



RIZVI EDUCATION SOCIETY'S

RIZVI COLLEGE



OF ARTS, SCIENCE & COMMERCE



Horizon

2024-2025

Rizvi College Of Arts, Science & Commerce
Rizvi Educational Complex, Off Carter Road,
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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

*"The mind is everything, what you
think, you become."
– Friedrich Nietzsche*



"Dear Students, Faculty, and Staff,

I am thrilled to introduce this edition of our college magazine, a vibrant reflection of our college's spirit, creativity, and achievements.

The prerogative and strife for excellence in education, research, and innovation, reflects in our magazine as it showcases the outstanding work of our students, faculty, and staff.

I am proud to lead an institution that values diversity, inclusivity, and creativity. Our college is a place where minds are opened, ideas are explored, and futures are shaped carrying memories that go beyond college life. Envisioning an education system with comprehensive development and varied opportunities our college magazine is a fruitful product exhibiting the accomplishments of the students inheriting the traits of the Rizvi Education Society.

I would like to congratulate the editorial team, contributors, and designers on their outstanding work in making the magazine worth every bit.

Thank you for being part of our college community.

**Warm regards,
Dr.A.H.Rizvi
President
Rizvi Education Society**

FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

*"The most important thing in life is to learn
how to give out of love, and let it come in."*

-Morrie Schwartz

As we celebrate another year of academic excellence, innovation, and community spirit, I am ecstatic to introduce this edition of our college magazine. Being one of the most pivotal times in one's life College shapes the way we think and act as this publication is a testament to the creativity, talent, and dedication of our students, faculty, and staff. It showcases the best of our college's achievements, stories, and experiences.



I am proud of our college community, which continues to thrive and grow. Our students are empowered to explore their passions, develop their skills, and become active citizens of the world.

As a Director it not only makes me proud but also overwhelmed for nurturing a large academic community. We at the Rizvi Education society constantly strive to be better and bigger with our dedication to academic excellence, innovation, and social responsibility.

The college magazine holds a strong place in an institutions cap of achievements which is why each contribution securing the spot plays a special role .

I would like to extend my gratitude to the editorial team, contributors, and designers who have worked tirelessly to bring this magazine to life.

I hope you enjoy reading this edition and that it inspires you to be an active part of our vibrant college community.

Happy reading!

Warm regards,
Adv. (Mrs.) Rubina Akhtar Hasan Rizvi
Director
Rizvi Education Society

FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK

*"The medium is the message."
-Marshall McLuhan*



Dear Students, Faculty, and Staff,

Through the pages of our college magazine I am delighted to introduce you to yet another edition of inspiration and aspirations celebrating creativity and community spirit.

As we continue to strive for academic excellence, innovation, and character development, this magazine showcases the outstanding work of our students, faculty, and staff.

I am proud to lead a team of dedicated educators, staff, and students who are passionate about learning, growing, and making a positive impact. We are grateful to our gracious Management for leading us to excellence.

The annual magazine serves as a testament to the hard work, creativity, and talent of our college community. Each article, photograph, and piece of artwork is unique in itself that narrates a story of our collective journey.

I would like to congratulate the editorial team on their outstanding work.

Thank you for your continued support and dedication.

**Warm regards,
Dr. Ashfaq Ahmad Khan
Principal**

EDITOR'S NOTE

**Janvi Prajapat, Editor-in-Chief, Assistant Professor (Department of English)
Horizon – Rizvi College of Arts, Science and Commerce**

It is with immense pride and heartfelt gratitude that I present to you this year's edition of Horizon, the annual magazine of Rizvi College of Arts, Science and Commerce. Serving as the Editor-in-Chief has been a truly enriching experience, and I am sincerely thankful to the college management for entrusting me with this opportunity to help bring forth the creative voices of our college community.

Horizon has always aimed to be a celebration of the artistic and literary expressions within our institution. This edition continues that tradition—featuring a vibrant collection of stories, poems, essays, and artwork that reflect the imagination, talent, and passion of our students. We are also honored to include contributions from our esteemed faculty members, whose insights and creativity enrich the magazine and offer valuable perspectives to our readers.



I would like to extend my deepest gratitude to our Principal, **Dr. Ashfaq Ahmad Khan**, whose vision, encouragement, and unwavering support have been instrumental in guiding the efforts of our students and faculty. His leadership continues to inspire us to pursue excellence in all our endeavors.

This year, we also pause to remember and honor the life and legacy of our beloved faculty member, **Dr. Dattatray Parhad**. **His sudden passing has left a profound void in our college. Dr. Parhad was more than an educator—he was a mentor, a motivator, and a deeply respected member of our academic family. Through this edition of Horizon, we pay tribute to his invaluable contributions and lasting impact.**

As you turn the pages of this magazine, I hope you are moved, inspired, and uplifted by the creativity and dedication it reflects. Horizon is more than just a publication—it is a testament to the collective spirit, talent, and resilience of the Rizvi College community.

Warm regards,
Janvi Prajapat
Editor-in-Chief
Horizon

IN MEMORY OF DR. PARHAD

In life, he inspired; in memory, he endures. With deep sorrow and immense gratitude, we remember Dr. Dattatray Parhad, who joined our institution on 1st July 2009 and remained with us till his unfortunate passing in September 2024. His 15 years of service to our institution were marked by dedication, wisdom, and a profound commitment to the growth and well-being of the institution and every individual within it.



Dr. Parhad was a hardworking, erudite, and honest leader whose presence was both reassuring and inspiring. He played a crucial role in ensuring the smooth functioning of the college, always working behind the scenes with quiet efficiency and thoughtful planning. One of his most significant contributions was his leadership during the NAAC accreditation process, where his meticulous approach and steady guidance helped the institution successfully navigate one of its most important milestones.

A forward-thinking educator, Dr. Parhad was among the first to adapt to online teaching through video lectures during the COVID-19 pandemic. While many hesitated, he led by example—embracing change, experimenting with new methods, and continuing to prioritize the education and stability of students during uncertain times.

His rational mind and openness to ideas made him a progressive leader. He never viewed help as conditional or hierarchical. He offered assistance freely and kindly, irrespective of one's designation or background. He believed deeply in the values of equity, empathy, and community—and those values shaped every interaction he had.

But beyond titles and responsibilities, it was Dr. Parhad's humane nature that set him apart. He possessed a rare ability to understand people—their challenges, their struggles, and their aspirations. Whether it was a member of the teaching faculty, non-teaching staff, or a student, he offered a listening ear, wise counsel, and unwavering support. He was truly the go-to person for any problem, and his advice was sought not just for administrative matters, but for personal guidance as well. He was a mentor in the truest sense, to both students and colleagues alike.

Dr. Parhad prioritized the institution over personal gain or recognition. He worked selflessly, always placing the college's interests and its people at the heart of every decision. His legacy is one of integrity, compassion, and visionary leadership.

As we mourn his loss, we also celebrate the immense contributions he made to this college and to the lives of so many. His absence leaves a void that can never truly be filled, but his spirit continues to guide us—through the systems he built, the culture he nurtured, and the people he mentored.

Rest in peace, Dr. Parhad. Your life was a blessing, and your memory will remain a guiding light for years to come.

VERSES

Rizvi College

In the year 1982,
A gentleman started a college not to earn money but to
provide education to poor.
Yeah, that's true.

Driven by a mission to provide education for all.
Admitting students with low percentage
They believed, in protecting mind's, improving performance
and overall development.

So many courses, a variety so grand they offer, a wide range,
like a guiding hand.
From Art's to Science,
knowledge they share.
A world of learning,
where passions can flare.

Besides study they provide many sports,
Indoor, outdoor both, a campus that encourages growth.
Where talented minds come to learn and play,
Famous celebs pass out from here, finding their own way.
I can also be a future famous celeb, making my mark, they say.

In this college embrace, dreams take flight,
A place where futures are built, shining bright.

- Mohiuddin Aslam Shaikh SYBAMMC (19)

The Rizvi Spirit

In 1982, a noble soul's quest began,
To offer education, not just to earn.
Driven by a vision, to break the divide,
Bringing learning to all, with hearts open wide.

With a mission clear, education for all,
They opened their doors, no matter how small.
Low percentages didn't deter their aim,
To nurture minds, ignite the flame.

They taught lots of subjects, a wide array,
From arts to science, every day.
Sports were there too, for fun and play,
On the campus green, where dreams found their way.

Not only books, but sports they embrace,
Indoor, outdoor, fostering growth's grace.
Here, stars emerge, in mind and game,
From humble beginnings, they rise to fame.

In this haven of hope, dreams come true,
Guided by wisdom, in skies so blue.
So, if you dream big, this college might be right,
Where futures take flight, shining bright.

- Mohiuddin Aslam Shaikh SYBAMMC (19)

A Crescent Love Milieu

The orb looked a little too full today,
I'd heard of its phase,
It keeps changing every day.
Seen it across my feed all the time,
I noticed it changes really quite right.
Leaving home for no good,
I witnessed a perfect sight,
As it shed an almost orange delight.

The next day,
It shrunk to a smaller size,
I believed it was an anomaly,
Existing only in a fictitious disguise.
My grandma warned not to cut my hair when it's sizing
down,
My mother didn't let me see it for a greater while.

I saw it for a week straight,
Whole, less and lesser.
It had pearls scattered all over one day,
Resembled the void of an abyss another day,
Hues of an angry man one day,
The silver on a maiden's dress the next day.
It just kept going –
But then it stopped.

Now what?
It went above my head,
Hidden, but where do I even seek?
I couldn't walk the other side,
For I went through a routine plight.
I couldn't leave past six to seek it,

To seize it and ask,
Why do you act so mercurial?
Why on earth do you appear then disappear?
As if you're a father in a military camp,
Or the lady who lingers near the street lamps?

Still I would unveil to it my emotions anew,
I'd say,
You didn't scare me quite,
You always came back oh so gracefully.
Two months of me witnessing you,
I feel home in a crescent love milieu.

- Nasreen Sayed TYBA (110)

My verses

If you'd ask me, what does writing feel like?
I'd say,
It's like surfing through a dainty stream,
To confront an ocean of sensations,
The moment those letters flow through me,
I know I have what can hold me safer.
It means the world while I sit in a corner,
In haze that I must write the unseen and unheard.

My verses make death look like a lady in a luscious gown,
Sorrow to my pain like the blazing sun having to go down,
Grief to my sadness like a warm blanket to put on,
Despair to my old self who would definitely be proud.

The sentiments surfing above my soul,
Like a restless being unable to survive,
Oh how it flows so poetically,
That I, always die.

To die, then to survive,
Then to survive, just to die.
It has become a petty game I play,
Or even you play?

-Nasreen Sayed TYBA (110)

Finding Solace

The world is breathtaking,
Yet mankind is stained.
Words are their weapons,
And when they fail, their eyes sharpen the blade.

Chaos is never enough—
Family strife, whispered humiliations,
False accusations that echo in hollow halls.
This is the world we have built, brick by brick.

“Solace will find you one day,”
They promise with sugar-coated voices.
But let me tell you the truth—
It’s a lie dressed in silk, a venom sweet enough to drink.

Solace is not found in the arms of fate,
It is crafted in silence, carved through struggle,
A journey where each step is uncertain,
Yet every small victory is a rebellion against despair.

I craft my solace in ink,
In words that bleed into meaning.
And maybe, just maybe,
I’m finding it—piece by piece.

- Arya Shaikh FYJC science (56)

The Sun and My Soul

Every morning,
I rise with the sky, a quiet ember,
Sparkling in the palm of the Almighty,
A fleeting glimpse of gold in an ever-turning world.

Every midday,
I burn like the biggest star,
Racing with the east wind,
Chasing whispers of appreciation.

Every evening,
I dip below the horizon,
Tired as a weary soul,
Yet carrying the promise to rise again.

Every night,
I surrender, letting the pain melt into the dark,
With only the moon to hold my light,
Preparing, always preparing, to rise again.

- Arya Shaikh FYJC science (56)

Fading Petals

You were the bloom that graced my garden,
A rose untouched by time,
Soft in the cradle of morning light,
Steady, even as the world unraveled.

But seasons shift—
Petals loosen, carried by fate's breath,
The fragrance of yesterday lingers,
Yet the stem stands empty.

A whisper lingers, soft yet clear,
Of journeys veiled, of doubts held near.
I watch, silent, heart heavy with pleas,
Hoping you choose the winds that set you free.

For roots may twist in unseen ways,
And I may wish, yet still delay,
To voice aloud this heart's dismay,
That what once bloomed has lost its sway.

- Arya Shaikh FYJC science (56)

Qadir e Ishq

Mujhko to zamana hi girata hai saamne,
Na koi mujhe aake uthata hai saamne,

Kehta h zamana ki ab changez hai duniya,
Phir zehen mein khwarizm aata hai saamne,

Zahid ko nahi zauq o shauq duniya ka ,
Shayad yahi wajah hai tu khauf khata hai saamne,

Jungjoo ke zer e asar khoon bhi hai paani,
Sar se dhadh alg karde wo nahi ghabrata hai saamne,

Saaqi use rakhde de ke ab wo jaam nahi mera,
Tu mere hisse ki kisi aur ko pilata hai saamne,

Meri khabar jise mil gyi wo be itminaan hai,
Bekhabar to apne ishaaron pe nachata hai saamne,

Waise to hm dur rehke bante h bohot sher ,
Ha paas aake dil hi ghabrata hai saamne,

Mere kayi khwaab hai mushkil hai pure hon,
Ek khwaab unse mulaqaat ka tut jaata hai saamne,

Is daur mein nahi h koi shayaron ki izzat,
Abhi dekhiye ye kaam kitna rulata hai saamne,

Ye kis daur mein jee rhe hain shayar e badzaat?
Mera zameer ye sawaal uthata hai saamne,

Ke itna sab kch dil mein rakh khamosh bohot ho,
Uski ye aadat hai ke zakhm chhupata hai saamne,

Ye sab to hota hai aur hota rhega ,
Dekhein usaid kya kya hi aata hai saamne.

-Shaikh Usaid Abu Sad FYJC (29)

Time is Prime

Time our friend who is beside,
For which we all should abide.

Time often chooses to change,
And may lead us to situations which are strange.

Sometimes time is difficult,
Don't lose faith and Excult.

From dusk to dawn,
Time has flown.

It might be happy for some and sad for the rest,
Always make out the best.

Doubtlessly time changes for sure,
And will eventually turn you mature.

For time waits for none,
And may leave tasks undone.

As every second which passes by,
Can make you fly high in the sky.

Furthermore resolve to value time,
So does your life becomes prime.

In the journey of life let's decide,
To transform time into our pride.

- Hina Kausar Owais Qadri FYJC (21)

Eternal Bliss in Nature

Beginning with nature I would love to claim,
That Preserving it, should be our grand aim.

It soothes & nurtures us in every way,
No matter come what may.

Filling out our lives full of joy,
Nature has everything for us to enjoy.

Every creature found in nature,
Has the supreme power to brighten our future.

Sunrises to enhance our days beginning,
And the sun sets with a cheerful grinning.

The stars, sun and the moon,
Pose the power to set our lives bloom.

Birds along with their chirping,
Brings in a new feeling of working.

From the shade found under the evergreen tree,
Till the peace witnessed by viewing the flawless sea.

- Hina Kausar Owais Qadri FYJC (21)

To My Beloved Dear

Dear, the world is hardship, yet with full of fear do not
ever let yourself shed a single tear,
Do not be afraid of the dark room, soon things will
start to change and there will be a new moon,

Wash away all your sorrow, do not borrow another
one to follow, there is no tomorrow,
Wrong decisions make you strong, you are not alone
in this throng, you are a beauty in among,

People might judge, but every time when you look in
the mirror yet you see another world,
I searched for words to match your glow, found none
so I let my book and pen steal the show,

I always find myself lost in my mind, always struggling
to find the words for your beauty so kind,
What makes my poetry so beautiful, you ask? Is it the
words I write, or your beauty in every task?

-Akib Ansari SYJC Science (451)

What Did Mine Eyes Behold?

Should mind's grasp falter, what memories endure?
If love's sweet flame doth wane, what thirsts abide?
If Phoebus ne'er doth set, what then of night?
If clouds ne'er clash, what tempests shall be stirred?
Through lattice peered I, glimpsed a fleeting sight
E'en if I yearn to share, what words suffice?
One step I took, and lo! What met mine eyes?
Methinks I saw each dawn's appointed end,
And Time's swift chariot onward ever bend.

- Shivang Upadhyay TYBAMMC (44)

Freedom

Above me is a Beautiful sky,

Where birds are ready to fly,

But their wings are cut and their caged up.

I wonder what are they dreaming and I can hear them silently screaming.

The creator created them to fly but see you caged them up in the dry and it feels like their about to Die.

Why the society we live in is so Brutal?

Why there is no such Freedom Ritual?

Above me I saw the sky again and this time I am in pain because the sky asserts
“ Freedom is still not gain”.

- Mantasha Abrar Shaikh SYBA (20)

Garden of Love

Once I thought to visit a garden,
To lessen the heart that has hardened.
The leaves were fallen on the ground,
With the beautiful butterfly flying around.

The sun bloomed in the sky,
Where the wind whispered on my eyes.

I sat on the wooden chairs,
And met the man who cares again.
Sitting beside him felt like the safest place,
He is admiring and looking at my face.

Our hearts would beat,
As our eyes would meet and skip a beat.
He entered my life and made me believe that.

Love is like madness,
Which is surrounded by happiness.

- Mubassira Qureshi SYBA (09)

'Where is Love?' - A Short Poem

NOTE :- The poem has been written by myself alone without any artificial help. The poem is divided into two parts, yet they're the same poem as a whole, altogether. 1st POV is a hopeless individual who is giving up on love. It could be seen as a direct conversation or questioning, if you may, between God and the individual themselves. The 2nd POV is of an individual who sees eternal beauty, never fading. They metaphorize life itself, finding love at every corner, in every little thing.

-- I have strayed on endless paths, dark and light alike;
For love it is what I seek, that makes the journey bright.

I have ventured far away, to lands unknown to me;
For love it is what I seek, searching, I'd spend an eternity.

Through passage and weeds, through cottage and trees,
I glance my fearless eye,

yet time and time, again and again,

Grief shakes my hand and bids goodbye.

It breaks me down, I weep and weep, as I call for a reaching hand.

Yet silence is all that ever comes, in this gloomy shadowy land.

I join my hands and pray to thee, to give me what I seek;

Yet he says solace is found, and that is all he'll give to me.

Saddened by this merciless world, I sit and plea and ponder with all my
might,

For love it is what I seek, why not the pathway bright?

-- Bright? Bright not he says, o foolish one indeed, have you ever looked
around?!

The sun, the stars, the moon, the scars, aren't they have you've found!

True Love endeavours all of us, engraved inside our souls,

O why do you look outwards for it, when you can find within, a whole!

