you took them to the library. So, I took the whole thing in one year I passed & it was told that I got second division & I said that it's fine. You got the first division at 79.9% marks which were the highest in Peshawar University. I was happy about it. Later I was shifted back and then I was posted to Kohat cantonment and again for some odd reason only the best officers are made adjutant and I was made the adjutant again. Then I was made the squadron commandant to top it all and I was commanding a

whole squadron of tanks.

Kisht-e-Nau: You also did masters in political sciences.

Dr. Tariq Rehman: Yes! When I went into the education course, I realized that I should actually study political science. I felt that I should study war studies. For war studies, I applied to the University of London in the department of war studies. They said. "Yes, Sir! We can give you admission because you have good marks. But you do not have a relevant degree. The relevant degree should be history or the relevant degree in political science".

So, I found out that I could do an M.A. Political Science. So, I went ahead & came to the Punjab University Lahore to find out how I am going to apply for political science. Previously somebody else had applied. And, I found that when I went, I saw that there was a certificate lying in front of me. It was a merit certificate in M.A. English. And I found that this merit certificate because I stood first in the whole University. I was quite surprised.

Well, I had heard from someone, a friend maybe that my father had heard that Aligarh also gave gold medals. So, I went and asked them that the one who gets first gets a gold medal. They said that yes, they get gold medals, but you did not come so it is in the bank. Get yours. So, I went to the manager of the bank. At first, I showed him all the student identities, but he did not accept. There were no national cards at that time, so I was worried. Finally, without any reason, I took out my military card as an official

captain of the army. He asked me why I did not show him this first. This is authentic and we will give you the medal and they gave me. I told them that I thought that being a soldier was irrelevant as I



had already shown you my student card. He told me that anyone can make a fake student card. It did not have a recent photo so I had clipped a photograph with it but again anyone could do that. That why they did not accept that. They gave me my gold medal. The people told me that I was only two marks away from the first division. Anyhow, I got my gold medal. I realized that one could get the first division also if one works a little harder. So, this was my last year in the army. By this time, I wanted to resign as it had been 8 or 8 and a half years. After ten years you get allowances plus you get CMH for a lifetime, pension etc. I did not want these. So, I decided to leave at a time before I was eligible for a pension. Well, they finally agreed. They said that they could not give me more allowances and benefits for PhD as you are going to come and preach against the war. With a PhD, we will take you to the national defence college but there will be no grounds to throw you out of the army. What

for? How will we make you leave after PhD when we have kept you for 8 years? So, an officer who got a persuasive tongue, good in English and also had a PhD told our senior officers that we do not want this. You want to resign. It is fine. Do so. My resignation was accepted with no benefits to me. Can you imagine that I had 15 PKR in my pocket when I joined the army which I took from my family? I went down from officer's colony walking with 15 rupees in my pocket. When I left the army, I had again ten rupees in my pocket. The reason was I did a course. They asked me to pay 4000 rupees. I had 4000 rupees in my DSOF defence officer's services fund. So, I spent the whole fund on course. When you resign you have to pay for the course? That was the last course I had to pay for. It was about tact's and tactics. I was forced into that course anyway. I did not want to go. I only wanted to go for physical courses like Para jumping and horse riding. I was fond of them, but I did not want to go in these intellectual courses. Who wants you to study when you are not going to do it? They are exceedingly difficult to learn. I did not want to go for the course, but I had to do it. Well, I did not try to study but was forced to learn about even the minor things about a soldier. I even passed that test. The interesting thing is that you do not have to pay for the course if you fail and I passed so had to pay for it. Actually, the payment was 5000 but since I was self-running, so they gave me a concession of 1000 rupees. So, I had ten rupees

when I came and when I left.

Kisht-e-Nau: Would you like to brief us if there is a difference between humour and comedy? Are these the same things or is there any difference?

Dr. Tariq Rehman: See comedy is the kind of drama or play just with the kind of structure which tragedy has except the structure is enacted in a unique way. Whereas humour, on the other hand, is extremely different you can put humour as verbal humour gesture or body language etc. in conversion in songs in lampoon a lot of things in newspaper articles etc., humour is a part of it. Comedy is a much overall thing much larger canvas so comedy has humour but comedy is not the

Kisht-e-Nau: We think writing humour is a difficult task in English, but somehow Pakistani writers have desisted from this. What do you think that is the reason for the lack of English literature in Pakistan??

Dr. Tariq Rehman: Oh, you're talking about English literature, have you read Khalid Hassan? He used humour in his works; I have a whole chapter for which I had to read all books of Khalid Hassan? Justice Qian used (humor) in his work. He wrote "Somewhat True", "Not the whole truth", "The Half-Truth", and even "Judge Me Laugh". He has used irony and humour in all these. It's not like that there's nothing but yes there is less, and the main reason is that it is very difficult to write. "Give us back our onions" is of Khalid Hassan. Umar Qureshi has used. He has written "How to Lunch" and "Black Moon". All of

these are good. No doubt since the 1980s as I still read literature. Humour is quite rare in Pakistan these days. There were some articles of Atiya Faraz in newspapers which are humorous which were compiled in the form of a book. I think the name of the book was "Intimacy" which was published last year. Apart from her, there are very few people who write humour. So, the main reason is it is difficult to write. The second reason in Pakistan is that it is a social comment. There is irony in it and people consider that as a possibility of someone objecting to it because it is social commentary so that aspect is also there.

Kisht-e-Nau: Sir! What is the story of your prestigious awards like Sitara-e-Imtiaz?

Dr. Tariq Rehman: People gave me those awards and lifetime achievements etc. it is such that I was fond of publications. I used to self-study in university. This book got published. The HEC was formed. So they had to encourage people in the beginning as the people of older generations didn't publish things. So they announced seat of

National institute professor whose status will be higher than VC and will get 35000 rupees on the top of pension and salary etc. their criteria was high which demanded 50 articles of the author alone or as the first author. It fell in the "W" category but there were no categories at that time. Many scientists and only I and Danish sahib were along with them who came in this category. Danish was a great person who had tremendous reputes due to his books but had less general articles. I had both. So HEC selected 18 scientists and both of us as national institute professor. Plus, more things added and I was awarded Sitar-e-Imia.

Kisht-e-Nau: Sir! What is your message for students?

Dr. Tariq Rehman: Students must enjoy studies but the general tradition here is Pakistan is studies are considered as phobia or a burden and consequently you learn less. If you want to acquire knowledge just love studies and enjoy reading. It will definitely enhance your knowledge and skills.



If I could tell you
(Fiction, Essays, Stories)



A Dance with the Sun

Namrah Abid

B. Sc. (Hon.) HND

'A dance with the sun? Sorry, I think, I misheard you. Can you repeat what you said?' The teacher asked confusingly. 'No! Ma'am you didn't mishear at all. Actually that's what I dream to do.' Noor replied hesitantly lowering down her gaze. The whole class burst into laughter. Silencing the class, Miss Iqra harkened back to Noor, 'But darling! Some things are just not possible for us. Wishing to befriend the sun will only burn and nothing else. We are mortals. Learn to dream like one.' 'I would prefer to be an immortal then.' Noor replied with such a strange sense of determination that Miss Iqra had no choice but to smile forcefully.

Moments changed into days and days into years. That little school under the shed had also changed into a large building. Miss Iqra still used to teach the children but that was only because she loved to do so. Her main duty was to supervise other teachers. People of Himapur respected her as most of their children and youngsters were mentored by her. She was still in contact with many of her previous students and she loved all of them but

there was still something special about Noor.

In these ten years, Noor had grown up into a gorgeous girl of twenty. She was the apple of eye of the whole village. Blue fountain eyes with the depth of seas and oceans, jet black curls that whirled and moved like waves, her cheeks was red as rose of spring, pinkish lips that made the flowers hide their faces when she smiled. In short, Noor was the definition of beauty. Even this was not the end. God had gifted Noor with a heart of gold, a brain full of wisdom and hands full of miraculous skills. It was not wrong, when people used to say that she was not an orphan but a miracle. Miss Iqra was also very proud of Noor but Noor's constant wish to dance with the sun sometimes made her worried. It was not Noor's fault though. She lived in the beautiful valley of the East on the back of mountain 'Hima'. It was said that Sun first kissed top of Hima Mountain and then the grounds of Himapur every day before rising anywhere else. Even, the air of Himapur had a strange sense of pride in it. Noor's obsession with the sun was

justified. She was a unique girl with many other unique dreams too. She wanted to shoot for the stars, so she learned archery and was best archer of her time. She was a pure hearted person, who knew how to enjoy life. She believed that fear is only a barrier to achieve your dreams, so she never let it stop her.

People of Himapur were also courageous like Noor but there was something that made them afraid. There was a prohibited area, on the other side of mountain Hima. It was actually a forest with extensive vegetative growth and it land had never felt the balminess of sunlight. It is said that darkness could only promote gloominess and never endorse happiness of light. This was also true in this case as this forbidden forest had also given birth to dark and fierce creatures Hence, it was ascertained in this and banned forest because, it was only cherishing fear and evil. Even the forest itself seemed to be afraid of these vicious creatures and days were worse than the darkest of nights. That terrible forest was nightmare to them, they never wanted to dream of. At the night, the



sounds of forest made them stay awake. Their grandmothers told the stories of terrifying creatures of the forest to their children. They prayed to God to save them from the evil of forbidden forest. They advised their youngsters not to go there as none of the human beings had ever come back from forest.

The only survival factor of Himapur was the fountain that lay between them and those evil creatures. But every year, winter season made the fountain frozen. At this time, to avoid vanishing of thin miracle barrier from darkness the villagers used to pray for the spring to arrive melt the snow. For centuries this barrier had kept them safe but this year it seemed that God had planned something else. Winters had been prolonged, people of Himapur were worried but since their ancestors had never seen the fountain completely frozen so they preferred to stay ignorant.

'It will freeze and make a path for the darkness.' We can't just sit here doing nothing.' Noor said angrily. 'Calm down daughter. Everything would be fine. Learn to trust God. He won't let anything harm us.' old man replied.

'He won't help us either if we are not willing to help ourselves. For centuries, God has saved us and now he wants to be prepared for what is about to come. I suggest that we should polish our skills and be prepared for war. A group comprising of strongest of our men should guard the fountain every night so that our children

and the elderly can sleep in peace.'

'Darling its better if you leave such matters to us and go home.' Old man said harshly.

Noor looked at Miss Iqra which signaled her to stop. So she kept quiet but her mind was full of queries.

Days had been passing quickly since the last meeting but the winter didn't seem to end. Miss Iqra had offered Noor to shift her house as she was also living alone. Villagers were afraid but no one was willing to talk about it. They were in a state of denial and there was a scary silence, Noor often told Miss Iqra.

On evening, it started to rain and villagers took a sigh of relief except Noor. She had a strong sense of feeling that something went wrong. Around midnight, when everyone was sleeping, she woke up from a nightmare. She got out of her bed and went to drink water from the pot. It was raining in cats and dogs along with lightening which was making the night even more frightening. Suddenly, she heard some noise from the top. She instantly got the feeling that time had come. So, she quietly wore her hood and shoes, took her bow and arrows and left.

As the slope was slippery, so she brought a stick to stuck in the ground, in order to make easy climbing on the mountain by pulling herself towards it. Reaching at the top, she hid herself behind a giant rock and peeked through the side. Those hounds of darkness had been

freed. She saw lots of red eyes crossing the fountain. Suddenly, lightening sparked again showing the real faces of those vicious entities. They were blacker than the night, with eyes more red than the blood and teeth more sharp than a knife. Their bodies were the size of a lion and their faces looked like that of a wolf. Their nails were shaped like a razor and their tongue was sneaking out like that of a snake.

Just their sight gave her chills but she couldn't step back now. Villagers were sleeping in peace and these creatures were about fifty in number. She had no time to alert the villagers. Therefore, she had to stop them at least for this night, so that the villagers may join her in the morning. She again waited for the lightening to spark in order to have a good look at those weird faces. This time lightening gave her a light of hope too.

