



elixir

edition 2024

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

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وَأَنَّ جُنْدَنَا لَهُمُ الْقَائِمُونَ

This Magazine is Dedicated to



OPERATION BUNYAN UL MARSOOS

In order of OPERATION BUNYAN UL MARSOOS

This note is dedicated to the brave soldiers, security forces and intelligence personnel of Pakistan who participated in **OPERATION BUNYAN-UL-MARSOOS** a critical counterterrorism mission aimed at preserving peace, sovereignty, and the safety of our homeland.

Our forces' decisive actions and strategic brilliance compelled the enemy to go on the backfoot, ceding ground and momentum as they struggled to respond effectively to the relentless pressure.

We salute the unwavering courage, discipline and sacrifice of those who stood on the front lines to defend our nation against extremism. Your dedication to duty and the spirit of selfless service are etched into the fabric of PAKISTAN'S history.

پاکستان
زندہ باد



EDITORIAL BOARD





Messages

PROF. RASHID LATIF KHAN

Chair Person



First of all, I would like to compliment the editors of this magazine. I believe they are all students of the Medical College, and I'm so happy to see them taking on the responsibility of editing this publication. I'm sure this experience will go a long way in contributing to their future career development.

Instructional strategies are changing all over the world-especially in medicine-because medicine itself is rapidly evolving. Just lectures and demonstrations are no longer good enough. I strongly recommend that all students begin to look into the future of medicine now, because by the time they start practicing, things will be very different from the current instructional methods.

Whatever you learn today must be considered in light of how artificial intelligence is reshaping the landscape. We are entering the era of AI, and no one can truly predict the extent to which it will change medical practice-whether computers will be able to diagnose, treat, and interact with patients like doctors do. I'm not too sure if that will fully happen in the next ten years, but it is certainly a possibility.

However, I firmly believe that doctors will always be needed. The human connection, the man-to-man touch will always be the most important aspect of the healthcare system. I strongly suggest that all students, both from our college and other medical colleges, keep themselves informed and updated about how AI is evolving and potentially transforming healthcare.

The next five years are crucial. It's during this time that you are groomed to become medical practitioners. You come

into college from different backgrounds, but by the time you graduate from Rashid Medical College, you will be aligned-similar in thinking, understanding, and professional approach.

Please uphold the reputation and prestige of your alma mater. Practice medicine with the same commitment and integrity that you pledged on day one, when you took the oath upon entering medical college.

I wish you all great success, and I hope you will become the future leaders of the medical profession.

With Best Wishes,

Prof. Rashid Latif Khan

MS. SABAHAT KHAN

Chief Executive



A Message to Our Students

Dear Students,

I just want to take a moment to remind you how incredible you are. Choosing medicine is not just a career decision, it's a commitment to making a real difference in people's lives. And while this journey isn't always easy, I want you to know that you are capable, strong, and more than ready for the challenges ahead.

There will be long nights, tough exams, and moments where you might question yourself. But remember, every great doctor started exactly where you are now-learning, growing, and pushing through the tough times. Keep believing in yourself, lean on your friends and mentors, and never lose sight of the passion that brought you here.

You are the future of healthcare, and I have no doubt that you will go on to do amazing things. Stay curious, stay kind, and keep going. We're all cheering for you!

Wishing you all the success and happiness in the world.

Sabahat Khan

CEO, Rashid Latif Medical College

PROF. TAHIR MASOOD

Principal



I appreciate with great acknowledgment the students and the Magazine Committee of Rashid Latif Medical College in publishing Elixir. Since its inception, Rashid Latif Medical College has achieved continuing success both at academic and extracurricular fronts. All this had been possible with the dedication and strenuous efforts of the management, faculty and the students.

The college magazine is truly a representative student publication and it reflects and encompasses the diversity inherent to the academic and extra-curricular environment of the RLMC. College magazines have a great educative value and encourage students to think and write. Creative writing is not only meant for people of liberal arts or for people who adopt this as a career but the ability to write well and communicate effectively is important for the health care professionals. Elixir has given the students a platform to unleash their creative potential, develop their power of thinking and strengthen their imagination. Students also learn the value of co-operation and healthy competition.

The magazine also highlights the educational, cultural, social and sports activities of the institute. I pray for the future growth of the college and wish that the management, staff and the students continue to work together so that RLMC holds the distinction of producing well rounded and well balanced graduates in the field of medicine.

Best Wishes,
Prof. Dr. Tahir Masood

PROF. MUDASSAR ALI KHAN

Vice Principal



It gives me immense pleasure to extend my heartfelt congratulations to the entire editorial team, contributors, and faculty advisors for the successful publication of **ELIXIR**, a radiant reflection of the creativity, intellect, and aspirations of our student body.

I'm so impressed by the diverse voices and stories that have filled our college editorial magazine. It's been a journey of growth, creativity, and connection, and I couldn't be prouder of what we've accomplished together.

This magazine is more than just pages filled with words; it's a platform for our community to share their thoughts, experiences, and perspectives. From thought-provoking articles to stunning artwork, each contribution reflects the unique spirit of our college. I encourage every one of you to keep pushing boundaries, challenging norms, and using your voice to make a difference.

Thank you to the editorial team, contributors, and readers for making this magazine a vibrant part of our college culture. Here's to another year of inspiring content and meaningful conversations!

Let this magazine be a symbol of our shared passion for learning, healing, and growing together.

Wishing **ELIXIR** continued success in the years to come.

Warm Regards,

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

PROF. DR. SADIA QURESHI

Chief Editor



Dear Elixir Team,

As the proud Chairperson of the College Magazine Committee, I am delighted to extend my heartfelt appreciation to each and every student who has played a role, big or small, in the compilation of this year's edition of Elixir. Your dedication, creativity, and hard work have truly made this magazine a remarkable showcase of our collective talent and diverse voices. Elixir has always been more than just a publication; it is a platform for self-expression, a canvas where the colors of our thoughts, emotions, and experiences come to life.

In this year's edition, I have witnessed the incredible efforts and passion that each of you has poured into your contributions. From thought-provoking articles and insightful essays to captivating artwork and soul-stirring poetry, Elixir stands as a testament to the rich tapestry of talent within our student body.

It warms my heart to see our students coming together to create something so special. The diversity of perspectives, the depth of understanding, and the authenticity of your voices make Elixir not just a magazine but a reflection of who we are as individuals and as a collective force.

Remember, Elixir is more than just ink on paper; it is a vessel that carries the essence of our thoughts and feelings. It is a platform where you can unapologetically be yourself, where your words can inspire, provoke, and resonate with others. Your creativity has the power to connect us, and your voices have the potential to spark change.

As we unveil this edition of Elixir, take a moment to appreciate the unique contributions of your peers, celebrate the diversity of ideas, and recognize the beauty of self-expression. Let this magazine be a reminder that your voice matters and that this platform is here for you to share your inner-self with the world.

Thank you once again for your dedication and hard work. Elixir would not be the same without each and every one of you. Here's to another year of creativity, expression, and making a lasting impact through the power of words.

Best Regards

PROF. FAHIM UL HAQ

Member Editorial Board



Being a part of this year's college magazine brings me a quiet sense of joy — not just as a teacher, but as someone who's been lucky enough to walk alongside students through the many seasons of medical college life.

Over the years, I've come to realize that learning medicine isn't just about mastering facts or perfecting clinical skills. It's also about growing as individuals learning to listen, to feel, to reflect. This magazine captures that side of you the thoughtful, curious, creative side that sometimes gets overshadowed in the race of exams and schedules.

Reading through the contributions, I'm reminded of how much heart and perspective this generation of students brings. There's honesty, humour, depth and above all, a strong sense of community. That's what makes this magazine special.

Keep writing, keep wondering — and above all, keep growing.

PROF. SOPHIA KHAN

Member Editorial Board



Dear Readers,

Our college magazine is more than just a collection of articles, it is a **voice, a platform, and a reflection of your thoughts, creativity, and aspirations**. Each piece within these pages is a testament to the talent and dedication of our brilliant writers, who have poured their hearts and minds into their work.

To those who have contributed, thank you for sharing your ideas and inspiring us all. And to those who have yet to write—**YOUR VOICE MATTERS!** Whether it's an opinion, a poem, a story, or an experience, let your thoughts flow and make an impact.

Keep writing, keep expressing, and let's make this magazine a true reflection of your collective brilliance!

DR. SHAMA AKRAM

Member Editorial Board



It's a real joy to write this note for our college magazine — a project that's close to my heart and one I've had the pleasure of guiding as a faculty.

Working with the editorial team has been a reminder of how much talent, curiosity, and creativity lives within our student body. Behind every article, poem, survey, illustration, and idea is a student who took time out of their already packed schedules to contribute something meaningful — and that, to me, is inspiring.

This magazine is more than just a publication. It's a snapshot of our campus life — the happenings we're excited about, the issues we care about, and the ways we express ourselves beyond the academics. It captures the heartbeat of this college.

I'm proud of the creation of our team. I hope you enjoy flipping through these pages as much as we enjoyed putting them together.

MUHAMMAD FAIZAN AKRAM

Editor in Chief



As we embark on another edition of our medical college magazine, it's essential to reflect on the journey we've taken together as a community dedicated to the art and science of medicine.

In this edition, we aim to showcase not only the academic achievements of our peers but also the invaluable experiences that shape us as future healthcare professionals. From insightful research articles to inspiring patient stories, each contribution highlights the diverse talents and perspectives within our college.

We encourage you to engage with these pieces, as they are not just words on a page but reflections of the passion and commitment that drive our collective mission.

Thank you for being a part of this journey. We hope you enjoy this edition and find inspiration in the stories and insights shared within its pages. Let's continue to strive for excellence and make a positive impact in the world of healthcare.

ABDULLAH GHANI

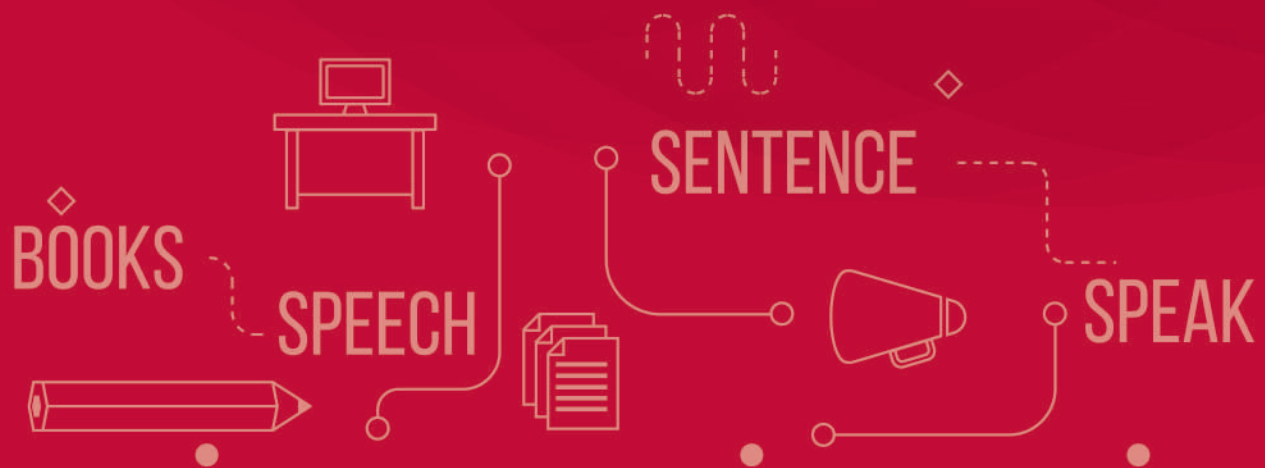
Co-Editor in Chief



As we put together this edition of our college magazine, we find ourselves reflecting on the incredible journey it has been. Every article, poem, and story in these pages has passed through our hands, each one adding a new layer to this vibrant tapestry of student expression.

This magazine is more than just a publication to us—it's a reflection of our dedication, our late nights of editing, and our passion for bringing voices to life. We have carefully curated and refined every piece to ensure that this issue not only informs and entertains but also leaves a lasting impression.

We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed creating it.



English Section



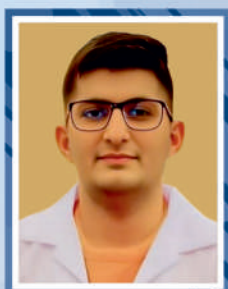


"Perhaps, it is our imperfections that make us so perfect for one another."

Sana Zahid
Editor

Works of art often lasts forever, or nearly so. But retrospectives often bloom and then exist as memories pressed in magazines and books. As this gives you the highlights of prior events, it gives us extreme delight to present your work as memories to cherish forever!

Komal Arif
Co-Editor



"No matter how relentless medicine is; within the chaos lies the strength to transform exhaustion into purpose"

Muhammad Ammar
Sub Editor

"It is not wrong to treat yourself with kindness"

Ameena Sardar Khan
Sub Editor



*فَإِنَّ مَعَ الْعُسْرِ يُسْرًا
So, surely with hardship comes ease.*

Ahmed Riffat
Sub Editor

Enlighten your heart and mind with knowledge

Malik Mekeal
Sub Editor





PROF. SHAHID IMRAN ENT (HOD)

LIFE AS A STUDENT:

Q: From where you did your schooling?

A: F.Sc from GCU, MBBS from Allah Iqbal Medical College.

Q: Your most favourite and least favourite subject?

A: Physiology is my favourite subject & surgery is least favourite.

Q: Extracurricular activities in which you participated?

A: Football table tennis, badminton in school and squash while doing MBBS

Q: Did you deal any failure as a student?

A: No

Q: How has your time as a student shaped your personal development?

A: It has instilled in me a sense of discipline.

Q: What was the most challenging part of your medical school experience?

A: First and Final Profs were the most challenging.

Q: Any advice would you give to current medical students who are struggling to balance academics and personal life?

A: Make a daily schedule and manage your time accordingly.

LIFE AS A DOCTOR:

Q: What sparked your passion for medicine?

A: My cousin who was also a doctor inspired me to become a doctor.

Q: What's been your most rewarding experience as a doctor?

A: Seeing your patient get better.

Q: What profession would you have chosen if you weren't a doctor?

A: Army .

Q: Your first patient interaction was like?

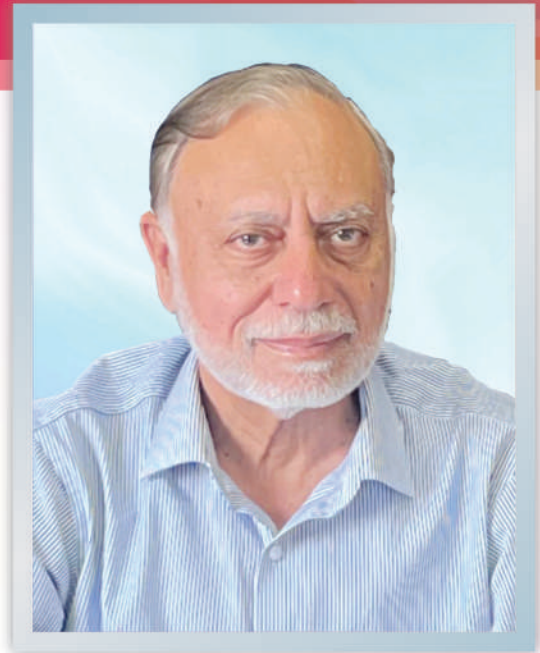
A: It was in final year of MBBS. I had to convince a patient, with lateral carcinoma, for examination.

Q: What would a typical day as a doctor look like for you?

A: I have a very busy schedule. As a teacher and a physician, we have double duty. I also have a private practice. Plus, I have to give time to my family as well.

Q: What did you buy with your first pay cheque?

A: It was Rs. 900 during my house job. I distributed it among my cousins.



Q: Your opinion on new doctors considering moving abroad?

A: There is no harm in going abroad. However, I believe they should come back and serve their country after learning new techniques.

Q: Any one hurdle our health care system faces the most?

A: Our primary healthcare system is very weak. Patient should not be treated at the level instead they should be treated at a basic level first. This would help reduce overcrowding in our hospitals.

Q: How did your upbringing and education shaped your career choice?

A: I wanted to become a surgeon since my first year of MBBS, however after graduation and FCPS 1, I decided to go into ENT.

Q: Most significant challenge during your medical training?

A: It was a smooth ride for me with no significant challenge.

Q: Describe a particularly difficult case and how you overcame it?

A: There have been multiple difficult cases, and you learn from each and every one of them. I read research articles to keep myself updated and if anyone of my patient is not well or is not responding to my treatment, I get very bothered.

Q: How has medical education changed since you were a student?

A: It has changed a lot. New techniques are now available, and it is becoming easier to diagnose diseases in their early stages.

ENT AS A SPECIALTY:

Q: What made you choose ENT as a speciality?

A: There are not many ENT specialists and I realised that I could help the society more after becoming an ENT specialist.

Q: Biggest challenge in this field?

A: It is a very huge and technical field requiring instruments and devices that are costly.

Q: How would you advice young students trying to pursue ENT in future?

A: It is a very interesting field full of opportunities with very few trained surgeons. I would suggest that you pursue it as one particular specialty and adapt to it.

Q: Most common conditions you treat in this speciality?

A: Infections are the most common because our primary healthcare system is poor and self-medication makes things worse.

Q: How the trends changed over the years?

A: It has become more and more evolved with lasers and latest instruments.

Q: Do you think research play a role in ENT speciality?

A: Research plays equally important role in every field of medicine.

Q: What do you envision for the future of ENT?

A: It is a field that is growing day by day.

LIFE AT RLMC:

Q: How is your experience as a teacher in RLMC?

A: As a teacher at RLMC, I find the experience incredibly fulfilling. Working with bright, motivated students like you is inspiring. The medical field is ever-evolving, so teaching here requires staying updated with the latest advancements, which keeps me on my toes.

Q: Difference you have seen in the Government institutes and RLMC as a teacher?

A: No difference.

Q: What do you think is the difference between medical students of public and private colleges?

A: In my experience, there is no inherent difference between medical students from public and private colleges. All medical students share the same passion for learning, dedication to their studies, and the ultimate goal of becoming competent healthcare professionals.

Q: What is your most memorable experience at RLMC?

A: The most memorable experience was the performance of our last batch with 100% results and seven gold medals in ENT.

Q: What made you choose RLMC as a place for work?

A: Professor Rashid Latif Khan is my teacher and has always been my inspiration so i decided to work here.

Q: Your vision, mission and goals for the ENT Department at RLMC?

A: I want to establish the ENT department at RLMC as a center of excellence in education, patient care, and research, providing state-of-the-art treatment and nurturing future medical professionals.





