



THE

PERCEPTION

MAGAZINE



Fall, 2025

By FOHSS &
FOLL students



Team Perception

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I am pleased to welcome the 2nd edition of Perception, our student magazine celebrating the creativity and intellect of our faculty. It highlights vibrant ideas and critical thinking across the humanities and social sciences. I sincerely appreciate the dedication of the editorial team and all contributors who made this edition inspiring and meaningful.

Prof. Dr. Khalid Manzoor Butt
Dean, Faculty of Humanities & Social Sciences



The Perception is far more than a magazine; it reflects the vibrant voices, creativity, and bold ideas of our students. Each edition captures a spirit that questions, inspires, and transforms thought into meaningful expression. I sincerely appreciate the dedication of our contributors and look forward to seeing this platform continue to foster creative freedom, critical thinking, and thoughtful dialogue.

Patron:
Dr. Sawaira Rashid



It's a privilege to see The Perception continue fostering diverse narratives and thoughtful storytelling. This magazine provides students a space to explore ideas, challenge perspectives, and express themselves authentically. Each edition celebrates intellectual curiosity and creative growth, shaping meaningful dialogue within our community. I look forward to its continued evolution and the conversations it will inspire.

Co-Patron:
Arooj Nazir



This edition celebrates more than words; it reflects student growth, creativity, and the unity of our community. The Perception honors bold voices and shared achievements, showcasing the brilliance within each of us. It is inspiring to see collaboration, imagination, and dialogue come together, creating a space where ideas flourish and diversity thrives.

Co-Patron:
Ayesha Khalil

Editorial Team



I must admit there's a slight pressure that comes with overseeing every word that graces the pages. That said, you can make my job significantly easier by submitting well-written content. After all, my eyes have bravely endured enough grammatical chaos to last a lifetime. Best of luck to everyone (and a silent prayer for myself to get non-AI generated content in submissions).

Noor Umar
Editor-in-Chief



I'm a student of International Relations, critical thinker, and keen observer of politics and history. Passionate about exploring ideas, questioning power structures, and engaging with narratives that shape societies and global affairs.

Mansoor Zaman
Associate Editor



From writing in every edition to joining the editorial team as an English editor has been a wonderful ride!

Being myself a writer and an editor, I truly believe words carry our truest selves. Jotting thoughts is an art and your voice deserves to be heard.

Be bold, be creative!

I can't wait to turn your work into magic!

Maida Ajmal
Associate Editor
English



I'm Shaban, a student of English literature, exploring how writers use language to imagine worlds, question society, and reveal the odd machinery of human emotion.

Muhammad Shaban
Associate Editor



I'm Khadija Rafi - a fan of storytelling, innovative ideas and literature. Enthusiastic about everything that makes me learn and grow !

Khadija Rafi
Associate Editor-
English



Not all wounds need bandages; some just need a page... And a strong coffee, bad handwriting, and three mental breakdowns. We call it "journaling," but it's really emotional damage in cursive. Got thoughts, ideas, or poetry tangled in your mind? Don't hesitate to share your amazing skills in our magazine.

Nafeesa
Associate Editor
Urdu



I'm the (Creative Editor) with a writer's instinct and editor's keen eye for detail and who turns words into visually mesmerizing masterpieces. With a dash of creativity, a pinch of perfectionism, a whole lot of caffeine and sprinkle of pixie dust to bring the stories to life one design at a time. My designs pop with ingredients like design geekery, creative chaos, occasional font rant and alluring collision of words, images and colors.

Syeda Fatima
Creative Editor



From layout grids to creative leads, this journey has been anything but boring. I'm super excited to avail this opportunity to learn and grow. Designing with heart, and humor, I hope to keep pushing my Creative boundaries. Canva Pro might save some of my designs, but sadly, it can't do the same for my posing skills (as clearly seen in the picture).

Humna Saeed
Creative Editor



Hii, I'm Malaika Nawaz the creative chaos behind Perception Magazine. If this magazine had a personality it would overshare at 2AM question reality mid-scroll and romanticize healing with a playlist. So grab a snack overthink responsibly and let's dive into a world where thoughts spark change and every page shifts the way we see things!

Malaika Nawaz
Creative Editor



I am Zunaira Abbas - a psychology student, creative thinker, and lover of storytelling. Through this platform, I aim to amplify voices, celebrate creativity, and help build a community where ideas and experiences truly matter.

Zunaira Abbas
Social Media Manager



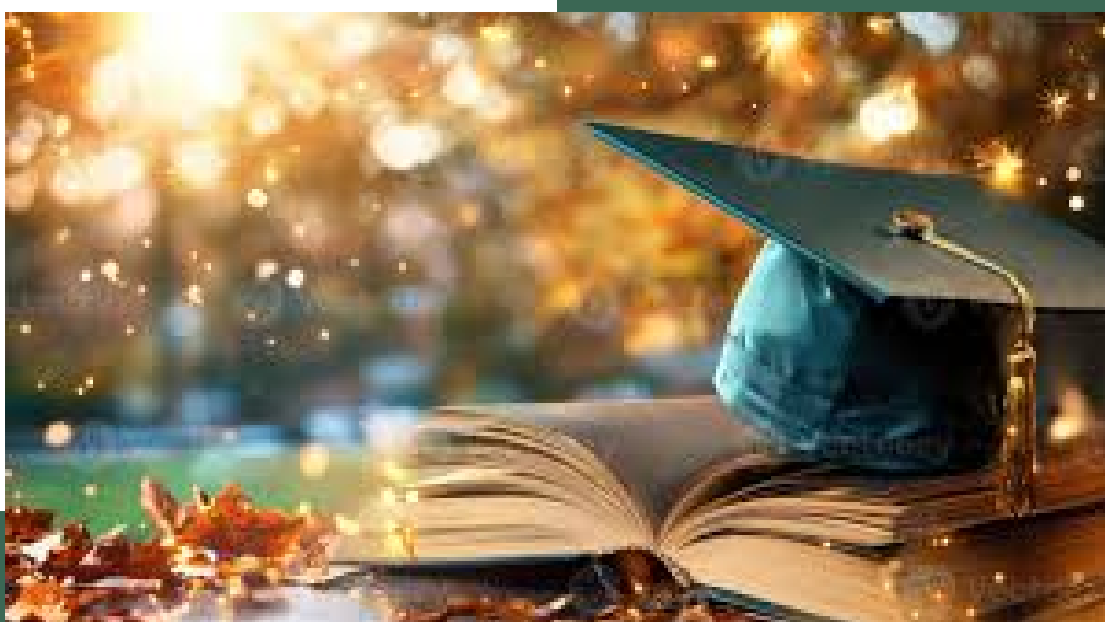
It is rare to encounter opportunities that truly shape you, and being part of this magazine has been one of them. What began as a simple role became a deeply meaningful experience, revealing the remarkable talent and creativity within our university. Each submission—whether article, poem, or artwork—reflected bold voices, fresh perspectives, and heartfelt expression.

I am sincerely grateful to our university, respected teachers, and patrons for their guidance and trust. Congratulations to all those published, and to those who were not—keep creating, because your voice matters. I look forward to seeing this platform grow even stronger in the next edition.

Warm regards,

Noor Umar
Editor-in-Chief

Student's Achievements



STUDENT IN HIGHLIGHT

Majreeha is a 7th semester student of Political Science from Chitral. She is the president of Voltaire Society. As a YES alumna she has represented Pakistan as a cultural youth ambassador in the United States . She is involved in different community service projects back in her hometown and in Lahore. Recently she has been selected as the female ambassador for university of Central Punjab by the Women Development Department, Government of Punjab. Her goal is to work for children's education back home and aim to build public recreational and indoor sports sites for the women in Chitral, where they can fulfil their athletic dreams while keeping the cultural norms intact.



LIF22BSPS0045
MAJREEHA

Student in highlight

My involvement with The Citizens Foundation (TCF) helped me grow as a volunteer by strengthening my communication, mentoring, and leadership skills. Mentoring students in the Rahbar cycle enhanced my ability to guide young learners in academics, personal development, and moral and ethical values, while also deepening my sense of social responsibility and empathy.



LIF22BSPS0045
MAJREEHA

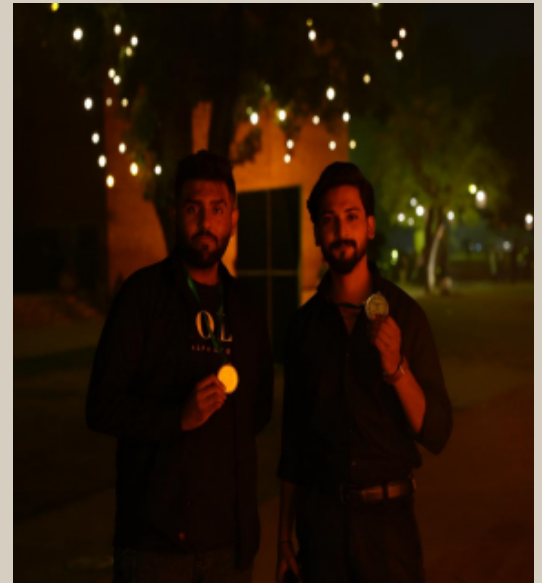
UCP MUSIC SOCIETY

UCP MUSIC SOCIETY EXTERNAL EVENTS/ PARTICIPATIONS OF THIS SEMESTER

1. ALL PAKISTAN MUSIC CONFERENCE:

All Pakistan music conference winners

- Nazar Abbas, Gold medalist In Classical Category.
- Tawassal Mahdi Gold medalist in Semiclassical Category
- Robison Sarfraz Bronze medalist in Tabla Category



1. UCP Music Society won the Team Trophy at the Khawaja Khurshid Anwar Music Competition, organized by Government College University .

Winners List:

- Rachel Charlotte — 1st Position (Solo Female Category)
- Robinson Sarfaraz — 1st Position (Tabla)
- Abbas Farooq — 1st Position (National Song)
- Tawasal Mehdi — 1st Position (Folk Category)
- Ghulam Shabir — 1st Position (String Instrument Category)
- Ali Nawaz — 2nd Position (Wind Instrument Category)
- Nazar Abbas — 3rd Position (Classical Category)
- Battle of Bands — 2nd Position



IQBAL DAY

UCP Literary Society observed Yom-e-Iqbal marking the 87th birth anniversary of Allama Iqbal. On this occasion the presence of Dr. Moeen Nizami and His Excellency Counsel General of Iran Mr Mehran Movahed Far infused the event with unparalleled energy.

The event was hosted under the stewardship of Alham and Majreha . Maida Khan, president of Literary Society, delivered a thought provoking and engaging speech whereas Satwat from debating society showcased exceptional clarity of thought. Afterwards the group performances by the Musical Society enchanted all in attendance Tawassal Mahdi, Daniyal Shahbaz, S. Umme Laila, Rechel Charlotte, Drosham Jalali all delivered spell bounding recitals.



Apart from the singers the band delivered a pulsating performance. on harmonium Daim, on table Alisha, on Cajon Robinson, on guitar Ghulam Shabbir , on melodica Suleman and on keyboard Meesam Shamsi all nailed their part creating a cohesive and impressive show. A cake cutting ceremony was also held for celebrating Yom-e-Iqbal.

MENTAL WELL-BEING CAMP'25

The Psychology Society, in collaboration with the Psychology Department of the University of Central Punjab, organized a one-day Mental Well-Being Camp 2025 on 18th December 2025 at the B Building Courtyard to promote awareness, early identification, and healthy coping strategies related to mental health. The camp aimed to enhance understanding of emotional well-being among students and faculty, provide basic psychological screenings for stress, anxiety, depression, and personality concerns, and reduce stigma by normalizing conversations around mental health. Organized under the guidance of Ms. Momina Nayyer, Patron Ms. Madiha Masood, and Co-Patron Ms. Aliya Attique Babry, the event featured assessment desks focusing on intellectual abilities, personality and emotional intelligence, mental health screening, and specialized areas such as interpersonal issues and climate anxiety. Trained psychologists and Master's-level students ensured ethical practices, immediate feedback, and psychoeducation throughout the event.

The camp was honored by the presence of distinguished guests, including Dr. Hammad Naveed (Pro-Rector), Prof. Dr. Khalid Manzoor Butt (Dean, FHSS), and Prof. Dr. Shazia Hassan (Head of Psychology), whose participation highlighted the institution's commitment to student well-being. The overall response was overwhelmingly positive, with participants appreciating the supportive environment and gaining valuable insights into their psychological health. The initiative successfully increased awareness, encouraged self-reflection, and reinforced the importance of mental well-being at an institutional level.



Facility Tour and Student Interaction

Students were divided into groups and guided through various therapy and assessment rooms. The professional team demonstrated:

- Assessment procedures for communication delays
- Tools used in behavioral and speech therapy
- Individualized Education Plans (IEPs)
- Methods for managing sensory, behavioral, and communication challenges
- Daily routines, structured tasks, and therapeutic interventions

Students actively engaged with the staff, asked questions, and received clear and practical responses.

Potential Collaboration

During discussions, Ms. Syda Mahwish expressed interest in signing an MOU with UCP to support:

- Internship placements
- Job opportunities
- Collaborative training activities

She proposed collaboration for students of both Psychology and English (Clinical Linguistics) programs.

Academic and Professional Relevance

The industrial visit to the Autism Resource Center, Lahore provided BS English (Clinical Linguistics) students with invaluable practical exposure to the assessment and therapy of individuals with autism spectrum disorders. By observing language delay assessments, communication screening, behavioral and speech interventions, and individualized education plans (IEPs), students were able to directly connect their theoretical knowledge of linguistics and communication disorders with real-world clinical practice.

The visit highlighted the critical role of clinical linguists in evaluating and supporting communication development, managing behavioral challenges, and collaborating with parents and therapy teams. This hands-on experience not only deepened students' understanding of clinical linguistics applications but also offered insights into potential career pathways, including internships, professional training, and future employment opportunities within specialized language and therapy centers.

Learning Outcomes

The visit enabled students to:

- Understand autism from clinical, behavioral, and communication perspectives
- Observe language delay assessments and therapy procedures
- Learn early identification methods and parental involvement strategies
- Gain awareness of real-world roles of clinical linguists
- Connect academic theory with professional practice

Conclusion

The industrial visit to the Autism Resource Center, Lahore was highly informative, enriching, and aligned with the academic goals of the BS English (Clinical Linguistics) program. The Faculty of Languages and Literature appreciates the cooperation of the Autism Resource Center and looks forward to future collaboration through a formal MOU.



University Competitions

GCU Lahore

UCP Literary Society drew applause in All Pakistan Literary Competition (bayad nasir qazmi) at GCU Lahore. Continuing its excellence the UCP Literary Society claimed 6 positions in the competition. Tehzeen Ali stood 1st position in Nasri Nazam and 2nd in Nazm respectively. She showcased her Literary Insights, weaving complex narratives. Highlighting his playful streak Saad Sabri grabbed 2nd position in Urdu Maza. Showcasing her strong command of language Rabia Asad secured 2nd position in Maktoob Nigari. Bilal stood 2nd in English Essay and proved that he has a knack for writing. Writing with flair, Abdullah Safdar bagged the 2nd position in English Letter. In short it's fair to say the UCP Literary Society delivered a hit with its literary acumen.



COMSATS University Lahore

UCP Literary Society showcased its brilliance by securing top positions in the All Pakistan Literary Competition IDRAAK-25 at COMSATS University Lahore. Living up to its legacy the UCP Literary Society observed a substantial involvement in the competition. The members of UCP Literary Society exhibited brilliant literary expertise. Hafiz Abdullah Safdar grabbed 1st position in both English and Urdu Letters proving his remarkable literary insights. The visual story writing category was nailed by Saad Sabri who stood 1st. Zeeshan Habib secured 2nd position in Nasri Nazm demonstrating his capability of tackling tough themes. Last but not least Usama Karimi bagged 3rd position in Pen War bringing pride to the UCP Literary Society. On the whole the UCP Literary Society preserved its reputation and brought accolades home.

VOLTAIRE SOCIETY

Title: Pakistan's Many Stories: A Provincial and Regional Dialogue Series

In December 2025, the Voltaire Society initiated an ongoing weekly dialogue series examining provincial political challenges and regional diversity across Pakistan through structured academic discussions.



VOLTAIRE SOCIETY

Title: Bangladesh–Pakistan Relations in the Post–July 2024 Era

On October 30, 2025, the Voltaire Society hosted an academic session on Bangladesh–Pakistan relations, featuring Dr. Abdul Kalam Azad, Former Director at the Centre for General Education, Bangladesh, focusing on regional dialogue and bilateral understanding.



VOLTAIRE SOCIETY

Title: Runner-Up – House of Diplomacy

Miss Fizza, a BS International Relations (Third Semester) student and member of the Voltaire Society, represented UCP at the University of Lahore and secured the Runner-Up position at the House of Diplomacy, the flagship annual event of the Society of International Affairs (SIA), held on Nov 1, 2025.



TITLE: EDUCATIONAL OUTREACH VISIT TO IBTIDA, SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGY (7TH SEMESTER)

Students of the 7th semester of the Psychology Department, while studying School Psychology from Ms. Arooj Nazir, organized a series of interactive activities for children at Ibtida School aimed at enhancing their social, emotional, and behavioral skills. The session included a creative puppet show designed to convey important lessons about children's safe behaviors, helping students understand how to recognize and respond to unsafe situations. In addition, engaging emotion regulation activities were conducted to teach children simple strategies for identifying and managing their feelings in healthy ways. Through these fun, art and educational activities, the psychology students were able to apply their theoretical learning in a practical setting while contributing positively to the emotional well-being and awareness of young learners.



TITLE: EXPLORING MINDS ACROSS CULTURES: CROSS- CULTURAL PSYCHOLOGY PROJECT DISPLAY BY BS PSYCHOLOGY 8TH SEMESTER

The students of BS Psychology 8th Semester successfully organized a remarkable Project Display for Cross Cultural Psychology with course instructor Ms. Zasheer Aman, showcasing their creativity, research skills, and deep understanding of cultural diversity in human behavior.

The projects explored the relationship between culture and psychological aspects such as emotions, traditions, cognition, and behaviors across different societies. Students presented their work through a variety of engaging and creative formats including documentaries, theatrical plays, sculptures, short films, and magazines.





Each project highlighted different cultures from around the world, demonstrating how emotions and behaviors are expressed differently depending on cultural norms and traditions. The students also addressed coping mechanisms within cultures, along with common stereotypes and cultural perceptions, encouraging viewers to think critically about cultural differences and psychological perspectives.



The display reflected the students' hard work, creativity, and dedication, making it both informative and visually engaging. The entire event was possible because of Ma'am Zasheer Aman's effort and mentorship and was highly appreciated by the Dean, who commended the students for their outstanding efforts and the meaningful representation of cross-cultural psychological concepts.



Overall, the project display served as an excellent platform for learning, creativity, and cultural awareness, highlighting the importance of understanding psychology through a cross-cultural lens.



NEWS REPORT

**FLL Strengthens
Industry Linkages
with Visit to Autism
Resource Center,
Enhancing Clinical
Linguistics
Learning:**



TStudents of BS English (Clinical Linguistics), Semester 7, from the Faculty of Languages and Literature, University of Central Punjab, participated in an enriching industrial visit to the Autism Resource Center, Lahore, on 18th November 2025. The visit offered students valuable exposure to the clinical and practical aspects of autism assessment and intervention. During the session, they learned about the nature of autism, its early identification, the role of parents in intervention, and the various approaches used to assess language delay and communication difficulties. The students also gained insight into therapy models, training procedures, and grading systems used in professional practice. A guided tour of the facility allowed them to closely observe real-life assessment and therapy processes, helping bridge the gap between theoretical learning and practical application. The visit proved to be a meaningful experiential learning opportunity, enabling students to better understand the professional environment and the interdisciplinary nature of clinical practice related to language and developmental disorders.

INDUSTRIAL VISIT REPORT

Faculty of Languages and Literature (FLL)
University of Central Punjab (UCP)
November 18, 2025
I-Khayaban-e-Jinnah, Lahore

Industry Name

Enriching Industrial Visit to Autism Resource Center, Lahore

Industrial Visit Details

Date: Tuesday, 18th November 2025

Program: BS English (Clinical Linguistics) – 7th Semester

The Faculty of Languages and Literature (FLL) organized an industrial visit for the BS English (Clinical Linguistics) 7th semester students to the Autism Resource Center, Lahore on 18th November 2025. The visit was conducted under the supervision of Ms. Fatima Urooj (Senior Program Coordinator – Industrial Linkages and Students Engagement) and Mr. Nohaiz Mehmood (FILO, FLL).

Purpose of the Visit

The visit aimed to provide students with practical exposure to the field of Clinical Linguistics, with a focus on autism spectrum disorders, communication challenges, assessment procedures, and therapy interventions used in professional settings. The goal was to enhance students' applied understanding and connect their academic knowledge with real-world clinical practices.

Coordination and Planning

As per the instructions of the Honorable HOD, Ms. Fatima Urooj identified a relevant industry partner (Autism Resource Center, Lahore), coordinated with the management, and obtained approval for the visit. She also oriented the students on the purpose and expected learning outcomes of the visit.



