



THE LAST WORD

2021-2022

EDITOR

RIDA SAFDAR

ASSISTANT EDITOR

LAIBA ASIM

EDITORIAL BOARD

MAHNOOR

ARSHIYA SHOAIB

FATIMA SAEED

KAINAT FATIMA

FEATURE IMAGE

UMAIMA ASIF

LAYOUT

RIDA SAFDAR

MAGAZINE ADVISORS

Ms SADIA GHAZNAVI

Ms RABIA ZAHEER

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MAHAM FARHAN

PRINCIPAL'S FOREWORD

PROFESSOR DR. RUKHSANA DAVID



The Last Word is the student magazine of Kinnaird and provides a platform for all creative young minds to produce a publication which is their very own.

For more than a century, Kinnaird has enabled its students to maximize their preparedness for careers and challenges of life.

Along with academic development Kinnaird values all co-curricular activities that encourage a holistic education. As you go through this magazine you will discover the different clubs and societies the college supports to provide students a platform to be

creative and express themselves in dramatics, debates, the arts, creative writing, sports and music.

The Last Word is a kaleidoscope of trips, events and achievements of the past year. We are proud of the theater productions, the sports achievements, the debating sessions and all activities that the students took part in. I would like to thank all the contributing students, the council, the clubs and societies & their advisors for enriching the ambience of Kinnaird.

I would particularly like to thank the Advisor of this publication,

Ms Rabia Zaheer, Co-Advisor Ms Sadia Ghaznavi and the President Rida Safdar for overseeing the compiling, editing and the art work for the magazine which was by no means an easy task.

I hope both students and faculty enjoy the magazine this year.



EDITOR'S NOTE

RIDA SAFDAR

This year's theme is black to illustrate the soul of Kinnaird shine at all points like a constellation, as the thought of contributing writers meet in yellow ink with the pages of a blank canvas. This is the first publication after the uncertain times of the pandemic. I, therefore, take immense pride in introducing this year's publication.

There are no simple words to applaud the efforts of its contributors. But I will still attempt it and I would like to demonstrate it as a ship's journey to an island. The advisors of this magazine, Ms Rabia Zaheer and Ms Sadia Ghaznavi, were the binoculars with a sight so far,

I could only minutely grasp it when they corrected the ship's course.

Laiba Asim, the assistant editor, was a tower of strength, without whom this ship would never have reached its island. The core team - Rabiya Rehman, Rameen Javed, Uneeza Rana, Farah Haque, Nabgha Shahid and Ayesha Asif, were eager beavers of the ship, to whom once a task was delegated, I could even close my eyes and have a short nap. The editorial board, Mahnoor, Arshiya Sohaib, Kainat Fatima and Fatima Saeed, made my work so much easier. With the eyes of a hawk, no prisoner of grammar could hide. Embarrassing accidents were thus prevented.

I also thank the Kinnaird Archive Center for allowing us a peek into the past of Kinnaird College. I am grateful to the former editors of Kinnaird English Magazine, Maham Afzal, Nimra Ishfaq and Jannat Riaz for honing my skills as an editor. And to the entire English Magazine Society for going above and beyond to help make this possible. Most important of all, if it wasn't for Dr Rukshana David, who trusted me with this great responsibility and opportunity, this magazine would not have been possible. I hope this year's publication did justice to painting an image of Kinnaird College's student body, clubs and societies.

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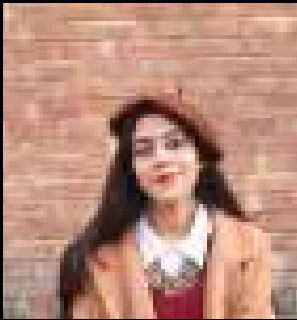
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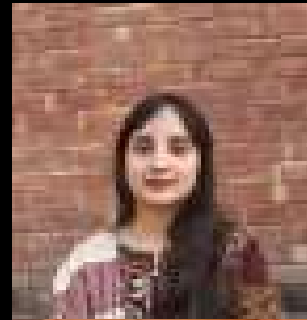
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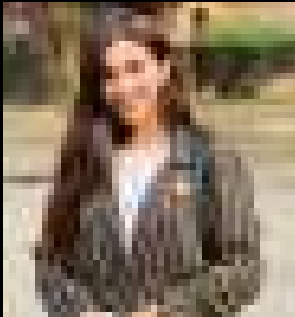


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NEWSFEED

ENGLISH MAGAZINE SOCIETY TUTORIAL

BY FARAH HAQ

Have you ever attempted to construct an image of Pakistan not in terms of patriotism, but a history that moves beyond the 74 years of Independence? Is this land just 74 years old?



The English Magazine Society, on 1st March, 2022, organized a discussion with the Guest Speaker, Dr Osama Siddique on “Tracing Historical and Civic Consciousness through Fiction”, to explore this very question. The discussion was hosted by the President of the English Magazine Society- Rida Safdar. The event was an effort to explore the mechanics of how a society works; of knowing your history; and reconnecting with it more productively. The discussion took the audience down a path to a past, helping them imagine the several suns rising and setting as this land, we call home, emerges, builds and evolves to present day Pakistan.



The event was undoubtedly congenial for its diverse audience! The speaker's authority on the subject allowed him to draw upon the subject matter and explored every aspect seamlessly. Dr Osama Siddique mainly talked about his discoveries as he was researching for his novel *Snuffing Out the Moon*, and the experience he has had as a member of the New York Bar Association, Lahore High Court Bar Association and the founding member of LUMS law school.



He had a lot to offer to this currently important debate on how to find your true identity in a highly polarized society. The answer was, "you do not look for it". He believed we will be in a polarized society where acceptance of others is more useful than having one patriotic identity.

Like the six timelines in his novel depict recurring problems of power struggle, and economic disparity, he made the audience feel that the human of each era is not very different from the present-day human. This discussion enthralled the audience massively, bringing together an audience of law, literary and educational backgrounds to reflect on their current understanding of Pakistani history, giving a different shade of importance to this intellectual event.

SPORTS DAY 2022

BY ANOSHAY KHAN

Sports day at Kinnaird is an event celebrating women's sports for decades. Sports students have been making a presence on international platforms. This year's sports day commends women who are achieving and making Pakistan proud by representing it globally. It was the most awaited event as the sports department returned to the grounds after the halt from Covid-19- an effort done by advisor Ms Ammara Rubab and the entire sports department.



This year's theme was "Celebrating Women in Sports" as the event was organized on 8th March 2022, on women's day. Colourful flags, beautiful ornaments and hangings were eye-catching. This mesmerising decor was done by the sports council management.



Not only was it the first post-pandemic sports day, but it was also an upgradation. New games and races were introduced. The distribution of medals and prizes was conducted by our chief guest. The treat of the event was the well-choreographed aerobics performed by the students. The ground was a kaleidoscope of vibrant, neon, green and black and the participants were a bundle of energy. This year's sports day was massive, bringing together the students and the faculty.



It was graced by Ms Tania Mallick, our honourable chief guest for this year. The band played Pakistan's national anthem to mark the start of the event, which was followed by a march past led by the president of the sports society. 2nd-year students were awarded for doing the march past with discipline and enthusiasm. Sports society members and the athlete of the year came forward for the oath-taking ceremony. The torch relay, conducted by the sports president and the national players, was a sight to witness; the balloons that filled the air were a joy to behold. And with this, the competitions have begun.

ANNUAL PLAY

BY UNEEZA MEHBOOB RANA
(NAJMUDDIN DRAMATICS SOCIETY PUBLICATION TEAM)

“Girls make better men as actors” commented miss Sheikh on the occasion of the Annual Play of Najmuddin Dramatics Society of Kinnaird College for Women; a modern rendition of the ever-loved Shakespearean comedy Twelfth Night. The play was ‘beautifully conceived and rendered’ Miss Boga pointed out, with its rowdy opening, its hilarious plotline, the modern improvisation, yet still its most classic interpretation of the theme of love and deception.

The case of Cessario, or the beautiful Viola, embodied by Syeda Gul-e-Zehra, had the audience enraptured with her sudden shifts in pitch, her manly yet thoroughly ‘lack[ing] of a man’ motions and her adoration of the Duke. At times the audience chuckled and at other times fawned. Mirth and pride glimmered in the eyes of the parents, the guests and the faculty while they watched the months-long effort and the blood, sweat and tears of the cast and crew come to fruition in the form of the marvellously contrived play.



The young actors were brimming with energy. The audience was enamoured by the romantic yet melancholy Duke Orsino, played by the highly talented President of NDS, Shanzey Khan. Fits of laughter filled the hall, at the antics of Sir Toby and Sir Andrews. Roshnik Zahoor and Khadija Haider played these characters, respectively- their gestures and one-liners made the play all the more hilarious, and they hummed thoughtfully at the wise reflections of the Fool. With the foolish tantrums of Malvolio and Feste’s jocular undertaking of other people’s affairs, comic relief was prevalent with the staunch, witty representation of Maria. As the men of the play had the audience gasping and laughing, the women, Olivia played by the nifty Hibar Dar, and the conniving Maria, had them holding on to the edges of their seats, and awing, while amusement glinted in their eyes.



The event ended with comments from the Director of ICPWE, Dr Waseem, and the Principal of Kinnaird College, Dr Rukhsana David. The advisor NDS, Dr Nadia, was applauded for directing, crediting, editing and rightful auditioning, followed by the appreciation of the cast and crew for their meticulous performance. Dr Justice Nasira Javed Iqbal and Dr Attiya Inayatullah appreciated the production recalling Ms Najmuddin’s days, the power woman upon whose name the Society is based. “Editing and the perfect auditioning of the cast selected” was commended. The event came to end with the President NDS, Sehar, being awarded a shield for her efforts for the Najmuddin Dramatics Society, tenure of 2021-22, and for composing an impressive theatrical performance.

NDS’s rendition of the Twelfth Night marks the revival of the Society post-Covid-19 and the vigour, energy and drive of the young members -the cast and crew, avows that they will wonderfully carry on the legacy of Najmuddin Dramatics Society.



TEDXKINNAIRD

BY MAARIJ FATIMA

TEDxKinnaird returns to the stage post-pandemic with newer, brighter ideas. Speakers, unwavered by the crisis of their lives, take the stage and breathe life into the event, held on the 14th of May, 2022, at Kinnaird College for Women.

They remind that a crisis is a seed that blooms into a flower if watered with opportunity.

For Siddiqi, the opportunity was to become a lawyer when the injustice of her life drove her to the dark corners of reality. She was stabbed 23 times by her classmate. She emerged as a face of justice instead of condoning injustice. Talha Khan addressed the crisis we are all faced with, which is the climate crisis faced by Pakistan today. His experiences informed the audience about how solutions can be found within the crisis.



On the other hand, Sana Khurshid did not let stability inhibit her growth. She found purpose in civil law. The high court of Pakistan passed important bills and laws for disabled people as a result of her efforts. Not to forget, Zoraiz Riaz created the world's largest Facebook page, which is named "Health Warriors". In the crisis of Covid-19, he found an opportunity. This shaped his current health-related projects, which are all steered to solve a crisis.

Hira Chaudhary reshaped the way people viewed Autism through her continuous efforts to educate people. She is the founder of Medicliniq. Whereas Shawaz Baluch, a former combat pilot, mesmerized the audience by retelling his experiences of overcoming his fears of various things as an accident blinded him for life. A play by the students of Kinnaird highlighted the crisis trans-genders have to endure in Pakistan. Encompassing the theme of opportunities in times of crisis, the play demonstrates how, even in the darkest of times, one can cling to hope and bloom into a stronger, mature person.



The owner of Junoon restaurant, Adeel Chaudhry narrated his journey of facing crisis head-on. He instantly captured the audience's attention. His story characterizes creativity as his opportunity in the crisis, which was opening up a restaurant from scratch and enduring the setback of Covid-19. A girl from Hunza, currently the CEO of Voin Pvt. Ltd, Majida Fahmy discussed the crisis of cultural and religious taboos influencing easy access to education. Voin Pvt. Ltd was the opportunity availed by Majida Fahmy to confront this crisis.

The most awaited speaker, Saheefa Jabbar Khatak, a well-known model and actor, explained how her decision to withdraw from acting in dramas reflected the crisis the drama industry is currently in. The Pakistani entertainment industry needs to stop glamorizing violence against women, as she asserts. This influences the audience who have been ingrained by television into demanding these hero-depending heroines. Within this crisis sits the opportunity to experiment with newer, diverse ideas since audience awareness increases. Finally, a musical performance by Kinnaird's music society ended the event on a light-hearted note.



INTL RELATIONS CLUB MUN

BY ALEEZAH DRESHAK

IRCLUB organized its very first inter-institutional debating conference, IRCMUN 2.0, from 21st-23rd January 2022. Kinnaird and International Relations Department take immense pride in holding such a large-scale event where delegations from different universities all across Pakistan were present. From preparation and planning to execution, our worthy principal also our chief guest Principal Dr Rukhsana David showered the students with immense support. Moreover, without the strenuous efforts of the International Relations faculty, especially the HOD Dr Aiysha Safdar and IRClub advisor Dr Shireen Mushtaq, and KC management, the event would not have been a major success.



IRCMUN comprised of a summation of different UN committees, i.e., UNSC, UNHCR, UNEP, UNW, and a very happening Harry Potter Crisis Committee. Throughout the three days of the conference, the debate in all of these committees was exhilarating, filled with some unassailable arguments on pertinent global issues, including the Question of Afghanistan, Empowerment of Refugees through Technology, the Water Crisis in the Middle East and Gender-based Violence Faced by Women in Conflict zones. Our fictional Harry Potter crisis committee was one of the most interesting committees, especially for Harry Potter fans, who experienced the dilemmas of the wizarding world. Throughout the three days, the honorary and remarkable chair-board comprising highly experienced committee directors, assistant committee directors, and the equity team ensured an inclusive and enriching MUNNING experience for all the delegates. These highly significant discussions were coupled with some uncanny moments. Each day, the sessions were adjourned by some joyous sing-alongs, karaoke, black-tie get-togethers, Qawali or formal dinner, which became the highlights of our event, turning it into a huge success.

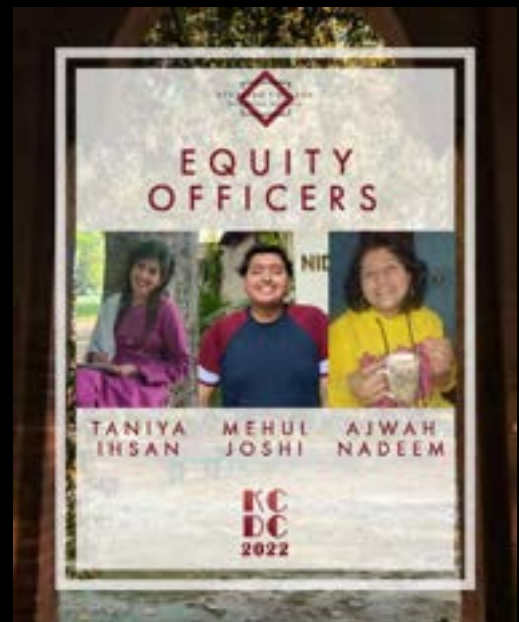
DEBATING CHAMPIONSHIP

BY AIZA HUMAYUN

KCDC 2022 was nothing short of an exceptional feat pulled off by Kinnaird's dedicated management team. A total of ninety-eight teams took part, out of which 54 were in the English category and 44 in Urdu. The esteemed English adjudication core consisted of Anum Naseer, Matt Conley Evans, Lauren Shiyuan Ji, Danyal Maqbool and Uzair Tajuddin. The teams had quite an interesting experience since the motions threw caution to the wind. A particularly amusing motion was "THS a dominant narrative in society that there exists a soulmate for everyone". Now, while this must have been relatively easy for someone in a relationship, for those of us who are single, we can understand the pain you must have been in, while debating!



Furthermore, the acclaimed Urdu adjudication core was comprised of two notable Kinnaird alumni, namely Fatima Razzaq and Hira Yaqoob, and others including Ayesha Ali, Ali Hanfeyah, Abbas Bukhari, and Haris Virk. The Urdu teams were focused on the pertinent issues in the society since they were seen debating on topics such as that the tax cut from a women's salary should be less than a male's salary. The best team did inevitably win; therefore, after rigorous debating over three days, team LUMS were crowned the winners in the EnglishOpen category and National Law University, India in the Urdu Open. After this year's competition, we know KCDC will only go up from here, and we are here for it!



KINNAIRD BUSINESS WEEK

KBW 2022 started with a bang. Following the opening ceremony, the competition line-up was introduced which included three categories based on the theme of "Adaptive Entrepreneurship". The first competition, "Expressions Exit" where participants were allowed to choose one out of the two sub-categories namely Poster Presentation and Business Article Writing. The next competition, "Unleash the Skill" allowed participants to showcase their creative knack in this age of technology. It allowed the participants to explore an idea of a viable mobile application relevant to the theme. The first day of KBW ended with the exciting "Ad Mad Competition" where participants presented innovative advertisements moulding them to the essence of Adaptive Entrepreneurship.

Fatima Saeed



Day three of KBW was kickstarted with contestants pumping their creative juices to come up with strategies that could revitalize brands that had died out in the previous decades. The stage was bursting with one extraordinary idea after another, and Team Matrix from LGS won the competition, completely dazzling the judges with their brilliant plan of action. The rest of the day was marked with high notes of positive reformation and ambition, under the reflective and motivational sessions of Dr Valerie Begley, Gender issues Coordinator for the Bureau of South and Central Asian Affairs at the U.S. Department of State in Washington DC, on "GenderStrategy", and Mr Umair Jaliawala, a renowned public speaker and founder of Torque Corp, on life-changing ideas. KBW 2022 enjoyed its closing with an award distribution ceremony, Sufi Night and Drum Circle, and Musik Festival.

Rabiya Rehman



The second day of KBW was a true amusement because of the competition KCires love the most, which was "Scavengers Hunt", where the participants got to reveal their inner Sherlock Holmes. Events such as, "The Battle Of The Brands" and "The Young Entrepreneurs Of Pakistan", allowed the participants to showcase their clandestine abilities, while "Buzz it Off" was a tremendous success with its knowledgeable segments. In this way, the exhausting yet the most enchanting day came to an end, instilling confidence in the participants and bestowing them with immense exposure to further aid them in future.

Ayesha Asif



ARTICLES

GREEN PAKISTAN

BY MOMINA AKMAL



PICTURE CREDITS:
NABGHA SHAHID

Prime Minister Imran Khan during February 2021 launched the “Spring Tree Plantation Campaign 2021”, with the vow that his government would make a “Green Pakistan” by planting about 10 billion trees across the country. Ahead of this monsoon season, he urged all the Pakistanis, especially the youth, to prepare for the “Biggest tree planting campaign in Pakistan’s history”.

As per the Pakistan Economic Survey, 2020-21 released this May the targeted planting had been achieved. This gives rise to many unanswered questions – Who planted these trees? Who is held responsible for their look after? Who is the owner of the land where this plantation was conducted? Which type of plant was planted? Everything, it states, is not precisely crystal clear. More clarity is required for many of the provisions in terms of how they will

work in practice. Recently an initiative was launched in respect to Independence Day,” Instead of buying green flag on 14th August, buy plants and make Pakistan Green”. Although a similar set of questions arises – Where to plant these? A detailed action plan is required by the Government.

The involvement of private and corporate sectors would surely speed up the project. Sialkot-Lahore motorway (M11) has a total length of 103km. the land along the road is plain with no plantation. The vast plain land can be used to plant trees, also enhancing the beauty of the motorway. Private companies given chunks of this land to grow fruit plants would be a nice idea. And in return giving them the revenue collected from the fruit trees for 20 years. Government to take back the land after the specified time comes to an end.

Private sectors, by contrast, have enough capital to devote.

Corporate sectors held accountable for the roads and areas surrounding their buildings would further accelerate the process of plantation. Flower plants grown intercity would significantly add to the beauty of the city. In return, the corporate sectors can be offered some tempting incentives such as tax exemptions. The private and corporate sectors would complete the targeted planting much more efficiently, without causing financial risks to the government.

Regardless Of potential drawbacks, this plan remains a distinctively large-scale project and a unique case of such a major environmental initiative receiving assistance from the highest levels of government. I believe there’s a lot to learn from such a large-scale reforestation program and its inspiration.

ARTICLES

ANA DAMMI FALASTINI

BY MOMINA ANSARI



PICTURE CREDITS:
MOMINA IRFAN

This slogan or phrase, three words, spread like wildfire throughout social media platforms like Tiktok, Instagram and Twitter, throughout 2021. However, many of us didn't even bother to understand what it means. Sure, we are aware of the denotative meaning, but do we know its origin? As we all know Palestine is another name for Falasteen, ana dammi means "my blood is".

Now, this particular line is part of a patriotic song written by a Palestinian singer, Muhammad Assaf in 2015. Palestine has been a victim of the demolition of homes and eradication from their land over the past few years. Israel has illegally occupied lands like Sheikh Jarrah and Silwan this year, yet the world is quiet. The first illegal occupation conducted by the Israelis in 1948 is also referred to as the nakba and it is known to be a Palestinian

catastrophe that devastated not only the people of Palestine but also the Muslim world at large.