These beasts were strong but had a weakness too. Their hearts had bulged out of their bodies and she could clearly see them beating. She was good in archery and to take aim was not a problem for her. That's why, she took a sigh, prayed to God, put her first arrow in the bow and came out of hiding. She took aim of the nearest creature and let the arrow loose. The arrow flew and struck the heart of the creature. A stream of blood bubbled out of his heart and it screamed so loud to burst her eardrums. He tried to run towards her but couldn't take more than two steps and was

dead. 'One has gone', she thought, but the match was only started. The entities were now alert. They were now coming towards her anxiously. She could see that entities had become alert and coming in the moonlight as the sky was now clearing up.

Miss Iqra came to wake Noor up for Fajar but she was not there nor was her bow. Miss Iqra knew the whole story in seconds so she ran to the villagers to gather them and go to the mountain for Noor's help.

It had been hours since the fight had started. Mud had helped to slow down the creatures but this was still not enough because she had used all her arrows. Now, she was striking those evil animals with stones but even for doing that she had not only collect them first but also change her position too. Sun was now rising. Perhaps, the sun also wanted to see, how it was going to end. She was dead tired but she had gone too far that even moving back was impossible. It was now or never. There were only two of those vicious beings left now and only one stone. She could hear the villagers from the downside of the valley now. She couldn't kill both of them with one stone, so she decided to make them sluggish so that the villagers could come for help. She took another aim at the heart. Straight



in the heart. 'Only one to go.' She thought with happiness now, I only need to slow this one down. She smiled and ran towards the creature with such a speed that even creature got confused. The next thing, she did was the craziest thing one could do. She was fighting with the creature barehanded. The villagers had seen the whole thing. So, they quickly pulled their arrows and aimed at the evil creature. The creature screamed, threw Noor away and turned his direction towards the villagers. A lot of arrows had struck him so he was moaning with pain. One of the arrows struck in his heart and he rolled down the slope.

The villagers then rushed towards the top but it was too late. They saw Noor lying at the top smiling and pointing towards the sun. She closed her eyes. One of them tried to reach out to Noor but the very next thing that happened to make them frozen at their places. They saw the rays of the sun touching Noor's body.

The body flew in the sky and started whirling along with dancing around the sun. They could see that sun rays were also twirling side by side with Noor. The body raised above till it came in front of sun and suddenly there was nothing but a light so strong that brightened the whole land. The forbidden forest also turned into a green colorful heaven and all the bodies of the creatures were also vanished.

Noor had achieved what she wanted to do, dance with the sun. People of Himapur still remember Noor and now it is known as 'Noorpur'. It is said, that every day the very first rays of the light when touch the ground, turn it into gold and give life to the dead. Some people said, that it is actually Noor which still comes to the land dancing with the sun. She never died. No one can say with assurance but there's one thing about everyone is confident. It is that brave and courageous people never really die. Do they?

Farewell to My Beloved

Sana Ahmad
M.Sc. Biochemistry



I remember my grandparents quite vividly and I must say what a beautiful old couple it was. My grandmother was a short tempered lady who liked to wear bright colored clothes, bangles, shoes and every single thing that anyone could expect from a woman. I remember how she used to think that those mystery television series were real and I can bet that if any of her friends would have told her any crime gossip, she had definitely recommended Sherlock. We used to go to Lahore almost every weekend to meet them.

I still remember, how I skipped my school finals because my dear grandmother was ill and urging to see us. Thus I, along with my siblings and mother travelled to, our hometown, Lahore without our father as he was already there due to his mother's sudden ailment. But I was naïve to expect it to be just an ailment, ignoring the silent point that my father would have waited for the exams to be over. We reached there in evening and went straight to the hospital. Our loving grandfather was in the lobby, waiting for us to arrive. We entered the ward to meet grandma and I must say I was utterly shocked to see the scene before my eyes. The

cheerful lady, I once knew was on a bed with closed eyes, drips and different tubes attached to her body, dark circles under her eyes as a sign of fatigue and sunken cheeks. For a second, I didn't even recognize her. It wasn't about her features but the aura around her was so vulnerable that the dominance she once had, had vanished into the thin air. I remember my mother called her and she hardly opened her eyes for a moment to see us. After that, most of the manifestations were blurred to me. I remember my mother was asking me to call grandma and say that we have come but I was unable to speak even a single word. It felt like there was a ball of something stuck in my throat and I was unable to swallow it. My siblings sat near her, trying to comfort her by their presence but I was standing still, continuously trying to decipher the scene before myself and finding any reason to call it a nightmare, a fallacious figment or a hallucination. That night, the only word that came out of my mouth was "grandma" and I remember how she opened her eyes to inspect the caller. I couldn't say anything else. I didn't want to disturb her, as she

looked quite tired. By the time, we decided to go home, red circles had started to appear around her eyes.

Next morning my grandfather left to the hospital so that my mother could come home while we were watching cartoons. We were children back then and adults kept us oblivious to the whole critical and scathing situation. Although we were watching cartoons but the thick tension was very clear in the air. Few minutes later grandfather came back and sat on the couch. Next thing he said was to turn off the television. We did. He was calm and composed, more than needed. He didn't say anything else as he didn't need to. Elder siblings understood and went to another room weeping. Of course others followed them to know the reason. It was clear. She had expired.

I regret not saying more than one word when she was yearning for our presence. I regret not to comfort her when I could. I regret not telling her that everything would be alright as she was the best grandma we could have and good people tend to have blessed destinies. I wouldn't characterize her in good people category but she was definitely not in bad one.

Moreover, she was perfect for us, the best we could have in the whole world as the character of grandma. Almighty gave us more than we deserved.

Here came a lapse of seven years. My grandfather went into coma and remained like that for a month. On 8th Muharram's night he was showing difficulty in breathing. Elder three siblings had gathered to help him in sitting and breathing while children were sleeping. When we felt that breathing had gotten better, we tried to get him back to laying position but in the midway of that his eyes suddenly opened. I and my younger sister were holding him. His face turned and that's it. I had never seen his beautiful eyes this closely before. They were widely open and I saw death showing its demeanor for the first time. He was a handsome, tall, and well built, greyish blue eyed man. I have no other word to describe him other than lovely. I remember how he used to have candies in his pockets to give to the street children and they used to wait for him eagerly. That day I lost a friend, an investor without interests (as he used to give us money without any conditions), a smooth and intellectual speaker, an exquisite storyteller, a caring comrade and of course a humble grandfather. Last words that I said to him were in the afternoon when I was giving his hand a massage. As expected from my humble side (please note the sarcasm here) those words were of great power, emotion and care but Alas! They were of another language. He was a fluent English, Urdu and Punjabi

speaker and knew Kashmiri and bits of Pashto too but not that one language I used to comfort him. I was silently weeping but he couldn't see me as he was in coma. The way I used to ease myself was that maybe he felt the tone, he was in coma so he couldn't hear me in the first place or maybe he discerned the aura I was trying to convey to him. I repeated the same blunder but in another way. I regretted more than ever. To say that I was close to him is an understatement. I hadn't in my deepest thoughts thought that I was going to be effected by his death that much. That's how I said goodbye to my loved ones and I am definitely not proud of that. At least, I should have said "thank you" to them for making my childhood filled with such beautiful, educated and worthy memories. The point upon which I don't get grip even now is the fact that whenever I see an old person with white beard, the very first thing that comes from my subconscious is the image of my late grandpa. Same is the case with wrinkled skin, old but cheerful lady. It reminds me of my grandma. I had exquisitely beautiful eighteen years with my grandparents and the only thing that used to come to my mind on their reference, at that time, was the hospital bed and those strikingly beautiful greyish blue eyes. It used to hurt at start. Those strongly radiating emotions triggered whenever I saw something familiarly resembling to my grandparents had such a strong impact that it used to hurt physically. I came to realize that sometimes when our emotional and spiritual feelings

exceed limits, it shows an effect on our physical nature. It was not my first time having such a depth of my emotions but then again, my first experience is a story for another time. Now with time, physical pain has subsided. Now I see glimpses of those ethereal times I had with my lovely family. I remember them as a great blessing and Almighty knows that how grateful and honored I feel for having them as grandparents. It's like He gave the best that I could have on the name of grandparents, made and planned just for me.

There is not even a single day in my life when I don't feel the responsibility of their deeds on my shoulders. I try to recite holy verses from the holy book, trying to soothe and appease their journey in the graves. Both of them were far more pious and reverent than I am but the fact that I am alive and can do something in return of their altruism and magnanimity leads me there. Moreover, the thing that scares me most is the loneliness of the grave. I know and feel like it's my obligation and liability not only to remember them but also to abate the lonely aura. The only way to do so is to make them feel my presence by reciting to them holy verses as my only connection to them is spiritual now. I feel that it's my way to thank my beloved ones for their everlasting good memories, altruistic nature and timeless love that they gave to me as a worthy treasure. There is no other way... It should be the only way.

I was Literally Amused When...

Usama Sarwar
MSc. (Hon.) AEE



I was literally amused when Donald Trump announced that he would be running for president, I thought, 'This is a man who dreadful desire to get fame and he's willing to spend half his fortune on running for president to become celebrity". But my positive mind shrugged and consoled with a wiry laugh: "He'd drop out soon enough and we'll all be happy."

But at that moment forward, things just started getting real! As the businessman and a famous TV star (Yes! Yes! He has been on the WWE number of times and has even acted in the all famous Home alone) began winning caucuses and primaries — and eventually became the presumptive G.O.P. nominee, questions began rolling in mind: "When would this joke going to end?"

The American Presidential election just became a political manifestation of "Big brother" Well, because I don't live in America, I'm almost torn about his presidential run, because this is a reality TV show rather than a real life presidential debate! But if this person becomes a president, I will consider myself the luckiest person alive, it would be like:

'I was alive when they elected Donald Trump!"
Donald Trump!!!???

Yes brothers and sisters, it's not voting for the right person, it's voting for the most popular person! We've got the guy who puts on the sharp suit and says what people want to hear. It's really odd. Charisma is quite a dangerous thing in politics.

And as trump says, 'I love the uneducated!'

Well, of course you do dear; they're going to vote you in.

Ladies and gentlemen, I doubt you've ever interviewed someone less informed about politics than him but as my nutty positive insists, but constructive assentation was radically changing its position,

"Trump could make the world a better place. We don't know."

Seriously I've gone nuts.

But give it a shot, Trump is a business man, it is probable that he would prevent wars from happening because you know, "wars are expensive."

So let's just sit back see from a distance, where does the "pivot" of the world head.

Yes! Ladies and gentlemen, the see saw did bend in his favor and why would not it, as he is way heavier than Hillary and it is also why you are reading this next paragraph. If he would have lost I would not even have bothered to write this far a headache for me as well.

The "sit back and see" has turned

into "what will happen now" One thing to note, I am not an American. Even worse for me I am a Pakistani. Trump now seems to be a time bomb which could explode at any time. I was very tense but I relieved myself by saying "trump is a businessman and wars are expensive"

Along with all of these mixed emotions, I was confused as well. As Illiterate I, was in the field of politics, I could not understand how trump had won. On what basis? Even though, he had only managed to secure 46% of the votes while Hillary bagged 48%. To get a vivid insight, and to understand the technicalities involved, I contacted the only politics Guru I knew. The one who is found 24/7 in the cross roads of our colony. Just like me, he was as blank as how could it happen. Thanks to our hardworking media it was because of no "Dhandli", but it was because of some weird electoral system which I didn't understand neither I was interested in.

The story took a new turn when I was having a cup of coffee and scrolling through Facebook to pass my time, when I came across a video clip. It was Trump saying "I love Pakh-ish-tan"

The Coffee had never tasted so delicious.