Faculty submission

Mr. Nohaiz Mehmood coordinated all logistics, including student facilitation, travel arrangements, and group management. He also motivated the students and guided them throughout the visit.

Reception and Orientation

Upon arrival, the delegation was warmly welcomed by Ms. Syda Mahwish, who conducted an engaging introductory session in the Seminar Hall. She provided comprehensive insights into:

- The roots and causes of autism
- Early signs and identification processes
- The vital role of parents in early intervention and therapy continuity
- Language delay assessments and communication screening
- Behavioral and speech intervention models
- The grading and therapy system adopted by the center

Her detailed explanations enhanced students' clinical understanding and linked theoretical concepts with real-world application.

MODERNITY WITHOUT PERMISSION

The Muslim world is no longer imitating the West. It is helping redefine modernity itself.

The modern world, whatever the term now means, no longer belongs to the West alone. The long held notion that non Western societies must emulate the West to attain progress is not merely outdated. It is the intellectual residue of a colonial hangover. Outside the echo chambers of Europe's right wing intelligentsia and the last remnants of racial nationalism, few take it seriously. Yet in some parts of the Muslim world, particularly among its self styled intellectual class, this ghost still lingers.

This enduring mental deference, best captured by Kipling's infamous injunction to "bear the white man's burden," still colours elite conversations in Islamabad drawing rooms and Cairo conferences. But such nostalgia is out of step with global reality. In fields ranging from genetic science to

and environmental sustainability, Muslim scientists and innovators are no longer catching up. They are leading.

Consider Hayat Sindi, a Saudi molecular biologist who has developed low cost portable diagnostic devices now deployed across the Global South. She serves as a UNESCO Goodwill Ambassador for science, yet is little known in her own region's textbooks. Or Rana Dajani, a Jordanian molecular biologist whose work in genetics and epigenetics is internationally respected and who founded "We Love Reading," a literacy initiative now spanning dozens of countries.

Ahmed Zewail, an Egyptian born chemist and Nobel laureate, pioneered femtochemistry, granting scientists the ability to observe chemical reactions at the level of atoms and attoseconds, a feat once confined to theoretical speculation. These are not exceptions but early heralds of a growing generational shift.

From engineering to information science, from classrooms to code labs, a new identity is being forged in the Muslim world. It is not one of mimicry but of originality. The tech accelerators of Istanbul, the biotech labs in Doha, and the innovation parks in Karachi are no longer outposts. They are nerve centres. Muslim majority nations are not seeking permission to modernise on Western terms. They are carving their own. In China, Japan and Russia too, the fetish of Westernisation has long been put to rest. The Muslim world is slowly but surely joining that chorus, no longer pleading to sit at someone else's table but building its own.

It is time the region's intellectuals remove their colonial blindfolds. The future is not Western. It is multipolar, and Muslims, increasingly, are helping design it.



Llf23bsir0034
Hafiz Abdullah Safdar



THE DEATH OF GLOBALISM? NAVIGATING THE "LEGAL WARS" OF US TRADE POLICY AND THE FALLOUT FOR PAKISTAN.

For the better part of the last seventy years, the world lived under a specific kind of economic umbrella. If you've ever sat through an International Relations (IR) lecture, you've heard of "Hegemonic Stability Theory." The idea was that the United States, acting as the global hegemon, would maintain a rule-based system because a stable world was good for American business. We saw this through the creation of the WTO and the push for open borders. The "deal" was simple: follow the rules, lower your tariffs, and the global market will stay predictable.

But if you look at the headlines in 2026, that deal is dead. We aren't just in a period of "trade tension" anymore; we are in a period of structural collapse. Washington has traded its role as the world's economic referee for a role as a disruptor. What started as a few targeted tariffs has mutated into what I call "Legal Wars" a state where trade policy is fought not just in ports, but in the Supreme Court and stalled international tribunals. For a country like Pakistan these events are not just academic.

They are a billion dollar threat to our survival.

The 2018 Catalyst and the "Liberation Day" Shock

To clearly understand where we are actually standing today we need to look at our standing in 2018. It was the time when Trump emphasized on the fact that old rules were not working for America. They hit China with massive tariffs, and while everyone expected a "return to normal" under later administrations, that didn't happen. Instead, protectionism became the new consensus in D.C.

By the time we hit the mid-2020s, the U.S. introduced what some analysts called "Liberation Day" tariffs. This wasn't just a tax on steel or solar panels; it was a universal baseline tariff. By early 2026, the average effective tariff rate in the U.S. climbed to 16%. You have to go back to the 1930s the era of the Great Depression to see numbers like that.

Think about that for a second. In an era where we are more connected than ever, the world's largest economy has put up a wall. For the average American family, this is costing them \$1,300 a year in higher prices. But for the global system, it's a signal that the "free trade" era is officially over.

When Policy Becomes a Court Case: Learning Resources v. Trump

One of the most human elements of this whole mess is the internal American resistance. Businesses in the U.S. aren't just sitting back and paying these taxes; they are suing their own government. This led to the landmark 2026 case, Learning Resources, Inc. v. Trump.

The argument was pretty straightforward: Can a President use "emergency" laws (like the International Emergency Economic Powers Act) to fundamentally change the country's tax

structure without Congress? The Supreme Court finally said "No." They ruled that these emergency tariffs were a step too far. While that might sound like a victory for free trade, it actually created more chaos. Now, thousands of companies are filing for refunds, the government is scrambling, and the predictability of the U.S. market is at an all-time low. It's a "Legal War" where nobody quite knows what the rules are from one week to the next.

The WTO: A Referee Without a Whistle

While the U.S. courts were busy, the international referee the World Trade Organization (WTO) has been effectively lobotomized. United states is blocking the appointments of Judges to appellate body. This is the body that is supposed to have the final say on trade fights. Without judges, the WTO can't finish its work.

The condition went worst in 2025 when US stopped paying its due to WTO. Keep in mind, the U.S. used to provide 11% of the budget. By cutting off the money, they've basically told the world: "If we can't win by the rules, we'll just break the system." This creates a massive double standard.



It's a "might makes right" system now, and that's dangerous for everyone else. The Great Supply Chain Shuffle Because of these tariffs, the map of world trade is being redrawn. U.S. imports from China have dropped from 25% down to less than 10% in just a few years. But companies aren't just moving back to the U.S. They are moving to "friendlier" places like Vietnam, Mexico, and India. This is called "trade diversion."

But there's a catch. The U.S. has started using "reciprocal" tariffs. If your country has a trade surplus with the U.S., they hit you with a tax to "even the score." This is why Vietnam is facing 46% tariffs and India is facing 26%. The IMF is sounding the alarm, saying this could shrink global trade by 1.5%. That might sound like a small number, but in global terms, that's hundreds of billions of dollars in lost growth.

Pakistan: The \$1.4 Billion Cliff

Now, let's talk about home. Why does a student in Lahore or Karachi care about a court case in D.C.? Because the U.S. is our biggest customer. In 2024, we sold about \$5.3 billion worth of goods to the U.S. mostly textiles.

If the U.S. decides to apply its reciprocal tariff math to Pakistan, we could be looking at a 29% "surplus tax" on top of our existing 8.6% textile duties.

That's a 37% tax wall. Imagine being a factory owner in Faisalabad. How are you supposed to compete with a 37% disadvantage?

The Pakistan Institute of Development Economics (PIDE) has done the math, and it's grim. We could lose up to \$1.4 billion in exports every year. For a country that is constantly struggling with its "Current Account Deficit" and going back to the IMF, losing \$1.4 billion is a disaster. It means fewer jobs in the textile sector, less foreign exchange, and more economic pressure on the average citizen.

The Way Forward: Strategy or Survival?

We can't just sit and wait for Washington to change its mind. Both Democrats and Republicans in the U.S. seem to agree on one thing: protectionism is here to stay. So, Pakistan needs a "Plan B."

The China-Pakistan Free Trade Agreement (Phase II) is one option. China has opened its doors to us, but we aren't walking through them. Why? Because our own house isn't in order. Our electricity costs are too high, our bureaucracy is a nightmare, and we are still addicted to imported raw materials. We also need to look at "Regionalization." The era of "Globalism" is being replaced by "Regionalism." We should be trading more with Central Asia, the Middle East, and even our immediate neighbors if politics allows. Relying on a single market 7,000 miles away that is currently in the middle of a "Legal War" with itself is just bad strategy.

Conclusion

The global trade system is in a state of high-speed transition. We've moved from the "Tariff Wars" of 2018 to the "Legal Wars" of 2026. The institutions we were taught to trust the WTO, the idea of a "Free Market" are failing. We can openly say that this is a wake up call for Pakistan. We are actually standing at a crossroads. We can either keep clinging to an old trade model that is being taxed into oblivion, or we can start the hard work of diversifying our markets and fixing our internal industry. The world isn't going to wait for us to catch up. In the "Legal Wars" of the future, the only countries that win are the ones that are agile enough to change before the next tariff hits.



Abdul Rehman Bin Waris
Roll Number: LIF23BSIR0032



The Journey Is Not Over Yet

Muhammad Bilal

L1F23BSIR0035

Every year, more than 400,000 students across 130 countries participate in Model United Nations simulations, according to estimates widely cited in academic and international education circles. Institutions like Harvard, Yale, and the National Model United Nations in New York draw thousands of applicants annually, with selection processes that are competitive, structured, and designed to filter only the most prepared. Harvard WorldMUN alone receives applications from students representing over 100 countries every single cycle. The reality is simple and it is worth stating plainly: the overwhelming majority of students who apply to represent their country at an international MUN never make it through.

What Getting Selected Actually Means

Pakistan's MUN circuit has grown dramatically over the past decade. The Higher Education Commission of Pakistan currently recognises over 230 degree awarding institutions across the country. From these, thousands of students each year compete at local, regional, and national MUN conferences, each one hoping to eventually earn a place on an international stage. The competition is genuine, the field is wide, and the process demands more than just enthusiasm. It demands preparation, knowledge, composure under pressure, and a demonstrated ability to represent a position convincingly in front of an international audience.

When I received confirmation that I had been selected to participate in the Istanbul International Model United Nations, organised by Neoterican LLC, scheduled from 2nd to 5th April 2026 in Istanbul, Turkey, it was the result of exactly that kind of preparation. Not luck. Not connections. Preparation, competition, and performance over a sustained period of time.

Getting selected, however, is only one part of the process. Attending an international MUN conference carries real financial costs. Registration fees alone at major international MUNs typically range from \$125 to several hundred dollars per delegate, and that figure does not include international flights, accommodation, visa processing, or daily expenses abroad. For a student from Pakistan, where the rupee continues to face significant exchange rate pressure, these costs represent a genuine barrier. I am currently in the process of finalising my participation, seeking sponsorships to cover the remaining financial requirements, and working toward completing every step needed to be physically present in Istanbul in April.

The selection is done. The hard part of getting there is still underway.



The Foundation That Got Me Here

None of this happened overnight. I study BS International Relations, a field that trains you to understand the world deeply and think about it critically. That naturally pulled me toward debate, where ideas have to be defended under real pressure, not just written in assignments.

I competed in Parliamentary debate, arguably the most demanding format out there. No preparation time, no script, just you, the topic, and your ability to think and speak at the same time. It is as real as debate gets.

In 2025, I competed at the national level Parliamentary Debate held at UVAS, Lahore, against debaters from universities across Pakistan. It was a strong field. I won. And that win gave me that result, achieved against a nationally competitive field, was what ultimately confirmed to me and to the selection process that I was ready for international representation. It was not just a personal milestone. It was evidence, measurable and public, that the preparation had translated into performance when it mattered most.

The Journey Is Not Over Yet

Muhammad Bilal

L1F23BSIR0035

Istanbul and What It Represents

Istanbul is not just a beautiful city. It is one of the most historically loaded places on earth, the only city that sits across two continents, once the heart of the Byzantine and Ottoman empires, and today a living bridge between East and West. Holding an international MUN there is not a coincidence. It sets the right tone for exactly the kind of conversations that happen inside it.

I will be there as a delegate representing Pakistan. That is not a small thing. Pakistan is a nation of over 240 million people, a nuclear state, and a country where over 60 percent of the population is under 30, according to the United Nations Population Fund. The issues debated at MUN conferences, security, climate, human rights, economic development, are not abstract for Pakistan. They are daily realities. Representing that country at an international table carries real weight and I do not take it lightly.

Where Things Stand

I want to be straightforward about where I am in this process. The selection is complete. The confirmation is in hand. What remains is the financial side of things. I am actively seeking sponsors who believe in investing in young Pakistani voices at international platforms. The cost of attending is not small when viewed against the economic realities of being a student in Pakistan today. But the opportunity is real, the preparation is done, and the only remaining obstacle is a practical one that I am working hard to overcome.

If this journey has taught me anything so far, it is that the hardest doors to open are rarely the ones you expect. Getting through the selection process was difficult, but it was a difficulty I had some control over. I could prepare harder, read more, practice longer. Raising funds is a different kind of challenge entirely. It requires something beyond individual effort. It requires people and institutions to recognise the value of what a young student is trying to do and choose to be part of it.

FROM BORDER CONFLICTS TO DRONE WARFARE.



For anyone tracking regional defense right now, Pakistan's security situation is a constantly shifting, incredibly volatile puzzle. We spent decades staring down the eastern border, building our entire military doctrine around stopping a massive conventional war with India. But look at the map today. Afghanistan is a wildcard, domestic militant attacks are spiking, and the broader Middle East is teetering on the edge of a wider war. Former ambassador Maleeha Lodhi captured the reality perfectly when she pointed out that our historical "tyranny of geography" has morphed into an unprecedented "three-front security challenge."

This is not just about lines on a map anymore. It is about how modern wars are actually fought and won. Because fighting a multi-front war is essentially strategic suicide, military planners historically leaned hard into Full Spectrum Deterrence (FSD) to keep New Delhi in check. We have roughly 170 nuclear warheads backing up a conventional force of 660,000 active troops, alongside heavy armor and fighter jets like the F-16 and JF-17. That setup worked exactly as intended for preventing an all-out armored invasion across the plains of Punjab. But the rules of the game have completely changed, and the old playbooks are starting to look outdated.

The massive problem we face now is technology. Drones, loitering munitions, and precision strikes allow smaller hostile groups and neighboring states to hit fast and hard without ever crossing the threshold into total war. In strategic studies, this is the classic stability-instability paradox. Nuclear weapons absolutely stop the big wars, but they actually make smaller, low-level conflicts much more tempting for adversaries who know we won't hit the nuclear button over a drone strike.

Add India to the mix, and the pressure multiplies exponentially. New Delhi isn't just buying tanks; they are pouring billions into unmanned systems to watch our borders 24/7. Just look at the massive \$4 billion deal they finalized in late 2024 to acquire 31 MQ-9B Sky/Sea Guardian drones from the United States. These are high-altitude, long-endurance platforms that can loiter for 35 hours and carry Hellfire missiles. They are distributing them across their Navy, Army, and Air Force specifically to enhance surveillance along contested borders. On top of that, India's DRDO is heavily investing in swarm tactics and high-power microwave weapons. They are preparing for a tech-heavy future, and that forces Pakistan to seriously rethink its defense spending.

You can see this asymmetric warfare playing out right now on the western borders. Since the Taliban took over Kabul in August 2021, the TTP has used Afghan soil as a springboard. Militant attacks skyrocketed through 2023 and 2024, leaving thousands dead across Khyber Pakhtunkhwa and Balochistan. Militants are no longer just hiding in caves; they are using night-vision goggles, modern assault rifles left behind by US forces, and even commercial drones to surveil and attack security outposts.

The state finally had to push back and change its approach. In June 2024, the government approved Operation Azm-e-Istehkam (Resolve for Stability). This was a massive pivot. Instead of the blunt-force, large-scale military sweeps of the past that displaced thousands of civilians, Azm-e-Istehkam heavily relies on Intelligence-Based Operations (IBOs). It is a targeted, surgical approach meant to dismantle terrorist networks without destroying the local economy. But fighting an insurgency that has safe havens across a porous border is a grinding, resource-heavy nightmare.

FROM BORDER CONFLICTS TO DRONE WARFARE.



And the western front isn't just about Afghanistan anymore. Iran suddenly became an active headache earlier this year. Remember the unprecedented escalation in January 2024? The Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps (IRGC) launched ballistic missiles and drones into Panjgur, Balochistan, claiming they were targeting the militant group Jaish al-Adl. This happened literally a day after Iran fired missiles into Iraq and Syria. Pakistan could not let that slide. Within 48 hours, the military launched Operation Marg Bar Sarmachar, firing precision stand-off weapons and deploying drones like the Wing Loong II to strike Baloch separatist hideouts inside the Iranian province of Sistan and Baluchestan. Diplomacy eventually cooled things down, and ambassadors returned to their posts, but that incident exposed a massive strategic vulnerability. The ongoing shadow war between the US and Iran, combined with the wider Israel-Gaza crisis, constantly threatens to spill over into our backyard. It forces the military to divert critical attention and resources to secure a 900-kilometer border that we previously considered relatively quiet. So, how does a military adapt to a three-front threat while dealing with a struggling economy?

First, traditional air defenses are simply way too expensive to waste on cheap, off-the-shelf suicide drones. You cannot fire a million-dollar surface-to-air missile at a two-thousand-dollar quadcopter. The military has to shift completely to multi-domain operations (MDO) linking cyber, land, air, and electronic warfare so our sensors and shooters talk to each other instantly. We are already seeing this doctrinal shift happen. The Pakistan and US armies regularly hold the "Inspired Gambit" joint exercises at Pabbi, focusing heavily on counter-terrorism, crisis response, and complex urban interoperability.

On the hardware side, local defense contractors are finally stepping up to fill the technology gap. At recent defense expos, the Pakistani conglomerate GIDS (Global Industrial & Defence Solutions) showcased the 'Spider-AD' anti-drone system. It is a vehicle-mounted electronic warfare beast designed to detect and jam loitering munitions and mid-sized UAVs from over 10 kilometers away, completely cutting off their GPS and radio links. For infantry and forward operating bases, they rolled out portable jammers like the 'Sufra' Anti-Drone Gun. GIDS is also pushing forward with the Shahpar-III, an armed drone with a 3,000 km satellite link range and a 35,000-foot ceiling, designed to give Pakistan its own heavy-hitting unmanned capability.

The military is also reportedly exploring high-powered microwave (HPM) weapons. Instead of shooting projectiles, HPMs fry a drone's internal electronics with an electromagnetic burst. Pair that with our domestically developed AESA radar networks, and you get a layered, electronic defense system that actually makes economic and tactical sense for the long run.

Ultimately, warfare in South Asia simply isn't about massive tank battles on the plains of Punjab anymore. The next major conflict or the ongoing low-intensity ones will be fought with drones, cyber attacks, electronic jamming, and precision strikes. Pakistan is currently walking a tightrope. It has to maintain a nuclear and conventional deterrent against India, manage a brutal internal insurgency, secure a volatile Iranian border, and modernize its military all while navigating severe economic constraints.

Updating our military doctrine, training, and technology isn't just an optional upgrade; it is a strict requirement for state survival. In the modern battlespace, the side that adapts the fastest holds the ultimate advantage, and right now, Pakistan does not have a single second to waste.

Name: Muhammad Bilal
Roll Number: L1F23BSIR0008



THE NEW OIL SHOCK



The world has lived through oil shocks before. In 1973, Arab nations cut off supplies to the West and brought economies to their knees. In 1979, the Iranian Revolution sent crude prices spiraling and triggered a global recession. Now, in the early weeks of March 2026, we may be witnessing the birth of a third great oil shock, one potentially more severe than anything that has come before it.

The Strait of Hormuz: The World's Jugular

When Iran closed the Strait of Hormuz in the days following the U.S.-Israeli strikes, it did not merely inconvenience the global economy, it grabbed it by the throat. The Strait is a narrow passage barely 33 kilometres wide at its narrowest point, threading between Iran and Oman. Yet through this sliver of water flows roughly 20% of all the oil traded on earth. Every single day, tankers carrying millions of barrels pass through it on their way to Asia, Europe, and beyond.

When Iran shut it down, Brent Crude prices surged from around \$70 to over \$80 per barrel within days. That figure, alarming as it is, likely understates what is coming. In 1973, oil prices quadrupled in a matter of months. The 1979 shock saw prices double. If the Strait remains closed for weeks or months, analysts warn that \$120, \$150, or even higher per barrel is not unthinkable. The global economy runs on oil. When oil stops moving, everything stops moving.

A Conflict That Has Already Spread Beyond Two Countries

What makes this shock different from its predecessors is the geographic scale of the conflict feeding it. Iran has already launched retaliatory strikes across nine countries, including Bahrain, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, the UAE, Kuwait, Qatar, Jordan, Oman, and a drone strike on a UK military base in Cyprus. The Gulf, which sits atop nearly half the world's proven oil reserves, is now an active theatre of war.