The most peculiar problem is that no person of authority and power has done anything about modern-day imperialism. Israel has, to date, committed almost fifty-three UN violations, and no major action has been taken against them. What's even more shocking is that other than Western countries, Israel has found its allies within the Arabian Peninsula. Countries like Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Jordan have established diplomatic and economic relations with Israel, despite the resilience shown by other Muslim countries and Palestinians themselves.

Palestine is not merely a Muslim issue; it is a humanitarian one. The responsibility rests on all our shoulders

that whatever the pressure the world enforces on us we will not surrender and we will not give up our moral obligations. Whenever you hear of Ana dammi falasteeni, keep in mind that what's important isn't just consuming the song but also understanding the emotion of millions of people behind it. As humans, we have to raise our voices the way our world leaders have failed to do so. Your blood may not be Palestinian, but the same blood of humanity runs through all our veins regardless of nationality, faith, ethnicity and culture.

ARTICLES

AND IT GOES ON

BY IQRA AMIR



PICTURE CREDITS:
FIZA ZEHRA

Would it be fair to say that many stigmas just keep going on in our society? Isn't there a way out? Or maybe we don't want to make a way out? Maybe we are too sluggish and lethargic and don't want to change society positively. And yes, continuing to the stigmas (which our society holds) we surrender ourselves to them time and time again. Maybe 'lifeless' would be the pertinent word for us.

We always talk about different stigmas, which do not hold any sound base but damage our society one way or another. We do find them insufferable but unfortunately, we could not do a single thing to modify it except admit the fact that we alone cannot do anything – and that's the harsh reality I believe.

Let that sink in our society that mental

health stigmas are quite prevalent in our surroundings. It makes it even harder to acknowledge them if a lot of people suffer from mental health issues but still shun themselves from speaking up out of the fear of being called 'crazy' or 'psycho.'

Mental health is equivalent to physical health or sometimes even more important than it. Life has always been hard and countless times human beings have been challenged' either physically or psychologically. During the roller coaster called life, one may go through a trauma in which they need assistance, consolation, solace and, most importantly, the acknowledgement of the mental health issue they are facing. Warmth and affection from loved ones during a traumatic time is also appreciated.

We have seen many people labouring with their mental health. But since it's deemed as a stigma in our society, we usually do not dare to speak up or have the courage to tell others about the issue the same way we tell them about the medical issues – the strength needed to tell our parents that we need a therapist the same way we tell them we need a doctor, the courage to visit psychiatric clinic same way we visit other clinics. The reality is that we need to halt this mental health stigma. Many are suffering, many have suffered and many will continue to suffer since the leverage is due on our side. Carl Jung, the Swiss psychologist, expressed his thoughts exceptionally:

“We cannot change anything until we accept it. Condemnation does not liberate, it oppresses.”

We need to normalize things that our society considers taboo.

This can be done by continuously talking about them in gatherings so that the mass can be educated and words are diffused equally. There is a dire need of creating harmony and acknowledge the issues face to face. Let's stand up and speak up for those in need, for those who suffer, for those who are silent else we all will fail as human beings, as a listener, as a speaker, as an empath, and as a society. As a result, humanity will be dead, valour will be shattered, and humankind will be lost.

ONE WHO ALLOWS THE OPPRESSION, SHARES THE CRIME

BY SUNAIHA ADEEL

The condemnation of oppression is something upon which every single religion, and even atheists can agree. The entire world is against oppression of any kind. But then, how is it that it is one of the most prevalent issues in today's world? It is something which has been going on from the beginning of civilisation and humans have failed to completely get rid of it. In simple terms, oppression means an unjust maltreatment of a certain part of society with the abuse of authority. It is true that the oppressor, who is the inflictor, is the main cause of the problem. Most of the time, oppressors believe that they are correct in their perception and treatment of others, they justify their actions in their mind. As a result, they get blinded by their own thoughts and

become ignorant towards reality.

On the other hand, the majority of the world is just there watching from afar. The bystanders are enabling the oppressors by showing them that no matter what they do, the world will just turn a blind eye towards them. The question is why this happens, but no one really seems to have an answer. Every day, there is a new story emerging from somewhere in the world; whether it be racism, sexism, or any other act of hatred stemming from bigoted and often preconceived notions. In the US, there was a revolution in the form of the Black Lives Matter movement in 2020 after a video of a black man, George Floyd, being murdered by a police officer in broad daylight, went viral.

In the video, there are three other officers standing next to Chauvin, the policeman, but none came forward to stop him. Even though they did not directly commit the crime, they did nothing to stop it from happening,

hence all of them are murderers in this case.

If a person refuses to say or do anything about an injustice then they are part of the problem. The reason is that an oppressed group can only speak up for themselves to a certain extent, but getting the support from others outside this group can help amplify their voices significantly. In today's world, oppression does not allow the privilege of being apolitical as the oppressed have to fight every single day for their existence and if other people in the world have a choice between choosing to speak up or choosing to not get involved, then they should get involved and give voice to those who don't have one. In the case of the Israel-Palestine issue, most of the world would have been unaware of the plight of the Palestinians if it was not for the people continuously reposting important information to spread awareness. As a result, Israel's blatant human rights violations did not go completely unnoticed by the world and they agreed upon a ceasefire in fear of the entire world having eyes on them. This clearly proves the power of people when they choose to advocate for the right thing.

Some people may say that at some point, there are so many cases that a person becomes confused. Which ones need to be pointed out and which ones do not? As a result, they end up saying nothing. This is a contemporary example of the trolley problem as people become very uncertain when thinking about all the tyrannical situations which exist around the globe. However, it is better to speak up rather than staying quiet and regretting it later.

ARTICLES

Another thing that people may say is that the silent ones cannot be as bad as the oppressors, because it is not the same thing. However, the truth is that every human holds the power to help another and it would be a waste to let that power go to waste. Every religion urges its followers to stop any act of injustice if they can. Muslims are told in a Hadith to stop a wrong-doing with their hands or tongue or at least condemn it in their heart, which is considered the weakest of faith.

Dismissing a clear case of oppression on the basis of race, gender or religion by calling it none of your business is being irresponsible and insensitive because it means a person chooses to be ignorant, and that ignorance means that they do not care about the issue which makes them as much of a perpetrator as the actual oppressor.

Therefore, at this point in time, it is extremely important that people realise how much it matters to raise one's voice against any and all forms of oppression.

As long as people continue to be complacent, they will continue to have a part in the suffering of the victims.

Humankind needs to unite against the perpetrators of persecution and injustice, because no human deserves to face cruelty just because of who they are.

POETRY

POETRY

FLIGHT OR FIGHT

BY LAIBA ASIM

The passing wind brought help above

On imperial wings it hung its reins

Up the current; aloft ancestral space

The hawk flew over endless plains

The passing wind left help above

And trumpeted at strangers down below

The crack of the whip; flutter of the burdened sparrow

The humbled wings grappled against the swing

Disjoint to one, will not seem so to another

A window for one is an impasse for the other

Not all are same, nor treated fair

It's either flight, or fight right here

To soar un-scathing, deform your wing

A different path you instead tread

A simple reach that you must make

Unfurl, spread large; Escalate!

POETRY

EMBER LEGACY

BY KASHAF AAMIR

The women of my ancestry,
They stand like Corinthian pillars
Holding the weight of our dreams

A whole tree of kin from a single root
Generations of men
the gift of her fruit
Her amber hair that sets fire to the Sun

She triumphs over wounds
The moon stands stunned
Her mind is a labyrinth
She blossoms like Demeter, curses like Persephone
The love is healing

Men are dazed
The hatred sets them
and their hearts ablaze

This boiling blood
That flows in the web
Of my veins
It urges me to rise
To break the chains
To free the road
For the women of my name

POETRY

GRIEF

BY MAHNOOR

I didn't understand you in all your might, my friend
When our jasmines bloomed into grief, my friend.

All of their voices cascade down like funeral roses
Even though the muezzin's voice should've brought me relief, my friend.

Everybody strayed, but the white cloth remained
Why did everything seem so brief, my friend?

You and I stood there— ghosts— twenty-three summers wilted into winters
How come you and I had so much disbelief, my friend?

I know, I know no time is constant
But why won't your dead leaves ever leave me, my friend?

Noor: I can't go back to light without you
So I'll stray here, return our flowers to your grave's wreath, my friend.

Even under the shade of your grave,
I have only one bequeath, my friend.

With the sun shying down the clouds
Please let me breathe, my friend.

POETRY

ENVY

BY KASHAF AAMIR

My words started out as tears

Building in my eyes

They fell over the edge

Giving into the fear

Flowing and ebbing

Twisting and draining

They fell

As ink on the pages

Now if only I could write

The way my tears move

Falling and crashing

Flipping and staining

Maddening and shaming

If only I could write like that

The tears would form

Together a sea

Then they could drown

Someone other than me

POETRY

HER CLOVER

BY FATIMA SAEED

It was like a canvas of orange and black,
Clouded with smoke, smeared with tar,
Yet oddly littered with laughter and giggles,
Of a dear child stumbling in a land of war.

She skimmed through the sand in the hope of a flower,
But amongst the weeds and embers, she found a clover,
Plucked it and counted, for leaves it had four,
She knew it was rare, as said in the lore.

She tucked it close and sat on the clod
“One is for love, yes, that of my mother,
Two is for faith, that, I hold in God,
Three is for hope, of things to turn better,
And four is for luck... Oh! isn't that odd?
Wait! Oh wait!... Did I have them at all?”

Doubting her discovery, she held the stem broad,
Might have tucked it hard, so it fell apart,
Looked and counted, oh! were they five from the start?
“Oh pardon, dear Clover, I had it all wrong!”
Five is for bad luck in this hour of war,
And so she knew, she hadn't the luck after all

Concept: The poem is based on the phrase “the luck of the Irish”, which holds true for the rare four leaf clover, known to bestow Good Luck, hope, love and faith to its finder. As the girl in the poem found herself in the midst of a war-struck country, luck was far from reach. So she ‘doubted her discovery’, and counted the leaves again, which were actually five from the start; hence, staying true the Irish Lore, the five leaf clover denotes Bad Luck, and that is what the girl's fate actually held.

POETRY

PRETTY

BY KASHAF AAMIR

One, two, three

Four

Layers I put on

The swish of my powder brush

That dusts the flecks in my eyes

Furiously dabbing hands

That futile attempt to hide the pores on my face

You think I'm oblivious to what I am?

To how the mirror greets me?

Irregularities on the fabric that covers my bones

Reign of eclipse on the canvas of dawn

Those constant reminders

Of the beauty I lack

They cut me deeper

They stain you

More

POETRY

LAST LOVE

BY MAHNOOR

From the corner of my memory, you were always at my side
In my mind, was an idea all-consuming at my side

I harboured you, nestled you there
Didn't pull you out even though you were lingering at my side

Found you again in a red pen bought by my father
Immediately found you dawning at my side

Stories and worlds, heaven and hell
All of them brooding at my side

You crystallised into a reflection of me, one I didn't like
One that had me fuming at my side

I told you then I don't need you
You're nothing more than a mere trick roaming at my side

You said, "It's fine. Go if you want."
I left, myself losing at my side.

I told myself I don't need you,
But when I held you again, your words started blooming at my side

All those heaves of awkwardness gone
The two of us together were tuning at my side

POETRY

You ricocheted my fears,
Your keys into words turning, at my side

I said, "I can't do it. Can't give you more of myself."
You blazed, "Can you really stop burning at my side?"

But I couldn't; even when I lost my balance and rhyme
Still, yet still, you brought me back, beaming at my side.

Noor, you can't let go of her
Because writing is the last love at your side.

FREEDOM

BY SHAHLALE RASHID

The forty-five-minute morning jog was a pain
It's a blessing that I didn't go insane

Weighing my meals every day
Oh, how I wished for an easy way

Every morsel that went into my mouth
It seemed like there was no way out

No way out of that living hell
The worst part was that I couldn't tell

That I was, in fact, suffering
Crying alone, I was struggling

POETRY

As I felt guilty even when eating oranges
And got obsessed with losing those four inches

Then finally came a hope
It was in an Instagram post

A hadeeth teaching me to eat
By dividing my stomach into three

One part food, one part drink, one part air
It pulled me out of this despair

Now I don't count calories in my head
And focus on the pleasure instead

Now I don't force myself to run on the treadmill
I play badminton out of my own will

Don't chase after the unrealistic dream body
It is just editing and clever photography

Yes, eating mindfully is hectic
But it's better than being anorexic.

POETRY

O' THEE MY BELOVED

BY AYESHA ASIF

O' thee my beloved,
Let's not put hope in this world
Let's not think of this world as a
Tryst.
For you are a sinner,
And so am I.
For we are, the
Gulf of Alaska,
For we are, the
East and the west, or
The north and the south.
For 'tis a path, the life,
And I am a wayfarer.
For you turn the path right
And for the world, it takes the turn left.
From the right comes the zephyr, ecstasy
But from the left comes the zephyr, ecstasy –
Sans thee.
So, I stand impuissant;
For I am not a mage
For you were to be my abode
For you were to be my beginning's end.

POETRY

OUR DEMISE

BY HUMNA HAMAD BUTT

They tell me not to play with fire,
They say that the consequences are always dire
I say, then why do they burn every day?
Mistaking hell for light, not for once looking away

To hear those voices lost in time
To see their choices are a crime
To hear the truth under lock and key
Like a bird, waiting to be let free

The bird could've soared the highest skies
Now pulled to the ground, till it dies
The bird keeps struggling to take one last glide
For it knows, what they hide

The storm keeps rising, everyday
To throw dust in their eyes, to wipe it all away
And then they'll tell you about a glorious rise
Our demise! Our demise!

POETRY

AN OLD SHOP OWNER

BY FATIMA SAEED

I wouldn't start a bargain with an old shop owner,
who raises the shed at dawn and cleans the messy corner,
lines the stash of clothes and pleats them neat,
who doesn't have employees to get him a seat.

For someone who reads the paper in dim light, with not a fan
above,

I wouldn't go telling him that the colors are a bit off,
For someone who tells the cloth brand as just being the local,
I would say he's better than the owners at a mall.

He'll show off creased fabric from every shelf,
Even if the customer is just window shopping,
He'll smile and say "No problem, it's all part of the job."
I wouldn't let him stand, I'll pick one from the top.

I don't get the folks who quarrel for the dye,
I don't know why they pinpoint even the slightest of flaws,
They'd even go so far as to blackmail the guy,
Saying it was cheaper in that shop, but we've come too far.

A man who's aged and working for hours,
whose wrinkles are proof he isn't a fraud,
who works for his family and sells in honesty,
I wouldn't bargain, I would praise and applaud.

POETRY

DETACHED

BY SYEDA SANA-E-ZAHRA JAFFERY

I am saturated with this ache as a drowned man is with the ocean.

I couldn't battle the blues

So I became one with them

But

When the moon sailor passes through the night

I wake up from the caving slumber to stare at the estrangement

From what was once my attachment and my havoc;

Now swerves the galaxy and

There isn't a cell in me that craves a flight.

Perhaps it's disappointment

With what could and what did

And the waves have gulped the footprints I left to remind me that

Home calls me back

Headed onto tracks I don't understand with voices in my head

Will I ever find me?

Amidst this puppetry

Or did I bid her farewell as I tossed my heart into the night sky.

Hold on. The pulses are seeking me.

POETRY

STRANGE MAN

BY EMAN NOOR

He was full of life

Until he was not

All he could do was love

Until he could not

The strange man

Oh my strange man

All he did was care

All they did was doubt

He wanted to be a star in a starry night

But like Gogh,

People were holding him with all their might

The voices in Gogh's head got him killed

The voice in his head neither let him live,

Nor got him killed

The strange man

Oh my strange man

At least Gogh had colours to be his light

But he had his life filmed in black and white

Gogh was strange for the world

the world was a strange to Gogh

But; He was himself a strange man

Oh my strange man.

SHORT STORIES

EPIGRAPH

BY SYEDA ARHAM ZAHRA

'Memory is the diary that we all carry about us.' -Oscar Wilde

“Those days dance in my memory like fairies on riverbanks. Vivid and detailed. Those golden days when time was ample and opportunities were great. I have witnessed wars and revolutions, carrying only sticks and courage to fight the enemy who infiltrated our lands. We have had companions who stayed by our side from childhood till today now that we are senile. That time was simple. We had less to go by, but our hearts never ran out of gratitude.” Alara sat at the foot of her grandfather’s rocking chair, which swung with the flow of lost moments nowadays. She felt that Nana was living too much in the past. He had lived a life filled with adventures and experiences of great magnitude, but he wished to stay in the past. “You don’t know what it’s like to build a legacy from scratch. We were lucky to have lived in a time when merit was the law. Those days, the ones I have lost...”

She sighed quietly to herself once again. This longing of time that had turned to dust was plaguing her best friend, who fell asleep muttering incomprehensible words to himself but Alara knew quite well what they were.

Months later, Nana Abbu was gone. Only remnants of his life were left that lingered in the air like a strong musk. Alara lived every day aware of the fact that he died from grief of the present which was like night to his rising sun of nostalgia. She woke up one morning with swollen eyes that had cried late into the night,

remembering the one who was no more. With stumbling feet, she headed to the kitchen to brew some tea. Just as she was pouring the bubbling liquid, she remembered how Nana always squeezed some lemon in his green tea. She smiled as she did the same and the lemon drops diffused in the dark liquid. It tasted heavenly, mixed with a dash of lost habits of her ideal man.

Alara chose a book to read while having some breakfast. Little notes on the side margins in the long, flowing handwriting she so dearly recognized, greeted her. His presence was almost tangible, despite him leaving the physical world. She realized how many habits she had picked up from him, never knowing that she was also something he had left behind. That love for history, dynasties, poetry, and a thirst for knowledge. Deep inside her, there he was, showing himself through the things that she adored.

Before leaving the house, she recited the dua he always used to say. Steering her car towards college, she put on the song ‘Two of Us’ on the radio. Louis’ voice filled the empty space:

*“I know you’ll be looking down
Swear I’m gonna make you proud
I’ll be living
One life for the two of us”*

The music echoed within her. And somewhere, in the pages of an imaginary diary, Alara was trying so hard to document everything her grandfather ever did, she found solace and wisdom, freedom and love.



These were the memories that she knew would become a source of hope whenever she felt defeated. They would eradicate all those scars that were a burden on her existence. The art of conjuring words that she had inherited from him would ignite the passion inside her when life seemed hard. Knowing this, her face bloomed with light. She didn’t need to feel upset because he was gone. Nana Abbu was right beside her in the passenger seat and all those seconds that he had left behind, painted with his knowledge and smiles, already lived in her heart. They would be a gift to the generations that followed. A valuable reward that would live in the souls of many men, as long as there was life and as long as there was love.

ICARUS

BY SYEDA ARHAM ZAHRA

Dust balls swelled in her vision; they were exposed to her by the warm shaft of light coming from the narrow window above, growing nearer, morphing into one. A single tear trickled out as she blinked. Consciousness returned, sending a jolt of pain through her head. Huddled next to the cold mud wall of her room, she was soaking in the comfort of the small pool of light. It was blindingly white. The sparse branch of a tree reached up at the inferno from the bottom of the frame.

Her teeth clenched as she heard a woman shuffle into her room, hands clasped, and shoulders bowed in urgency. She spied the frame of the bare charpai and fell on it with a sigh, meticulously fixing her cotton chaddar. The air had been tainted with the smell of spice and sweat. The girl sniffed in disgust, turning her gaze back to the oblivion outside.

“Noori!” The woman berated. “Where are your manners?”

“Assalam-o-Alaikum, khala.” Noori breathed, forcing her head to move. A sharp pain whizzed through her neck and she winced.

“Wa-Alaikum.” The woman replied curtly, frowning as her sunken, brown eyes studied Noori. “What are you doing to yourself, my daughter...? Go and wash your hair, put on the suit Zaheer sent from Faisalabad.”

“Why?” she said, grimacing at the harshness of her tone. “I don’t want to.”

“My sweet daughter...” the woman said, leaning forward. Her round eyes glistened. Noori looked away. “You know why it is important. Do you want to stay here forever?” she whispered. “I don’t want to leave one prison for another.” Noori’s lips were parched with thirst, but her body was still. It would not be moved. She wanted to stay in the pool of warm light until all the life in her seeped away.