The Gift

Noor ul Hira

With grey streaks in her hairs and a soft smile on her lips, she stopped in front of a chestnut brown door in her house. That door was holding behind it, her most precious treasure. She placed her fingers around door knob and turned it with just a little push and the door swung open with a creak. As soon as she entered the room, pungent smell of old furniture and retrospect started to appear from childhood. When her gaze fell on her long life treasure, her eyes twinkled like stars. She moved towards the window and opened it. Lavender curtains, fringed with lace, billowed in the refreshing spring breeze. They framed the window perfectly, making the picturesque scene, ethereal. Morning cold breeze and warm sun rays rushed in the room in no time. She turned back and her gaze held the view of a room with high ceiling in which countless shelves were built. On those

shelves, hundreds of books were sitting in organized manner as sunlight fell on rows of their spines. It seemed like they all were waiting for some old loyal friend of theirs and she smiled back at them as a bosom friend. She sat on a chair placed near the window while holding a book in her hands and she turned her face to look out at far stretched horizons and her thoughts started to float back in time. Delicate pansies prim and proper tulips, cheery daffodils and clusters of maroon poppies smiled graciously outside the window in her garden. A dome of brilliant azure, speckled with fluffy clouds, covered the land. She reflected how she owns a whole library in her house today and how those books had not only made her socially commendable and successful but had also taken her to the fancy trips of far worlds and gave her tons of hidden gems of

knowledge as well as joy unconditionally. All those books hiding millions of secrets and pleasures in them humbly became her most cherished treasure.

“When I was young and I had nothing except from wanderlust on my side. At times these books took my hand and flew me everywhere on this planet and to other fantasy world as well.” She uttered those words with such low and deep voice that it seemed like she was whispering this to the book sitting in her lap. Her very first treasure.

She remembered well, it was just a normal evening of winter about forty years ago when this journey started. That day she bought her first book without any bond of duty for her teachers or any debt of gratitude for her parents. But this great transition in herself was sudden and only came when someone ran errand for her. It was time of her winter break

from college. On that particular day, she had nothing else to do except from staring at the walls of her room, lying idly on her bed. It was because, her internet had some quaint error in it and wasn't working well on that day. It was hard for a fable young creature like her to spend those winter vacations fighting with the armed irksome boredom. Arms of clock had been ticking 2pm since last two hours or it was just in her head. She was hauled up to the haze of loneliness. She picked her mobile phone and started to search through different mobile apps to figure out something interesting. And that situation was quite terrible for her. But during this weary situation, she mistakenly opened the calendar. She thought that it was going to irritate her more but then a strange idea ever came to her. Ideas are always strange at first. An idea to check the day on her birthday after exact 40 years and that was the moment when all of this started.

And a question appeared "What would you be then?" "Would you exist till then and if not, will you be remembered?"

Those thoughts were so sudden and epic for her because she had never thought of it before and worst was that she had no answer. She was shortsighted because all she had desired and planned was only for next four or five years of her life. It was not a momentary emotional thrust but it was as if someone has spilled beans. Suddenly, uncertainty of her fate, time, plans and presence hung upon her. When

all the swirling thoughts were difficult to bear, she decided to ignore them for best. So, she wrapped herself in few layers of cloths and wrapped a scarf around her neck to avoid December's icy wind. After telling her mother, that she was going out for some time, she closed the main door behind her and that day after many years she stepped out from house without tracker device called mobile.

Even she knew the weather forecast of that day, she was still out in cold, with heavy heart and blank mind. She simply roamed the streets with eyes open and mouth shut. Something inside her was shouting again and again, "Why I am here like this and why today?" But she kept on wandering and on her way, while passing by a book shop, she saw those golden words written on a big blue board, placed outside the shop; One day you will wake up & there won't be any more time to do the things you've always wanted. Do it now. Paulo Coelho. It was just a quote or a beautiful sequence of words, which clenched her and in a blink of an eye, answer started to appear on blank canvas of her thoughts. After some moments standing there, she moved forward while repeating those words in her mind. She kept moving in wilderness through those familiar but unknown streets by taking random turns. In hours of dusk and cold, she was wandering on the chest of crowded but silent streets with reddened nose and numbed hands.

That day there was something new and more attractive about her city, contagious beauty of life who was always already there but she never laid her eyes on it but when she started to realize it and her eyes were now difficult to open because of chilled breeze, she made her mind to return back home. However, on her way back to home, she passed by a patch of woods. Instantly, she realized that something like gold was sparkling inside the heart of woods. After a bit of thinking, she started to walk through the trees. After some moments, there were no more steps to take and she stood still in air of speculation and deep amusement. She was standing in front of an unexpected pond surrounded by the shades of tall trees and overgrown grass. It was lonesome sun that was going to set on the other side of pond in those woods that was sparkling. Pond water seemed to turn into golden tea in which sun as a pale-orange biscuit was going to dip its self. She brushed her hairs back to get a better view as she simply sat on the cushy grass by folding her legs while her thoughts flew everywhere.

"I never knew that there is hidden pond here and sun was hiding itself from whole city while it is smiling secretly here." "How I never knew that sunset here can be so magical?" "Where I have been all my life?" "Who knows how many things I have missed in my life owing to my negligence?" "One day I will be gone and no one will notice this sunset." And her eyes filled with tears.

Actually that dying sun setting was enough to answer every question of her life, because even that sun was dying but there was still so much hidden grace and alluring happiness along with burning hope in it. That day she felt that sun solely spoke to her and whispered softly in her ear at final moments, "I never fears the death or dark which comes for me every day but I die daily with grace and hope of rising back so don't waste a moment of your life while you still have it and raise above and shine bright before final

moments."

That day, all the deep tranquil moments that ticked away, also took her forward. After some moments she saw a few snowflakes coming down from sky, riding on air towards her city while sun was gone to sleep. Till then she was so unfamiliar to the small universe outside her and too giant in her because she was so busy to become a 21st century social animal and she was used to keep her self-enslaved by various screens. But after that she was truly free like a bird flying in evening sky. To her way back



home she decided to visit that bookshop to know that prolonged forgotten passion of her. And that was the day she found her first friend of life time, her first book.

Moonlight

Ammar Ahmed
B.Sc. (Hons.) Animal Husbandry



The paths we follow, different paths, paths to prosperity, to success, to ecstasy, my path and your path, in our minds depicting a picture after passing through all the miseries. A picture so artful, so supreme, in our hearts a hope for our saddened brothers and sisters, a hope for a positive change, an amelioration, a source of joy giving a reason to smile in despicable times. Imagine the life of a slave living in the early 1700's, every single act upon him by his master makes him think that his coming generations will be slaves too. They will be treated in brutal

ways and will have no respect just like him but before he sleeps for a small moment he thinks, he thinks so hard, he cries, he screams deep in his heart, and after letting out the anger he holds for his master, he thinks just for a moment that change will come, it will bring us peace and a name, an identity, the rights of a common man, or at least he wishes though he knows it won't happen in the near future but these bits of hope in despair from one person to another bring about in existence Nelson Mandela, and then there is another negro who wakes up one

morning and hears that the Negro are freemen with rights of a common man. Hence dwells in our own little realm a moon, that reflects the light from the eyes into our soul, but the light of the first moon is so fragile that we hardly notice it until it drowns in the darkness of the night, and then there is that day when we unconsciously look out of our windows and witness the moonlight not in the skies but endowing upon our own souls akin to the sun's piercing light in the morning.

My Aphrodite

Usama Sarwar
MSc. (Hon.) AEE



I am usually called mad and the question that has been left unsettled for long I am about to iron out the disputes over it, is madness the loftiest intelligence or is it not? Where did I come from, the people who give me identity are known for vigor of wit and vehemence. Whatsoever gave way to such glory and profoundness was none, but the disease of thought. We went for saving intellect offering the moods the mind offered as a collateral. The commoners who dream by night let many things escape which we the mad, the day dreamers are cognizant of. In our peripheral vision, we get a glimpse of awakening, immortality, eternity and what not. In that split second, we get hold of the secrets of The Alchemist, the fountain of youth seems to be in our grasp, and the secrets of the universe become overt. All the wisdom is unrevealed right there, in front of us and yet we are enchanted by the evil knowledge. We are then swallowed by the ineffable sea of evil left rudderless and compass less drifting in the vastness lost forever, forgotten forever.

The memory of the events that

mingle up to form the first epoch of my life give existence to the very first mental condition the anamnesis. The condition of the lucid reason where there is nothing to be disputed, there exists a clarity of thought and vision clear enough to guide me to the stars--- the second is the grey condition, the one that is full of doubt which appertains to the present and to the recollection that forms the later era of my existence. Whatsoever I tell you of my anamnesis the earlier period, believe; and to what I refer of the later era, doubt it or give as much credit as seems necessary.

Alee! Yes Alee was the name of my love, the name that I gave her. Whom I fell in love with and still love. We were always together in the valley of utmost happiness. No unguided footsteps had ever set foot on the vale since the valley was Alee's discovery. The undulating river that flew threw it crept out of the dim regions beyond the great mountains, flowing stealthily through the vale carving its way through the dense forest and the big boulders. When the sun rose the first rays used to set the river

ablaze making the water bright and dazzle but still it could not match Alee's eyes no matter how much the sun and the river conspired. The path that we had trodden into the carpet like grass of the earlier untrodden valley, it made the vale even more special to us. That path led us to the river through the thick, short yet perfectly even grass. We used to call it the silent one. The crystal clear waters let us look at the pearl like pebbles staying motionless yet glorious an enchanting like pearls on a maidens neck. The water flowed silently not even giving a hum so as not to disturb those pearl like pebbles or us the love birds lost in each other's eyes lost in the universe inside us soul gazing. I could never reach for whom the favor was for. Even the grass gave way where we used to sit as if it was down on its knees in our honor. The wind that filtered through the forest sounded like Anemoui was playing a harp save Alee's everything came to a standstill when she hummed so as not to miss a note. It carried the scent of yellow buttercup and white daisy which besprinkled the grass save Alee's for it was

sweeter than that of honey.

On the farther bank in the grooves emerged birch and pine trees. Which shot straight up straight like arrows and bending gracefully towards the sun. It seemed like big serpents paying homage to the sun. Morning dew glittered and slipped off of the smooth leaves save Alee's for I know the amount of light that reflected off of her cheeks and hit my eyes and I had to keep them covered with my hand. Her blood red lips I can't even remember a day of the spring when I had seen a berry stain on her lips while she could always tell if I had a berry to eat or not because my lips gave it away.

Even a seraph would be jealous of Alee's looks that was how beautiful she was artless. No guile could ever disguise the flavor of love for her. She chose me above all and I a goof of a person never understood that and could never appreciate that who had nothing but discourse, jabbering for hours on end. She was perfect in loveliness only to die. She had seen the finger being pointed at her. But I had been unable. I partially put the blame on her presence as her beauty always dazzled me and made me blind. Still I once made a vow to

my dear Alee. I fell in her feet and asked the Sovereign ruler of the Universe to be a witness to the pious solemnity of my vow I vowed that I would never bind myself to any other daughter of the earth I even involved a penalty but its horrors make me reluctant to mention it here. Right then and right there she reached out to me pulled me up from her feet looked me straight into my eyes and with that a shiver ran through my spine and she took a deep breath and exclaimed I will be always with you right in front of your eyes. Who had known that this will turn out to be more of a curse?

Then comes the moment of her death for every good thing in my life never stayed for long and soon came the barricade of her death. As I cross the barricade I feel as if I am loosing sanity. My vision of thought is getting cloudy and I am starting to question whether I will be able to stay true to the cause and right my heart out. I doubt it if I can stay faithful but let me on. The second era of my existence starts with the departure of my beloved. As the time dragged itself on but heavily. The flowers withered away, the grass seemed rusty, the trees curled up, the grass went

rusty the winds and river started shuddering cries, mourning aloud. I felt empty and incomplete and I moved back to the city. There was a void in my heart and it refused to be filled. My heart longed for the love it once enjoyed. The radiant loveliness of the women could not deviate me from me vow. The world went dark and darker. I stood there longing for the ecstasy that once enchanted me and the burning thoughts of the pleasure long gone occupied my head.