The love you give is the love you keep, remember it pretty well.

In hearts love dwell, in souls love swell, the bodies - what do they care!

Arousal it gives, dreary collapse, how hard to feel, oh feeling it entraps,

'Morrow I look, sorrow is ground, Love is Grief and Grief I've found.

How hard it is for me to bear, the strength and weakness of it all,
but within me strides an invincible desire, of romanticizing the very fall!
Love is stubborn but Love is free, Love is credible, it stretches to infinity.

Love is You and Love is Me.

For love it is what we seek, open your eyes, it never left us - any day, any
weak!

- Aman Nazir Khan FYJC Science 14

Growth

Facing all the disasters in the way of its growth.

It has now become a young tree! Having branches and lot of leaves and flowers just like mother earth's diverse creation of plants and animals.

Each leaf striving for its survival as it rustles its glory of youth. Now that the wind is serene. It has finally attained its identity; that is to serve. To help grow new leaves on the branch of his own family.

The tree spends its whole life doing so while protecting the young ones under its shadow.

At last, when the old leaves fall apart from the tree, they unite with the soil of gratitude expressing its gratitude for its beautiful and meaningful life.

- Tanay P. Hajare SYJC Science 97

Through My Window

Love is like madness, viewed through a pane.
In the daylight's warmth, our love's revealed.
The window frames the moment, a snapshot in time.
A love that shines so brightly, in the daylight.

The glass is cool to touch, but our love's on fire.
A burning desire that never dies.
We gaze through the window, into each other's eyes.
And see a love that's pure, and a heart that's wise.

The world outside is moving, but we are still as stone.
Our love's a madness that sweeps away sadness.
Through the window's lens, we see a love so true.
A reflection of our hearts, a love that we will adore.

- Farhana Qureshi SYBA 08

Log hai naa

Tu apni khoobiya nikal Kamiya batane ke liye log hai na

Tu apne kidar ko gulaab ki tarha mehka Tere raste mai
kata banne ke liye log hai na

Agar udhna tu asman ko dekh Parinda baan kar apni
udan ko dekh Tujhe nicha dekhne ka log hai ne

Sach khate h log sitara baan Gaya hu mai Mere todne ki
khwahish karne wale log hai na

Tu apne junoon ki roshni is duniya ko roshan kar

Teri kamyabi se jlane wale log hai na

Mohabbat karna h tho khud se kar Yeha apna bol kar
saap ki tarha dasne wale log hana

Swarna h tho khud ko sawar Chamkna h tho hira baan
Yeha hira ko koyla samjhne wale log hai na

Banna a hai tho pehchan bana yeha tere jaise naam ke
log hazar hai Kamana h tho izzat kama

Tu apni khoobiya nikal Kamiya batane ke liye log hai na

- Nausheen shakir shaikh TYBAMMC 17

Ghar Ke Taj

Jin k hone se thi ghar me ronak, unke bina ghar khali kanjar sa lagta hai..
Hai to mere paas sab kuch, lekin unke bina sab adhura sa lagta hai..
Milta toh hai sab se pyaar, bas unke pyaar ki kami si hai..
Khwaishein toh ho jaati hai puri, lekin unke bina kuch accha nahi lagta..

Mere real SuperHero, SantaClaus the wo, unke bina sab fictional world sa hai..
Mere CoolBuddy the wo, duniya ki saari coolness khatam hogayi lagta hai..
Mere paas meri Jannat toh hai, lekin Jannat ka darwaza bahot dur hogaya hai..
Ghar me hug karke toh sab sote hai mujhse, lekin unke haath pe lethna bahot yaad
aata hai..

Unka jumme k din namaz padhke aana, aur unke saath khana kha na yaad aata hai,
unke haath se Aalu-Keema Roti khana yaad aata hai..
Din bhar k thak hare aate the wo, lekin sote waqt unka pyaar aur unka dum karna
yaad aata hai..

Jab bhi ghar me gaur se dekho toh, wo hi wo nazar aate hai..
Mujhse dur hai, lekin khwabon me mulaqat karne aate hai..
Ek baar k liye bura lagta hai k wo mujhse dur hogaye hai..
Lekin Allah ka shukr hai, mujhe unki yaad to aati hai..
Magar unki takleef nahi dekh paati me..
Maine unhe Punch-Fi dena sikhaya tha..
Unka pehla Punch-Fi toh bahot zor se laga tha, lekin..
aakhiri bahot dheere se..

Jab wo chale gaye toh meri yehi zidd thi ke mujhe bhi jaana hai..
Is silsile me maine apno ka bahot dil dukhaya hai..
Fir wo ek din khwaab me aaye aur bole..
“Beta apni ammi ka dil mat dukha”
Tabse mera sab-kuch mei ammi hi hai..
Mere 10th k results k time bahot stress tha,
Lekin unhone khwaab me aake hausla diye..
“Maa sab thik hoga”
Unke wajah se zindagi me ek positivity lagti hai ☺

Thi me nadaan si har pal sochti thi, Kaise honge wo?
Aur wo mere khwaab me safed kapdo me aagaye..

Ab tak to kuch khaas kiya nahi hai zindagi me,
Lekin khush-naseebi si lagti hai ke me..TAJ MOHD ki beti hu..
Abhi toh bahot kuch haasil karna baaki hai,
Unka fakhar se naam roshan karna baaki hai.

~Unki Maa

- Shagufta Taj Q.SYJC Science 222

Tu kar legi yaar

Tu darti hai kyun, tu rukti hai kyun,
Har roz naye sawalo se ghirti hai kyou.
Zameen se uthi hai, aasmaan tak jayegi,
Toh kya hua agar rah me takleefe aayegi.

Jo sochti aayi hai ab tak ,
Woh karke dikhane ka waqt aaya hai.
Tu khud ki misaal banegi ek din,
Jo tune khudki soch ko apnaya hai

Zanjeerein jo daali hain soch par,
Unko tod ke aage badhna hai.
Jo kehna chahen, kehne de log,
Tujhe bas khud se ladna hai.

Musibat se tu darna mat,
Har ek pal mein jeet chhupi hai.
Gir bhi jaaye toh uth jaayegi,
Mujhe tujhpar yaqeen hai.

Tu kar legi yaar, tu karna bhi chahti hai,
Tu sirf sapne nahi dekhti
Use pura karne ka jazba bhi rakhti hai
Aur haa , tere sapne tere apne hai
"Tu kar legi yaar"

- Shaikh Nahida Afroz FYBCom C 491

रात के राही

रात के राही, सूरज की ताप क्या जाने
खुदाई करते बंदे, अपने पाप क्या जाने
जल रहा शरीर तो, लकड़ी चंदन की या शीशम की क्या जाने
चलत राही सिर उठाए, रौंदे ज़मीन भी तो क्या जाने।
गुलदस्तों के आदी, एक गुलाब की खुशबू क्या जाने
पाप धुले कईयों के तो गंगा भी मैली हुई, फिर विष किसको अमृतकिसको क्या जाने
काली स्याही सफ़ेद कागज़, ये ज़िंदगी से रंगीन क्यूँ पाठक क्या जाने।

- Shivang Upadhyay TYBAMMC (44)

ARTICLES

The Ship of Theseus: A Modern Take on Identity and Continuity by Shivang

The Ship of Theseus is one of the most enduring philosophical paradoxes, exploring the nature of identity and continuity through the lens of change. At its core, the paradox asks: If all the parts of an object are replaced over time, does it remain fundamentally the same object? My interpretation of this classic thought experiment delves into the fluidity of identity, revealing how it is shaped by structure, ownership, and collective memory.

1. Identity through Continuity of Structure

Imagine the Ship of Theseus sailing from port A to port B. Along the way, its planks, sails, and ropes are gradually replaced, one by one. Despite these changes, the ship retains its overall structure and purpose. It continues to be recognized as the "Ship of Theseus" because its form and function remain intact. This suggests that identity can be preserved through the continuity of structure, even as the materials that compose it change.

2. The Scavenger's Ship: Material Continuity vs. Identity

Now, suppose a scavenger collects all the discarded parts of the original ship and rebuilds it using those materials. While this new ship is made from the same wood and nails as the original, it lacks the structure, purpose, and ownership that defined the Ship of Theseus. In this case, material continuity alone is not enough to claim identity. The scavenger's ship may share a historical connection to the original, but it cannot be considered the Ship of Theseus because it no longer serves the same function or carries the same symbolic meaning.

3. Ownership and Functional Identity

At port B, Theseus decides to upgrade to a larger, more advanced ship. He divides his crew, giving the old ship to his second-in-command and taking command of the new vessel. Here, the identity of the Ship of Theseus shifts based on ownership and function. The new ship becomes the "Ship of Theseus" because it is now the vessel Theseus commands and uses for his voyages. The old ship, though once central to Theseus's identity, becomes the "Pre-Theseus Ship," a relic of his past.

4. The Role of Collective Memory

Despite the change in ownership, the old ship retains a powerful legacy in the minds of those who knew it. For years, people have seen Theseus sail this ship, and its arrival at port still evokes memories of his adventures. In this way, the old ship continues to be associated with Theseus in the collective consciousness, even though it no longer belongs to him. This highlights how identity is shaped not only by physical continuity but also by the stories and memories people attach to an object.

5. Dual Identity: Practical vs. Symbolic

This creates a fascinating duality: both the new and old ships can be considered the Ship of Theseus, but for different reasons.

- Practical Identity: The new ship is the Ship of Theseus in a functional sense. It is the vessel Theseus currently owns and commands, representing his present and future.
- Symbolic Identity: The old ship remains the Ship of Theseus in a cultural and historical sense. It carries the legacy of Theseus's past voyages and the memories of those who witnessed them.

6. Ownership vs. Symbolism: Layers of Identity

The paradox reveals that identity is not a single, fixed concept but a layered construct. It can be defined by:

- Ownership and Function: The ship Theseus currently commands is his ship in a practical sense.
- Legacy and Memory: The ship associated with Theseus's history retains his identity in the minds of others, even if ownership has changed.

Final Thought: Identity as Fluid and Multifaceted

The Ship of Theseus teaches us that identity is not static but fluid, shaped by structure, ownership, and collective memory. It shows that an object—or even a person—can hold multiple identities simultaneously, depending on perspective and context. The new ship represents Theseus's present and future, while the old ship remains a testament to his past. Both can coexist as the Ship of Theseus, proving that identity is as much about perception as it is about continuity.

This modern take on the Ship of Theseus invites us to rethink how we define identity in our own lives. Whether it's a ship, a nation, or a person, identity is a complex interplay of physical continuity, function, and the stories we tell about it. By embracing this fluidity, we can better understand the multifaceted nature of identity and the ways it evolves over time.

- Shivang Upadhyay TYBAMMC (44

InfoMini #1

Student Struggles by Amir Nazir Khan

INTRODUCTION

An experimental research was conducted by the KGB which was the Soviet Union's Secret Intelligence Agency on human behavior towards Fear. The results of the psychological research concluded that if you bombarded human subjects with messages of fear and uneasiness, in two months or less, most of them start believing it to the extent that they become brainwashed to believe that message, irrespective of whether it's the truth or not, even to the point that no amount of info they are shown to the contrary can change their mind. I think it all seems so familiar, doesn't it? (little time to introspect) Hi, I'm Aman Khan. Well, irrespective of your answer, I'd like for you to take the backseat for some time and listen to what I have to say. I'd also like to recommend some books at the end so be sure to check that out.

GRADUAL BUILDUP

Us students, we live in a time where our outlook towards education and its systems as a whole has quite developed. I can very well recall of the times where people were told to be subservient only to their parent's or tuition teacher's advices towards one's career. But that now, to quite an extent has changed. I think as a whole, our perspective towards our careers and education has changed a lot. It feels as if they are both of equal importance that is of course in their own rights. They are intertwined in today's world. It's no longer commonly believed that at some moment you always have to sacrifice one for the other. Unfortunately, I think this has led us to some sense of 'complacency'. I'll talk about this more later.

We work towards the goal set by us. These goals, however hard they might be, are upheld by our belief systems that we have to live up to these sort of expectations. This becomes instilled in our minds. We look up to these goals as our standard to achieve. Along the way, it's very likely we encounter a lot of problems. Now conforming to our education system, we always have this toxic spectrum that the higher you score, the smarter you are. This is not right. Studies have proved that there were many people which weren't so good in their academics but extremely intelligent human beings. Maybe if a student isn't so well in their studies, they could very well be good in other activities such as Arts (Fine, Performing), etc. When we fail to live up to these goals, we feel as if we have failed in our attempt to improve ourselves. Our belief systems have been framed in such a way that we are made to feel this way that it is not

right to fail, to make mistakes. The reason why I call this belief toxic is simple, this problem has established itself as a golden standard in Indian Education. If you score well, you're worth everything. If you score badly, you're worth nothing. You are a failure, you cannot do anything. This is reinforced everywhere here in our society and it has become a pain-in-the-ass. Yes, I meant that.

This multifaceted thinking has posed a moral conundrum in front of us. Either cherish your ambitions or be stuck within this loop. This in entirety sounds very unpleasant indeed. True, given that some students aren't really given a choice to pursue their dreams but nowadays it has changed. And by changed I mean, quite a lot actually. I think we now have more knowledge regarding the fact that where our interests lie and what we intend to achieve. Indeed, it won't be that clear to everyone. I can relate to this myself as I wasn't entirely sure about all the choices that I could take. But the bottom line I am trying to show is that we are more powerful than we think we are. As students, we have a variety of open-ended choices and I think this really helps us to cherish our dreams within the existent reality of becoming responsibilities. I'll delve deeper into this –

Self-Victimization -

We'll take help of something called as the 'Backwards Law'. It states that the more we try and push ourselves towards a positive mindset, the more we accept that we have been following a negative mindset. Wanting a positive experience is a negative experience in itself. Accepting a negative experience is a positive experience. Yeah, I know it sounds odd but let me give you an example. The more you want to make yourself feel desired or beautiful or handsome, towards the approach, the more negative i.e. the uglier you feel about yourself. This basically shows us that we should begin with Acceptance, whether it be anything. Acceptance is very necessary to get us out of this toxic loop. The more you think about yourself as the victim, subconsciously, your mind begins to make you feel powerless. External circumstances do not dictate our lives, perhaps our decisions, but never our lives. It is never too late to want change in your life. When we are in fear, we attract a reflection of our fear.

Say to yourself - *“My life is not over. I have the power to change my destiny. I will work my way towards a brighter path. I am in charge of my own decisions. I will guide myself to freedom, for I believe in myself. I don't listen to what my mind says because I hold the power to make it listen to me. I am powerful. I am knowing. I think and therefore I am!”*

Deal with Failure -

Failure is imminent in life. Along any path you choose, inevitably you will fail, fall, stop trying. It's not the success that matters, it's the mistakes that count. We are not machines that we are hardly susceptible to mistakes. It is our innate

curiosity that has gotten us as far as we possibly can. But inside us, lies the strength to continue on this journey relentlessly. Mistakes happen, even when you don't expect them to. I'd like to share a quote from a great Motorsport (F1) Driver Niki Lauda when he won a Laureus Lifetime Achievement Award – "I've seen a lot of people here winning and losing so I'd like to dedicate this award to the losers. I tell you from my own experience, winning is one thing but out of losing, I always learned more for the future." Failure shapes you in ways unimaginable. Unfortunately, today we see a lot of people taking their own lives because they could not live up to their expectations or they could not handle the pressure, etc. It's saddening to see such young, talented individuals become prey to this toxic mentality. I want to tell you, suicide is not the option. If even a thought like such comes to your mind, I'd like you to step out from your homes and take a walk. Take some fresh air, explore your wonderful nature and just relax.

I cannot stress this enough, FAILURE IS A PART OF LIFE. It will happen, sooner or later. Do not get demotivated because you fall. You, yourself can do wonders to your belief system. On course to roam the world, Christopher Columbus made a navigational error which led him to discover the continent of America! Of course, at every path, there will be people to force you to stop, demotivate you, insult you, make fun of you, but that doesn't mean you should stop. When people are holding you back for doing the right thing, you know you're going to be great.

Procrastination –

Procrastination is thief of time, very truly said. We often levitate towards simple pleasure, to free ourselves out of stress and hard work. While doing such activity, we are not only prolonging our work but also exhausting our mind and our capacity to work tirelessly and with full ability. To hold off something which you can do today for tomorrow is detrimental towards our entire work ethic. Establishing your work ethic is very important towards a sustainable and consistent mindset. At the end, when there are no rooms left open for miracles, when the wind stops blowing, when you stand still, the only person you can put the blame on, is you.

I'd like to share a little story – there was a little girl who wanted to compete in the upcoming 100m running race at her school. Her parents hired a coach to help her to practice and win. When the competition arrived, she came last out of 12 other contestants. She came back to her coach, lamenting, "I came last. I've failed. It's all over.", which her coach replied "No, you're wrong. You have won today. You see I had you down for 20 seconds when you cross the finish line but your time came out to be 19.2 seconds. This is your personal record! Even though you think you've lost, you haven't my darling, you've won!" Now

think about this. The next time she participates in a race, what do you think would matter to her, winning the race or beating her personal record? Winning is different in all of our eyes. You see, it's a matter of perception, not circumstance. The little girl now will compete with herself, improve herself, focus on herself, rather than focusing on others.

You're last in the class, you dream of being a topper, you work slowly, you start forcing yourself to study. Results come, you're third last, that's a win! You cannot aim for the sky without a plane. You cannot reach the Moon without a satellite. Winning is being better today than you were yesterday, every day.

Change is Necessary –

I mentioned earlier that winning is matter of perception, not circumstance. There will always be something to make us feel demotivated, but to endure and still persevere, that's your power. That, you can do, I know it, you know it. Small victories are still victories. This is what I mean by the starting statement. There will always be negatives but it is our job to find the positives in everything. It does not matter what circumstance you are in, when you learn to see things differently, you understand the duality of life, you understand how powerful you are. So learn to percept things from all sides differently. You used to sleep at 1am but now you sleep at 12am, that's a victory. You used to wake up at 11am but today you woke up at 10am, that's a victory. You watched your phone for 7 hours yesterday but today you did 6 hours and 12 minutes, congratulations my friend, you're winning. That's it. Cherish yourself, embrace your flaws. Help yourself to become better. Work with the body, not against it. I learned something about this that I remember still to this day – “Give yourself 1% every day. You can either better yourself 1% or worsen yourself for 1% every day. That's the choice you have to make, not a big leap forward, not putting your foot on the 4th step, just 1%, that's it.”