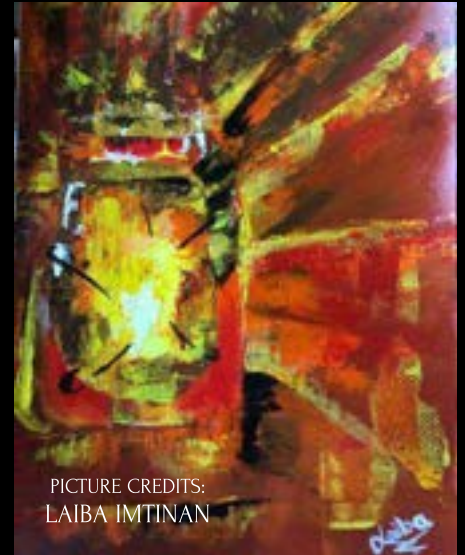
“Ungrateful girl!” the woman shouted, launching herself forwards. The charpai’s leg screamed as it was dragged along the ground. “It is a much better life than starving alone here! You think you are safe? You think there is a future for a lone woman? What will you do once I die? Who will protect you?”

Noori gulped. Her eyes were moist again; moist and red and burning. She pressed her fingers into her knees. “Allah will protect me.”

The woman clicked her tongue and rubbed her forehead, tumbling back onto the charpai. “He protects those who protect themselves. Marriage is protection!”

“I am free to marry whomever I wish! Not a product to be sold to the highest bidder!” Noori snapped, snatching away from the wall and glaring at the old woman.

“We must make do with what is available to us.” The woman said grimly. Metal grated onto the floor once again as she heaved herself to her feet, hands still clasped to her middle.



PICTURE CREDITS:
LAIBA IMTINAN

“I promise it will not be as horrible as you think, once you are...” She paused, looking at her. “Let me bring your clothes for you.” She said sweetly. “You will be the most beautiful angel in the village.”

Uncontrollable tears ran down Noori’s face.

Dust clouds rose as the wheels of the black jeep spun, digging into the soft ground. A man wearing a shimmering white kurta leaned in the front seat, grinning at the sound. That was not the only reason behind his grin, however. Twirling his thin moustache, he glanced at the girl wrapped in glittering crimson being helped into the seat behind him. He fidgeted, trying to catch her eye but her head was bowed. That was alright—he told himself, gripping the steering wheel—brides are supposed to be shy.

He nodded at the old woman as she finished fixing the bride’s dress. She smiled at him in the wise, affectionate manner old women tend to smile.

Immediately, her gaze returned to the bride: watchful but betraying no emotion. He waited, allowing them a moment to say farewell, but the bride was as still as a corpse.

SHORT STORIES

He shuddered.

"Allah Hafiz, my son." The woman said, reaching out to pat him on the head. He grinned and bowed, eager to convey his gratitude.

"Please be kind to her... She is nervous," the old woman whispered in his ear. He could see the glint of worry in her eye. He nodded— of course, he would be kind to her. Noori was his bride.

It was a long while before his friends stopped chasing them. He had been afraid to look at her while they stared with their foolish grins and whistled. Shaking his head, he sighed in frustrated mirth. There was no curing the immaturity of young men. Perhaps his friends would sombre up after marriage, but (he snorted) it seemed unlikely. Thankfully, now the yellow fields zoomed by quietly. The breeze was welcome to his sweat-ridden skin. He had already removed his turban and placed it beside him, next to the shotgun, which was always ready to be used. He would shoot anyone who tried to come between him and his bride.

He glanced at her through the front mirror. Her head had tilted up without him noticing, and she was gazing at the sky.

Relieved that she was not a corpse, he stole another glance at her, waiting for her to notice and blush. But she did not notice. Her lips were parted and her eyes were misty as if she was in a trance. Brow furrowing, he looked away, feeling his chest warm with dejection. He licked his lips, glaring at the road. Perhaps, she was too shy to look at him directly. But she could at least— he thought— try to steal a glance when he wasn't looking.

His grip tightened on the steering wheel. Well, she would have to look once they reached home.

He stopped the car.

Hardening his expression, he turned, keeping his face away from her. She was holding herself tightly, hiding her face beneath her chaddar.

"I will be back in a moment." He said in his deepest voice. "I'm nearby, so you never have to fear."

She did not respond. Unable to delay his need, he grabbed the shotgun and jumped out of the jeep, hurrying away behind a thick grove of trees.

Noori raised her head slowly, her nails digging into her palms as she surveyed the landscape. He was gone. Her heart thundered in her chest, threatening to burst. She licked her lips. Sweat beaded her skin. Her head spun. She glanced at the shield of trees he had disappeared behind.

Gently, she turned, spying the auburn sun at the far end of the wheat field.

He screamed as he left the grove of trees. The crimson figure was in the field, hurrying away from him. Barely fixing his clothes, he chased, shouting her name.

She did not stop.

A wave of burning rage lacerated his skin. Fumbling, he shouldered the shotgun and aimed.

ONCE UPON A DREAM

BY MAHNOOR

"I'm not crazy. I know I'm not."

A wave of electricity splits my head open, as I try sitting upright. Something icy hits my cheek when I try moving around, still stuck in one place. There's only one, gigantic window unveiled in this hall. Frost-bitten breaths escaping me, moonlight streams into the hall through that window. I pull myself again, only for that same air to shackle me down. How did I even end up in a random hall with a half-paralyzed body? Mother would have beaten me with a rod if I acted like this on a Monday morning.

But I don't live with her anymore. I'm alone. I'm fine.

Foot-steps pitter-patter across the wooden floor, drawing my attention. A girl who looks the same age as me—around eighteen years old—steps towards the centre, her raven-coloured ballet dress glimmering against the pale moonlight. Her dark hair is tucked into a bun and a few curls escape the cortex. She pays no heed to me being glued to the floor, looking instead at her pointe ballet shoes, before an inaudible cadence enthralls her feet to flow about. The girl twists and turns, engrossed in her own self.

Memories unfurl in front of me, as I watch her. She's dancing to "Rose Adagio" from Sleeping Beauty: one of the most difficult sequences in ballet. It's the part where four suitors try to win the heroine's heart, and then the witch pricks her finger against the

spindle of a spinning wheel, sending her to a hundred-year sleep. The sequence is usually played with four male ballet dancers, each one supporting the female dancer for a few steps. Mother wanted me to become a ballet dancer—I even took classes—before she branded me as a lunatic, even though I'm not. I'm normal.

The girl in front of me acts as though the only person supporting her is the air itself. She turns again, floating higher and higher, the moonlight becoming her only dance partner. However, the girl keeps dancing around a spinning wheel, never too far from it. I look around. Our hall is the total opposite of where I live now, but it somehow seems more welcoming, more serene even with its darkness. I have to stay in the same pearl-white, hospital ward with at least ten other people these days. Some of them seem fine like me of course; some just remain lulled into an eternal slumber.

I look down at my own body: my white nightgown has somehow turned into a navy blue coat with black tulle skirts. A single red rose spills from my breast pocket like blood. It must have been destroyed when I was twisting and turning on the floor. I try straightening; the girl stops dancing. Sirens blare in my ears. She walks towards me with a whisking gait. I still can't move. The girl stops right before my body before sitting in front of me. Her left-hand twitches before she finally decides to raise it, motioning me to stay down. The spindle glows under the moonlight.



PICTURE CREDITS:
LAIBA IMTINAN

"I almost forgot you never cared much for roses, Philippa." She glances at the crumpled petals beside me.

"Well..." The spinning wheel keeps staring back at us. I shake my head. "How do you know my name, exactly?" The girl cocks her head to the side, taking a few moments to respond. "I suppose your mama did beat the memory out of you before shipping you off. She always reminded me of a fairy-tale witch."

"You don't even know of my mother, and here you're speaking ill of her?"

"I do know that she made you forget everything."

I try moving again, but it's futile. Everything is futile, these days. "If I remember nothing and I'm sure we've never met before, why must you speak in riddles?"

"We've met before." Slowly, she brushes her fingers against my cheek. *Where?* Her hand descends from my cheek to my shoulder, saying, "We met once upon a dream." She starts humming a melody I don't know. It keeps striking my head. I swallow a gulp, as I try to understand

SHORT STORIES

what's going on with her. My body doesn't listen to me, but my mouth does: "What's your name?"

"Aurora!" her voice fades away as shadows envelop her entire body.

Am I back?

Everyone's still sleeping, while a few nurses are patrolling the ward. My heart thrums like a beating drum, as I slowly look down at my wrists. They're tied to the sides of my bed. I try to wrench my arms, only resulting in my plastic rodded bed shaking and a nurse scurrying towards me. The nurse looks for something in the drawers of a bedside table, her hands fumbling to find something. She has the same coal-black hair, her face ever so familiar. Though, here she looks a bit older from what I remember. "Aurora?" I say. Her hands stop and some instrument falls from them, causing a ruckus. "How do you know her?" I look down at the straps tying my wrists. Something keeps striking at my head.

Aurora... She was in my ballet class...

"Aurora was my little sister. I'm Rebecca," the nurse continues, even though I'm sure I never said my thoughts out loud.

"Was?" It's only after saying that word do I realise how rudely it came out. Rebecca's shoulders immediately hunch and she swallows a lump in her throat. "She, she died last night, and here I am — working like a slave at an asylum." The doors blare open— a woman bursting in. Sweat trickles down my eyebrow, despite the cold. The woman walks in long strides with a scrunched face. My palms clench the bedsheets, heart racing a thousand times.

It's Mother.

"I was outside when I heard Philippa's voice at this hour.

You know you're supposed to sedate her when she acts like this. It's unmannerly for everyone involved."

"I wasn't causing a commotion; I promise that I wasn't. Please—" My head keeps shaking involuntarily, denying everything.

"Philippa, be quiet," Mother orders.

"Mother, I don't need it. I'm not crazy. I promise." I don't know why, but I keep jerking and jerking. I just can't stop. *Why's this happening to me? I was fine. I was supposed to be fine. I am fine.*

"I, I was going to, Madam." Rebecca produces an injection from the drawer, pulling its needle towards me. The needle sharpens into a long sword before me. I know it's not real. It's not supposed to be real. However, it feels real.

"No, no, no, no, no... I can't, please. I'm fine, please..."

Mother, along with a few other nurses, holds my kicking legs down. "Philippa, stop!" she screams. Mama can't be this cruel. *She's my mother*, after all. Rose thorns emerge from her fingers and bite me. How can I stop when thorns keep stabbing me, Mama? *This can't be happening*. Some male attendants that I hadn't noticed before clutch my already pinned arms. They gouge at me too. They just don't stop, no matter how much I scream. The needle pricks my skin like the spindle of a spinning wheel. Everything turns pitch black. No thorns, no roses, no spinning wheels. Nothing remains.

I'm fine. I know I'm fine.

EPIGRAPH

BY RABIYA REHMAN

"When the remembering was done, the forgetting could begin."

"You can't run away forever", the brown hues of her eyes were peering intently at me.

A very mechanical remark. We all say it. We all know it. The inevitability of life to catch up with you, to be sucked up into that slowly expanding black hole, to eventually be blindsided by your own subdued emotions. You are a thief, you join hands with Icarus, and you become your own oppressor. Your mind becomes your own oppressor.

I could feel Daisy's slender fingers inching towards mine, her sugary perfume trapping my senses. I could hear the giggles, the shiny edge of her metallic glasses twinkling against the small specs of sunlight. Close your eyes. Inhale. Exhale. Repeat.

I open my eyes. It's just me and Dr. Sonia again. She is still looking at me.

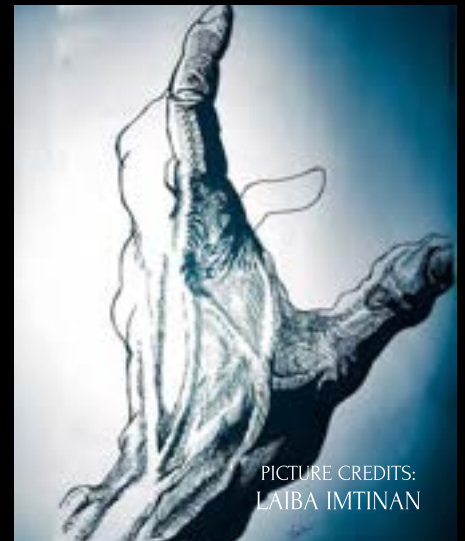
"Listen, Rue, I can see your exhaustion. I know it must be hard. But this battle in your mind, this suppression..." her voice trails, "it's not going to help you move on", she adds firmly.

It's strange, isn't it? I can't remember the plethora of arithmetic sequences Mr. Khan scribbled on my notebook today or the name of my new advisor or my brother's cell phone number. My head is distended with vacuum when someone inquires about the cost of my freshly-bought hat or my mother's date of birth or my dentist's name. I am unable to recall many things, things I should remember must remember. But in the depths of night, when silence renders me deaf,

, I remember the details of the first funeral I attended, the exact words of every rejection letter I have received and the wagging tail of the dog my dad ran over on the highway when I was seven. I recall with vivid disturbing accuracy, the hollow shock on my aunt's face when she was diagnosed with a terminal illness, the embarrassment of tripping in a restaurant last year, and the torn seam of my friend's dress when we went to a party in high school. I remember the fruity scent of Daisy's hair, the roundness of her eyes, the curves of her smiles, and the smoothness of the gun's barrel. We only remember what we desire to forget.

"I keep seeing her", I somehow manage to whisper. "I keep seeing her in the clothes that she neatly hung in my cupboard or the letters she hid under my pillow. Everything reminds me of her. The pictures she painted and the rocks she collected neatly sit in her room, mocking me. I am surrounded by her. It's like she never went away. As if one day she will walk home from school, like any other day, with her lopsided grin and tell me about that new book she read in class. She stays with me." I could feel my face getting wet.

I look at Dr. Sonia. The woman who promises to help me. Promises to help me forget. But how does one forget their kin? How does one get over the ineffable bond which surpasses the concept of time and space? Someone who is infused in my blood. Someone whose essence pulses across every inch of my body.



PICTURE CREDITS:
LAIBA IMTINAN

How do you forget the person with whom you shared the same womb? How do you forget your sister?

"Why don't you pack away her things? Donate them to someone?" she inquires gently.

"Would you do it, if you were in my place?"

"I would try it. At least try to. It wouldn't make me selfish. Getting closure or wanting to move on won't make you selfish," her voice had now adopted a pleading tone. "Rue, sometimes we have to let go. We have to because otherwise, we keep getting dragged inside our anguish and pain until we spiral into a pit with no escape. The people who leave us, our loved ones, they only want us to be happy and at peace."

"But it's impossible to live without her! You know what it feels like when you wake up in the morning and you have those microseconds of bliss in which your mind hasn't registered reality yet, and then suddenly like an avalanche, everything crumbles? You remember everything. Every inch of suffering. It's like you live that pain over and over again. Every day is the same. Every day is without Daisy." I hadn't meant to shout but something in me had stirred.

SHORT STORIES

"It will get better, I promise."

"That's what they all say. The pain doesn't go away. It never does. We just train ourselves to live with it. Something inside me is broken forever." I state bitterly.

All hands of the dainty clock align, bringing another session to an end. I could sense Dr. Sonia's frustration trailing my movements as the receptionist hands me my schedule for the next week. Do they teach them, the art of forgetting? How come everyone at her office breathes with such ease? Their eyes are bright, with no memories lurking under them. No monsters haunt their rooms, their tentacles forever taking shapes they once loved.

I walk towards my house, my boots filled with concrete. This is where it happened. Right outside her shelter. A place where she felt safe. Where I felt safe. Under the shying sun, it was just another afternoon. Our lips coated with the sweetness of fresh cherries echoed bright, innocent laughs only moments before. Then he came. The smoothness of the barrel came next. He wanted something. Maybe money? He wanted something we didn't have. We told him. He kept asking. Daisy moved. He moved. The barrel made a click.

He was gone. Daisy was gone. Only the clicking sound remains.

I remember. I remember everything.

I must forget.

THE FAMILY OF TRADITIONS

BY RABIYA REHMAN

In those moments I felt like a stinky bitter melon being pickled for an upcoming big fat Eid holiday, or as api calls it, a rendezvous to celebrate heartburn and bad cholesterol. I could feel the distinctive petulance creeping up my spine and tried to shudder it away by jerking up. All eyes turned towards my awkward, half-bent half-protruding figure. Grandma Bobo almost sneered and her viper-shaped eyes were glowing like a star-ship set aflame. This was a bad idea.

“Ahem, I don’t really think it’s appro—”

But my speech, which I had drafted from the official human rights charter during my passionate teen years, was cut short by mother dear’s nervous rambling laugh. She moved towards me like an eagle spotting a juicy rat, and in no time, I was being dragged by my pinned-up dupatta towards the smoking kitchen, all the while being excused for my playful personality. Classic Misha and her never ending jokes, I could hear Api’s trailing voice. My blood pressure would have probably taken down a couple of barometers in that moment.

Like a graceful dictator, my blood-mother locked me up in the kitchen with the hissing pots and pans. I was told to reflect on my behavior and to recall Grandma Bobo’s NIC number. “We don’t disrespect elders, even if they are wrong,” she said while struggling with the rusted lock, “it is a part of our traditions.”

From the moment I could differentiate between my vowels,

I remember trying to buckle down in order to perceive our ‘family traditions.’ And after twenty-five years of being unsuccessful, I ended up majoring in Astrophysics to understand the complex equations behind it. But surprisingly, all the efforts were in vain. If you ask me, I genuinely believe that there is a guide book of traditions mother hides behind her drawers and vigilantly reads in the early hours of the morning. I had tried to catch her in the act but she is like a competitive nerd who doesn’t share her notes. I even begged her for some excerpts but she always replied that the answers were inside my heart, if I only allowed the elders to guide me. Maybe I should have been a cardiologist.

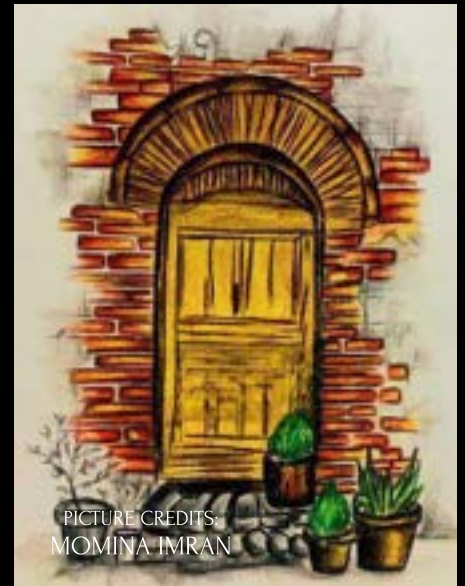
After an hour of stirring the mutton for biryani clock-wise and then anti-clockwise, I was finally released back into the humans. To be honest, I think I lost a bit of my mind in the fumes, since the fancy bowl of Russian salad was inching me to block the pressure cooker’s nozzle for an epic explosion. That would be a killer story for the supernovae department back at the HQ.

Thankfully, this murderous regime was put on hold when I spotted Api street-fighting a bunch of mango seeds. Taking the high horse, I pretended to be still mad at her betrayal.

“Why didn’t mother let me talk to Grandma?”

“You weren’t talking, you were annihilating,” she replied calmly.

I didn’t protest. It was useless



PICTURE CREDITS:
MOMINA IMRAN

. Api had accepted a long time ago that for her own sake, agreeing with the elders was better than rebelling. But I was a sprouting honey bee, touch me and I would end up stinging everyone, including my own self. If Grandma Bobo thought that she could stop me from taking up that fancy job offer in Washington, she was in for a wild ride.

The next day was marked by usual activity. The only occasional excitement was Grandma Bobo’s creative jabs directed towards me, widely ranging from my lack of rotti-making skills to making a self-mockery out of myself by selecting a career, which according to her, was meant for men only. Like a bloodhound, I was tempted to start a cross-fire but restrained in fear of ruining the showdown later. By evening, I had announced my plans about completely abandoning the idea of taking up any job in the States and even expressed horror at my stupidity for suggesting such a silly little thing. Grandma’s satisfactory gap-toothed grin was the neat little cherry on my stratagem.

SHORT STORIES

It wasn't until the clock struck south,
that the bell rang. The gate was heaved
and a brown papery package was
delivered to Grandma. Soon, she
ordered me to her room like a
summoner from Middle Ages.

"You really don't want to take up that
job anymore?" she asked me sternly the
moment I stepped inside her raspberry
coated chambers. To which, I silently
nodded like a subservient desi bride.

"Well, I don't know what is the matter
with you. When will you uphold family
traditions? I mean, just look at my
sister's granddaughter! She just joined a
prominent law firm in LA! It's all
written here in her stinky old
handwriting," she huffed and puffed
while waving around the thin letter in
her veiny hands. "I shall not tolerate this
nonsense. You must leave for
Washington first thing in the morning
tomorrow and accept that job."

"If you insist Grandma. You know I
would do anything for the family."

I mean, nothing is more important than
family traditions, right?