Then there came a change, everywhere I looked I started seeing her, every girl I could see her reflection whatsoever I smelt it reminded me of her perfume, every touch reminded me of her soft cushiony hands and I went deeper and deeper into the ineffable sea I lost the progress if I had made any. In that jiffy I took the banner of my clansmen and made responsible to carry their identity on. I neither wedded neither dreaded the curse that had engulfed me. I could not feel its bitterness as I felt that mellow voice yet again as I slowly drifted into the wilderness of that calm but deep sea.

Question Mark

Namrah Abid

BSc. (Hon.) HND



It is estimated that almost 5 babies are being born every second and almost 25 babies would have been born till one finishes this sentence. Well, he was one of those five babies that were born that second almost 40 years ago and sometimes he wondered how his life would be if he was exchanged with one of those or at least his name got exchanged?

Being the only child to his parents after 10 years, he was born with high expectations that included all kinds of hopes, some hopes being practically impossible. So, his parents decided to name him Mark in the hopes that he will be above mark and make his mark in this world.

It is said that names have a strong influence on personality and affect one's life but sometimes even names chosen after great discussions and fights turn out to counter act or act in a way that they were not supposed to like. i.e., Will unable to do anything according to his will or Merry ending up marrying half a dozen men. His parents forgot that Mark Zuckerberg was yet not born and rules of punctuation already existed. So, Mark instead

of making a mark ended up being a question mark for his friends, family and colleagues for the rest of his life.

His nickname instead of his original name shadowed a great effect on his personality. As a result, he started to speak questions rather than normal sentences like he never called "mama" or "baba" when he was two and always preferred to say "Baaa?"

At the age of four his parents sent him to school for the great purpose of learning. But unfortunately it only fulfilled his desire to speak more sentences with question marks. Even the teachers that once boasted of that they loved the students who ask questions and challenge them imprecated the moment when these words had burst out from their mouths.

So his school life started with him refusing to name alphabets in spite of recognizing them.

"But ma'am, what if "A" was "B" and "B" was "A"?"

"Son it has always been like that."

"But Why?"

"Because the ones who made this language decided to do that and we follow them."

"What if alphabets didn't want that?"

"What? Honey it would be better if we learn it like that and alphabets love their names too."

"How did alphabets told us that they love their names?"

"They told the person who named them and only he knows how."

"Okay!"

Mark started to write "A" on his notebook and the teacher took a sigh of relief but the very next moment he put his pencil down, turned his orange shaped face towards the teacher, moved his almond eyes up and down, made a cat face and said, "What did we call them when they didn't have names?"

The teacher astounded for a moment and then went straight out of class and resigned.

The next years of Mark's school were not much different. Some of his teachers resigned, some changed their classes, and the remaining sent him out of class or banned him to speak during classes.

Even then Mark showed perseverance. Months, seasons, years, grades, friends, teachers and thinking everything changed

but the question mark at the end of every statement remained constant.

At his graduation day he did think of asking less questions.

He soliloquized in front of mirror while combing his hair, "Should I start thinking in a new way as a new chapter of my life is going to begin?

Or should I remain the same?

Will people continue to call me "Question mark" if I change?

But why do people say this?

Do I really ask that many questions?

Even if I do, is asking questions illegal?

Doesn't it show my intellect and curiosity?

What would I have to do to stop this habit?

After thirty minutes of combing hairs he realized that even his monologue didn't have a single sentence without question mark. So, after a lot of brainstorming, he decided that he was best the way, he was and changing himself would not only be a mistake as grapes are always sour and became Professor Question Mark.

The perk of being Professor Question Mark was that students could neither live nor die while studying his subjects. He

answered every question and questioned every answer. In the Past, teachers left the class or made Mark leave the class but here the situation was kind of opposite. Some say that the nature was punishing them for his teachers' sins as they could neither make him leave nor leave the class themselves as 75% attendance was also a real horror story.

He was passionate about teaching and every rightful question from some student made him to say "Now here comes the real question mark" which made the students laugh. He was the hero to the thinkers, inspiration to the scientists, monster to the nerds and assaulter for the duffers.

One day, he was crossing a street when some car stopped by and a person holding a gun came out, "Give me all the money you have."

"But why?" Mark asked.

"Because, otherwise I will shoot you."

"With this gun?" Mark inquired.

"Obviously you dumb! Now hand me over the money?" the thief said impatiently

"I have to handover you the money, I have in my pocket right?" putting his hand in pocket

mark asked.

"Yes! Now hand me your mobile phone too." the thief took the money.

"But there was no such question mark!" Mark couldn't control himself and said out loud.

The thief took some moments to digest the sentence. Before, he could do anything bad, someone hit him and knocked him out. Professor Mark was puzzled and wondering what on the Earth just happened, when one of his old students appeared from the side. "Professor! I am so happy that you are alright. It's so good to see you."

"I am fine gentleman. But how did you know I was here?" Mark gazed at the student connecting his white eyebrows shaping 'W' and shrinking his eyes trying to recognize the young man.

"Sir it was quite easy. There is only one man in this entire world who calls "question" a "question mark" and is my benefactor." The young man smiled.

Who knew that a question mark that takes a lot of lives in examination halls can save a life too? Mark laughed.

"Very true! Who would have known that Sir?"

Monster Neck

By John Meyers

When I was young I never thought about my neck. It was smooth and supple like the rest of me. Now my neck is a monster. A saggy, craggy, battle damaged monster. If I pinch the skin on my neck, it stays pinched, like silly putty.

Recently I was in Target shopping for shirts. I tried one on and looked in the mirror. The image reflected back was terrifying. A dark throat cavern nestled between two angry tendons. Something you might see in a horror movie close-up. The throat of an old man who should not have answered the door.

A Land with a Heartbeat

Sana Ahmad
M.Sc. Biochemistry

A visit to northern areas of Pakistan was last excursion of my life and what a beautiful, alluring and aesthetic place it was. Skyscraping Mountains, tranquillizing forests of conifers, soothing sound of flow of the Nelum River and heart touching hospitality of the residents was beyond expressible. Our stay in Kashmir was exceptionally exquisite, heavenly engaging and pleasingly beguiling.

When people talk about Kashmir, they usually emphasize on the natural beauty, which is peripheral but let me tell you, that big patch of land has a winsome beauty inside and out. Inhabitants of Kashmir have been welcoming nature. Their loving nature left us transfixed and their homely environment made us feel comfortable. They showed us their wooden houses, organic kitchen gardens, orchards and even bomb shelters. Some of them told us stories of Indian attacks and their tale of survival. The way they revealed their arduous past and showed their body impairments as a result of that was quite overwhelming.

They told us about their traditions, nuptials, funerals,

believes, education and way of living. Although, life is quite hard there but those people never forget to educate their children academically as well as morally. Their passion about education can be determined by the fact that they travel miles to reach the schools and colleges. Moreover, the awareness about female education has led them to such an era where none of their daughters have level of education.

One of the most lovable characteristic about them is that they all work regardless of their age and work load is not confined to the specific gender. We saw there, very cooperative man, serving us food and helping the women in household chores possible. They all give respect to other humans and even more to the female gender. The way they hold their responsibilities and share the load to survive efficiently in hard and wild environment is an exquisite example of the brotherhood, compassion, social community and humanity.

One of the senior members of the house told us the story of her impaired arm which was the

result of sudden bombardment from the Indian side. She told us a few of such endless tales of tyranny. They showed us their bomb shelter which was built in the basement with three feet wide walls and how they cooperate with the Pakistan army through thick and thin. Although, we saw a lot of army officials there but none of them was intimidating as they had a very friendly and respectful relationship with the civilians.

I can't summarize, the tour without mentioning the gigantic herds of northern goats. With their colored long hairs, twisted horns and short stature, they were basking in the sun on the roads and mountains. A distinguished sound of their owner's whistle was to be heard from distances. Additionally, there were many gypsies going to the lower land area with their baggage. It was a whole different world where someone might die of wild nature but not of hunger. Apple trees are very common on that fertile land but, the taste the fruit holds is quite peculiar and refreshing. It cannot be found anywhere besides Kashmir and its outskirts. People don't even

bother to lock the doors as environment is quite peaceful and safe. River Nelum also presents a sight to behold but the truth be told that it's perilous. Casualty may result from hypothermia as the temperature of the water coming straight from glaciers is quite low or due to huge boulders instead of drowning.

After the visit, I realized that anyone can't be a Kashmiri. The

beauty of its inhabitants and their irresistible nature has done justice to such a divine land. Their eyes hold such an obvious but vague emotion that left us captivated for a long time. Those lands have such a static and unstimulating nature that everything feels intense there. I remember that in that beautiful land, time was quite slow and I was reminiscing my happy childhood memories and my grandparents.

I never felt so unsure of the future. Intense and acute emotion has its perks as we can feel everything to its fullest but what if the emotion's core is despair? It's like everything is trying to tell us a different aspect which sums up the Kashmir and there is no doubt, we feel the heartbeat of that place. It seems to be a live land with heartbeat!

Splashing Raindrops

Huda Sarwar

B.Sc. (Hons.) PBG



Shower of rain was blessing young leaves in the night time. And upon that, the haze that formed around the street lamp made tiny drops seem to be dancing in the spotlight. Two leaves, one withered and brown, the other of lush tint, were attached with two branches. A game of throwing winds to each other they found to play with joy. The rain kept pouring little by little with fluffy grey clouds seen smiling in the sky. Upon glancing down, the leaves yearned to touch the ground and rest their backs on it.

To their hope, a gusty wind blew and with blink of an eye the weak leaf separated from tree. The healthy leaf shivered and made a slight shriek out of horror of being left alone, but with prayers

it too left the branch. Both the leaves were then taken afloat along with downpour in breeze. Rolling in the wind and laughing to the fullest, they found their lives the happiest ever to be.

The green leaf and the brown leaf both rejoiced these lovely moments and were carried to the ground they desired. More alive they felt in touching the soil where their roots resided. "This feels so warm and smooth, do you love touching this soil too?" asked the green leaf. This soil had strengthened them, and in it they were to find home one day, thought the brown leaf. But before it could say a thing, wind took another turn. Eagerly they waited in glee to see where wind takes them this time.

But oh! They had something else

waiting they did not think of. The weak body of withered leaf could be carried no more. And yet again carried by this blow was the green leaf whose body was full of life. No sooner did they realize they are to be separated too, that the fresh leaf locked its tip in the crack formed on the withered leaf. But what it is that goes not in vain when life is to take a sharp turn, and there it went far away from the ground, hearing the old friend call,

"This is my destiny my dear, I was meant to fall.

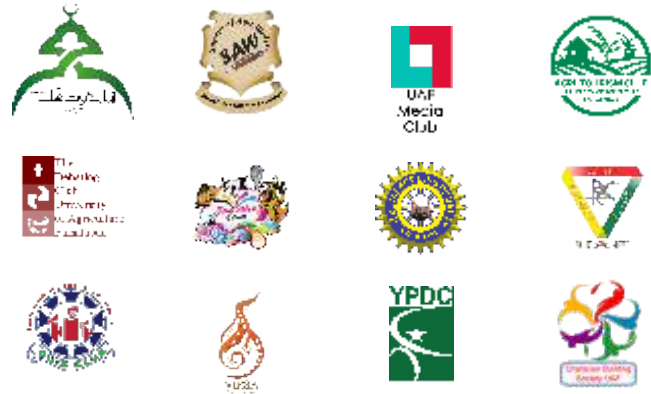
You have a whole life ahead; rise and forget to fall!"

In the cold lone night, the green leaf then swayed on its own under the street lamp and closely saw the splashing raindrops ending into nothing.