Saudi Arabia and the UAE, two of the world's largest oil exporters, are directly in the crossfire. Any damage to their infrastructure, refineries, or export terminals would compound the Hormuz closure many times over. The 2019 drone strikes on Saudi Aramco's Abqaiq facility briefly knocked out 5% of global oil supply and sent prices jumping 15% in a single day. That was one strike on one facility during peacetime. What a sustained regional war could do is a far darker calculation.





Inflation, Recession, and the Domino Effect

Oil is not just petrol at the pump. It is embedded in nearly everything: plastics, fertilizers, shipping, aviation, manufacturing, and food production. When oil prices spike sharply, inflation follows. Central banks, which have spent years wrestling inflation back down after the post-COVID surge, now face a nightmare scenario: a fresh inflationary wave driven not by domestic demand but by a geopolitical crisis entirely outside their control. They cannot raise interest rates into a war. And they cannot lower them while prices are climbing.

For developing nations, the pain will be sharpest. Countries across South Asia, Africa, and Latin America that import most of their oil will see their currencies weaken, their import bills explode, and their governments face fiscal crises. Pakistan, already managing a fragile economic recovery, sits particularly close to the blast radius: both geographically and economically.

Global shipping rates, already elevated since the Red Sea disruptions of 2024, will climb further as insurers hike war-risk premiums across the entire Gulf region. Food prices, which are heavily tied to fuel and fertiliser costs, will rise. The World Food Programme has already warned that tens of millions of people in vulnerable nations live within a margin where a 20-30% rise in food prices tips households into hunger.

Looking Ahead: Three Possible Futures

The shape of this oil shock, its depth and duration, depends almost entirely on how the war evolves. Three scenarios are plausible.

In the first, a swift ceasefire or diplomatic breakthrough allows the Strait to reopen within weeks. Prices remain elevated but stabilise in the \$90–\$100 range. The global economy absorbs the hit with a slowdown but avoids recession.

In the second, the conflict drags on for several months. The Strait remains wholly or partially closed. Gulf infrastructure sustains damage. Oil climbs toward \$130–\$150. A global recession becomes likely, with the hardest blows falling on the developing world.

In the third, the scenario no policymaker wants to contemplate, the conflict widens further, drawing in more regional actors, triggering infrastructure catastrophes, and keeping oil markets in chaos for a year or more. In this scenario, the comparison is no longer 1973. It is 1914: a regional conflict that restructured the entire global order.

Whether the world navigates through it or fractures under the pressure depends on decisions being made right now, in war rooms and diplomatic backchannels, where the stakes could not be higher. The oil is still on fire. The meter is still running.

Author bio: Izna Zaman Khattak is a student of BS International Relations, currently in her 6th Semester. Her interests lie in International relations, Human Rights, and Middle Eastern affairs

**By: Izna Zaman Khattak
Reg No: L1F23BSIR0002
Department: Bs IR**



FROM THE VALLEYS TO VISION

Belonging to a humble Pakhtun tribe from a remote area of Pakistan, I grew up where opportunities were rare, and dreams often seemed like distant stars. After completing my FSC, I took a one year gap a time filled with silence, confusion, and uncertainty. My mind was blank, my purpose blurred. I felt detached from education from ambition and even from myself.

But destiny had its own plans. In 2021, I took a brave step and joined the University of Central Punjab, enrolling in the Department of Psychology a subject I had always admired. Initially, I feared how I would survive in a new city with different people, a new culture, and no familiar faces. But the moment I entered UCP, everything changed. The environment was welcoming, the management supportive, and the teachers deeply encouraging.

The Psychology Department soon became my second home a place where I was seen, valued, and understood. Gradually, my mindset transformed. My academic performance improved, and I began to rediscover myself. Then came a proud moment I was elected President of the UCP Psychology Society. Leading events, organizing awareness sessions, and motivating others gave my life a new meaning.

UCP changed everything for me. It's reshaped my thinking, rebuilt my confidence, and give me a platform to turn struggles into strength. From being a boy who once doubted his future to a leader influencing others like journey is a reminder that when you believe in yourself and find the right environmental, even the most distant dreams become reality.



SALMAN TASIR KHAN YOUSAFZAI
LIS21BSSY0085



LEARNING TO LOVE YOURSELF SOFTLY

We stay in a world that celebrates strength but frequently forgets gentleness. From a younger age, we taught to obtain, compete, and perfect ourselves — however hardly ever to take a wreck, breathe deeply, or forgive ourselves. A lot of us push hard, judging each mistake harshly and struggling to accept our weaknesses. While we fail, disappointment regularly feels non-public, as if our really worth relies upon absolutely on how a success we're. Through the years, this creates a quiet regret that shapes how we see ourselves and impacts every new experience.

Think about this: How regularly have you ever chosen others' approval over your own peace?

A lot of us spend years searching out recognition, admire, or validation, while forgetting easy joys — like a morning cup of tea, a quiet stroll, or a type phrase to ourselves. Lifestyles not often goes as we count on, and chasing the incorrect goals uses up our power and steals our time.

From childhood, a lot of us agree with that love and acceptance handiest given when we meet certain situations. Reward is generally given for properly grades, exact behaviour, or meeting expectancies, even as mistakes are criticized or disregarded as adults, this translates into anxiety, perfectionism, and worry of failure. We chase approval rather than boom. Social evaluation, specially on social media, deepens insecurities, making us feel small while we measure our lives against others' carefully selected highlights.

Setting limitations may be difficult. Pronouncing "no" regularly looks like betrayal — to others, to expectations, even to ourselves however ignoring our desires results in emotional burnout. Tender self-love is the braveness to say "sure" to ourselves lightly and without guilt. It is understanding that flaws do now not mean failure, but are genuinely a part of our adventure.



MOAZMA ARIF
LIS22BSSY0219

Imagine a moment whilst you make a mistake at work or college. The first concept is probably, "I'm no longer enough." Tender self-love modifications this too: "I made a mistake, however it doesn't outline me. I can examine and develop from it." Those small changes in mind-set have a huge effect on lifestyles, improving relationships, productiveness, and emotional fitness.



LEARNING TO LOVE YOURSELF SOFTLY

Psychologically, our inner voice is shaped by early experiences. Many of us take in criticism from parents, teachers, or peers, learning that self-worth must be earned as a result, adulthood can feel like a constant performance with the self-acting as a strict judge. Soft self-love changes this pattern, teaching us to respond with awareness rather than reaction, and to see mistakes as lessons rather than proof of failure. It builds resilience, emotional control, and self-compassion.

Ask your-self: When was the last time you truly honoured your needs? When did you let your heart rest without guilt? Simple actions — journaling, mindful breathing, or taking a short break — may seem small, but they are powerful. They create changes that affect every part of life, from relationships to work. Rumi said: “You aren’t a drop within the ocean. You are the complete ocean in a drop.”

In Islam, self-worth is measured by the sincerity of the heart and intention, not by status or wealth.

Taking care of your body, mind, and soul is not indulgence; it is worship. Rest, reflection, and gentle self-acceptance are acts of gratitude for Allah’s gift of life. He does not burden a heart beyond its capacity. Every act of self-care or self-forgiveness reflects divine mercy.

Bano Qudsia emphasized that silence and reflection lead to self-discovery, and Ashfaq Ahmed said: “Jo insaan apne andar kashor sunnenay lagta hai, usay duniya ke awaazain pareshaannahi karti.”

Sufi teachings echo this: love begins within, and polishing the heart allows it to reflect the Divine.

Soft self-love is also shown through actions. Resting, writing down emotions, moving the body, or enjoying moments of solitude are ways to honour yourself. Saying “no” without guilt, setting boundaries, and protecting your energy build emotional freedom and strength.

Dr. Arfa Sayeda Zehra reminds us: “Insaan wohi khubsurat haijo apni haqeeqat ko samajh le.

Consider someone you know who constantly sacrifices his or her own needs for others — maybe a friend, sibling, or even yourself.

How often do we wish we could put ourselves first without feeling guilty? Soft self-love allows that is quiet resistance against a world that rewards overwork and self-neglect.

Each scar, flaw, or mistake is an instructor. Gentle self-love does not ignore weaknesses; it embraces them as part of a unique adventure. Accepting imperfection quietly strengthens resilience, builds emotional intelligence, and teaches us to navigate existence with grace.

Healing does not constantly roar. Now and again, it whispers: “You’re enough, and you usually have been

When we like ourselves softly, we prevent chasing approval and begin to live authentically. We discover joy in simple moments, electricity in vulnerability, and connection in compassion. In doing so, we honour no longer just ourselves, but the sacred gift of lifestyles.



LOVE
yourself



LEARNING TO LOVE YOURSELF SOFTLY

Tender self-love is not weak spot. It is courage. It is far the honesty to include your flaws, the endurance to forgive yourself, and the willingness to walk closer to Allah with sincerity. It lets in you to live completely, peacefully, and fantastically.

Take a deep breath. Forgive yourself for past mistakes celebrate the individual you have become. Hold your coronary heart gently and consider:

"you're worthy, you're sufficient, and you're cherished by way of Allah simply as you're."

The maximum profound love story you may ever enjoy is the one you write with you self. Embracing yourself with gentleness allows the world round you to mirror that love returned. In that reflection, you discover no longer only peace but the profound joy of being really, unapologetically you.

Healing often arrives quietly – in prayer, mirrored image, or forgiveness. Each small act of self-kindness – resting, journaling, prioritizing your needs – creates ripples that have an impact on the broader international.

Believe beginning your day with: "nowadays, i will honour myself. I will appreciate my limits, rejoice small victories, and well known my journey." Such intentional gentleness transforms attitude. Slowly, you realise that you are well worth has by no means been conditional. It changed into constantly inherent, always sacred.

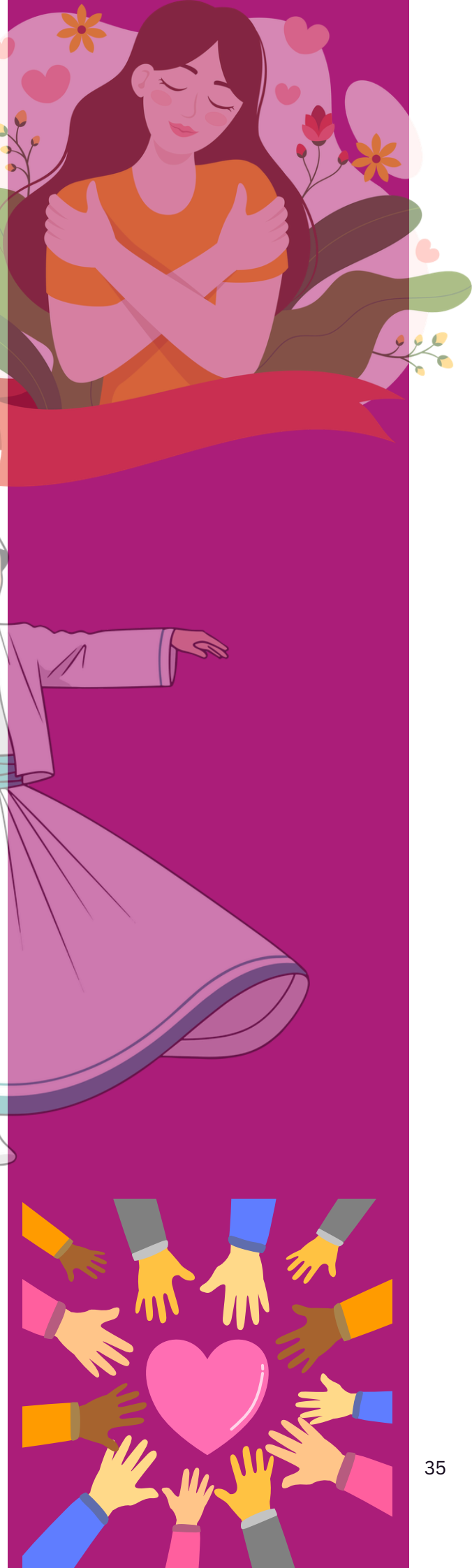
Tender self-love is quiet strength. It nurtures resilience without harshness, energy without ego, and courage without worry. It teaches us to stay fully – to cherish the normal, honour feelings, and nurture our inner global even when the out of doors global demands greater than we will provide.

Sufism encourages this inward journey – no longer to break out existence, however to understand it. Sharpening the heart, nurturing the soul, and knowledge emotions are spiritual practices, as sacred as prayer. Bano Qudsia reminds us that reflection leads to self-discovery, and Ashfaq Ahmed teaches that the quieter we grow to be inside, the much less the chaos of the arena affects us.

Soft self-love does no longer searching for validation; it nurtures the inner most elements of our being. Every small act – resting, placing obstacles, prioritizing needs – creates ripples of peace and compassion.

Studying to like yourself softly is not indulgence. It is revolution. It transforms the manner you live, the way you relate, and the way you spot, you are self. Its miles quiet courage and profound grace.

"you're worth, you are sufficient, and you're beloved by using Allah just as you're."



ZAID'S JOURNEY FROM KASHMIR TO GLASGOW

I always have been curious about how people behave in certain ways, I have always wondered what thought, what motivation have led to act the other person in that particular way. This curiosity of knowing "How mind works" and "How thinking, cognition and behavior can happen" led me to pursue my Bachelors in Psychology. My decision to choose psychology has played a vital role making me resilient, as this choice was not understood or supported due to the lack of general awareness and mental health resources. I faced discouragement and doubt from those around me regarding this decision, but I stayed determined to it. During my time at UCP, I have learnt a lot about my own mental health, I have improved, learnt, grew a lot in the time period of 4 years at UCP. The boy who walked in on 9th March 2020 and the boy who attended his convocation ceremony are two different versions of myself. After graduation, the reality of life set in, I found myself asking "What am I supposed to do now?". I started applying for different job roles, one after another, only to face never-ending ghosting, rejections, failure and no response from the employers. For me rejections were redirections, from one application to another. As I grew up in the region where I have seen lack of mental health resources, I started an initiative "mindSOZ" to provide mental health awareness and resources for those in need. I started getting sense of fulfillment helping others and utilizing my knowledge and skills gained from my degree in psychology. I felt like I was doing something in life. I lacked these things while growing up, and now I feel like I am doing something for myself and for my hometown; Bhimber Azad Jammu & Kashmir. Meanwhile, I kept applying for every opportunity I encountered; I lost count on how many applications I have submitted.



ZAID HASNAIN



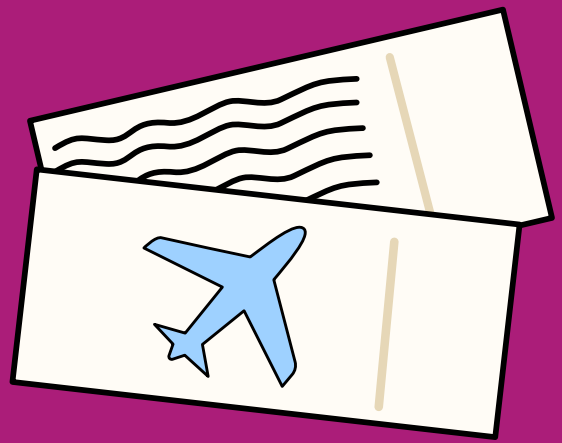
ZAID'S JOURNEY FROM KASHMIR TO GLASGOW

Facing the saturation, my plan shifted slightly, I planned to pursue a Master's degree from abroad; I knew it will cost much more expensive than doing from here in Pakistan so, I spent months diligently researching about scholarships, from application process, eligibility requirement, application timeline and meeting deadlines. I wrote a comprehensive guidebook to simplify the process of applying for scholarships; it is available for free on mindSOZ's LinkedIn Page. I began applying for every relevant opportunity related to my field as soon as the application cycle opened. This rigorous process became a routine; I applied to numerous universities and I applied for scholarships from every source; universities, government, organizations, professors. As time passed, I started getting responses. I received an email it started with "Unfortunately, we regret to inform you..." I was like okay, I might get some positive response in next one, I kept improving my application, revising my cv, refining my SOP with each new submission. One after another, I received over 20 rejections while desperately waiting for just one acceptance. I had spent all of my savings on application fees along with sleepless nights and a lot of my energy, I was entirely exhausted and frustrated. Yet, I kept telling that Allah had planned something bigger and better for me. There was a reason I couldn't get into those universities or receive those scholarships and there is something bigger waiting for me. By the Grace of Allah, I received an acceptance; one offer letter, I got an admission to the University of Glasgow. I was over the moon, as this institute is one of the most prestigious universities and ranked in the top 100 in the world and one of the top-ranked university in Europe. I applied for the scholarship, and my persistence and patience paid off; I was selected for a full tuition fee scholarship. I was honored to be the one only 11 selected scholars over 6000 applicants across 181 countries. Foremost, I am grateful to Allah Almighty, and then my parents, my Dada Abu (Late Haji Muhammad Zaman), my teachers, mentors, friends. This achievement wouldn't have been possible without their continuous support and prayer. It has been two months now, I am living in Glasgow; one of the best city in the world, pursuing my Master's degree in Behavioural Science at one of the top-tier school, surrounded by its breathtaking Gothic architectural buildings. If someone had told a 17 year-old Zaid, that this will be you, especially after failing four subjects in Intermediate first year exam, he wouldn't have believed it. Now he is studying at a prestigious Russell Group university. My journey has taught me that the effort you put in something are basically preparing you for something different, but better. The key is to keep trying, be resilient be persistent. The hard work will pay off. I am excited to see where University of Glasgow will take me next.

Representing Azad Jammu & Kashmir.

Peace out.

Zaid Hasnain



AGAINST ALL ODDS A STORY OF UNBREAKABLE RESILIENCE

There was a time when I stood at the edge of a daunting cliff, staring into an uncertain future. With no financial support, no safety net only my passion for psychology and a firm belief that I could make my own way. As the deadline approached, I was in a tough spot. I sold my most precious possessions just to get a little more money. Still, it wasn't enough. That night, I sat alone, tears in my eyes. People consoled me but even love and hope weren't enough to erase the harsh reality. The university admission fee was looming, and I was still thousands of rupees short. Each passing day felt like a countdown to failure.

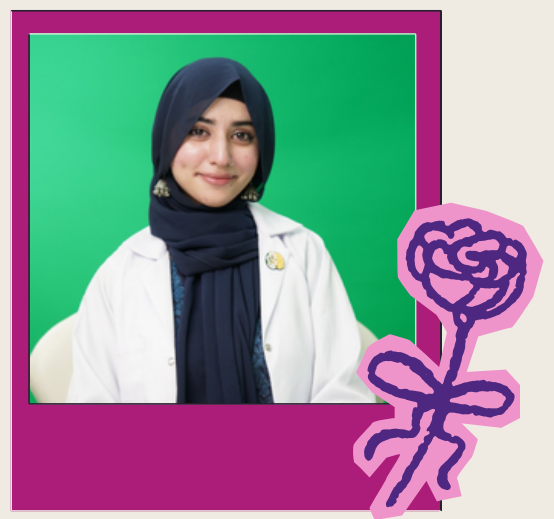
Somehow, I gathered courage and reached out to my friends and grandmother. Trembling, I begged them for their help. My grandmother's smile, despite her own struggles gave me hope. She helped me one last time. I promised to repay her someday. Today, I am proud to have finished my degree in psychology the field I'm passionate about. However, a deep sadness lingers because she is no longer here to witness this achievement. I wish I could share my success with her and thank her for her unwavering support.

My university years were a battlefield. I fought tirelessly, teaching in an American lycetuff school during ramadan's fasting hours, working night shifts at an IT company and juggling endless assignments, projects, and deadlines. Sleepless nights became my routine. I questioned everything my strength and my resolve. Moreover, I missed out on social life and simple joys. It was incredibly hard, but I kept going and never gave up. Deep inside I knew that where there's a will, there's a way.

Along the way, I received unexpected kindness from some teachers who saw my dedication and encouraged me when I wanted to give up. Their words kept me going even when the road got tough. I also found joy in small moments such as by joining campus societies like with the dramatics club performing on stage and volunteering for welfare initiatives which kept my spirit alive.

Completing my degree was more than just an academic achievement; it was a testament to my resilience, my fight against the odds. And then, the ultimate reward was getting a job right after graduation bringing my dreams to life. Being the first in my bloodline to pursue psychology fills me with a deep sense of pride. I'm not just living my dream; I'm creating a new path showing that mental health truly matters and proving that with determination anything is possible.

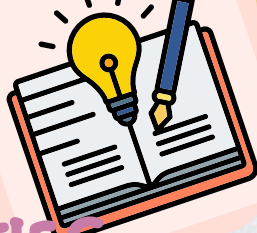
This story is not just about financial hardships or sleepless nights. It's about hope that refused to die. Tears that watered my perseverance. A heart that refused to give up. I paused, cried, and struggled. But I am stronger now. I am proof that no matter how tough life gets, perseverance and faith lead to victory.



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Mahnoor

GREAT OPPORTUNITIES SCHOLARSHIPS (2026–2027 INTAKE)



STUDY ABROAD! DISCOVER SOME AMAZING SCHOLARSHIPS BELOW

Türkiye Burslari Scholarship 2026–2027

- Country: Turkey
- Level: Bachelor's, Master's, PhD
- Funding: Fully funded
- Coverage:
 - Full tuition
 - Monthly stipend
 - Accommodation
 - Health insurance
 - Return flight ticket
 - 1-year Turkish language course
 - Fields: Social sciences, economics, psychology, humanities
- Application window: 10 January – 20 February 2026
- One of the most popular scholarships for Pakistani students.