THE SINISTER ENCOUNTER

BY SYEDA UMMAY FARWA

Lightning cracked, thunder rolled, and the smell of earth was filling the air. It was hard to stand beside my friend Sarah's grave but harder to leave it. The pink roses in my hands began to wilt. The weather further amplified the eerie feeling in the cemetery. A high-pitched sound erupted from somewhere nearby and echoed through the still environment. I stole a glance behind me and spotted a woman wearing all white crying beside a grave. She had long black hair and I couldn't see anything else due to the mist shrouding her form. The vapours of fog looked as if they were orbiting around her. It was strange to witness her as she had an appearance of an apparition. The thick vegetation and the emergence of my only fellow in the cemetery elevated my fear. Petrified and rooted to the spot I continued to watch her. Trembling, I closed my eyes embracing the cold to engulf me. Suddenly she turned towards me and stared at me with her glowing red eyes, and I realized that she had covered some distance between us. There was something particularly strange about her eyes as they had a ghostly characteristic attached to them. Tears wracked her body piercing like rivers of ice on her unearthly face. There was something familiar in her eyes that I recognized. We were both haunted by the memories of the past. We were holding onto it because we never wanted to let go of the memories of our loved ones. This ghostly woman was also remembering someone, and it seemed that the past was reverberating like another heart in the graveyard.



PICTURE CREDITS:
FIZZA TAQVI

I did not dare move from my place as her stare had a mind-numbing impact on me. Rational thought evaded me as I asked her, "Are you alright miss?" The ghostly woman gave me a disbelieving look and a sneer formed on her features due to the absurdity of my question. I was not expecting an answer, so I continued to study her. She wore a long white dress that seemed like an ashen shroud. I was sure now that she was a phantom through and through. "No," was her monosyllabic reply which tumbled through the ruins of the graveyard. I slowly nodded, deep understanding etching my features. I cherished memories of Sarah, but her death left a gaping hole in my life. That is why I was able to empathize with her grief. I understood that we were both trying to find an anchor or to hold onto something from our past lives and that is why this place became a ground of both torment and solace for us.

She opened her mouth and another disembodied ear-splitting scream erupted and chilled me to the core. With the final scream, the woman began to float in the air amidst the vaporous clouds and was gone like the wind. Finally, I released a breath and stood there shivering, grimly. After experiencing the paranormal woman indicating that my life will never be the same, I still tried to convince myself that everything was alright. I silently debated with myself whether it was reality or delusion. I was not sure if she was there or if it was a manifestation of my wild imagination. However, the situation suggested that the existence of ghosts in a graveyard takes on a visual form. Silently, I hastened my footsteps and got out of the crumbling tomb of horrors.

SHORT STORIES

EPIGRAPH

BY MINAHIL SHEIKH

"These forgotten ones, disconnected from the social fabric, these outcasts, deprived of work and equal rights, are at the same time expected to applaud their oppression because it provides them with the blessings of memory."

"Why do our lives have to be this way, Dad?" asked Sara whose father had come to pick her up from school. "Because we were fated to face the hardships, my dear", her father replied smiling sympathetically towards her. "It's hard, Dad. Being bullied for not possessing the same financial status as other kids. Being treated as an outcast, having no one to talk to. I hate my life." Sara said staring into a distant world. "You have me, my dear. You can tell me all your feelings. I will always listen," her father said hugging her with one arm. "I am 17, Dad! I have been searching for work for a whole year now. No one gives me work because of my indigence. I just need this life of misery to end!" Sara exclaimed throwing her arms in the air. "Love, whatever awaits you in the future, will get to you sooner or later. Life will be full of hardships but remember to never lose hope," her father said placing a gentle hand on her shoulder. By the end of their conversation, they had reached home. They went inside and Sara, after greeting her mother, went up to her room. She took out the magazines for job applications from her bag that she had picked up from school and started looking through them. She marked several different spots and went to different address in search of a job. She happened to come across an advertisement for acting auditions. She took part in it without wasting any time.

Nature did its charm and she got accepted as a side actress in a drama. She fully devoted herself to the job and soon made her way to be known for her distinct acting skills, and became the leading actor in a number of projects. She moved away from her family and left her hometown for the purpose of expanding her career. She kept working hard and forgot the life without cameras. She began to love the attention and the fame. Her whole life, Sara remained dedicated to her career but in the process, forgot the true meaning of living a life. She retired in her middle age when she was met with an accident and it left her with a fractured leg due to which she could not work anymore. After feeling a sense of loneliness take over her, she called her family. After making several phone calls, she was left with a pang on her heart when she got to know that her father had passed away a few years ago. Her mother, not being able to tolerate the horrors of loneliness, died of a weakened heart recently. She had never felt so helpless. She felt her chest tighten at the thought of her trading her real happiness for worldly fame. She wanted to cry out because no amount of wealth could bring her parents back. She realized that she had just existed and not lived life. She had shunned what truly made her a human and she had not left anything good in the world except a melodrama, that she called her life. She remembered her father saying that he would always be there to listen to her so she made it her



PICTURE CREDITS:
MOMINA IMRAN

goal to visit her parents' graves every day and repeat the same words over and over again, "No amount of wealth can buy real happiness." Don't get so absorbed into this worldly life that you forget what truly matters. The happiness does not deserve to be traded for something as trivial as fame. The memories are not there to throw them in the darkest pits of your mind. Sometimes, it is the memories that drive your life to a more beautiful direction.

SHORT STORIES

THE TOWN IDIOT

BY MAHGULL ASSAD



PICTURE CREDITS:
ISWAH IMRAN

He was what Mama called a Town Idiot. With his flyaway red hair, paint-filled fingertips, oil-smearing overalls, and wild eyes, he would barge into the town hall every Wednesday afternoon with his absurd ideas of moving portraits and glowing glass balls, cutting off the elders and very rudely interrupting the meeting.

Mamas of the town would drag their children past his den hastily, lest the lunacy is contagious. Papas would kick down his leaf-shaped mail post in hopes of pounding out the devil. The only reason he was spared from prying eyes was that he was the mayor's brother. Edward often wondered why the idiot did not smash in Mr Andrews' windows like his son smashed in his. Or why did he wish everyone on the street 'Good Afternoon' when all he ever got in

return were scowls. Why he always carried with him tulips and left two each on the steps of the three of the town bakeries and four on the blacksmith's door. He wondered now, why he was asleep, in the middle of the cornfields, with his eyes wide open. Why had the colour left his eyes and was running towards his lips? As Edward bent down to close the idiot's eyes against the scalding June sun, he wondered why he was as cold as the marble statues in his father's study.

Years later, Edward still wondered. He wondered why the town idiot was the way he was. Why did he strive to search for and drown himself in the world's colours when all the world gave him, it seemed, was bleakness. He wondered how he succeeded in being human in a machine of grey and why was his humanity thrown away

like an unwanted cog. Edward wondered why the town idiot was an idiot.

ALUMNI

Ms ALMAS BUTT

TRANSCRIBED BY RABIYA REHMAN

Ms. Almas Butt joined Kinnaird in 1965 as a student of political science, philosophy, history, and geography, after completing her Matriculation from Kinnaird School. She graduated in 1970 and went on to get her Masters in Political Science from Government College University in 1972. She has worked as an educator at many schools and is currently serving as the Director of SOS Children's Village Lahore.

When I was at Kinnaird School, teachers from Kinnaird College would often visit and they were all foreigners. I wanted to go to Kinnaird desperately as I wished to be taught by all those American and English teachers. Most of the staff members were from the UK, and they would come and live in Kinnaird for many years. They were more Pakistani than us. They would dress up in Pakistani clothes and celebrate all our events. Ms. Mangat Rai was such a gentle soul. She spoke very softly. She was taking rounds all the time to see what students were doing. Then, of course, telling us to behave when some celebrity or singer came. "This is not a girl's college, Kinnaird College for Women!

So you behave like women!" She always dressed up in beautiful sarees, very simply but very nicely. She told us to dress decently and we were not allowed to wear slacks and roam around, the way girls do now. No smoking. "You come from good homes, I don't want to spoil your habits. I want to send you back in good shape", she would say. My association with Kinnaird College has only been as a student, but, you see, when you are in a hostel, you feel as if the college belongs to you because you are there twenty-four hours of the day. Sitting in verandas under the sun, talking to each other, eating peanuts, and listening to music. We had such good friends. Those friends are still with me. When we visit Kinnaird, we remember all the midnight feasts that we used to have, and getting caught was something so exciting, you can't imagine! If you don't get caught, there is no excitement in that. Once, after a midnight feast, we were going around the hostels, and the chowkidar informed Ms. Mangat Rai, who used to live in the building upstairs.

She was standing on the terrace and she said, "now you three, come back! Where do you think you're

going?" We were caught and we were, of course, embarrassed and she asked us what we were doing. "Just taking a walk," we told her. "In the middle of the night? I'll see you in my office tomorrow."

We used to respect our teachers so much. We dared not to open our mouths in front of them. We would obey them. We used to wish them and give them flowers. This is not in vogue anymore. The times have changed. The values have changed. At that time there were only five hundred students in the college. Everyone knew everyone. But now you see hordes of girls and nobody knows anyone. That close relationship with the teachers is not there. But at that time, the teacher took a special interest in you. They would make sure that you hand over your assignment on time. They would come around, knock at your door and ask for the assignment. So we had to finish it. For Christmas, we were in a choir and we went to the teachers' room with hymn books in our hands and sang and they would invite us in and offer us coffee or hot chocolate.

If you were sick, they would send a small card. Especially when you are in the hostel, the hostel warden is

Ms ALMAS BUTT

very concerned about you. Takes care of you. Celebrates your birthday. "Now it is your birthday, you all come to my room."

There would be one biscuit for each person. Just one biscuit and then the plate was empty. The teachers had such good values. If they saw a bird wounded, lying on the ground, they would sit there and bandage the bird, and we all would watch it. This is how you learn to be kind.

The building is the same, they have of course added parts to it but the actual structure is still there. Same trees. The atmosphere is there. Kinnaird with its beauty is still there. I think of all the teachers and remember when I would bunk a class, and the foreigner teachers would come on a bike and catch us at the tuck shop having a cold drink! I remember clearly, that there was this English teacher, Ms. Potter, and once she saw me sitting at the tuck shop. "Miss Almas! You did not grace my class today, I thought you weren't well!" My geography teacher, Ms. Cooper, was a terror at the time, and she happened to be my hostel warden also.

She used to have a dog and she used to take him with her all the

time. She used to cycle around, and the dog would follow her. And since I had become very good friends with her, when she went on vacation, she would give me the responsibility of taking out the dog for walks around the canal. When she came back, she gave me a party and invited all my friends to her room.

We were allowed to go out thrice a week in the evenings to Anarkali. We were chaperoned by a senior student, whom we were expected to treat. At that time, it was Anarkali ki chaat. We were told by the hostel wardens to treat them as a form of thank you.

They would take us to British Council and Government College for plays. They would take us everywhere but chaperone. Strict rules. At Government College, there were so many boys, and we could not look around. We had to keep our eyes on the stage only. So our teachers were very strict. But now we realize that it was only for our betterment. We used to play hockey and we used to hate wearing PT shoes and if you didn't have them, they asked you to take your shoes off.

So, in winters, we used to play barefooted. We also had dancing

classes. They taught us ballroom dancing. And singing classes every evening. They used to take us to different schools and hostels before Christmas to give gifts to the children there. The mental hospital was right opposite us, and every Thursday a teacher would take us there. We used to wrap up small presents for the patients.

We had people from all around the county, from different religions. They would invite old students from India also, all the Hindu and Sikh Indian ladies who had done their graduation before the partition. They would come in sarees, old grey head ladies. They all were very decently dressed up and walked gently. You see that and you want to be like that.

We all had a very good relationship with each other. No one ever thought that oh, she is from a different religion. We were all students, we were all KCites and we very proudly said that. There was so much empathy, tolerance, and care at that time.

DR. IFFAT YAQOOB CHAUDHARY

TRANSCRIBED BY AYESHA ASIF

Dr. Iffat Yaqub Chaudhry was born in Lahore on 16 December 1943. After the completion of her early education in Karachi, she joined Kinnaird in 1958 as an intermediate student and did her bachelor's in applied psychology and English literature. Equipping further, she acquired her master's degree from Government College Lahore and her Ph.D. in Applied Psychology from Punjab university. Later joined Kinnaird, provided her services as a head of the Applied psychology department, and retired in the past decade. Kinnaird felt very homely because my mother also studied here, so it's like a generational thing for us. Ms. Naira Jamil, who was in the science department, was the vice principal at the time; when I was the head of the Applied Psychology department. When we went into our first year, we knew everyone. Every teacher knew our name, so we had a lot of interaction with our faculty members as well. I started a psychology club, and I hope it's still there. We used to have plays on psychological issues during our tutorial period and had eminent persons coming to give us talks on such issues as well. We had the Jubilee hostel, we did not have

the academic building which came later, we had just the science block. We had an old Open-air theater, where the canteen is, and we used to have performances there. We had the A and B hostel-the oldest one, and the staff house was also there because the majority of the staff were missionaries, and the residents' staff used to come to the academic building on bikes. We had a wonderful experience as the students came from the missionaries in the UK and Scotland. Ms. Mangat Rai; the principal at that time, was a very hospitable woman. After retirement, she lived in Edinburg, and whoever visited Edinburg, she used to host them well. So, I once went to Edinburgh and Ms. Rai came to meet me wearing a saree, just like she used to when she was here and told me that she particularly wore it for me. We used to have people here at Kinnaird who have built it academically, and it was wonderful meeting them. We used to have a more personal connection with everyone compared to now. As the numbers increased, the relationship we had with faculty became impersonal. Back then, it was hard bunking classes because

everyone knew us by names, and would be looking for us if we missed one. We used to perform scenes from plays in the Open-air theater, and the faculty used to evaluate us later, so it was like a critical evaluation of whatever was presented.

Kinnaird always had lots of activities. I don't find myself lacking in anything even now, and it is a unique institute because it gives students the room to sort of explore.

I think Kinnaird grooms you. I should say that what I am is because of Kinnaird. It gives you so many opportunities. I think they intellectually developed us a lot, and that is how I was able to attend conferences abroad.

Kinnaird gave us a lot, and my daughters also came to Kinnaird. We had a homogenous sort of environment and had people from other sects as well, like Parsis. We used to recite Bible and Quran and sing hymns too, but there was no question about that. It was just the fact that we knew other religions too.

We had students from the Convent of Jesus and Mary, Cathedral, and Queen Mary. I have the same friends from school and Kinnaird,

DR. IFFAT YAQOOB CHAUDHARY

and we've been friends for fifty-plus years now, and they went to the USA and abroad but whenever they come back, they meet me. Kinnaird was like home, because a lot of people from the faculty were my classmates, like Ms. Perin Boga. We were friends in university, and then we taught here for thirty years.

I was a selectee of the Public Service Commission, and I was posted here in Kinnaird. But later I was posted somewhere in Punjab but Mrs. Phailbus didn't release us. I had a sound academic career as a student and topped the Public Service Commission as well. Kinnaird was always my priority and I was here all my life. I taught at St. Joseph's College before Kinnaird, so it's been a very fulfilling career, and the old peons here know me. It is a very good feeling. As a teacher, we had a very cordial atmosphere, and there was a lot of discipline. The Applied Psychology department is a well-developed one, they also do invite me to some of their functions. And the English department is also a strong one, as it was initially around three of us in it. I would say that there were a lot of students in Lahore college, and they had a Master's Degree even when we didn't have one.

And it had a huge faculty, but the relationship we had here in Kinnaird is what makes it special. Kinnaird was a missionary built by "Lady Kinnaird" from Scotland, so we met a lot of people who formed missionaries here, and those people were fully devoted to education, it was really like a commitment for them, and there was dedication towards teaching.

And what I gathered from Christianity was that they wanted to serve humanity. I think Kinnaird teaches you integrity, character building, and moral values. It is not the knowledge of a specific subject, but the development of an individual which is what you get from Kinnaird.

ALUMNI SECTION

Ms FAKHAR AHMAD

TRANSCRIBED BY UNEEZA RANA

Ms. Fakhar Ahmad, born in Colombo in the year 1934, having gone through her education first in Presbyterian High School Colombo, then in St. Johns School Agra (1945), moved to Lahore as a ninth-grade student (1950). Her higher education was mostly from Lahore College for Women University and Government College University where she did her bachelor's in Philosophy and her masters in both Philosophy and Political Science respectively. She served at Kinnaird as Vice Principal for 35 years before her retirement.

Kinnaird was a very small college. Old wonderful buildings. I should remember it was just more than 200 PF students. They were very close to each other at the time and all of them came from the highest class in Lahore, so it was a quite active relationship between the teacher and student. The girls asked a lot of questions, and I, obviously being a young girl, used to have sleepless nights because I had to be ready for the class, to face the class.

I joined Kinnaird in the year 1959, as a lecturer. Ms. Mangat Rai, the Principal at the time, took my interview.

Ms. Mangat must've come across those people who weren't very accurate in English, so she was impressed by my conversation. It was a general, informal interview. Speaking of interviews, I used to carry on and do most of the interviews during admissions as the Vice Principal. It was during the good old times; we used to interview every girl and have a meeting to discuss the list of students who were taken in, in those good old years. Now, of course, you just see the marks and you take them in.

Kinnaird has always been doing extracurricular activities. The dramatics part, you know, was very active because Mrs. Najmuddin at that time was in-charge of dramatics. We had an Open-air Theatre, and plays were thrown to/for the public as well. Kinnaird has always been good in that respect, setting very good deem in the market for all the good players. Then there were the events we had; the Christmas dinners, and the dinners at the hostels and staff house especially. Usually, we had all our functions in the staff house, the welcomes and farewells, for the staff obviously, and the dinners. Other than the dinners, the

Charity weeks were important events as well. Most of the students used to contribute so much to charity. And daily, after having collected all that money we used to have a meeting, we had to sit together and see; this much money had to be sent to this, this much money had to be spent there.

I remember the visit of Lady Diana. I, along with Mira Phailbus and five-six senior people, received her. She was a wonderful small lady. I don't remember much of what she talked about but she must have said that she's been impressed by Pakistani girls, in general.

Mother Teresa's visit was also another very important day.

On typical days, we had our lunches in the hostels. We had a special table and used to enjoy the fruit. I still remember that they used to serve us fruit afterward as well. The hostels were very good but strict. The students were never happy with the food, and they really must have been having all those complaints, but they had a fun time; they used to enjoy it.

Kinnaird is an aloof kind of place. Be it the nationalization in 1972, or the First Martial Law of Ayub Khan, there was no such change over at Kinnaird. Even now, I

Ms FAKHAR AHMAD

think, things happen outside but nothing changes on the inside. The students are not actively involved in anything, like demonstrations or the sorts. They are probably groomed for that kind of a thing. There was no such thing as the 1963-64 demonstrations in Kinnaird, and the nationalization was a smooth passage as well. Nothing much changed in Kinnaird except for the pay scales and that we had better facilities as government employees. The urge for nationalization came from within Kinnaird itself; it was a trend coming by then. Mira Phailbus was the first nationalized Principal; after the nationalization, she was appointed Principal. Even as a student she used to be at Kinnaird, and then she joined as a part-time teacher. We were together at that time when I joined as well. She was right there from the very beginning with me, so we are very good friends. Even now, we meet each other daily.

I enjoyed every day of my time here. When it was my time to leave, I was feeling really bad. Having spent thirty-five years of your life at Kinnaird, you do feel bad leaving. And during those good old times, when you retire, you retire! Many of the teachers were taken in afterward, after my leaving, yet I

never used to repent. I never went back, I used to be happy with that. Mira went back after retirement and said that there were teachers there who were at Kinnaird for the rest of their lives. I don't have one specific memory or favorite incident from Kinnaird but I enjoyed the company of my students and they used to enjoy my company as well.