Creativity

It feels good when you do some creative work
It feels like your life is complete when you create something
It feels awesome to have some innovative ideas
It feels like your life is peaceful when you fulfill them
But there comes a time,
When you feel helpless to create something
It feels like your creativity is dead
It makes your life dull and dim
It's the worst feeling in this world

HOPE

Is this stress Long lasting ? No
Is this anxiety Long lasting? No
Is this sorrow Long lasting? No
Is this burden Long lasting? No
Is this season Long lasting? No
Is this exam Long lasting? No
Then why being so anxious?
Just give it some time and hope
for the best

Static REFLECTION

"I'm still there, where you had drifted me apart
With a swarm of memories in the midst of bleak dark
You're still here, in the corner of my tormented heart
From where you peek, to make my soul distraught
That pain, it's still there, where you had left it carved
And the reality is that it's never turned into an art"

Zainab Tariq

UNDER A Vell OF Stars

When the stars cover the sky
And the darkness spreads its hazy light
Then u sneak out through corner of my chest
To paralyse and unnerve my every cell
Beats no longer coordinate with racing heart
In that instance, tears don't resist for their part
These anguished nights are hardest to survive
But, r so enough to move from the moon's light
to sunshine

Zainab Tariq

A Shade of LIFE

In the hour of need, the one whom you reach
the one who listens silently, but responds
with "please "

The one with whom , you share with ease
Your laugh, your agony and your peace
Over the little compromise, when they leave
Its the most dreadful thing you ever perceive
Memories of them when crawl in your heart
You no longer the one you used to be with them
For the sake of yourself you just accept the fact
Everyone needs to move on to be on next step

Zainab Tariq

Embracing Me

Who says you are not brave?
When you endured silently like a moonlit night
A voice trapped in you gorge, begging to be
unleashed
When you were willing to die like a wave ready
to crash on the shore
Felt like a puzzle piece longing to fit
Like a flame that's burned out, leaving only ash
Who stood for you?
Who was there for you?
Who was your comforting embrace in this cold
world?
You! You were your own anchor in the storm
You shone like a beacon, lighting your own way
You were a soft whisper in your ear, reminding
you of your inner strength
Then who says you are not brave???

Haina Noon

Rise Zenith Fall

The dawn rises, gentle and soft,
They cheer as I begin, hands aloft
They marvel at the first step's grace,
Eyes full of hope, hands eager to embrace

The dusk falls, serene and slow,
They sigh at the end, bask in the glow
They bid farewell with tender gaze,
As I bow out, lost in twilight's haze

But at noon, when the sun is high,
When I burn with power and reach the sky,
They avert their eyes, shield their face,
For brilliance now has taken its place
They praised my rise, they'll mourn my fall,

But at my peak, they build a wall
They brand my strength as harsh and vain,
Turn warmth to fire, pleasure to pain
I stand alone on this bright peak,

Unseen by eyes that dared to seek
They hide beneath, they cower and fret,
At heights where I won't let them forget
For I am human, like they are, I climbed,

I fought, I bear my scar
Yet they will not sit at my noon,
For they cannot bask in a sun so soon
Blessed be the sun that burns bright.

Azeem Shahid

FEAR of the Unknown

It's still just a lonesome forever, dear heart,
What meant to be shouldn't have ended,
I embraced everyday with some hope,
Just to realize I was left all stranded,
In these moments you ask if I'm sane,
After all the heartaches and all the tears,
And I reply I'm left with just unending pain,
I tried to conquer it but I gave in to fear,
As in your gaze, I seldom ever see hope,
But a little flame still burns in your eyes,
Though there's nothing left in me anymore,
It seems its telling me to live another life,
Yet the thought of survival haunts me,
To think I might never fall in love again,
I'm so afraid of the past repeating itself,
That again, all my efforts would go in vain.

Saad Isnan

Deception

A man made of clay, but filled with attributions
With empathy, love, patience and satisfaction
Spend his existence in yearning for collections
But is not the owner of his whole possessions
When honored with power, forgets his devoir
How to deal and treat others with the poise
After wasting his life on worldly distractions
He gets nothing but only the discontentment
His heart gets heavy with the weight of his pride
And his soul gets weary with the journey inside
Soon the reality of the world hits him with dejection
This world is nothing, but just a deception

Zainab Tariq

FLAMES

Consider life as a flame on a matchstick,
From the day it was ignited until it grows
Dim and thick,
For that is life,
Nothing but a flicker of light trying to survive

The path itself is mysterious and daunting,
A pre-determined fate,
We seek to try to peek ahead
But then what's the point of life?

They say the journey is filled with love and joy,
But where are they, in this world so coy?
Its a mirage, a deception so grim,
For all I see is pain and sin.

Yet I strive day and night,
Hoping for the purpose, for some light,
My dreams seem out of reach in this wretched
world I live in.

So I battle against myself,
A war for my peace of mind,
For if I fail, death lurks around every bend
Waiting to claim me happily.

So I ask myself again,
What is life?
For I honestly don't know the answer.
I can only wait for it to unfold patiently
Until the angels call for me, it is my time to
sleep peacefully.

Muhammad Amman

Life

I have a friend named "Life".
He's kept on teaching me, relentlessly.

Who to love,
To hold close,
To shut out,
To stay away from
And the endless lessons continue...

But I have reached my breaking point.
Can the teachings please stop?
Because all I desire now is peace.
The trauma keeps hurling towards me.
Accompanied by pangs of melancholy.

Friends that arrive and depart, fake relationships.
But how do I tell Life to understand that he is hurting me,
Piercing my fragile soul,
For he lacks the emotion that I feel.

So I searched for a way out,
Maybe isolation
Maybe I'll shut the world out,
Or whatever it is that fills the hole this pain has left in my
chest.

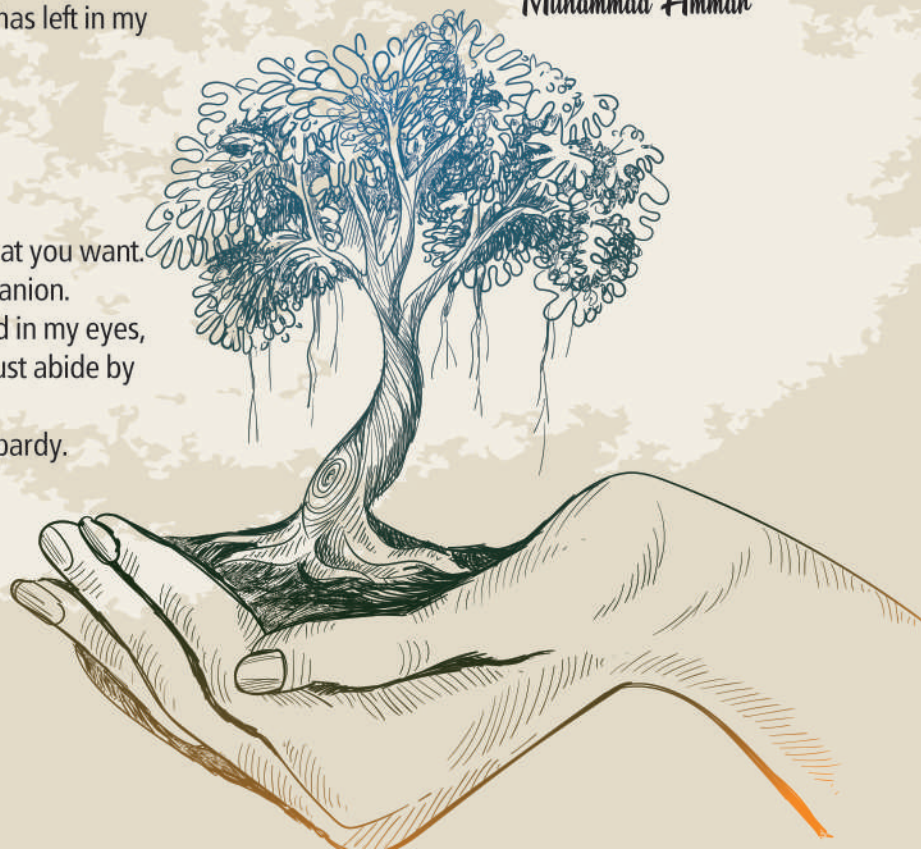
I yearn for quiet,
For peace
For sleep
Friends, mates, brothers, or BFF's, call it what you want.
They all represent one thing; a companion.
Everyone has their idea of a companion and in my eyes,
A companionship is a contract that one must abide by
until one dies
And to break it would put one in jeopardy.

I cannot lie that I have'nt seen my fair share of
companions
For I have seen who were true to me,
Believed in me,
Used me,
Took advantage of me to their benefit.

So, I call them out not
out of regret or anger,
but rather out of respect
& gratitude.

For without them, I
wouldn't have realized
the nature of people and
their two faces.
For my body and
consciousness remain

Muhammad Amman





"The heart, a prized possession,
Beloved by many, revered by all,
The very core of my existence."
It's the keeper of My memories.

Love, moments, and
recollections,
Fuel it's beat day
and night,
Though some ask
"How does it
break?"

An innocent teardrop
shatters it,
Tearing it at the seams.
The pain is excruciating
The mind tormented with
fright,
The soul lost in
isolation,
The peace shattered into a
thousand lights.

Yet time is said to heal
all wounds,
Maybe by someone new or
once known,
For I hope to find
someone who'll mend it
soon,
As my life's essence
slowly drains.

Muhammad Amman

Obsessed

A never-ending pleasure,
An unbearable desire,
Curiosity's insatiable urge
This is obsession's fire.

It starts as a dream,
A fragile mind goes hazy,
A tiny spark ignites,
And a new you awaken

Trapped with no escape,
You embark on this journey,
Thoughts are scattered,
Your nature is carefree,
The pain is a distant memory.

For some, its a love that rules their heart,
For others, money, power, and fame are their
counterparts,
Either way, the soul is chained.

I've been there, I've escaped, and I've learned,
So I reach out my hand to those who yearn,
Take it if you wish to break free from the dark hold,
Or don't, for you may experience a new obsession
with me.

Muhammad Amman

A cloudy morning of spring with her, perhaps
Was all the heart ever wanted at last
In the far off land where the breeze becomes one with you
And the shady trees lure you to sleep under the sky which is
blue

Where people don't take you for others words, but for who
you are Where u can hear the river flow even though it is far
For where there's much more out there than there's within
these rooms

And where throughout the whole year the blueberry flowers
bloom

For where one needs no special reason to be at peace
For where everything is full in its least

Ahmed

SCARS OF LIFE

Scars portray a life lived,
Etched onto my fragile
skin;
They bear witness to my
experiences,
Some of which were
violent.
Each mark is like a
portrait,
A reminder of the pain and
suffering endured;
Each layer is a testament to
the battle for life,
Even as the healed ones
still ache.

The scars of violence go
deeper than the skin,
They have seeped into my
very soul,
Shattered pieces of myself
now mended,
But still bearing the cracks
of what I've been through.

I wish for them to fade,
but know deep down they
never truly will,
For they are a part of me, a
reminder of what I've
overcome.
Thus I carry this burden
with me on the endless
road ahead,
A constant reminder of
the price I had to pay and
the lessons learned.
But the fresh cuts still
burn,
And the pain remains.

Muhammad Amman

New Age

21 brings to me, a new dawn
I've been through the motions,
Riding one wave after another
All these years have passed me by,
Yet still, I am left emotionless
No remorse nor happiness,
Has left its mark on my heart,
Except for this empty feeling in my chest.

Friendships turned out temporary,
Relationships proven futile,
The ones I wished to have by my side,
Have sailed far away from the shores
I call home.
I am left with one question haunting me,
Was I born to end up alone?

While hope still burns in the engine
Fuelling me,
I ask myself how long I can go on,
As the fire is nearly extinguished.

21 is a new age for me,
I anticipate what it holds,
Will the flame stay alive or is it time to say
goodbye?

Muhammad Amman



NOTEBOOK SOCIAL DOCUMENT
ONLINE JOURNAL TYPEWRITER
AUTHOR COMPUTER
ARTICLE BACKGROUND BUSINESS
INTERNET
AUTHOR PAPER
PAGE BOOK FLAT STORYTELLING JOURNALISM PUBLISHING CONTENT
MARKETING PUBLISHING
WORKPLACE TYPEWRITING
BLOG CREATIVE
PAGE DOCUMENT WRITER DOCUMENT JOURNAL
TEXT INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY CONCEPT CONTENT MESSAGE
MEDIA NOTEBOOK JOURNAL READING
NOTEBOOK EDUCATION

Beautiful WORLD

The world is full of vibrant colours. The green of the lush trees, the red of the roses and the cheeks of people who confess to their crush, the blue of the calm sky and sea, the yellow of the fierce sun, the orange of the dusk sky when the sun bids farewell, and the purple of the evening sun after the clouds shed their tears. The world is a place of harmony where equality is common, people love each other regardless of gender, identity, class, character, race, color, and age.

Everyone is free to do anything and nobody questions each other because trust is the foundation stone of the society. Nobody dares to hurt each other and nobody can even consider raising their hands for violence. These are such perfect days that one would consider living in a fantasy. It seems real yet unrealistic. Anything is possible, the hope that is embedded in everyone's heart is the driving force to do anything. There are no regrets, no pain, and no grief. All is perfect with nothing out of place.

And with that, you wake up to realize that it's all just a dream. An optimistic fool's dream who believes in every crazy thing. But even as you open your eyes to the less-than-perfect reality, there's a lingering sense of that utopian vision. You carry a piece of that dream with you, like a warm ember in your heart. It's the dream that fuels your kindness, your empathy, and your unwavering belief in the goodness of people. It's what makes you strive for a better world, even when faced with adversity.

You go about your day, noticing the beauty in the small things: the genuine smile of a stranger, the helping hand offered without a second thought, the laughter of children playing without a care in the world. These glimpses of the dream remind you that while perfection may be unattainable, the pursuit of it brings out the best in humanity. It's in the striving for that harmony, that equality, that trust, that we find our true selves.

The world outside may not be the vivid utopia of your dream, but it is a canvas waiting to be painted with the colors of compassion and understanding. Each act of kindness, each moment of courage, adds a stroke of brilliance to the bigger picture. You realize that even if the world isn't perfect, it is full of potential, and every day is an opportunity to make it a little better.

So, you hold onto that optimistic fool's dream, not as an unattainable fantasy, but as a guiding star. It's a reminder that while we may wake up from dreams, we don't have to let go of the hope and inspiration they bring. Instead, we weave them into our reality, creating a tapestry of possibility and hope, where every thread contributes to a more vibrant, more beautiful world.

Muhammad Qasim Ali
1st Year



THE WHITE BOOK by HAN KANG

Han Kang is a South Korean author whose journey began when she published her first book "Winter in Seoul". She started to gain fame with her book *The Vegetarian* which got shortlisted for many awards, won some of them and was produced into a movie. The latest of Han's novels to be translated into English, *The White Book*, has almost nothing in common with its predecessors except for its stunningly beautiful writing and its preoccupation with mortality. It's a book that defies genre and challenges the reader to make sense of its unusual structure. *The White Book* isn't likely to appeal to fans of the traditional novel, but will reward readers with a taste for more unconventional narratives.

The White Book begins with a list of 15 things associated with the color white: a newborn baby's gown, snow, rice, blank paper, and more. "With each item I wrote down, a ripple of agitation ran through me," the narrator explains. "I felt that yes, I needed to write this book and that the process of writing it would be transformative, would itself transform into something like white ointment applied to a swelling, like gauze laid over a wound. Something I needed."

The narrator, the reader learns, is a Korean writer living temporarily in a snow-covered European city. Lately, she's become preoccupied with thoughts of her older sister, who died hours after being born: "The most helpless of all young animals. Pretty little baby, white as a moon-shaped rice cake. How I'd been born and raised in the place of that death." The city, one which was nearly destroyed by the Nazis during World War II, inspires in the narrator thoughts of death and rebirth.

The White Book is broken into several small chapters, most named after a white object, all related in some way to the narrator's family or the city she has found herself in. A chapter named after breast milk takes just seven sentences to recount the narrator's bereaved mother, a day after the death of her baby girl, squeezing out a stream of milk that won't be used to nourish anyone. In "Blizzard," the narrator remembers being stuck in a snowstorm in Seoul years ago, "unable to fathom what on earth it could be, this thing so cold, so hostile. This vanishing fragility, this oppressive weight of beauty."

There's no real plot to *The White Book*; in lieu of a storyline, Han presents a series of brief reflections on grief and the challenges of mourning a family member you've never met. At times, it seems like more like a poetry collection than anything else — some of the chapters contain line breaks, a technique that Han uses quite effectively to catch the reader off guard.

Han is at her haunting best when the narrator considers the sister she never got to know, and how her absence became something like another family member itself. The narrator reflects that if her sister had lived, she might never have been born: "This life needed only one of us to live it. If you had lived beyond those first few hours, I would not be living now. My life means yours is impossible."

The White Book is a novel that's difficult to describe, but easy to love. It's a delicate book, hard to know, impossible to pin down, but it's filled with some of Han's best writing to date. And it's also one of the smartest reflections on what it means to remember those we've lost. "There are certain memories that remain inviolate to the ravages of time. And to those of suffering," Han writes. "It is not true that everything is colored by time and suffering. It is not true that they bring everything to ruin."

Muhammad Qasim Ali
1st Year

fastforward to CHILDHOOD

You're a work in progress, shattered in the process.....

There's beads of sweat abandoning me as I continue to dig a hole, breathless. There's a blackened poison in my heart, pumping through my exhausted veins. It's a depression deep enough to peacefully sleep in for eternity, not a ray of sunshine reaching me. Yet, I keep digging. You never loved me. Your life was an intricate labyrinth of lies you told the world, hoping you'll find some truth and serenity for yourself. You never did. That's how cursed beings live. You never loved yourself. Your paranoia dug a void deep inside your heart that you longed to fill with your apathetic acts of kindness. There's a tortured creature deep within you turned to stone. It's a chaotic work of art.

Every crevice and curve is a battle scar you longed to show off. Waiting too long didn't work, and now you're a wound inflicted on everyone around you. I saw my mother on the TV too much, but she was always there, no matter how many times I flipped the channel. Nobody saw her, but each flicker on screen revealed a haunted expression that made me want to throw up. Soon, I'd reached the end of the channels.

All that remained now was blackness. A dark that consumed the darkness in our heads. Our demons became stronger, and we lost battles more often. Fast forward to boyhood. I'm angry and unable to love. I question daily if there's love in this cold world. I walk through narrow streets and smile at strangers hoping one of them has the answer. Spoiler alert: they never do. I realize now that my hand was never reached out for them to grasp and pull me out. I watched the girls in my life morph into women far too early. They carried their adult bodies and the weight of melancholy, concealed with sweet-smelling perfume and hopeless grabs at peace.

You may be dying inside, but you never tried to wipe the blood off your hands. I read books, hoping one would tell me what was wrong with me. They never did. The words rearranged themselves to show me the hollow corpse you had left me. Every page had the same demented look staring back at me. Then, the book ended. Leap to adulthood. I've loved and lost, descending into a state of quiet madness. It's not just me. We all have death reflected in our eyes, and it won't go away. What must it be like being born and not having to scavenge for your place in this world? I starve myself in an attempt to starve the whirlpool of shit swirling deep within me.

Spoiler alert: It doesn't work. People leave and I can't stop them. After all, what right do I have? When my own people abandoned me in a world full of strangers who tugged and twisted and pulled until I was just scars and blood? It's not fine. It's not ok. It doesn't matter how many times my wounds heal, or how tall I build walls of titanium around me hoping nobody finds me hiding and sobbing inside.