MEXT Undergraduate Scholarship 2026

- Country: Japan
- Provider: Government of Japan
- Funding: Fully funded
- Coverage:
 - Tuition
 - Monthly stipend
 - Round-trip airfare
 - Preparatory Japanese language course
 - Fields: Social sciences, economics, international relations
- Usually applied via Japanese Embassy in Pakistan.

Chinese Government Scholarship (CSC) 2026

- Country: China
- Funding: Fully funded
- Coverage:
 - Tuition
 - Accommodation
 - Monthly stipend
 - Medical insurance
 - Fields: Economics, international relations, social sciences
- Application typically December–March each year.

Lester B. Pearson International Scholarship 2026

- Country: Canada
- University: University of Toronto
- Funding: Fully funded
- Coverage:
 - Full tuition
 - Books
 - Residence
 - Living expenses
 - Fields: All disciplines including psychology and economics
- Deadline: Usually November–January

Reach Oxford Scholarship 2026

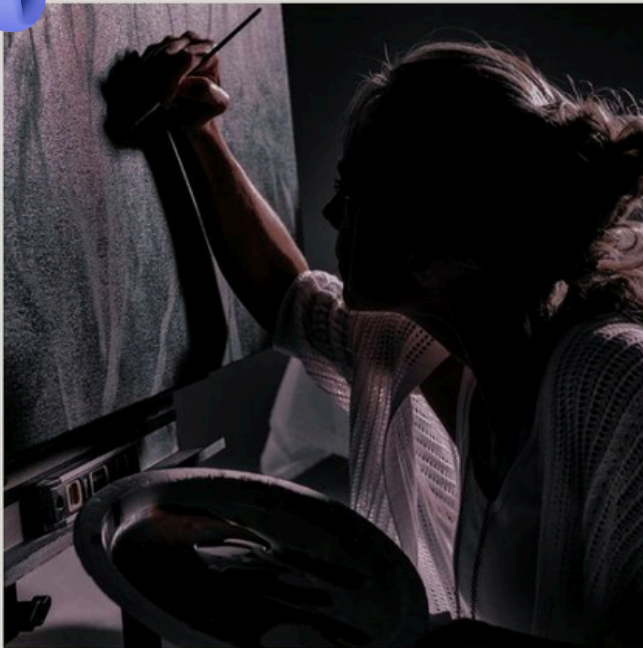
- Country: United Kingdom
- University: University of Oxford
- Funding: Fully funded
- Coverage:
 - Tuition
 - Living expenses
 - Airfare
 - Fields: Humanities, economics, politics, psychology.

Simmons University Kotzen Scholarship 2026

- Country: USA
- Funding: Fully funded
- Coverage:
 - Tuition
 - Room & board
 - Additional stipend
 - Fields: Liberal arts including psychology and English.



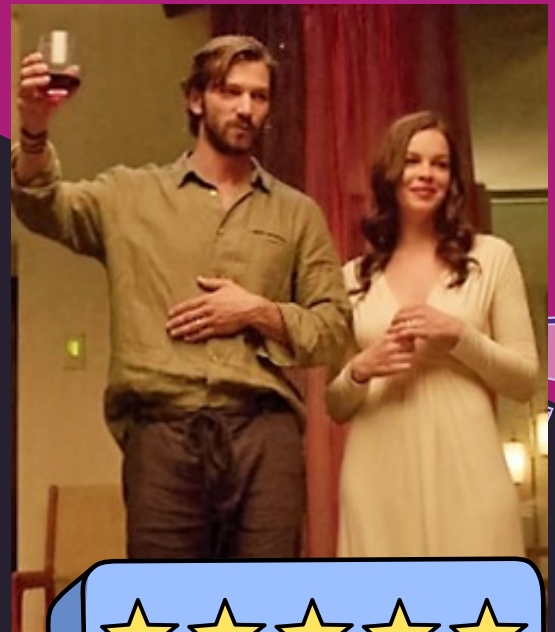
REVIEWS



THE SILENT PATIENT 2019

author ALEX MICHAELIDES
genre MYSTERY | FICTION

"WE OFTEN MISTAKE LOVE FOR FIREWORKS - FOR DRAMA AND DYSFUNCTION.
BUT REAL LOVE IS VERY QUIET, VERY STILL. IT'S BORING, IF SEEN FROM



PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW OF “YOU”: INSIDE THE MIND OF JOE GOLDBER



Last year I came across *You* on Netflix, I thought I was stepping into a modern love story with a dark twist but what I found instead was a haunting psychological portrait of obsession disguised as affection. *You* don't just tell a story about love gone wrong; it drags you into the mind of Joe Goldberg, played chillingly by Penn Badgley, a man whose idea of love is shaped by trauma, control, and delusion.

Joe isn't the typical villain. He's articulate, intelligent, and disturbingly relatable. He romanticizes his actions, convincing himself and sometimes us that everything he does is for love. But behind his charming narration lies a deeply disturbed psyche built on insecurity, abandonment, and a desperate need to be seen. The series becomes less about his victims and more about the terrifying logic of his mind how he justifies manipulation, stalking, and even murder as acts of devotion.

From a psychological standpoint, Joe's behaviour is rooted in obsessive love disorder and traits often linked to narcissistic and antisocial personality patterns. He craves control and idealizes love to an extreme degree, turning it into an obsession rather than an emotion. Each time Joe meets someone new, he constructs a fantasy version of them pure, perfect, worthy of saving while ignoring their humanity. And when that illusion shatters, he turns violent, rationalizing every crime as something “necessary” or even “protective.” Watching him think through his internal monologue feels like listening to the cognitive distortions of a man whose moral compass has been warped beyond recognition.

What fascinates me most is how *You* blurs the line between empathy and horror. The show forces viewers to spend hours inside Joe's head, hearing his thoughts, understanding his pain, and, uncomfortably, sometimes agreeing with his reasoning.



L1F22BSSY0194
Aisha Noor

That's the brilliance and danger of the narrative. Joe doesn't see himself as a monster; he sees himself as the victim of circumstance, misunderstood and unloved. And that delusion is what makes him so psychologically terrifying. He embodies the idea that evil doesn't always look violent; sometimes it's quiet, reflective, and well-intentioned.

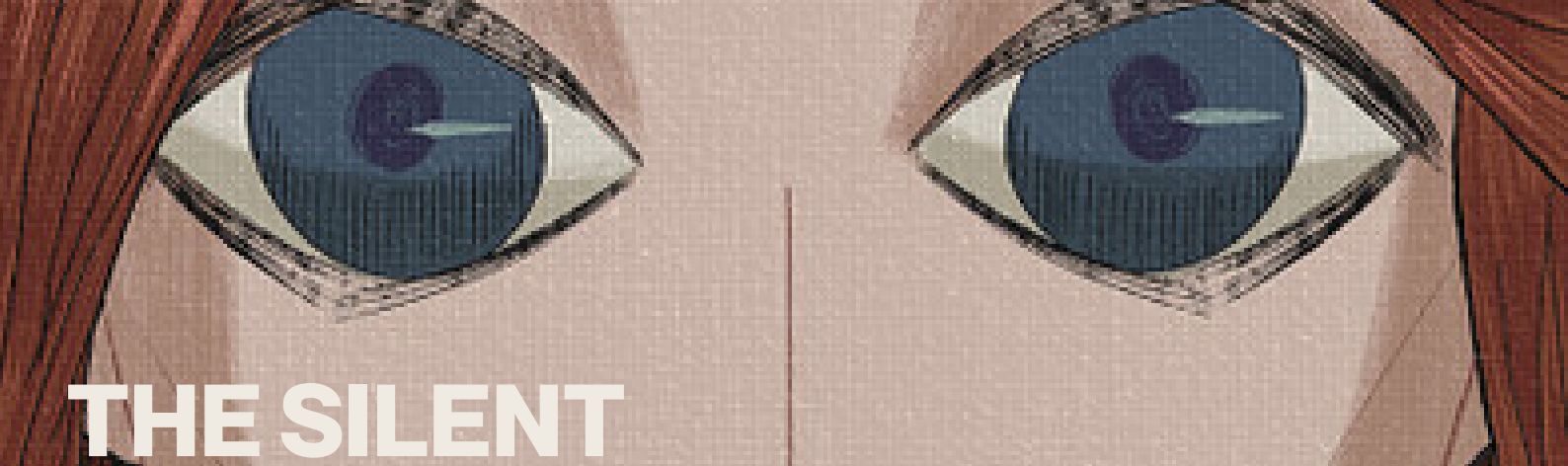
Joe's backstory sheds light on the roots of his disturbance. His childhood trauma growing up with neglect, violence, and a lack of secure attachment left him emotionally fractured. In psychological terms, Joe exhibits symptoms consistent with attachment insecurity and trauma bonding, where early experiences of pain become intertwined with affection.



To him, love is not safe; it's something he must possess and control to avoid being abandoned again. His need for power becomes a substitute for emotional safety. Yet what's most disturbing is how self-aware Joe is. He recognizes his impulses and even condemns them yet can't stop himself. This inner conflict reflects a mind at war with itself: part self-loathing, part self-righteous. He narrates his life as if he's both the author and the hero, but he's neither. His obsessive tendencies and delusional reasoning make him dangerous not because he's unaware, but because he genuinely believes he's right.

Throughout the series, I found myself oscillating between fascination and discomfort. Joe isn't just a murderer; he's a mirror reflecting the darker aspects of human psychology our need for validation, our fear of rejection, and our tendency to justify what we desire. He's what happens when love loses empathy and becomes possession. Penn Badgley's portrayal is what makes this all so unsettling and believable. His calm voice, careful movements, and subtle expressions capture the contradictions of the character intelligent yet impulsive, gentle yet predatory, moral yet monstrous. He doesn't play Joe as a caricature of evil, but as a painfully human man who believes he's saving people when he's destroying them. Watching *You* feels like peering into the mind of someone who desperately wants to be good but is consumed by his own darkness. It's haunting, uncomfortable, and brilliantly insightful a modern exploration of how the line between love and obsession can vanish when the mind convinces itself that control is care.





THE SILENT PATIENT.

Recently, I completed reading “The Silent Patient”, a bestselling psychological thriller written by Alex Michaelides, which was recommended to me by my teacher, Ms. Maryam Shaukat. As a psychology student, I found it fascinating because it explores trauma, repression, and the unconscious mind — themes central to Freudian theory.

The story follows Alicia Berenson, a gifted painter who seems to have a perfect life with her husband, Gabriel. One night, she shoots him five times in the face and then never speaks again. She is admitted to a psychiatric hospital called The Grove, where she remains completely silent. Her final painting, “Alcestis,” inspired by Greek mythology, reflects a woman’s silent sacrifice and deep emotional death. Theo Faber, a psychotherapist, becomes obsessed with discovering the reason for her silence, believing he can save her.

From a psychological lens, Alicia’s silence is born from pain that words could never hold. Her childhood was scarred by emotional neglect and rejection, leaving deep wounds in her unconscious mind. According to Freud’s psychoanalytic theory, these repressed memories

shaped her adult emotions and choices. When her husband’s betrayal mirrored her father’s abandonment, the buried pain surfaced violently, leading her to kill him in an act of repeated compulsion. Her act of killing him was not pure anger but an unconscious repetition of her trauma — a desperate attempt to regain control. Her silence afterward became a defense mechanism, a way to protect her fragile ego from collapsing under the weight of guilt and grief.

In therapy, Theo listens to Alicia’s silence, mistaking it for a mystery he must solve. Each session draws him closer. His greatest mistake is believing he can heal her without first confronting his own brokenness. Through her art and silence,



dua amir butt
LIF22BSSY0081

Alicia mirrors the truth he has long repressed. When her diary is revealed, the illusion collapses — Theo was the man whose betrayal destroyed her peace. On the night of the murder, Theo breaks into Alicia’s home, masked and armed, forcing her to witness her husband’s betrayal before disappearing. His intrusion awakens her buried trauma, driving her into a state of shock that ends in tragedy. The healer becomes the cause of the wound, trapped in the web of his own denial. Theo is arrested, realizing too late that in trying to cure her, he was only confronting his own hidden darkness. The novel ends with a powerful truth — silence can expose what words are too weak to confess

IN EACH AND EVERY DROP AN OCEAN BY WASIF ALI WASIF



LIF22BSSY0157

Jamal Khalid

Wasif Ali Wasif's "In Each and Every Drop an Ocean" is not just a book, it's a journey into the depths of the human soul. Known for his spiritual wisdom and poetic prose, Wasif takes readers on an inward exploration that challenges the mind and soothes the heart. This

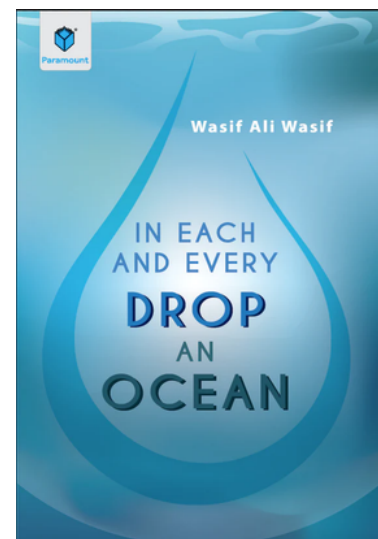
collection of reflections and aphorisms transcends the boundaries of time and culture, speaking to anyone who has ever questioned life, faith, and purpose.

Each chapter, whether it's Life, Repentance, Nearness to Allah, or Silence, unfolds like a drop of water containing the reflection of an entire ocean. Wasif's words flow with simplicity yet carry profound depth. He invites the reader to look beyond appearances and rediscover the divine connection hidden in everyday

existence. His tone is never preachy; rather, it feels like a conversation with a wise companion who understands the struggles of the modern heart.

What makes this book remarkable is its timeless relevance. Even decades after it was written, its thoughts on anxiety, leadership, and human helplessness remain strikingly fresh. Wasif's writing reminds us that spirituality is not about escape but about awakening, finding peace in the chaos and meaning in the mundane.

"Each and Every Drop an Ocean" is a book that should not just be read, but absorbed slowly, like a prayer. It leaves the reader calmer, wiser, and more connected to the essence of life itself.



WHEN SILENCE SPEAKS: EXPLORING THE MIND IN THE SILENT PATIENT

Michaelides is a British Cypriot screenwriter and author with a psychological background. He studied English literature at Cambridge and later trained in psychotherapy, giving him an unusual perspective on human behaviour. His debut novel, *The Silent Patient* (2019), combines suspenseful storytelling with psychological realism and has received critical acclaim for its subtle examination of trauma, repression, and mental difficulties.

The Silent Patient is more than just a thriller; it's an investigation into the human psyche under the weight of shame, pain, and unspoken secrets. Michaelides investigates the complex interactions between patient and therapist, as well as psychological phenomena including repression and projection. Its emphasis on clinical topics makes it particularly appealing to psychology students and professionals. As one notable statement states, "Alicia's silence speaks louder than words, revealing trauma that words cannot contain. The plot revolves around Alicia Berenson, a renowned painter whose seemingly ideal existence with her husband Gabriel is shattered when she is discovered near his murdered body, having shot him numerous times, and goes into complete quiet. Her silence simultaneously mystifies and captivates the media.



Syed Maham Zahra
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Years later, psychologist Theo Faber enters The Grove, the mental facility where Alicia is housed, trying to help her communicate again. As he reads her diaries and conducts therapy sessions,

Theo's own psychological vulnerabilities emerge, culminating in a revelation that reshapes the entire story.

Alicia's silence is both a defence strategy and a type of nonverbal communication, indicating repression and withdrawal from severe experience. Theo's fixation exemplifies countertransference, demonstrating how therapists sometimes project unresolved tensions onto their patients. Mythological allusions, particularly to *Alcestis*, strengthen the narrative by showing Alicia's quiet as a type of sacrifice and secret expression. "Theo's obsession demonstrates the fragile boundary between therapist and patient," emphasising the moral and psychological conflict that drives the story.

Michaelides' use of brief chapters, changing perspectives, and diary entries sustains suspense while reflecting the splintered character of trauma. Secondary characters are kept to a minimum, focussing on Alicia and Theo, while Theo's first-person narration creates an unreliable lens through which the story's twist is both shocking and satisfying. Finally, *The Silent Patient* demonstrates how trauma and suppression influence behaviour. Alicia's silence communicates what words cannot, while Theo's countertransference exposes the flaws in therapeutic relationships.

In *The Silent Patient*, silence is not an absence; it is a mental language that reveals realities we are afraid to express aloud.



PIR-E-KAMIL

Who is the perfect mentor? Does a perfect mentor exist? Pir-e-Kamil explores the depth and dimensions of this quest. The journey of two individuals, poles apart in every manner; religion, values, and lifestyle. We meet Imama Hashim, a young girl transitioning into a woman, struck by relentless challenges in the form of oppression, lack of free will, and existentialism. Imama, born and bred into a faith that she begins to question, is brought to the very doorstep of doom. Yet she proves to be a pillar of unwavering strength, a pillar built upon the personal integrity of finding the truth and embodying it. Then comes Salar Sikandar, or Chu-Chu, the heartthrob of the city itself. A rich brat with 150+ IQ, an articulation of unmatched level, blessed with unrivalled looks and one question looming endlessly in his mind 'What's next to ecstasy?'. This sole curiosity compelled him to travel around the world and explore ecstasy ranging from drugs, suicide attempts, adventures to the red-light area until he was face to face with death, reflecting one last time on Imama's answer, 'pain.'

What I particularly love about this novel is the individuality of both Imama and Salar, their journey towards their perfect mentor, and finally how fate inexplicably binds them together. It is not a romantic novel as it is commonly misunderstood. Pir-e-Kamil lays out a tale of recklessness, sins, struggles, sufferings, religious conflicts, desires, rejection, resilience and most importantly, redemption. Irrespective of who you are, where you come from and what you have done, the doors of redemption are always open. Repentance is what purifies your heart and nourishes your soul.

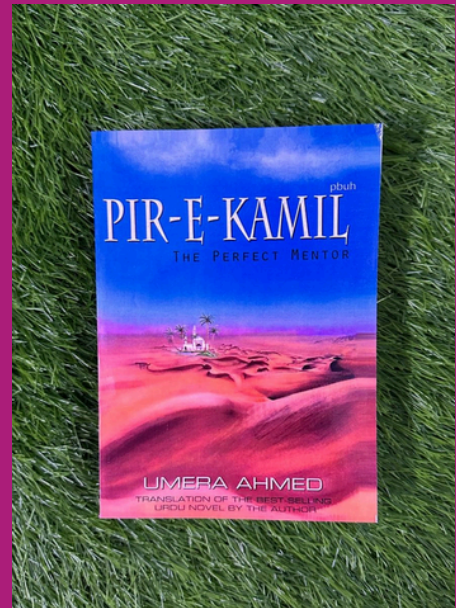
This novel helped me reflect on a personal level on my spiritual standing and catered to an awakening deep inside. Pir-e-Kamil captures life through a relatable yet distinct lens, mirroring the internal dilemmas we all come across at some point in our lives. Life has much to offer and there comes a time when someone in your life creates an itch within you to pursue that spiritual ponder and you must listen to them. The rest of your life will unravel when you begin to wander in your wonder.

Read to find out how Imama runs away, trapped in an unwanted marriage in an endeavour to live life with her religious freedom while Salar, spending life in inner mayhem and daze, finds a path to restoration.

I read it in English and yet a 10/10 recommendation.



SIMIL ZAHRA KHAN
L1F25MSSY0036



PSYCHOLOGICAL REFLECTION ON SPLIT (2016)

When I first watched M. Night Shyamalan's *Split* (2016), I didn't just see a thriller — I witnessed a haunting journey into the depths of the human mind. The story follows Kevin Wendell Crumb, portrayed brilliantly by James McAvoy, a man living with Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID). For me, Kevin's struggle wasn't just about madness; it was about survival. His fractured identities felt like desperate attempts to shield himself from the unbearable trauma and emotional pain that had consumed him since childhood. Each personality seemed to carry a piece of that suffering a fragment of who he once was and what he needed to endure

McAvoy's performance completely mesmerized me. Watching him shift between 23 distinct personalities from the innocent Hedwig to the manipulative Patricia, the rigid Dennis, and the gentle Barry was both disturbing and fascinating. Every change in tone, posture, and expression felt like meeting a completely different person. What struck me most was how authentic each of these identities felt. They weren't exaggerated; they were raw survival mechanisms, shaped by pain and designed to protect Kevin in a world that had failed him. McAvoy didn't just act; he embodied the psychological chaos of a mind splintered by trauma.