To create a positive environment, where you are free of all doubt, panic, confusion and coercion is the ultimate step towards coming to terms with yourself. Many of us lament at our current predicament regarding academic studies but once you start accepting your place and work towards proving yourself to yourself, things do turn out differently, trust me. Change is inevitable. Change is necessary. You cannot wish for 100% while doing the work of only 50%. There's no miracle happening. You become what you can by your efforts. The more efforts you put in, the more you establish yourself. Results don't always show themselves, but that should not deter us from doing what we ought to. That is why, you must instill in yourself, ambition. Ambition drives you forward, wherever you set foot upon. Without ambition, you cannot succeed. Whatever you want, it's within your reach, but are you extending your hand to grab it?

Fear is Natural –

Fear is natural. When you're stepping up, looking to defeat your problems, challenge yourself, you inevitably will face fear. You will be tempted to step down and let things be as they were. Many times you will feel as if it was a mistake and that you can't do it but that's all wrong. At any given level, you are aware of your limits. But when you aren't, you must push yourself to find that limit. Our bodies are not machines that will work 24/7 with the same energy. Mood Swings will be apparent but consistency matters. Stop believing that you cannot push yourself. Unless you try and try, you can never succeed. On that path lies a lot of failures and regrets but the end result is far greater and worth it. The more you push yourself, the more extraordinary your results will be. We all need a change but you must accept yourself as you are first. You must accept that you need change in your life. You cannot change what you refuse to confront.

You see everyone fears failure. We all do. But we must change our thinking. We must embrace it. Pushing your limits is the best way to find out. At the end of the day, all of us might have different approaches towards different goals and we might have different mindsets but we all want the same thing – peace and money. Yep, I know you do! I saw a quote which said – “You do not rise to level of your goals. You fall to the level of your systems.” The person who has the best systems will succeed and reach further. Fear is a tool to unlocking your true potential. Fear is not a burden. Fear is an essence of victory, for all those who dream fear the most.

Time is Limited –

One day, not too far from now, we would be grateful to ourselves that we listened to our inner voice and through hardship, we arose. There's a saying in Latin – ‘per aspera per astra’ which literally translates to this. You never know how much time you have left. Instead of following other people thinking that they know best, try and follow your intuition. You may not always be correct but you may not always be wrong either. We waste our time on a lot of uncalculated decisions but what has gone is gone. We cannot get it back. Rather, we must look ahead and focus on the journey laid in front of us. Many of us get burnt out and I have to say, I have too experienced it and it's not so good. I think we are not very grateful about the circumstances in our lives. Some people complain about how there is little to no deviation in their lives. They believe life is repetitive and thus boring. But I think we are very grateful to have such ‘boring’ set of circumstances repeat every day. I think peace is in consistency, wherever that might be. I read more about this that I'd like to quote here – “To get up and do the same tasks day and night is actually a blessing. Laying your head on the pillow and thinking about what to study tomorrow is a level of restfulness some people will never experience in their lives. If you have the peace of a ‘boring’ life, you have won the lottery!”

Always be careful of the tasks you put forth to your priority list. Sometimes the wrong thing can delay you and make you tired with all your efforts. It's very important to learn Time Management. As far I know, I think the most beneficent way you'll learn it is by experience. I had learnt a golden rule about time management which I'll share with you – "Important tasks are seldom Urgent and Urgent tasks are seldom Important."

Manifestation -

You hold endless power. Once you learn where to channel it and how to use it, you will be unstoppable. Contrary to many people, I do believe manifestation is real. For those how don't however, let's look at it the scientific way. In dire situations, instead of whining and complaining, thinking all hope is lost, many times our mind over exaggerates how helpless we become. Truth is, we don't. Instead, it is in these situations, where you must endure and calmly think and get out of the way. If it's endurable, endure it. There's always a way. We just have to find it. There is a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in. Illuminate yourself with the energy to go on and on. Self-believe leads to Self-Confidence, Self-Confidence leads to better Self-Perception, better Self-Perception leads to Energized Self and in turn leads to – a NEW you!

I think you mustn't leave your uniqueness just because you think it's not fit or not feasible. That's wishful thinking. Take inspiration the way you want to, but ultimately you have to experience things on your own and do it in your own way. Don't become a clone. This applies to academics the most. You should look at the habits and routines of other successful people who excel in academics but you should ultimately create something feasible for you. You are not dumb. You can try and incorporate their habits in your schedule, no problem. But the moment you think, no only what he/she does is right, you're wrong. Learn to be fueled by sentiment, not invoked. Life isn't about finding yourself; it's about creating yourself.

Listen to yourself. Don't trap your inner voice. Please, have the courage to find yourself, to create yourself, to pick up yourself when you have fallen. Become your own mentor. Love yourself. Help yourself. You are your own savior. There is no one coming to save you except you. Steve Jobs once said – "Follow your own heart and intuition, for they somehow know what you truly want to become." I genuinely believe that you will find what you seek and if not, then something better will come along your way indeed. Just look for the right thing, what you feel is right. Search wisely. Choose wisely. Wisdom lies in any decision, not in a miraculous awakening. Listen to this – "Life is like going on the wrong way of a moving sidewalk. Walk so you can stay put. But as soon as you stand still, you go backwards. To get ahead, you have to hustle." Refuse to give up on your vulnerability. This world needs more of you!

Conclusion

I read this somewhere – “to experience who you are, you must experience who you are not” and I think this relates to everyone. It maybe you’re stuck, you can’t seem to get out of the loop. You have been abandoned by everyone. You’re on your own. And you feel you’re not gonna make it. But you will. Light will always overpower the Darkness. Little by little, the water erodes the rock for hundreds of years; the water doesn’t change its course again and again and expect some miracle, the water keeps going and going and it is the victor in the end. The rock gives in. The circumstances will give in. No one is stronger than you. You will always win in the end. That’s it. That’s the spoiler. You will succeed. It’s inevitable. You cannot escape your own destiny. It will find you. Or rather you’ll find it? You’ll shape it? Ask yourself these questions rather than questioning your worth.

I’ll end with this excerpt from Owen Lindley –

“I don’t know who conditioned you to think you had to apologize or feel obtuse. But not here. Dream so big it’s silly. Laugh so hard it’s obnoxious. Love so much it’s impossible. And don’t you ever feel unintelligent. And don’t you ever apologize. And don’t you ever shrink so you can squeeze yourself into small place and small minds. Grow. It’s a big world. There’s room. You fit. I promise.”

Thank You.

-Amir Nazir Khan FYJC Science

The Quit India 2.0: Decoding the new trend of foreign emigration by Indian citizens



India, home to over 1.45 billion people from a diverse tapestry of culture, religions, and language. India is one the fastest growing economies, which is projected to be the 3rd largest economy by 2030. India's diverse market creates numerous opportunities for businesses and entrepreneurs. The fraternity of Indian people makes India the largest democracy in the world. Yet still, Indian citizens migrate to foreign countries. The enthralling nature of foreign countries and their modern culture entices many people from various countries. Between 2022-2023, a record of 96,917 Indians were caught while unlawfully crossing into the US. Surprisingly, the number was 5 times that of 2019.

According to a report published by Henry private wealth migration, 4,300 millionaires left India. The numbers saw a decrease, where it was 5,100 in 2023, and 7,500 in 2022. India is one of top ranking countries for High-Net-Worth-Individual (HNWI) emigration. The Western and European countries offer more work opportunities, and better income, and a healthy and better quality of life and livelihood, which makes our millionaires choose a better option and they choose to leave their home country. Our youth, our students also believe that the foreign institutions offer a better exposure and tend to study abroad. From these students, only a handful have a will to return. According to reports, in 2022, 9, 07,404 students went abroad for studies, and the number was increased to 13, 35,878 in 2024.



In India, there are numerous issues which result in overall emigration. The Unemployment Crisis in India, which encourages the students to leave India for better work opportunities. The higher income of foreign countries attracts our workforce for better income. The toxic work culture of India, where overtime and overwork is conventional. No need to mention, our taxes, No matter poor or wealthy, the taxes are paid by everyone. According to IBM institute, for Business value and Oxford economics, in India, 90% of startups fail, of which, 10% fail in the first year and 70% fail by the fifth year. The Indian legal system also lacks to provide justice to the poor, and the rich find loopholes and evade the system.

According to the world inequality report 2022, India stands out as a poor and very unequal country. On the list of Global Hunger index, India ranked 105th out of 127 countries, which is considered a serious Hunger index. India's corruption and extortion issues are also outré, a handful of people tarnish the whole system. Our government hospitals and schools, lack to match the performance of private schools and hospitals. Hence, those who don't have enough money, use these government services. The government lacks to build trust in people about government hospitals and schools. India's Air quality index is worsening day by day, where in cities like Delhi, taking a breath is equal to smoking 50 cigarettes.



These are the general issues or somewhat excuses to leave India, are mostly used. While these are true in the context, but they are not permanent, these can be changed. Some reasons are based on greed of the individual, and can solely change by themselves. The foreign countries are not all perfect, they also have many flaws and from time to time they have evolved and changed. This can also be done in India, but to do that our nation's power, our youth and the working labor must stay in India. India's youngsters are the future generation of this country, it is the power which can transform the current situation. Our High-Net-Worth-Individual (HNWI) has the power to contribute to our country's welfare and economy. They have the resources by which they can create job opportunities for many people.

Choosing to stay in one's home country is solely based on the individual, but not trying to change the circumstances and leaving the country, risks the country's economic and social environment. The Indian government is also trying to cultivate a better environment for people and businesses alike. Schemes like www.startupindia.gov.in, www.mudra.org.in, and www.cgtnse.in help individuals who newly launch their startups. In the 2025-2026 Union budget, Finance minister of India, Niramala Sitaraman, introduced New income tax bill, where there is no income tax up to 12 lakhs of income. This change in income tax slabs relieved the middle class and higher middle class. Many tech giants also conduct various training programs for young and unemployed people, which will affect the future of the country. The change can be done, but it needs combined efforts from people and the government.

- Chinmay Dattaram Mestry TYBAMMC 40

Vishwas Ki Taqat

Har insaan ki zindagi mein kabhi na kabhi aisa pal aata hai jab wo apne aap par bharosa kho deta hai. Yeh woh lamha hai jab ek taraf sapne hote hai, aur doosri taraf dar. Lekin jo insaan apne vishwaas ko banaye rakhta hai, wahi safalta ki manzil tak pahunchta hai.

Ek chhoti si chidiya jab apni pehli udaan bharti hai, toh usse apne pankhon ki shakti ka andaza nahi hota. Agar wo pehle hi darr jaye, toh kabhi bhi asmaan chho nahi sakti. Insaan bhi aise hi hote hain. Jab tak hum apni taqat par vishwas nahi karenge, tab tak hum apni safalta ka safar shuru nahi kar sakte.

Safalta sirf unhi ko milti hai jo haar nahi maante. Agar aaj duniya ke bade bade safal logon ki kahani dekhein, toh unka sabse bada hathiyar unka vishwas hi tha. APJ Abdul Kalam, Elon Musk, aur Sachin Tendulkar jaise logon ne sirf ek cheez ko apni taqat banaya - apne sapno par vishwas.

Isliye, agar kabhi zindagi mein mushkilein aayein, toh sirf ek baat ka yaad rakhna - "Vishwas rakho, tum kar sakte ho!"

- Shaikh Nahida Afroz Ahmed FYBCom (491)

SHORT STORIES

A Time-Travelling Paradox

Surreal, That's what it was. Mira had anything but this planned for her 2109 bingo card.

Would she ever recover from it? Would she ever be the same again?

Thousands of questions yet no answers found.

Flashback~

2109, a few weeks earlier.

Mira loves science but one thing she could not believe in? A time machine. It felt like an obstructed invention that just couldn't exist in Mira's imagination. Being an author of fiction, her mind could travel earth and beyond, imagining the possibilities of the wild, but a time machine lingered nowhere near her fantasies. Her friend, Veda, on the other hand, is a scientist. Their objective and subjective realities had always been a strong contrast in their friendship but their love transcended every obstacle in their life.

Veda is on a mission to invent the ultimate time machine. A device, a pod or just anything that could open a portal to the past or maybe even the future.

An invention that felt impossible to Mira. She knew something like going in the past or future could create an unimaginable paradox. This thought always had her in a state of jarring discomfort.

Veda has been working on inventing a time machine for five years now, unknown to anyone but Mira. Though Mira wants to give her best friend her ultimate support, she finds herself hard to. They get into mini arguments often when something goes wrong in her experiment but Veda is adamant to prove Mira wrong and to craft the best innovation ever.

One sunny morning, Mira was on her tab in a conversation with her AI friend Cove.

Her interest in science had always been piqued since childhood, just like her best friend's but she mostly found herself in deep fantasies rather than thinking about the real world. She would search and read about time machine theories all the time and never did it sit right with her. It almost felt like a fever dream. Like the existence of multiple universes felt utterly wild.

And if time machines did exist, what would happen to the past that already existed? Would it be disrupted or it'd be something that was always meant to happen, changing nothing? These thoughts drove Mira mad all the time.

As she found herself yet again entangled in the loop of probing through the existing theories on time machines, her AI friend, Cove, chimed in.

“Renowned Physicist Stephen Hawking famously hosted a time traveller party in 2009, which became quite a legendary event”.

“Wait, What!!!“ Mira exclaimed, almost falling off her chair.

“Cove, Can you tell me everything about this party?” She asked in a haste.

As she heard him dictate every possible information of Hawking's party on the internet, she sat stunned, wondering where this particular fact had been hiding from her.

Although Hawking's party was meant to be a light-hearted approach to science and its theories, Mira's lost interest in discovering the secrets of time machines doubled in the span of minutes. The fact that none had attended the party obviously claimed the non-existence of time machines but it could still happen. Fortunately, her own best friend was working on such an invention. Mira wasted no time beelining towards her friend's house.

“VEDA!” Mira screamed entering her house as Veda was sitting on her desk making notes.

Almost annoyed, Veda asked, “Mira, are you aware about the concept of etiquettes?”

Mira spun her chair around making Veda almost fall off of it. Veda was now completely annoyed. She had made an interesting discovery regarding her creation and felt almost near to its invention but wait! Mira had just disrupted that.

Mira held her chair asking, "Ved, Why have you never told me about the time traveller party Stephen Hawking hosted in 2009?"

"You really think I wouldn't have?"

"Obviously, I don't remember."

"You just didn't pay attention, Mira."

"Is it?" Mira asked, finally letting her chair go.

She proposed to Veda about her wish to go back in the past and attend Hawking's party. Veda did not want to believe her because Mira and time machines had never sat together in a willing conversation. Mira stayed in resolution and begged Veda to invent the time machine as soon as she could.

"Oh how the tables turned" Veda said to herself and smiled.

In the next week, Veda had been working on the final touches of a time-travelling pod. It wasn't tested out yet but she had a candidate who'd jump into it anytime when allowed.

Mira reached Veda's lab in a hurry, both in excitement and fear of the unknown. She knew it could go all south. She'd probably never reach the past or worse, die. Never before had she felt such an inclination towards something. Not even the thought of her own huge library had drawn out such a feeling from her. (It used to)

Veda was worried. She knew the possibilities could be life-threatening plus it was her dear best friend.

"Mira, As much as I'm happy with this creation, I'm not sure I want you to test this out first."

"Ved, come on! You worked so hard for this and I'm sure this would work out just fine! I'll be back."

Veda sighed as she got Mira into the pod, equipping her.

"Ved, you just wait for the secrets I'm about to unveil!"

"How are you not scared at all? I'll be here waiting, be safe and just come back the moment anything feels wrong, okay?"

"Yes! Let's go!" Mira screamed as intense adrenaline rushed through her whole body. She held herself tight and back to 2009, she travelled.

Present Day~

Mira woke up from her haze to see her best friend standing there with a worried expression. As soon as she moved, Veda burst into tears.

“Are you okay? I thought I lost you Mira.”

“What is happening? Where am I?”

“Mira, calm down! You're in my room. Please just rest, I'll explain everything to you.”

“Veda, I saw him, I did! I couldn't get to him! I tried telling the guards to let me in but the people were looking at me weird. I should've dressed like the 2000s, right?”

“Mira, you need to rest. We'll talk about this later, okay?”

Mira held Veda's hands as she was about to leave.

“Ved, what happened?”

“Now isn't the time to give you reasons. You're exhausted so we'll talk later, hmm? I'll get you something to eat.”

Her head ached like a hammer pounding it and soon, she passed out again.

Moments later, she woke up startled, her bedsheet crumpled, her hair tousled and everything she saw was blurry.

- Nasreen Sayed TYBA

Halt of Routine

She forgot her lunch today,” the nurses’ voices hovers in the summer, their hands reaching under the tap, water running between their fingers, soap bubbles on the sink, dissipating within seconds. Closing of the tap. Moving around of the table, their lunchboxes placed side by side. One looking down, struggling to unwrap the piece of cloth which covered her lunchbox, asks, “So, where is she?”

She was outside; outside of a restaurant, as she placed herself, drenched in shadow, opposite to a man, looking up at him, who’s sitting at the bounds of the entrance, on the left corner of the restaurant, on a bright red plastic chair. He's the cashier. Getting handed her order, walking back to the hospital through an alleyway where the buzzing sunlight quite doesn't reaches anybody, her left hand, clutching her mobile phone, she wipes the sweat off her face.

“What happened to your lunch?” Dashmi looks at her, when she entered the hospital. “Kahuna, even the lunchtime is over. Let me cover for you, you go eat.”

“I don't know. I think I just left it at home. This is the first time. Even though I've always been so busy,” Kahuna speaks, “this has never happened before.”

“It's okay,” Dashmi, gently places her hand on her shoulder, “let's just go, everybody's worried about you,” as she guides her towards the Break Room through the loud hallway.

Sitting alone, the sound of traffic drowns the entire space. The curtains still in the summer heat, as she eats her lunch. Her fingers dipped in fish curry and freshly cooked rice, mixing the two in the plate. In the room, the walls are white, there's a mirror, 4 bags, a key left by Dashmi, alongside a cup of tea someone forgot to drink.

Later, it was around three p.m., when she saw the man with an IV needle inserted into his right arm. Her back to him, she attended the schoolgirl who'd been admitted with typhoid.

“Kahuna?” the man whispers. But before Kahuna turned to him, it was the school girl's parents who glanced at him.

“Kahuna?” This time louder, he sat up on his bed, attempting to draw the curtain to one side, her hands, still slightly wet from washing them in the sink after the lunch, pulled the curtains away from his face. She looked at him again, clearly.

“Sir?”

“Do you know him?” Dashmi's voice rose behind Kahuna's back. There was no answer for a moment.

“Yes,” she replies, “I do. He's my college teacher.”

“Oh!” Dasmhi smiled, examining the space around them, noticing that there’s no chair. “I’ll bring you something to sit on.”

“How have you been?” He asks.

“Sir, I don’t even know how you still remember me,” Kahuna speaks with a firm voice, as she places herself on the chair Dashmi bought. She sits in front of him.