They always break down, and I piece them together, piece by piece. I've lost who I am. I crave warmth in people who make my veins freeze, but what else do I have? My wrists aren't proof enough that everything around you decays, are they? The truth is. You killed yourself long ago in the basement of some dingy motel knowing nobody would come looking for you.

Then you haunted those who gave you a chance, looking for the thrill of being alive. You were a never-ending movie I longed to finish. Then the titles roll, and I am left feeling empty. Fast forward to childhood. I look at my greying skin and the pile of trophies that were never enough.

I'm still in my childhood bedroom, alone, desperate for a tear to shed, wishing it would take away a drop of pain away from the overflowing cornucopia of hatred and sorrow wedged deep inside my gut. Turns out, I never left. I'm still the scared and hurt child whose bruises you never tended to. We're all here, worsening every passing day, secretly hoping to expire quietly in the night. Our doom gives us false hope and then comes back, stabbing our lungs as we gasp and long for oxygen without a hint of you.

I don't think there will be happiness after you. What I know is there will be a calm so strange it will upset me. I will throw up my newfound freedom not knowing what a life devoid of hurt feels like. The truth remains, we were works of art. We were a work in progress that you shattered. Then you made sure to crush us into a fine powder so we would never truly be complete.

Tell me, did you use the remaining shards to try and fill that hole in your heart? I know we didn't. And so, I wait. My patience has run out. My tears well up deep inside me, but patience is all I know. Through all this, a despairing part of me still hopes for a stranger's touch to heal me. To tell me it will be fine. But I'm repulsive. Something to be used, enjoyed, and discarded.

I'm a dirty secret buried even before I'm dead. I'm venomous and everything I touch turns to rust. I'll just ask you one thing. Was it worth it, leaving me deprived, longing for death?

Talha Raja



THE ETERNAL GUARDIAN



She is a woman of unparalleled strength and resilience, a beacon of selflessness and unconditional love. From the moment she takes on the mantle of motherhood, she dedicates every moment of her life to the service and well-being of those she holds dear. She works tirelessly, day and night, without pause or complaint, embodying a commitment that knows no boundaries.

A mother's heart is like an engine that never falters—a tireless force that powers the lives around her. She sacrifices her comfort, her dreams, and even her needs, without a second thought, for the happiness and prosperity of her children. Her actions are not motivated by personal gain; instead, they stem from a deep, innate desire to nurture and uplift those she loves.



Irrespective of the challenges she faces or the hurdles life throws her way, she remains steadfast. She adapts, overcomes, and perseveres with remarkable grace. Her strength is not merely physical; it is emotional, mental, and spiritual—a reservoir of courage that inspires everyone fortunate enough to be in her orbit. For her, joy is found not in material possessions or personal accolades but in the smiles of her children and the harmony of her family. Her peace is woven into the happiness of others. She gives endlessly, pouring out love and care, never asking for anything in return.

Mothers are the most beautiful relationship Allah has gifted to humanity. They embody compassion, patience, and unwavering devotion—qualities that make the world a better place. They are a reminder of the divine mercy that sustains life, for in their love, we catch a glimpse of Allah's infinite kindness and grace.

May Allah bless all mothers, granting them health, happiness, and eternal peace. May He reward their sacrifices and shower His boundless mercy upon them. Let us cherish, honor, and celebrate these extraordinary women every day of our lives, for their love is a treasure beyond measure.

Ameen.



MORALITY WHY?

The New York Times started as a humble daily newspaper: one penny was the cost an average New Yorker had to pay to discover what questionable decisions politicians were making as early as 1851. Fast forward nearly two hundred years, The New York Times is still around and as critically acclaimed as it has ever been, despite having to mould itself according to the challenges of the modern world (a kind way of calling it an online magazine hidden behind a paywall). With that being said, the 137 Pulitzer Prizes it has received are testament to the fact that it has made people ask themselves questions: one such article that made me ask myself one such question is why I'm writing this.

Mankind is lucky to have been graced with the blessing of language and communication. Despite the obvious use of expressing feelings and emotions in daily life, the ability to transmit a thought holds much deeper significance, one that is largely unappreciated unless stumbled upon. I don't think it would be unfair to say that humans are capable of getting through much of life by copying: by seeing what those around us are doing and emulating it, I believe it's quite easy to become a single cogwheel in the grand scheme of things. After all, what all of us want is not so different, it only makes sense the way we get it doesn't have to be different either. But alas, dissatisfaction seems to be deeply ingrained in us as a lifeform, and so we find ourselves wanting more. Rightly so, because it's not too entertaining seeing the same kind of person in everyone. That's where the desire and ability to discover come in: the desire to discover what is, what could be, and what should be.



Discovering things about ourselves isn't as easy as it sounds. In fact, with regard to the multiple paths of self-discovery, many of them are littered with uncomfortable situations and interactions. It seems pain is the price to pay for discovery, but does it have to be? Must I go through the same unfortunate situation an unfortunate person has experienced in order to ask myself the same question? Luckily, thanks to the gift of communication we've been given, the answer is no. This unfortunate person is perfectly capable of sharing with me their feelings and conclusions about their situation, and I'm fortunate enough to use them as stepping stones for myself. I can ask myself the same question Mr. Manvir Singh asked himself, and come up with my own answer. With that being said, maybe thanks are due.

"Are Your Morals Too Good To Be True?" is the question Mr. Manvir Singh asks in the Annals of Inquiry section of the newsletter. At first thought, the answer doesn't seem to be very well hidden much less hidden in plain sight. Much like many others, I'm sure, I found myself seeking reassurance. Considering how I prided myself as an individual with a strong moral compass, I never really gave thought to why or how it came to be. I didn't really think it mattered, because it felt right and it was convenient to think that meant it must have been right.

Looking at the bigger picture, a not so astute observation reveals that objective morality has been subject to dissection for quite some time. Be it the Greek philosophers, the German Immanuel Kant, or the Scottish David Hume, a multitude of individuals attempted to explain why it was that mankind adopted such a rigid sense of what was right and wrong. Owing to a multitude of factors best left unmentioned, the war between science and religion in the 19th century led to many around the globe substituting the reason for their morality (God) with a much simpler one: they did because they thought it was right, and not because religion told them.

While things may have changed compared to that far in the past, there's more to it than meets the eye. What if the reason as to why we cared so much about what was right and wrong was not because we, as humans, are so unbelievably empathetic and righteous, but because we as humans care so much about what others think of us? It's not necessarily a bad thing: going through life definitely gets a lot easier when those around us believe we're good people. Although 'karma' might seem like an oversimplification, people find it much easier to be kinder to those that have been kind to them. So, it only makes sense that we want people to see us in a good light: it's useful. Initially, it's a bleak realization to have, because I for one didn't want to believe the genuine kindness I had experienced even at the hands of complete strangers had strings attached to it. But it seems coming to terms with the thought that our direction of what is right and wrong is a complicated manifestation of our self-indulgence yields an interesting crossroads: like many other times in our lives, we are faced with the choice to believe.

After serious deliberation at both my desk and my bed (both sites where riveting ideas come to be) I decided to represent my morality and its origins by means of a diagram. A circle within a circle was too inaccurate, I feared, because I remembered the occasions where I decided to do 'good' despite not having any religious bearings on the matter: if the larger circle was religion, the smaller circle being morality arising from my own desire would not belong completely within it. I settled on a Venn diagram, partly because being able to focus solely on the accuracy of the circles I was drawing was a welcome feeling.



To me, the Venn diagram meant religious doctrine and its commandments were absolute, with their importance signified by being given the larger circle. The other circle, albeit smaller, represented my innate desire to have something to believe in and stand by it. While both the circles had areas of their own, they also came together in a beautiful ellipse signifying my will to have faith in my faith as well as in what I believed to be true.

I'm afraid that's what the choice at our hands may be. We can either choose to believe that every act of sincerity and kindness we see around us is a manifestation of mankind's oldest and most intrinsic hedonistic desires, or we can understand that an act despite being self-serving can be just as genuine and beautiful. There's a lot to see around us if we pay attention: a glancing smile from a complete stranger is enough for me to decide what I want to believe in.

Belal Tayyab

Feelings

All kinds of feelings tumble all over themselves. Well... you know you're not quite blue because you're not really sad, and although you're a bit jealous, you're not green with envy, and every now and then you realize you're kind of scared but you'd hardly call yourself yellow. I hate that feeling and I hate the color magenta. That's why I call that feeling magenta.

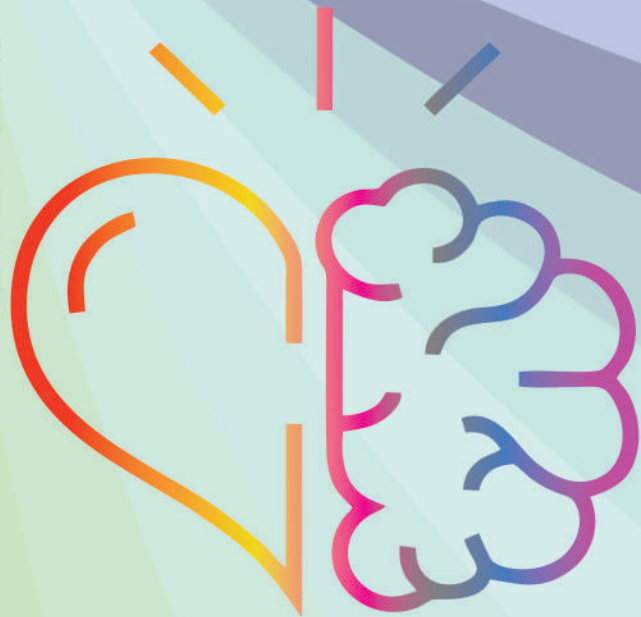
Magenta is that confusing, messy blend of emotions that doesn't fit neatly into any one category. It's the restless unease that gnaws at you when things are uncertain, the flicker of frustration when you can't quite express what you're going through. It's the tangle of hope and doubt, the mix of excitement and anxiety. It's when your heart races and your mind is clouded, when you're pulled in different directions all at once. Magenta is complicated, it's vivid, it's overwhelming—and it's all too familiar.

Sometimes, magenta feels like a storm brewing inside, a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions that you can't quite tame. It's the sleepless nights spent overthinking, the days when everything feels a bit off, and you can't pinpoint why. It's the sense of being caught in between, not entirely lost but not entirely found either. It's the bittersweet nostalgia of memories that bring both joy and sorrow, the longing for something you can't quite define.

Magenta is the color of contradictions. It's the warmth of passion mingled with the chill of fear, the bright spark of creativity shadowed by self-doubt. It's the laughter that turns into tears, the confidence that crumbles into insecurity. It's the thrill of new beginnings paired with the melancholy of endings. It's a rollercoaster of emotions, a spectrum that defies simplicity.

In moments of magenta, you might feel like you're wearing a mask, trying to hold it all together while inside, everything is in disarray. It's the quiet strength you muster to face the day, even when you're unsure of what lies ahead. It's the courage to keep moving forward, even when the path is unclear. Magenta is the essence of being human—imperfect, vulnerable, yet resilient.

Muhammad Qasim Ali
1st Year



FROM DREAM TO DELLUSIONMENT

My **FIRST** Year in **MED SCHOOL!**

Ever since school, whenever the teacher would ask that classic question, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" my answer was always the same, "a Doctor". While others changed their dreams like outfits, I stuck to mine; I was fascinated by the idea of being on the other side of the stethoscope, mostly because TV shows made it look so glamorous.

The lab coats, the dramatic surgeries-it all seemed so cool. Never mind the endless warnings from everyone about how the life of a doctor meant no sleep, no holidays, and practically no life. I thought, How hard could it really be? Spoiler: harder than I thought.

Fast forward to med school, and reality hits you like a truck. The excitement of getting in quickly fades when you realize you've signed up for five years of sleep deprivation, endless textbooks, and living off coffee. Ward rounds? Well, they weren't the inspiring, heartwarming scenes from medical dramas. They were a slap-in-the-face reminder that life as a med student is a marathon of exhaustion.

I mean, I knew it wouldn't be easy, but no one told you you'll eat, sleep, and breathe medicine. Meals? Optional. Sleep? Overrated. Family? Oh yeah, remember them?

And as for those breakdowns? Please-I'll pencil that in after finals. For now, the anatomy syllabus isn't going to memorize itself ;(

Areej Malik
1st Year

FROM heartbreak to Triumph

Alleena's heart fluttered nervously as she stood before the mirror, adjusting her bridal dupatta. The young woman reflected there was radiant, her eyes bright with hope, cheeks flushed with joy. She was marrying Haris, the man her heart had chosen, the one who had promised her a lifetime of love. Their wedding was a whirlwind of laughter, traditions, and blessings-a day etched in golden hues in her memory.

As the years unfolded, their love matured like a tree, deeply rooted yet reaching higher with every passing season. Haris was her partner in everything. Together, they burned the midnight oil preparing for exams, worked tirelessly to build their careers, and celebrated milestones with the enthusiasm of dreamers who had turned their aspirations into reality. They were an unstoppable force-supporting, motivating, and cherishing each other at every step.

The birth of their two children brought new joys and challenges. Their son, Ayaan, was a bundle of energy, while their daughter, Zoya, was a curious little soul, always asking questions that made Alleena laugh and marvel at life. Motherhood transformed her days into a whirlwind of activity-school runs, bedtime stories, and juggling work with endless chores. Alleena, once full of dreams and aspirations, chose to set aside her career to devote herself entirely to her home and children. Her days became a symphony of selfless care, nurturing the needs of her family while her own ambitions quietly faded into the background. In her pursuit of creating a loving and harmonious home, she left behind her personal aspirations, prioritizing the happiness and well-being of her loved ones over her own. It was exhausting but fulfilling. She felt like a juggler performing a delicate act, balancing love, duty, and aspirations.

But time has its way of leaving marks, not just on the calendar but also on people. The vibrant, carefree Alleena of her youth began to fade under the weight of responsibilities. Her once-bright eyes grew shadowed with fatigue, her once-glowing skin dulled by sleepless nights and stress. Her reflection now showed a woman weathered by life's trials, her figure softened by motherhood and her beauty worn like an old photograph-familiar yet distant.

She didn't mind. In her heart, she was still the woman Haris had chosen, the one who had stood beside him in every storm and celebrated with him in every sunshine. She believed their love was a fortress, unshakable and eternal. Haris, however, began to drift. At first, it was subtle-longer hours at work, missed dinners, and a certain absentmindedness when she spoke to him. Then came the changes she couldn't ignore: the secretive phone calls, the excuses, and finally, the devastating confession.

"I didn't plan for this to happen," he said one evening, avoiding her tearful gaze. "But I've fallen for someone else." It was as if the world had tilted, throwing Alleena into a void where her dreams shattered like glass. The woman, he spoke of, was a colleague, younger, lively, unburdened by the responsibilities that had weighed Alleena down. Haris's words cut through her like shards, each one a reminder of how she had given everything to their life together, only to lose him to someone who had walked in when the hard part was over.

The days that followed were heavy with silence. Alleena's home, once filled with laughter and the clatter of busy lives, now felt like a hollow shell. She moved through her routines mechanically, her heart aching with betrayal, her mind swirling with questions. Had she truly let herself go? Was it her fault for not being the vibrant woman he had married?

But deep down, she knew this wasn't just about appearances. It was about shared burdens and unspoken resentments, about a love that should have grown stronger but had instead withered under the weight of unbalanced expectations.

Alleena stood before the mirror again one evening, the same mirror that had reflected her radiant bridal glow years ago. This time, the woman looking back at her was older, her eyes filled with sorrow but also a quiet strength. She traced the lines on her face, each one a testament to the life she had lived—a life filled with love, sacrifice, and resilience. As she gazed at herself, a realization dawned: she had lost Haris, but she hadn't lost herself. The love she had poured into her family, the strength it had taken to carry them through their struggles, and the woman she had become in the process—these were hers to keep. Her heart, though bruised, still beat with the capacity to heal, to grow, and to rediscover the joy that life had to offer.

And so, Alleena began to rebuild. She found solace in her children's laughter, in the warmth of friendships she had neglected, and in the quiet moments where she could simply be her true self. She started taking small steps for herself—a walk in the park, a book she had meant to read, a hobby she had long forgotten. With every step, she reclaimed pieces of the woman she had been and discovered facets of the woman she could become.

Life, she realized, was not a fairytale but a tapestry woven with light and shadow. Haris's betrayal had left a dark thread in hers, but it didn't define the whole picture. Alleena chose to weave new patterns of strength, love, and self-discovery, creating a story that was uniquely her own.

Years passed, and Alleena's life blossomed in ways she had never imagined. She returned to her studies, earning a degree in psychology to help others navigate the storms of life as she had. Her career flourished as she became a sought-after counselor, known for her empathy and wisdom. Her children grew into kind, accomplished individuals, their achievements a testament to her unwavering dedication.

One day, as Alleena sat in her office reviewing her appointments, a name on the list caught her attention. Haris. Her heart skipped a beat, but she quickly composed herself. When he walked in, he looked older, wearier, and burdened by the choices he had made. He spoke hesitantly, his voice tinged with regret.

"Alleena," he began, "I need help. My second marriage didn't work out, and I lost everything. I thought of you because you were always my anchor." Alleena's gaze was steady, her heart surprisingly calm. She listened to him, but when he finished, she smiled politely and said, "I'm sorry, but I don't recognize the man you're describing. The Alleena you're looking for no longer exists. She's moved on."

As Haris left, Alleena felt no anger, only a sense of closure. She had risen from the ashes of heartbreak, stronger and more fulfilled than ever. Her life was her own, a testament to resilience and self-love.

Prof. Sadia Qureshi

The graphic features a central dark blue circle containing the text "Activity SECTION". The word "Activity" is in a white, elegant script font with a blue outline, while "SECTION" is in a bold, white, sans-serif font. Surrounding this central circle is a large, irregular cluster of dots in various colors including shades of blue, green, yellow, purple, and brown. The background is a solid light blue, decorated with several white halftone patterns: a large one in the top-left corner, a smaller one in the top-right, and several smaller ones in the bottom-left and bottom-right corners.

Activity SECTION

"Those who shine brightest often burn fastest."

Alizeh
Editor



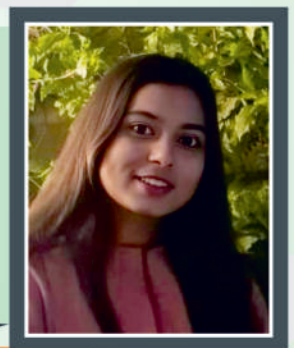
"When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on."