Then came The Beast, the 24th and most terrifying personality. The moment he appeared, it felt as though every suppressed emotion anger, grief, and the desperate need for control had merged into one unstoppable force. What fascinated me was how The Beast seemed to go beyond the psychological, almost altering Kevin's physical state. His body grew stronger, faster, more resilient, as though his belief in this persona made it real. It was a chilling example of how powerful the mind's influence over the body can be a psychosomatic transformation driven by sheer conviction and repressed fury. Yet, beneath the terror, I saw tragedy. The Beast wasn't born of evil; he was born of pain the ultimate embodiment of survival turned into destruction



Ali Imran
(LIF22BSSY02II)

Split left me thinking long after the credits rolled. It's more than a story about mental illness; it's a reflection on how far the mind can go to protect itself, and how that protection can become a prison. The film doesn't explain everything it lets you feel the confusion, the fear, and the empathy that come with witnessing a mind at war with itself.

For me, *Split* stands as a brilliant psychological exploration of trauma and identity. It's unsettling, emotional, and thought-provoking a film that reminds us the human mind, in its effort to survive, can sometimes create the very monsters it fears.

ONE OF US IS LYING

Who doesn't love a good murder mystery? For me, they're everything. The thrill, the deception, the chase, the clues, the climax, all of it is irresistibly enticing.

This story does include an alleged cliché of high school drama: the nerd, the jock, the previously convicted, and the picture-perfect diva. None of them gets along with the others, yet all end up in detention together with a common foe. Convenient, isn't it? Four complete opposites who, despite their differences, share a mutual dislike for one particular student. And that student, Simon, dies during detention. Four against one...it certainly doesn't look good for them.

I relished their character development as the story unravelled bit by bit. It's a true page-turner. Read to discover whether they really killed their peer. Is one of them lying, or are they all? Did they plot Simon's murder, or is there more to it? With the police and the press hot on their heels, they have everything to lose!

AS LONG AS THE LEMON TREES GROW

**Words failed me when the epiphany hit me full force.
What I was reading wasn't just words or a made-up
story; it was reality.**

The "civil war" disguised as genocide that was administered in Syria is exactly what has been happening in Gaza now.

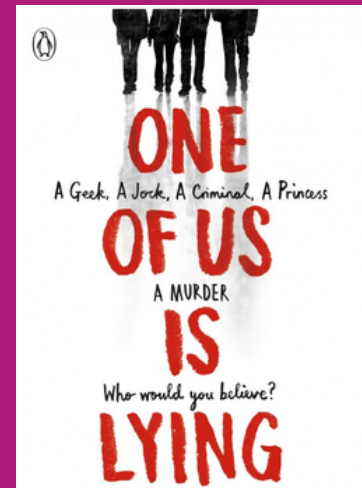
The narrative begins with Salama, only an 18-year-old girl, who was previously a pharmacy student but now due to the war crimes, she is being forced to work as a surgeon and a medic. There are no doctors left. They were specifically targeted so that they wouldn't help the wounded. She lost her family not long ago and Salama is frequently being visited by Khawf. Is he a friend or foe? Read to find out!

This book has so much insight to offer in the context of genocide and how it ruins everything. Children, women, men all suffer, lost homes, lost family members, lost limbs, lost love, lost livelihoods...

Salama is now left with only Laila, her childhood best friend who is also her sister in law and 6 months pregnant. Torn between her hallucinations, grief, an endless duty to her motherland, moral code and a flickering chance of fleeing Syria with the only family she has left, Salama unexpectedly finds love. Will she be consumed amidst the terror, or would she seek refuge?

I bawled until my eyes were swollen.

My only regret? Not reading it sooner.



SIMIL ZAHRA KHAN
LIF25MSSY0036

FEEDBACK " THE INVITATION (2015) "

As a psychology student, *The Invitation* really hit me on a deeper level. It's not just another suspenseful thriller it's a haunting look into how grief, guilt, and the need to belong can twist human behavior. What amazed me most was how something as ordinary as a dinner party slowly turns into a psychological battlefield a quiet, unsettling experiment in trust, denial, and social pressure.

Will, the main character, isn't just paranoid he's broken. You can feel his pain, his confusion, and the way trauma has rewired his sense of safety. His hypervigilance and emotional distance aren't random reactions; they're what happens when someone is living with deep loss and survivor's guilt. Watching him second-guess his own instincts felt like witnessing the blurred line between reality and trauma a state that mirrors PTSD and prolonged grief so accurately it's almost uncomfortable.

What really stood out was how everyone at that dinner hides behind politeness. The forced smiles, the awkward laughter, the refusal to confront what feels wrong it's such a realistic portrayal of how people perform "normal" to avoid tension. Psychologically, it's a brilliant example of cognitive dissonance: that inner conflict between what we feel and what we pretend to believe to keep the peace.

The cult aspect adds another fascinating layer. It shows how people in pain can be easily drawn to groups that promise healing or purpose something we often see in real-world cases of manipulation and emotional vulnerability.

In the end, *The Invitation* doesn't scare you with monsters or ghosts. It scares you by holding up a mirror to the human mind to how fragile, fearful, and desperate for connection we can be. And that's what makes it truly unforgettable.

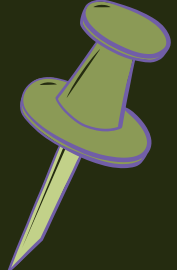
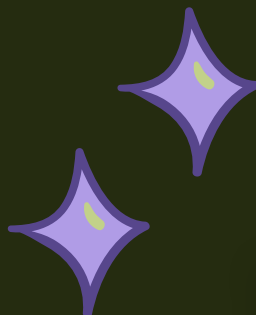


MALAIKA NADEEM
LIF22BSSYO177



POETRY AND SHORT STORIES





IN BOTTLES, EMOTIONS LIE



Haika Khan

ℓ1s23bsen0027

There's a city beyond the seas
where people bottle their emotions,
selling joy for a price,
anger for a fortune,
empathy by the drop,
and fear in secret vials.
But I only have sadness—
a sorrow no lord will buy,
nor commoner spare a glance.
They laugh at me, saying,
“Who would pay for tears?
Who would buy sadness
when no one wants to drown in sorrow?”

Yet this is all I possess—
the only emotion I could capture,
the only one left in me.
Are these tears not worth
a dime or even a penny?
Are they so unwanted
there isn't a single buyer?
Each day, I return home
with bottles upon bottles of grief,
for no one wants what I offer—
all they seek are smiles and laughter

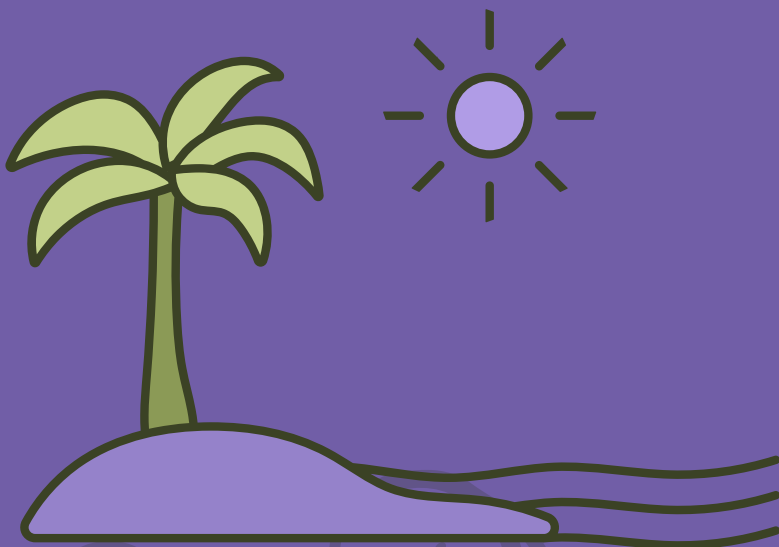


REDEMPTION WHISPERS

I stand in the barren fields of
solitude,
Where the cold breeze touches my
olive skin, reminding me I'm alive
and young.

It is only I who remains now,
With no companion by my side.
There is no foe left—only me.
I am the beast lurking in the
shadows,
The core rotting the apple.
No opposition is greater than myself,
For I am my own nemesis.

I yearn to leave my past self behind
—
A redemption so great Satan would
envy.
Lord of all heavens,
Help me reach my final form.
I no longer wish to remain defiled.



Haika khan

l1s23bsen0027



DESIRE

She is the daffodil that catches your eye every day you walk past, but when you have her, she's that rose across the road.

You see her in the quiet glow around you but you look again and she's the shine behind another door.

She flickers beyond the dark trees so you're curious for a glimpse. No. You've never wanted anything more than that. Just a glimpse of her. So you don't look back, leave it all behind, throw it all away, and take a step towards her light.

It's not enough.

You start walking.

It's not enough.

You want more. You need more.

You chase after the light, dodging the trees, stumbling over roots, grazing your knees, but you don't look down because that light is all you've wanted and you've wanted nothing more and you'll want nothing more and it's getting brighter and closer and you can't stop now for she's just behind that tree and you gasp and you run and you...

You see her.

She's everything. Then she's more. All that you dreamt of, all that you'd imagined. So you stand there, fulfilled.

It's not enough.

Her eyes rise to you, slow and weary. She's tired. Of you. Of all before you. But you don't care and you reach for her now because a glimpse was no longer enough.

You reach for Desire as she stands there, watching. Like she stood there, watching, always knowing that it will still...not be enough.



l1f25bsen0024

Reyab fatima



LIFE'S UNPREDICTABLE PATH

The sun rises, but clouds can appear,
Dreams shatter without warning nearby.
A road so steady can twist and bend,
What once began may find no end.
A heart that beats with love so pure,
Can break in silence, with no cure.
A laugh today, a tear tomorrow,
Life dances between joy and sorrow.
The hands we hold, the faces we trust,
Turn into memories, fade into dust.
Promises whispered, now echoes in air,
leaving behind a hollow despair.
Time moves forward, uncaring, unkind,
Erasing traces we struggle to find.
The moments we treasure, fragile and brief,
scatter like leaves in autumn's grief.
Yet amidst the pain, a truth we see,
Life's chaos shapes who we must be.
Though wounds may linger, scars remain,
Hope whispers softly, "Rise again."



l1s22bsenn0022

Saliha

“YOU’LL FIND GOD WITHIN YOU.”: A PIECE OF POETIC PROSE.

Sleep makes her home in the deep dark forest, where the little birds do sometimes play. In the evening, as a child, I used to look out my bedroom window and wish for the stars to burn. The people lining the street looked like they were on fire, bathed in the orange of the dimming sun.

So when the brook bubbles through the leaves; I pause and carefully listen to water breathe. In my garden, in this season, an abundance of marigolds grows. Orange, yellow, red; they face the sun with indomitable happiness. They’re so joyful, the flowers and the greenery; what do they know of the troubles of the world? They grow, then fall; the ones who fell grow again. Thus, death becomes necessary for rebirth, and our sacrifices unfurl into soil.

There’s a single thread of life that runs through all the creatures of the world, past and present; it connects me, you, and the ancient beings as well. This strand weaved between our ribs by God himself, a decision of His greater wisdom, so, his creations learn to love each other the same way He already loves them.

Yes, He is in the needles, and the pines; He habits the sky, the sea. But in your heart is where He is closest; he did put a piece of Himself in every human He moulded. Why look far, when he is right there, right here? Why say that you’re alone?

In the evening,

as a child; I used to look out my bedroom window and wish for the stars to burn. Now, somewhat older and somewhat smarter; I understand they’ve been burning all along. Burning for penance, eternally, in the limitless confines of the deep dark galaxy. Hence, I shut my window, and sleep makes her home in the ache within me. Sleep douses the fire that engulfs continuously. Sleep has her home within the deep, dark parts of me.



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Abeer Bilal



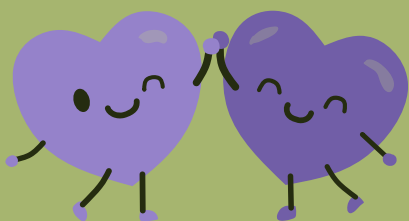


ECHOES OF LOVE

A motion births a love that never fades away,
A force that lingers like a warm, sweet scent in air,
Through grief and pain, it echo softens night to day,
Scars and histories weave a tale beyond despair.
Selfless, it transcends, in silence heard or seen,
A union forms where light and shadow softly play,
Strength and weakness merge in love's unbroken scene,
A question whispers - who claims this tender sway?
From absent echoes, legacies in memory grow,
Forgiveness mends, rebuilding where the heart once tore,
Through generations, love's restraint continues slow,
A gentle power echoing from shore to shore,
In every soul, it's rhythm finds a home to stay,
In endless echo guiding night into day.



Esha Nasir



A BOWL OF WATER SHORT STORY

It was mid-day, and the wind was dry and sharp enough to melt a buttery skin. The sun shone on his head, and the dry season dried every single green life. As usual, the prince was on a hunting trip in the mountains of Chiltan, accompanied by his loyal cavalry and his ride, Chanjal. The prince, blessed with fortune, had taken some hunts of savage rabbits, but soon realized he was apart from his fellows, his water jar was at low and need to be filled. After covering a long distance, the prince reached a nomadic village that seemed to be winding up for new migration. He approached a tent at corner to look for some water to quench their thirst, which might dry their glottal. As following strict traditional instructions, he stood some distance away from the tent and asked gently for water. A very kind and polite answer he received, a girl who had dressed like a groom, her eyes were kajol, her hair was dark brown but oiled, her modesty reflected on her face. In her hands was a bowl of water. She approached the prince. She greeted the prince: "bakhirat" (welcome). The prince replied: "tulbo khirat" (arrived safely). She delivered the bowl of water to him without inquiring until he breaks his thirst. He vanished all the water in just sips with great pleasure. She asked for a refill, but he refused. She asked for his name and destination, as well as the whereabouts of his fellow travelers. The prince named himself Nawroz and revealed his status to her, showing a desire to know her name. She told him her name is Moomal, and they begin to converse. Nowroz: It seems like people around you are winding up for travel somewhere? ? How will I repay this valuable debt? Moomal: You don't have to return anything. It was my moral responsibility to serve you. And what a bowl of water will cast at least? Nawroz: Near to me and my culture, a bowl of water values hundreds of years of loyalty! Moomal: Certainly, it would be like what you said, unfortunately, it's not possible in this life. Although, sessional birds are about to fly. Nawroz: Will the birds return when the cruel session turns green? Is the way seekers keep their eyes on the path with hope? Will they? Moomal: Hope brings peace to the soul! Nawroz: Farewell for recompanionship. Nawroz left for his castle, uncertain of some things he would leave behind.



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Nawab Umar

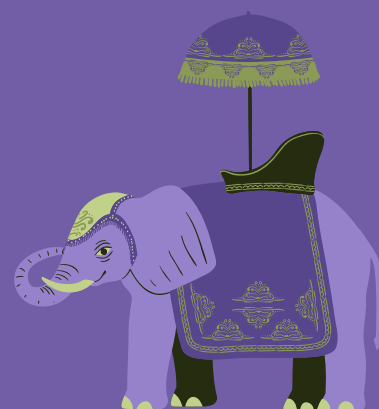
He had an uncontrollable positive facial expression and was mentally still present with her. During the long ride, he begins speaking with his ride about how he had been torn and trapped for hundreds of years. He described how the sharp, cold wind couldn't penetrate his skin, but she entered his chest without causing any pain. Han! Nowroz, as soon as he arrived at the castle, his beloveds were looking for him like the new moon. However, Nowroz felt contradictory towards them because he had lost a valuable treasure. The winter days turned into long nights, and the feelings became stronger but also weaker.

After a long, suffocating period, Nowroz finally broke the silence and revealed his deepest and most unbearable feelings during a family assembly. His father the king arrogantly asked him to look his status. King: Nowroz, session is about to change what stacks you to be puzzle? Nowroz: there is a commitment for a century with no conditions, the unprofessional trade that I am made makes me torn in two deferent ways, a love that has no rules other hand the cultural code of conduct which strongly restrict me. The remedy of my action is mere being with her. Father: Oh, look at the man who wants to turn my royal blood into ordinary. If there were possible ransom probably, we fetch out you, but no doubt there is nothing match. Statesmen Interrupted said, "My lord, devour her with your force. We always obeyed you." King to the Statesmen: Oh, foolish my followers are! Unfollowing the Rites, Dignity, and social respect. One Silken-soul (woman) cost your lifetime service, and mine too. you fool! Nowroz: Time is the best devourer of every pain. I'm leaving for my path, searching for freedom and remedy! And then Nowroz left the castle with his ride, Chanjal, paying for the valuable respect he had received from the nomadic girl. After a long journey, he stepped forward for good fortune and reached Chiltan's green area. Nature had been very kind, and the greenery splendidly covered both belts of freshwater. Ponds pounded the seasonal birds about to land there. Now he decided to take some rest and find a place for habitation, apparently hoping for the caravan.

In short while, he saw nomadic people in large numbers reaching forward to the pond's belt and covering the entire area with temporary houses. He was glad to see them, but he also had challenges to search for who's indebtedness he was. He looked for different tents and found one settled some distance away. He assumed it was her's and started moving towards it. As he initially did from some distance, he called for her, and she answered with some rhyme. However, he had high hopes that both would see each other. She came out at first sight both gone unconscious for short while the moment for them looked uncertain she offered him water for rushing he refused and asked for his father to meet. Suddenly her father arrived invite him inside the tent after long conversation he express his gratitude and asked for

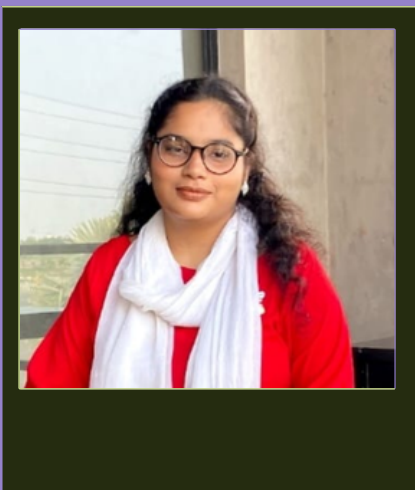
Moomal's hand in marry. Her father agreed but a condition added to complete his request that "Nowroz have agree his father on stamp paper for this occasion". Undoubtedly, Undoubtedly, he agreed on his condition and both were happy for their bond, initial of ceremony had been started as per in their tradition bride have been isolated in gathering of her age girls in canopy room more than two days of final ceremony. Then Nowroz, leaves for his father to make agreement completed. Once again, a parted but satisfied steam. On the other hand, ceremony gets further intensity people around them has been informed. Moomal, her influence also made the wedding more attractive. Her colleague's made efforts to decorate her canopy. She has been adorned with wedding accessories. Her hands were folded with traditional henna, a reddishbrown color. Her eyes being filled with kajal. Her accessories were special and extraordinary.

However, her red Kalati dress (Brahui chakan) was truly remarkable. Each part of the dress was hand-crafted with multiple colors and intricate detailing which was gifted by her colleagues for her. Chorus being narrated by her name whole gathering cheers up on memorial night of her life. On the other hand, Nowroz arrived at forefather's palace. In the beginning of second day, Sun's golden rays were blocked by a mighty and aggressive black cloud, shouted and challenged each stranding opponent, the flash of lightning rushed with no direction, and the clap of thunder vibrated walls of the castle. Merely in a reflection every part of visibility turned in black out, a thick and heavy rain drops started pouring down. After massive ruins weather gone cool down, for short while stopped Nowroz's journey but no impacted on Nowroz's ambitions moving forward Chiltan. Nowroz and his two companions left castle with paper documents avoiding each breaker. Ultimately after Long and nonstop ride they reach a top of the hill where the clan of nomadic tents were seems clearly. The calamity that challenged Nowroz's ambition a while before now it's confronting Moomal's faith. Chaltan's upper stream, was covered with dark clouds, where surface runoff accumulates, flows in mighty river, where Moomal's canopy was in-between. Nowroz predicted the circumstance unfortunately his approach was ineffective. Meanwhile a massive flood flash suddenly in-sighted. Everyone acknowledged the situation and rushed toward shore, but Moomal remained trapped. Her companions urged her to leave, but she refused to abandon her canopy without Nowroz. At the end the cruel flash flood swiped away Moomal with her dignity, faith, and modesty. Nowroz remained trapped and torn for lifetime. "Moomal e dheers dhary ny, Moomal na thaokal khuda gha." Nawab Umar Baloch. 31st October,2025.



A MOMENT IN TIME

The rain was there
And so was I, but not really
Sitting in the window
Water pouring from the sky
The road beneath was made into a mirror
A mirror which reflected the secrets
Reminiscent about the days i didn't live
Feeling nostalgic for the people I didn't get
The darkness was surely a welcome sight
It kept me hidden, it kept me sane
The sanity this world thought so keenly of
It kept me going, moments like these
Without them, nothing
The moments in darkness are n
To make people go on in the light
Thunder striked again straight into my soul
The soul which lived on and didn't die
not even when we wanted it to



21725MEN0019
Aiman Ahmed





BOWHEAD'S REVENGE



Slowly parting the surface of the water with the edge of the kayak underwater, lightly paddling on the sides to keep the balance. There were a few of us and a few of them. They were logging close to the surface of the ocean which made them very approachable. We needed only one of them and so we had to be careful to make sure that we were not attacked by the companions while we hunted one of theirs. I swam down the icy surface of the ocean with my father. A harpoon was within my hands. He told me before we dived, "Make a swift and deep hit under its flipper, that is where the heart lies". This was not our first time, because this is our tradition and it is for our survival. My lungs filled with air; we slowly descended into the ocean near the bowhead. Everyone was prepared and in their positions. They all waited for me to make the move. But I had to be careful. After all, they breathe knowingly. What if they knew we were there? What if they could see us? What if... I question too much? Am I too cautious? Too aware? Of whom? Their existence or mine? was losing breath. I lifted the harpoon above my head diagonally; it required so much more muscle power underwater than it does above the land. It almost felt like the water was stopping me or draining the power out of me. But I couldn't stop there, I had to do it! For the sake of my people and our tradition!