Together we learn Together we shine

Hamza Tariq

Msc. (Hon.) Plant Pathology



Societies, unions and clubs are meant to engage students in extra-curricular activities which not only provide much-needed recreation and respite during busy academic sessions but also offer students multiple opportunities for students to bring positive attitude in personality development. Encouraging students to polish their talents and to enhance their passions for environmental and societal uplift, is the foremost priority of Office of the Senior Tutor here at UAF. The pastoral activities (literary and artistic pursuits other than the obligatory academic work) of the students are looked after by the Office of the Senior Tutor. The office of the Senior Tutor holds a key organizational position along with the institutional hierarchy to manage different literary, artistic, and cultural activities within UAF. Along with the Tutorial system this office holds different type of literary and artistic clubs which are named as Na'at and Qir'at Club, The Quiz Club, Society of Agri Writers (SAW), Character building society (CBS), The Debating Club, The Art Club, UAF Media Club, Virsa Music Society, Young development corps (YDC), Road Safety Club and Agri.

Tourism Club. Here is the brief and short introduction of these clubs and societies along with their achievements in recent year.

Qira'at & Naat Club is a very vital and vibrant society in UAF. Its members are usually expected to participate in the university, provincial, or country level Hifz-o-Qira'at Competitions. However, Qiraat & Naat Club seems to have taken the lead over other student clubs, as many of the events organized under this club proved hugely successful. The members of this club made this university proud by winning positions in different universities like University of Veterinary & Animal Sciences, Lahore, Government College University, Faisalabad, The University of Faisalabad, Faisalabad and many more.

The Debating Club is one of the oldest clubs of University of Agriculture, Faisalabad. It organizes inter-faculty and university level debate, declamation, and speech contests. The club also holds an All Pakistan inter-university debating competition annually. Additionally, the debaters from The Debating Club, UAF

participate in the National level competitions arranged by academic institutions, governmental organizations like HEC, NAB, and also by International bodies like Model United Nations. The Debating Club, UAF takes it as a matter of pride that the students who undergo regular training have been able to make their mark in all formats of the art of oratory, i.e., Declamations, Parliamentary Debates, etc. at All Pakistan level. Some of the recent achievements of this club were at Punjab University, Lahore, Forman Christian College University, Lahore, Air University, Islamabad, University of Engineering & Technology, Lahore, Shan-e-Ramzan Speech Competition at ARY Digital network, Karachi, Noor-e-Ramzan Speech Competition at A Plus Network, Lahore, Chief Minister Punjab Speech Competition, Lahore, University of Central Punjab, Lahore and much more.

Quiz Club works very hard to promote the tradition of quiz competitions both at the university and the national level, mainly covering the history of the Islamic and European civilizations

along with prompting the students to learn crucial facts and aspects of general knowledge regarding geography, politics, economy, philosophy, literature, current affairs, etc.

Society of Agri. Writers (SAW) is a platform that was found in 1984. This platform was established to enhance the literary taste of students of Agriculture University, Faisalabad. Society of Agri. Writers has been promoting the writing skills of students of UAF for about 35 years in the area of poetry and prose. The main categories which it deals are English, Urdu and Punjabi poetry, essays, and short stories both in Urdu and English languages. Students are also getting command on column and blog writing in Urdu, English and even in Punjabi. SAW does not only guide the students in writings during weekly meetings but also prepares students for in-house competitions of poetry and prose. It also encourages the university students to participate on different platforms including TV Channels on National & International level. Some of the recent achievements of this club were at Shan-e-Ramzan Bait Bazi Competition at ARY Network, Karachi, Ishq-e-Ramzan Bait Bazi Competition at TV One Karachi, Bazm-e-Tariq Aziz PTV Home Lahore, Syasi Theatre with Wasi Shah at Express News Lahore, King Edward Medical University, University of Gujrat, National University of Science & Technology, Islamabad, University of Engineering & Technology, FAST, IST Islamabad

and many more.

Character Building Society (CBS) was constituted under the directive of National Accountability Bureau (NAB) and Higher Education Commission (HEC). The main objective of CBS is to inculcate high moral and ethical values in the youth culminating into a team of energetic, an honest and healthy minded youngster.

Virsa Music Society (VMS) was formed in 2014 under "Office of the Senior Tutor". VIRSA Music Society is working for the revival of Classical music in Pakistan. The students are not only excelling at doing light and Ghazal singing, and folk and Sufi music but also gaining virtuosity in rock and pop style singing and instrumental performance. In recent years the VMS, both arranged and performed in a number of mega events, which included among many others Virsa Sufi Night, Open Air Concerts, In-House Competitions. VIRSA Music Society also won titles, medals, shields and prizes in competitions at university, national and International levels. The mission statement of VMS is to promote the music tradition of the cultural heritage of the sub continental soil along with allowing modern-cum-Western type music to thrive in the conducive learning environment of the university. The recent achievements of VMS are All Pakistan Education Expo, Lahore & Faisalabad, Fast National University Lahore & Faisalabad and much more.

The Art Club, UAF is mainly responsible to streamline the production promotion, and showcasing of the art work by university students. That is why the Art Club members remain busy throughout the academic session in various demanding activities. Students associated with this club make themselves available outside the working hours, as they play the main role to assist in managing theatrical, Mime, dance performances and skits during routine mega events; art, painting or poster-making competitions; art exhibitions and fashion shows. Some of the recent achievements of this club are at All Pakistan Education Expo, Lahore, National Textile University, Faisalabad, Fast National University, Lahore, University of Central Punjab, Lahore, Government College University, Lahore and much more.

UAF Media Club is the first ever media club of this university. The main objective of this club is to cover and report on all the activities within the university as well as outside the university. UAF Media Club also makes documentaries and short films for the national and international competitions. The recent achievements of this club is at University of Lahore, Lahore, Express and Education Expo, Lahore, Lahore University of Management Sciences (LUMS), Lahore and many more.

Rotaract Club UAF is affiliated club with "Rotary" that has motto "Fellowship through

services” which focuses on the building bonds of friendship among the club members while they endeavor to serve their community. Rotaract club hold formal meetings, usually once or twice in a week, its purpose to develop speakers, special social activities and discussions. Club has its own treasure system, each member gives monthly donation to club. Club members get together on designed days for services project work, social events, leadership development workshops. Rotaract club of UAF has basic purpose to provide opportunities for youth to enhance knowledge and skills that will assist them in personal development, to address the physical and social needs of our communities and to promote better relationship between all people through a framework of friendship and services. It is university-based club so our main aim is to promote the university or create fellowship with other universities/ colleges of the World.

Young Peace and Development Corps (YPDC) seeks to create a link of Planning Commission with the universities of Pakistan, where the intellectual/social capital of this country resides, but will also ensure that the youth be actively engaged in setting a positive development-based narrative of the country. This will help the Planning Commission to revitalize itself as a premier development think tank with input from young and

ambitious minds, and will also enable students from the selected universities to make contribution towards national development by applying their skills to solve development problems through an established university platform. The key objective of the Project is to directly involve youth in the socio-economic development of Pakistan and generate a citizen feedback system that prioritizes issues and shapes the paradigm in which all actors can act together in a cohesively productive manner. YPDC would be established as a decentralized body consisting of several tiers i.e. the Planning Commission, assigned Young Peace Development Fellows, industrial linkages'/liaison offices of selected universities, selected Campus Ambassadors and selected YPDC members. The first step in effective implementation of the project is to set up YPDC chapter at university campuses to raise awareness about the program, followed by appointment of Campus Ambassadors (CA) and other positions to create YPDC bodies at campuses.

Road Safety Club was established in 2016 with the collaboration between Department of City Traffic Police Faisalabad and University of Agriculture Faisalabad for the sake of awareness and provision of maximum opportunity regarding traffic education to our society youth. Also trying to fix major

concerns regarding rules and regulations through proper teaching. The RS club has an aim that all people on the road should be aware of all rules and regulations with legitimate license.

Further Road Safety Club has planned to start a Thematic Driving Park in which University students and staff will check out the proper signs and also experience a driving test within university.

Agri. Tourism Club (ATC) was created three years back. It has been proved a very ideal healthy activity for the students, farmers and farm based industry not only for education, entertainment but entrepreneurship as well.

It aims to organize seminars in educational institutes, workshops to train farmers, researchers and common people, events/on-farm seminars/on-farm workshops/festivals at farmers' fields. Through these activities, people are attracted to explore the nature at farmers' field. The students and common people are educated with entertainment very near to local natural conditions. The farmers are educated and trained to shift from traditional sustainable farming to convert their farms into resorts and making their farms in an attractive shape so that people from cities can visit and get relieved from polluted and stressful city life.

Real Reason behind our Social Nightmares

Sana Ahmad
M.Sc. Biochemistry



Larceny, bribery, burglary, murder, scams, frauds, arsons... and so on. There is a never ending and increasing list of crimes that has inflicted us more than our imagination and expectation. These crimes have earned the name of “our united nightmares” or may I precisely say “our shared nightmares”. From bullying to terrorism, we have terribly failed to find an eternal solution of our so called haunted nightmares. We have tried different policies, unique methods, strict scrutinizing but the main point is that any technique has never given us the permanent and the exquisite results. These careful steps have given temporary results but their effect fades soon enough. So why don't we come towards the real and most important reason behind these problems, starting from the basics and annihilating the seed slowly but perfectly?

Some critics and analysts tend to give education as the main reason behind all this rude stuff but the point is what kind of education is needed in order to obliterate such menacing monsters. It's possible that higher degrees and healthy

environment of educational institutes may provide exceptional mind training and personality grooming but again how many of our students gain enough grades to get admission into a college??? Our high schools do not provide that sort of grooming, so we can say that our literacy rate does not give the ratio of strong minded people who will think twice before taking radical and unethical steps. Thus the degree education or increasing literacy rate is neither the main solution nor the reason. On the other hand the fact that our previous generations were more peaceful, full of joy and intellectual, proves that degrees are not really the education we are talking about here.

By comparison of generations and objective and logical thinking, I think that the main reason is the lack of basic ethical training. We have failed as parents to develop the quality of self replacement in our children. We have become extremely sensitive about our offspring and we try to give them each and every thing which we think can be a necessity. In all this fuss we busy ourselves in making money for

our beloved ones and lack of family bonding and attention leads to serious social problems. We have given them materialistic things in exchange of such qualities that don't run in blood but in fact bloom by hardworking, training and engagement for more purposeful reasons. We have failed to teach them to do the Right instead of doing the easy.

Let's come to “Self replacement”. A word that you may not be able to find in your dictionaries, so I am going to illustrate it by sharing a personal experience and observation.

It's almost a couple of years back when I was in my second year of high school and a minivan used to pick me up from my house. In those days, our country's political state was quite unstable followed by several protests and a particular march. My van fellows used to discuss every raising issue and sometimes we used to have some funny conversations as well. So one day when I was coming home the environment got quite political by so called happy news delivered to us by our van fellow. Apparently she was all joyous and was telling us

how her uncle and a few others threw stones at that particular march resulting in several blood oozing heads of some middle aged men taking part in that march. To my surprise other girls laughed with her. The fact that she and others would never replace herself at the place of a girl whose father or brother would be hurt in any scenario gives the proof to my so called hypothesis of ethical training. We have become resistant to the blood, casualties and terrorism in general which may be due to our previous sufferings. The bitter truth, that we don't pay a heed until a number of corpses are involved is quite terrifying. Our minds have become so weak that if something happens to ourselves then its comparable to the doom's suffering but when someone else goes through it, then we dare to neglect and

ignore it. We consider "immoral behavior" as "little things" compared to our "gigantic problems" and that's the reason we never try to improve for the sake of ourselves.... But every sane mind will agree with me on this that these "little problems" has led our society to the edge. Our young generation doesn't bother to challenge itself, always looking for any shortcut that may lead to the ultimate success. More than that, our minds have become so feeble that we never dare to object any sort of decision made by anyone holding a power of authority over us. Us, the most cherished creatures of the Almighty, don't think that one or two lives are worthy of our attention, totally ignoring the suffering of the whole family which it brings with itself. The hideous fact that mafia system, shameless tactics and

disrespecting expressions have inculcated in our bones, is our "not so secret" flaw.