“You stood out a lot.”

“Probably because I was the only older student. I was 27. Everyone around me felt uncomfortable in college. No student really liked me.” She continues with her soft voice, and a chuckle, “Things. I’ve always done them too late.”

“You used to ask so many questions. You were always curious.” His smile halts her words.

“Is that so?” She speaks again, her palms tightens on her knees. “So, are you okay?”

“I should ask you that.” He replies.

“What?”

“You don’t look good.” His voice is filled with concern. “I’ve been meaning to ask, do you still write?”

“That was 10 years ago, Sir.” She says.

“I see.”

“Do I look that different, Sir?”

“Your shoulders, it’s your posture. You look tired.”

“I just,” her voice breaks, “I’ve been so busy lately. I have a husband now, and there’s also my daughter. I don’t even know who I was 10 years ago. Even now, I feel uncomfortable around people.”

“This,” she relaxes her body and breathes, “this feels like the first time I am talking to someone.”

“Sir,” she says, “during college, I felt odd. No. I’ve always felt odd. I feel it’s unfair that I look around and there’s one new building. The city keeps changing. Years keep passing. Days are filled with so much work. How can I ever be comfortable around people? I feel I am always in a hurry and desperation but it hurts. It’s so damn painful to be here, you know? To be around people.”

He pauses for a moment. “Do you know I read a lot?” He lowers his eyes, “I’ve tried to write myself but I just can’t. It’s so difficult. But that’s okay.” He says loudly, and looks at her, his smile highlighting every wrinkle on his face, making it impossible to look away from him. “It’s okay even if I don’t know how to write. Now, because I’ve read so much. I am able to think.”

“Time. It might feel like it passes quickly. But all this time, you mould yourself into what people want you to be. It’s the same with thinking. They don’t want you to think for yourself.” He tilts his head, his left hand on his neck, “they want you to hate a certain group of people. To not think anything big for yourself. To lead a life of service, as a dog of capitalism. But a book provides you with alternate options. Books break you open. When you read a book. It’s like a rejection to every normative standard of thinking and viewing that strongly alienates people who are deemed “different” by the society. You being an older student in college was okay. Functioning differently than others, or being late in your own life is both also okay. Although I can’t deny that you haven’t written anything for over a decade. You might feel like all your desires for change has gone. They are not gone. You can still come to desire better things.”

Kahuna’s eyes fixed on him, she attempts to say something, but is cut with the arrival of Dashmi. “Kahuna, let’s go.” Dashmi says, “our shift is over.”

“Oh, okay,” she gets up hurriedly.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Go ahead.” He waves his left hand. Kahuna pauses. A smile, and waves her hand back at him.

Taking off her coat in the Break Room, then walking down the stairs of the hospital building, the road busy in her eyes. An auto halts, getting in, the hand turning the meter on. Time keeps passing. Looking out, a man is singing a song in his bike, the song gently placing them in the middle of traffic. “Please,” she says to the driver, “hurry up. I have to go home and start preparing dinner for my family.”

“Madam, I can’t do anything. It’s really rushed today.”

She looks out again, and breathes. The world and time for the first time seems halted for everyone around her. A man in his car tapping on the steering wheel. The auto on her right is filled with 3 people. The summer heat in the air. She opens her bag, taking out the book her teacher gave to her while leaving. Her back touches the seat properly, she relaxes. And begins reading.

-Arshad Shaikh TYBA 124

Dreams

The day of my life when I was 13, I found what I wanted to be what I'm capable of I loved dancing and I didn't know how I adopted the ability To just capture the movements 1yr later I said to My family that I want to learn dance it gives me peace and it's what I want to do after a long debate about my career the answer was no, my parents stated that why would you choose dance it's not worth it go For something big like engineering, doctor but I never was interested in those cause all I was focusing on is dancing I tried my best to convince my parents but they always avoided the Topic, then not much longer-time after months of trying I gave up on my first dream, then in 2020 Covid broke out and in that period I realized that I want to become a fashion designer and I want to do art to become that even though I knew my parents would say no because it comes under arts and not science and commerce I still tried to express Myself with my second dream I said them "mom, I want to do fashion designing, I want to design my own clothes, make my own designer clothing brand" and my mom said " why not but what does it takes to be a fashion designer??" I was a little nervous about it but yet I said "it comes under arts after I pass my HSC I will do arts and become a fashion designer with my own clo-" she interrupted saying " arts are taken by people who don't want to study why would you go far arts its waste of money and time" I knew the answer would be somewhat like this but it was the worst part of my life where I found my dreams and I never achieved them it just brings me down that if I tired more I would have achieved them. And I still regret that I was talented in some field but it was looked down as an insult to my parents cause society thinks it's wrong

- *"to all the parents we Don't care about the society we care about do you support us in our decisions if yours answer is no it makes us hopeless which leads to an unwanted life and kills our creativity cause you were our last hope"*

- Shaikh reehan bashir FYBMS 104

A love too late

(Disclaimer: All the characters and the story are fiction work)

As I walked down the aisle, marching towards the bus stand and crossing all the gates, I noticed how chilly it was tonight compared to other nights. The cold breeze brushed against my face, sending shivers down my spine. With my earphones tucked into my ears, I hummed along to my favourite song, letting the rhythm guide my steps.

When I reached the bus stop, I noticed someone already sitting there. His posture was relaxed, yet his presence felt oddly noticeable. His face was buried in his phone, making it difficult to see under the flickering light of the street lamp.

For a brief moment, he glanced up, and our eyes met. My breath hitched. I recognized those eyes –or at least, I thought I did. But something was different. Tonight, his eyes seemed two shades darker than they used to be, lifeless and hollow. Gone was the warmth of those hazel-brown eyes that once beamed with life.

The face before me belonged to someone I used to admire, but it was no longer the same person.

My mind began to throb, memories I had buried long ago rising to the surface. Unbidden, my thoughts drifted back to the days of 2023, when everything had been so different.

It was the first day of art class. I was excited yet nervous as I stepped into the room. I was greeted by warm smiles from unfamiliar faces, which made me feel slightly at ease.

I chose my usual and favourite spot—the last bench—where I could quietly lose myself. I stared out the window, lost in my own world, picturing something I can't quite remember now. It's blurry, a distant fragment of a memory. Most of my recollections from 2023 are either blurry or have vanished into thin air, scattered like dust—except for the memory of him. That memory remains vividly etched in the corners of my mind.

The day I first saw him when he entered the classroom, white shirt paring with light blue jeans and converse shoes, that was the day my heart fluttered for the very first time in seventeen years. His gaze fell on me, and in that moment, a strange yet profound feeling began to stir in my heart.

Never in my wildest dreams had I thought I would fall for someone so deeply, to the extent of dedicating my very purpose in life to being with him.

But destiny had something else in store for me.

Admiring him from far as days passed, a strange, unexplainable fear always lingered around me, holding me back from confessing my feelings to him. Days turned into months, and months turned into years. From seeing him from afar to not seeing him at all to this day, I convinced myself that I had moved on.

But now, I realize it was just a mere excuse. Today, seeing him in front of me made me realize something profound

A tear slid down my cheek as the weight of unspoken feelings and lost time settled heavily in my heart. I didn't even realize how long I had been staring at him, lost in the whirlpool of emotions, until a voice snapped me back to the present.

"Excuse me, are you alright?" he asked, his tone gentle yet concerned.

"Y-yeah," I stammered, quickly wiping away my tears. Avoiding his gaze, a voice inside me screamed, He doesn't remember you. You were his past—you don't belong in his present.

"You don't seem fine, Kristin," he said, offering me a handkerchief. His voice carried a familiarity that tugged at my heart.

"Uh-uh, you—" I began, but he interrupted me.

"Kevin. Hope you haven't forgotten me," he said, a faint smile playing on his lips.

I opened my mouth to respond, but no words came out. Instead, I simply nodded, unable to trust my voice. Seeing his smile—the one I had longed to see for so many years—made my chest tighten with an ache I couldn't describe.

"What are you doing here?" I finally managed to ask, my voice shaky.

"Waiting for my private jet to land," he said, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

He hadn't changed at all—still the same Kevin he used to be. Yet, something was missing.

"How funny," I replied, rolling my eyes.

"Isn't it?" he said with a straight face, and despite myself, I couldn't help but chuckle

"What are you doing these days?" he asked, a smile playing on his lips.

"Nothing much, just.. I trailed off

For a fleeting moment, I wished time could stop right here, in this perfect bubble of laughter and nostalgia.

"Let's grab some snacks while we wait," he suggested, his tone light.

"Sure," I said, my heart fluttering at the thought of spending even a few more moments with him.

As we crossed the road toward a nearby snack stall, a loud horn pierced the air. I froze as a speeding truck hurtled toward us.

"Kristin, move!" Kevin shouted, pushing me out of the way with all his strength.

Everything happened in a blur. I hit the ground hard, my vision spinning, and when I looked up, my heart shattered into a million pieces. Kevin lay motionless on the pavement, blood pooling around him. The truck screeched to a halt, but it was too late

I scrambled toward him, my hands trembling as I cupped his face. His eyes, once so full of life, stared blankly at the sky.

"No... Kevin... please," I choked out, my voice breaking as tears streamed down my face.

The world around me seemed to fade away, leaving only the deafening silence of loss and the unbearable weight of a love that had come too late.

- Shaikh Saira FYBCom A 85

رازوں میں چھپی کہانی

ایک داستان ہے
جو نہ کہی گئی
ایک راز ہے جو نا سمجھا گیا

مریم مریم - کیا ہوا تمہیں کہا خوں گئی - فاطمہ نے اسے کہا
کچھ نہیں - مریم اپنی سوچ سے باہر آ کے اسے کہنے لگی
(کلاس میں اس وقت وہ اور فاطمہ اکیلے تھے سب لیکچر ختم ہونے کے بعد جا چکے تھے -)
اچھا چلو گھر جاتے ہیں - فاطمہ نے اپنا بستہ اٹھاتے ہوئے اسے کہا

نہیں مجھے لائبریری جانا ہے تم چلی جاؤ
ٹھیک ہے اللہ حافظ
مریم پھر کچھ سوچنے لگی

آج ان کے ایک پروفیسر کا آخری لیکچر تھا وہ سب کو پڑھائی اور کیریئر سے متعلق ہدایات دے رہی تھے مگر مریم تھوڑا ہی غور کر پائی
مریم اور فاطمہ اسکول سے ہی ساتھ تھے اور دونوں پڑھائی میں بھی اچھے تھے مگر کچھ دنوں سے مریم کا دھیان کہیں اور ہی ہوتا تھا وہ
کچھ اور ہی دنیا میں کھوئی ہوئی تھی

مریم لائبریری جانے کا خیال ترق کر کے گھر چلی گئی
وہ اپنا اسٹمٹس کر کے اپنے بیڈ پر لیٹی اور کچھ سوچنے لگی اس کے ساتھ کچھ دنوں سے عجیب عجیب سے واقعات پیش آرہے تھے -
چند دنوں پہلے وہ اپنا سامان اپنے ڈیسک سے نکال رہی تھی تبھی اسے ایک کاغذ ملا اس پے لکھا تھا

(Look under the third bench in the library)

اسے لگا کوئی مذاق کر رہا ہوگا اُس نے دھیان نہیں دیا اور اسے وہی پھینک کے وہ چلے گئی اس کے بعد روز وہ کاغذ اس کے بیچ کے نیچے
ہوتا پر ابھی اسے ڈر لگ رہا تھا کی وہ لائبریری میں جائے یا نہ اس بارے میں فاطمہ کو بتائے یہ نہ بتائے
وہ - اس وقت بھی یہی سوچ رہی تھی تبھی دروازے پر دستک ہوئی وہ اس کے امی تھے -
مریم تمہیں یاد ہے ناکیا ج ہمیں شادی میں جانا ہے -

جی امی یاد ہے -

ٹھیک ہے پھر -

مریم تم ابھی تک تیار نہیں ہوئی -

وہ سو رہی تھی جب اُسکے امی کی - آواز آنے لگی اسے اندازہ نہیں ہوا کے کب اس کی - آنکھ لگی تھی

اب جلدی اٹھو ہمیں جانا ہے

جی ٹھیک ہے کہ کے وہ تیار ہونے چلے گئی

مریم نے نیلے رنگ کا گاؤن پہنا تھا جس پر سیاہ پھول بنے تھے اور اس پے سیاہ رنگ کا سکارف پہنا تھا
وہ لوگ شادی میں پہنچ گئے تھے

مریم (introvert) سی تھی اسے زیادہ لوگوں سے ملنا اور باتیں کرنا پسند نہیں تھا یہی وجہ تھی کہ فاطمہ اس کی واحد دوست تھی -
وہ اپنی امی کے ساتھ بیٹھی تھی اور اس کے امی کسی سے باتیں کر رہے تھے اور اُن باتوں کا موضوع تھا اس کا حجاب حالا کے اس نے
اس کے امی کے اسرار پر صرف سکارف ہی لیا تھا وہ ہمیشہ حجاب لیتی تھی - پر یہ صرف سکارف پہنا کر آئی تھی -

مریم اور فاطمہ ایک دوسرے کو دیکھنے لگے
اندر ایک ڈائری تھی
یہ کس کی ڈائری ہے۔ مریم نے کہا
کھول کے دیکھتے ہیں۔ فاطمہ نے اسے کہا
اس ڈائری کے پہلے صفحہ پر ایک نام کیلیکرافنی میں لکھا ہوا تھا اذلان غازی اور باقی ڈائری خالی تھی کچھ بھی لکھا ہوا نہیں تھا
اس میں تو نام کے علاوہ کچھ نہیں ہے۔ مریم نے فاطمہ سے کہا
ہا۔ مجھے لگتا ہے کوئی تمہارے ساتھ مذاق کر رہا ہوگا۔ فاطمہ نے کہا
- ہا شاید۔ اس نے جیسے سوچتے ہوئے کہا پر وہ آئینے کا کیا
ہا اب - فاطمہ نے کہا
فلحال تو اپنے پیپر پے دھیان دیتے ہے اس کے بعد سوچتے ہے کیا کرنا ہے فاطمہ نے مریم سے کہا
ہاٹھیک ہے

کچھ ماہ بعد
مریم اپنے پیپر ختم ہونے کے بعد اپنی کتابیں الماری میں رکھ ہی تھی تبھی ایک ڈائری گر گئی
وہ وہی ڈائری تھی جو اسے اور فاطمہ کو لائبریری سے ملی تھی اذلان غازی والی
اس نے ڈائری اٹھائی اور اسے دیکھنے لگی پہلے صفحہ پر وہی اذلان غازی کیلیکرافنی میں لکھا ہوا تھا پر اس دفعہ اس کے دوسرے صفحہ پے
بھی کچھ لکھا تھا

(They are watching me .if anybody finds this ,tell my story)
میں پڑھ گئی اس نے جب فاطمہ کے ساتھ دیکھا تھا تو وہ ڈائری پے نام کے علاوہ کچھ لکھا ہی نہیں تھا shoked وہ
اس نے جلدی سے فاطمہ کو کال کر کے سری تفسیر بتائے
اب کیا کرے - مریم نے پوچھا
ایک کام کرتے ہیں تم میرے گھر آ جاؤ ہم اذلان غازی کے نام سے انسٹاگرام اور فیسبوک پے سرچ کرے گے شاید کچھ میل جائے
ہاٹھیک ہے

اس نام سے تو کوئی بھی پرو فائل نہیں ہے فاطمہ نے بتایا
اب کیا کرے؟ مریم نے پوچھا
تم مجھے وہ ڈائری بناؤ فاطمہ نے کہا
ہا یہ لو - مریم نے اسے ڈائری دیتے ہوئے کہا
وہ اس کے صفحہ پے دیکھ ہی تھی

(They are watching me .if anybody finds this ,tell my story)
لیکن اب اس کے ساتھ ساتھ اور بھی کچھ لکھا ہوا تھا
میں جب دیکھی تب تو یہ نہیں لکھا ہوا تھا یہ کیا ہو رہا ہے ہے - کچھ رونے والے انداز میں بولی

(They are watching me .if anybody finds this ,tell my story)

"I didn't know death had a voice until now. I write from the shadows, where time no longer moves. Find my brother before they do."