Should I?

A swift strike under the flipper, deep inside the body and into the heart, unaware of its fate.

Blood dancing in the ocean water, into the dark cold oceanic water, it all appeared as black as a doom dive into the depth of the ocean where there is nothing but a deep sense of loneliness and emptiness. As I pulled away slowly a screeching loud sound came from it, a cry for help? A cry of pain? No, it was as though it wanted its companions to move away and out of danger and so they replied back to it. The ocean became a mess of loud eerie noises. They sounded like a horror approaching us. The companions of this giant creature moved away to save themselves creating heavy waves around us, panic ran down us to keep ourselves balanced and in positions.



asma kaleem khan

A moment.

A moment of silence came upon me. Was it because of the helplessness of the creatures? What really is tradition? The blood gushing out continuously, people tying it up and preparing to pull it towards the shore. Is this okay? Is it okay?

Did I do the right thing?

The water seemed to turn colder and my lungs began to give out. My father signalled me to come out of the ocean. 'But we survive on it!', I told myself as if to reason with myself. I swam up and out of the water to look at our catch.

"YAYYY!" A celebration among us, "you were very skillful back there", my father told me while ruffling my wet hair. "Good job!" someone called out while purling on the ropes.

This was not our first time hunting, because this is our tradition and this is how we survive! I thought about it again and again.

Was I happy with our catch today? Am I proud of myself?

Their cry for help, it sounded so humane, but I am a human. I have heard it enough times. Am I human? Am I humane?

We celebrated our hunt as we went back towards the land. Everyone is happy but something seems off, something feels uncanny to me. The ocean feels restless.

It is a common occurrence for the waves to be rogue but these waves... did not feel familiar. The waves rose high, but they always did so nobody paid much attention. We were close to the land and waves rose higher! Was it a concern? Not really, we were almost home.

The ocean was definitely full of unrest but it was not our concern at the moment... Just as I thought that...

A swift and large wave as high as the creature's size itself rose above our heads. A look of horror dawned upon everyone's faces. A moment of silence, as deep as the ocean itself. I didn't know, "LOOKOUT!!" could be somebody's last words to say and could be somebody's last words to hear.

The mean blue had carried me so far away from them all, nothing I did to save myself was enough or effective at that moment. One by one waves crashed upon me, washing me in and out of itself. The stubborn water drained the same life out of me that I drained out of its one resident. I was swept so far away from everyone else, the water got into my eyes, my nose, my mouth, my ears and my lungs. And the last thing that came out of me?

It was not a scream for help. It was water itself. The water which is full of vulnerability. The water out of my eyes. The water that came out of me before I gave my soul to the deep dark ocean.

Did I see it coming?

Yes.

I did.

SIX POEMS

DRY RAIN

It pours from the sky,
A paradox of wet and dry.
It dances on the ground,
Yet it makes no sound.
It's a strange and curious thing,
This dry rain and that it brings.
It wets the earth and all in sight,
But it's not wet, it's not quite.
It's a ghostly apparition,
A mirage of water in the air.
It's a puzzle to contemplate,
This dry rain that we find at fate.
It's a mystery, a conundrum,
A strange and curious
phenomenon.
But perhaps it's not so strange at
all,
In the end, it's just a raindrop's
fall.



Zain Raweem

21F25PHD10004

THE PRY OF DARKNESS

In the shadows of the night,
When the moon casts its pale
light,
A figure lurks, a silhouette,
Of a soul in a world of jet.
The graveyard's gates creak open
wide,
As a figure takes a ghostly stride,
Towards the graves of the dead,
Where secrets and memories are
wed.
The figure raises its head,
And looks towards the sky,
Where the stars shine bright,
And the moon is nigh.
The figure whispers a prayer,
To the god, in the dark,
In this world of despair,
Where shadow is the only spark,
The figure turns and walks away,
Into the night, to stay,
Forever in the darkness,
Of this gothic story's starkness.



SIX POEMS

DON'T GO THAT WAY

Oh! Poor soul of mine,
From your path, you will stray,
With the devil, you
Do not go that way.
Prisons are filled with P.O.W,
Their hearts filled with rays,
"We won't do it again," they VOW,
Yet they still sway.
Oh! Remiel, help us, thou,
Save us from our sins, they plead,
With tears in their eyes, they shout,
With nothing in their souls, but greed.
Innocent and young you might be,
Wonders of the world you might see;
Still from your path, you will stray,
Oh! Poor soul,
Don't Go That Way.



Zain Raweem
11725PHD10004

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

They say pen is mightier than the sword
But when the time comes;
To put down the pen
And sharpen the blade
Then what would you do?
When undead are living,
And living are few,
When the sky turns Red,
And the land turns blue
Then what would you do?
When Rulers are gone,
And Kingdoms decay,
When mountains of gold;
Are turned to clay
Then what would you do?
When rivers run dry,
And lakes turn pale
When those who slept,
Come back to play
Then what would you do?
When death comes for you,
Then what would you do,
Run away? Or stand tall and say,
Not Today!

SIX POEMS

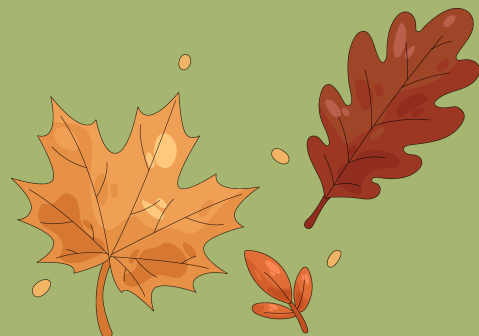
BACKSTAGE

The audience is waiting,
The Stage is set,
Supporting actors are on cue,
Everyone is waiting for you.
You wear your Costume,
And put on a Face,
Then you go out, to perform;
The new play,
People are laughing;
Applauding your Acting,
They cheer you on,
For your incredible performance
The play is done; you take your Bow,
Everyone leaves, thinking they know
you Now,
In the dressing room, you remove
the face;
Trying to relax, before it starts over
again,
You start preparing, Backstage;
Writing a new script, Carving a new
Face,
Your soul asks, why do you go
through this sorrow?
You say, to Play a new character
Tomorrow!

Zain Raweem
21725PHD10004

THE FALL OF EVERYTHING

It was the fall of everything,
And yet there we were,
Watching, listening, hearing, and
feeling.
It was a normal day,
Everyone was getting ready for
work,
Saying goodbye to their loved ones,
Promising to come home early
tonight.
By mid-afternoon,
BREAKING NEWS!
Some superpower
Had launched a nuke.
To not hold back
From the show of power,
Every other country
Followed suit.
There was panic and chaos
Across the globe,
People stumbling and crying
To reach their homes.
Some did make it back
Early that day,
While others turned, Pale Gray!



MY HEART

O my Palestinian people
I'm sorry I couldn't do what you
needed me to
The people of heaven
Children which were flowers
Women who warmed the world
All of you are the people of my
heart
The world failed to do justice to you
Your lives meant so much more.



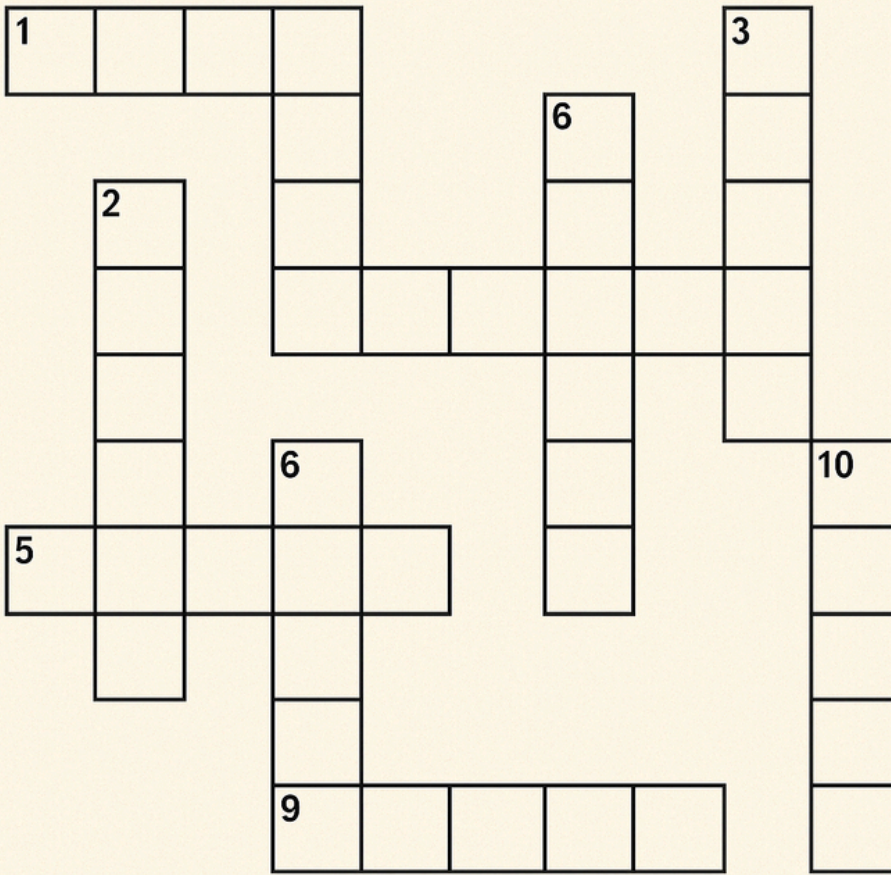
YOUR LOVE

You make me,
You birth me from ruins,
You caress me with your hands,
And then in a moment, you
destroy me to my origins.
You love me,
You make me breathe,
You put my threads in order,
And then in an instant, you
clench your hands around my neck
So hard, I go back to my origins



l1f23bsen0039
Khadija Rafi

Crossword Hints (مطابق درست خانے)



Crossword Hints (مطابق درست خانے)

Across (افقی):

1. فراز - رومانوی شاعری کے لیے معروف
5. حفیظ - قومی ترانے کے خالق
8. میر - غزل کا بانی

Down (عمودی):

2. Partition منٹو - افسانہ نگار جنہوں نے لکھا
3. اشفاق - بابا جی، کہانیوں اور تصوف کے مصنف
4. پریمچند - اردو اور ہندی کے مشترکہ ادیب
6. جون - جن کا اصل نام حیدر تھا
7. فیض - ممتاز انقلابی شاعر
9. غالب - دلی کا عظیم شاعر
10. اقبال - شاعر مشرق



میں دوبارہ پاکستان میں پشتون نسل پرست شدت پسند افغانستان 1975 کی مدد سے سرگرم رہے۔ اسی طرح 1989 میں افغانستان کی کامیونسٹ نجیب اللہ حکومت نے پاکستان پر روسی ساختہ سکڈ مزائلوں سے حملہ کیا۔

اس کے علاوہ بھی درجنوں چھوٹے بڑے تنازعات اور جھریں پاک افغان تاریخ کا حصہ رہی ہیں۔

وقت نے یہ ثابت کیا ہے کہ افغانستان میں بادشاہت ہو، کامیونسٹ کی حکومت ہے، مبینہ جمہوریت ہو یا مذہبی شدت پسند گروہ قابض ہوں، ایک بات جو لازم ہے وہ یہ کہ افغانیوں نے ہمیں اپنا دشمن ہی جانا ہے، اور تاریخ اس دشمنی اور نفرت کی غواہ ہے۔

افغانیوں کا مبینہ ترقی پسند اور آزاد خیال طبقہ ہمیشہ طالبان کو پاکستان کی پراکسی کہہ کر کوستے آئے ہیں اور ہمیشہ مذہبی شدت پسندوں کے خلاف بولتے رہیں ہیں اور ان کی حکومت کا الزام بھی پاکستان پر لگاتے ہیں لیکن حیرانی کی بات ہے کہ جب پاکستان نے طالبان پر حملے شروع کیے ہیں تو پاکستان دشمنی میں یہ لوگ ان طالبان کی حمایت کرنے لگے ہیں جن سے بچنے کے لیے یہ جہازوں سے لٹک کر بھاگے تھے۔ یہ اس بات کا ثبوت ہے کہ پاکستان دشمنی افغان قوم میں ہے، چاہے وہ بادشاہت کا حامی ہو، سیکولر لبرل ہو، مذہبی شدت پسند ہو، کمیونسٹ ہو یا جمہوریت کی بات کرتا ہو۔

ایسا بھی نہیں کہ یہ مسئلہ صرف ڈیورنڈ لائن کا ہو یا پاکستان بننے کے بعد شروع ہوا ہو۔ صدیوں سے ان دو خطوں کے آپس میں نہیں بنی۔ ہزاروں سالوں سے حملہ آور ڈیورنڈ لائن کے پار سے وادی سندھ کے لوگوں کا سکون تباہ کرنے یہاں وارد ہوتے رہے ہیں۔ ہمیشہ افغانستان اور پار سے لٹیرے بند پر لوٹ مار کرنے کے کیے حملے کرتے رہے ہیں جن میں غزنوی، ابدالی سبھی شامل ہیں۔ ابدالی کی لوٹ مار تو پنجاب کی زبان اور لوک داستانوں میں ابھی بھی تازہ زخم کی طرح زندہ ہے۔



L1F23BSIR0011

سلمان ندیم



پاک افغان تعلقات

پاکستان میں زیادہ تر لوگوں کو لگتا ہے کہ ہم اور افغانی تو برادر قومیں ہیں اور حالیہ جھڑپیں، تنازعات صرف دہشتگرد کی وجہ سے ہیں، یہ نفرت صرف دو چار برس کا قصہ ہے۔ لیکن یہ سوچ بھولے پن اور تاریخ سے لاعلمی کی شناخت ہے۔ آئیے سمجھنے کی کوشش کرتے ہیں کہ یہ دو چار برس کی بات ہے یا صدیوں پرانی دشمنی؟

پاکستان کے قیام کے بعد افغانستان وہ واحد ملک تھا جس نے پاکستان کو تسلیم کرنے سے انکار کیا اور مزید یہ کہ پاکستان کی اقوام متحدہ رکنیت کے خلاف ووٹ بھی دیا۔

وجہ؟

وجہ افغان نسل پرستوں کا یہ دعویٰ تھا کہ پاکستان کے پشتون علاقے خواہ وہ بلوچستان میں ہوں یا سرحد میں، افغانستان کا حصہ ہیں۔ یاد رکھیے افغان قوم پرست پاکستان کے پشتون اکثریتی علاقے افغانستان میں ملا کر گریٹر افغانستان یا "پشتونستان" بنانا چاہتے ہیں۔ اس منطق کے مطابق وہ تقریباً سارے خیبر پختون خواہ اور بلوچستان کی پشتون پٹی کو اپنا حصہ مانتے ہیں۔ افغانیوں کے مطابق ڈیورنڈ لائن کوئی بین الاقوامی سرحد نہیں اور وہ اپنے علاقے ایک دن پاکستان سے ضرور واپس لیں گے۔

ڈیورنڈ لائن پاکستان اور افغانستان کے درمیان ایک سرحدی لکیر ہے جسے پوری دنیا ایک بین الاقوامی بارڈر تسلیم کرتی ہے۔ یہ بارڈر 1893 میں برٹش انڈیا کے سیکٹری خارجہ سر موٹیمر ڈیورنڈ اور افغان بادشاہ عبدالرحمان خان کے درمیان ہوا تھا۔ اس کے مطابق افغانستان نے اسے برٹش انڈیا اور افغان سلطنت کے درمیان ایک متفقہ بارڈر تسلیم کیا تھا۔ لیکن پاکستان بننے کے بعد افغانیوں نے دعویٰ کیا کہ یہ معاہدہ تو انگریزوں کے ساتھ کیا گیا تھا، انگریز چلے گئے ہیں تو ہم سرحد کا دوبارہ سے تعین کریں گے۔ جواب میں پاکستان کا مؤقف کیا ہوگا یہ تو آپ کو معلوم ہی ہوگا۔

اسی بنیاد پر افغانستان نے پاکستان پر کئی بار حملے کیے ہیں اور کبھی بھی پاکستان کو دل سے تسلیم نہیں کیا۔ 1948 میں ہی افغانیوں نے مقامی قبائل کی مدد کر کے ایک قبائلی جنگجو فوج بنائی جس نے پشتون علاقوں کے افغانستان میں شمولیت کے لیے پاکستان سے جنگ کی۔ 1950 میں افغان فوج نے لنڈی کوتل اور تورخم پر حملہ کرنے کی کوشش کی۔ 1955 میں جب پاکستان نے قبائلی علاقوں کو ضم کرنے کا اعلان کیا تو کابل میں پاکستان وزارت خارجہ کے دفتر پر حملے کیے گئے جس کے پیچھے افغان حکومت تھی۔ مزید یہ کہ 1959 سے 1961 تک افغان فوج براہ راست پاکستان پر حملے کرتی رہی جس میں 1961 کا مشہور آپریشن باجوڑ بھی شامل ہے۔ اسی وجہ سے پاکستان کا سفارتخانہ بھی کابل کچھ عرصے کے لیے مکمل طور پر بند رہا۔





میرا سر چکرا گیا۔

"ہائے او بالی... وہ سب جانتا تھا۔"

اگلی صبح میں نے بالی کی قبر پر پھول ڈالے، فاتحہ پڑھی، اور اس کے یار کا بازو تھام لیا۔

یوں ہمارا اس راستے سے یارانہ ہوا۔

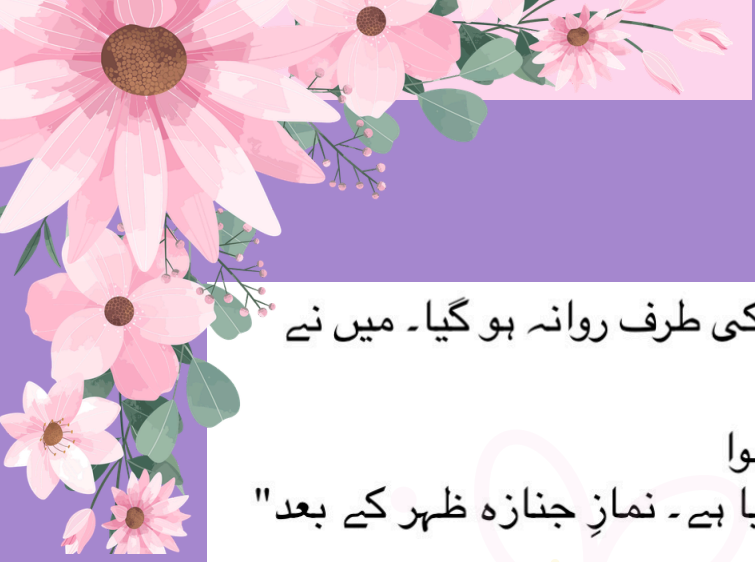
گاؤں کے بزرگ اس سے متنفر تھے۔ مگر کسی نے کبھی نہیں کہا کہ بالی: چور تھا، یا کسی کی عزت کا برا چاہنے والا تھا۔ کچھ جوان کہتے تھے

"بالی سچا تھا۔"

شاید بالی واقعی سچا بندہ تھا، اور ہم سب اپنے آپ سے جھوٹ بولنے والے۔

یونہی بے خیالی میں —





یہ سن کر میں نے استغفار کیا اور مسجد کی طرف روانہ ہو گیا۔ میں نے سوچا: نشئی ہے، جو منہ میں آیا بک گیا۔

اگلے دن مسجد کے لاوڈ اسپیکر پر اعلان ہوا: بلال عرف بالی رضائے الہی سے وفات پا گیا ہے۔ نمازِ جنازہ ظہر کے بعد "ادا کی جائے گی۔"

یہ اچانک اور ناقابلِ یقین تھا۔ بالی کا اگلا پچھلا کسی کو معلوم نہ تھا۔ اعلان میں بھی بلال عرف بالی کہا گیا۔

ظہر کی نماز کے بعد میں مسجد میں ہی بیٹھ گیا۔ سفید ریش بزرگ ذکر و اذکار کر رہے تھے۔ میں بھی بیٹھ گیا اور درود شریف پڑھنے لگا۔ لمحے گزرتے گئے، اور درود کی محفل مردود کی محفل میں بدل گئی۔ غیبت شروع ہو گئی۔ ایک دکاندار سے لے کر مسجد کے مہتمم تک سب زیرِ بحث آ گئے۔ تسبیح کے منکے بھاری باتوں کے بوجھ سے گرتے جا رہے تھے۔