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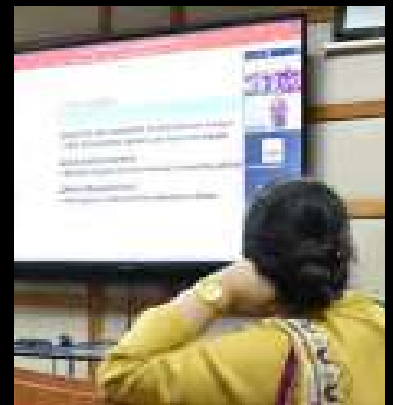
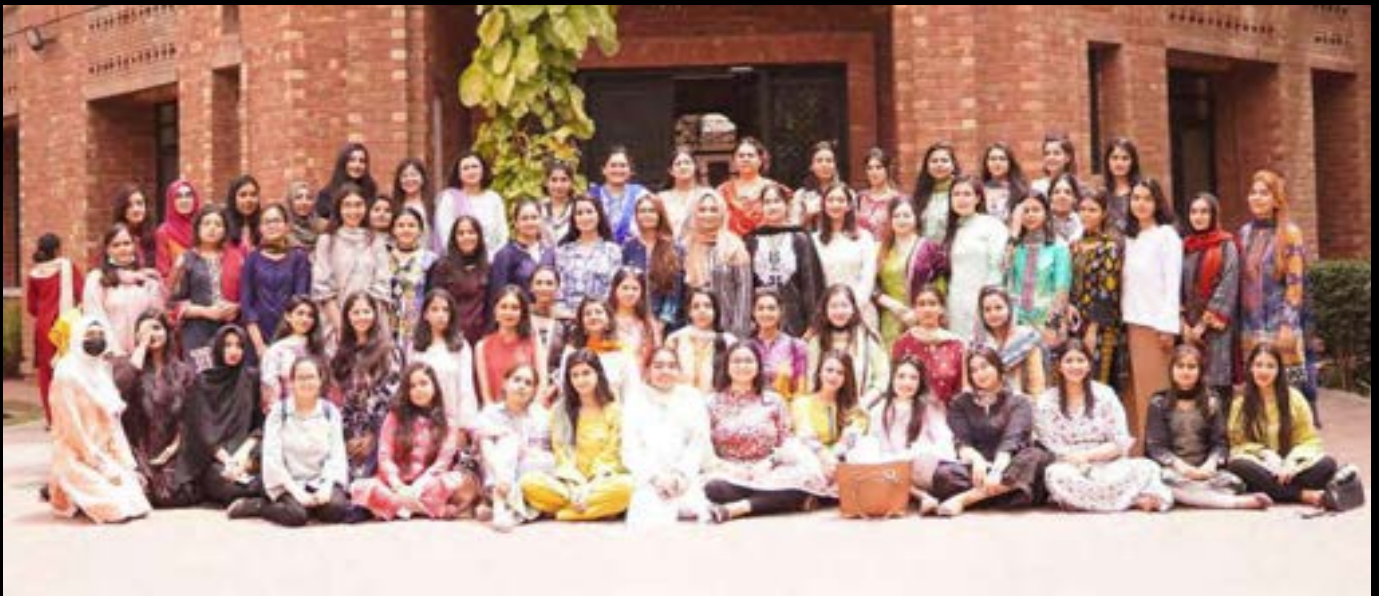
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اداریہ

بطور ایڈیٹر اپنے جذبات و احساسات کو الفاظ کا جامہ پہناتے ہوئے میں بہت پُر مسرت احساسات کے مطیع ہوں۔ مئی 2021ء کی ایک روشن صبح میں حلف برداری کی تقریب میں مجھے اردو ایڈیٹر کی ذمہ داری تفویض کی گئی اور یوں میری زندگی میں تحریر و تقریر کے ایک خوبصورت سفر کا آغاز ہوا۔ یہ سفر حصول علم، بہترین تربیت، کردار سازی اور خود اعتمادی کی بنیاد ثابت ہوا۔ یہ سفر قلم و قرطاس سے میری محبت کے لیے ایک نئی راہ متعین کرنے کا باعث بنا۔ کالج کے اردو میگزین کو مرتب کرتے ہوئے گزشتہ سالوں کی روایت کو برقرار رکھتے ہوئے انتہائی لگن اور ذمہ داری کے ساتھ کنسیر ڈکالج کی ہونہار طالبات کی کاوشوں کو شامل کیا گیا۔

بحیثیت ایڈیٹر میں نے اور میری ٹیم نے بہت جان فشانی سے کام کیا ہے تاکہ میگزین کے اردو سیکشن میں جدت و نفاست پیدا کر سکیں۔ اور اردو زبان کو اس کی کھوئی ہوئی قدر و قیمت لوٹا سکیں اور اردو زبان و ادب کو اس کا اصل مقام و مرتبہ دلا سکیں۔

ہماری مشترکہ کاوش کو سراہے جانے کی امید کرتی ہوں اور آپ سب سے پذیرائی و حوصلہ افزائی کی خواہاں ہوں۔ اس میگزین کو عملی جامہ پہنانے میں ڈاکٹر شازیہ ساجد نے بے حد رہنمائی فرمائی۔ میں ان کی تہہ دل سے مشکور ہوں۔

صدر اردو میگزین سوسائٹی

کشف فاطمہ

دورِ صدارت 2021-2022ء

سنیپ چیٹ

سنیپ چیٹ کیا ہے؟

سنیپ چیٹ اور وٹس ایپ میں کیا فرق ہے؟

سنیپ چیٹ کے کیا فائدے ہیں؟

اکثر اوقات جب ہم کسی ایک ایسے انسان کے سامنے جو سوشل میڈیا کی دنیا سے بالکل کٹ کر زندگی بسر کر رہا ہو جب اس انسان کے سامنے ہم لفظ سنیپ چیٹ کا نام لیتے ہیں تو اس انسان کے ذہن میں ایسے تمام سوالات اُبھرتے ہیں۔ یہ دراصل اکیسویں صدی کی نوجوان نسل کا پسندیدہ مشغلہ ہے، جسے وہ بڑے شوق سے استعمال کرتے ہیں۔ حقیقت میں سنیپ چیٹ میں صرف تصاویر اور ویڈیوز وغیرہ ہی بنائی جاتی ہیں یا پھر وٹس ایپ کی طرح ہم اس کے ذریعے اپنے پسندیدہ لوگوں سے بات چیت بھی کر سکتے ہیں۔

سنیپ چیٹ کے ایجاد ہونے کے کچھ ہی عرصے بعد ہی اس کی ایک نئی شکل ایجاد ہوئی، جسے اب ہم سنیپ سٹریکس کے نام سے جانتے ہیں۔ آج کل آپ ہر ایک کو یہ کہتے ہوئے سنتے ہیں..... سنیپ اسٹریکس بناتی ہو یا بناتے ہو وغیرہ۔ نوجوان نسل نے اسے اس قدر سنجیدہ لیا ہوا ہے، جس قدر ہمارے بڑے اپنے مستقبل یا اپنے کریئر کو لیتے تھے۔

سنیپ اسٹریکس سے میں آپ کو باور کرواتی چلوں کہ اس کا مقصد کیا ہے۔ اس کا کوئی خاص یا توجہ طلب مقصد نہیں ہے، اس کے ذریعے ہم اپنے پسندیدہ لوگوں کے روزمرہ کے معاملات کو جان سکتے ہیں۔

اکثر لوگ یہ سوال اٹھاتے ہیں کہ اس سے کیا فائدے حاصل ہوتے ہیں۔ اس کے بہت سے مثبت اور منفی پہلو ہیں۔ اگر انسان اس کے مثبت پہلوؤں پر نگاہ ڈالے تو وہ بہت زیادہ تعداد میں ملتے ہیں۔ جیسے اکثر ایسا ہوتا ہے کہ کوئی انسان آپ کو کوئی ایسی سنیپ بھیجے جس میں وہ قرآن کی تلاوت کر رہا ہو یا پھر کوئی اور نیکی و بھلائی کا کام کر رہا ہو..... تو کیا آپ کو اس کی بھیجی ہوئی سنیپ متاثر نہیں کرے گی؟ جبکہ آپ اس وقت بالکل فارغ، کاموں سے بالکل آزاد بیٹھے ہوں، بلکہ آپ کے دل میں بھی یہ تمنا ضرور پیدا ہوگی کہ فلاں انسان تو اس وقت نیکی اور بھلائی کا کام سرانجام دے رہا ہے میں کیوں نہ ایسا کام کروں۔ لہذا انسان کی زندگی میں سنیپ اسٹریکس ایک نہایت اہم درجے کی حامل ہے۔

مگر اس کے کچھ منفی پہلو بھی ہیں، وہ یہ کہ سنیپ سٹریکس کو دیکھنے میں آپ کا بہت ساقیمتی وقت ضائع

ہو جاتا ہے لیکن اگر یہی وقت ہم کسی کتاب کا مطالعہ کرنے میں صرف کریں تو زیادہ بہتر ہوگا یا پھر جب ہم کسی ایسی سنیپ کو دیکھیں جس میں دوسرا انسان کوئی ایسی چیز کھا رہا ہو جس کی لذت شدت سے محسوس ہو رہی ہو اور وہ ہی چیز آپ کے سامنے ایک تصویر کی شکل میں آجائے تو آپ اُسی وقت طیش میں آجائیں گے۔

حاصل کلام

ہمیں آج کے دور میں ہر ایک نظریے کو منفی پہلو سے سوچنے کی عادت سے ہو گئی ہے۔ دنیا ترقی کر رہی ہے اور آئندہ بھی مزید ترقی کرے گی..... لہذا ہمیں آج کل کے دور کی نئی نئی ایجادات میں سے منفی کی بجائے مثبت پہلوؤں کو تلاش کرنے کی اشد ضرورت ہے۔ اس طرح سے ہمارے بچوں پر بہت سے اچھے اور مثبت اثرات مرتب ہو سکتے ہیں۔

شکریہ

نام: زونیرہ اسلم



شخصی خاکہ

(میرے نانا جان حاجی محمد اشرف مرحوم)

نام: ماہ نور مرتضیٰ،

سمیسٹر: 8

میجر: اُردو ادب

ان کی عمر وفات کے وقت پچپن برس تھی۔ کشید قامت، سرخ و سفید رنگت، بڑی بڑی روشن آنکھیں، لمبی لمبی پلکیں، کھچی ہوئی بھونیں، لمبی متواں ناک، پتلے پتلے اور گلابی ہونٹ، سیاہ رنگ کی بھری بھری مونچھیں اور ایک لٹھ سے بڑی گھنگھریالی داڑھی، چوڑا سینہ، بڑے ہاتھ، لمبی انگلیاں، سر پر لمبے لمبے کالے سیاہ گھنگھریالے بال اور اس پر سندھی ٹوپی، بال اتنے بھرے ہوئے کہ ٹوپی کے نیچے سے اُبھر کر باہر نکلے ہوئے نظر آتے۔ انتہائی نفاست پسند اور رعب دار شخصیت، سفید چیر مین کے لٹھے کا کریمہ شلوار اور اس پر لارنس پور کی کالی واسکٹ۔

کسی محفل میں جاتے تو شخصیت کا رعب و دبدبہ حاضرین کو اٹھ کر کھڑا ہونے پر مجبور کر دیتا۔ لہن ایسا کہ جب بولتے تو سب خاموش ہو جاتے۔ ان کی تجزیہ نگاری اور علمی بحث چاہے موضوع سیاست ہو یا دین، کاروبار ہو یا حالاتِ حاضرہ اس پر ان کا اندازِ بیاں اور شاندار لب و لہجہ ان کو پوری محفل میں نمایاں کرتا جب وہ بولتے تو سکوت چھا جاتا۔

وہ اپنی شخصیت کے خود معمار تھے یہی چیز ان کی پُرکشش شخصیت کی طرف سب کو کھینچ لاتی۔ ہر کوئی ان سے اپنے نجی معاملات میں مشورہ کرتا اور خلوص کا یہ عالم کہ نہ صرف مخلص مشورہ دیتے بلکہ جس طرح کی مدد کسی کو چاہیے ہوتی وہ بھی فراہم کرتے۔ خاندان میں کئی لوگوں کو معاشی طور پر مستحکم کیا اور اعلیٰ ظرفی کا مظاہرہ کرتے ہوئے سب کے بھید بھی رکھے یہ صرف ان کا ہی وصف تھا۔ زندگی بھر اتنی تکلیفیں سہیں جو بیان بھی کرتے تو ان کو اور ہم کو پر غم بنا دیتیں لیکن اپنے بل بوتے پر ترقی کی اور پھر اس پر ناز کیا۔ چھوٹے سے لے کر بڑے درجے تک خود ترقی کرنے کو اپنا کارنامہ سمجھتے تھے۔ ہر مصیبت کا سامنا ذاتی قابلیت اور ہمت سے کیا۔ اپنے باپ دادا کا نقشہ اصل رنگ میں دکھاتے اور اس پر فخر کرتے لیکن اپنی ابتدائی غربت کو کبھی نہ بھولتے بلکہ اس پر بھی ناز کرتے ہوئے دکھائی دیتے۔ ان کی خوش مزاجی خود ان کو ہنسائے بغیر ہمارے پیٹ میں بل ڈالتی تھی۔ جہاں جاتے محفل سجالیتے اور محفل بھی ایسی جس میں ہر بچے سے لے

کر بزرگ تک کچھ نہ کچھ حاصل کر کے اُٹھتے۔ کتاب گردانی کا بہت شوق تھا، دینی کتب سے بہت رغبت رکھتے۔ غنیۃ الطالبین اور کیمیائے سعادت جیسی بڑی کتابیں ان کی لائبریری نما الماری کی زینت تھیں۔ مہمان نوازی کا جنون کی حد تک شوق تھا اگر کوئی بیرون شہر سے آتا تو اس کی آمد کے منتظر رہتے بلکہ اس کو خوش آمدید کہنے تو اسٹیشن تک جاتے۔

صوم صلوٰۃ اور مذہبی فرائض کے پابند تھے اور دوسروں کو بھی اس کی تلقین کرتے تھے۔ رشتے خوب نبھائے حالانکہ اپنوں نے خوب زیادتیاں کیں لیکن پھر بھی کبھی ہمت نہ ہاری، نہایت شفیق، وسیع القلب اور زندہ دل انسان تھے۔ عمر کے آخری حصے میں کئی بیماریوں میں مبتلا ہو گئے لیکن پھر بھی اپنی بیماری کو شخصیت پر بوجھل نہ ہونے دیا اور نہایت ہمت اور دیدہ دلیری سے بیماریوں کا مقابلہ کیا لیکن یہ قدرت کا نظام ہے کہ جو اس دنیا میں آیا ہے اس نے لوٹ کر واپس اپنے رب کے ہاں جانا ہوتا ہے۔ ارشادِ ربانی ہے: کل نفس ذائقۃ الموت (ہر ذی روح کو موت کا ذائقہ چکھنا ہے) بالآخر ان کی زندگی کی آخری شام آ گئی جو ہماری زندگیوں میں تاریکیاں بھر گئی اور میرے نانا جان 14 جنوری 2007ء کو اس دارِ فانی سے کوچ کر کے اپنے خالقِ حقیقی سے جا ملے۔ ان کے جانے سے جو خلا ہمارے خاندانی شجرہ میں آیا اُسے کوئی نہیں بھر سکتا۔ آج بھی جب کوئی مجلسِ سجتی ہے تو اُن کے ذکر کے بغیر مکمل نہیں ہوتی۔ اللہ پاک ان کو غریقِ رحمت کرے اور ہمیں ان کے نقشِ قدم پر چلنے کی توفیق عطا فرمائے۔ آمین ثم آمین!



”قدرت کی پکار“

اریہ اختر

بائیوٹیک، سمیسٹر 6

خوبصورت پھول، روح تک ٹھنڈک بخشنے والی ہوا اور گرمی سے تنگ آئے لوگوں کے لیے اپنے بازو پھیلاتے مسافروں کا انتظار کرتے یہ درخت جو لوگوں کو اپنی آغوش میں بلا معاوضہ پناہ دیتے اور لوگوں کو پیغام دیتے ہیں کہ اس درخت کی شاخوں کی طرح زندگی بھی ایک خاص شکل میں نہ ہو کہ بہت خوبصورت ہے۔ ننگے پاؤں زمین پر رکھیں کیا انسان اور یہ مٹی ایک نہیں؟ آپ کے جسم کی بے چینی اپنے اندر جذب کرنے کو تیار جیسے ساری پریشانیاں براہ راست اس مٹی میں جا رہی ہوں۔ یہ قدرت مسافروں کو صدا دیتی ہے کہ جو بوجھ وہ اپنے نازک کندھوں پر اٹھائے تھکان سے چور ہیں اسے اُتار کر کچھ دیر سستالیں۔ مشکلات اور خیالات کی گٹھڑی جنہیں یہ کھولنے سے قاصر ہیں اسے قدرت کے حوالے کر کے پرندوں کی طرح آزادی سے پر پھیلاتے اُڑ جائیں ان مسافروں کو لگتا ہے کہ ذرا دیر کو اگر یہ ٹھہر گئے یا اپنا بوجھ اس مٹی کے سپرد کر دیا تو منزل کو سوس دُور رہ جائے گی۔ وہ سمجھتے ہیں کہ منزل تھکا دینے کا نام ہے۔ وہ ہاتھ جو کام کی شقت سے سخت ہو چکے ہیں ان سے نرم پھولوں کو چھونا، ان کی تازگی کو اندر اُتار لینا ہی خوشی ہے۔ درختوں کے پتے ان راہگیروں سے کہتے ہیں کہ ایک لمبی سانس لو اور ساری پریشانیاں باہر نکال دو۔ اشجار کی ٹہنیوں پر بیٹھے پرندے صدا لگاتے ہیں کہ منزل آپ کے اندر کے ٹھہراؤ کا نام ہے۔



”خداؤں سے خدا تک“

اریہ اختر

بائیوٹیک، سمیسٹر 6

زندگی میں آگے بڑھتے ہوئے ہمیں بہت چھوٹی چھوٹی چیزیں بڑی نظر آتی ہیں۔ جب سکول میں ہوں تو دوسرے بچوں کی طرح کالشن (Lunch Box) یا سکول بیگ لینے سے لے کر اپنی جان کو تنگ کرنا کہ جو میری دوست کی امی سے لہجہ بنا کر دیتی ہے مجھے بھی وہی چاہیے تک کی چیزیں کرنا اہم ہوتا ہے۔ ان کا حصول بہت خوشی کا باعث ہوتا ہے۔ چھٹی، ساتویں میں آکر جوڑوں کا شوق ہوتا ہے۔ ہر وقت ذہن میں کوئی نہ کوئی ڈیزائن چل رہا ہوتا ہے اگر اس طرح کا سوٹ نہ ملے تو بہت مایوسی اور پریشانی ہوتی ہے۔ تھوڑے بڑے ہوں تو لوگوں کے دل و دماغ میں اپنی جگہ بنانے کے خواب ہوتے ہیں۔ کچھ کر کے دکھانا کچھ بننا کوئی بڑا افسر یا انٹرپرائز بننے کا شوق غالب رہتا ہے۔ ایک ہی وقت میں ہم لوگوں میں مقبول، حسین ترین اور ذہین بننا چاہتے ہیں۔ زندگی کا دائرہ بس انہیں چیزوں کے گرد گھومتا ہے اور انسان بھی بے چینی میں ان خواہشات کو خدا مان کر ان کی پرستش کرتا ہے کوئی تعریف کرے تو پھولے نہیں سماتا اگر کوئی تنقید کرے تو یہ خیال ساری رات جگائے رکھنے کو کافی ہوتا ہے چونکہ زندگی کسی کو بادشاہ ہونے نہیں دیتی تو انسان بھی اس ایک ادھوری خواہش کو الہ جان کر اسے کے آگے سرٹیکتا رہتا ہے۔ کبھی انسان کسی دوسرے انسان کو ہی اپنے دل میں مرکزیت بخش دیتا ہے وہ انسان پھر اس کے خیالات پر راج کرتا ہے ہر خیال اس سے شروع اور اسی پر ختم ہوتا ہے۔ اسے پسند آنے کی جدوجہد اس کی پسند اور نا پسند کا خیال جو مرتبہ خدا کو دینا چاہیے وہ ان دنیاوی عارضی خداؤں کو ملتا ہے اور عارضی خدا تھکاوٹ اور ذلالت کے علاوہ کچھ نہیں دیتے۔ پھر مادہ پرستی تو دنیاوی خداؤں میں بڑا خدا ہے ساری انسانیت اس کے آگے سجدہ ریز ہوتی ہے۔ وطن پرستی، کولونیلزم تو باقاعدہ عبادت کا درجہ حاصل ہے۔ کچھ لوگ رشتوں کو ہی سب مان لیتے ہیں اور پوری زندگی ان رشتوں کے بوجھ کو کاندھوں پر لادھ کر ہانپتے رہتے ہیں۔ عمر کے آخری حصے میں جا کر بہت سی چیزوں کا احساس ہوتا کہ اگر خدا ایک ہو تو راستے بھی ایک اور منزل یقینی ہوتی ہے۔



مسز نجم الدین

مریم عمران

مسز نجم الدین، لاہور میں انگریزی تھیٹر کی ڈوین، نے 'کے سی ڈرامیٹک سوسائٹی' کے لیے اعلیٰ معیار قائم کیے اس میں موضوعات اور ڈرامائی صلاحیتیں میں نئی تلاش کی ایک طویل روایت ہے۔ معزز کنیئر ڈکالچ نجم الدین ڈرامیٹک سوسائٹی (این ڈی ایس) اپنے وجود میں آنے کے بعد سے سنگ میل حاصل کر رہا ہے۔ اسے یہ اعزاز حاصل ہے کہ سامعین کو ان کی توقعات کی بہترین تفریح فراہم کرے۔

پاکستان میں 'شیکسپیئر گلوب تھیٹر' کے واحد میزبان ہونے کا اعزاز اسے حاصل ہے۔ این ڈی ایس لاہور کی قدیم ترین اور مشہور ڈرامیٹک سوسائٹی میں سے ایک ہے جہاں یہ بہت سے پروگرام منعقد ہوتے ہیں جیسا کہ ”ڈونا بوسیتا“ جو کہ 1996ء میں نجم الدین سوسائٹی کی طرف سے انجام دیا گیا۔

مسز نجم الدین وہ خاتون جنہوں نے ابتدائی سالوں میں کنیئر ڈکالچ کی پرورش کی، انگریزی کی استانی تھیں۔ انہوں نے 'کے سی کی لڑکیوں' کے لیے دیرپا رول ماڈل کی تخلیق کی۔ دانشورانہ رویہ سے ان کو وقار اور نسوانیت کی تدریس دی۔