Azlan ghazi

اور ساتھ میں ایک ڈرائنگ بھی بنی تھی جو کسی انسان کی شکل تھی اور اس کے نیچے لکھا تھا

Shameer ghazi

مجھے لگتا ہے پے اذلان غازی مر گیا ہے اور اس کے قاتل اب اس کے بھائی کو ڈھونڈ رہے ہیں مرنے کے لیے اور پے ڈرائنگ اس کے بھائی کی شکل ہے۔ فاطمہ نے اس ڈائری کو دیکھتے ہوئے کہا باپریے شکل صحیح سے نہیں نظر آ رہی ہے مریم نے کہا

اور ایک بار ڈھونڈھنے کی کوشش کرتے ہوئے فاطمہ نے کہا ہاٹھیک ہے اس دفعہ شامیر غازی سرچ کرتے دیکھتے ہے۔ مریم نے کہا

okk

یہ دیکھو شاید یہی ہے۔ فاطمہ نے اپنی لپ ٹاپ کی سکریں کے طرف اشارہ کرتے ہوئے بتایا ہا یہی ہے۔ دونوں نے اس کی پوسٹ کی پکچرز دیکھ کے کہا۔

اسے میسج کر کے دیکھے؟ مریم نے پوچھا ہاٹھیک ہے کر کے دیکھتے ہے۔ مگر کیا میسج کرے؟ فاطمہ نے پوچھا ایک کام کرتے ہیں اسے اس کی پکچرز بھیجتے ہوئے مریم نے کہا ہاٹھیک ہے۔

تقریباً 1 گھنٹے بعد شامیر کا جواب موصول ہوا۔

یہ آپ کو کہا سے میلا۔ اس نے اُن کی پکچرز کو دیکھ کر کہا۔ فاطمہ نے اسے سرا واقعہ بتایا۔

فاطمہ نے پوچھا hai کیا اذلان آپ کا بھائی

جی۔ شامیر نے کہا

اُن کے ساتھ کیا ہوا کس نے مارا انہیں۔ فاطمہ نے میسج سینڈ کیا

وہاں سے کوئی جواب موصول نہ ہوا

اب کیا کرے۔ مریم نے پوچھا

کچھ نہیں ہم نے اس بارے میں شامیر کو بتا دیے ہمارا کام ہو گیا اب باقی وہ جانے اور اس کے دشمن۔ فاطمہ نے جواب نہ پا کر غصے میں کہا

کیا ہم اس بارے میں کئی بیٹھ کے بات کر سکتے ہیں۔

تقریباً 2 دن باد شامیر کا جواب آیا
ہیلو مریم۔ فاطمہ نے اس کا جواب دیکھنے کے بعد مریم کو فون کر کے بتایا
تم کیا کہتی ہو۔ مریم نے سوال پوچھا
ہا ٹھیک ہے۔ فاطمہ نے کچھ دیر کی خاموشی کے بعد جیسے سوچتے ہوئی کہا
ٹھیک ہے تم اسے بول دو۔ مریم نے کہا
وہ لوگ اب ایک کیفے میں تھے۔

آپ لوگ کو۔ یہ ڈائری کیسے ملی۔ شامیر نے پوچھا
ہم نے آپ کو بتایا تو تمہا نہ سب۔ فاطمہ نے جیسے چھیرے ہوتے انداز میں کہا
مریم نے اپنا پیر فاطمہ کے پیر پے ماری جیسا کہا ہو چپ بیٹھ جاؤ
ویسے آپ نے بتایا نہیں کے آپ کے بھائی کے ساتھ کیا ہا ہے اور وہ لوگ آپ کا پیچھے کیو پڑے ہیں۔ فاطمہ نے مریم کے پیر کو نظر انداز
کرتے ہوئے کہا
وہ۔ و جیسے بولتے بولتے چپ ہوا جیسے سوچ رہا ہوتا وہ یہ نہیں
پھر کچھ سوچ کر کہنے لگا۔

دراصل میرے اٹی اور ابا کی موت کے باد میں اور اذلان کے ساتھ تھے انہوں نے ہی ہمیں پالا تھا پر اُن کی بھی کچھ
عر صے پہلے ہی موت ہو گئی اور اُن کا ایک لوتا بیٹا ہے وہ اُن کی کمپنی کو چلا رہا تھا وہ اس کمپنی میں کچھ انلیگل چیز کر رہا تھا جس کے
بارے میں مجھے پتہ چلا گیا تھا میں اور اذلان دوسرے گھر میں رہ رہے تھے میرے تایا کے بیٹے کو یہ بات پتہ چل گئی کی مجھے اس
کے کاموں کے بارے میں پتہ چل گیا اور وہ مجھے مارنا چاہتا تھا اور اس نے مجھے مارنے کے بجائے غلطی سے اذلان کو مار دیا اور اب
وہ میرے پیچھے پڑا ہے

شامیر جیسے ہی اپنی کہانی سناتا ہے، کیفے میں ایک عجیب سی خاموشی چھا جاتی ہے۔ مریم اور فاطمہ کے چہرے پر خوف اور الجھن
کے آثار نمایاں ہوتے ہیں۔

تو پھر اب تم کیا کرو گے؟" فاطمہ نے دھیمی آواز میں پوچھا۔
مجھے نہیں معلوم، لیکن میں زیادہ دنوں تک چھپ نہیں سکتا۔ اگر وہ مجھے مارنا چاہتے ہیں، تو میں انہیں خود بے نقاب کر دوں گا۔"
شامیر کی آواز میں بے خوفی تھی، لیکن اس کے چہرے پر اضطراب واضح تھا۔
شامیر کی نظر بار بار مریم پر جا رہی تھی پر وہ کوشش کر رہا تھا کی اسے نا دیکھے۔
ہم تمہاری مدد کریں گے۔" فاطمہ نے اچانک فیصلہ کن لہجے میں کہا۔
کیسے؟ یہ ایک خطرناک کھیل ہے۔" شامیر نے
حیرانی سے کہا۔

ہمارے پاس تمہارے بھائی کی ڈائری ہے۔ ہو سکتا ہے کہ اس میں مزید کوئی سراخ ہو۔ اگر وہ اتنا عرصہ خاموش نہیں رہا، تو ضرور"
اس نے کوئی نہ کوئی ثبوت پھوڑا ہوگا۔" مریم نے جلدی سے جواب دیا۔
وو تینوں ڈائری کو دوبارہ کھولتے ہیں، اور صفحہ بہ صفحہ غور کرنے لگتے ہیں۔ اچانک، مریم کو آخری صفحے پر ایک ہلکی سی ابھری ہوئی
لائن نظر آتی ہے۔

یہ کیا ہے؟" وہ بڑبڑاتی ہے اور صفحے پر ہلکے سے ناخن پھیرتی ہے۔

لکھائی کے نیچے ایک پوشیدہ جملہ نمودار ہوتا ہے

"Check the locker 2813 – 108, Maple Street."

یہ تو کسی لاکر کا کوڈ ہے!" فاطمہ نے جوش سے کہا۔

یہ تو ہمارے شہر کے دوسرے کونے میں ہے۔ ہمیں جلدی وہاں جانا ہوگا، اس سے پہلے کہ وہ ہمیں روکنے کی کوشش کریں۔ "شامیر" نے کہا۔

رات کی تاریکی میں وہ تینوں 108، پپل اسٹریٹ پر پہنچتے ہیں۔ یہ ایک پرانا، خستہ حال گھر تھا جہاں شامیر اور اڈلان پہلے رہتے تھے۔ گھر میں کھستے ہی شامیر ایک مخصوص الماری کی طرف لپکتا ہے، جہاں ایک پرانا لاکر رکھا ہوتا ہے۔ وہ کانپتے ہاتھوں سے کوڈ 2813 ڈائل کرتا ہے، اور دروازہ آہستہ سے کھل جاتا ہے۔

اندر ایک یو ایس بی کچھ دستاویزات، اور ایک چھوٹا نوٹ رکھا تھا۔ نوٹ پر لکھا تھا

اگر تم یہ پڑھ رہے ہو تو اس کا مطلب ہے کہ میں اب یہاں نہیں ہوں۔ میرے پاس ایک راز تھا جو میں دنیا کو بتانا چاہتا تھا، لیکن میں وقت سے پہلے ہی مارا گیا۔ اس یو ایس بی میں وہ تمام ثبوت ہیں جو انہیں بے نقاب کر سکتے ہیں۔ شامیر، بھائی، اے صبح لوگوں "اب تک پہنچا دو... اور خود کو بچاؤ"

یہ یو ایس بی! اس میں ان کے سارے کالے دھندوں کا راز چھپا ہے!" فاطمہ نے پرجوش انداز میں کہا۔

ہاں۔ شامیر نے یو ایس بی دیکھتے ہوئے کہا

اے بولیس میں دینا چاہئے۔ مریم نے کہا

نہیں اے میڈیا میں دینا زیادہ بہتر ہوگا۔ شامیر نے کہا

ہاں یے بھی ٹھیک ہے۔ مریم نے کہا

ابھی ہمیں جانا چاہیے فاطمہ لیٹ ہو جائے گا ورنہ مریم نے گھڑی میں دیکھتے ہوئے کہا

ہا ٹھیک ہے۔ فاطمہ نے کہا

شکریہ آپ دونوں کا میری مدد کرنے کے لئے شامیر نے کہا

یے ڈائری آپ اپنے پاس رکھلو شاید اڈلان واپس کچھ بتا دے مریم نے کہا

ہا ٹھیک ہے دیدی۔ وہ دونوں اب ڈائری دے اپنے گھر جانے لگے

، تو ملا تھا بس اک دفعہ، پر دل میں ٹھہر گیا

اک جھلک میں ہی جانے کیوں، میرا سب بکھر گیا۔

تیری آنکھوں میں کھو گیا، خود کو ہی بھول کر

چاہت کا اک سراب تھا، جو دل میں اتر گیا۔

، لب خاموش تھے مگر، دھڑکن نے سب کہا

اک پل کو جو ہوا میرا، بکھر مجھ سے مگر گیا

فاطمہ تم نے نیوز دیکھی۔ یے اس کے دوسرے صبح 10 بجے کا وقت تھا جب مریم نے فاطمہ کو کال کریں۔ کیا

کیا ہوا مریم۔ فاطمہ شاید اس وقت سو رہی تھی جب مریم کا کال آیا

رات میں ہم جہاں گئے تھے اس کے تھوڑے دور علاقہ میں ایک کارکر آکسیڈنٹ ہو گیا تھا اور اس گاڑی میں جو شخص تھا وہ بہت زخمی

ہو گیا ہے کہیں وہ شامیر تو نہیں۔

کیاں؟ فاطمہ کو جیسے ہچکا لگا
 با اور اس گاڑی کا رنگ بھی وہی ہے جو کل شامیر لیکے آیا تھا۔ مریم نے نیوز کو غور سے دیکھتے ہوئی کہا
 ہمیں جانا چھپے پھر۔ فاطمہ نے کہا
 ہا ٹھیک ہے۔

ٹھیک ہے پھر ہم دوپہر میں جاتے ہیں فاطمہ نے کہا
 اچھا ٹھیک۔ مریم نے ہمیں بھری
 وہ لوگ اب ہسپتال میں تھے اور وہ آکسیڈنٹ شامیر کا ہی ہوا تھا اسے زیادہ زخم نہیں لگے تھے پر صرف ہاتھ اور سر میں چوٹ آئی تھی
 یے کیسے ہوا۔ مریم اور فاطمہ دونوں ایک ساتھ ہی بولی
 جب میں وہ سے جا رہا تھا تو سامنے سے ایک گاڑی نے ڈھوک دی اور اس میں سے ایک آدمی آ کے مجھے گن دیکھا کہ وہ یو اس بے لے
 کے چلا گیا شاید وہ لوگ کوپتہ چل گیا تھا کی وہ یو اس بی مجھے مل گئی ہے۔

کیا۔ دونوں بیک وقت چلائیں
 تو اب کیا کرے گے۔ مریم نے پوچھا
 وہ تو اب یاہا سے نکلنے کے بعد ہی پتہ چلے گا
 اس نے اپنے سر اور ہاتھ کے گرد پلٹی پارٹی کی طرف اشارہ کرتے ہوئے کہا
 آپ کو زیادہ چوٹ تو نہیں لگی نا۔ مریم نے کہا
 نہیں ٹھیک ہے بس ہاتھ میں ہی تھوڑا درد ہے
 گیٹ ویل سون۔ فاطمہ نے کہا
 تھینک یو۔ شامیر نے دونوں سے کہا
 ٹھیک ہے ہم چلتے ہے فاطمہ نے کہا
 جی شامیر نے کہا

وہ دونوں اب اپنے گھر کے لیے روانہ ہو گئے
 شامیر اب آنکھیں بند کر کے کے لیٹ گیا
 ، تو اجنبی تھا، اجنبی ہی رہ گیا سدا
 میں بے وجہ تیرا ہوا، اور تیرا ہی مر گیا۔
 ، اب وہ شام، وہ بات، وہ لمحہ نہیں رہا
 بس ایک ملاقات تھی، جو صدیوں میں بدل گیا۔

یے کل شام کی بات ہے جب فاطمہ اور مریم چلے گئے تھے شامیر یو اس بی لیے کھڑا تھا اسی وقت ڈائری میں کچھ لکھ کر آ رہا تھا اس نے
 غور سے دیکھا

Check the locker 2813

اس دفعہ پھر وہی چیز لکھی ہوئی تھی اس نے پھر سے وہاں دیکھا وہ ایک اور سمسے یو ایس بی تھی اور اس میں ساتھ ایک کاغذ میں لکھا تھا
 This is real

نے اس آدمی کو پہلی ولی یو اس بی دیدی جس میں Us وہ دونوں یو اس بی اپنے ساتھ رکھ کے جا رہا تھا تبھی کار کا ایکسیڈنٹ ہوا اور کچھ بھی نہیں تھا۔

کہانی ختم ہوئی، پر سوال رہ گیا
وہ جو ملا تھا راہ میں، خیال رہ گیا۔

لبوں پہ تھی صدا، پر صدا بکھر گئی
جو بات کہنی تھی، وہ ملال رہ گیا۔

چراغ بجھتے گئے، اندھیر بڑھتا گیا
بس اک سراب تھا، جو دھمال رہ گیا۔

وہ شخص جو حرفوں میں قید تھا عمر بھر
دیوان لکھ گیا، پر کمال رہ گیا۔

خدا ہی جانے راز کیا تھا، کون تھا وہ شخص
یہ قصہ ختم ہوا، یا ایک جال رہ گیا؟

از قلم ناہیدہ شیخ
اور ثنا اقبال

روح سکون

وہ جب تھی جب تک خود کو نہ پہچانا تھا،
 جب میں جب ڈھلا، سکون کا راز پانا تھا۔
 پہرہ تھلے نقاب، دل تھلے سکون،
 جابنے جب پہرہ چھپایا، دل کو سکون ملا۔

زویہ اور روشنی کی دوستی یونیورسٹی کے ابتدائی دنوں سے ہی خاص تھی۔ دونوں کا ہر دن خوشگوار باتوں، ہنسی مذاق اور زندگی کے چھوٹے بڑے مسائل پر گفتگو میں گزر جاتا۔ آج بھی یونیورسٹی کے کینٹین میں بیٹھے، وہ ایک دوسرے سے اپنی روزمرہ کی زندگی کے بارے میں باتیں کر رہی تھیں۔

زویہ نے کپ چمچتے ہوئے کہا، "پچھلے دنوں میں نے اپنی زندگی میں کچھ تبدیلی محسوس کی۔ ہمیشہ کی طرح، دوستی، پڑھائی اور تفریح میں "ہی مگن رہتی ہوں، مگر پھر بھی دل میں کچھ کمی محسوس ہوتی ہے۔"

روشنی نے اس کی باتوں کو غور سے سنا اور پھر مسکرا کر کہا، "ہاں، مجھے بھی کبھی کبھی ایسا ہی لگتا ہے۔ تمہیں یاد ہے جب ہم چھوٹے تھے، تو ہمیشہ سوچتے تھے کہ جب ہم بڑے ہوں گے، تو زندگی مختلف ہوگی۔ لیکن کبھی کبھی ہم جو چاہتے ہیں، وہ ہمیں نہیں ملتا۔"

زویہ نے ایک گہری سانس لی اور کہا، "ہاں، یہ بات صحیح ہے۔ میں نے ہمیشہ سوچا کہ جب میں بڑی ہوں گی، تو سب کچھ اس طرح ہوگا جیسے میں چاہوں گی، لیکن اب جب وقت آ رہا ہے، تو لگتا ہے کہ کچھ چیزیں کمی ہیں۔"

روشنی نے سر جھکایا اور پھر کچھ دیر سوچا، جیسے وہ کسی خاص بات کا انتظار کر رہی ہو۔ پھر اس نے سر اٹھایا اور نرمی سے کہا، "زویہ، میں جانتی ہوں کہ تمہیں کبھی نہ کبھی یہ خیال آیا ہوگا۔ میری ایک خواہش ہے، اور وہ یہ ہے کہ تم مجاب پہنوں۔"

"زویہ نے حیرت سے اس کی طرف دیکھا۔ "جب؟ لیکن کیوں؟"

روشنی نے گہری نظر سے اسے دیکھتے ہوئے کہا، "کیونکہ جب تمہیں اپنی حقیقت سے جوڑنا ہے۔ یہ تمہاری روح کا سکون بنتا ہے، تمہیں ایک نئی آزادی اور خودی کا احساس دلاتا ہے۔ تمہیں یاد ہے جب ہم چھوٹے تھے، تو تم ہمیشہ کہتی تھیں کہ تمہیں خود پر فخر ہونا "چاہیے؟ جب تمہیں وہ فخر دے گا۔"

زویہ نے چند لمحے خاموشی سے روشنی کی باتیں سنی، اور پھر آہستہ سے کہا، "لیکن میں ہمیشہ سے یہی سوچتی رہی ہوں کہ جب پہننا "ایک طرح سے اپنی آزادی کو روکتا ہے۔ مجھے ہمیشہ لگتا تھا کہ یہ میری زندگی میں ایک حد ڈالے گا۔"

روشنی نے زویہ کی باتیں سن کر کہا، "میں سمجھتی ہوں، یہ تمہاری سوچ ہے۔ لیکن جب تم جب پہن کر باہر نکلو گی، تمہیں ایک "نیا اعتماد محسوس ہوگا۔ یہ تمہیں دوسرے لوگوں سے زیادہ آزاد بنائے گا، کیونکہ تمہیں کسی چیز سے خوف نہیں ہوگا۔"

زویہ کے چہرے پر ایک سوالیہ نشان تھا، اور وہ سوچ رہی تھی کہ کیا واقعی جب اس کی زندگی میں اتنی بڑی تبدیلی لا سکتا ہے؟ لیکن پھر اس کے ذہن میں روشنی کی باتوں کا اثر ہو رہا تھا۔

تمہاری باتوں میں کچھ تفسے، روشنی، لیکن کیا تمہیں لگتا ہے کہ میں یہ کر پاؤں گی؟" زوی نے گہری سوچ کے بعد پوچھا۔

روشنی نے مسکرا کر کہا، "یہ تمہارا فیصلہ ہے، زویہ۔ لیکن یاد رکھو، جب تم خود پر یقین کر لو گی، تو تمہیں کچھ بھی روک نہیں سکتا۔"

زوی کے دل میں ایک عجیب سی الجھن تھی، مگر اس کے اندر ایک نیا عزم بھی پیدا ہو رہا تھا۔ اگلے دن، اس نے فیصلہ کیا کہ وہ حجاب پہنے گی۔ اُس نے اپنے والدین سے بات کی، اور ان کا رد عمل خوشگوار تھا۔ اس کے والدین نے اس کے فیصلے کو دل سے سراہا اور کہا، "ہمیں خوشی ہے کہ تم نے خود سے یہ فیصلہ لیا ہے۔ حجاب نہ صرف تمہاری عزت کو بڑھائے گا، بلکہ تمہیں سکون اور اعتماد بھی دے گا۔"

زوی نے آہستہ آہستہ حجاب کو پہنے سر پر رکھا۔ اسے محسوس ہوا کہ یہ صرف ایک کپڑا نہیں، بلکہ اس نے اپنی زندگی کا نیا باب شروع کیا تھا۔ یہ قدم اٹھانا آسان نہیں تھا، مگر اب اس نے اپنے آپ کو نیا پایا۔

"یونیورسٹی میں جب زویہ حجاب پہن کر آئی، تو روشنی نے مسکرا کر کہا، "میں جانتی تھی کہ تم یہ کر لو گی۔" زوی نے شرمندہ ہوتے ہوئے کہا، "تمہاری باتوں نے مجھے سوچنے کا موقع دیا۔ اب مجھے لگتا ہے کہ یہ فیصلہ میری زندگی کے لیے درست ہے۔"

دوسرے دوستوں نے بھی زویہ کی تبدیلی پر حیرت کا اظہار کیا۔ کچھ نے تعریف کی، کچھ نے سوالات کیے، مگر زویہ اب ان سب کی باتوں سے بے پروا ہو چکی تھی۔ وہ جانتی تھی کہ اس نے جو فیصلہ لیا ہے، وہ اس کی زندگی میں سکون کا باعث بنے گا۔

تم بہت بدل گئی ہو، زویہ،" عائشہ نے ایک دن کہا۔ "اب تم واقعی اپنی ذات سے جڑی ہو، اور تمہاری شخصیت میں جو اعتماد آیا ہے، وہ نظر آ رہا ہے۔"

زوی نے مسکرا کر جواب دیا، "شکریہ عائشہ، یہ سب کچھ حجاب کی وجہ سے ممکن ہوئے۔ لگی۔۔ اب مجھے لگتا ہے کہ میں خود کو بہتر سمجھنے لگی ہو۔"

زندگی کی راہ میں کہیں سے کچھ نشان ملا،
خود سے جڑا ہوا ایک پُر سکون خیال ملا۔
جب چہرے پہ حجاب نے چھایا تھا
تب دل میں سکون کا ایک نیا رنگ آیا تھا۔

اور اس طرح، زوی نے حجاب کے ذریعے نہ صرف اپنے جسم کا احاطہ کیا، بلکہ اپنی روح کو بھی سکون دیا۔ وہ جان چکی تھی کہ حجاب ایک لباس نہیں، بلکہ ایک قدم ہے خود کو بہتر بنانے کا، اور زندگی کو نئے انداز میں جینے کا۔

از قلم: ناہیدہ شیخ

BOOK REVIEW

The Courage to Be Disliked

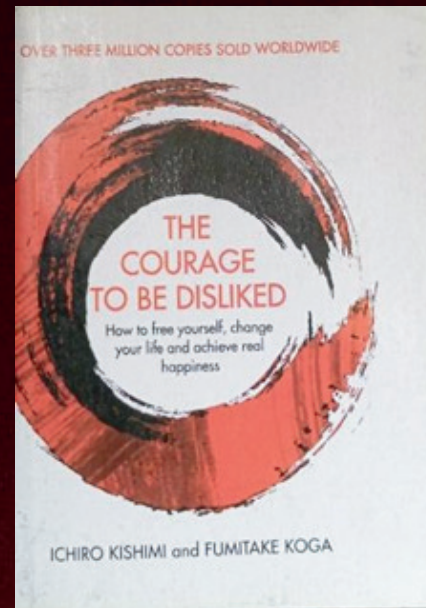


Name: Saba A Sayed, Class: SYBMS A, Roll No: 62

Title of the book: The courage to be disliked;


Author: Ichiro Kishimi and Fumitake Koga

Publication: Allen & Unwin: Year: 2013 in Japanese and later in English in 2017



The courage to be disliked is a thought provoking book that explores the concept of Alfred Adler's psychology and its application to modern life. It's a self-help, personal development, philosophy (especially Adlerian psychology) and a non-fiction book.