مجھے یہ ناگوار گزرا اور میں قبرستان چلا گیا۔

قبر ابھی تیار ہو رہی تھی۔ اچانک ایک شخص بولا: "فلاں کی لڑکی کے چال چلن ٹھیک نہیں۔"

قبر کے اندر کھڑا شخص بولا: "اس کی ماں بھی ایسی ہے۔"

اور قبرستان میں قہقہہ گونج اٹھا۔

پسینہ میری کنپٹی سے بہہ کر گردن تک آ گیا۔ گاؤں کی ماں، بہن، بیٹیاں موضوع بنتی جا رہی تھیں۔ پھر مختصر سا جنازہ ہوا۔ پہلی صف میں بالی کے دوست، دوسری میں ثواب کی نیت سے آئے لوگ۔

رات کو بے چینی تھی۔ بالی کا جملہ گونج رہا تھا: تمہیں وہ لوگ نظر نہیں آتے جو اللہ کے گھر میں انسانی گوشت کھاتے ہیں" اور اس کے مہمان خانے قبرستان میں گندگی پھیلاتے ہیں۔



L1F22BSSY0152

محمد فرحان خان



سچا بالی

دو سال میں پہلی بار بھائی نے میری جیب سے چرس کی ایک چھوٹی لفافے میں لپٹی ہوئی چٹکی ڈھونڈ نکالی۔ اچھی خاصی درگت بنی، بے عزتی ہوئی۔ سب نے لعن طعن کی، سوائے میرے ضمیر کے۔ قابلِ غور قصہ یہ ہے کہ میں اس راستے پر آیا کیسے؟ یا لایا کیسے گیا؟

تقریباً دو سال پہلے کی بات ہے کہ گرمیوں کی چھٹیاں تھیں اور میں یونیورسٹی سے گھر آیا ہوا تھا۔ ایک دن ظہر کی نماز پڑھنے کے لیے گھر سے نکلا۔ گلی کے نکر پر پہنچا تو دور سے قہقہوں کی آوازیں آ رہی تھیں۔ قریب پہنچا تو دیکھا کہ بالی اور اس کا ساتھی نشے میں دھت، نیم غنودگی میں ادھی بات کرتے اور پھر زور زور سے ہنسنے لگتے۔ زمین پر کچھ کھانے کی چیزیں رکھی تھیں جو گرد سے اٹی ہوئی تھیں۔ سگریٹ کا دھواں ان کی باتوں سے لاپرواہ ہوا میں گھوم رہا تھا۔

بالی دکھنے میں لاغر جسم، درمیانہ قد، سانولا رنگ، بے ترتیب دانت، آنکھوں کی پتلیاں کناروں سے زرد، جیسے کسی بیماری میں مبتلا ہو۔ ماتھے کی بائیں طرف زخم کا نشان، جو بقول اس کے گلی ڈنڈے کے دوران لگا تھا۔ جگہ جگہ سے جلے ہوئے میلے کپڑے، سرخ رنگ کی لمبی چادر، کناروں سے کڑھی ہوئی۔ چال میں ایک تیزی اور قدم رکھنے میں ایک الگ ناز تھا۔

مجھے یہ بات ناگوار گزری۔ میں نے ڈانٹتے ہوئے کہا:
"شرم کرو! یہ کیا حرکتیں کر رہے ہو؟ ساتھ لوگوں کے گھر ہیں، کچھ تو!"
"خیال کرو، کچھ حیا کرو"

بالی نے دیوار سے کمر سیدھی کی، بمشکل آنکھیں کھول کر میری طرف دیکھتے ہوئے بولا

اچھا! ہم نظر آ رہے ہیں جو لوگوں کے گھروں کا ماحول خراب کر رہے ہیں؟
اور وہ نظر نہیں آتے جو اللہ کے گھر میں بڑے شوق سے گوشت کھاتے ہیں،
اور اس کے مہمان خانے میں گندگی پھیلاتے ہیں؟ جس کی دیواروں پر
"واضح لکھا ہے کہ یہاں اپنا چلن ٹھیک کر لو اور خود کو صاف رکھو۔"





L1F23BSSY0171

زارا



یونیورسٹی دی زندگی۔

اُو میں اک کہانی سناواں۔ چار سال دی زبانی سناواں۔ جدوں پہلے دن یو سی پی آئے سی۔ کئے بھولے نیانے سی۔ نہ اچی نیوی جاندے سی۔ نہ پوکی کیوٹی جاندے سی۔ اے کیڑے وختاں نو پے سی۔ ساتھوں اوڈو پورٹل نہ چلدے سی۔ میں منگی اک تو سلا سی۔ اونے سمجھیاں مینوں گوار سی۔ فیر آپے کرنا تاں سیکھ گئی سی۔ پر اوندی ٹور نہ بھلی سی۔ پر ا ج کہندی او مینوں سہیلی اے۔ ہون کردی بیلی بیلی اے۔ میں اک نوں روندیاں ویکھیاں۔ دوجی نوں چپ کروندیاں ویکھیاں۔ پر تینوں تیلی لونڈیاں ویکھیاں۔ منہ لکوں کے بسدیاں ویکھیاں۔ میں سب دے رنگ ویکھے۔ تیرے وی ٹنگ ویکھے۔ فیر وی باواں وچ باواں سی۔ فوڈ سٹریٹ دیاں راواں سی۔ اک رول تے اک سموسہ میں تے بس اے سی کھادا۔ 130 دا بل کتھوں آیاں۔ ساری راتی سوچی پی۔ اینی مہنگی روٹی پی۔ میں اونوں گلوں لونڈیاں ویکھیاں۔ گھر جاندیاں سرچ کیتا۔ میں کھادی تے لائم لائٹ ویکھے۔ گوچی تے پراڈا ویکھے۔ میں اونوں جچ کردیاں ویکھیاں۔ اپنے اتے بسدیاں ویکھیاں۔ فیر میں وی دو سوٹ سی اورڈر کیتے۔ اوبی پا کے یونیورسٹی گئی۔ پر ٹیگ نہ میں لائے سی۔ پیسے وی تے لائے سی۔ میں یاراں وچ بہہ کے ویکھیاں۔ سب نوں رل بسدیاں ویکھیاں۔ یاراں نال جگدیاں ویکھیاں۔ ایہو ای چنگے سال سی۔ جیہڑے لنگ گئے نال سی۔ میں اخیر تے یاری ودی ویکھی۔ سب نوں جند واردیاں ویکھی۔ سچے سوہنے رشتے ویکھے۔ خالص کچھ لمحے ویکھے۔ او گھروں آئی روٹی۔ میں سب نوں ونڈ کھاندیاں ویکھیاں۔ کوئیٹ بہہ کے بسدیاں ویکھیاں۔ میں یاراں توں یاری سیکھی۔ ویراں توں دلیری سیکھی۔ سکیاں ورگے رشتے ویکھے۔ جدوں دکھ سارے سانجے ویکھے۔ بن رہ گئے کچھ مہینے نہ۔ اے کچھ دنن دے میلے نہ۔

کام سارا میں سی کیتا۔ تیرا کاندہ حصہ اے۔ بن کاتوں پاناں رولاں اے۔ آ سارے میل مٹا دئیے۔ رل کے دو مہینے لنگاں لیپے۔ آپاں رل کے فیر نہ بہناں اے۔ اکھاں دا اے گہنا اے۔ آ تینوں رچ کے ویکھ لاواں۔ نال رل کے جی لاواں۔ فیر جاناں بری دور اے۔ اے دو مہینے دا جوڑ اے۔ اک نوں بھاہمی کہندیاں سنیاں۔ دوجے نوں مٹی پاندیاں ویکھیاں۔ ساری گل مکاندیاں ویکھیاں۔ پر تینوں ڈنگ ماردیاں ویکھیاں۔ اے دو دنن دا میلہ اے۔ پیچھوں سارا ای اولہ اے۔ میں سٹیک تے لازانیاں کھانے سیکھے۔ دنیاں دے ٹھکانے سیکھے۔ تسی برا کچھ سیکھا گئے او۔ عین جوانی کھا گئے او۔ اے آخری کچھ مہینے نہ۔ فیر رہنے نہ واٹس ایپ تے میلے نہ۔ کدوں تک یونی آئے گا۔ توں کدوں تک دھنیاں آئے گا دا اے میلہ اے۔ پیچھوں تے سارے ای بلوک نہ۔ اے ا ج دے بس شوق نہ۔ میں ہون اک سلا دینی۔ لنگیا چنگا ٹایم اے۔ دلاں نوں رکھنا صاف اے۔ لائو گل دے نال سہیلیاں نوں۔ تے کرو فیر وعدہ۔ جدوں کراں گی یاد تینوں۔ دیواں گی دعا تینوں۔ رب رکھے شاد تینوں۔ جیویں باغاں وچ گلاب نوں۔ اے یاری بری نرالی سی۔ چار سالن وچ ویکھن والی سی۔ اے سال نہ اونے واپس نہ۔ تے بن میرا خدا حافظ جے۔

سارے دوستاں دا شکریہ۔ میری یونیورسٹی دی زندگی سوہنی بنان واسطے۔

زارا





ساڈی نمائندگی کرن والی اسمبلیاں نے وی پنجابی نوں اوہ مقام نہیں دتا جس دی ایہہ حقدار سی۔ جے 21 فروری نوں پنجابی دے حق وچ ریلی ویکھو، تے اوتھے چند لوکاں توں علاوہ کوئی نظر نہیں آندا۔

ساڈی ذمہ داری اے کہ اپنے بچیاں نوں پنجابی نال جوڑیے، نہ کہ اوہناں نوں ایہہ احساس دیویں کہ ایہہ ”بیڈ ورڈز“ دی زبان اے۔ پاکستان دے وڈے

حصے دی ماں بولی ہون دے باوجود، پنجابی اج زوال دا شکار اے۔

آج لوڑ اے کہ اساں اکٹھے ہو کے اپنی ماں بولی دے پرچار لئی کم کریں۔

سب توں پہلاں پنجابی نوں پرائمری تعلیم دا لازمی حصہ بنایا جاوے۔

پنجابی شاعری، ادب، کہانیاں، فلم، ڈرامہ، اخبار تے ریسرچ سینٹرز دی سرکاری سرپرستی نال قومی تے بین الاقوامی سطح تے تشہیر کیتی جاوے۔

رب کرے ساڈی بولی ہمیشاں ترقی کرے تے اُن آلیاں نسلان وی فخر نال اپنی ماں بولی بولن

جے تُسی چاہو، میں ایس مضمون نوں ہور وی ادبی، جذباتی یا تقریری انداز وچ وی ترتیب دے سکدا اں۔





منصور زمان



کل جگت ماں بولی دیہار، تے پنجاب دی بولی

ہر سال 21 فروری نوں ماں بولی دا بین الاقوامی دیہار منایا جاندا اے۔ ایس موقعے تے پنجاب وچ وی کجھ اکٹھ، سنگتیاں تے جلوس کڈھے جاندے نیں، پر تھوڑے جہے پنجابی بولی دے سپوتاں نوں چھڈ کے ہور کوئی ایس پاسے خاص دھیان نہیں دیندا۔

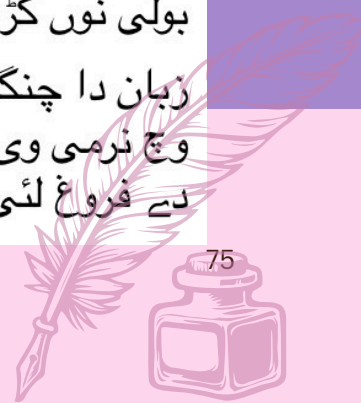
افسوس دی گل اے کہ ہزاراں ورھیاں توں ایس خطے دے وسنیکاں دی ماں بولی سکڑدی جا رہی اے۔ ایس زبان نے بلھے شاہ، فرید تے وارث ورگے مہان شاعراں دا عروج وی ویکھیا اے، تے اج ایہہ اوہناں حالات وچ کھڑی اے جتھے تعلیمی اداریاں تے دفتراں وچ ایہہ زبان بولی وی نہیں جاندی۔

پتہ نہیں کیوں اج دے بچے اپنی ماں بولی بولدے شرمندگی محسوس کردے نیں؟ پنجابی دے زوال دیاں کئی وجوہات بیان کیتیاں جاندیاں نیں۔ کجھ لوک اینوں دو قومی نظریے نال جوڑدے نیں، کجھ پنجاب دی ونڈ نوں ذمہ دار سمجھدے نیں، تے کجھ اردو نوں واحد قومی زبان قرار دینے والی سوچ نوں قصوروار ٹھہراوندے نیں۔

میرے خیال وچ اصل مسئلہ ایہہ اے کہ اساں خود اپنی زبان لئی آواز نہیں چکی۔ بنگالیاں نے اپنی زبان دا حق منوایا، سندھ تے خیبر پختونخواہ وچ مقامی زبانان سکولان وچ لازمی مضمون نیں، پر لہور ورگے شہر وچ پنجابی بولن تے وی بعض تھاواں سزا ملدی اے۔

ایہہ بڑی ستم ظریفی اے کہ ساڈی زبان نوں اکھڑیا جاہل اکھیا جاندا اے۔ جے کوئی بیگانہ ایہہ گل کرے تے برداشت ہو وی جائے، پر جدوں اپنے ایہہ اکھن، تے دل اتے چوٹ لگدی اے۔ بلھے شاہ، وارث شاہ تے محمد بخش دی بولی نوں کڑوی کہنا، اصل وچ ساڈی سوچ دی کمزوری اے۔

زبان دا چنگا یا مارا ہونا اوہنوں بولن والے تے منحصر اے۔ دنیا دی ہر زبان وچ نرمی وی اے تے سختی وی۔ اصل سوال ایہہ اے کہ اساں اپنی ماں بولی دے فروغ لئی کیہ کیتا؟





جاویریا سلیم



زندگی کی چھوٹی چھوٹی خوشیاں

کبھی کبھی لگتا ہے کہ ہم زندگی کو ضرورت سے زیادہ سنجیدہ لے لیتے ہیں۔ ہر وقت کامیابی، سی جی پی اے یا فیوچر پلانز کے چکر میں اتنے مصروف ہو جاتے ہیں کہ ان چھوٹی چھوٹی خوشیوں کو بھول جاتے ہیں جو اصل میں زندگی کو زندہ رکھتی ہیں۔ جیسے یونیورسٹی کی کینٹین میں دوستوں کے ساتھ چائے پینا، کلاس کے بیچ میں ہنسی کا پھوٹ پڑنا، یا کسی دوست کا اچانک کہنا: ”یار آج تو تم بہت خوش لگ رہے ہو“

یہ لمحے شاید چھوٹے ہوں، مگر یہی تو وہ پل ہیں جو سالوں بعد بھی دل کو خوش کر دیتے ہیں۔

کبھی کسی گروپ اسائنمنٹ کے دوران ہونے والی بے تکی باتیں، کبھی سوشل گیدرنگ میں ایک بے ساختہ قہقہہ، یا کسی دوست کے ساتھ لمبی واک — یہ سب وہ خوشیاں ہیں جو کسی بڑے ایوارڈ یا سرٹیفکیٹ سے کم نہیں۔ ہم اکثر سمجھتے ہیں کہ خوشی صرف تب ملے گی جب سب کچھ پرفیکٹ ہوگا، مگر حقیقت یہ ہے کہ خوشی اکثر ان لمحوں میں چھپی ہوتی ہے جنہیں ہم معمولی سمجھ کر نظرانداز کر دیتے ہیں۔



زبان و وطن کے زوال کے مرثیے



زیاء الرحمان،

اوروں کے پاس تو مامون تھا ہوا سے
اپنوں کے ہاتھ میں ہے تو ڈگمگا گیا ہے
شعلہ جو اک جلا تھا ہندوستان سے کبھی
اپنے ہی ملک میں ہے تو پھڑپھڑا گیا ہے
زندہ رکھنے کو بہت جتن کیے تھے جس کو
اپنوں کی بے رخی سے ہی مرجھا گیا ہے
تھا جو زبان دان کی آنکھ کا تارا
وہ دیا کتابوں میں اب سما گیا ہے
اردو کے اردو میں ہی مرثیے لکھو
عروج و زوال کے سبھی سلسلے لکھو





بچپن کا زمانہ

بہت یاد آئے گا وہ بچپن کا زمانہ
وہ سردیوں کی شاموں میں ٹیوشن سے آنا
وہ گلیوں میں چھپ چھپ کر سموسے کھانا
وہ راستے میں میٹھی باتیں کرنے آنا
بہت یاد آئے گا وہ بچپن کا زمانہ



عدن اکبر

دل کی آواز

اب یہ دنیا بھی اپنی نہیں، بیگانگی سی لگتی ہے
اپنے ہی دل کی آرزوئیں انجانی سی لگتی ہے
جن خواہشوں کا تھا میرے اندر اک سمندر
اب وہ خواہشیں بھی اک کہانی سی لگتی ہے
نہ سمجھ پائی میں آج تک اپنے ہی دل کی باتوں کو
اب یہ بات بھی پرانی سی لگتی ہے



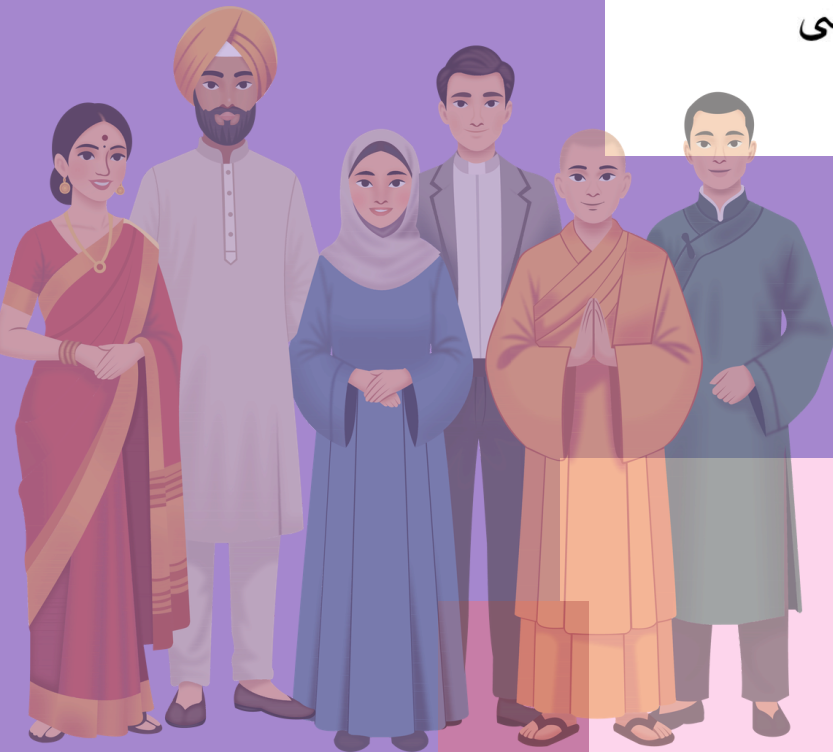


پہلا قدم

دنیا کے میں نے کئی رنگ دیکھے
کچھ خوشیوں میں جھومتے اور
کچھ تکلیف سے تنگ دیکھے
کچھ کے پاس وقت نہ کسی کو بلانے کا
کچھ شور و غل میں مگن دیکھے
کسی کی آنکھوں میں غرور دیکھا
تو کسی کے دل میں ہمدردی
کہیں لوگوں کا مجمع دیکھا
تو کہیں لوگوں کی تنہائی
پھر سمجھ میں آیا کہ خدا نے یہ دنیا
مختلف رنگوں سے بے بنائی



عدن اکبر





عدن اکبر

ناقابلِ فراموش ساتھی

بہت دنوں سے اک چڑیا چہچہائی نہیں
جو کرتے تھے اس کی تنہائیوں کو آباد
ان یاروں کی طرف سے ملاقات کی خبر آئی نہیں
اس کا ماضی تو بے خوبصورت یادوں سے رنگوں بھرا
جس میں چہچہاتے ہیں کچھ یار پرندوں کی طرح
جب سفر ہوا ختم اکٹھے بیتائے چار سالوں کا
تو لگنے لگا ان کو صدیوں کی طرح
وہ جو لگتے تھے شروعات میں نا آشنا
اب لگنے لگے تھے اپنوں کی طرح





"محبت ہمیشہ ہے سفر کی بات"

چاندنی رات، وہ بادامی نظر کی بات
جیسے دل پر لکھ دے کوئی امر کی بات
سرخ ہونٹوں پہ ٹھہری ہے خاموشی کی لہر
لبوں سے چھلکے گی کب اثر کی بات
چاند بھی ٹھہرے، ستارے بھی رک جائیں
جب وہ کرے اپنی نظر کی بات
حسن کے رنگ میں کھلتی ہیں خواہشیں
ہر زباں پہ ہو جیسے معتبر کی بات
پل بھر کا خواب ہو یا صدیوں کا چراغ
محبت ہمیشہ ہے سفر کی بات



L1F21BSSY0136

اُم اریبہ

اُم اریبہ





L1F21BSSY0136

محمد عادل سندھو

عشق دے در تے کشکول

عشق دی تکرّی وچ خود نوں تول بیٹھے اَن
 کتے وی نئیں ملیا توں تے سانوں
 اسی مسجد مندر تے مکہ پھروں بیٹھے اَن
 آواز آئی فر اہندے ولو اُدھر اُدھر کیوں
 لبھدا ایں اسی تے تیری شہ رگ کول بیٹھے اَن
 دس کی سزا اے بن ساڈی وے
 اسی راز محبت دا کھول بیٹھے اَن
 توں رحمت کر تے دے کنار ا امید دا
 اسی کشتی وچ مایوسی دے دریا ڈول بیٹھے اَن
 تسی سخی او وچ دوبے جہانی یا حضرت صہ
 اسی فقیر تہاڈے در تے لے کے کشکول بیٹھے اَن
 اک ویلے توں وچ غفلت سُتے پئے سی یار عادل
 اے عشق سانوں آ جگایا اکھ کھول بیٹھے اَن

از قلم محمد عادل سندھو

۲۰۲۰_۴_۱۵

CREATIVE

THE ART OF COLOR





FROM SUFFER TO RELIEF

This drawing shows a person moving from emotional pain to relief.