Esha Wali
Sub Editor



Indeed, (it is) We (Who) created humankind and (fully) know what their souls whisper to them, and We are closer to them than (their) jugular vein. (Quran 50:16)

Noor Fatima Amir
Sub Editor



It's all about finding the calm in the chaos

Rzan Mujtaba
Sub Editor





1. What's the most bizarre question you've ever been asked by a student ?

- "The question is never bizarre, but the answer can be." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "The most bizarre question I was asked in class was when a student created an imaginary enzyme and asked me to explain its function." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Ma'am, how did you attend Fahad Mustafa's show?" (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "Once a student asked me why I came into the venue. It's the most bizarre question." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "Madam, can you please give us some treats or something like that?" (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "Many questions. But one thing which I am really asked is why I am still single." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "Money or love? A girl asked me this for her vlog, and it was quite a bizarre question for me." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "I tend to entertain all questions asked by my students equally. This is why I don't think that I should call out their questions as bizarre so that I don't discourage them from asking questions." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

2. If you had a superpower that could only be used in the classroom, what would it be, and how would you use it ?

- "I would like to inculcate knowledge into the minds of my students by whatever means possible." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "Alhamdulillah, my sharp memory allows me to remember each student's name and academic record, creating a welcoming atmosphere where students feel recognized and valued." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "I would get all the students to be quiet." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "I just want to hide myself from the students, then I want to read their minds. I just want to know their thoughts about me." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "I just want everyone to understand my lectures properly and give me a proper response." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "I think the power to make all the students mute, at least for my lecture during that duration, would be ideal because I don't like interruptions." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "I would change the students' classroom. I would make it a great theater-style, 3D-style classroom and keep a coffee machine. I will allow my students to drink coffee that they enjoy. The purpose is to create a comfortable and attractive environment." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "I would like to read people's minds, and I think that it would be the most useful quality in a classroom as it will help me understand my students better and help them in a more effective manner." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

3. Have you ever had a moment where you felt like you were in a sitcom episode during a lecture ?

- "Yes, many times! Sometimes, teaching can feel like a scene from a drama. We're not just explaining concepts; we're presenting scenarios, and some acting inevitably comes in. As professors, we act to keep students engaged." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "In one lecture, a student I called on accidentally unplugged his earphones, filling the class with a popular song. Too shocked to stop the music, he eventually had to switch off his phone." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Students learn cerebellar signs by performing dance steps." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)

- "I have never permitted my students to feel as if they were attending a sitcom rather than a lecture." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "Once, someone was watching a drama on their tablet during my lecture." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "Not really." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "Once I asked the students to show me their creative talent. I was very surprised to see their paintings and poetry. There was a boy who didn't speak at all, and he wrote romantic poetry." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "I want to create a collaborative learning environment in my class, and often discussions and fun banter replicate the scene of a sitcom when everyone starts speaking." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

4. If you could add one completely unrelated class to the curriculum just for fun, what would it be ?

- "I'd love to add a class on attitude training and professionalism. These topics are my favorites-they're essential for developing leadership and a strong professional mindset." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "A baking class, I think, will teach students how to manage time and their stress." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "A clinical drama class where students learn by enacting out the signs and symptoms of disease." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "Ramp walk of students." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "To have more field visits, like we take our students to the SOS village." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "Painting and music." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "A class to showcase their creativity. I will give a platform to allow students to interact with their creative ideas." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "I think I would add something interactive and fun like a game class which will refresh the minds of students. Games like chess can be entertaining as well as help in critical thinking." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

5. What's the most creative excuse you've heard from a student who missed a class ?

- "I once heard a funny excuse: a student claimed they missed class because they got involved with a disreputable company, started smoking, and became addicted. They said they couldn't attend lectures, but now had changed their life. It seemed unrealistic." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "A hostelite arrived late to class, claiming his bike had a flat tire and he'd been busy getting it fixed. The funny part? Just moments earlier, I'd spotted him through the window, sitting outside the lecture hall, calmly sipping a cup of tea." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Ma'am, a friend accidentally spilled juice on me, so we both had to go buy a new shirt. That's why we missed the class." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "Once a student told me that she was late because she had been taking a urine pregnancy test." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "Not a creative excuse, but mostly it's either the tire punctured or I slept, my eyes didn't open." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "Helping the student, and the student is in the class. The student was in the class, and his friend was saying that I was helping him as he had some issue in the lab." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "During an online class in COVID, I asked a student a question, and he didn't respond. After a while, he said, 'Madam, I was listening to you, but I had come to buy curd, and I was standing in a curd shop.'" (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "A student once told me that his car had rolled over while coming to the college." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

6. What's one piece of advice you'd give to your past self if you were starting as a professor again, just for laughs ?

- "I'd tell myself to take life less seriously. I feel I should have enjoyed my job. In my success story, I've dealt with stress, so I wish I'd had more fun on my professional journey." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "Need to submit assignments on time." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Listening to and sharing students' jokes with the entire class." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "I wish I could have done MPhil or FCPS since I started teaching quite early." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "To really behave like a professor. Because I don't behave like a professor. I am very casual." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "If I get a chance again, I will cool down a little. I want to be very friendly with the students. Friendly in the sense that the students are comfortable talking to me." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "I would reassure myself to keep working hard and that it will surely pay off in the future. This is something that I keep reminding my students too." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

7. If your lectures were a movie genre, what would they be ?

- "I'd say a mix of thriller and reality. Sometimes we create drama to engage students and make it thrilling for them." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "My lecture would feel like a movie-starting as a documentary with a touch of mystery and humour throughout, and ending on a high note, leaving everyone inspired and uplifted." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Pursuit of happiness." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "My lectures would be like 'Munna Bhai MBBS' or 'Doctor G'." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "My lectures would be like an informative documentary." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "We can call it a thriller." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "Harry Potter." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "I like to keep my lectures fun and lighthearted while also being informative. I think my class could be described as an expository nonfiction with a tinge of comedy and drama." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

8. What's your impressive last-minute teaching moment ?

- "I showed the students a video clip and demonstrated the ATLS faults. Initially, they acted out a scenario with haphazard movement following no protocol. Then, I showed them the correct approach, detailing the steps from A to D. They enjoyed it and learned a lot!" (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "One of my best last-minute teaching moments was when I was invited to lecture on a specific topic but asked at the last minute to switch subjects. I quickly adapted, and the new lecture turned out even better than my original plan." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Explaining cardiac looping in embryology with a plastic pipe." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "I just check out the names of students on the attendance sheet, confirming if there is any proxy. If there is, I'll mark the whole class absent." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "Giving advice to students from my own prior experiences and not wanting them to make the same mistakes." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "When I relate my lectures to my clinical practice or to my clinic patients, to the real scenarios." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "During an online class in COVID, a girl attended my class while her labour pain started, and I didn't know about this. After a few hours of her delivery, she texted me and apologized for not being in the class till the

- end. I was very impressed that she still attended my class." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "I like to be prepared when I head into the lecture room. This is why I have never experienced any last-minute teaching moments." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

9. What's the most amusing conversation you have overheard between students ?

- "I once overheard a junior say that she thinks about how I would react in difficult or panicky situations, which I found amusing. It's interesting to see how students look up to role models and try to emulate them." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "I never heard any student conversations." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Discussing different nicknames of teachers." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "There was a girl my students nicknamed 'Shoper' because of her habit of collecting shoppers." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "I haven't really overheard a conversation." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "Talking about me and my dressing." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "I have heard students bad-mouthing about me, and once a few students were mimicking me." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "I often overhear campus gossip, but I have overgrown the stage that I am amused by the gossip." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

10. What was your least favourite subject in med school, and how did you cope ?

- "My least favourite subject was biochemistry, closely followed by community medicine. If I ever had to take a supply exam, I'd rather it be in pathology than community medicine since I could barely tolerate studying it." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "I struggled with Forensic Medicine and, in the end, studied just enough to pass the exam." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Urdu literature... Enhancing my Urdu literary skills through daily practice with Urdu novels." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "Forensic Medicine... I bunked that class." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "Initially, it was Anatomy, and then it was definitely Forensic Medicine." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "Gynaecology. Most of the time I used to bunk." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "My least favorite subject was Pharmacology. I used to ask my friend to teach me." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "It was Anatomy. I can surely relate to the students who find it a nightmare!" (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

11. Did you ever ask a friend to mark proxy attendance for you back in medical school ?

- "Honestly, I was the most regular among my friends, while most of them frequently skipped classes. I would sometimes mark proxies for friends I thought had a genuine reason for missing class." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "Yes." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Yes." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "Yes, multiple times." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "Yes, thousands of times." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "Not one time, many times." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "Yes, multiple times. In fact, I used to mark the proxy for my friends." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "Of course! I have been a student and have experienced all the highs and lows of campus life." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

12. What current trends can you never get your head around ?

- "I struggle to understand why people share so much of their personal lives on social media. You can't impress people with your blessings, and you only make them jealous." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "The increasing use of social media." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Broad necklines and funky hair highlights." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "Students with tattoos on their bodies." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "I don't like TikTok at all." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "To have unnecessary workshops." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "I don't like the excessive use of mobile phones and gadgets." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "I can't wrap my head around the current trend of excessive use of social media and the obsession with gadgets. Everything is good in moderation, and it is important to maintain a balance in our life so that we enjoy it without sticking to our screens 24/7." (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)

13. What differences do you see between your morning and afternoon students ?

- "I find that the energy in any lecture depends more on the content than the timing. If I'm teaching something clinically oriented, I enjoy it, regardless of the time. However, if the topic is boring, it's hard to engage with students, whether it's morning or afternoon." (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- "Students tend to be less energetic in afternoon classes." (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- "Morning students are more active and attentive than the evening ones." (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- "There is no difference at all. Both are equally disinterested in their studies." (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- "Most of the students are absent in morning classes, and the ones present are usually sleepy and lazy." (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- "There is no big difference between the morning and evening. The majority of the students are non-serious and they remain non-serious throughout their study time. Once they are done with their final years, they shine like stars." (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- "In the morning, everyone is fresh, while in the afternoon, most students are sleepy." (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- "Both are sleepy and tired! The difference is that the morning students are yawning because they just woke up and haven't slept properly, while the afternoon students are yawning because they are tired and can't wait to go home!" (Dr. Navida Manzoor)

14. What makes you remember a student's name ?

- "I'm bad at remembering names, and often feel embarrassed when a student knows my name, but I don't know theirs. Sometimes I recognize faces in crowds, but I struggle to recall names. (Dr. Faheem Rao, Surgery)
- I just need to hear the name. (Dr. Adnan Sadiq, Biochemistry)
- Class participation. (Dr. Kinza, Anatomy)
- I remember the names of students with unique traits, like the final-year male student with very long hair. (I'm not good at remembering names.) (Dr. Madiha Afzal, Gynaecology)
- I can't remember the names, but I remember their faces. (Dr. Syma, Community Medicine)
- I try to relate with my friends and family. (Dr. Sadaf Yusuf, Medicine)
- I remember the names of those who are more prominent in class, like if I've scolded someone or if someone is quite outspoken. (Dr. Sumbal Khalid, Physiology)
- I try to remember the names of all students, but the ones who participate in class and are more eager to learn stand out automatically. (Dr. Navida Manzoor, Pharmacology)



1. What's one hidden gem on campus that every student should know about?

- Dr. Fayyaz, Community Medicine (Anonymous)
- Third-floor washrooms (the cleanest ones out there) (Anonymous)
- Last seats in classes for sleeping because it's better to sleep in class than at home. (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- LR3 & 4 - perfect spots to chill in the summer. They're mostly free and always air-conditioned.:) (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- The park behind the hospital. (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- "It's so hidden, even I haven't found it." (Mashaël Umair, RLMC 2028)
- The Great Desert of RLMC. (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Dua Imran (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- The washroom next to the principal's office is very clean. (Anonymous)
- The old café. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- There's a fountain behind the BDS building that doesn't work, but yes. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Tayyab Bhai (café) ki smile ??? (Fatima Batool, 2nd Year MBBS)
- Old Café. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- Amir Bhai. (Usama, Final Year MBBS)
- Couple spots. (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

2. If your study habits were a meme, what would it be?

- I have no particular study habits. (Anonymous)
- Chin tapak dam dam. (Anonymous)
- "I'll do it tomorrow," not knowing which tomorrow-the one starting from sunrise or the next day. (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- Not sure if anyone has seen this video, but it's a hare pulling his ears with this audio: "Dimagh mein kuch hai, par kuch nahi." Core me. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- Nahi parha main ne poora saal, ab kya hoga mera haal? B aaye ga, E aaye ga, bach na paaon ga iss baar. (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- "Ek kaam karta hoon, so jaata hoon." (Mashaël Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Ghabrana nahi hai. (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Haye, main toh thak gayi. (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- Depressed cat. (Anonymous)
- I always figure it out. I just need to panic first. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- Mujhe apne ghar jana hai. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Mera toh itna life kharab ho gaya hai ?? (Fatima Batool, 2nd Year MBBS)
- Kahin pe nigahain, kahin pe nishaana. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- 1st 7 months - System phaar denge, Last 3 months - Bhai, yeh kya ho raha hai? (Usama, Final Year MBBS)
- Mera toh itna life kharab ho gaya, itna life kharab ho gaya. (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

3. If your campus Wi-Fi had a personality, what would it be?

- Mr. Fayyaz, Anatomy Department (Anonymous)
- Like your ex (never there when you need them). (Anonymous)
- "The Overly Dramatic Diva." It's fast one minute, then suddenly slow like it's sulking. Only works when it feels appreciated. (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- Avoidant personality for sure. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)

- The unreliable red flag. (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- "The unpredictable friend" - You can never rely on it; it will always ditch you when you need it the most. (Mashaal Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Sleeping beauty. (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Flash. (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- That paralyzed patient in Munna Bhai. (Anonymous)
- Flash (the sloth) in Zootopia. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- Iqbal, kyunki Iqbal hamesha dair se aata hai. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Chaudhary Shujahat Hussain (politician). (Fatima Batool, 2nd Year MBBS)
- Thakela. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- Pakistan cricket team (Chalay to chand tak, na chalay to sham tak). (Usama, Final Year MBBS)
- Bs meri aniya janiya vekho tusi. (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

4. Your group of friends just failed an exam. What is the recovery plan?

- There's no recovery plan. If we are not in the mood to study, we risk failing the next exam as well. (Anonymous)
- Group study ke naam par awara gardi. (Anonymous)
- The gang heads to the campus café for "post-exam therapy" (caffeine and complaining), a huge cup of coffee. (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- Never actually experienced this, but no recovery till we pass the retake, lol. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- We all just go for food and think about how exams don't matter. (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- Recovery plan? We're going out for chai, man. (Mashaal Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Post-fail adventure. (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Cry session, study hard. (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- Calling our teachers incompetent and claiming the paper was too tough. (Anonymous)
- The questions were completely off the syllabus! Blame the teachers and say the prof exam isn't that tough anyway. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- Turn it into a full-blown roast session where everyone competes for the "Dumbest Answer Award," followed by Coca-Cola to drown our sorrows in sugary denial. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Food poisoning by hostel mess. (Fatima Batool, 2nd Year MBBS)
- Celebrate the loss with a party, then get to work from the next day. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- We will give them courage by telling them, "Not only you are failed, we are failed too." (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

5. If your college cafeteria food had a diagnosis, what would it be?

- Diarrhea. (Anonymous)
- Tamaam khuraak bachon ki pohanch se door rakhein aur tabiyat zyada kharab honay par doctor se ruju karein. (Anonymous)
- "Inconsistent-itis." Sometimes unrecognizable. Diagnosis: Unpredictably edible. (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- It could have literally anything, but let's just say E. coli. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- IBS, the way it ruins my stomach. (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- Chronic blanditis 100%. (Mashaal Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Acute GI distress with chronic flavor deficiency. (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Myocardial infarction. (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)

- Traveler's diarrhea. (Anonymous)
- Post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD): After trying that cafeteria food, you'll avoid it like an ex at a party. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- Split personality disorder: It looks like biryani, smells like pulao, but somehow tastes like soggy cardboard. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Norovirus infections ?? ?? (Fatima Batool, 2nd Year MBBS)
- Averagitis. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- FUO (Food of Unknown Origin). (Usama, Final Year MBBS)
- Nausea, headache, stomach acidity. (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

6. Which of your professors would you want to star in a comedy sketch, and what would the sketch be about?

- Dr. Fayyaz, Community Medicine. (Anonymous)
- Sir Ahmed (one who teaches maths). (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- Dr. Faheem ul Haq, Anatomy Department. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- Dr. Syed Hussnain Shah, Anatomy Department - a sketch about a professor getting lost while explaining the nervous system. (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- Dr. Asim Majeed - we'd have him teaching us how to survive in exams, but then getting himself confused with the same subject. (Mashael Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Dr. Sana, Anatomy, for her dramatic explanations of bones! (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Dr. Hafeez, Pharmacology - sketch about him being overly excited about drugs. (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- Dr. Murtaza, Community Medicine - sketch about him going on endless rants about hygiene but forgetting to wash his own hands. (Anonymous)
- Sir Faisal - he could totally play the 'unsuspecting victim' in a comedy sketch, where he's about to give a quiz, but the entire class gets distracted by a 'non-academic' crisis. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- Dr. Yasmin - the queen of witty comebacks, she'd totally shine in a sketch about how to deal with difficult students. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Dr. Fariha, Biochemistry - she would be the comedy relief where she starts talking about enzymes and then accidentally gives a lecture on pizza toppings! (Fatima Batool, 2nd Year MBBS)
- Dr. Bilal, Pathology - a 'wrong turn' sketch where he gets lost in the hospital while explaining the difference between benign and malignant tumors. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- Dr. Imran, Physiology - his lecture on blood pressure somehow turns into a hilarious chase scene around the campus. (Usama, Final Year MBBS)
- Dr. Nadia, Microbiology - a skit about bacteria and viruses having a hilarious debate about who's more dangerous. (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

7. What's the most unusual food you've ever eaten in a campus cafeteria, and did you survive?

- There's too much water in dal, but I survived. (Anonymous)
- Surprisingly survived the cheese paratha. (Anonymous)
- Everything, but the loaded fries because RLMCIens have no other option to survive. (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- I don't take risks but tried their samosa once; it was undercooked. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- Never took that risk. (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- The most dramatic moment would be the fight in front of LH2. (iykyk) (Mashael Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Café Paratha Roll Barely, I'll probably be scared for life. (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)

- Loaded Fries, yes. (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- Cafeteria's aloo wale paratha. (Anonymous)
- The Chinese food. I took a bite, and my taste buds went into shock, but somehow, I survived-though I suspect my stomach is still staging a protest against that culinary disaster. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- A samosa stuffed with macaroni. I survived, but I don't think my trust in humanity did. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Macaroni in samosas, and yes, we survive daily. (Fatima Batool, 2nd Year MBBS)
- Biryani. Wasn't good. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- Biryani. Yakhhhhh, even I was feeling ashamed offering this to a cat. (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

8. What would be the most dramatic moment if there were a reality TV show about university life?

- After a breakup, a wave of heartbreak washed over the students, their faces etched with sorrow as they sought solace in solitude. (Anonymous)
- Announcing final year as the class of the year at sports fest. (Anonymous)
- Midterms week, when three friends discover they've all mistakenly studied for the wrong exam. Tears, caffeine spills, and dramatic music ensue or maybe students don't even realize they don't have an exam in the next 10 minutes and ask why everyone is studying. (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- Confession from a crush, hahaha. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- When two boys in our class fought over a simple text in the group chat. (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- I remember someone trying to stay awake by putting really loud item songs in their earphones (we could all hear them). They still fell asleep though. (Mashaal Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Random quizzes from unprepared students. (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Sir Mudassar entering the class. (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- Administration not allowing students to leave college premises. (Anonymous)
- Reaction of some of the professors when they realize other departments won more medals than theirs. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- The episode where everyone realizes the snakes on campus aren't just in the garden-they're sitting in class, taking notes, and being suspiciously friendly. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Situationships plus trips. (Fatima Batool, 2nd Year MBBS)
- Short circuit of the music system 2 hours before music fest. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- Golmaal (everyone is an ex of someone). (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

9. What's the most entertaining way you've seen someone try to stay awake during a 1-hour lecture?

- Crack the most lame joke and then elongate it for no reason to make everyone laugh nonstop. (Anonymous)
- Trying to stay awake by pinching themselves. (Anonymous)
- A guy in the third row tried every trick in the book-pinching himself, loud chewing, holding his eyelids open- finally "accidentally" knocked over his water bottle on his lap. That woke him up. (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- Who stays awake in a 1-hour long lecture? I sleep in the very first row. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- No one really stood out. It's always the same: coffee or tea. (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- When the professor called out this guy wearing glasses, he very calmly took them off and asked, "Who? Me?" Not the funniest, but definitely a break from that lecture. (Mashaal Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Picking the most random stuff to ask questions about. (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Bunk. (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- Pretending to be an HO and roaming in the lecture hall. (Anonymous)

- Side-eyeing all the couples in class and making sarcastic remarks about their love lives just because they're still single. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- I start drinking from my Tumbler until it's empty to avoid sleeping. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Slapping themselves. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- Scrolling FB with no internet connection. (Usama, Final Year MBBS)
- I have seen my friend sleeping on the floor in the last row with their bag as a pillow. (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

10. What's the funniest thing you have ever seen someone do in a lecture to avoid getting called on?

- Lie down on the seat and sleep so no one can see you. (Anonymous)
- Crawling on the floor to another seat. (Anonymous)
- One friend perfected the "Drop Your Pen and Look Busy" move. Somehow dropping his pen on cue just as the professor's gaze neared. (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- Making their friend stand instead. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- Lay down on the floor between the rows. (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- Lecture Roulette: A day each year when anyone can take any major's class. MBBS can take a speech pathology class, law can take a BDS class. I think it'd be a good way of knowing your university. (Mashael Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Lying down between 2 rows. (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Started crying. (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- Ducking behind the seats. (Anonymous)
- Faking a sudden coughing fit, reaching for a water bottle as if they were choking. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- They pretended to be deep in thought, then slowly started typing on their phone, showing off their "important work." Turns out, they were just texting their friend about the next coffee break. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Hiding behind the seats. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- Pretending the teacher is calling the student behind them. (Usama, Final Year MBBS)
- By not making eye contact with them and saying, "Me? Me?" (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

11. What's the quirkiest or funniest tradition that should be adopted in every university to make student life more interesting?