The books writing style is unique and engaging, featuring in dialogue format, conversational tone, Socratic method and storytelling. The book presents a dialogue between a philosopher and a young man, exploring Adler's ideas on how to live a fulfilling life, free from the need for approval and validation from others. It delves into topics like self acceptance, relationship and finding meaning in life. This book helps reader to break free from societal expectations and embrace their uniqueness.



“The courage to be disliked” offers a refreshing perspective on how to live a more authentic and purpose driven life. The dialogue format make it engaging and easy to follow, while some ideas may seems counterintuitive at first they ultimately provide valuable insights into living a more courageous life.

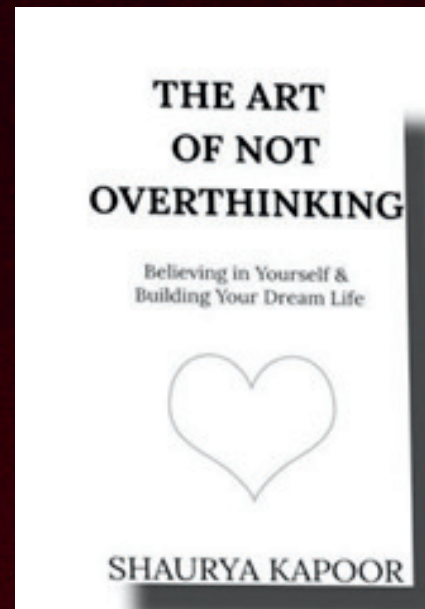
One of the best line in this book is that “The most important thing is not to be liked by everyone but to be liked by yourself” which ultimately means self-love and self-acceptance. This book is a great read for those looking to challenge their thinking and cultivate a strong sense of self.

The Art of Not Overthinking




Name: Muskan Rehman Shaikh, Class: TYBCOM B, Roll No: 222

Title of the book : The Art of Not Overthinking: Believing in Yourself and Building Your Dream Life;
Author: Shaurya Kapoor ; Publication: Notion Press ;
Year: 2024



The author Shaurya Kapoor is a 16-year-old student who recently completed his board examinations. He began writing poetry in the 8th grade, approximately two and a half years ago, and is currently studying in the 11th standard. Beyond poetry, his interests include reading, public speaking, debating, participating in Model United Nations (MUNs), playing football, and gardening. He has a particular fondness for the words “buttercup” and “love.”

“The Art of Not Overthinking: Believing in Yourself and Building Your Dream Life” by Shaurya Kapoor is a concise self-help guide aimed at individuals who tend to overthink, over feel, over love, and overinvest in people. Published on October 3, 2024, this 78-page book offers practical advice to help readers build self-esteem, trust their potential, and reduce negative self-talk.



Kapoor's writing is straightforward and conversational, making complex concepts accessible. The book combines motivational language with clear, practical advice, providing readers with actionable steps to calm their minds and stop overthinking. The examples are super relatable, making readers think, "Yep, that's totally me."

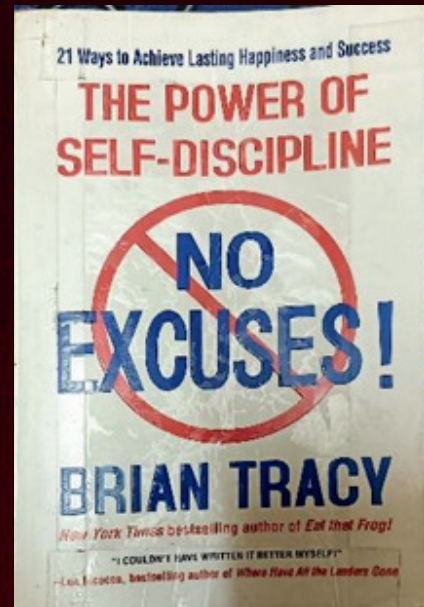
In summary, "The Art of Not Overthinking" is a comforting and practical guide for individuals looking to build self-belief and lead a more peaceful life.

No Excuses



Name: Mariyam Khan, Class: TYBSC A, Roll No 124

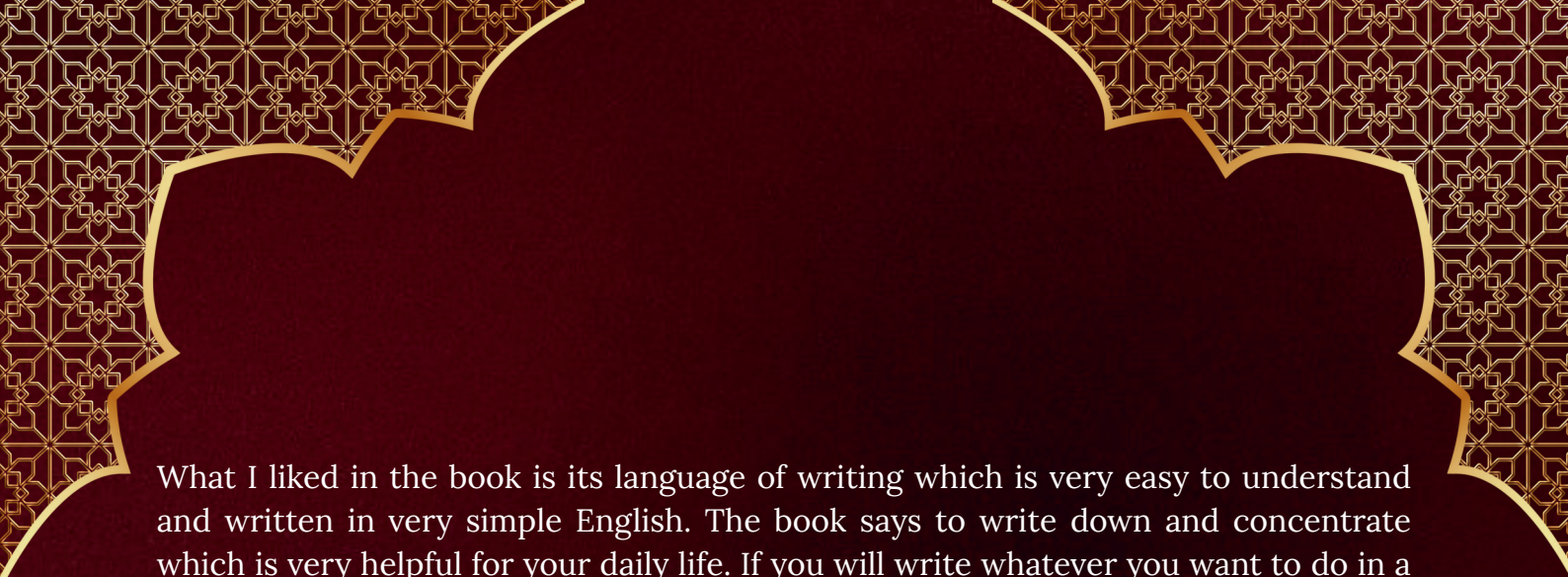
The Title of the book: No Excuses; Author: Brian Tracy; Publication: Vanguard Press ; Year: 2010



To teach readers how to achieve success in all areas of life through self-discipline personal goals, business and money goals overall happiness is the objective of book. This book is divided into 3 parts which is divided into 21 chapters, 7 chapters for each 3 parts .This book gives you the number of approaches in your day to day life problems. It guides you how to be more disciplined in different aspects of life. It teaches you how to set goals, develop positive habits and overcome obstacles to achieve success in any area of life. After completed reading, there are exercises at the end of each chapter which have so many questions which are relatable to reader's life.

Best lines from the book is -

1. Procrastination is not only the thief of time, it is the thief of life
2. You can make excuses you can make the progress you choose
3. The second part of your personality is your self-image



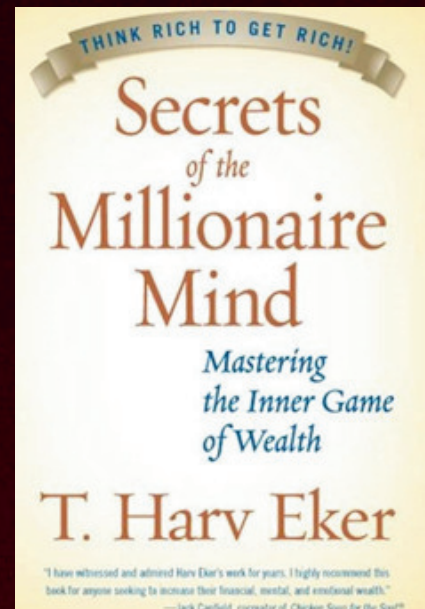
What I liked in the book is its language of writing which is very easy to understand and written in very simple English. The book says to write down and concentrate which is very helpful for your daily life. If you will write whatever you want to do in a day, it will help you remember that thing. The 2nd chapter is about business, sales, finance and time management. The 3rd part of the book is my favorite because it states the self-discipline and good life which shows how to maintain our relation with our friends, family and children. The book at the end of chapter have exercises which you can solve relating to life. I strongly recommend you all to read this book without giving any excuses.

Secrets of the Millionaires Mind



Name: Fazale Hasan Fateh, Class: FYJC COM A,
Roll No: 83

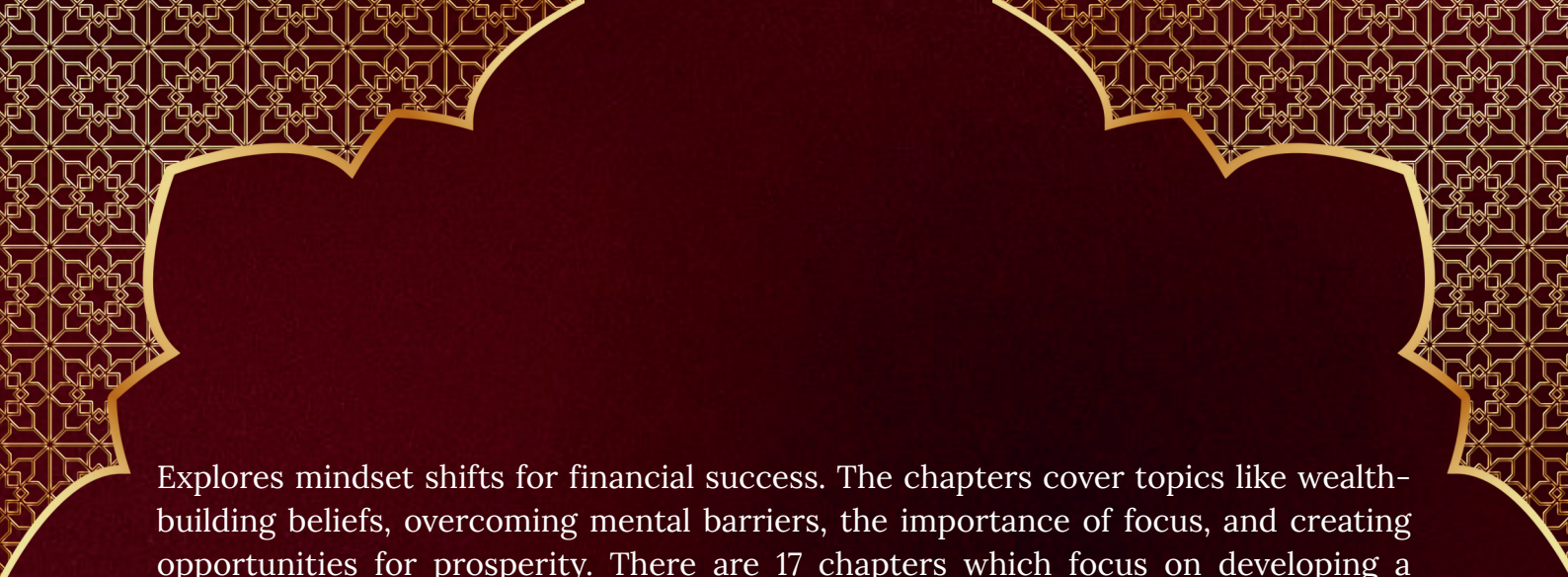
Title of the book: Secrets of the Millionaires Mind:
How to change the blueprint of your money. Author:
T. Harv Eker Publisher: Harper Collins Year: 2005



T. Harv Eker is a renowned author, entrepreneur, and motivational speaker. He gained fame for his book *Secrets of the Millionaire Mind*, where he shares principles on wealth creation, mindset, and personal financial success. The book *Secret of millionaires mind* is a book that helps to understand and change your financial blueprint and helps to invest and grow money from start. The author went from zero to millionaire in two and a half year . The genre of this book is self-help.

Secrets of the Millionaire Mind focuses on

- (1) Wealth-building mindset, financial principles,
- (2) Abundance thinking,
- (3) Overcoming limiting beliefs,
- (4) Adopting habits of successful individuals.



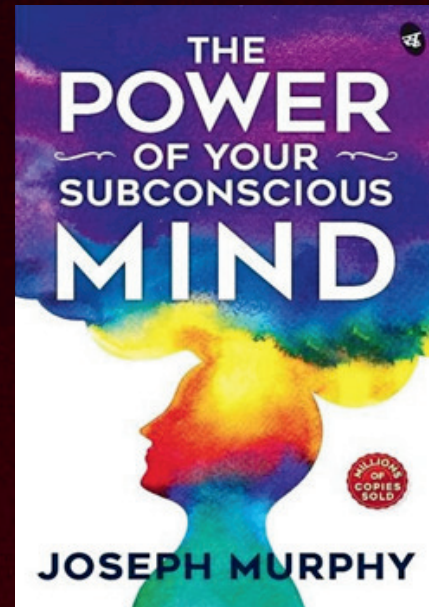
Explores mindset shifts for financial success. The chapters cover topics like wealth-building beliefs, overcoming mental barriers, the importance of focus, and creating opportunities for prosperity. There are 17 chapters which focus on developing a wealth-oriented mindset and provide practical strategies for achieving financial success.

The Power of Your Subconscious Mind



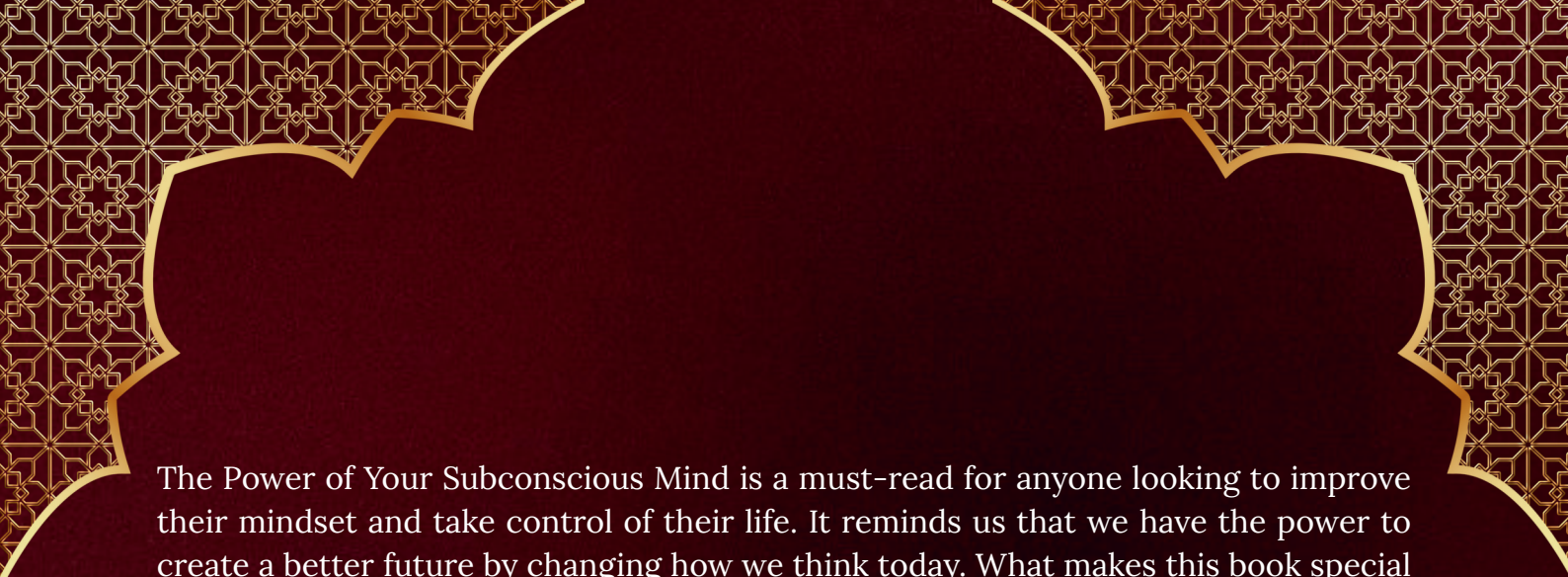
Name: Aliya Shaikh, Class: SYBCOM D,
Roll No: 623

Title of the book: The power of your subconscious
mind; Author: Joseph Murphy;
Publication: Prentice Hall; Year: 1963



This book is a self-help classic that teaches us how to use the power of our subconscious mind to shape our lives. If we learn to think positively and focus on what we truly want, we can achieve success, happiness, and even better health. Dr. Murphy explains that the subconscious mind works like a powerful tool, positive thinking, to help us reprogram our minds and overcome fear, stress, or negative habits.