The messy and crowded lines in the first face show stress, confusion, and heavy thoughts.

In the lower part, the two faces are connected by flowing lines, which show emotions being released.

The second face looks calmer, showing relief and emotional healing.

I have more sketches to share and to choose from.

Note: I am interested in writing an article or giving a review. Provide me more details about it.

**Regards,
Muqaddas saleem
L1f22bssy0210**



L1S22BSEN0072
JAWERIA SAJJAD

SOME RECOMMENDATIONS BY THE EDITORIAL TEAM

BOOK AND MOVIE RECOMMENDATIONS



MOVIE RECOMMENDATIONS



THE IMITATION GAME 2014

running time 114 MINUTES
 directed by MORTEN TYLDUM
 produced by NORA GROSSMAN IDO OSTROWSKY TEDDY SCHWARZMAN
 starring BENEDICT CUMBERBATCH KEIRA KNIGHTLEY MATTHEW GOODE



PRIDE & PREJUDICE 2005

running time 169 MINUTES
 directed by JOE WRIGHT
 produced by TIM BEVAN ERIC FELLNER PAUL WEBSTER
 starring KEIRA KNIGHTLEY MATTHEW MACFADYEN



THE CROWN 2014-present

genre HISTORICAL DRAMA
 running time 50 EPISODES
 produced by PETER MORGAN STEPHEN DALDRY ANDY HARRIES

starring CLAIRE FOY OLIVIA COLMAN IMELDA STAUNTON MATT SMITH
 TOBIAS MENZIES JONATHAN PRYCE



DOWNTON ABBEY 2010

seasons 6
 created by JULIAN FELLOWES
 directed by BRIAN PERCIVAL, BEN BOLT, BRIAN KELLY
 produced by JULIAN FELLOWES, GARRETH NEAME, REBECCA EATON, NIGEL MARCHANT

starring MICHELLE DOCKERY, LAURA CARMICHAEL, JESSICA BROWN, HUGH BONNEVILLE, ELIZABETH MCGOVERN



ANNE WITH AN E 2017

episodes 27
 total run time 1188 MINUTES
 directed by MOIRA WALLEY-BECKETT

starring AMYBETH MCNULTY LUCAS JADE ZUMANN
 GERALDINE JAMES



ATONEMENT 2007

running time 123 MINUTES
 directed by JOE WRIGHT
 produced by TIM BEVAN

starring JAMES MC AVOY KEIRA KNIGHTLEY ROMOLA GARAI



SCHINDLER'S LIST 1993

running time 195 MINUTES
 directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG
 produced by BRAANKI LUSTIG, GERALD R. MOLEN, STEVEN SPIELBERG

starring LIAM NEESON, RALPH FIENNES, BEN KINGSLEY



THE FAVOURITE 2018

DIRECTED BY YÓRGOS LÁNTHIMOS
 CINEMATOGRAPHER ROBBIE RYAN
 PRODUCED BY CECI DEMPSEY, ED GUINNEY, LEE MAGIDAY, YORGOS LANTHIMOS

STARRING OLIVIA COLMAN, EMMA STONE, RACHEL WEISZ, NICHOLAS HOULT



EMMA. 2020

running time 2H 4M
 directed by AUTUMN DE WILDE
 produced by TIM BEVAN GRAHAM BROADBENT
 PETER CZERNIN ERIC FELLNER

starring ANYA TAYLOR-JOY MIA GOTH
 JOHNNY FLYNN CALLUM TURNER



URDU MOVIE RECOMMENDATIONS



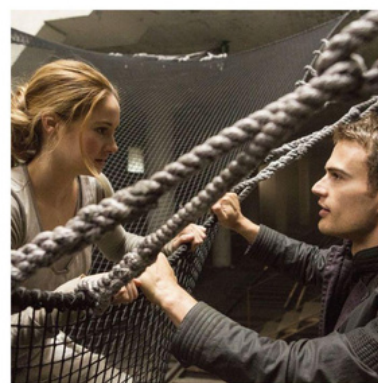
BECOMING JANE 2007

genre ROMANCE DRAMA
 directed by JULIAN JARROLD
 produced by GRAHAM BROADBENT ROBERT BERNSTEIN DOUGLAS RAE
 starring ANNE HATHAWAY JAMES MCAVOY JULIE WALTERS



PERSUASION 2022

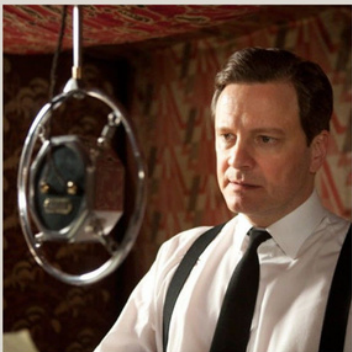
running time 107 MINUTES
 directed by CARRIE CRACKNELL
 produced by ANDREW LAZAR CHRISTINA WEISS LURIE
 starring DAKOTA JOHNSON COSMO JARVIS NIKKI AMUKA-BIRD HENRY GOLDING
 MIA MCKENNA-BRUCE RICHARD E. GRANT



DIVERGENT

DIRECTED BY NEIL BURGER
 PRODUCED BY DOUGLAS WICK
 STARRING SHAILENE WOODLEY THEO JAMES MILES TELLER ANSEL ELGORT ZOE KRAVITZ
 JAI COURTNEY KATE WINSLET

LIONSGATE



THE KING'S SPEECH 2010

directed by TOM HOOPER
 produced by IAIN CANNING EMILE SHERMAN GARETH UNWIN
 screenplay by DAVID SEIDLER
 starring COLIN FIRTH GEOFFREY RUSH HELENA BONHAM CARTER

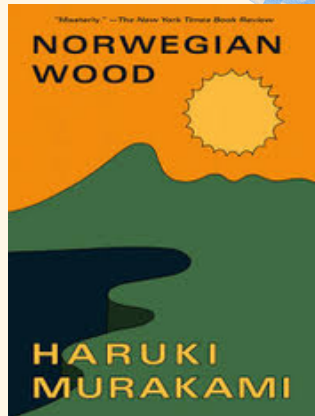
MOMENTUM PICTURES



BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS

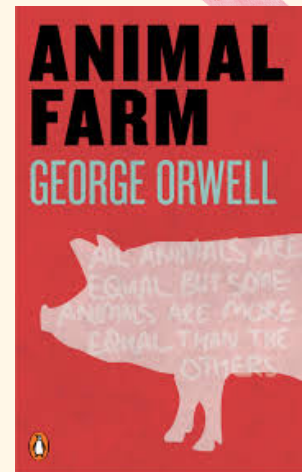
NORWEGIAN WOOD – HARUKI MURAKAMI

A QUIET, MELANCHOLIC JOURNEY THROUGH LOVE, LOSS, AND LONELINESS NOT DRAMATIC, NOT LOUD JUST PAINFULLY REAL. A – NOVEL THAT LINGERS LONG AFTER THE LAST PAGE, LIKE A MEMORY YOU CAN'T SHAKE



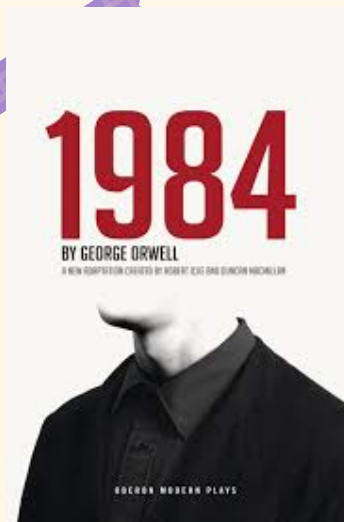
ANIMAL FARM – GEORGE ORWELL

A SIMPLE FARM STORY THAT ISN'T SIMPLE AT ALL. POWER, CORRUPTION, AND BETRAYAL WRAPPED IN A DECEPTIVELY EASY READ. YOU'LL FINISH IT QUICKLY – AND THEN REALIZE WHAT IT REALLY MEANT.



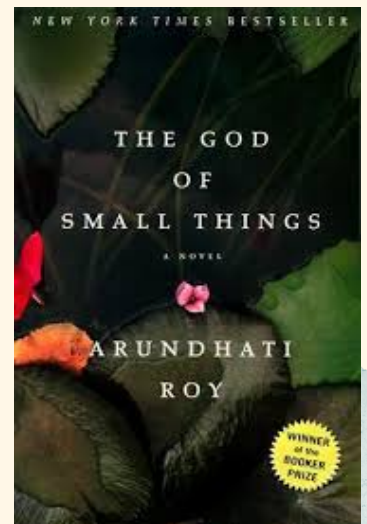
1984 – GEORGE ORWELL

BIG BROTHER IS ALWAYS WATCHING. A CHILLING DYSTOPIA WHERE TRUTH IS REWRITTEN AND FREEDOM IS A CRIME. DISTURBING NOT BECAUSE IT FEELS IMPOSSIBLE – BUT BECAUSE IT FEELS TERRIFYINGLY CLOSE.



THE GOD OF SMALL THINGS – ARUNDHATI ROY

BEAUTIFUL, LYRICAL, AND DEVASTATING. A STORY OF FORBIDDEN LOVE, CHILDHOOD, AND THE QUIET TRAGEDIES THAT SHAPE ENTIRE LIVES. IT DOESN'T JUST TELL A STORY – IT MAKES YOU FEEL EVERY BROKEN PIECE OF IT.



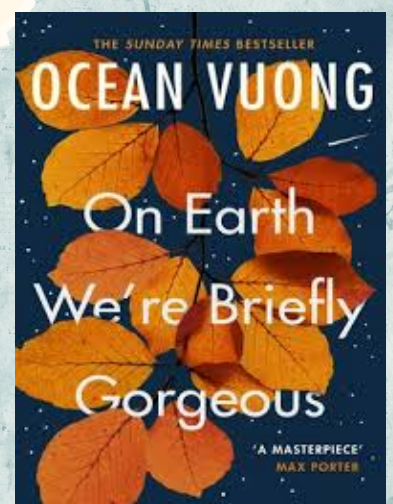
THE PARCEL – ANOSH IRANI

DARK, RAW, AND DEEPLY HUMAN. INSIDE A MUMBAI BROTHEL, ONE WOMAN CONFRONTS HER PAST WHILE PROTECTING A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE SAME FATE. DIFFICULT TO READ – IMPOSSIBLE TO FORGET.



ON EARTH WE'RE BRIEFLY GORGEOUS – OCEAN VUONG

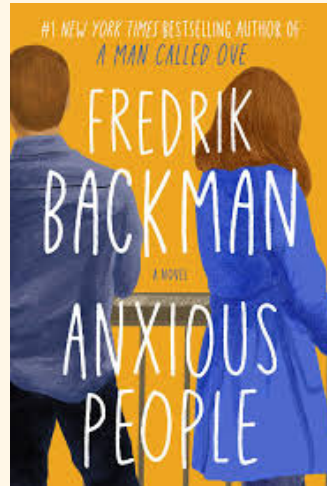
WRITTEN AS A LETTER FROM A SON TO A MOTHER WHO CANNOT READ IT. TENDER, POETIC, AND BRUTALLY HONEST ABOUT IDENTITY, TRAUMA, AND LOVE. EVERY LINE FEELS LIKE IT WAS CARVED FROM MEMORY.



BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS

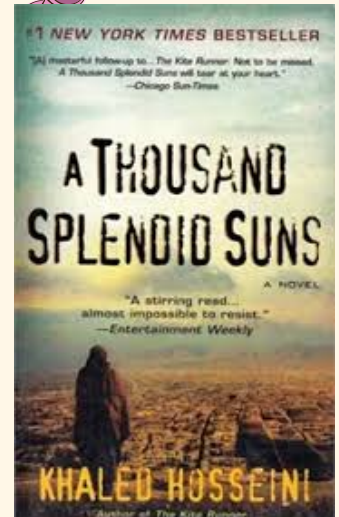
ANXIOUS PEOPLE – FREDRIK BACKMAN

A BANK ROBBERY GONE WRONG BECOMES A STORY ABOUT LONELINESS, REGRET, AND THE QUIET STRUGGLES EVERYONE CARRIES. FUNNY, WARM, AND UNEXPECTEDLY PROFOUND. YOU'LL LAUGH – AND THEN SUDDENLY FEEL SEEN.



A THOUSAND SPLENDID SUNS – KHALED HOSSEINI

TWO WOMEN BOUND BY WAR, LOSS, AND A LOVE FIERCE ENOUGH TO SURVIVE BOTH. THEIR STORY IS DEVASTATING, TENDER, AND UNFORGETTABLE. IT WILL BREAK YOUR HEART QUIETLY AND THEN SHOW YOU HOW STRONG IT CAN BE.



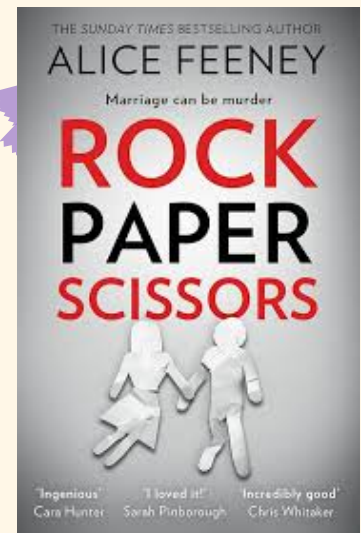
THE HOUSEMAID – FREIDA MCFADDEN

SHE CLEANS THEIR HOME. SHE SEES EVERYTHING. THE PERFECT FAMILY IS HIDING SOMETHING, AND SHE MIGHT BE HIDING MORE. A TENSE, ADDICTIVE THRILLER WHERE EVERY CHAPTER MAKES YOU QUESTION WHO IS REALLY IN DANGER



ROCK PAPER SCISSORS – ALICE FEENEY

A WEEKEND GETAWAY MEANT TO FIX A BROKEN MARRIAGE TURNS INTO SOMETHING FAR MORE SINISTER. SECRETS SURFACE, TRUST SHATTERS, AND THE TRUTH ARRIVES IN LETTERS NEVER MEANT TO BE READ. TWISTY, UNSETTLING, AND IMPOSSIBLE TO PREDICT.



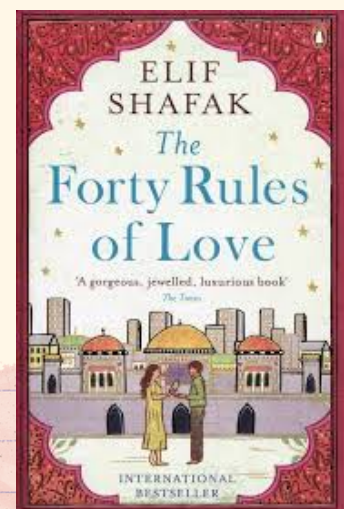
WHITE NIGHTS – FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY

FOUR NIGHTS. ONE BRIEF, FRAGILE LOVE THAT FEELS TOO BEAUTIFUL TO LAST. TENDER, MELANCHOLIC, AND QUIETLY DEVASTATING. A STORY ABOUT LONELINESS, HOPE, AND THE HEARTBREAK OF ALMOST HAVING EVERYTHING



THE FORTY RULES OF LOVE – ELIF SHAFAK

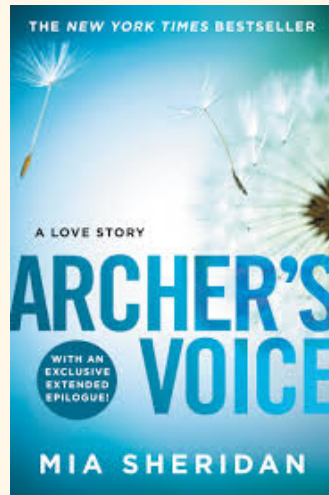
A MODERN WOMAN'S LIFE TRANSFORMS AS SHE DISCOVERS THE STORY OF RUMI AND SHAMS OF TABRIZ. SPIRITUAL, THOUGHT-PROVOKING, AND DEEPLY EMOTIONAL. IT EXPLORES LOVE NOT AS ROMANCE, BUT AS SOMETHING THAT CHANGES WHO YOU ARE.



BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS

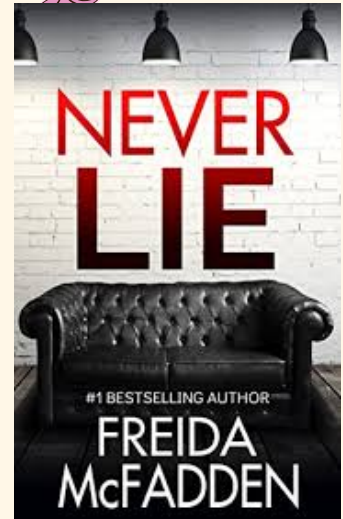
ARCHER'S VOICE – MIA SHERIDAN

HE LIVES IN SILENCE. SHE ARRIVES CARRYING WOUNDS OF HER OWN. WHAT BEGINS AS QUIET COMPANIONSHIP GROWS INTO SOMETHING RAW, HEALING, AND DEEPLY EMOTIONAL. A LOVE STORY ABOUT FINDING SAFETY IN SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTANDS WITHOUT WORDS.



NEVER LIE – FREIDA MCFADDEN

SNOWED IN AT A REMOTE HOUSE WITH NO ESCAPE. THE PREVIOUS OWNER VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE, LEAVING BEHIND RECORDINGS THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN FOUND. CLAUSTROPHOBIC, CHILLING, AND FULL OF TWISTS THAT HIT WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT THEM



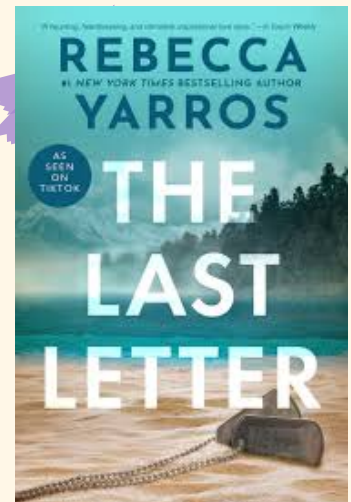
YOU'VE REACHED SAM – DUSTIN THAO

WHAT IF ONE LAST GOODBYE WASN'T ACTUALLY THE LAST? A GRIEVING GIRL FINDS HERSELF ABLE TO CALL THE BOY SHE LOST, BLURRING THE LINE BETWEEN LOVE AND LETTING GO. GENTLE, HEARTBREAKING, AND DEEPLY COMFORTING AT THE SAME TIME.



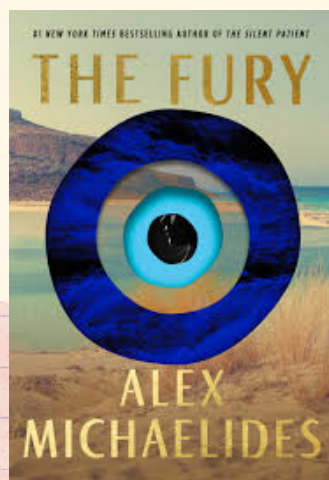
THE LAST LETTER – REBECCA YARROS

A PROMISE MADE BETWEEN FRIENDS BECOMES SOMETHING FAR DEEPER AND FAR MORE PAINFUL. LOVE, GRIEF, SACRIFICE, AND RESILIENCE COLLIDE IN A STORY THAT DOES NOT HOLD BACK. BEAUTIFUL, EMOTIONAL, AND ABSOLUTELY DEVASTATING.



THE FURY – ALEX MICHAELIDES

A GLAMOROUS GATHERING ON A PRIVATE ISLAND TURNS DEADLY WHEN SECRETS BEGIN TO UNRAVEL. EVERYONE HAS SOMETHING TO HIDE, AND SOMEONE IS LYING. DARK, SUSPENSEFUL, AND DRIVEN BY A NARRATOR YOU CANNOT FULLY TRUST.



U

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The Perception
Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences
Faculty of English Literature & Languages
Fall 2025