مسز لیلیٰ نجم الدین ایک خاتون جو ایک عظیم ذاتی دیانت داری کی قائل تھیں اور جن کی کنیئر ڈکالچ کے ساتھ غیر مشکوک وابستگی ہے۔ انہوں نے نسلوں کی تشکیل کی ہے۔ طلباء میں صلاحیتوں کو پھولنے کی اجازت دی اور ان میں پوشیدہ تحائف تلاش کیے۔

ایک جملہ جو ذہن میں ہے:

”ایک تعلیمی نظام کی قیمت زیادہ نہیں ہے اگر یہ ایک طالب علم کو روزی کمانے کا طریقہ سکھاتا ہے لیکن زندگی بنانے کے لیے نہیں۔“



سفرنامه

سفرنامہ عمرہ

نام: ماہ نور مرتضیٰ،

سمیسٹر: 8، میجر: اردو ادب

ارادہ زیارت بیت اللہ و روضہ رسولؐ

اپنا نہیں شیوہ کہ آرام سے بیٹھیں
اس درپہ نہیں بار تو کعبے کو ہی ہو آئے
(غالب)

انسان کی زندگی میں بعض اوقات کبھی ایسے لمحات بھی آتے ہیں جن کا اس نے کبھی گمان بھی نہیں کیا ہوتا۔ انسان سوچتا کچھ ہے اور کچھ اور ہو جاتا ہے۔ انسان دنیاوی معاملات اور مشکلات میں اس قدر پھنسا ہوتا ہے کہ ایک وقت ایسا آتا ہے کہ وہ دلی سکون چاہتا ہے جو کہ اسے صرف اور صرف مکہ اور مدینہ منورہ کی گلیوں میں پھر کر ہی مل سکتا ہے۔

پچھلے سال رمضان میں ہم سب نے زیارت بیت اللہ اور روضہ رسولؐ کی حاضری کا ارادہ کیا لیکن کسی وجہ سے یہ پایہ تکمیل تک نہ پہنچ سکا اور ہمیں یوں محسوس ہوا جیسے ابھی بلاوا نہیں آیا ہے۔

چند مہینے بعد دوبارہ عمرہ کا ارادہ کیا۔ اپنی فیملی کے ساتھ ہم نے چچا جان کی فیملی کو بھی تیار کیا اور اپنے بزرگوں سے اجازت طلب کی۔ 25 نومبر 2018ء کو ہم پاسپورٹ بنوانے گئے۔ 8 دن بعد پاسپورٹ بن کر آئے تو انہیں ویزہ لگوانے کے لیے بھیجا۔ شاید اس بار قسمت میں حاضری لکھی تھی۔ چار دن میں ویزہ لگ کر آیا تو یقین ہو گیا کہ اس بار واقعی بلاوا آیا ہے۔ ٹکٹ خریدے اور عمرہ پر جانے کے لیے باقاعدہ تیاری کا آغاز کیا۔

25 نومبر سے 20 دسمبر تک کا وقت نہایت مشکل سے گزرا۔ دل میں بس ایک ہی خواہش تھی کہ کسی طرح اڑ کر جلدی سے وہاں پہنچ جائیں۔ 12 دسمبر سے 20 دسمبر تک میرے امتحانات تھے اور 20 دسمبر کو ہی شام 5 بج کر 45 منٹ پر ہماری لاہور سے مدینہ منورہ بذریعہ پی آئی اے روانگی تھی۔ شاید قسمت کو یہی منظور تھا۔ اس دن میرا آخری امتحان بھی تھا۔ زیارت مدینہ منورہ کی اس قدر خوشی تھی کہ پتہ نہیں کیسا امتحان دیا اور ایئر پورٹ پر روانہ ہو گئی۔ لیکن پھر بھی میں مقرر کردہ وقت سے آدھا گھنٹہ لیٹ پہنچی۔ ایئر پورٹ پر باقی پوری فیملی میرا انتظار کر رہی تھی۔ پھر ہم سب گھر والوں

سے ملے، سب نے ہمیں پھولوں کے ہار پہنائے، نعتیں پڑھی گئیں، سب نے دعاؤں کی درخواست کی اور ہمیں دعاؤں کے سائے میں رخصت کیا کہ ہم خیریت سے پہنچیں اس کے بعد ہم اپنی سامان والی ٹرالی گھسیٹتے ہوئے ایئرپورٹ کے اندر داخل ہو گئے۔

روانگی

ایئرپورٹ میں داخل ہونے کے بعد ہم نے سب سے پہلے اپنا سامان چیک کروایا اور پھر سامان کی حفاظت کے لیے اسے ایک جیسی ریپنگ شیٹ میں کور کروالیا اور سامان کو جمع کروانے کی غرض سے ہم ایک لمبی قطار میں کھڑے ہو گئے۔ اس کے بعد ہم نے اپنا بارڈنگ پاس لیا اور دستی سامان کی شناختی کروائی اور جہاز کی روانگی کے انتظار کے لیے ہم ویٹنگ ایریا میں چلے گئے۔ ابھی مغرب کی نماز ادا کی ہی تھی کہ ساتھ ہی اعلان ہو گیا کہ لاہور سے مدینہ جانے والے مسافر جہاز میں تشریف لے آئیں۔

ہم نے اپنا بارڈنگ پاس چیک کروایا اور ایک لمبے ٹریک سے ہوتے ہوئے جہاز میں داخل ہو گئے۔ اس کے بعد ایئر ہوسٹس نے ہمیں ہماری نشستوں کے بارے میں بتایا تو ہمیں معلوم ہوا کہ ایئرپورٹ پر تاخیر سے پہنچنے کے باعث ہم سب کی نشستیں بہت دُور دُور ہیں کسی کی پہلے کیبن میں سیٹ ہے تو کسی کی دوسرے کیبن میں جب جہاز میں موجود سب مسافر اپنی نشستوں پر بیٹھ گئے تو ایئر ہوسٹس نے جہاز میں سفر کے متعلق کچھ حفاظتی تدابیر دیں اور کچھ ہی لمحوں میں جہاز رن وے پر دوڑتا ہوا زمین سے پرواز کر گیا۔

جہاز میں موجود ایئر ہوسٹس پر تھوڑی تھوڑی دیر بعد جہاز کی رفتار، جہاز کے باہر کے موسم اور وقت سے آگاہ کرتی رہی اس نے مزید بتایا کہ ہم پورے ساڑھے چار گھنٹے کے بعد یعنی پونے 11 بجے بن سلیمان ایئرپورٹ پر لینڈ کریں گے اس کے بعد انہوں نے جہاز پر موجود سب مسافروں کو کھانے کے ساتھ ساتھ چائے بھی پیش کی۔ اس کے بعد ساڑھے دس بجے اعلان ہوا کہ سب اپنے دستی سامان پکڑ لیں کیونکہ جہاز لینڈ کرنے لگا ہے۔ یہ الفاظ سننے کے بعد میں نے کھڑکی سے باہر دیکھا کہ شاید مسجد نبوی کے مینار نظر آئیں لیکن اندھیرے کے باعث کچھ نظر نہ آ سکا۔ جہاز پورے وقت پر لینڈ کیا اور سب مسافر اپنا دستی سامان لے کر جہاز سے باہر نکل گئے۔

جہاز سے نکلنے کے بعد ہم نے اپنا پاسپورٹ چیک کروایا، بک کوایا ہوا سامان لیا، ایئرپورٹ پر ہی شکرانے کے نفل ادا کیے اور اپنے رب کا شکر ادا کیا کہ ہم خیریت سے اپنی منزل پر پہنچ گئے۔ سامان ٹرالی میں رکھ کر ہم ہوٹل کی بس میں بیٹھے اور ہوٹل کی جانب روانہ ہو گئے۔

شہر مقدس پر پہلا قدم

ابھی میں نے مقدس سرزمین پر پاؤں نہیں جمایا اور روح میں ایک تازگی سی اُتر گئی۔ سوچوں کا رُخ بدل گیا۔ اپنی قسمت پر رشک آیا یہ وہ راستہ ہے جہاں پر ہمارے پیارے نبیؐ نے حضرت صدیق اکبرؓ کے ساتھ پہلی بار سفر کر کے اس شہر کو مسکن بنایا اور پھر فرمایا کہ:

”اے مدینہ والو! میرا جینا اور مرنا تمہارے ساتھ ہے۔“

یہ وہ وقت تھا جب ہم نے مدینہ میں قدم رکھا تو آسمان کالی چادر اوڑھ چکا تھا اور چاند اپنی پوری چاندنی بکھیر چکا تھا۔ مطلب یہ شب کا پہلا پہر تھا ابھی میں اسی سوچ کے حصار میں تھی اور آسمان کی طرف دیکھ رہی تھی کہ مدینہ کا آسمان بھی کتنا مطمئن لگ رہا کہ اتنے میں مسجد نبویؐ کے مینار نظر آنا شروع ہو گئے مجھے اپنی آنکھوں پر یقین نہ آیا بس یہ شعر میری کیفیت کی عکاسی کرتا ہے ۔

جب مسجد نبوی کے مینار نظر آئے

اللہ کی رحمت کے آثار نظر آئے

اسی دوران ہمارا ہوٹل (جہاں ہم نے وقتی طور پر ٹھہرنا تھا) آگیا۔ ہم نے ہوٹل میں کمروں کی پہلے سے ہی بکنگ کروائی ہوئی تھی اس لیے ہمیں بکنگ کروانے کے مسائل سے نہ گزرنا پڑا۔ ہم ہوٹل میں گئے، سامان کمرے میں رکھا، غسل کیا، عطر لگایا اور نمازِ عشا کی ادائیگی کے لیے مسجد کی طرف قدم بڑھائے۔

مسجد نبویؐ پر پہلا قدم

ہمارا ہوٹل مسجد سے زیادہ فاصلے پر نہ تھا ابھی کچھ قدم ہی بڑھائے تھے کہ آنکھوں کو چند ہیادینے والی روشنیوں کا سامنا ہوا۔

سبحان اللہ اتنا خوبصورت منظر میری آنکھوں نے کبھی نہیں دیکھا۔ ٹھنڈی ہوا کے جھونکے اور خوبصورت روشنیوں کا نور ہمارے جسم و جاں کو منور کر رہا تھا۔ قدم لڑکھڑائے کہ آج ہماری قسمت نے ہمیں کس مقام پر لا کھڑا کیا۔ مسجد نبویؐ کے کھلے اور کشادہ صحن کو عبور کیا اور دروازے تک پہنچے جو ہمارے ملحق تھا۔ دروازے کے دربانوں پر پیار آیا کہ ان کی کتنی اچھی نوکری ہے اور کتنا پاک رزق ہے۔ مسجد میں پہنچ کر عشا کی نماز ادا کی جس طرف بھی نظریں دوڑائیں ایک جیسی کالی اور سفید محرابیں اور ایک جیسے ستون نظر آئے۔ واہ! واہ! سبحان اللہ! دل سے صدائیں

شالا وسداروے تیرا سوہنا حرم

عشا کی نماز کی ادائیگی کے بعد رات کا کھانا کھایا، سم خریدی اور گھر والوں کو اپنی خیر خیریت سے پہنچنے کی اطلاع کی اور ہوٹل جانے کے لیے وہ راستہ اختیار کیا جس سے ہم گنبد خضرا کا نظارہ کر سکیں۔

گنبد خضریٰ تجھے خدا سلامت رکھے
دیکھ لیتے ہیں تجھے پیاس بجھا لیتے ہیں
ہم ہوٹل پہنچے اور آرام کا قصد کیا۔

مسجد قبا کی حاضری

آج 21 دسمبر اور جمعہ کا روز ہے۔ مسجد نبوی میں فجر کی باجماعت نماز کی ادائیگی کے بعد ہم مسجد قبا گئے۔ مسجد قبا کی فضیلت یہ ہے کہ یہ اسلام کی سب سے پہلی مسجد ہے۔ اس کے بارے میں آپ کا بیان مستند روایات میں آتا ہے:

”جو شخص مسجد قبا میں دو رکعت نوافل ادا کرے گا اسے مقبول عمرے کا ثواب حاصل ہوگا۔“

کتنا پیارا دین ہے ہمارا اور کتنے پیارے نبی اتنی آسانیاں پیدا کرنے والے۔ کہاں عمرے کی دشواریاں اور کہاں دو نوافل پڑھنے سے مقبول عمرے کا ثواب۔ صبح کا وقت بہت سہانا لگ رہا ہے اور ایسے لگ رہا ہے جیسے پرندے بھی اللہ کی حمد و ثناء بیان کر رہے ہوں اس کے بعد نوافل ادا کیے اور میدانِ احد کی حاضری کے لیے روانہ ہوئے۔

میدانِ احد

یہ وہ مقام ہے جہاں آپ کے پیارے چچا حضرت امیر حمزہؓ کا مزار ہے آپ گواپنے چچا سے اس قدر محبت تھی کہ فرمایا:

”جو میرے در پر آئے وہ میرے چچا کے مزار پر حاضری ضرور دے۔“

حضرت امیر حمزہؓ کے مزارِ اقدس پر سلام پیش کیا۔ ایک لمحے کو وہ منظر یاد آ گیا کہ کتنی بے دردی سے آپ کے چچا کو شہید کیا گیا یہی وہ شخص ہیں جن کی جاہ و حشمت سے پورا مکہ کا نپٹا تھا۔

ایک سیدالہام یعنی (دنوں کا سردار ”جمعہ“) اور ایک سید المدینہ (یعنی شہروں کا سردار ”مدینہ منورہ“) دل میں تھڑتھڑاہٹ قدم میں لڑکھڑاہٹ خوف بھی تھا کہ آج کے دن کا حق ہم سے ادا ہو جائے خطبہ سنا بے شک ہم ان کے ہم زبان نہیں لیکن وہ لہجہ ہی ایسا ہے کہ دل کو مسرور کرتا ہے۔ نماز باجماعت ادا کی اب وہ وقت تھا جب روبرو ہمیں

آپ کی بارگاہ میں حاضری دینی تھی۔ اندر جانے کے لیے تھوڑا وقت درکار تھا اور ہمیں انتظار کے لیے بٹھایا گیا۔ اپنی بصیرت کو اس مقام پر جھنجھوڑا، پلکیں جھکائیں، جتنا ادب میں کر سکتی تھی کرنے کی کوشش کی جب نظریں دل پر ڈالیں تو اپنے اعمال یاد آ گئے۔ بے اختیار آنکھوں سے آنسو چھلک پڑے کہ جس اُمت کے لیے ہمارے آقا نے راتیں سجدوں میں رو کر بسر کیں اس اُمت کا آج کیا حال ہے۔ انتظار کی گھڑیاں ختم ہوئیں اور ہم اندر گئے۔ مسجد میں قالین کی ترتیب اس طرح سے ہے کہ پوری مسجد میں ایک جیسے سرخ رنگ کے قالین ہیں جب کہ صرف ریاض الجنتہ میں سبز رنگ کے قالین ہیں۔ یہ وہ جگہ ہے جو حضرت عائشہ صدیقہؓ کا حجرہ ہے اور آپؐ نے فرمایا تھا:

”یہ وہ ٹکڑا ہے جو قیامت والے دن اسی طرح جنت میں لے جایا جائے گا۔“

ہم نے وہاں نوافل ادا کیے۔ آپ کی بارگاہ میں حاضری دی اور ادب سے سلام پیش کیا اپنی دلی حاجات ان کے سامنے رکھیں اس وقت وہ شعر بہت یاد آیا:

تیرے ہوتے جنم لیا ہوتا
پھر کبھی تو مجھے ملا ہوتا
کاش میں سنگ در تیرا ہوتا
تیرے قدموں کو چوما ہوتا

کیفیت یہ تھی کہ دل کرتا تھا کہ کسی مینار کے پیچھے چھپ جاؤں۔ حضورؐ کی میرے کردار پر نظر نہ پڑ جائے۔ اتنے گندے کردار اور اتنے برے اعمال کے ساتھ یہ ان کی کرم نوازی ہے کہ انہوں نے مجھے اپنے در کی حاضری نصیب کی۔ ادب سے آنکھیں نہ اٹھتی تھیں۔ دل میں ایک خوف سا طاری تھا کہ پتہ نہیں میں ادب کا وہ حق ادا کر پائی یا نہیں۔ اُلٹے قدموں واپسی کی طرف پلٹے اور حرم شریف سے باہر نکلے۔ اب پیٹ کی آگ بجھانے کے لیے ہم حرم شریف کے بائیں جانب ایک مطعم میں گئے اور ہم نے کھانا نوش کیا۔ واہ واہ مدینے کے کھانے مدینے کا پانی۔ ہر بندے کے چہرے پر ایک مسکراہٹ تھی، سب کے لبوں میں عاجزی تھی۔ دھوپ تھی جسم کو چھتی نہ تھی پھر ہم واپس ہوٹل میں آئے تھوڑا آرام کیا اور عصر کی نماز کے وقت واپس حرم شریف گئے۔ عصر کی نماز ادا کی اور وہیں پر تھوڑی دیر ٹھہر کر گنبد خضرا کی تجلیوں سے آنکھوں کو خیراہ کیا۔ نگاہ اٹھا کر آسمان کو دیکھا تو یوں لگا کہ مدینے کا آسمان بھی اور ہی طرح کا ہے۔ یہاں سارے پہر اپنی حاضری لگوانے آتے ہیں۔ فضا کی ہر ایک چیز میں ادب نظر آتا ہے۔ اب ہم دوبارہ عشا کی نماز ادا کرنے کے لیے حرم شریف کے اندر گئے وہاں عشا کی نماز ادا کی اور نماز کی ادائیگی کے بعد دوبارہ اپنے ہوٹل آ گئے۔

اگلے دو دن اسی طرح معمول کے مطابق گزرے۔ تیسرے دن ہمارا ارادہ مکہ شریف جانے کا تھا۔

مکہ شریف روانگی

آج 23 دسمبر 2018ء اور اتوار کا دن ہے اور ہمارا ارادہ مکہ معظمہ کی روانگی کا ہے۔ یہ وہ عمرہ ہے جو بالکل ہمارے پیارے نبیؐ کی سنت کو ادا کرتا ہے کیونکہ آپؐ نے جو عمرہ ادا کیا وہ مدینے سے مکہ جا کے ادا فرمایا اس کو بڑا عمرہ کہتے ہیں اس کا ثواب بھی مسجد جارانہ اور مسجد عائشہ سے نیت باندھنے کی نسبت زیادہ ہے۔ صبح قریباً 9 بجے اپنا سامان گاڑی میں رکھا اور احرام وغیرہ اپنے دستی سامان میں رکھے اور گاڑی میں سوار ہو کر ہم مدینہ شریف سے تھوڑا ہی فاصلے پر میقات کے مقام پر گئے۔ وہاں پر احرام باندھے، نیت کی اور دو رکعت نماز نفل پڑھے اور گاڑی میں سوار ہو گئے۔ زبان صرف انہی الفاظ سے تر تھی۔

لبیک اللہم لبیک

لبیک لا شریک لک لبیک

ان الحمد والنعمة لک

والملک لا شریک لک

(میں حاضر ہوں، اے اللہ! میں حاضر ہوں، تیرا کوئی شریک نہیں، میں حاضر ہوں، بے شک حمد تیرے ہی لائق ہے، ساری نعمتیں تیری ہی دی ہوئی ہیں، بادشاہی تیری ہی ہے، تیرا کوئی شریک نہیں) مدینے شریف سے ادب کا تحفہ لے کر اپنی آنکھوں کو ٹھنڈک پہنچا کر آپؐ کی بارگاہ میں حاضری دے کر اب ہمیں ایک اس سے بھی بڑی بارگاہ میں حاضری کا سامنا تھا۔ دل میں خوف بھی تھا کہ سارے ارکان ہم احسن طریقے سے پورے کر سکیں۔ زندگی کے ان قیمتی ترین لمحات کے لیے ہم نے خود کو تیار کیا۔ ہم ایسے رکن کی ادائیگی کے لیے جا رہے تھے کہ جس کے لیے اللہ تعالیٰ اپنے مخصوص بندوں کو چنتا ہے

اپنی عطا سے بلا لیا ہے

مجھ پر کرم میرے رب نے کیا ہے

میقات سے احرام باندھنے کے بعد ہم گاڑی میں سوار ہوئے، راستے میں زبان پر تلبیہ جاری رہی۔ اس کے بعد ہم مکہ کی حدود میں داخل ہوئے۔ مکہ پہنچ کر ہمارا پہلا فرض عمرے کی ادائیگی تھا چونکہ ہوٹل پہلے ہی بک تھا اس لیے ہوٹل میں سامان رکھا۔ ہوٹل حرم سے پانچ سات منٹ کی دوری پر تھا اس لیے ادھر چوبیس گھنٹے سٹل سروس کا اہتمام