One thing I found interesting is how the book uses real-life examples to show the power of the mind. Murphy shares stories of people who achieved their dreams, improved their health, or solved problems just by believing in themselves and maintaining a positive mental attitude. What makes this book special is how easy it is to understand. Dr. Murphy's language is simple, and the lessons are practical and motivating.



The Power of Your Subconscious Mind is a must-read for anyone looking to improve their mindset and take control of their life. It reminds us that we have the power to create a better future by changing how we think today. What makes this book special is how easy it is to understand. Dr. Murphy's language is simple, and the lessons are practical and motivating. However, I should mention that the book leans heavily on faith and belief, which might feel repetitive for some readers. But the positive and hopeful message makes it worth reading.

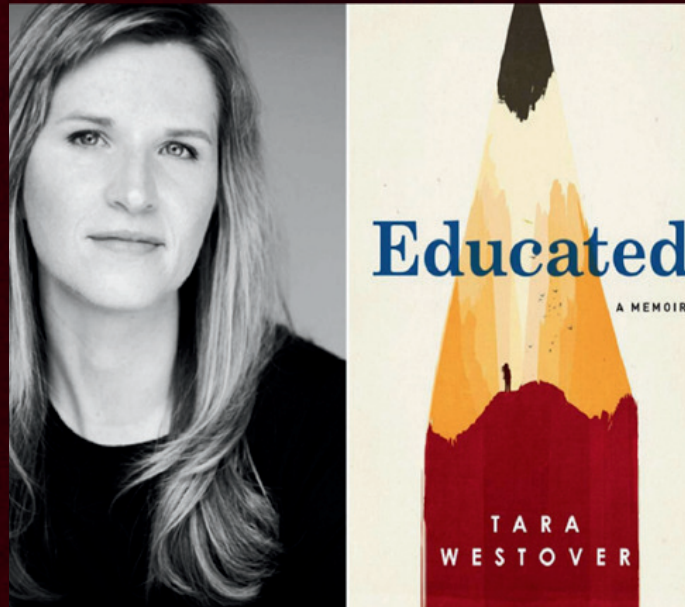
In conclusion, The Power of Your Subconscious Mind is a must-read for anyone looking to improve their mindset and take control of their life. It reminds us that we have the power to create a better future by changing how we think today.

Educated

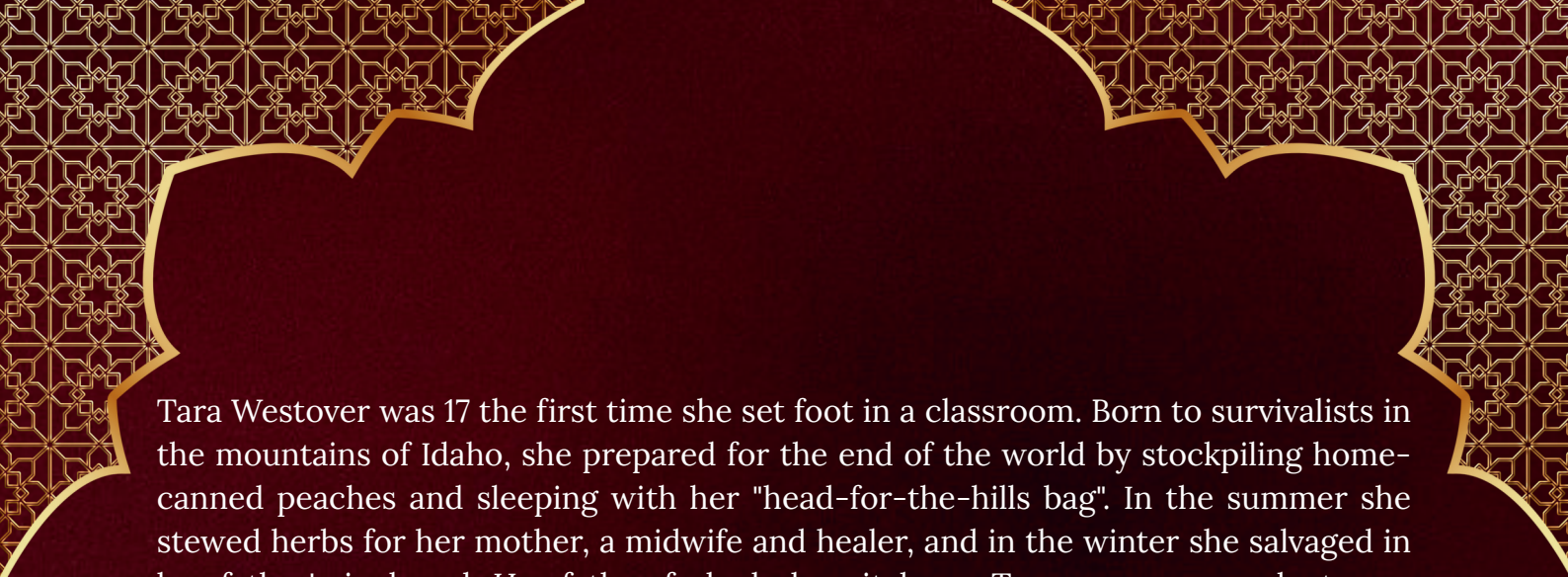


Name: Nausheen S Shaikh, Class: TYBAMMC A, Roll No: 17

Title of the book: Educated; Author: Tara Westover; Publication: Random House; Year: 2018



The objective of the book "Educated" is to explore the transformative power of education and the struggle for self-identity. Tara Westover shares her journey from growing up in a strict and isolated household in rural Idaho to pursuing higher education, ultimately seeking to understand her place in the world beyond her upbringing. It also helps people to overcome adversity and achieve great things if they have a growth mindset and persevere. It shows the human capacity to overcome adversity and break free from limiting circumstances.



Tara Westover was 17 the first time she set foot in a classroom. Born to survivalists in the mountains of Idaho, she prepared for the end of the world by stockpiling home-canned peaches and sleeping with her "head-for-the-hills bag". In the summer she stewed herbs for her mother, a midwife and healer, and in the winter she salvaged in her father's junkyard. Her father forbade hospitals, so Tara never saw a doctor or nurse. Gashes and concussions, even burns from explosions, were all treated at home with herbalism. The family was so isolated from mainstream society that there was no one to ensure the children received an education and no one to intervene when one of Tara's older brothers became violent. Then, lacking any formal education, Tara began to educate herself. She taught herself enough mathematics and grammar to be admitted to Brigham Young University, where she studied history, learning for the first time about important world events like the Holocaust and the civil rights movement. Her quest for knowledge transformed her, taking her over oceans and across continents, to Harvard and to Cambridge.

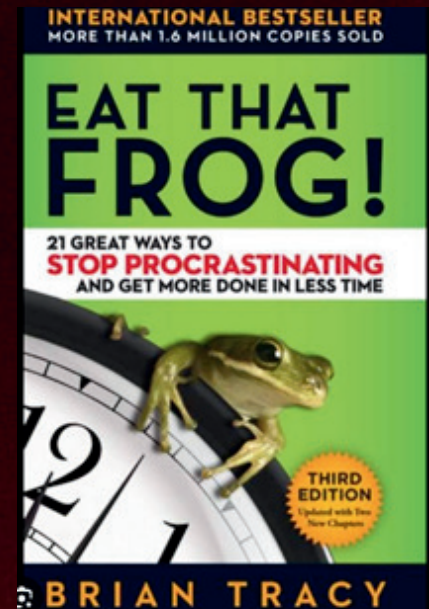
Best line from the book is "Knowledge is power. It has the power to change you, to change your life, and to change the world."

I found "Educated" to be deeply moving and inspiring. Tara Westover's writing style is both lyrical and poignant, allowing readers to connect with her struggles and triumphs. The language is vivid, painting a clear picture of her experiences, from the harsh realities of her childhood to the liberating moments of learning. The story is compelling, showcasing the resilience of the human spirit and the importance of education in breaking cycles of ignorance. Personally, I appreciated her honesty and vulnerability, as it made her journey relatable and impactful. The book encourages readers to value their own education and to reflect on the forces that shape their identities.

Eat that Frog!



Name: Fahim Shaikh, Class: SYBCOM D,
Roll No: 655



This is a quite amazing book on management and productivity. If you feel that your work is not completed on time or you face the problem of procrastination, then this book is perfect. What is the meaning of the title of the book "Eat That Frog"? Its meaning is quite unique. "Frog" here means your biggest, most boring and most difficult task. Brian Tracy says that if you start your day "eating" that frog (i.e. completing the hardest task first), then the rest will seem easier. Imagine, whatever is causing you the most tension at the beginning of the day, you deal with it. The rest of the day will feel completely light.

There are 3 main points of the book which are life-changing

1) By prioritizing and identifying the most important tasks

Brian Tracy says that we all have only 24 hours a day, and there is no need to make any effort. Therefore, arrange your tasks according to priority. Do the most important task first, and keep the smaller things for later.

There is a famous rule – 80/20 Rule, which says that 80% of your results come from only 20% of the tasks. Therefore, focus on the 20% tasks that are most important for your goals.

2) By planning control your day

Without planning, life is completely random. According to the book, take 10-15 minutes every morning or night and make a list. Identify your “Frog” in the list – that is, the most difficult task. Then deal with those first.

Another tip is: Write your goals and break them in small steps. If a big work can be divided into small ones, then it seems easy to do.

3) Learn to beat procrastination (delay or postpone action)

Procrastination is a habit that harms all of us. Whenever any work seems boring or difficult, we start procrastinating. But Brian Tracy says that the more you procrastinate work, the more tension and guilt there will be. If your goal is clear, then just start working, even if it is a little. After starting once, momentum is created, and you complete the work.

The language of this book is simple and the examples are quite practical. After every chapter you get an action plan which can be easily applied in your life.

The book does not just teach theory, but also talks about developing a habit. When you start completing your most important tasks at the beginning of the day, your productivity doubles and your confidence also increases.

A quote from this book inspires me a lot "If you eat a live frog first thing in the morning, nothing worse can happen to you for the rest of the day" which means tackle the most boring or difficult task first, then the stress of the day automatically reduces.

Another thing I liked is the simplicity of the book. This is a small book, in which only 21 practical tips are given. Every tip can improve your life if you apply it.

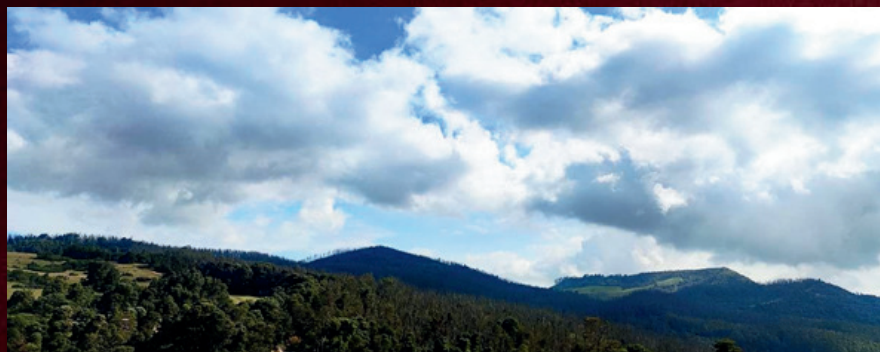
If you want to improve in time management and self-discipline, then this book is a must-read. It teaches you to overcome procrastination and achieve your goals. So, friends, if you have not yet read "Eat That Frog", then you must read it. The lessons of this book can make a huge difference in life.

PERFECT PICTURE

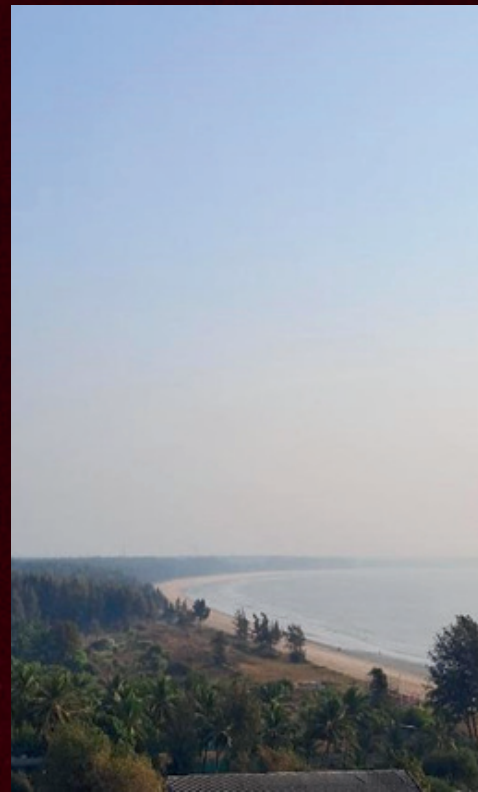
1. Haziq Shaikh FYBSc CS



2. Sayed kulsum 11TH Science

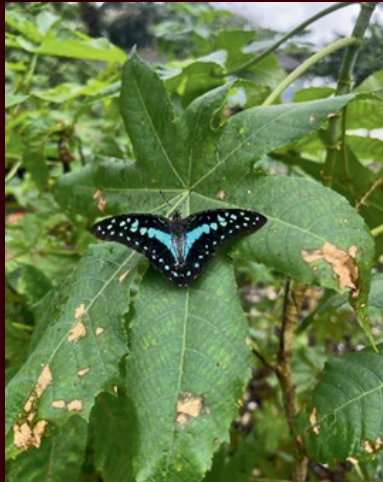


3. NITESH BASRAJ Koli FYBAMMC (50)



4. Madiha Nihal Ahmed Shaikh TYBsc (Botany and Zoology) 129





5. Aalima Ahmad FYJC Science 401

**“Don’t waste a sunrise
with someone
who will be gone
by the sunset.”**



CREATIVE CORNER

1. Akshara Pillai TYBA 107



2. Sayed Kulsum 11th Science





3. Shaikh nahida afroz ahmed FYBCom C 491



4. Alfiya Salauddin Bisayati FYJC Science 70



CONTRIBUTIONS BY OUR ESTEEMED FACULTY MEMBERS

OUR INSPIRATION

Royal n Rich in Virtues, Unending,

Unstoppable Grace n Love.

Be Thou: Our Pillar of Strength,

Infinite are Your Works of Charity.

Nowhere can Your Equal be found,

Adorable Ma'am, Centre of our Hearts.

Magnanimous, Most Charming You Are,

Amazing is Your Sweet Persona!

And may this Love we have for You,

Make us Soldiers of Justice, Just like You.

This Poem is composed to Specifically Honour our Beloved Director Ma'am

By Jaba Majumdar

English Department

Junior College.



A Celebration of Our Chemistry Family

In bright labs where ideas flow,
We share our joys, we rise and grow.
Chemistry's spark fills the air,
With proud hearts, we show we care.

Laughter echoes, friends all around,
In every challenge, support is found.
We mix and measure, discover new ways,
In teamwork we shine, we brighten our days.

Whenever we achieve, we cheer out loud,
Together we stand, each moment proud.
In this place of learning, we nurture each dream,
Our chemistry family, a united team.

With every smile and helping hand,
We build a bond that's truly grand.
So here's to our lab, where the spirit is strong,
In pride and honor, united we belong.

- Amrin Mulani, Assistant Professor (Chemistry Dept.)

The Journey Within

I asked, What of my journey?
He responded with quiet assurance,
“Keep walking. The road may be long,
But with every step, your strength will grow.”

I asked, What of my dreams?
He replied, his voice a gentle breeze,
“Let them soar, for they are the wings
That will lift your soul to places unknown.”

I asked, What of my wounds?
His tone softened with empathy,
“Stay tender, for even scars
Carry stories of resilience and healing.”

I asked, What of my love?
He smiled, a knowing look in his eyes,
“Share it freely, for the heart
Does not grow by holding, but by giving.”

I asked, What of my fears?
He spoke with gentle wisdom,
“Hold them gently, for they, too,
Are part of the intricate dance of life.”

And as the silence deepened,
His voice, like a whispering wind,
Echoed through my being:
“Embrace it all—
The light, the shadow, the pain, and the joy.
For within you resides the vastness of the universe,
And your journey is the song it sings.”

- Shaista Shaikh

STAY ALIVE

Whatever comes, hold on, stay alive,
For the journey's not over, not yet arrived.
Do not surrender, do not lose your way,
Let the night pass, and embrace the day.

Stay alive, not just in body, but in soul,
In every thought, in every goal.
Do not let time make you cold,
Keep the warmth of dreams untold.

Stay alive with the wisdom you seek,
In the quiet of thought, when you feel weak.
Learn, ponder, question, and grow,
For in the unknown, your spirit will glow.

Stay alive with the courage to stand,
In a world that's shifting, unstable, unplanned.
Fill your heart with purpose and grace,
And let no storm dim your sacred space.

Stay alive in moments of doubt,
For even the darkest clouds will break out.
Embrace the pain, for it leads to truth,
It refines your spirit, restores your youth.

Stay alive, not just for yourself,
But for the world, to give, to help.
Do not waste this fleeting gift,
Let your life be a beacon, a steady lift.

For the only thing that truly matters,
In this transient world we roam,
Is that we stayed alive—
With wisdom, love, and hope to call home

- Shaista Shaikh



The Light We Share

Some days, you'll shine like the morning's glow,
A beacon of hope, where the dark winds blow.
With strength in your heart and wisdom so bright,
You'll lift up others, guiding them to light.

But there are times when the world feels gray,
When your own light falters and hope slips away.
In those quiet moments, remember this truth:
Even the brightest need light to renew.

Life is a dance of giving and receiving,
Of hearts that open, and souls that are believing.
We share our light, and in return, we find,
The warmth of others can heal and unwind.

So as long as there's light—whether near or far,
There's always a path, no matter how hard.
For where there's hope, there's a way to see,
And together, we'll rise, forever free.