- There should be a rule that nobody in university is judgmental for no reason. (Anonymous)
- Batch shaadi. (Anonymous)
- "Library Dance Breaks" - once a day, the library has a 5-minute song where everyone can do a little dance in the aisles to break the study tension. (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- Anonymous confessions in the auditorium. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- Theme weeks or days. More holidays? (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- I'd want my life to be narrated by Ali Gul Pir. He'd probably say something like, "Ye hamari dost, apne aap ko 'Jab We Met' ki geet samajhti hain, lekin jab exams aate hain to tamasha ke Ranbir Kapoor ki tarah mehsoos karne lagti hain." (Mashael Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Pop-up nap pods to recharge between classes. (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Giving Fridays off. (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- Every couple that dates for 2 years must get married before the end of their academic session. (Anonymous)
- Meme day, where students and professors can dress up as meme characters. (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- Pajama Mondays, where everyone has to show up to class in their most ridiculous sleepwear. Bonus points for slippers that make noise when you walk. (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Trendy stuff like no backpack day, theme parties. (Fatima Batool, 2nd Year MBBS)

- Fraternities and sororities. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- Fashion show every week. (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)

12. Imagine your life is being narrated by a famous Pakistani comedian. Who would you choose, and what's the funniest thing they'd say about you?

- Mr. Amanullah, a Pakistani comedian: "Rul te gye an pr chass bari ayi ay." (Anonymous)
- My fav Pakistani comedian Ifthikhar Thakur would probably say this to me since I am a yapper: "Bhai, ik vaari saans vi le lain, mainu lagda ae tu oxygen nal battery charge karda ae!" (Anonymous)
- Ali Gul Pir narrating with a deadpan voice: "And here she is, again, writing her essay last minute, promising herself it'll be different next time. Spoiler alert: It won't be." (Warreesha Mahmood, RLMC 2026)
- Probably Tabish Hashmi. I'd be roasted for how I accidentally end up doing hunger strikes every month. (Nabiha Tahir, RLMC 2026)
- Moin Akhtar: "Allah maaf kray bohat manhoos lag rahay ho rehne do. Tobah tobah sara mood kharab krdia." (Rip) (Isra Arshad, RLMC 2028)
- Tabish Hashmi: "Shukr hi yeh food blogger nhi hain warna har dish ko 'bohat meetha' keh kar wapas kar deti!" (Areej Malik, RLMC 2028)
- Ali Gul Pir for sure! He'd probably say, "This MBBS student's caffeine game is so strong, it doesn't even work on her anymore-she'll just sleep anyway!" (Dua Imran, RLMC 2028)
- Mustafa Chaudhary: "Ye aur Salman Khan samajh main nhi dil main atay hain ?." (Anonymous)
- Mustafa Choudhury: "Chaand par hai apun ?." (Maira Anjum, RLDC 2025)
- I'd want my life to be narrated by Ali Gul Pir. He'd probably say something like, "Ye hamari dost, apne aap ko 'Jab We Met' ki geet samajhti hain, lekin jab exams aate hain to tamasha ke Ranbir Kapoor ki tarah mehsoos karne lagti hain." (Mashaal Umair, RLMC 2028)
- Mooroo: "This person's idea of time management is figuring out how much sleep they can get between classes without being late." (Adan, Psychology 3rd Year)
- Legendary late Umar Sharif: "Doctor sahiba, apki zindgi ek operation theatre ki tarah ha lekin is mein 'ICU' stands for 'I'm completely unavailable'." (Fatima Batool, 2nd Year MBBS)
- It would be boring. But if someone had to, Moin Akhtar. (Muaaz, Final Year MBBS)
- Sohail Ahmad (don't know, he's unpredictable). (Usama, Final Year MBBS)
- Obviously, it would be a drama. (Esha Wali, 2nd Year MBBS)



PHOTOGRAPHY
— SECTION —

PICT RIAL BOARD



Never be limited by other people's limited imaginations.

Rafia
Editor

It's not about being perfect, it's about doing the best you can

Azeem
Sub Editor



Practice until you reach perfection.

Subhan
Sub Editor



Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee.

Aishmal
Sub Editor





Gallery

FUNFAIR







MSAP



RLMC MUN 2.0





FAREWELL *Party*





SPORTS Day







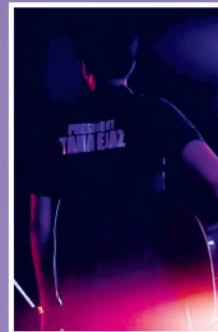


Music Ganza

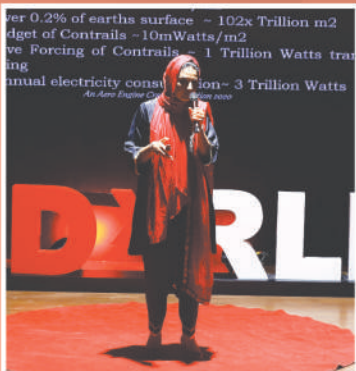








TEDx





StuCON







GOLDEN WEEK



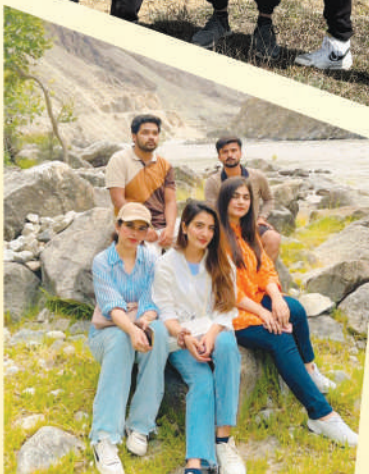
COLOR WEEK







Recreational ACTIVITIES











The background is a dark blue gradient. It is decorated with numerous small, rectangular pieces of gold confetti scattered across the top half. Several large, semi-transparent spheres in shades of teal, purple, and brown are positioned around the edges of the frame. The text 'POSITION HOLDERS' is centered in the middle of the image.

POSITION HOLDERS

MBBS

— FIRST YEAR —



AMMAR FARMAN

1st



KOMAL ARIF

2nd



ZIL-E-NOOR

3rd

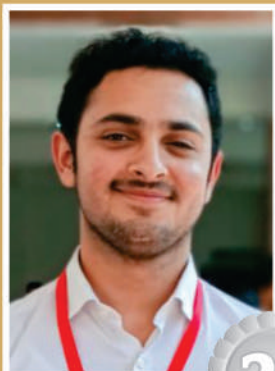
MBBS

— SECOND YEAR —



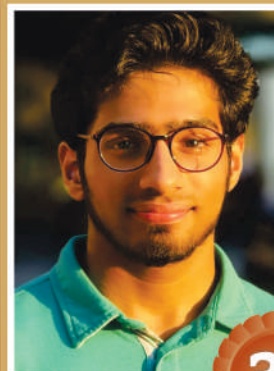
MISHAAL NOOR

1st



M. TAYYAB AMER

2nd



ZUHAIR BUTT

3rd

MBBS

— THIRD YEAR —



NOOR NAEEM

1st



HARMAIN IJAZ

2nd



ANABIA BASHARAT

3rd

MBBS

— FOURTH YEAR —



FIZA ABBAS

1st



FATIMA ANWAR

2nd



TEHREEM IRSHAD

3rd

MBBS — FINAL YEAR —



SAMIN FATIMA

1st



ANSHARA E ZINNIA

2nd



SHAFaq FATIMA

3rd

BDS — FIRST YEAR —



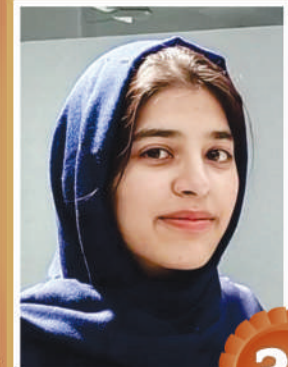
MARVAM HAROON

1st



AVESHA NAMAL

2nd



FAREA ASGHAR

3rd

BDS

— SECOND YEAR —



AMNA IQBAL

1st



NOOR GILLANI

2nd



NOOR FATIMA

3rd

BDS

— THIRD YEAR —



ZENIA SHAFIQUE

1st



ABEEHA FATIMA

2nd

BDS

— FINAL YEAR —



HIRA MAZHAR

1st



NOOR GILLANI

1st



QASWA IFTIKHAR

2nd

DPT

— FIRST YEAR —



HAMNA IFTIKHAR

1st



UMER KHAN

2nd



HIFSA UL HAQ

3rd

DPT

— SECOND YEAR —



MUQADDAS MAJEED

1st



SARA ASHFAQ

2nd



MANAHIL MEHBOOB

3rd

DPT

— THIRD YEAR —



HAMNA AHSAN

1st



SANA NADEEM

2nd



ZARMEEN FATIMA

3rd



MINAHIL MEHBOOB

3rd

DPT

—FOURTH YEAR—



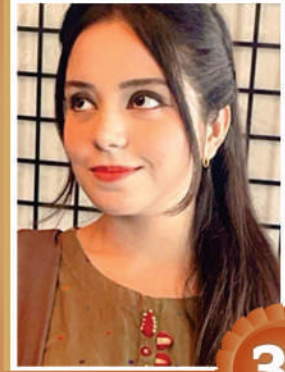
AREENA TANVEER

1st



AVESHA ZULFIQAR

2nd



SANAM

3rd

DPT

—FINAL YEAR—



SEERAT FATIMA

1st



EAYZA RIAZ

2nd



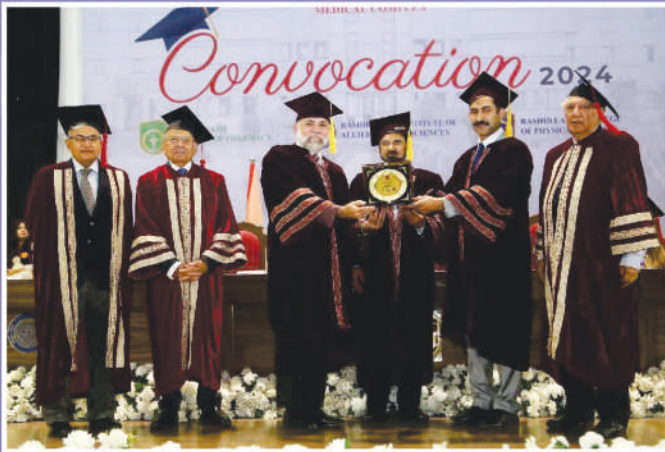
HAMNA SHAHID

3rd

Convocation







Batch Pictures

1ST YEAR MBBS



2ND YEAR MBBS



3RD YEAR MBBS



4TH YEAR MBBS



FINAL YEAR MBBS



1ST YEAR BDS



2ND YEAR BDS



4TH YEAR BDS



1ST YEAR DPT



2ND YEAR DPT



3RD YEAR DPT



4TH YEAR DPT



FINAL YEAR DPT





میرا نام زریاب بن ریاض ہے میں نے راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج سے ایم بی بی ایس کیا۔ راشد لطیف کالج نے میری ذاتی اور پیشہ ورانہ ترقی میں اہم کردار ادا کیا۔ اس ادارے نے مجھے وہ تمام قیمتی تجربہ فراہم کیا جس کی ضرورت تھی تاکہ میں اُس شدید مقابلے کا سامنا کر سکوں جو اس جگہ سے نکلنے کے بعد میرا منتظر تھا یہ ادارہ ہی تھا جس کی رہنمائی کی بدولت میں نے امریکہ میں کلینکل تجربہ حاصل کیا، اس کے علاوہ درست رہنمائی اور سرپرستی نے مجھے یو ایس ایم ایل ای امتحانات میں کامیابی حاصل کرنے اور ہیماٹالوجی اور آنکالوجی کے شعبے میں اہم تحقیق کرنے کا موقع فراہم کیا۔

راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج نے نہ صرف میری علمی صلاحیتوں کو نکھارا بلکہ مجھے ایک بہتر انسان بننے کے مواقع بھی فراہم کیے۔ اس ادارے کی سیکھ اور تربیت نے مجھے ٹیم ورک، قائدانہ صلاحیتوں اور پیشہ ورانہ اخلاقیات کی اہمیت سکھائی، جو کہ میرے کیریئر میں ہمیشہ میرے ساتھ رہیں گی۔ اس وجہ سے میں ہمیشہ اس ادارے کا مشکور رہوں گا۔



میرا نام ڈاکٹر فیاض ہے، میں ماہر امراض گردہ و مثانہ (Consultant Urologist Peads & Adult) ہوں۔ میں اس وقت ماہر امراض گردہ و مثانہ بچکان اور ریلونک سرجن کے طور پر شمالی مارہسپتال میں کام کر رہا ہوں، میں نے ابتدائی تعلیم صادق میموریل سکول کھڈیاں خاص، ضلع قصور، سے حاصل کی اور میٹرک کے امتحان میں ضلع بھر میں تیسری پوزیشن حاصل کی اور انٹرمیڈیٹ گورنمنٹ کالج لاہور سے کرنے کے بعد ایم بی بی ایس راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج لاہور سے (2014-15) میں کیا، میڈیکل کالج میں میری کارکردگی نمایاں رہی۔ اس کے بعد (2016-17) میں کلینکل زندگی کا آغاز کیا۔

سروسز ہسپتال میں ہاؤس جاب مکمل کرنے کے بعد پہلی کوشش میں ایف سی پی ایس، (پارٹ ون) پاس کیا اور سنٹرل انڈکشن کی پہلی میرٹ لسٹ میں میرا نام سروسز ہسپتال میں جنرل سرجن ٹریننگ میں آگیا، اس کے بعد میں نے اپنے پسندیدہ استاد، دُنیا کے نمایاں سرجن ڈاکٹر محمود ایاز صاحب کی سرپرستی میں دو سال کی جنرل اور ریلونک سرجری کی ٹریننگ کا مرحلہ مکمل کیا اور ساتھ ریسرچ پیپر بھی لکھے۔ اس کے بعد (SIUT Karachi) سے تین سال کی گردہ و مثانہ بچکانہ اور گردوں کی پیوند کاری (Peads Urology & Renal Transplant) کی تربیت مکمل کی اور اپنے اساتذہ، مریضوں اور والدین کی دعاؤں سے ایف سی پی ایس (پارٹ ٹو) پاس کر کے لاہور واپس آگیا۔ اور اب وہ سارے آپریشن جو کراچی اور دوسرے ممالک میں ہو رہے ہیں، وہ میں لاہور میں کر رہا ہوں۔ مجھے اس جگہ پہنچانے میں راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج کا بہت بڑا ہاتھ ہے اور میرے لیے اعزاز کی بات ہے کہ میں راشد لطیف میڈیکل کے پہلے بیچ کا طالب علم ہوں اور میں دعا گو ہوں یہ ادارہ مزید ترقی کرے، اور ایسے ہی عظیم ڈاکٹر پیدا کرے جو ملک و قوم کی خدمت کر سکیں۔



ساتھ ملنا ایک آغاز ہے، ساتھ رہنا پیشرفت ہے،
اور ساتھ مل کر کام کرنا کامیابی ہے
ڈاکٹر عدینا نسیم



جس سے بھلائی کرو، اس کے شر سے بچو
ڈاکٹر نعمان ریاض

میرا نام زید منیر ہے۔ میں نے راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج سے ایم بی بی ایس کیا جو 2020 میں مکمل ہوا۔ میں اپنے batch کے بہترین گریجویٹس میں شامل تھا اور میں نے 5 امتیازات کے ساتھ ایم بی بی ایس مکمل کیا۔ اس کے بعد مجھے عارف میموریل ہسپتال میں house job کرنے کا موقع ملا۔ اس کے بعد، میں نے امتحانات کی تیاری کے لیے وقت نکالا جن میں USMLE مرحلہ 1، 2 اور MRCP اور PLAB شامل ہیں۔

اس دوران مجھے راشد لطیف ہسپتال کے پیٹھالوجی ڈیپارٹمنٹ میں جونیئر ٹیچر کے طور پر شامل ہونے کا موقع ملا، جس نے واقع میری تدریس اور کمیونیکیشن کی مہارتوں کو فروغ دینے میں مدد کی۔ فی الحال میں یو کے میں میڈیسن میں رجسٹرڈ کے طور پر sussex میں کام کر رہا ہوں۔ ایم بی بی ایس کے اختتام تک آپ کو معلوم ہونا چاہیے کہ آپ کیا چاہتے ہیں۔ خصوصیات کی شرائط آپ کے مقام کی ترجیح اور اس سطح تک پہنچنے کے لیے آپ کو کس طرح منظم ہونا چاہیے۔ مرحلہ 2 کرنے کا ارادہ رکھتا ہوں اور میرے پاس آگے بڑھنے کے متعدد اختیارات ہیں۔