We have to be a bit more caring in our lives and should live like a real Pakistani or I must say like a "Muslim". It may be true that our lives are not truly exquisite but light shines brightest in the darkest of the places. We can renew ourselves by bringing extraordinary qualities and testing our destiny, leading to a brighter, safer and decent future. Briefly speaking it all comes to my simplest and deepest ideology that "the pain reduces where unity leads". The excruciating feeling of being alone in misery can be tackled by linking hearts and resonating souls. May be its time we go back to the basics of social life and believe it when I say "we need it... badly".

Extensionist writes his cutegirl friend

You are present in all four chambers of my sweet heart and your beautiful image is printed on my eyes. I want your sweet voice to keep my ear drums vibrating like a Tuning folk. It's my dream that ii want to communicate you like farmers who have unaware about modern technology. The beautiful colors of your iris attract me like 7 steps model of communication. Yesterday your presence at corridor in front of my department made my heart

beat at the rate of 150 beats per second. The velocity of my Blood increased at the rate of 15 meters per second. But when I saw my supervisor at same place suddenly my heart beat speed is reduced at the..? Beats per second. Your personality attract me live. Centripetal force in to centrifugal force. But the medulla oblongata of my brain compels me to converts this centripetal force in to centrifugal force and I revolve around your department

like an electron to it orbit.

But when i see my supervisor a wave of fear having simple harmonic motion passes through vertical column and heart beat reduce like my CGPA.

In the end I hope our affection is directly proportional to the proch it of our loves inversely proportional to the square of my Supervisor hatred.

Your mind and soul.

Sufi Poets of Punjab

Zaid Anwar Khan

B. Sc. (Hon.) Agri. Economics

Speech is one of the seven roof names that God created in the very first stage of creation. The Holy Quran is the word of God and His creative word or command "Kun" (Be) is good enough to create anything. He says that He intends anything, is only to say to it "Be, so it is". The root of creativity is the speech or words that provide forms and 8 shapes to inner states or experiences.

Our prayers are not complete without reciting the words of Quran. A lover's expression of love is not possible without words, be it prose or poetry. Poetry is the beauty of speech and music the beauty of sound. Its beautiful rhythm touches hearts. When lovers of God compose poetry, it is an expression of their spiritual states and words flow out with inspiration from the supreme beloved.

Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi says "God's attraction brings my words into existence or He is nearer to me than I am to myself". He also says "Be silent! But what can I do? Rain has come and I am but a drainpipe". These words transform hearts and

minds as they flow out with God's inspiration. The cases of all Sufi Poets and the great saints of Pakistan are no exception. Sufi Poets of Pakistan used the local languages to express their spiritual states and guide their followers on the right path. They preached love and high moral values that attracted people of every faith towards them. In the materialistic world of today, an increased number of young men and women are turning to their message of love because it is there that they find solace.

Farid Ganj Shakar (1173-1265)

Farid Ganj Shakar, endeared as Baba Farid, is a patron Saint of Punjab and Punjabi language. He is recognized as the Father of Punjabi Poetry. Because of its all embracing humanistic appeal, his poetry is included in Sri Guru Granth Sahib, the holy book of Sikh religion.

"Who hit you with fists, don't repay with a blow, Kiss their feet and go home, with all humanity bow."

"O Farid, Don't condiment the dust; it's worth don't belie

It's under the feet as you live, covers you as you die."

"Life is least dependable, O Farid, you should understand.

Do good deeds and bow before the Lord grand".

BULLEH SHAH (1680–1758)

Bulleh Shah is most prominent poet jewel in the crown of mystical poetry in Punjabi. He can be placed among the greatest Sufi poets of the world. He disapproves those who amass mundane learning for worldly gains but fail to touch the hem of Beloved's robe. The simplicity with which Bulleh Shah has been able to address the complex fundamental issues of life and humanity is a quality par excellence. His verse is most simple yet beautiful in form and content.

He said:

"Grown grey in search of God;
Mullahs, Pundits in rotation
God was not found anywhere;
despite ceaseless prostration
God resides within yourself,
Quran gives the indication
Bullah, God is found by those
who can do self-mortification."

At another place he said:
 "Worldly learning doesn't make
 the mean a noble heir
 Brass can never become gold; it
 may with gems glare
 The miserly cannot donate, even
 if he is a millionaire
 Oneness leads to Eden, death in
 Madinah doesn't fare"

Sultan Bahu (1629-1690)

Sultan Bahu was an apolitical
 writer and a distinguished poet of
 Punjabi who enunciated the sufi
 doctrines with remarkable
 passion. His poetry is simple and
 pure expression of true feelings,
 devoid of artificiality.
 "Half accursed is this world, and
 full accursed its devotee. Spend
 who not in way of Lord, will be
 punished severely. It makes
 fathers kill their sons; wicked
 word is ignominy. Those who
 shun worldliness, will enjoy
 eternal beauty.
 "Saying of rosary didn't change
 the heart, what is the rosary?
 Acquired Knowledge but learnt
 no manners'
 What avail is such activity
 Retired for meditation without
 any gain;
 Why enter such drudgery?
 You cannot make yogurt without
 a ferment;
 Why heat the milk unduly?

Khawaja Ghulam Farid (1845-1901)

Khawaja Ghulam Farid was an
 iconic saint of the 19th century.
 His verse is saturated with divine
 love and utter devotion to
 prophet Muhammad (BUH). He
 used local symbolism, especially
 the desert of Rohi, to touch the
 hearts of the readers Khawaja
 Farid is considered the Patron
 Saint of Seraiki.

Why say prayers when your heart
 Doesn't support your
 supplication
 Learnt precepts but didn't
 practice
 What use are sermons &
 prostration
 Didn't see the house or the
 owner (God)
 Why use His name in
 presentation
 Ghulam Farid, they will not know
 When sparrow is caught for
 consternation
 Tail and rising dake palms, with
 loaves all green
 The one we so adore is nowhere
 to be seen
 Streets look empty, house shows
 deserted scene
 Ghulam Farid, why live where
 love is not seen.

Mian Muhammad Bakhsh (1830-1907)

A good turn to the noble ones is
 remembered for generations,
 A good turn to be mean and lowly
 is a cause of consternation
 Those who don't stand by you
 when hardship descends
 It's better to be alone than have
 such ungrateful friends.
 It's better to eat bitter yields from

orchards of homeland
 Than relishing tasty fruits in
 gardens of a foreign strand.
 Gardener's job is to water plants,
 watering them to the roofs,
 It's up to the Lord to bless his
 efforts with flowers and Fruits.

Syed Waris Shah (1722-1798)

Divulging secrets is not the way of
 men,
 The men would always keep
 them close
 Secret should remain hidden and
 not spread
 Like a crow who its droppings
 throws
 It's not fair to share other's
 secrets
 Even when pressed by people to
 disclose
 Waris, the bon of secret should
 remain sealed
 Even if he lock of like is in throes.
 Age and time don't come back,
 Fate and destiny are never
 undone,
 Time and tide are irreversible, the
 dead & arrows never return.
 Keep awake at night is an odious
 thing,
 One afflicted with pain keeps
 awake
 Or thieves and thugs make
 mischief at night
 Or the watchman is up bill
 daybreak
 Or a true seeker keeps the night
 vigil
 Or a lover for his beloved's sake
 Waris Shah everyone does do off,
 Only God Almighty is ever awake.

When You opt for Chemistry

Noor ul Hira

M. Phil. Chemistry

Whenever out of nowhere, someone asks me, "Why did you opt for chemistry as your major?", "Do you find chemistry so easy and interesting?", "What does it feel like being a chemistry student at your university?" or "Don't you find it difficult?"

For brief moments like these, let's make this short story long.

Someone once said",

Timing is everything. If it's meant to happen it will, at the right time for the right reasons.

So if you are meant to be here than among all the thousand places where you could be on this planet, you will find yourself standing in heart of Faisalabad, outside the main entrance of university, holding your required documents in hands and puzzled expressions on your face. All of it starts in a very innocuous manner because some of us find physics little difficult and some of us are scared of animals so you

simply scribble the word "Chemistry" as your selected major and then the drama starts.

Welcome Aboard:

University of Agriculture, Faisalabad's architecture is based on aesthetic fabrication of old and modern era's constructions and is enhanced with lush greenery. In heart of 1,950-acre campus, a dignified piece of old architecture is sitting eloquently and for more than last hundred years, it has been greeting each new being with warm heart. Chemistry department sits behind this main building. And when you pass by this years old architecture, this place reminisces of all the people who have been here, holding fire in their hearts to pursue their dreams. Without making a sound, elderly walls and calm giant tress of this place are holding millions of stories, giggles, smiles, struggles and

achievements in their hearts.

Let's Hit the Road:

After admission when you get your university identity card and when your gaze falls on the word "Department of Chemistry", it gives your heart a strange spark and you smile bright because this is the moment when you realize that it's time to dive in. As your time passes, uncertainty and challenges makes you remember these golden words of Mark Cuban again and again,

Wherever there is change, and wherever there is uncertainty, there is opportunity! Customary life here holds so much colors and inspirations to it. The very first thing which strikes and inspires you is that person who stands in front of your class and he dazzles his pupils with the magic of his knowledge. Teachers will enlighten complex terms and hidden secret of chemistry to you very patiently but you always

conclude to never trust an atom because they made up everything. So you sit in those classes day after day in hope of learning new facts about this universe that are still hidden from you. And teachers keep on scribbling different structure and terms on white boards and would make things more digestible for you, but still, you will sit with eyes and mouth wide open to comprehend this sorcery named as Chemistry.

Seasons Flying by Us:

When one day during your lecture you steal a gaze of outside view from a window of your class, you will notice that the green leaves have started to turn their color to yellowish orange and a fairy named autumn has put out gold from her pocket and left it on each leaf of every tree here. And when you will be still cramming some mysterious formulas and equations, you will come to know that winter wings have took the hold of the whole city and when one morning you will be pouring any chemical from one beaker to another and your eyes will catch the new sprouting buds and leaves on a vine in front of your laboratory, you will realize the

arrival of spring. This is how time flies for you here.

Exceptional Seasons:

Here for you along with these natural seasons, there are some other exceptions as well which capture our department under their spell every year and they always result in so much hustle bustle everywhere.

One is "Season of exams" when everyone looks weary and concentrated at the same time. This is the time of year when you doubt your life choices and sanity. This is especially true when it's 3 a.m. on a night before exam and you've already consumed a gallon of tea trying to learn everything possible before morning. Regardless, you constantly wonder if all the stress is actually worth it, but somehow always decide that it is.

Other is a season when you will see everyone holding colorful piece of papers in their hands to which they call GS-10 and you will witness everyone marching randomly here and there to get their enrollment done. This is the season which compensates all the morning walks which you have ever missed but through those long strolls you make so

many loud smiling memories with your friends.

Lab and You, a Scenario:

Laboratories hold a sort of alluring satisfaction in them because when you put your first steps in them and your gaze holds the view of all those different shapes of funnels, test tubes, beakers and other apparatus sitting on shelves smiling, it gives you thrill of being a science student. But at start instruments always shies away from you and will not show any familiarity so you will end up as a baffled person holding up a pipette in one hand and beaker in other, aimlessly and in those times your supervisors are saviors. They build a friendly relationship between you and your work place and then you feel accepted by your lab at last and they graciously provide you tons of knowledge and experience for whole life.

The field of science that started centuries ago from a simple wish to turn base metals into gold is unwinding the millions of secrets hiding in DNA of our universe today. So may be somehow, its sane to be a student of chemistry.

Attachment

By Joshua Michael

"How'd my hair even get in here?" she asks, scrubbing inside the fridge.