- Shaista shaikh

رضوی کالج ممبئی علم و ادب اور تہذیب و ثقافت کا اہم مرکز

ممبئی روز اول سے علم و ادب کا مرکز رہا ہے۔ اسکول، کالج اور ادبی ادارے قائم کرنا یہاں کے رہنما اور مفکرین کا اہم شیوہ ہے۔ جس دور میں شمالی ہند کے جج، کا قیام (1875ء) عمل اتر پردیش میں سرسید احمد خاں اپنی قوم کو تعلیم کی جانب راغب کرنے میں کوشاں تھے اور جن کی سعی تبلیغ سے علی گڑھ میں محمدن انکلو اور نیشنل کالج کان میں آیا۔ یہی کالج ترقی کے مدارج طے کرتے ہوئے 1920ء میں علی گڑھ مسلم یونیورسٹی بنا۔ اسی زمانے میں بدرالدین طیب جی نے ممبئی میں المحمن اسلام نامی ادارے کی بنیاد (1875ء) رکھی۔ اس ادارے نے اس قدر ترقی حاصل کی کہ آج تقریباً اس کے ماتحت 95 سے زائد اردو اور انگریزی میڈیم اسکول، کالج اور انسٹی ٹیوٹ اپنی خدمات بخوبی انجام دے رہے ہیں۔ علاوہ ازیں ممبئی کے اہم اداروں میں سینٹ زیویرس کالج (1869)، اسماعیل یوسف کالج (1930)، مہاراشٹر کالج (1968)، اکبر پیر بھائی کالج (1969) اور رضوی کالج (1985) کو خصوصی اہمیت حاصل ہے۔

ممبئی کے ان اداروں میں رضوی کالج کا قیام اگرچہ بعد میں عمل میں آیا لیکن اس کالج نے اپنی مختصر سی مدت میں اس قدر ترقی کے مدارج طے کیے کہ اس کی اہمیت دیگر اداروں سے کسی طور کم نہیں، بلکہ اس کا شمار ممبئی کے ماہ ناز اداروں میں ہوتا ہے۔ یہاں آرٹس، سائنس، کامرس اور لاء، کی اعلیٰ تعلیم کا معقول بندوبست ہے۔ ڈاکٹر اختر حسن رضوی نے برسوں پہلے جو خواب دیکھا تھا، یہ کالج اسی خواب کی تعبیر ہے۔ انھوں نے 1982 میں رضوی ایجوکیشن سوسائٹی کی بنیاد رکھی۔ مہاراشٹر کے سابق وزیر اعلیٰ جناب وسنت دادا پاتل کے ہاتھوں ۳۱ مارچ ۱۹۸۵ء کو رضوی کالج کی سنگ بنیاد رکھی گئی۔

ڈاکٹر اختر حسن رضوی ممبئی کی معروف شخصیات میں شامل ہیں۔ اگرچہ ان کا آبائی وطن اتر پردیش ہے لیکن ان کی سحر انگیز شخصیت اور افکار کا باب ممبئی میں رونما ہوا۔ ان کا یہ خواب تھا کہ ہماری قوم تعلیم کی جانب راغب ہو اور بہتر سے بہتر تعلیم حاصل کرے۔ اسی مقصد کے حصول کے پیش نظر انھوں نے ممبئی کے باندہ مغرب میں اسکول اور کالج کی بنیاد رکھی تاکہ اہل ممبئی تقاضائے وقت کو سمجھیں اور اپنی نسلوں کو بہتر اور جدید تعلیم سے آراستہ کر سکیں۔ ڈاکٹر اختر حسن رضوی قوم و ملت کی بھلائی کے لیے ابتدا سے ہی کوشاں رہے ہیں۔ انھوں نے متعدد اہم سماجی کاموں میں بڑھ چڑھ کر حصہ لیا، جن میں غریب اور نادار بچوں کی اسکالرشپ اور کتب کی فراہمی کے علاوہ فری ہیلتھ میڈیکل کیمپ بھی شامل ہے۔ ڈاکٹر اختر حسن رضوی سماجی اور ثقافتی اداروں سے ہمیشہ وابستہ رہے۔ وہ ممبئی یونیورسٹی کے سینٹ کے رکن بھی رہ چکے ہیں اور آل انڈیا نیشنلسٹ کانگریس پارٹی کے جنرل سکریٹری کے طور پر بھی منتخب ہوئے۔ ڈاکٹر اختر حسن رضوی ایک با صلاحیت، قابل اور اعلیٰ نظریات کے حامل انسان ہونے کے ساتھ ایک سلیم الطبع انسان دوست بھی ہیں۔ انھوں نے ایک یونیورسٹی کا جو خواب دیکھا تھا اسے پورا کرنے میں کوئی کسر نہیں چھوڑی۔ ممبئی کے علاوہ جو پور اور الہ آباد میں بھی تعلیمی ادارے قائم کیے۔ ان تعلیمی اداروں کے قائم کرنے کا مقصد نوجوانوں کو اعلیٰ اور معیاری تعلیم کی فراہمی کے ساتھ ان کے اندر پوشیدہ صلاحیتوں کو بروئے کار لانا ہے۔

رضوی کالج کے آغاز سے ہی اس کا ذریعہ تعلیم انگریزی رکھا گیا۔ یہ تقاضائے وقت ہے کہ سائنس، کامرس، لاء اور دیگر اعلیٰ تعلیم کو انگریزی زبان میں دیا جائے۔ اگر اس بات کا خیال نہیں رکھا گیا تو ہماری قوم جدید تعلیم اور بہتر معیار سے کوسوں دور ہوگی اور قوم کی تعمیر و ترقی کے درپوری طرح وا نہیں ہو سکیں گے۔ علی گڑھ مسلم یونیورسٹی کے بانی سر سید احمد خاں نے ایسے ہی نظریے کا اظہار کیا تھا۔ ان کے مطابق مقامی زبانیں اس قابل نہیں کہ ان میں جدید علوم کی تعلیم دی جاسکے۔ لہذا جدید علوم کی اعلیٰ تعلیم صرف اور صرف انگریزی زبان میں ہی ممکن ہے۔

رضوی کالج ممبئی کی یہ خاصیت ہی ہے کہ اس کے دور آغاز سے ہی یہاں متعدد موضوعات پر علمی، ادبی، تہذیبی اور ثقافتی پروگراموں کا اہتمام کیا جاتا رہا ہے۔ اس کالج کا شعبہ اردو ایک فعال اور متحرک شعبہ ہے۔ ڈاکٹر عباس عالم رضوی نے اس شعبے کو ایک معیار عطا کیا۔ انہی کی کوششوں سے دور حاضر میں کلام حالی کی معنویت اور افادیت پر یک روزہ بین الاقوامی سمینار کا انعقاد کیا گیا۔ اس سمینار میں پروفیسر مجاور حسین رضوی بطور مہمان خصوصی شریک ہوئے۔ انھوں نے اپنی گفتگو میں دور حاضر کے معاصر معاشرے میں اردو نثر اور شاعری کی اہمیت پر روشنی ڈالی۔ چونکہ حالی معاشرے سے وابستہ تھے، انھیں معاشرے سے پوری آگاہی حاصل تھی۔ لہذا پوری انسانیت ان کی تحریروں سے فائدہ اٹھا سکتی ہے۔ کلیدی خطبہ ممتاز محقق ڈاکٹر تقی عابدی نے پیش کیا۔ انھوں نے مولانا حالی کی خود نوشت، تنقید، خطوط اور تحقیقی مقالے کی ادبی اہمیت پر زور دیا۔

رضوی کالج ممبئی کا ایک اہم ادارہ ہے۔ ہر چند کہ اس کا آغاز 1985ء میں ہوا لیکن اس کالج کا ترانہ موجودہ دور کے معروف شاعر عبید اعظم اعظمی نے 2019ء میں لکھا ہے۔ رضوی کالج کے تقریباً سبھی پروگراموں میں یہ ترانہ بڑی شان و شوکت سے پڑھا جاتا ہے۔ ممبئی کے ایک شخص ہیما یوں کبیر نے اسے کمپوز کیا ہے۔ چند سالوں میں ہی اس ترانے نے بڑی مقبولیت حاصل کر لی ہے اور اب یہ ترانہ رضوی کالج ممبئی کی پہچان بن گیا ہے۔ اس ترانے کے چند اشعار یہاں پیش کیے جاتے ہیں:

وہ کالج کوئی اور نہیں، وہ کالج رضوی کالج ہے
جلتا ہے چراغ یہاں پر جو، ہر راہ کو روشن کرتا ہے
خوابوں کو یہاں سچ کرنے کا، آتے ہیں سبھی ارمان لیے
یہ کالج ایسی کشتی ہے، جو ساحل تک پہنچاتی ہے
کچھ بننے یہاں جو آتے ہیں، کچھ بن کے یہاں سے جاتے ہیں
وہ کالج کوئی اور نہیں، وہ کالج رضوی کالج ہے

برسات جہاں پر علم کی ہے، ماحول میں جس کے نالج ہے
یہ موسم علم کی بارش کا، صحراؤں کو گلشن کرتا ہے
احساس لیے جذبات لیے، عنوان لیے امکان لی
سے یہ کالج ہے وہ سیرھی جو، اونچائی تک لے جاتی ہے
وہ عزم و یقین کے پرچم کو، ہر میدان میں لہراتے ہیں
برسات جہاں پر علم کی ہے، ماحول میں جس کے نالج ہے

رضوی ادارے نے بہت کم عرصے میں کامیابی کی وہ منزل حاصل کر لی ہے جو کم اداروں کو نصیب ہوتی ہے۔ اس کے تمام ادارے جدید ترین اور بنیادی سہولیات سے مزین ہیں جو طلبا کو نہ صرف اپنی جانب مڑوجہ کرتے ہیں بلکہ ان کی تعلیم و تربیت میں اہم رول بھی ادا کرتے ہیں۔ ادارے کی اس کامیابی کے پیچھے رضوی ہجڑکیشن کے صدر ڈاکٹر اختر حسن رضوی اور ڈائریکٹر روینہ اختر رضوی کی محنت اور صلاحیت کار فرما ہے۔ انہیں کی محنت شاقہ اور سعی بلیغ کا نتیجہ ہے کہ اس ادارے نے نوجوانوں کی جدید تعلیمی ضروریات کو پورا کرتے ہوئے بہت کم عرصے میں ایک منی یونیورسٹی (Mini University) کی شکل اختیار کر لی ہے۔

رضوی کالج آف آرٹس، سائنس اور کامرس اپنے آغاز سے ہی معیاری تعلیم فراہم کر رہا ہے۔ اس کالج کو قائم کرنے کا مقصد نوجوان نسلوں کو نہ صرف معیاری تعلیم فراہم کرنا ہے بلکہ قوم و ملت کی تعمیر و ترقی میں اہم کردار بھی ادا کرنا ہے۔ گذشتہ اناہلیس (39) برسوں کے دوران کالج نے رضوی ہجڑکیشن سوسائٹی کے مقاصد کو حاصل کرتے ہوئے اہم کارنامہ انجام دیا ہے۔ اس کالج کی تعمیر و ترقی میں جہاں صدر اور ڈائریکٹر کی رہنمائی اور سرپرستی نے بنیادی رول ادا کیا وہیں اس کالج کے پرنسپل، وائس پرنسپل، فیکلٹی ممبران اور دیگر اسٹاف کی محنت اور لگن کو فراموش نہیں کیا جا سکتا۔ اس لحاظ سے اگر آپ دیکھیں تو یہ کالج اپنے مقاصد کی حصول یابی میں پوری طرح کامیاب و کامران ہے۔ رضوی ہجڑکیشن سوسائٹی کے بنیادی مقاصد درج ذیل ہیں:

- ۱۔ طلبا کو معیاری تعلیم فراہم کرنا۔
- ۲۔ دوسرے اور ذاتی عقائد کے احترام کے ماحول میں مسلمان طلبا کو اپنے مذہبی یقین کو فروغ دینے کی ترغیب دینا۔
- ۳۔ اس کالج کے طلبا میں قومی شناخت کا احساس پیدا کرنا، جو تمام مذہبی اور ثقافتوں کے لیے رواداری اور احترام کے حوالے سے سیکولر اور کثیر الثقافتی ہے۔
- ۴۔ سیکھنے اور سکھانے کے عمل کے ذریعے کالج کے اہداف کو فروغ دینے کی کوشش کرنا۔
- ۵۔ این ایس ایس (NSS) اور این سی سی (NCC) یونٹوں کے ذریعے کمیونٹی کی ضروریات اور قومی ترقی کو فروغ دینا۔

رضوی ایجوکیشن سوسائٹی کے بانیس ادارے ممبئی اور اتر پردیش کے علاقوں میں بخوبی کام کر رہے ہیں۔ ڈگری کالج ممبئی ممبئی یونیورسٹی سے ملحق ہے، جس میں بی اے (B.A)، بی ایس سی (B.Sc)، بی کام (B.Com)، بی ایم ایم (B.M.M)، بی ایم ایس (B.M.S)، بی بی آئی (B.B.I)، بی اے ایف (B.A.F)، بی ایس سی کمپیوٹر سائنس (B.Sc Computer Science)، بی ایس سی آئی ٹی (B.Sc.IT) اور ایم کام (M.Com) وغیرہ کورسز کی باقاعدہ تعلیم دی جاتی ہے۔ یہاں ایک ریسرچ سینٹر بھی ہے جس میں طلباء تحقیق کے ذریعہ کیمسٹری میں ایم ایس سی (M.Sc in Chemistry by Research) کی سند حاصل کرتے ہیں۔ علاوہ ازیں حیوانیات، کیمسٹری، بائی اور کامرس میں پی ایچ ڈی (Ph.D in Zoology, Chemistry, Botany and Commerce) کی ڈگری کرائی جاتی ہے۔

ڈاکٹر رضوی ڈیجیٹل لائبریری اس ادارے کا سب سے اہم حصہ ہے۔ کالج کے قیام کے ساتھ لائبریری کا قیام بھی عمل میں آیا۔ اس میں ہمہ وقت سیکڑوں طلباء مطالعے میں مشغول رہتے ہیں۔ یہ لائبریری علم و ادب کا ایک پیش ہا خزانہ ہے جو تشنگی علم سے سیرانی کا بہترین وسیلہ ہے، اس سے ہزاروں طلباء فیض یاب ہو رہے ہیں۔ اس لائبریری میں تقریباً اکیاون ہزار کتابیں دستیاب ہیں۔ علاوہ ازیں اخبارات اور رسائل و جرائد کا ایک بڑا ذخیرہ موجود ہے۔ اس لائبریری کو قائم کرنے کے مقاصد حسب ذیل ہیں :

- ۱۔ طلباء میں مطالعے کی عادت کو فروغ دینا۔
- ۲۔ اکیسویں صدی کے قاری کی توقعات کو پورا کرنا۔
- ۳۔ اچھی طرح سے منظم اور مربوط انداز میں معلومات تک رسائی فراہم کرنا۔
- ۴۔ ڈیجیٹل اور ایکٹرانک معلومات کے گیٹ وے کے طور پر کام کرنا ہے۔

نوجوانوں کی ہمہ جہت ترقی اور معاشرے کی مختلف تعلیمی دہچسپیوں اور امنگوں کو پورا کرنے کے لیے طلباء کو جامع سیکھنے کا بہترین ممکنہ ماحول فراہم کرنا رضوی کالج کی ہمیشہ سے اولین ترجیح ہی ہے۔ یہ ادارہ طلباء کو عالمی سطح پر مسابقتی بنانے میں مسلسل کوشاں ہے۔ رضوی کالج ممبئی کے طلباء تعلیم کے ساتھ کھیل کے میدان میں بھی نمایاں رول ادا کرتے ہیں۔ انٹر کالجیٹ، ریاستی اور قومی سطحوں پر ہاکی، ریسنگ، باکسنگ اور فنٹ بال وغیرہ کے ٹورنامنٹ میں متعدد اوارڈ حاصل کر چکے ہیں۔ کھیلوں اور پرفارمنگ آرٹس کے شعبوں میں اس کالج کے طلباء کی کارکردگی اس بات کی گواہ ہے کہ اس کالج کے کئی سابق طلباء کرکٹ اور ہاکی جیسے کھیلوں میں قومی ٹیم میں جگہ حاصل کر سکے۔ کالج کو ان طلباء پر فخر ہے۔ اس کالج کی ثقافتی ٹیم نے ہمیشہ کالج کا نام روشن کیا ہے۔ تمام تقریبات میں طلباء کی فعال شرکت اور کالج کے باصلاحیت اساتذہ کی رہنمائی سے کالج ہمیشہ متحرک رہتا ہے۔ اس کالج کا مختصر جائزہ لینے کے بعد بڑے وثوق کے ساتھ یہ بات کہی جاسکتی ہے کہ رضوی کالج ممبئی علم و ادب اور تہذیب و ثقافت کا ایک اہم اور ممتاز ادارہ ہے۔

حوالہ جات:

- 1 Rizvi College Magazine 2000-2001, p.3
- 2 Rizvi College Magazine Horizons 2021-22, p.14
- 3 Dr.Rizvi Digital Library(www.librarydrdl.com)

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A crying soul...

Dadar is one of Mumbai's busiest stations, making it challenging to pay attention to what is going on. But a sound - a cry, draws attention of a lot of travellers. The cry of a woman pleading with many for her sick child. The unfortunate infant is asleep in her lap with a bandage over his head, has a filthy, innocent child appearance, loads of pain in his eyes, and a locked tongue with many murmured complaints. The situation is so horrible that a passing passenger is forced to assist the unfortunate mother. She receives a lot of assistance from the locals to make a nice living, but the child has not recovered. Neither has she changed her style from the past several years nor is poor boy still lying in her lap as a business tool.....

The child is made to spend the entire day sleeping in her lap with a bandage covering his head. Perhaps he had received dosages of sedatives, and he is now watching while his mother opens an account in his name. He sobs while sleeping at the funeral for desires. If there's anything noticeable on that busy station, it could be his mother's or a lady impersonating his mother's groan. Who is that boy? Is he the son of that lady? If yes then why has she made him a business tool? There are lots of unanswered questions raised here but the most important question is who is the actual culprit? So, if you will ask me, the answer is that it is the passenger who gives alms to her instead of complaining. They give these alms as a charity but is it virtue? No, they are supporting the business of such mother or may be gang and spoiling the future of such children. In future, if the child survives, that child will be an addicted and antisocial person.

The Children Act, 1960, Section 42 says that whoever employs a child for begging or indulges the child into begging or makes him beg will be held liable to imprisonment for a term maximum up to one year or fine or both. The abetment of such an offence is also punishable and the offence is of cognizable nature.

If we have such strict acts for child begging, then why do we come across so many unfortunate children every day? Why are these little children enforced to beg instead of studying????

-Dr. Saba Parveen Shadab Rais,
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