تھا اس لیے ہم بس میں سوار ہو کر حرم کی جانب روانہ ہوئے۔ یوں لگتا ہے جیسے وقت کی رفتار ختم سی گئی ہو اور جلدی بھی تھی کہ جلد از جلد خانہ کعبہ کو دیکھیں اور اس کی تاثیر کو اپنے اندر اُتاریں۔ اب مزید صبر نہیں کیا جا رہا تھا پھر ہم باب الاسلام سے حرم شریف کے اندر داخل ہوئے اور اپنی نگاہوں کو جھکا لیا اور چلنے لگے۔ ہمارے ارد گرد بھیڑ تھی لیکن ہم نے نگاہیں نہ اٹھائیں اور سیدھے ایک راستے پر چلنے لگے۔ جس وقت دو سے تین زینے اُترے قدم بہ قدم ہم بڑھتے رہے اور زینے اُترتے رہے جب احساس ہوا کہ ہم مطاف (خانہ کعبہ کا وہ صحن جہاں طواف کیا جاتا ہے) میں پہنچ گئے ہیں تو ہم نے اپنی نگاہیں اٹھائیں۔ اللہ اکبر اللہ اکبر! یہ شعر اس وقت کی عکاسی کرتا ہے

کعبے پر پڑی جب پہلی نظر
کیا چیز ہے دنیا بھول گیا
یوں ہوش و خرد مفلوج ہوئے
دل ذوق تماشا بھول گیا
تلوؤں کا تقاضہ یاد رہا
نظروں کا تقاضہ بھول گیا

کیفیت اس وقت یہ تھی کہ زبان کو زبانش دینے سے عاری ہو گئے، بے حرکت ہو گئی، دل ساکت ہو گیا اور دل کی دھڑکنیں رُک گئیں اور دماغ بالکل سوچنے کے قابل نہ رہا۔ کتنا سوچا تھا کہ یہ دعائیں مانگیں گے، وہ دعائیں مانگیں گے اس لمحے خانہ کعبہ کی تاثیر ایسی دل پر طاری ہوئی کہ سب کچھ بھول گیا بس اک دعا یا اللہ! ہم یہاں پہنچ تو گئے ہیں ہمارے دل کی جتنی بھی جائز حاجات ہیں تو بہتر جانتا ہے تو بہتریوں کے ساتھ پوری فرما اور پلکیں جھپک لیں، نظر ٹھہر سی گئی تھی، دل رُک سا گیا تھا کہ بس یہیں بیٹھ جائیں اور زیارت کر لیں لیکن اس وقت ہمیں عمرے کی بھی جلدی تھی پھر ہم نے عمرے کے لیے قدم بڑھائے سب سے پہلے ہمیں طواف کرنا تھا جو کہ خانہ کعبہ کے گرد سات چکروں کو کہتے ہیں۔ ہم نے اپنا طواف مکمل کیا اس کے بعد زم زم پیا ایسا ٹھنڈا میٹھا پانی کا مزہ ہم مسجد نبوی میں پی کر لے چکے تھے وہاں کافیض اور ہے اور یہاں کافیض اور ہے بس یوں کہوں کہ

زائرین کعبہ سے اقبال یہ پوچھے کوئی
کیا حرم کا تحفہ زم زم کے سوا کچھ نہیں

اللہ تعالیٰ نے نبی کریمؐ کے جد امجد کی ایڑھیوں کا صدقہ وہاں پانی نکال دیا اور اس چشمے سے آج تک دنیا سیراب ہوتی ہے ایسا ٹھنڈا میٹھا پانی پوری دنیا میں کہیں نہیں جس میں ہر بیماری کی شفا ہے اور اس کو پینے والے کے لیے علم و حکمت کے خزانے بھی چھپے ہوئے ہیں اور یہ واحد ایسا پانی ہے جو سا لہا سال یوں پڑا رہے تو اس میں کئی نہیں لگتی۔ اس کو صاف ہونے کے لیے بھی فلٹر سے گزرنے کی ضرورت نہیں ہے۔ صفا مروہ کی تعریف جو میں نے پڑھ رکھی تھی جب ہم نے سعی شروع کی میں سمجھتی تھی کہ شاید چند قدم کے فاصلے پر صفا مروہ ہوں گے جو حضرت حاجرہؓ نے اپنے بیٹے کی پیاس بجھانے کے لیے پانی کی تلاش میں صفا سے مروہ کی طرف دوڑیں لیکن وہ تو اتنا زیادہ فاصلہ تھا کہ ایک دو چکر لگاتے ہی ہماری ایڑھیاں دُکھنے لگیں اور میرے خیالات مجھے اس وقت میں لے گئے کہ کس طرح ایک ماں تڑپتی ہوئی صفا سے مروہ کی طرف جاتی اور راستے میں پھر دوڑنے لگتی جس جگہ پر حضرت حاجرہؓ دوڑتیں وہاں پر سبز روشنیوں کے ساتھ نشاندہی کی گئی ہے۔ مرد حضرات وہاں پر آج بھی دوڑتے ہیں۔ سبحان اللہ! اللہ کو اپنے پیارے بندوں سے کتنا پیار ہے۔ اللہ نے اُن کی نشانیوں کو زندہ رکھا اور ان نشانیوں کا ذکر قرآن پاک میں بھی ہے۔ ہم نے اپنا عمرہ مکمل کیا اور دونوں ادا کیے۔

اگلا دن معمول کے مطابق گزرا اور پھر تیسرے دن ہم مکہ پاک میں زیارتوں کے لیے روانہ ہوئے۔

زیارتیں

جبلِ رحمت:

سب سے پہلے جبلِ رحمت کی زیارت کے لیے گئے۔ جبلِ رحمت وہ مقام ہے جہاں حضرت آدمؑ اور حضرت حواؑ کی جنت کے بعد ملاقات ہوئی تھی جب وہ دنیا میں بھیجے گئے تھے۔ ہم پہاڑ کے اوپر چڑھے اور وہاں پر دعا مانگی۔ اوپر سے مکہ پاک کا منظر لا جواب تھا۔ جبلِ رحمت عرفات کی حد سے تھوڑا سا باہر ہے لیکن حج کے روز حاجی یہاں پر جا کر اپنے اور اپنے پیاروں کے لیے دعائیں مانگتے ہیں۔

مسجدِ نمرہ:

اس کے بعد ہم مسجدِ نمرہ کی زیارت کے لیے گئے جو میدانِ عرفات میں واقع ہے۔ یہ وہ مسجد ہے جو سال میں ایک ہی بار کھلتی ہے۔ حج کے روز وہ بھی صرف حج کا خطبہ دینے کے لیے چونکہ یہ مسجد بند تھی اس لیے ہم نے باہر سے ہی اس کی زیارت کی۔

میدانِ عرفات اور منی:

میدانِ عرفات کو دیکھ کر ایک ہیبت طاری ہو گیا کہ یہ وہی میدان ہے جہاں حشر کے روز تمام بنی نوع انسان نے حاضر ہونا ہے۔ اس کے بعد ہم نے منیٰ میں کمپ دیکھے جہاں حاجی حج کے دن قیام کرتے ہیں۔ منیٰ میں ہم نے اس مقام کی زیارت بھی کی جہاں حضرت ابراہیمؑ نے حضرت اسماعیلؑ کے گلے پر چھری چلائی۔ حضرت ابراہیمؑ کو اپنے رب پر بڑا یقین تھا یونہی کسی کو خلیل اللہ کا لقب نہیں مل جاتا ہے۔ حضرت ابراہیمؑ کو اپنے اللہ سے اتنی محبت تھی اتنا پیار تھا کہ جب اللہ کا نام آیا یا جب اللہ کا حکم آتا تو وہ اپنی اولاد، جان و مال غرض کہ ہر چیز اللہ پر قربان کرتے۔ آپ کو جب اشارہ ہوا تو آپ نے بغیر کسی خیال کے اپنے بیٹے کو ذبح کرنے کا فیصلہ کیا اور منیٰ کی وادی میں چل پڑے جب آپ منیٰ کی وادی میں جا رہے تھے تو آپ کو ایک جگہ شیطان نے روکا اور کہا کہ یہ تم کیا کر رہے ہو، اپنے ہی بیٹے کے گلے پر چھری چلا رہے ہو؟ تو آپ نے اس شیطان کو کنکر مارے تو وہ چلا گیا۔ تھوڑا آگے گئے تو پھر شیطان روپ بدل کر آیا اور آپ کو بہکانے کی کوشش کی اس طرح شیطان تین بار روپ بدل کر آیا کبھی حضرت ابراہیمؑ کو بہکانے کی کوشش کی تو کبھی حضرت اسماعیلؑ کو۔ لیکن آپ اس کے بہکاوے میں نہ آئے اور اس کو کنکر مارتے گئے۔ ان جگہوں پر آج لمبے لمبے ستون بنائے گئے ہیں اور آج بھی حاجی اس جگہ پر شیطان کو کنکر مار کر اس چیز کا اظہار کرتے ہیں کہ ہم اللہ کے حکم کے ساتھ ہیں جو اللہ تعالیٰ کا فرمانِ عالی شان ہے وہی ہمارے لیے حکمِ آخر ہے۔

میوزیم:

اس کے بعد ہم میدانِ عرفات سے تھوڑا ہی فاصلے پر واقع میوزیم میں گئے جہاں ہم نے مکہ کی تہذیب سے متعلق قدیم اشیاء دیکھیں۔ وہاں سب سے پہلے ہم نے غلافِ کعبہ بنتے ہوئے دیکھا۔ اس کے بعد ہم نے مسجد نبوی شریف اور مسجد الحرام کے نمونے پڑے ہوئے دیکھے جو کہ اتنے عالیشان تھے کہ الفاظ میں بیان کرنا ممکن نہیں۔ اس کے بعد ہم نے وہاں بہت سی قدیم اشیاء دیکھیں جیسا کہ قدیم مقام ملترزم (خانہ کعبہ کا دروازہ) دیکھا۔ اس کے بعد ہم نے زم زم کا کنواں دیکھا اور حجرہٴ اسود پر چڑھا ہوا پرانا کور بھی دیکھا۔ آخر میں ہم نے اس ہرن کی کھال دیکھی جس میں قدیم مکہ کے لوگ ایک جگہ سے دوسری جگہ پانی لے جایا کرتے تھے۔ یہ میوزیم قدیم مکہ کی تہذیب و ثقافت کی عکاسی کرتا ہے۔

مسجد عائشہ سے عمرہ:

اگلے روز ہم نے پھر عمرہ کرنے کا قصد کیا۔ اس دفعہ ہم نے مسجد عائشہ صدیقہؓ سے احرام باندھنے کی

نیت کی۔ یہ وہ مقام ہے جہاں حج کے موقع پر حضرت عائشہ صدیقہؓ کو نبی کریمؐ نے حکم دیا تھا کہ عائشہ اس جگہ سے جا کر احرام باندھو تو اس جگہ کو میقات کا مقام ٹھہرا دیا گیا اور وہاں مسجد تعمیر کر دی گئی لوگ آج بھی جوق در جوق اسی جگہ سے احرام باندھتے ہیں اور عمرہ کے لیے آتے ہیں۔ احرام باندھنے کے بعد ہم مسجد الحرام گئے اور عمرہ ادا کیا۔

غارِ حرا:

اگلے دن ہم غارِ حرا کی زیارت کے لیے گئے۔ اتنی اونچی پہاڑی اور اس وقت پتھر یلے اور صحرائی دور میں نبی کریمؐ کے قدموں کے نشانات آج بھی وہاں پر موجود ہیں۔ وہاں پر سیڑھیوں سے راستے ضرور بنائے گئے ہیں لیکن خاموشی اور ہیبت آج بھی اسی طرح ہے۔ غارِ حرا میں ایک عجب سی خوشبو تھی۔ ایک عجب سا سکون تھا۔ وہ کیفیت لفظوں میں بیان سے باہر ہے۔ خاموشی اور مکہ پاک کا یہاں سے نظارہ ایک عجب ہی منظر تھا۔ غار کے اندر رش ہونے کے باعث ہم وہاں نفل کی ادائیگی نہ کر سکے لیکن ہم نے غار کے اوپر ہی نفل ادا کیے اور ایک دم اپنے آپ پر فخر محسوس ہونے لگا کہ ہم کس نبیؐ کے اُمتی ہیں۔ اس نبیؐ کے اُمتی ہیں جو پیارے نبیؐ ساری ساری رات اپنی اُمت کو بخشوانے کے لیے غارِ حرا میں راتیں گزارتے اور اپنے رب سے اپنی اُمت کی بخشش کے لیے دعائیں مانگتے اور سجدہ ریز ہوتے۔

جدہ:

اب اگلے دن ہمارا ارادہ جدہ دیکھنے کا تھا۔ جدہ جانے کے لیے ہم نے ایک پرائیویٹ گاڑی کرائے پر لی تاکہ بچوں کے ساتھ سہولت رہے اور آنے جانے کا سفر آسان رہے۔ وہاں ہم رُکے نہیں صرف زیارتیں کیں۔ پہلے ہم حضرت اماں حوّا کے مزار پر گئے۔ خواتین کے اندر جانے کی اجازت نہ تھی اس لیے ہم نے باہر ہی کھڑے ہو کر ان کے مزار کی زیارت کی اور دعا مانگی۔ پوری عالم اسلام کی خواتین اور مردوں کی ماں۔ اللہ تعالیٰ جسے چاہتا ہے اتنا عالی مقام دیتا ہے اس کے بعد ہم سمندر کی سیر کے لیے روانہ ہو گئے۔

ساحلِ سمندر پر کھڑے ہو کر جب میں نے اس کی رعنائیوں اور وسعتوں کو محسوس کرنے کی کوشش کی تو ایک لمحے کو خیال آیا کہ ہمارا رب کتنا بڑا ہے کہ اتنا بڑا سمندر بھی اس کے سامنے کچھ نہیں اس سمندر کا بھی وہ مالک ہے اس میں پلنے والی ایک ایک چھوٹی سے چھوٹی اور بڑی سے بڑی مچھلی کا بھی وہی مالک ہے۔ ان زیرِ سمندر جانوروں کو بھی پیدا کرنے والا وہی ہے۔ اللہ تعالیٰ کی ذات کا تصور کون کیسے کر سکتا ہے۔ اپنے گناہوں کی معافی بھی مانگی اور اللہ تعالیٰ کی بڑائی کو بھی دیکھا۔ سمندر کی سیر کے بعد ہم واپسی کے لیے روانہ ہوئے۔

جدہ سے واپسی پر پھر ایک جگہ میقات کا مقام ہے۔ ہم نے وہاں سے عمرہ کی نیت سے احرام باندھے

اور ایک دفعہ پھر عمرے کا قصد کیا کہ شاید کوئی عمل ہمارا اللہ کی بارگاہ میں قبول ہو جائے اور ہمارا سفر کامیاب رہے۔

مسجد عائشہؓ سے عمرہ:

اگلے دن ہم نے پھر مسجد عائشہؓ سے احرام باندھا، نیت کی اور بیت الحرام جا کر عمرہ ادا کیا۔ یہ عمرہ ہم نے صبح فجر کے وقت ادا کیا۔ ابھی سورج نہیں نکلا تھا اس لیے ہم طواف کرنے کے بعد مسجد الحرام کی تجلیوں کو دیکھنے کے لیے مطاف میں ہی بیٹھ گئے۔ اللہ، اللہ کیا خوبصورت منظر تھا۔ پرندے بھی اللہ تعالیٰ کی حمد و ثناء میں مشغول تھے۔ سبحان اللہ سورج نکلنے کا منظر واہ واہ! اللہ واقعی بہت بڑا اور عظمت والا ہے۔ اچانک مشرق سے سورج نکلا اور اس نے پورے مطاف کو اپنی روشنی کی لپیٹ میں لے لیا۔ اس وقت میری زبان پر صرف اور صرف یہی نعت جاری تھی۔

کعبے کی رونق کعبے کا منظر اللہ اکبر اللہ اکبر
دیکھوں تو دیکھے جاؤں برابر اللہ اکبر اللہ اکبر
کعبے کے اوپر سے جاتے نہیں ہیں کسی کو ادب یہ سکھاتے نہیں ہے
کتنے مودب ہیں یہ کبوتر اللہ اکبر اللہ اکبر

اس کے بعد ہم نے عمرہ ادا کیا۔ مطاف میں بیٹھ کر حضرت ابراہیمؑ کی دعا یاد آ گئی۔ سرزمینِ حجاز ایک صحرا تھا جس کو اللہ تعالیٰ نے اپنے پیارے بندوں کے ذریعے آباد کیا اور انہی کی دعاؤں سے آج وہاں دنیا کا ہر پھل ہر سبزی وافر مقدار میں ہے۔ طرح طرح کے مشروب ہیں۔ ایسی ایسی کھانے کی چیزیں کہ جو دنیا میں کہیں اور مہیا نہیں۔ یہ حضرت ابراہیمؑ کی دعا ہی تھی جو انہوں نے سرزمینِ حجاز کے لیے کی تھی۔

مکہ معظمہ سے واپسی

صبح فجر کی نماز کے بعد واپسی کا وقت تھا۔ آنکھوں سے آنسوؤں کی لڑیاں رواں تھیں۔ دل میں خوف تھا اور شکرگزاری بھی تھی۔ دل کرتا تھا کہ شکرگزاری کے سجدے کیے جاؤں۔ پتھروں پر سجدے کروں ایک ایک چیز کو چوموں، نجانے کب دوبارہ حکم حاضری ہو، کب زادِ راہ ملے اور کب پھر حاضری ہو۔ اللہ تعالیٰ کے حضور باسجود رہی۔ مطہم میں بھی گئی اور وہاں نوافل بھی ادا کیے۔ خانہ کعبہ کی دیواروں کو ہاتھ لگایا۔ خانہ کعبہ کے غلاف سے اپنی آنکھیں ٹھنڈی کیں اپنا سینہ روشن کیا۔ حجر اسود اور رُکنِ یمانی کا بوسہ لیا۔ مقامِ ملتزم کو ہاتھ لگایا۔ یا اللہ! یا اللہ! یا اللہ! جلد دوبارہ حاضری نصیب فرمانا۔ مطاف سے اُلٹے قدم واپسی کی طرف رواں ہوئے۔ ایک سحر سا تھا جس میں سے نکلنے کو دل نہ چاہتا تھا۔ یہاں دنیا داری کی کوئی فکر نہ تھی۔ روزی رزق کی کوئی فکر نہ تھی۔ اللہ کے مہمان تھے۔ میری زندگی کے سب سے

خوبصورت دن تھے اب ہمارا واپسی پر دوبارہ مدینہ شریف جانے کا ارادہ تھا۔

مدینہ منورہ دوبارہ روانگی

مکہ معظمہ سے واپسی پر ہمارا ارادہ دوبارہ مدینہ شریف آنے کا تھا کیونکہ ہماری واپسی کی فلائٹ بھی مدینہ شریف سے تھی۔ ہماری گاڑی پھر مدینے کی طرف رواں دواں تھی۔ اب مدینہ شریف میں ہمارا قیام دس دن کا تھا۔ یہ دس دن ایک ہی معمول کے مطابق گزرے۔

اب ہمارے پاس وقت بہت کم تھا کچھ واپسی کی تیاری تھی اور دل میں ابھی بہت ساری حسرتیں باقی تھیں۔ کسک باقی تھی کہ پتہ نہیں ہم صحیح طرح عبادت کر پائے یا نہیں، ہم سے کوئی غلطی نہ ہوگئی ہو۔ مدینہ شریف پہنچ کر بھی یوں لگے جیسے ابھی بہت کچھ دیکھنا باقی ہو۔ ابھی تو بہت کچھ رہتا ہے لیکن وقت کی قلت کی بناء پر ہم بہت سی چیزوں سے محروم رہے۔ مدینہ شریف میں ایک معظم البیک ہے اس کے مالک کا ایک عمل ہے کہ وہ روزانہ حاصل ہونے والی کمائی میں سے صدقہ کرتا ہے اس بناء پر شاید اس کے کھانے میں اور جو بھی چیزیں وہ فروخت کرتا ہے، بہت زیادہ لذت ہے اور بہت برکت ہے۔ ہم بھی اس سے فیض یاب ہوئے بلکہ بچوں نے تو اسے بہت شوق سے کھایا۔

آخری دن ہم غریبوں کے ایک مشہور کھانا البخاری سے لطف اندوز ہوئے۔ عرب کے عجب سے رواج ہیں جو ہم تو نہیں سمجھ سکتے لیکن ان سے ہمارے پیارے نبیؐ کی روایات کی خوشبو آتی ہے اور بہت اچھا لگتا ہے۔

مدینہ منورہ میں آخری دن

آج ہمارا مدینہ شریف میں آخری دن تھا۔ فجر کی نماز کی ادائیگی کے بعد ہم گنبد خضرا کے سائے میں جا کر بیٹھ گئے اور وہاں کی رونقوں اور تجلیوں سے آنکھوں کو ٹھنڈک پہنچائی۔ کچھ دیر وہاں بیٹھ کر سلام پڑھا اور یہ نعت پڑھی اور دعا مانگی۔