مجھے مختلف ممالک اور مختلف طبی نظاموں کی تلاش اور کام کرنا پسند ہے۔ میڈیکل کالج کے پہلے دن سے لے کر آج تک، یہ ایک طویل سفر ہے، لیکن ہر مرحلہ اور جدوجہد اس کے قابل ہے۔ میں ایک حیرت انگیز ٹیم کے ساتھ کام کر رہا ہوں اور دن بدن نئی مہارتیں سیکھنے کے ساتھ ساتھ شدید بیمار مریضوں کو سنبھال رہا ہوں۔ تمام نئے میڈیکل طلباء اور ڈاکٹروں کے لیے، بس اپنے مقصد کو بلند رکھیں، توجہ مرکوز رکھیں اور مجھ پر بھروسہ کریں کہ یہ پورا سفر خوبصورت اور اطمینان سے بھرپور ہے۔ پرجوش اور مہربان بنیں، انشاء اللہ آپ کے لیے سب ٹھیک ہو جائے گا۔



ہر کامیابی کے پیچھے ایک ناکامی چھپی ہوتی ہے
ڈاکٹر فیصل



کوئی بھی کام نا ممکن نہیں ہے اگر آپ اسے
کرنے کی ہمت رکھتے ہیں
ڈاکٹر تعظیم فاطمہ



صبر، استقامت اور محنت کامیابی کیلئے صفات
کا ایک نا قبل شکست مجموعہ ہے۔
ڈاکٹر فامیہ اتیق



قسمت جرات کرنے والوں کا ساتھ دیتی ہے
ڈاکٹر طلحہ انتظار



خوش رہنا ایک فیصلہ ہے، خوش رہنا سیکھو
ڈاکٹر ارتضی طارق



آج کا سن آپ کی زندگی کا سب سے کم عمر لمحہ ہے،
یہ دوبارہ نہیں آئے گا
ڈاکٹر حماس احمد خان



اگر آپ بڑے کام نہیں کر سکتے تو چھوٹے کام بڑے طریقے
سے کرو
ڈاکٹر ماہم نذیر



کہانی کا قلم تمہارے ہاتھ میں ہے، لفظوں سے زندگی تراش
لو، جو لوگ پڑھ نہ پائیں، تم وہ قصہ نکھار دو
ڈاکٹر ثمین فاطمہ



لوٹ کر یادیں آتی ہیں، وقت نہیں
ڈاکٹر منہا خان



وہی تو ہم اپنے ماضی کی عظمت کی جو داستانیں چاہیں
بیان کریں مگر ہم جانتے ہیں کہ اس کالج کی کلاسوں میں
پانچ سال جوتیاں چٹختے ہوئے ہم نے نہ کچھ کھویا سوائے عمر
عزیز کے، اور نہ کچھ پایا سوائے ڈگری کے
ڈاکٹر بابر نثار



صبر و استقامت سے ہو گی مشکل حل، مل بھی
جائے گا پھر صبر کا پھل
ڈاکٹر طلحہ قادر



علم حاصل کرو چاہے آپ کو گلوڑا کیوں نہ آنا پڑے
ڈاکٹر اقرا اسرار

غزل

حیراں ہوں زمانے کی ہر بدلتی ہوئی چال سے
 سب کچھ الجھتا جا رہا ہے وقت کے جال سے
 خیریت پوچھنا تو اک دکھاوا ہے بس
 ورنہ کون واقف ہے کسی کے حال سے
 کیا تو نے سنا ہے اُس کی خاموشی کو
 لگتا ہے کوئی چیخ رہا ہے اُس کے اندر ملال سے
 زخمی قدموں سے دوڑتے ہوئے بھی گرا گئی تو
 کانپ اٹھتی ہے میری روح اس خیال سے
 جواب کی کھوج میں سب چل دیے ہیں
 جبکہ کوئی واقف نہیں ہے میرے سوال سے
 دعوے دار تھے جو زیست کے ستم جھیلنے کے
 انہیں کر دیا ہے لاجواب اپنی مثال سے
 وفا کے متلاشی بن کہ نہ عمر اپنی اُجاڑو
 زندگی دے جائیگی دغا، گردش ماہ و سال سے
 یہ جس طرح سے جیت کے گھمنڈ سے چمک رہے ہو
 تم زیادہ دور نہیں ہو اپنے زوال سے
 ہر دن کو نئی اُمید کے سنگ جیتے جیتے، صبغہ
 دل بیزار ہو چکا ہے زندگی کے جنجال سے

غزل

بے ساختہ یہ قہقہے ہمیں الجھاتے چلے گئے
 کچھ زخم دھیرے دھیرے ہمیں کھاتے چلے گئے
 یادوں کے قصے نم آنکھوں میں سمو کر
 کیسے کیسے مہمان خوشی خوشی ہاتھ ہلاتے چلے گئے
 زندگی نہ سہی، تو موت کے انتظار میں
 ایک عمر سے ہم دل کو بہلاتے چلے گئے
 ہر آنکھ میں اپنے تعارف کو جھانکتے ہوئے
 لفظوں کے تضاد میں ہم خود کو سلجھاتے چلے گئے
 قسمت کے ہیر پھیر کو آزمانے کی خاطر
 ہم آڑی تر چھی لکیروں کو ملاتے چلے گئے
 جذبوں کی الجھن میں کھو گئے اس قدر
 غموں کو رحمت، خوشیوں کو زحمت بتاتے چلے گئے
 ایک بے نام سی منزل کی تلاش میں
 ہم کئی کٹھن راہوں کی خاک اڑاتے چلے گئے
 اپنے قلب کی ویرانی جب روح کو چھونے لگی، صبغہ
 ہم ہر اجنبی کو دل کا حال سناتے چلے گئے

صبغہ نو شین

سال دوئم (ایم بی بی ایس)

بحین

وہ بچپن کی چھوٹی چھوٹی خوشیاں

وہ سالگرہ پہ تحائف ملنے کی خوشیاں

وہ زندگی میں نئی چیزوں کی خوشیاں

وہ زندگی میں اپنی چیزوں کی خوشیاں

وہ چھٹیوں میں کھیلنے کی خوشیاں

وہ بارشوں میں بھیننے کی خوشیاں

وہ شرارتیں کر کے بھاگنے کی خوشیاں

پھر ایک وقت آتا ہے ہم اچانک سے بڑے ہو جاتے ہیں

اور پھر وہ سب خوشیاں بے معنی ہو جاتی ہیں

کیوں ہوتی ہے زندگی اتنی بے رحم؟

کیوں نہیں رہتی زندگی اتنی معصوم؟

غزل

دروازے پہ لکھ دیا ہے

کس نے بھوک کا فسانہ

یہ عالم بے رحم ہے

بچوں کے لب پہ زخم ہے

عسرت میں مبتلا ہے

غربت کا کارخانہ

بے تلخ سازمانہ

سنو!

جو بھوک ہوتی ہے

بڑی سفاک ہوتی ہے

پھر واسطہ ہی کیا ہے

فرقے سے، مذہب سے

سبھی جھوٹی دلیلیں ہیں

جو بیکار لگتی ہیں

دل آزار لگتی ہیں

میمونہ کاشف

فائل ائیر (ایم بی بی ایس)

دل کی باتیں

دل کی سنو، دل کو سمجھو، دل کیا کہتا ہے، دل کیا ہے؟
دل کی آواز؟ یہ وہ سب باتیں ہیں جو ہم اکثر کہتے ہیں اور سنتے ہیں

بس، کہتے ہیں اور سنتے ہیں

لیکن دنیا ہمیں ان باتوں پر عمل کرنے دیتی ہی نہیں ہے؟

ہم دل تو رکھتے ہیں لیکن دل کی مانتے نہیں ہیں

کیونکہ دل ہمیں سچ کہتا ہے، کڑوا سچ، میٹھا سچ، صرف سچ

دل وہ تحفہ ہے جو خدا نے ہمیں دے کر ہم پر احسان کیا

دل میں تو خدا رہتا ہے

تو کتنی پیاری چیز ہوگی دل!

اس لئے دل کو چھوٹی چھوٹی باتوں پر پریشان نہیں کیا کرتے

دل کی حفاظت کریں

اور جب لوگوں سے ملیں تو کوشش کریں اُن کی ذات، پہچان، شکل،

نام، حیثیت، عقل، ہر چیز کو نظر انداز کر کے، سب سے پہلے ان کے دلوں

سے ملیں، پھر دیکھیں، دنیا آپ کے لئے کیسے ڈگری 360 بدلتی ہے۔

امید

ممکن ہے کہ یہ بھی تمہارے صبر کا امتحان ہو

یہ غم تمہارے گھر میں دو چار دنوں کا مہمان ہو

تم اپنے لیے دعاؤں میں تاروں بھرا آسمان مانگتے ہو؟

ممکن ہے تمہارے لیے چنا گیا سارا جہاں ہو

آئندہ آصف

سال دوئم (ایم بی بی ایس)

اس قدر قرب کی تصویر بنی میں

یعنی ماں باپ کی توقیر بنی میں

میری چاہت کے خیالوں کو سمجھ کر

پھر کسی رانجھے کی یوں ہیر بنی میں

اک نیا داغ بغاوت کا سہا ہے

یوں خودی کی وہ شمشیر بنی میں

جس میں رشتوں کا تقدس بھی ہو لازم

اپنے آبا کی وہ جاگیر بنی میں

میرا کردار کہانی میں نہیں ہے

پھر بھی انمول سی تحریر بنی میں

بس یہی دکھ میرا سرمایہ ہے

اس کی تقدیر نہ تدبیر میں

منابل بنت طارق

سال دوئم (ایم بی بی ایس)

کچھ بھی ہو جائے تو اب مجھے حیرت نہیں ہوتی

گھنٹوں بیٹھ کر سوچوں اب فرصت نہیں ہوتی

شعر و شاعری کا ذوق اور میرے سارے شوق تو خیر

دن سارا کہاں جاتا ہے، کچھ خبر نہیں ہوتی

عجیب دور ہے یہاں راز کی حفاظت نہیں ہوتی

لوگ بھول گئے ہیں، امانت میں خیانت نہیں ہوتی

محاورے لاکھ کہو، بات مگر دل کی کہو

منافقوں کے رزق میں فراوانی نہیں ہوتی

گنوا دو دولت شہرت، تخت، نام اور نسب

عزت نفس مگر کسی طور گنوا نی نہیں ہوتی

غزل

رسم زمانہ اور سلیقہ گفتار بھلا کر چلے
ہم جب چلے اپنا پرانا کردار جلا کر چلے

جوں جوں اہل جنون سے شناسائی بڑھی
عقل و دانائی کی مشعلیں بجھا کر چلے

اذان وصل کی صدا جب کان میں پڑی
قضاء کرتے کرتے نماز محبت ادا کر چلے

کشتی اور کنارے میں فاصلے بڑھنے لگے
بھرتی تیز پانی کی دھارے جدا کر چلے

وہ عالی ظرف معاملہ فہم نکلے تبھی
لگا تھا بد دعا دیں گے اور دعا کر چلے

افراح رحمان
سال دوئم (بی ڈی ایس)

غزل

آخری تمنا ہے چاند کے گلے ملنا
یعنی تیری بانہوں میں جان من، مرے ملنا

آج کل ہیں وہ بھی مصروف دنیا داری میں
کل جو مجھ سے کہتے تھے دنیا سے پرے ملنا

دل میں اتنی ویرانی کا سبب ہے کیا یارو!
دل میں خواہشوں کے انبار کا جلے ملنا

ایک زندگی پھر سے بخش دے مجھے یارا
ایک بار پھر سے یارا مرے گلے ملنا

حال جانتے ہو کیا تم بھی ہجر ماروں کا؟
جانتے ہو؟ سورج سے ان کا شب ڈھلے ملنا

اس مقام پر تو کوئی شجر نہیں ہے یار
اس نے بولا تھا کل، یہاں شجر تلے ملنا

ایک حشر ڈھاتا ہے ہم سے ہجر ماروں پر
روز چاند اور سورج کا غروب سے ملنا

فاطمہ بتول
سال دوئم (ایم بی بی ایس)

شعر و سخن



اس کے ساتھ ساتھ، معاشرتی سطح پر بھی ہمیں ایسے پلیٹ فارمز کی حوصلہ افزائی کرنی چاہیے جہاں افراد اپنی حقیقی کہانیوں اور تجربات کو بانٹ سکیں۔ یہ نہ صرف لوگوں کو ایک دوسرے کے بارے میں بہتر سمجھ فراہم کرے گا بلکہ تعصبات کو ختم کرنے میں بھی مددگار ثابت ہوگا۔

خود احتسابی بھی اس عمل کا ایک اہم جزو ہے۔ ہمیں اپنے اندر یہ شعور پیدا کرنا ہو گا کہ کب اور کیوں ہم دوسروں پر تنقید کر رہے ہیں، اور ہماری رائے کے پیچھے کون سے ذاتی یا سماجی تعصبات کار فرما ہیں۔ جب ہم اپنی سوچ کا جائزہ لیں گے اور اپنی خامیوں کو پہچانیں گے، تبھی ہم معاشرے میں مثبت تبدیلی لاسکیں گے۔

معاشرے کو اس منفی رویے سے نکالنے کے لیے وقت اور شعوری کوشش کی ضرورت ہے۔ ہمیں یہ جاننا ہو گا کہ ہر انسان کی اپنی ایک کہانی ہوتی ہے، اور اس کہانی کو سمجھے بغیر اس پر کوئی فیصلہ صادر کرنا، نہایت ظلم کے مترادف ہے۔ اگر ہم اس سوچ کو اپنالیں تو ہمارا معاشرہ ایک مہذب، تحمل پسند اور خوشگوار جگہ بن سکتا ہے، جہاں افراد کو ان کی صلاحیتوں اور اخلاقی اقدار کی بنیاد پر پہچانا جائے گا، نہ کہ ظاہری اور سطحی عوامل کی بنا پر۔

محمد سعد اکرام
سال دوئم (ایم بی ایس)



معاشرتی فیصلوں کا منفی پہلو: انسانوں کو پرکھنے کا رجحان

ہمارے معاشرے میں افراد کا ایک دوسرے پر سطحی اور ظاہری بنیادوں پر فیصلہ صادر کرنا ایک عام اور مضر رویہ بن چکا ہے۔ یہ رجحان نہ صرف انفرادی سطح پر ذہنی دباؤ اور احساس کمتری کو جنم دیتا ہے، بلکہ مجموعی طور پر معاشرتی ہم آہنگی کو بھی متاثر کرتا ہے۔ لوگ ایک دوسرے کو ان کے لباس، زبان، مذہبی و سماجی حیثیت، مالی حالت اور دیگر ظاہری عوامل کی بنیاد پر پرکھتے ہیں، جبکہ انسانی شخصیت کے اصل پہلوؤں، جیسے کہ اس کے اخلاق، نیت، اور باطنی خصوصیات کو مکمل طور پر نظر انداز کر دیا جاتا ہے۔

یہ رویہ دراصل ہمارے معاشرے میں موجود تعصبات اور عدم برداشت کی جڑیں مزید مضبوط کرتا ہے۔ جب ہم کسی فرد کو اس کے پس منظر کو سمجھے بغیر صرف اس کے ظاہری پہلوؤں کی بنا پر جانچتے ہیں، تو ہم نہ صرف اس شخص کی عزت نفس کو مجروح کرتے ہیں بلکہ اپنے آپ کو بھی ایک محدود اور تنگ نظر ذہنیت میں قید کر لیتے ہیں۔ ایسے افراد جو معاشرتی یا اقتصادی طور پر کمزور ہوں، انہیں اس رویے کا نشانہ بننا پڑتا ہے اور وہ اپنی شناخت کے حوالے سے مستقل طور پر دباؤ کا شکار رہتے ہیں۔ اس کے علاوہ اگر دیکھا جائے تو آج کل یہ ایک چیز بہت عام ہو گئی ہے کہ اگر کسی کے ساتھ تعلقات خراب ہوتے ہیں تو لوگ ایک دوسرے پر بہتان اور تہمتیں لگانا شروع ہو جاتے ہیں جو کہ اس انسان کو ذہنی طور پر شدید دباؤ میں ڈال دیتا ہے۔

روٹھے ہو تو مجھ پر، کوئی تہمت نہ لگانا

کس کس کو بتاؤں گا میں ایسا تو نہیں ہوں

اس مسئلے کا بنیادی حل ہمیں اپنی ذہنی و فکری وسعت میں تلاش کرنا ہو گا۔ ہمیں یہ سمجھنا ہو گا کہ ہر انسان اپنی زندگی کے مختلف تجربات، تربیت، اور حالات سے گزرتا ہے، جو اس کی شخصیت کی تشکیل کرتے ہیں۔ کسی ایک پہلو کو بنیاد بنا کر اس کی مکمل شخصیت کا اندازہ لگانا انتہائی غیر منصفانہ ہے۔ ہمیں دوسروں کو جانچنے سے پہلے ان کی کہانی، ان کے حالات، اور ان کی جدوجہد کو سمجھنے کی کوشش کرنی چاہیے۔

یہ فکری تبدیلی صرف اس وقت ممکن ہو سکتی ہے جب ہم اپنی سماجی اور تعلیمی نظام میں تبدیلی لائیں۔ تعلیمی ادارے اس حوالے سے اہم کردار ادا کر سکتے ہیں۔ ہمیں اپنے بچوں کو ابتدائی عمر سے ہی تنوع کو قبول کرنے، تحمل، اور دوسروں کی رائے کو سننے کی تعلیم دینی چاہیے۔ تعلیمی نصاب میں ایسی سرگرمیاں شامل کی جائیں جن سے طلباء میں دوسروں کی مدد کرنے اور انہیں سمجھنے کی صلاحیت پیدا ہو۔

حیات جاوداں

بچپن کی دھوپ کبھی دھوپ نہیں لگتی،

مراد کا آنکھیں موند کر لیٹنے کی دیر تھی کہ ماضی الشعور سے نکل کر اس کے بالکل سامنے کھڑا ہو گیا۔ اُس نے لاکھ کوشش کی کہ وہ فوراً کمرے سے باہر نکل جائے لیکن سب رائیگاں، بے سود، لا حاصل۔۔ اب ایسی بھی بات نہ تھی کہ وہ ماضی کے پر غریب طلسم سے جان چھڑوا سکتا کیونکہ مراد بخوبی جانتا تھا کہ ایک ماضی ہی تو اس کا گہرا دوست تھا، ہر دکھ درد کا مدادہ کرنے وہ ایک آن میں اس کے پاس پہنچ جاتا تھا۔ ”وہ تو میرے ذہن کو تراوٹ بخشتا ہے۔ میری ہر کیفیت اور رگ رگ سے واقف ہے۔ اسی لیے تو وہ میرے زخموں کو کریدنے کی بجائے مرہم رکھنے کا ہنر جانتا ہے۔“ سارا منظر میری آنکھوں کے سامنے فلم کی طرح آ جاتا ہے۔ اور میں مجبور ہو جاتا ہوں، بے بس ہو جاتا ہوں، لاچار ہو جاتا ہوں۔ ہاں! یہ بھی درست ہے کہ چالقی اور بھٹکتی ہوئی دھوپ میرے وجود کو سکون دیتی ہے، میرے لیے وہ لمحات ”گوشہ عافیت“ بن جاتے ہیں۔ سورج کی پہلی کرن کمرہ میں نمودار ہوتی تو ”ابا“ کی آواز میں ہمیں جگانے کے لیے وہ مخصوص نظم بہت مزہ دیتی تھی۔