"The same way it gets everywhere," replies the man who's found her hair where it could not be, in places she hasn't been, places she would never go. Caught inside the vent of an airplane she was not on. Folded into a page she's never read. Pulled from the tangles of his beard an ocean away. High up a rock face, gravity loosening his grip on the world, a strand—hers—wrapped neatly around his wrist.

Delicate, delicious enough to make him hold on a little longer.

The Stars

Ammar Ahmed

B.Sc. (Hons.) Animal Husbandry



Being a child we all had beautiful dreams every time we went to bed our innocence and purity was not poisoned. We were free from the worldly cares and our minds were able to think into the vast boundaries of imagination. I remember when I was in 3rd Grade I would place my notebook alongside my friend's and would count the stars our teacher had given us. And sometimes when I had fewer stars than him I would run to my subject teacher and ask her to add a few more, I think about the innocence of childhood.

Those meaningless stars on a piece of paper had so much meaning and inspiration for us but as the time passed we became indifferent, pretty inhuman I would say, technology seeped into our bones and hearts and everything else that was analogue felt less attractive and meaningful, we grew towards automation and urban era but we lost that innocence and joy of the childhood, the ability to think beyond the stars, to reach the stars and to hold them. Our aims became small, our hearts became shallow, our feelings became selfish and we who once

were pure became so impure that we lost the idea of who we were and what our dreams and aims were supposed to be.

We heard the stories of how people found salvation in something and their lives completely turned to a new book but when I looked around I found no body of such heart, of love. The ideas of people were materialized and they worshipped meaningless idols. The meaning of God had become so fragile to them that it had broken, their inspirations changed and their stars became the people. Salvation was found in material things, in gold and in jewels but what was happening? They were drowning in the ocean of lust.

The stars glittered more at night merely a 100 years ago but today when I go out and look up, it's the same sky, the same world but the stars, Oh dear! The stars in despair have moved farther from us for we are so much worried about the world that for years we haven't looked upon them. Our desire to reach them is faded and so is theirs out of despair. We move away and away and I fear soon we will be left alone in the

darkness with no one to enlighten us, no one to glitter in our skies and no one to pour hope into our souls, to welcome our mornings.

Our hearts shallow, our material passions, our aims low, our love lost, our words futile, our smiles forged, our feelings selfish, our story blue, our hope despairing, our life shadow, our hunger starving, our families shattered, our eyes blind, our minds oppressed, our leaders unpolished, our ideas impure, and we, turning into automata unaware of the weeping stars, of the people in past, their courage and glory, their yearn to make the difference and their visions into the galaxies beyond imagination. Today when I close my eyes to dream,

I hope to see all the broken streams;

To see where we were lost in themes

Where we forgot our visions foreseen;

The Story of an hour

By Kate Chopin



Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have

no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep

continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, and the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will—as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped

her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery,

count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and

umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills.



Humorous Survey

Kisht-e-Nau

1. Your most interesting activity in the university?

Corridor walk

(M. Sageer, Agri. Sciences)

Your future may be at risk of DSA.

Landscaping & research

(Hafiz Kashif Ali, Horticulture)

Yay!! We have such a dude.

Floriculture, landscaping & book reading

(Muhammad Kashif, Horticulture)

Oh! Well you are minding your own business!

Not special, but sometimes walking

(Saima Lateef, Computer Science)

Walking in search of wasps.

Nothing

(Saba, Computer Science)

The most important activity to do

Bunk the classes

(Sadaf Fatima, Computer Science)

Hay! Can I ask your CGPA?

Outings

(Aliza, Computer Science)

Surely from the minds

Eating, sleeping and using

mobile

(Muzammil Saeed, Agri. Extension)

In fact your interesting activity is wasting time.

University itself

(M. Junaid Hassan, Agri. Sciences)

So you are bothering yourself.

Everything which do for me

(M Ali Umer, Agri. Sciences)

You are requested to take English classes.

Walk in Corridor

(Aqeel, Agriculture)

Mind your own way Mr.

Traveling in shuttle buses

(Asid Ali, Agri. Sciences)

LOL... The passengers of 10 minutes ride

Learning and participating in exploring ideas

(Nadeem Ibqal, Entomology)

Ideas to catch insects

Walk in Corridor

(M. Rehan Akram, IBMS)

It's not your fault. You are from IBMS.

Going to gym & mess

(M. Aslam, Animl Husbandry)

We were talking about University activity man

Friendship to girls

(Rabeet, Plant Pathology)

Girls will always avoid your foolish attitude

Coming University but not for the class

(Nauman Shabber, Com. Science)

Nothing to do for you in the class too

Gup Shup

(Ahmad Ali, Agronomy)

Mad boys enjoys their own talks.

Wandering in the corridor

(Usama Syed, Agri. Sciences)

Waiting for class or someone else?

My most interesting activity is to find an activity.

(M. Mobeen Saghir, Agri. Sciences)

But you are still unable to find that.

To take part in co-curricular activities

(M. Naeem, Agri. Sciences)

Be a part of your study too.

Class bunk

(Aded Abbas, Plant Pathology)

And what are the activities behind it?

2. Life without mobile phones.....?

Life cannot exist
(M. Sageer, Agri. Sciences)
Its not your oxygen tank.

Very Good
(Hafiz Kashif Ali, Horticulture)
Throw your mobile for excellent result

Back to nature
(M. Kashif, Horticulture)
Back to jungle again

Difficult to communicate
(Saima Lateef, Computer Science)
Communicate to whom?

Easy
(Saba, Computer Science)
Easy what? Easy paisa

Very tough
(Aliza, Computer Science)
May your phone get robbed

Life is like Hell
(Muzammil Saeed, Extension)
You will be offered your mobile at hell.

Like a funeral without roses
(Sheeza, Agri. Sciences)
We will use mobile phone at your funeral.

Like sun without light
(Maham, Agri. Sciences)
You mean earlier people had sun without light.

Not possible
(Aqeel, Agriculture)
Your degree is also not possible.

Death
(Asid Ali, Agri. Sciences)
If you use Sony Ericson.

Happy and comfortable
(Nauman Shabber, Computer Science)
Aw....You are not happy now?

A life without oxygen
(Usama Syed, Agri. Sciences)
Is your mobile producing oxygen?

A life without wife
(M. Mobeen Saghir, Agri. Sciences)
All singles think so.

Life without entertainment
(M. Naeem, Agri. Sciences)
New generation fear

Same like breakup with girlfriend
(Adeel Abbas, Plant Pathology)
We can understand your feelings

3. The stupidity you have done twice.....?

No belt in pants
(M. Sageer, Agri. Sciences)
Often you don't have.

Thappar
(Hafiz Kashif Ali, Horticulture)
Good job smart girls

Speaking more & more
(M. Kashif, Horticulture)
Sheer stupidity

Smoking on campus
(Asif Ali Wasiq, Forestry)
DSA loves you

To write a speech for a girl
(Anique Nawab, Agri. Economics)

But in vein

Nothing
(Saba, Computer Science)
The result was shameful.

Failing in Mathematics
(Muzammil Saeed, Agri. Extension)
That is your routine.

Giving my number to unknown persons
(Sheeza, Agri. Sciences)
But why did you do that?

I stole a bicycle in jolly mood
(M Ali Umer, Agri. Sciences)
And people mended you very well

Cheat with Girls
(Aqeel, Agriculture)
This is not stupidity but pre-planned

Black glasses in corridor
(Asad Ali, Agri. Sciences)
Finally you admit that was a stupidity

I talked to my class fellow.
(M. Rehan Akram, IBMS)
Your class fellows are amused to find such a stupid like you

Entry test to UAF
(M. Aslam, Animl Husbandry)
You are not approved for even first mistake.

Not done yet
(Nauman Shabber, Com. Science)
But have intentions.

Filled my registration forms incorrectly
(Usama Syed, Agri. Sciences)

You deserve 10 more forms to learn

Singing pop songs
(Ahsan Shabbir, Plant Pathology)
Try classical

Trusted people are not trust worthy
(M. Naeem, Agri. Sciences)
Like chapli kababs are not made with shoes

Make a voice of dog in a corridor
(Aaded Abbas, Plant Pathology)
It's what you can do the best.

4. Why do you take selfie?

To upload on Facebook
(M. Sageer, Agri. Sciences)
So you want people to block you.

For friends, status etc.
(Hafiz Kashif Ali, Horticulture)
Status conscious

To capture the moment
(M. Kashif, Horticulture)
Every moment of your stupidity

just for memories
(Saima Lateef, Computer Science)
Because you are going to lose your memory.

As my wish
(Sadaf Fatima, Computer Science)
You are so miserable

To impress someone special
(Muzammil Saeed, Extension)
Go and kill the waves

To upload on profile
(Junaid Hassan, Agriculture)
Marriage profile

To show my self
(Aqeel, Agriculture)
Are you Nasir Jan Khan?

Because I am beautiful
(Asad Ali, Agri. Sciences)
Beautiful liar

To take more possible pictures
(Nadeem Ibqal, Entomology)
for other's entertainment

To impress the girls
(M. Rehan Akram, IBMS)
Including DSA

My Cell, my selfie, any problem?
(M. Aslam, Animal Husbandry)
You are the biggest problem man

For Fun
(Ahmad Ali, Agronomy)
We appreciate your funny look

My life my rules
(Irfan Waris, Agri. Sciences)
Rules are to break

Because selfie tells me I'm with you
(Aaded Abbas, Plant Pathology)
Singles dilemma

5. The humorous factor of UAF is.....?

Beauty
(M. Sageer, Agri. Sciences)
Your are a famous clown.

Nothing else
(Saba, Computer Science)
you are ignoring yourself

Funny jokes
(Muzammil Saeed, Extension)
About you

No One
(Sheeza, Agri. Sciences)
Never forget yourself

Canteen
(Aqeel, Agriculture)
Stop class bunking

Finding class room
(Nadeem Ibqal, Entomology)
If you attend only 3/4 classes in a semester

The female president of The Debating Club
(Mehroz Gull, Engineering)
Are you from The Arts Club?

All the girls are *Pendu*.
(M. Rehan Akram, IBMS)
And you are not Oxford graduate

Black drones of UAF (crow)
(M. Aslam, Animal Husbandry)
Your degree is incomplete without these drones.

DSA Attitude
(Nauman Shabbir, Computer Science)
Because you did not face any inquiry yet.

DSA's fear
(Usama Syed, Agri. Sciences)
Change your habits.

DVM
(M. Mobeen Saghir, Agri. Sciences)
Due to its smell

They prefer girls over boys.
(M. Naeem, Agri. Sciences)
Change your gender

My girlfriend
(Irfan Waris, Agri. Business)
Because she belongs to you

6. I am a.....?

Single

(M. Sageer, Agri. Sciences)

Lets search together.

Hafiz

(Hafiz Kashif Ali, Horticulture)

Tell them when angels will ask you

Artist

(M. Kashif, Horticulture)

Painter, singer or dancer

Simple Girl

(Saima Lateef, Computer Science)

Girl and simple....Impossible.

Student

(Saba, Computer Science)

But you look like robot.

Beautiful girl

(Sadaf Fatima, Computer Science)

All that glitters is not gold.

I am a good girl.

(Aliza, Computer Science)

All girls claim so.

Hot

(Sheeza, Agri. Sciences)

See you soon.

I am a good boy.

(M. Ali Umer, Agri. Sciences)

It's a misunderstanding.

So handsome

(Aqeel, Agriculture)

You did not see mirror.

Pendu

(M. Rehan Akram, IBMS)

Agree with your personality.

Nothing Yet

(Nauman Shabbir, Computer Science)

Even though you don't know your name

Human

(Ahmad Ali, Agronomy)

But we suggest for you DVM.