اے سبز گنبد والے منظور دعا کرنا

جب وقت نزع آئے دیدار عطا کرنا

اس کے بعد ہم مدینہ کی گلیوں میں پھرنے کے لیے چلے گئے۔ وہاں کی گلیوں میں پھر کر بہت سکون ملا۔ ان گلیوں میں سے بھی آپؐ کے پسینہ کی خوشبو آ رہی تھی۔

سارے جگ نالوں لگدیاں چنگیاں

مدینے دیاں پاک گلیاں

انناں گلیاں چہ رہیا سوہنا پھر دا
سانوں ویکھنے دا چا بڑے چر دا

ظہر کی نماز ادا کی تو لگا کہ اب دل پھٹنے کو ہے۔ کیسے واپس جائیں گے۔ اتنی بہاریں، اتنی رونقیں، اتنا لطف چھوڑ کر۔ اللہ تعالیٰ ہمیں ہمت عطا کرے اور اللہ تعالیٰ جلد واپسی کا کوئی سبب پوشیدہ کرے۔ یہ بائیس دن اتنی جلدی گزر گئے کہ پتہ ہی نہ چلا۔ بس ایک ہی دعا تھی کہ اللہ تعالیٰ ہم جو مانگ سکے وہ بھی عطا کر دینا اور جو نہ مانگ سکے وہ بن مانگے عطا کر دینا جو بھی ہم نے ٹوٹے پھوٹے عمل کیے وہ بھی اللہ تعالیٰ تو اپنی بارگاہ میں قبول فرمانا۔ ایک کسک سی تھی جیسے مجھے یہ لگتا تھا کہ عمرہ کر کے شاید میں بہت مطمئن ہو جاؤں گی لیکن ایک کسک رہ گئی کہ مجھ سے صحیح طرح عبادت نہ ہو سکی، مجھ سے سجدوں کا حق ادا نہ ہو سکا۔ میں نوافل اس طرح ادا نہیں کر سکی میں حضورؐ کی بارگاہ میں اس طرح حاضری نہ دے سکی جیسے حاضری دینے کا حق ہے۔ مجھے ادب و احترام نہیں آتا۔ یا اللہ! ہمیں وہ ادب و احترام سکھا دے اور یا اللہ ہمارے نصیبوں میں با ادب حاضری دوبارہ کر دینا۔ (آمین) آنکھوں سے آنسو جاری تھے اس کے ساتھ ہی ہم حرم پاک سے باہر نکلے گاڑی میں سوار ہوئے اور ایئر پورٹ کی جانب روانہ ہو گئے۔ یہ شعر میری اس وقت کی کیفیت کی مکمل طور پر عکاسی کرتا ہے۔

ہم مدینے سے اللہ کیوں آ گئے
قلب حیراں کی تسکین وہیں رہ گئی
دل وہیں رہ گیا جاں وہیں رہ گئی
خم اسی در پہ اپنی جبیں رہ گئی
اللہ اللہ وہاں کا درود و سلام
اللہ اللہ وہاں کا سجود و قیام
اللہ اللہ وہاں کا وہ کیفِ دوام
وہ صلوٰۃ سکوں آفریں رہ گئی

شعرو سخن

غزل

اب جینے کی آرزو کس کو ہے
 اب مرنے کا خوف کس کو ہے
 اب غم کے بغیر جینے کی عادت کس کو ہے
 اب رات میں خواب دیکھنے کی عادت کس کو ہے
 اب ڈر سے سہم جانے کی عادت کس کو ہے
 اب درد سے چیخنے کی عادت کس کو ہے
 اب تو درد، درد نہیں مرہم ہے
 اب زندگی اک سفر ہے، اور موت زندگی کی منزل ہے
 راہ جو کٹھن ہے، سفر جو تلخ ہے، منزل تیری آخر وہی ہے
 رب ہی تو ہے جو سب ہے، باقی سب تو کب ہے
 انساں، انساں نہیں پتھر ہے، زندگی، زندگی نہیں سفر ہے
 اب جینے کی آرزو کس کو ہے
 عائشہ دورب



غزل

وہ بھی میرے جیسا مہیب ہو
 میں عجیب ہوں وہ عجیب ہو
 اسے دن میں تنہا نہ مارنا
 وہ جو بے وطن ہو غریب ہو
 کوئی زخم دل کا ہرا کرے
 وہ بھلے سے میرا حبیب ہو
 اسے عاشقی کا ثمر ملے
 زہے عاشقی وہ نصیب ہو
 یہ وہم تھا دونوں کو کھا گیا
 نہیں دُور تک جو قریب ہو
 پس شوق وحشت ہو بے ردا
 تہ حسن خنجر نصیب ہو

ردانہ بن شاہ



غزل

عائشہ شفیق،

میجر: جینیٹکس، سمیسٹر: 6

تمہیں اپنے در پر لا کے چھوڑیں گے
 تمہیں پھر اپنا بنا کے چھوڑیں گے
 ہم تمہیں ہر بار آزما کے چھوڑیں گے
 محبت کا بھکاری بنا کے چھوڑیں گے
 ہم آنا چاہیں یا نہ چاہیں مگر
 محبت کے بھونچال میں لا کے چھوڑیں گے
 مرنے کو بھی کیا وقت لگتا ہے بھلا
 ہم تمہیں زندہ بچا کے چھوڑیں گے
 میری تکالیف نے بہت سکھ دیا مجھے
 ہم اپنے تمام سکھ تجھے دلا کے چھوڑیں گے
 اس دنیا کو میں اچھا بھاتا نہیں
 یہ لوگ مجھے پتھر بنا کے چھوڑیں گے
 ان کی چاہت تو تھی ملن کی لیکن
 ہم جو آ جاتے تو شکایت ہوتی

☆☆

نظم

ہم مسافر عظیم منزلوں کے
 سستانے کو ٹھہریں تو
 پھٹکا دیئے جاتے ہیں
 ہم سنبھل کر قدم اٹھانے والے
 گرجوراء میں لڑکھڑائیں تو
 منہ کے بل گرا دیئے جاتے ہیں
 ہم شیدائی قدرت کے نظاروں کے
 قصیدہ گوئی کو رکیں تو
 سحر میں جکڑ دیئے جاتے ہیں
 ہم محبت کی بات کہنے والے
 محبت کر لیں جو
 آزما کے ٹھکرائے جاتے ہیں
 ہم اُمید صبح کے منتظر
 زندگی گزارنے والے
 جبرِ آپاس کی لیل کو سوئے جاتے ہیں
 ہم چارہ گر کے مرید جو
 آزار خود میں پالنے والے
 مرجائیں تو وقت کی گرد میں بھلا دیئے جاتے ہیں۔

عنزہ رحمن

نظم: تیز رفتار مسافر

وہ دنیا کے سنسان راستوں پر گامزن
وہ منزل سے لاپتہ، تیز رفتار مسافر
وہ دنیا کی چمک دمک میں کھویا ہوا
وہ خود سے محروم، تیز رفتار مسافر
وہ اپنی دنیا کی ہلچل میں مصروف
وہ زندگی سے دُور، تیز رفتار مسافر
وہ احساس کے آنسوؤں کو خود میں دبائے ہوئے
وہ سوچ سے اجنبی، تیز رفتار مسافر
وہ دنیا کی دولت کو خوب سمیٹنے والا
وہ زندہ لاش جیسا، تیز رفتار مسافر
وہ دنیا کے دھوکے میں زندگی کی حقیقت کھونے والا
وہ موت کے خوف سے مادہ ہوا، تیز رفتار مسافر



نظم: مٹی

مٹی کے بنے ہوئے ایک پتلے ہو تم
 ٹوٹ کر پریشان کیوں ہوتے ہو تم
 دل کے دامن میں گرے آنسو سے تر ہو جاؤ تم
 تر ہو کر خود کو جوڑ لو اور پھر ڈٹ جاؤ تم
 اپنے راستے کے پتھر سے ٹکراؤ اور مضبوط ہو جاؤ تم
 اپنی روح سے مل کر اس کو اپنا لو تم
 اپنے باطن کو اپنا ظاہر بنا لو تم
 حق کا راستہ چُن لو یقین کو اپنا لو تم
 اپنی منزل کو دنیا کی آرزو بناؤ تم
 بھلائی کو اپنی پہچان بنا لو تم
 مٹی میں مٹی ہو جاؤ تم
 دنیا کی یاد بن جاؤ تم

فضا بلال،

رول نمبر: F20BAPS006،

میجر: (4) Pol-Sci.

دل کا دریچہ

دل کے اس دروازے میں گہرا سا اک جنگل ہے
 جہاں بلبل خواہشیں گاتی ہے اور اشک کی آبشاریں ہیں
 اشک کی ان ندیوں میں روز پتلے غم کے نہاتے ہیں
 جہاں دریا کا پانی سوکھ جائے تو مسافر جشن مناتے ہیں
 درخت کے ہر سائے تلے خوشنودی کی ٹھنڈی ہوائیں ہیں
 جہاں چھوٹے چھوٹے باغوں میں سوچ کی لمبی راہیں ہیں
 جنگل کے اک کونے میں چھوٹا سا قیدخانہ ہے
 جہاں نفس کے قیدی روز روز کوڑے بندش کے کھاتے ہیں
 دریا سے ذرا ہٹ کر اک خوبصورت سا گلستان ہے
 جہاں پھول کا ذرہ ذرہ ہرپل گیت عشق کے گاتا ہے
 خارجی دروازے پر اک بوڑھا سا چوکیدار ہے
 جو جس کو آنے سے روکتا ہے وہ دب کر داخل ہوتا ہے

خاموش، حاجرہ ملک، بی۔ ایس بائیوٹیکنالوجی، سمیسٹر: 6



”میت اُمید“

ہم تم سے جدائی کو دکھ کہا کرتے تھے
 تمہارے ساتھ محض ایک پل کو سکھ کہا کرتے تھے
 فقط بھول رہے تھے ہم ایک افسانہ جدائی کا
 ہماری سنگی دنیا اسے موت کہا کرتے تھے
 ہم تم سے جدائی کے لمحے میں
 خود کو خشک اس صحرا میں پاتے تھے
 ہم پاتے تھے خود کو اس بیاباں میں
 جہاں گل کھلا نہ کرتے تھے
 پر آج جو یہ افسانہ تمام ہوا مجھ پر
 مت پوچھو کیسا کھرام ہوا مجھ پر
 پہلے بھول رہے تھے ہم شاید، جدائی میں
 کچھ تھا تیرے جیسا جسے اُمید کہا کرتے تھے
 وہ جو رشک کیا کرتے تھے صبر پر میرے
 اب دیوانہ مجھے سرعام کہا کرتے تھے
 آج دیکھتے جو ہیں ہم اس میت اُمید کو اُٹھتے
 اس موت کو ہی تو لوگ جدائی کہا کرتے تھے

از قلم: عائشہ آصف، سمیسٹر دوم: انگلش لٹریچر



نظم

ڈھونڈنے نکلی جب تیرے نشاں
 یہ چاند، سورج و آسماں
 ستارے، پودے اور بے پناہ کہکشاں
 ہوائیں، پرندے اور ان کے آشیاں
 اور جو کچھ ہے اس جہاں
 تعریف کرتا ہے تیری بیاں
 تو بڑھ کر ہے ان سب کے گماں سے
 کیونکہ اے میرے رب!
 تو ہے رحمن،
 تو ہی ہے راز داں
 تو ہی ہے مکمل دانا
 میں تو ہوں بس ناتواں
 تجھ میں ہی ہے پر تیرا نشاں.....

نگین سلیم، ایم فل، کمپیوٹر سائنس



زندگی

کبھی ہے تذبذب میں تو کبھی ہے خوشیوں کی بھرمار
 کبھی ہے پھولوں کی سیج تو کبھی ہے کانٹوں کی بوچھاڑ
 کبھی ہے خواہش خودی تو کبھی ہے نفس کی پیروکار
 کبھی ہے مسکراتی فضائیں تو کبھی ہیں آنسو موسلا دھار
 کبھی ہے آرائشوں سے بھری تو کبھی ہے آزمائشوں کی تکرار
 کبھی ہے ہر طرف بے چینی تو کبھی ہے سکون کی تلاش

انہی لمحوں کا نام ہے زندگی

زندگی جس کی دوڑ میں انسانوں کی جستجو ہے بے شمار
 زندگی جس تڑپ میں لوگوں کی حسرتیں ہیں بے شمار
 زندگی جس کی قیمت کہیں ہے اک مسکراہٹ کی مار
 یہی ہے زندگی

نگین سلیم، ایم فل، کمپیوٹر سائنسز



وہ جو اندھیروں میں رہ کر روشنی پھیلاتے ہیں
وہ جو سیاہ راتوں کا واحد جگنو بن جاتے ہیں
وہ جو ہر قدم ساتھ ساتھ اُٹھاتے ہیں
وہ جو راستے کی تلخیاں کم کر کے دکھاتے ہیں
وہ جو یادوں کی ہر کتاب میں اپنی جگہ بناتے ہیں
وہ روٹھ بھی جائیں تو دل کو ہر دم بھاتے ہیں
وہ جن کے ساتھ سے ہم خوابوں کی تعبیر پاتے ہیں
وہ جو قہقہوں اور آنسوؤں کے ہم جولی بن جاتے ہیں
وہ جو ہر وقتی ضرورت میں ساتھ نبھاتے ہیں
وہ جو بے رنگ دنیا میں رنگ بھر کے دکھاتے ہیں
وہ جو اس دورِ تاریکی میں لوگوں پر اعتماد کرنا سکھاتے ہیں
وہ جو ساتھ نہ ہو کر بھی اپنے ساتھ کا احساس دلاتے ہیں
وہ جو حقیقی معنوں میں نایاب کہلاتے ہیں
ان جیسا ایک بھی گوہر جو مل جائے تو
سنجھال لینا انمول ہوتا ہے.....

(از قلم: فاطمہ جاوید)



غزل

اک اذال سے اقامت تک کا سفر ہے سارا
 پھر کیوں کر ہے اے خاکی! یہ غرور تمہارا
 اک سانس تک کی مہلت نہ ہے تم کو
 پھر کیوں کر ہے طاقت کا یہ فتور تمہارا
 نفرتیں، تکلیفیں، رنج، غم یہ بغض
 کل اُٹھ نہ پائے تو کیا کرے گا حال یہ پُر نور تمہارا
 وہ جن کے سکون کے ہتھیارے آج بنے بیٹھے ہو
 وہ نہ رہے تو پوچھو گے کہ کیا ہے قصور تمہارا
 بے خودی، سرشاری، یہ رونقیں قائم رہیں مگر
 وہ جس کی تلاش تھی کیا یہی ہے وہ سرور تمہارا
 اپنی آسائش کو دیکھا اور کسی کا حق مار لیا
 اے آدم زاد! کیا واقعی یہ ہے شعور تمہارا
 بننا تھا جس کے لیے شمع اس کا دیا ہی بجھا دیا
 اس پر یہ خواہش بھی ہے کہ زمانہ ہو مشکور تمہارا
 باتوں سے بڑھ کر جس دن عمل پر آ گئے
 اس دن اے حضرتِ انساں! ہوگا اصل ظہور تمہارا

(از قلم: فاطمہ جاوید)



غزل

اسے لفظوں سے تھی محبت اور ہمیں شاعری سے لگاؤ تھا
 کون کس پر تھا زیادہ منحصر اسی بات کا تناؤ تھا
 سنا تھا بہشت کے برابر میں اس کا مکان ہے
 بہشت اور اس دولت کدے میں تفریق بڑا مشکل چناؤ تھا
 شامیں کچھ بے رنگ ہونے لگیں تو سوچا
 نجانے آج کل کس طرف اس کا جھکاؤ تھا
 اسے دیکھنا ہی ہمارے لیے تو مے کشی سا تھا
 کہ وہ بے موج دریا میں اُٹھنے والا بہاؤ تھا
 وجہ زوال تلاشتے ہیں بے حد اشتیاق سے وہی
 جنہیں لگتا تھا کہ زمانے کا ہر فن بکاؤ تھا

(از قلم: فاطمہ جاوید)



دعا کی دعا

اس کی بنیاد میں لا الہ الا اللہ
 اس کے کردار میں محمد رسول اللہ
 میرے وطن
 تیری عظمت کی قسم
 تو حرارت مرے وجود کی
 تو ریاضت مری روح کی
 تو شوق مرے جنوں کا
 تو وجہ مرے سکون کی
 یہ سبز ہلالی پرچم ترا
 ہے صبح میری ہے عروج مرا
 مرے وطن
 تیری عظمت کی قسم
 تو امانت، تو بادِ صبا، تو محمدؐ عربی کی دعا
 تجھ سے ہی اُٹھیں گے ایوبی، قاسم، سیف اللہ
 اس قوم کے ہاتھ میں حق کا علم
 وجاء الحق وذہق الباطل کا قلم
 یلغار و ظلم کے اندھیر میں روشنی ہمارا جہد و عمل
 ہے عہد یہ، عہد یہ، عہدِ مسلم
 مرے وطن
 تری عظمت کی قسم
 مرے اجداد شناخت اسلام کی
 اے عزیز وطن تو کہکشاں قوم مسلمان کی

یہ دعا ہے دعا کی رب سے
 تو بنے عملی مثل ایماں کی
 تری بنیاد میں لا الہ الا اللہ
 تری کردار میں محمد رسول اللہ

دعا، انٹرمیڈیٹ سال اول (L-4)



استاد

ہماری درسگاہوں میں جو یہ استاد ہوتے ہیں
 حقیقت میں یہی تو اقوام کی بنیاد ہوتے ہیں
 سنیں گونج، ہم جب بھی کسی کامیابی کی
 ہر کامرانی میں استاد مرکزِ کردار ہوتے ہیں
 عطا کرتے ہیں جہانِ علم و فن کو بلندیِ معراج
 ہمیں منزل پہ پہنچا کر یہ کتنا شاد ہوتے ہیں
 برستے ہیں یہ ساون کی طرح پیاسی زمینوں پر
 ان کے فیض سے اُجڑے چمن آباد ہوتے ہیں
 پستی کو بلندی بخشتے ہیں یہ اپنے عزم سے
 انہیں کی کھوج سے سب نامور ایجاد ہوتے ہیں
 جو کرتے ہیں ان کا ادب پاتے ہیں وہ رفعت
 جو بے ادب ہوتے ہیں برباد ہوتے ہیں
 التجائے دعا ہے، رکھیے، استاد سے تعاونِ باہم
 جڑ جائے یہ تعلق، تو شاگرد، مانند اولاد ہوتے ہیں

دعا

انٹرمیڈیٹ سال اول (L-4)



نظم

سنو! تم سے کچھ کہنا ہے
 ذرا غور سے سننا، کہیں سنتے سنتے کھومت جانا
 تمہارے آنے کی آہٹ سانس ہے میری،
 تمہارے جانے کا غم درد ہے میرا
 تم نہیں تو سنگ کچھ نہیں
 میرے خوابوں کے ہمراہی قدم سے قدم ملا کر چلنا
 کسی بھیڑ میں مجھے خاک مت کر دینا
 میں بھی انساں ہوں، تم سنگ اک جاں ہو
 چلتے چلتے تھم نہ جانا
 عشق، محبت کچھ نہیں سب ضرورتیں ہیں
 ان ضرورتوں کے تحت ساتھ چلتے رہنا
 سنو! تم سے کچھ کہنا ہے.....

عائشہ حورب



ماضی

ماضی کہنے کو تو چلا جاتا ہے
 جاتے جاتے اپنا سایہ چھوڑ جاتا ہے
 جب جب زندگی میں یاد وہ آتا ہے
 ہر بار پہلے سے زیادہ تڑپاتا ہے
 ماضی کا ایک واقعہ مجھے شدید رلاتا ہے
 ایک لمحہ اس کا میری روح کو تڑپا جاتا ہے
 کہنے کو تو انسان سب کچھ بھول جاتا ہے
 نجانے پھر کیوں ماضی رہ رہ کر یاد آتا ہے
 کچھ تلخ حقیقتوں کی آغوش میں ماضی سر اٹھاتا ہے
 اور آگے بڑھنے سے ہر بار مجھے ڈراتا ہے
 نجانے ماضی پر غور کرنے سے من کتراتا ہے
 درحقیقت بیتی یادوں کو چھوڑنے سے دل گھبراتا ہے
 ماضی گزر چکا دل کی سمجھ میں یہ نہیں آتا ہے
 کیونکہ بیتے لمحوں سے ہی دل خود کو بہلاتا ہے
 گزاروں ساری عمر اس ماضی کے سنگ دل چاہتا ہے
 مگر انجام دیکھوں تو سرشرمندگی سے جھک جاتا ہے
 اے ماضی تو کیوں نہیں میری زندگی سے چلا جاتا ہے
 میرا دل بھی لوگوں کی طرح جینا چاہتا ہے
 وقت بُرا بھی ہو زندگی میں گزر ہی جاتا ہے
 مگر ایک بار پھر ماضی بن کر سامنے ضرور آتا ہے