”اُجالا زمانے میں پھیلا رہی ہوں

”اٹھو سونے والو کہ میں آرہی ہوں

بہار اپنی مشرق سے دکھلا رہی ہوں“

خبر دن کے آنے کی میں لا رہی ہوں

پھر جھٹ سے ہماری آنکھ کھل جاتی، ناشتہ کر کے اسکول کے لیے تیار ہو کر روانہ ہو جاتے ہیں۔ اسکول سے واپسی پر دھوپ دلاں تک پھیل چکی ہوتی ہے۔ گرمی کی تمازت بھی محسوس نہ ہوتی اور چھٹی والے دن بھی شام تک سب کا منہ چڑھا ہی ہوتی کہ ”میں شام ہونے سے پہلے تک موجود ہوں“ یعنی سورج احساس دلاتا کہ زندگی میں روشنی فقط میری وجہ سے ہے۔ اُس دھوپ کا اپنا ہی مزہ تھا فضا میں الگ سی مہک تھی اور اب جبکہ یہ سب قصہ پارینہ بن چکا ہے۔ تو زندگی بے کیف اور بے رنگ سی لگتی ہے اب تو جسم میں حدت اور چھن کا احساس ہوتا ہے۔ لیکن ہاں! دھوپ سے مجھے ایک سبق ملا ہے کہ جب تک آپ کے والدین حیات ہوں تو آپ دُنیا کے خوش قسمت ترین بچے ہیں اور گرمی کے ساتھ ساتھ باقی کے موسم بھی آپ کا کچھ نہیں بگاڑ سکتے۔ اب تو گھڑی کی سوئیاں بھی منجمد سی ہو گئی ہیں۔ وقت تو کبھی نہیں رکتا بہتے پانی کی طرح آگے بڑھ جاتا ہے۔ میں نے کمرے میں آویزاں وال کلاک کی سوئیوں کو پیچھے کر دیا، برسوں پرانے کیلنڈر بھی دیوار پر لگائے لیکن ناکام رہا۔۔۔۔۔

ہم والدین کے دُنیا سے چلے جانے کے بعد بھیڑ بکریوں کی طرح اپنے بچپن اور والدین کی گھنی چھاؤں کے متلاشی نظر آتے ہیں، گھر میں دیر سے آنے پر کوئی بھی دہلیز پر انتظار نہیں کرتا۔ پیاسی نگاہیں اُن کے لمس کو محسوس کرتی ہیں۔ شاید ہم حقیقت سے نظریں چرا لیتے ہیں۔ حال میں جینا بھول جاتے ہیں جبکہ یہی متاع حیات ہے، یہی امید کی پہلی اور آخری کرن ہے۔ اسی اثناء مؤذن نے اذان اور قدرت نے طلوع سحر کی نوید دی۔ مراد اپنی نے قراری کو دینے کے لیے وضو کے لیے اٹھا نماز پڑھی سجدہ کی حالت میں دُعا کی، تلاوت کے لئے قرآن کھولا تو پندرہ پارہ کی سورۃ بنی اسرائیل پر نظر پڑی۔ اُس صفحہ پر

”رَبِّ ارْحَمْهُمَا كَمَا رَبَّيَانِي صَغِيرًا“

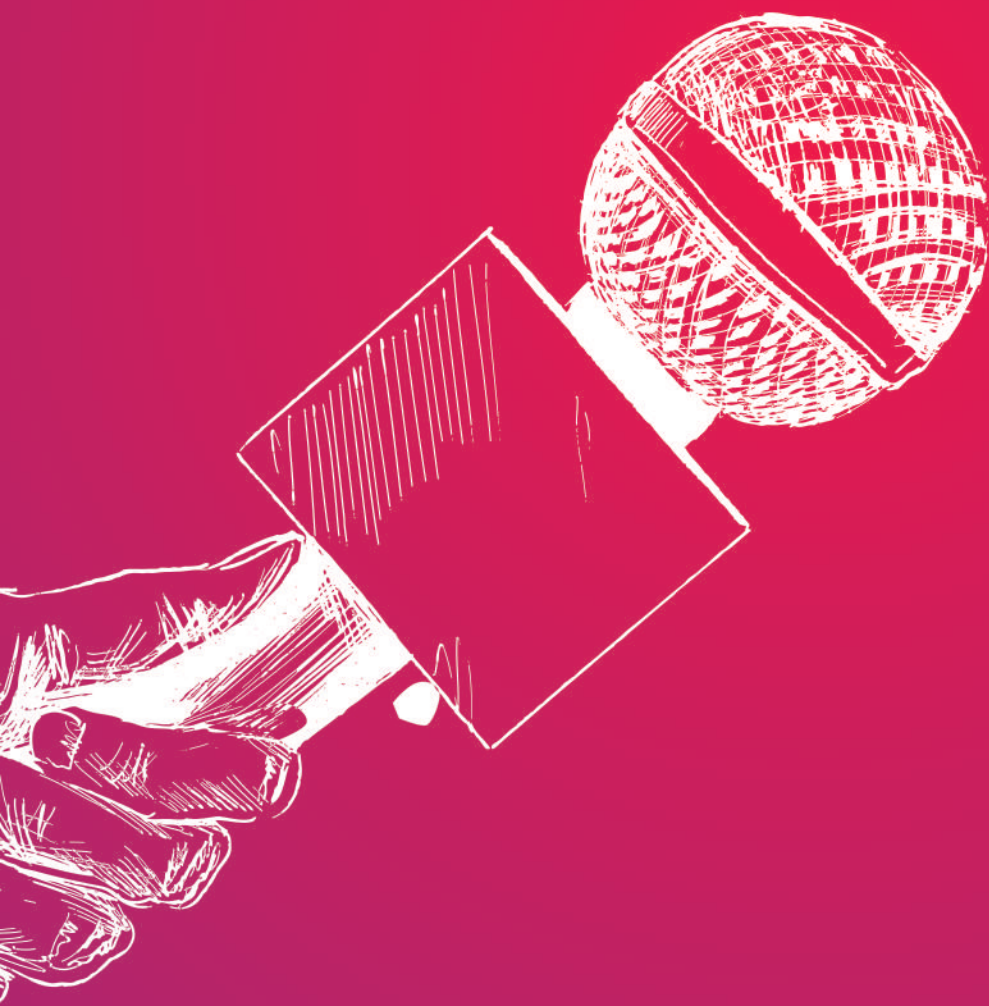
اے میرے رب! جس طرح والدین نے مجھے (رحمت و شفقت) سے بچپن میں پالا ہے۔ اسی طرح تو بھی اُن کے حال پر رحم فرما۔“

اس آیت کے ترجمہ پڑھنے سے مراد کی بے چین روح کو قرار آ گیا۔ بے شک اللہ تعالیٰ تو اپنے بندے سے ستر ماؤں سے بھی زیادہ پیار کرتا ہے تو ہمیں بھی اپنے رب کی طرف رجوع کرنا چاہیے اور پھر مراد نے ماضی کو الشعور میں ہمیشہ کے لیے دفن کر کے ”آج یعنی“ حال میں زندہ رہنے کا مصمم ارادہ کر لیا۔

رزان مستجاب کرامت

سال دوئم (ایم بی بی ایس)

اک پیاری سی نقشت



مثبت سوچ اور امید زندگی کی روشنی ہیں، جو ہمیں تعلقات کو مضبوط کرنے، کامیابی کی راہ کو روشن کرنے اور دلوں میں روشنی پیدا کرنے میں مدد فراہم کرتی ہیں۔ درپیش دکھ اور مشکلات سے ناامید نہ ہو کر، ہمیں مثبت سوچ اور عملی کوشش کے ساتھ آگے بڑھنا چاہئے تاکہ ہم ایک خوشحال اور مطمئن زندگی گزار سکیں۔



سعد اکرام

زندگی میں موسموں کے تغیر سہنا اور ان کے مطابق خود کو ڈھالنا نہایت پیچیدہ کام ہے۔ انسان کو چاہیے کہ غم کے موسم میں خود کو بھیگنے نہ دے اور خوشی کے خمار میں خود کو رقص میں مت رکھے۔ ہماری زندگیوں میں خوشی اور غم کا چولی دامن کا ساتھ ہے مگر ہم خوشیوں سے زیادہ غموں کو منانے لگے ہیں اور خوشی کے لمحات میں بھی کوئی نہ کوئی غم کی گنجائش نکال لیتے ہیں۔ یہ رویہ نہ صرف ہماری ذہنی صحت کو متاثر کرتا ہے بلکہ ہماری روحانی ترقی میں بھی رکاوٹ بنتا ہے۔ زندگی کے اس فلسفے کو سمجھنے کے لئے ضروری ہے کہ ہم اپنے اندر وہ گہرائی پیدا کریں جہاں ہم موسموں کے تغیر کو نہ صرف برداشت کر سکیں بلکہ اس سے سیکھ بھی سکیں۔



صبغہ نوشین

رنجشیں ہوں یا خوشی کے لمحے، دونوں فانی ہیں
زندگی کے رنگوں میں بہار بھی آتی ہے اور خزاں بھی
یہی تغیر ہماری اصل پہچان ہے اور اسی میں زندگی کا حسن پوشیدہ ہے۔
آخر یہ سب قارئین کے لئے دعا ہے کہ

تیری نظر کو کبھی اشک کی ہوا نہ لگے
تیرے یقین کو کسی طور بھی دغا نہ ملے
خدا کرے کہ تیری عمر غم سے دور کئے
خدا کرے کہ تجھے کوئی بے وفاند ملے

جب میں یہ خیالات قلم بند کر رہا ہوں، تو مجھے فخر اور امید کا ایک گہرا احساس ہو رہا ہے۔ یہ میگزین محض تحریروں کا مجموعہ نہیں، بلکہ ہر اس لکھاری کے دل کا نکلوا ہے جس نے جرات کی کہ اپنے خیالات کا اظہار کرے، غور و فکر کرے اور تخیل کی پرواز بھرے۔ جب آپ ان صفحات کو پڑھیں، تو صرف داد دینے کے بجائے تخلیق کرنے، بولنے، خواب دیکھنے اور آگے بڑھتے رہنے کی تحریک پائیں۔ یاد رکھیں، چاہے آپ کی شروعات کہیں سے بھی ہو، عظیم مصنفین، مفکرین اور خواب دیکھنے والے بھی صرف ایک جملے سے ہی آغاز کرتے ہیں۔



احمد

ایڈیٹوریل

آج اس میگزین کیلئے اپنے الفاظ قلم بند کرتے ہوئے میں مختلف کیفیات میں غوطہ زن ہوں۔ راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج میں گزرا ہر لمحہ میرے سب سے انمول خواب کی تعبیر ہے۔ یہ ۴ سالہ سفر میرے لیے حصول علم، کردار سازی اور خود اعتمادی کی بہترین بنیاد ثابت ہوا اور میری شخصیت اس کا مجموعی عکس ہے۔ لکھنے بیٹھوں تو الفاظ کم پڑ جائیں لیکن یہ جذبات پوری طرح نہ بیان ہو پائیں۔ جن لحاظ سے ہم الجھتے آئے ہیں، آج وہی ہمارا سرمایہ ہیں اور اس میگزین کے صفحات میں بولتے الفاظ اور عکس مال و جمال گزرے وقت کو تازہ رکھنے کا بہترین ذریعہ ہیں۔

امید کرتی ہوں آپ کو ہماری کاوش پسند آئے گی۔



فاطمہ

زندگی کی اس کٹھن راہ پر، جہاں ہر موڑ پر ہم چیلنجز کا سامنا کرتے ہیں، ہم اکثر ایک ایسی دنیا میں کھو جاتے ہیں جہاں خوشیوں کی جگہ اندھیروں نے لے لی ہے۔ میں ایک میڈیکل کالج کی طالبہ ہوں اور سفر میں، میں نے دیکھا ہے کہ زندگی کی حقیقتیں کتنی تلخ ہو سکتی ہیں۔ ہر صبح کی روشنی کے ساتھ، امید کی ایک کرن بھی اُتی ہے، مگر اس کے ساتھ اندھیروں کی چھبھاٹ ہمیں یاد دلاتی ہے کہ درد اور خوشی کا آپس میں گہرا تعلق ہے۔ آئیے اس ادبی سفر میں ایک ساتھ چلیں، اپنی کہانیوں کے ذریعے ایک دوسرے کو امید دیں، کیونکہ تاریکی کے باوجود روشنی ہمیشہ ممکن ہے۔



منابل

قلم دوست ہے اور شاعری سورج کی پہلی کرن۔ ایک عام انسان ہوں جس کو زندگی خاص لگتی ہے، اور پھولوں، پرندوں، بارشوں کی صحبت تو کس کو اچھی نہیں لگتی! لیکن شاعرہ ہونے کے ساتھ ساتھ میڈیکل کالج کی طالب علم بھی ہوں۔ الیگز ٹیم کا حصہ بن کر بس لکھنے والوں کی حوصلہ افزائی کرنا چاہتی ہوں اور الیگز میگزین پر اپنی یاد چھوڑ کر جانا چاہتی ہوں کیونکہ کاغذ قلم انسان کو کبھی نہیں بھولتے!



آنمہ آصف

نعت

کھل کر برسے روح پر ابر کرم
جھوم کر رکھوں مدینے میں قدم

ذات سے تیری ہے امید کرم
دین مل جائے تو کیا دنیا کا غم

روضہ اقدس پر نظریں جم گئیں
ہیچ ہے نظروں میں گلزار ارم

فخر موجودات، فخر انبیاء
نور اول حاصل لوح و قلم

اے شفیع المرنی، خیر البشر
منبع جود و سخا، لطف و کرم

تا ابد تابندہ تیرا فلسفہ
تا ابد روشن تیرا نقش قدم

حمد

یہ شمس و قمر یہ ارض و سماں، سبحان اللہ، سبحان اللہ
ہر رنگ میں ہے جلوہ تیرا، سبحان اللہ، سبحان اللہ

میں در در تجھ کو ڈھونڈ پھرا، لیکن بیکار ہوا پھرنا
شہ رگ کی طرح تو پاس ملا، سبحان اللہ، سبحان اللہ

جلوے تیرے گلشن گلشن، سطوت تیری صحرا صحرا
رحمت تیری صحرا صحرا، سبحان اللہ، سبحان اللہ

تو مولا میں محتاج تیرا، تو حاکم میں محکوم تیرا
تو خالق میں بندہ تیرا، سبحان اللہ، سبحان اللہ

فہرست

ایڈیٹوریل

نظام ہستی

۱۔ حمد

۲۔ نعت رسول مقبول ﷺ

۱۔ پیاری سی نشست

انسٹرویو پروفیسر ڈاکٹر مدثر علی حنان

آپ کی تحریریں

شعرو سخن

۱۔ نظم

۲۔ غزل

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ



البيكرز
2024
edition

اضطراب

اضطراب ایک ایسی کیفیت ہے جس سے آج ہر دوسرا انسان دوچار ہے۔

اللہ تعالیٰ کی ہزار نعمتوں کے ہوتے ہوئے بھی کیوں؟ کیوں آج کل ہر دوسرا انسان اتنا مایوس اور ناشکرا ہو چکا ہے؟ کیا کبھی آپ نے خود سے یہ سوال کیا ہے؟ شاید سوشل میڈیا کا بے جا استعمال اس کی وجہ ہو سکتا ہے۔ سوشل میڈیا پر دیکھائی جانے والی پرفیکٹ زندگی جو دکھانے والوں کو بھی نصیب نہیں ہوتی۔ وہ سب بس ایک دکھاوا ہوتا ہے جو آج کل ہر دوسرا انسان سوشل میڈیا پر کرتا ہے۔ میرا یہ سوال ہے کہ زندگی کا بس یہی مقصد رہ گیا ہے؟ یہ ہر سمجھ بوجھ رکھنے والے انسان جانتا ہے کہ زندگی اتنی پرفیکٹ اور آسان نہیں ہوتی۔ کم از کم ہر انسان کے لیے تو بالکل بھی نہیں۔

خیر سوشل میڈیا کا استعمال ایک وجہ نہیں ہے ”اضطراب“ کی اور بھی کئی وجوہات ہیں۔ ماں باپ کا اپنی اولاد کا دوسرے بچوں کی تعلیمی قابلیت سے موازنہ کرتے ہیں۔ ایسے دوستوں کی صحبت جو آپ کی قابلیت کو نہ پہچانتے ہوں۔

احساس کمتری: زندگی میں وہ حاصل نہ کر پانا جو آپ چاہتے ہیں، چھوٹی چھوٹی خوشیوں کو نظر انداز کر کے بڑے خوابوں کے پیچھے بھاگنا۔ میرے خیال سے یہی وہ وجوہات ہیں جن کی وجہ سے جیسے جیسے ہم بڑے ہوتے جاتے ہیں خوش رہنا بھی بھول جاتے ہیں، اور اتنی آسان، پرسکون، اور خوبصورت زندگی کو مشکل بنا دیتے ہیں۔

سوال یہ نہیں ہے کہ ہم ”اضطراب“ میں کیوں ہیں؟ سوال یہ ہے کہ ہم اس ”اضطراب“ سے کیسے چھٹکارا حاصل کر سکتے ہیں؟ زندگی کو آسان اور پرسکون بنا کر۔ ان چیزوں کے لیے پریشان ہونا چھوڑ کر جو ہمارے ہاتھ میں نہیں ہیں، ان چیزوں کا شکر ادا کر کے جو ہمارے پاس ہیں، اپنی قابلیت کو پہچان کر اور خود کا دوسروں سے موازنہ کرنا چھوڑ کر، اپنے ماں باپ اور گھر والوں کے ساتھ چھوٹی چھوٹی خوشیاں بانٹ کر، اور سب سے اہم نماز پڑھ کر اور اللہ تعالیٰ کا شکر ادا کر کے ان سب کے لیے جو ہمارے پاس ہیں۔

ہمیں کبھی کبھی لگتا ہے کہ ہم جو زندگی میں کر رہے ہیں وہی صحیح ہے۔ جبکہ وہ کام یا وہ چیزیں جنہیں ہم نظر انداز کر دیتے ہیں انہیں میں خوشیاں چھپی ہوئی ہوتی ہیں۔ اس لیے اپنے ارد گرد دیکھیے اور ڈھونڈیے آپ کو ہزاروں ایسی خوشیاں ملیں گی جو آج تک آپ کو نظر نہیں آئیں۔