Dodger

(M. Mobeen Saghir, Agri. Sciences)

Actually you're dodging yourself

Serious but humorous friend

(M. Naeem, Agri. Sciences)

Stop flirting

Stupid

(Adeed Abbas, Plant Pathology)

Tell something new

Founder of Warisism

(Irfan Waris, IBMS)

Yes! You are Gondal Clark

Wild Tarzan

(Asif Ali Wasiq, Forestry)

Join Animal Planet

Dada

(Furqan Ali, Entomology)

We believe in education for all

7. One of your habit that irritates you?

Dance

(M. Sageer, Agri. Sciences)

Consult an entomologist.

Speaking more & more

(M. Kashif, Horticulture)

Stop eating 'Crow Biryani'

Nothing

Saima Lateef, Computer Science

Get married.

Silent

(Saba, Computer Science)

Don't forget you are a girl.

Using Mobile

(Sadaf Fatima, Computer Science)

Get Nokia 3310.

Sleeping in Class

(Muzammil Saeed, Extension)

Consult Dr. Shaukat Ali

Sleeping

(Sheeza, Agri. Sciences)

Sleep forever to stop this habit.

Music

(M. Junaid Hassan, Agri. Sciences)

Improve your choice.

Coupling

(Aqeel, Agriculture)

Don't be jealous.

Study

(M. Rehan Akram, IBMS)

You are also irritating.

Nothing

(M. Aslam, Animal Husbandry)

Why don't you die!

Failure in time management

(Nauman Shabbir, Computer Science)

Change your department

I am a *Laung Laachi*.

(Adeed Abbas, Plant Pathology)

Laung and Laachi both, strange.





with an
Orchid (Poetry)

52	Candle	Syeda Rameen Riaz
52	Bring Me Back Those Roses!	Huda Sarwar
52	A Girl	Rawaba Arif
52	Allah's Glory	Huda Sarwar
53	The Creator	Sana Mehboob
53	What If	Sana Mehboob
53	Thoughts of Life	Jabia Shafique
54	The Sound in Every Heart	Huda Sarwar
54	Reality and Truth	Ammar Ahmed
54	A Mother's Cry	Amamr Ahmed
55	Beauty Lies Deep	Amamr Ahmed
55	Thank You Teachers	Khawar Majeed
55	From Shadow to Light	Jabia Shafique
56	Heart	Sila Ijaz
56	Final Exit	Sehrish Ishfaq
56	Destiny	Sila Ijaz
56	My Grandfather's Letter	Syeda Rameen Riaz

Candle

Syeda Rameen Riaz
B. Sc. (Hon.) HND

When I found no path to move
When the life just seemed to stop
I saw no hope possessing through the dark soul
I saw no hope but only a black hole
A spark kindled among the tears of my eyes
It gave me the image of the sunrise
The flame started whispering in the quiet
Never lose hope even in the darkest night
There is still a flair in your soul
That encourages you to achieve your goal
You have enough courage to accept the challenge
And believe in what you do have as talent
Because you have your own dreams
So work hard beyond your extremes
It's the message of a burning candle
There is nothing that you can't handle

Bring Me Back Those Roses!

Huda Sarwar
B. Sc. (Hon.) PBG

Bring me back those roses,
Bring me back life that adorns,
Tragedy struck mellow hypnosis,
And Oh! Don't forget those thorns;

With thousand colors embellish,
A facade of glass being worn,
Scarlet, denim, mauve, amber, iris,
Each narrates own tale of scorn.

There my eyes filled with dew,
Skin poised pale as death shown,
An eternal hiatus leaving me blue
Sealed remain I with my crown,

I myself suffice with a soft sigh,
But with a heave I again lullaby:
"Bring me back those roses,
Bring me back those thorns."

A Girl

Rawaba Arif
M. Phil. Biochemistry

I am a girl with wings
Song of freedom, I want to sing

Freedom with limits of Islam
Yes I know how to keep my alarm

My direction decide my perfection
Don't judge me with your perception

Moon shine at night with success
But it is out of your access

In Islam the dignity of the girls
Like a set of precious pearls

Let them fly at their sky
Don't let their wings die.

Allah's Glory

Huda Sarwar
B.Sc. (Hons.) PBG

With a firm grip on to a disbeliever,
And a fierce light shone to a retriever,

He turns one's ways of submission,
To aspire, to inspire, and of recognition;

When he chooses to make someone blessed,
Might once had they been the doomed, the
bedeviled;

When He overshadows one with His mercy,
Sublime and lofty remains His clemency;

No appraisal yet is worthy,
Unto Him is all the glory.

The Creator

Sana Mehboob
CABB

The more I think
The more I know
People say that
More thinking means
More troubles
But not for me
You know why???
Because
I have nature to think about
That fresh green color;
The flowers around me,
How colorful they are;
The clouds, the grass
Grasslands with blue sky;
The Mountains
& the rising sun behind them;
The roses & their thorns
Thorns...???
You wonder ... Right!
But everything has its own beauty
Thorns too have,
Because they are for protection
This makes them prettier
So nothing, created by Him
Is useless;
I keep on thinking
& appreciating,
Because In all things
I find Him
His impact,
Who is the most beautiful
The Creator...

WHAT IF

Sana Mehboob
CABB

Sometimes I wonder,
What if I would a star
I could shine on sky,
Everyone would love me;
What if I would a cloud

I could be a sign of rain in that burning Sun
Loved by everyone;
What if I would sun
I could shine brighter,
Cause of warmth in winter,
Liked by everyone;
What if I would a dew drop
Sign of beauty, freshness for everyone
Symbol of peace;
But then I thought;
If I would a star
I would have to live in darkness
Unable to shine in daylight;
If I would a cloud
Sometimes I would be a cause of trouble
Cause of fear for some;
If I would Sun
Cause of hotness in summer,
Hated by everyone;
If I would a Dew drop
Would have a short life
Disrespected, when on grass;
Hence I'm honored to be a human,
Thanks to him to make me
The most eminent of created beings.

Thoughts of life

Jabia Shafique
HND

She just want to be happy
Happy as a soul having a rose
A rose that smells strong ,beyond
Beyond the thoughts of her mind
Her mind that is occupied,
Occupied with the thoughts of life
Thoughts that never let her be something
Something that she wanted the most
The more she want ,the more she is afraid
Afraid of people that what they will say?
Oh! my poor little soul don't be afraid
The world will never let you live any way
Your fears and thoughts don't let you stray
Make a staircase of your thoughts to reach a place
A place where you will be happy always

The Sound in Every Heart

Huda Sarwar
B.Sc. (Hons.) PBG

In the vastness of a land
Where lives life's only thing,
Heals, soothes and is discreet
Bringing more to the creed,
What more could be fathomed
What more could be imagined,
For love is the life's only thing
That makes life worth living,
Love is the sound in every heart
Punctures it like a dart,
Makes the body, the mind, the soul
Single and harmonious; whole,
Casts beams toward infinity
And reaches altogether to eternity.

Reality and Truth

Ammar Ahmed
B. Sc. (Hon.) Animal Husbandry

Reality of every real is the very truth,
But what if this life is just an illusion?
If so, unreal is all the real we see,
As among us truth is pillared by relativity;

Now what if sleeps the reality of you?
And that you dwell in another dream,
But in dreams years go by in seconds,
What if you pass the seconds in years?

If so, in an illusion is spent your life,
For you every illusory will be the truth,
And only the illusionist shall know the reality,
But what if the illusionist's life a dream?

Hear, every truth a lie, every lie a truth,
And the uncertainty of truth or lie remains,
As everything is something to someone
somewhere,
Yet it's nothing to many and everything to some;

A Mother's Cry

Ammar Ahmed
B. Sc. (Hon.) Animal Husbandry

I had a dream,
Where I was a fairy and you were my trail,
We danced under the light of gleaming stars,
And I could fly you to where ever I want;

I had a dream,
Blessed I was with a flower's juvenile,
And when I nurtured you in my arms,
You kissed the sky to make me proud;

I had a dream,
Staring into a mirror how I had aged,
And looking all around for you were not there,
And you were gone searching for what is here,

There was a time,
When I held your hands to take first step,
And sang those fairy songs so I could sleep,
It changed me, and now I am where it all ends,

I had to dream,
Because my imaginations for you could never end,
Is there a way, that I could relive those amazing
days?
Hello God, take me away take me away to there;

Come back to me,
I had a dream,
I had a dream,
If you remember me,
For one last time come back to me;

Beauty Lies Deep

Ammar Ahmed
B.Sc. (Hon.) Animal Husbandry

Oh! These trees beneath me stand
Sun shines, shadows distorted
Searching for, but can't see mine
In a beautiful and grassy land

And the morning breeze, touching hearts
Through it goes, replenishing souls
Waving flowers, rustling leaves
Drops of dew, fall over me

And beneath extend the dewy meadows
There, there and there, some patches not so far
Shining sand slowly emerges from the grass
In between which the water glows

Flowers appear from some bushes near
Not the same but don't know their names
Honeybees and butterflies here and there
Are sailing flower to flower

The mounts as I look towards the sky
Peaks half in hazes and covered in snow
An eagle searches for its prey
And paramour of rose sings high

While looking in the sky, mother pleas
Getting late are we lets go back
In love with this beautiful place
Moving away I keep turning back

Ah! So beautiful is this realm
But eyes never absorb unless they perceive
And yes! Many come and many go
But no one knows and no one loves
This heavenly place of the world
Because the beauty lies deep.

Thank You Teachers

Khawar Majeed
M. Phil. Botany

Thank you teachers
For
Inspiring me
To develop
Moral courage
Courage to find the truth
Courage
To tell the truth
And courage
To face the truth
Thank you teachers
Again and again
For
Helping me
To develop
The reading habit
That has made
All the difference
In my life now
And which
Will continue to be a source
Of continuing learning
And quality improvement
In years to come

From Shadow to Light

Jabia Shafique
HND

I was stuck in a river of shadows
Drowned in the water, that looked shallow
I was clear like a crystal from inside,
But they didn't have eyes to see my light
The light that shines bright,
Even in the darkest nights
They didn't understand the depth of my lines,
Which delineate the fears of my life
Overtime, I tried to lessen my fears,
Fears that my poor soul was unable to bear
Meeting a new friend, I can't say it anymore
That I'm afraid of being alone
Losing those I once think of as my friends
Leave me strong enough to work on meeting new
friends.

Heart

Sila Ijaz
Home Sciences

Inside this human skin
There lies a piece
A piece namely heart
Which pumps my feelings
Feelings shaking upside down
Downside up, upside down
Emotions urging to be blown up

Final Exit

Sehrish Ishfaq
Ex Joint Editor, Kisht e Nau

Everything either good or bad
Will eventually leave us some day,
How breathtaking is the thought...
Of death, departure, grief and dismay...
You and I are here today
But tomorrow it will be gone,
The truth of death cannot be denied,
Leaving the loved ones alone.
Hearing the news about death of someone,
Just saying rest in peace and forget...
Forgetting about the day when everyone,
Will be echoing the same all around..
No matter how cruel the demise is,
It will be meeting one day,
When you and I will be gone...
And a few inches of Earth to lay...
I can't stop thinking about it
What to do, what not to do,
Time is thinning slowly...
Like a ticking clock...
With every second, it's getting lesser,
And eventually it will block.
Everything either good or bad
Will eventually leave us someday..
How breathtaking is the thought,
Of death, departure, grief and dismay.

Destiny

Sila Ijaz
Home Science

Striking as a star
I reached there

Nobody watched me
But my will was there

I conquered what
I always wished

I am there for
What I was defined

My Grandfather's Letter

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Believe you me life is not a joke
Please do not let it vanish in smoke
You would be curious with every sunrise
The resolution to these curiosities will always
surprise

Never disclose your inner fears
Only your pillow can absorb in the tears

The pleasure and contentment will be gone
If you come out of your comfort zone

So, push your life beyond this
Only then will you find the ultimate bliss

When your dreams have a great worth
Let them echo around the whole earth

Let your heart dream, and soul be ambitious
And see the life becoming merry and auspicious