ہاں! جب میں دنیا میں آیا ایسا ہی تھا جیسا کہ اب نظر آ رہا ہوں، سب نے بہت خوشی کی، دلی دعائیں دیں، مبارکباد اور ڈھیروں تحائف دیئے، میں بھی سب کی زندہ دلی کا گرویدہ ہو گیا۔ پھر میں نے کامیابی کا زینہ طے کیا، بہت نام کمایا، عزت، شہرت اور دولت سب کچھ ملا لیکن سب اپنوں کے اصلی چہرے، مجھے دل اور مکروہ چالوں کا جال باری باری عیاں ہوتے چلے گئے۔ اجلے دل میلے ہوتے چلے گئے، پھر کیا تھا میرے جذبات، احساسات سب سرد ہوتے چلے گئے۔

سب بے نقاب ہو گئے؟۔۔۔ لیکن میں بے بسی اور ناامیدی کے دریا میں غوطہ زن ہوتا چلا گیا۔ میں تو غالب، اقبال اور فیض کا مداح تھا، لیکن جب خود کو ٹٹولا تو میر تقی میر، میر درد اور پھر پروین شاکر کے غم میں مدغم ہو گیا۔

میرے دل میں شگاف پڑ گیا، عشق مجازی سے عشق کرنا مہنگا پڑا۔ ساٹھ ستر فیصد تک میں ضائع ہو چکا تھا پھر اپنی بقاء کے لئے رب کی طرف رجوع کیا، قرآن کا مطالعہ کیا، سیرت النبی اور دوسری بہترین کتب کو اپنی لائبریری کی زینت بنایا۔ حقوق اللہ اور حقوق عباد کی طرف متوجہ ہوا، دوست احباب کی فہرست کو محدود کیا، فلاحی اداروں، نادر اور بیمار افراد کی مدد کا بیڑا اٹھایا تا کہ اپنے دل پر سیاہ دھبہ نخت اور بے جان دل پر مہر لگ جانے کے خوف سے خود کو بچا سکوں، لیکن میرے اپنے گھر کے افراد اور قریبی رشتہ دار سب میری جان کے دشمن بن گئے۔

اور آپ کے پاس لانے سے پہلے زبردستی گن پوائنٹ پر میرے دستخط کروا کر جائیداد ہتھیلے کی کوشش میں سیڑھیوں سے مجھے دھکے دے دیا، میرا دل پاش پاش ہو گیا، دل کی دیواریں شکستہ ہو گئیں اب آپ ہی بتائیے کہ میں اس زندہ دل انسان کے اندر کیسے دھڑکتا، میں تو قید ہی ہو کر رہ گیا تھا، اپنی مرضی سے کچھ بھی نہیں کر سکتا تھا۔ کبھی میرا بلڈ پریشر کم ہو جاتا اور کبھی زیادہ دل کی شریانیں سکڑ جاتیں یا پھر پھیل جاتیں۔ انجیو گرافی، انجیو پلاسٹی اور اوپن ہارٹ سرجری وغیرہ سے تو میں عاجز تھا۔

خوب ورزش کرتا، اچھی خوراک لیتا، چہل قدمی کرتا اور سب کے ساتھ خندہ پیشانی سے پیش آتا، لیکن آج تو سب نے حد ہی کر دی۔ میری دھڑکن کو ہمیشہ کے لئے ابدی نیند سلا دیا۔ لیکن ڈاکٹر صاحب آپ ایک وعدہ کیجئے کہ آپ مریض کی دادرسی کریں گے، اُس کی جان بچانے کی کوشش کریں گے، بے حسی کا مظاہرہ نہیں کریں گے، درد مند دل رکھنے والا مسیحا بن جائیے گا۔

اے اطمینان پانے والی روح اپنے رب کی طرف لوٹ جا۔

اللہ حافظ

اور اب مضطرب ہونے کی میری باری تھی۔ میں اس دل کو ہاتھوں میں لے چکا تھا، لیکن وہ تو ہمیشہ کے لیے اوجھل ہو گیا تھا، میری ہتھیلی پر دو خون کے آنسو ثابت کر کے، میرے ضمیر کو بھی جھنجھوڑ کر چلا گیا۔ بے اختیار میں نے اُن خون آنسوؤں کو لبوں پر اور پھر آنکھوں پر لگایا تو میرے اپنے آنسو بھی اس شکستہ دل میں شامل ہو گئے۔

رزان مستجاب کرامت

سال دوئم (ایم بی بی ایس)

دل شکستہ

آپریشن تھیٹر سے باہر جانے کا سوچ ہی رہا تھا کہ انجاناً آواز نے مجھے روک لیا۔ بیٹھی سی آواز نے کمرے کا سکوت توڑ دیا، میں نے گھبرا کر ارد گرد دیکھا تو وہاں کوئی بھی موجود نہ تھا۔ صرف میں ڈاکٹر حسنا اور سٹریچر پر لیٹا مریض سکندر کے علاوہ اور کوئی نہ تھا، ایک متحرک اور دوسرا سکن انسان جو کچھ دیر پہلے دم توڑ چکا تھا۔ ڈاکٹر حسنا مجھے آپ سے ایک بات کرنی ہے، وہی آواز کمرے میں دوبارہ گونجی، پلیز آپ میری بات تو سنئے، اب اس آواز میں پہلے جیسی شوخی نہیں تھی بلکہ التجا تھی۔

میں تو اضطراری کیفیت سے دوچار تھا لیکن ہمت کر کے میز کی طرف دیکھا، کیونکہ آواز اسی طرف سے آرہی تھی، یہ کیا؟ میں تو تقریباً اچھل ہی پڑا، میز پر پڑا گلاب کی طرح مہکتا ہوا چمکدار بہت ہی حسین نہما منسا دل مجھ سے مخاطب تھا۔

میں تو اُس کے سحر میں کھوسا گیا، ہاں کہو میں سن رہا ہوں، اب میں اپنے حواس بحال کر چکا تھا، نارمل حالت میں آچکا تھا، یہ کیا ڈاکٹر حسنا؟ آپ کو تو بڑوں سے بات کرنے کی تمیز ہی نہیں، آپ کیا مریض دیکھتے ہوں گے۔ دل نے قہر آلود نظروں سے مجھے گھورا، گویا مجھے کچا ہی چبا ڈالے گا۔ پدی اور پدی کا شور بہ، میں خود کلامی کے انداز میں بڑبڑایا، آپ نے مجھ سے کچھ کہا، وہ تو میرے دل و دماغ میں پوری طرح چھپایا ہوا تھا، جیسے میرا ہم ذات نہیں۔۔۔ آپ بتائیے کیا کہنا چاہتے ہیں؟ آپ تو ناراض ہی ہو گئے، اب میں بھی سنجیدہ ہو رہا تھا۔

ڈاکٹر صاحب! آپ کو تو علم ہے سورۃ یٰسین قرآن پاک کا دل ہے اور میں قرآن کریم میں کئی مقامات پر بہترین اعزاز حاصل کر چکا ہوں، اور فرشتوں نے آنحضور کا دل مبارک آپ کے جسم اطہر سے نکال کر زم زم سے دھویا ہے، ہاں بالکل ایسا ہی ہے، مسلمان اپنے ظاہری حلیہ کے ساتھ اپنے باطن اور دل کو صاف ستھرا اور چمکدار رکھتا ہے۔

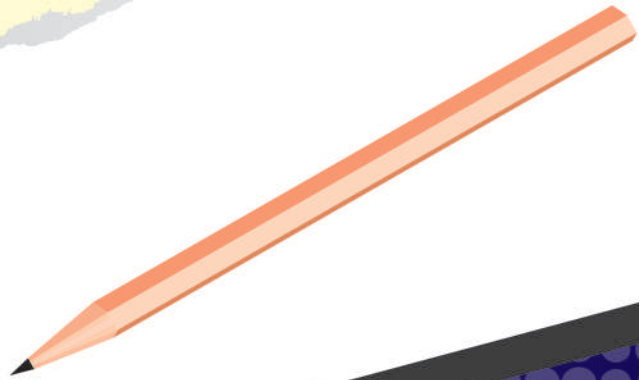
میں نے بھی اپنی قابلیت عیاں کرنے کی کوشش کی، زیادہ ذہین بننے کی ضرورت نہیں، میں آپ کا فلسفہ سننے نہیں آیا، خاموشی سے میری بات سنئے میرے پاس فالتو وقت نہیں ہے۔

سورۃ الرعد آیت ۲۸ میں اللہ تعالیٰ فرماتا ہے، جو لوگ ایمان لائے اور ان کے دل اللہ کے ذکر سے مطمئن ہوتے ہیں۔ جان لو کہ اللہ ہی کے ذکر سے دلوں کو اطمینان نصیب ہوتا ہے۔

رسول کریم نے فرمایا: دلوں کو زنگ آلود ہونے سے بچاؤ، موت کا دھیان رکھنے اور قرآن پڑھنے سے ہی دل صاف ہوتا جاتا ہے۔ میں لا جواب سا ہو گیا۔

اچھا اپنا نام تو بتائیے، میں نے تمیز اور تہذیب کا مظاہرہ کیا۔ ڈاکٹر صاحب! آپ مجھے دل شکستہ کہہ سکتے ہیں۔ بھلا یہ کیا نام ہوا؟ اتنا خوبصورت چھوٹا سا دل اور وہ بھی ٹوٹا ہوا۔۔۔ چہ معنی

آپ کی
تحریریں



سوال: کیا آپ کی زندگی میں ایسا کوئی لمحہ ہے جسے آپ دوبارہ جینا چاہیں گے؟

جواب: (سوچتے ہوئے) ہم... زندگی کا کوئی ایسا لمحہ دیکھیں، میرے لیے کوئی ایک خاص لمحہ نہیں ہے جسے میں دوبارہ جینا چاہوں گا، لیکن میرے ایم بی بی ایس کے ۵ سال میرے لیے زندگی کے بہترین سال تھے۔ ان سالوں میں بے شک بہت ساری مشکلات کا سامنا بھی کیا، لیکن میں نے ان تمام چیلنجز کو ساتھ لے کر چلنا سیکھا۔ میں نے ان ۵ سالوں میں بھرپور مزہ بھی لیا۔ مجھے یہ ۵ سال ہمیشہ یاد رہیں گے، دوستوں کے ساتھ ہنک کر نا اور کھانا کھانے جانا، ہر امتحان دینے سے پہلے سب کا ساتھ میں پریشان ہونا اور سب کا کہنا کہ وہ فیل ہوں گے۔ یہ سب لمحے میرے دل میں بہت خاص جگہ رکھتے ہیں اور اسی وجہ سے میں کہوں گا کہ ایم بی بی ایس کے جو میرے ۵ سال تھے، وہ میں اگر موقع ملا تو دوبارہ جینا چاہوں گا۔

سوال: اگر آپ وقت میں واپس جاسکتے تو اپنے چھوٹے والے آپ کو کیا مشورہ دیتے؟

جواب: یہ اچھا سوال ہے۔ میں اپنے آپ کو یہی کہتا کہ بس ہمت نہ ہارو۔ ابھی ایسے لگ رہا ہو گا کہ تم جو یہ اتنی محنت کر رہے ہو، اس کا کوئی صلہ نہیں نظر آ رہا اور نہ ہی اس محنت کا کوئی پھل دکھائی دے رہا ہے۔ لیکن اس بات سے مایوس نہ ہو اور اپنی طرف سے بھرپور محنت کرتے رہو کیونکہ اللہ کسی کی محنت کو ضائع نہیں جانے دیتا۔ اور جو بھی مشکلات پیش آئیں، ان کا ڈٹ کر مقابلہ کرو۔ اور میں یہ بھی کہتا کہ کھانے پر تھوڑا کنٹرول بھی کرو (ہنستے ہوئے)۔

سوال: کھانے میں آپ کو کیا پسند ہے؟

جواب: ہنستے ہوئے.. اب آپ آئے ناکام کے سوال پر۔ کھانے میں میں سب کچھ کھا لیتا ہوں اور میری صحت بھی یہی بتا رہی ہو گی۔ مجھے کھانے میں سب کچھ پسند ہے۔ مجھے اچھی طرح یاد ہے کہ جب میں سحر کے گھر رشتہ لے کر گیا تھا تو سحر نے مجھے کچھ میٹھے میں پیش کیا تھا، تو میں نے کہا کہ نہیں، نہیں، مجھے بھوک نہیں ہے۔ پھر آنٹی نے کہا کہ تھوڑا سا چکھ لیں۔ میں نے کہا ٹھیک ہے، تھوڑا سا چکھ لیتے ہیں، تو اس چکھنے میں میں نے ۳ گلاب جامن کھا لیے۔ پھر سحر نے آگے سے کہا کہ ابھی تو صرف چکھ رہے تھے، جب کھانے پر آئیں گے تو کیا ہو گا، تو ہاں کھانوں کا مجھے شروع سے شوق رہا ہے دیسی کھانا بھی مجھے بہت پسند ہے، مگر فاسٹ فوڈ بھی میں شوق سے کھاتا ہوں، خاص کر پیزا اور وہ بھی کچپ کے ساتھ۔

سوال: اگر آپ اپنے بارے میں ایک چیز بدل سکتے ہوتے تو وہ کیا ہوتی؟

جواب: جی ہاں، اس حوالے سے میں نے پہلے بھی سوچا ہوا ہے اکثر اور اس کا جواب یہ ہے کہ مجھے بہت جلد غصہ آ جاتا ہے، میں کبھی کبھار چھوٹی باتوں پر بھی غصہ ہو جاتا ہوں۔ تو یہ بات مجھے خود بری لگتی ہے کہ مجھے اتنا غصہ نہیں ہونا چاہیے۔ تو ہاں، میں اپنی یہ عادت ضرور بدلنا چاہوں گا۔ اور اکثر میرے طلباء بھی مجھ سے بہت ڈانٹ کھا لیتے ہیں، لیکن یہ میرا ان سے پیار ہے، ان کی بھلائی کے لیے ہی میں یہ سب کرتا ہوں۔

سوال: کالج کی زندگی میں کون سا کھیل کھیلتے تھے؟

جواب: میں نے سب کھیل کھیلے ہیں جیسے کہ والی بال، کرکٹ، فٹ بال، باسکٹ بال، لیکن زیادہ تر میں کرکٹ کھیلا کرتا تھا کیونکہ کرکٹ کا مجھے زیادہ شوق تھا۔ لیکن اب تو بہت عرصہ ہو گیا ہے بیٹ کو ہاتھ لگائے ہوئے بھی۔

سوال: انٹرویو پڑھنے والوں کے لیے اور اپنے شاگردوں کے لیے کوئی پیغام؟

جواب: جی ایم۔ بی۔ بی۔ ایس کی ڈگری دنیا کی بہترین ڈگریوں میں سے ایک ہے اور میڈیسن کا شعبہ بہت عزت والا شعبہ ہے۔ اور اس کو آگے تم لوگوں نے ہی سنبھالنا ہے تو بھرپور محنت کرو، پیسوں کے حوالے سے زیادہ مت سوچو کہ آگے کیا ہو گا، بس یہ سوچ کر پڑھو کہ تم انسانوں کی مدد کرو گے اور اپنے رب کو راضی کرو گے اور اس سے بڑی کیا دولت ہے کہ کوئی شخص اپنے رب کو راضی کر لے۔ اللہ تعالیٰ خود فرماتا ہیں: "جس نے ایک شخص کی جان بچائی، گویا اس نے ساری انسانیت کی جان بچائی۔" تو اپنا ۱۰۰ فیصد دو اور نتیجہ اللہ کے ہاتھ میں چھوڑ دو۔

میری دعا آپ سب کے ساتھ ہے، اللہ آپ کو بھرپور کامیابیاں دے اور زندگی میں اعلیٰ مقام تک پہنچائے۔ شکریہ۔



ڈاکٹر پروفیسر مدثر علی خان

وائس پرنسپل

سوال: اگر آپ آج راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج میں وائس پرنسپل اور ٹیچر نہ ہوتے تو آپ کیا کرتے اور کس پیشے میں ہوتے؟

جواب: اگر میں آج یہاں نہ ہوتا تو میں ایک پریکٹسنگ ڈاکٹر ہوتا اور میڈیسن کی خصوصیت میں ہوتا۔ اس کی وجہ یہ ہے کہ بچپن سے مجھے پریکٹسنگ ڈاکٹر بننے کا شوق رہا لیکن زندگی نے کچھ اور فیصلہ کیا تھا۔

سوال: فزیالوجی کے ٹیچر بننا آپ کا اپنا فیصلہ تھا اور کیا آج آپ اس مضمون کو پڑھانے سے مطمئن ہیں؟

جواب: نہیں، جیسا کہ میں نے بتایا، میرا ٹیچنگ ڈاکٹر بننے کا شوق نہیں تھا لیکن یہاں راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج میں جب میں 2010 میں آیا تو میں ایناٹومی ڈیپارٹمنٹ میں ہوا کرتا تھا۔

سوال: اپنی لوائف کے حوالے سے بتائیں شادی کیا اپنے آرٹھ کی تھی یا پھر کو میرج تھی؟

جواب: جی جی بلکل یہ تو بچوں کا پسندیدہ سوال ہے، دیکھیں میری وائف سحر جو یہاں پیتھالوجی ڈیپارٹمنٹ میں ہوتی ہیں وہ میری بیچ میٹ بھی تھیں اور میں انکی ایک فرینڈ کے ذریعے ان سے ملا، سیکینڈ یئر میں ہماری دوستی اچھی ہو گئی، ہم لوگ اکثر اکٹھے ہی ہوتے تھے بہت باتیں ہوتی تھیں اور پھر اسی طرح مجھے سحر سے محبت ہو گئی، فورٹھ ایئر کے آخر میں ہماری انگیجمنٹ ہو گئی اور اس کے بعد ہاؤس جاب کے بعد ہماری شادی ہو گئی۔

سوال: راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج کی آپ کو سب سے اچھی بات کون سی لگتی ہے؟

جواب: راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج کی بہت سی اچھی باتیں ہیں، جیسے کہ ان کا کیمپس بہت اچھے طریقے سے بنایا گیا ہے اور بہت بڑے علاقے میں پھیلا ہوا ہے۔ ان کے پاس تمام سہولیات موجود ہیں اور یہاں ایونٹس کا بھی بھرپور طریقے سے انتظام کیا جاتا ہے۔ لیکن راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج کی سب سے اچھی بات جو مجھے لگتی ہے وہ یہاں کی انتظامیہ اور یہاں کے اساتذہ ہیں وہ ہمیشہ آپ کے ساتھ تعاون کرتے ہیں اور سب کو ساتھ لے کر چلتے ہیں، اور سب کی مجبوریوں کو بھی سمجھتے ہیں۔ مجھے لگتا ہے کہ راشد لطیف میڈیکل کالج آج جس مقام پر ہے، ایک کالج کے طور پر اس کی وجہ بھی یہی ہے کہ یہاں سب اکٹھے ترقی کے سفر پر چلتے ہیں۔