



Ims chronicles



2025

الله أكبر

**“In the name of Allah,
The Most Gracious,
The Most Merciful.”**



Table of Contents

MESSAGES	05
OUR TEAM	10
STUDENT SOCIETIES	12
INTERVIEWS	21
PROSE	38
POETRY	82
PEOPLE OF HITEC-IMS	97
YEAR IN REVIEW	103
ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY	134
BATCH PICTURES	166

MESSAGE BY

THE CHAIRMAN HIT

Lt Gen Shakir Ullah Khattak, HI(M)



I am pleased to express my thoughts about the IMS chronicles. In the evolving healthcare landscape, the role of a doctor extends beyond clinical expertise, covering empathy, ethical responsibility, and social awareness. Literary and artistic platforms such as this magazine play a crucial role in nurturing these essential attributes.

This publication reflects the diverse talents of the students, characterised by versatility and depth of expression. It is heartening to see that, alongside the rigorous training in medicine and dentistry, students are exploring various forms of literature and art. Such creative outlets are crucial for balance, reflection, and the well-being of the students.

Each section of the magazine has been aesthetically compiled, offering something meaningful for every reader. I congratulate the entire team of the magazine for their hard work and dedication in presenting a magazine that truly represents the spirit of this academic family.

I wish the students of HITEC-IMS medical and dental colleges continued success in all their academic and co-curricular pursuits.

MESSAGE BY

PRINCIPAL HITEC-IMS

Maj Gen Prof Hafeez ud Din HI(M) (Retired)



I feel honoured to pen a few words for IMS Chronicles. The college magazine is a beautiful reflection of the vibrant spirit, creativity, and intellectual depth of our students. This publication stands as a testament that doctors are not confined to medical tomes, laboratories, and wards, but are also shaped by literature, poetry, art, culture, and meaningful expression. Engagement in literary and artistic pursuits nurtures empathy, critical thinking, emotional intelligence, and resilience, which are some of the qualities required for shaping compassionate and well-rounded physicians.

The contributions showcased here highlight the diverse talents of our students, inspiring and connecting us beyond the academic sphere.

I commend and congratulate the HITEC IMS Literary Society, especially the editors and contributors, for their dedication and teamwork in bringing this magazine to life. Your efforts reflect not only your artistic excellence but also a strong sense of a shared purpose. I encourage our students to continue exploring their passions alongside their professional pursuits, for it is the balance that truly defines excellence in medicine.

I wish this magazine every success in inspiring its readers through powerful expression with responsibility, and in maintaining harmony within our institution.

MESSAGE BY

PRINCIPAL DENTAL COLLEGE

Prof Dr Irfan Shah



Dear Readers,

Assalam o Alaikum. It gives me immense pleasure to read the fourth edition of our college's annual magazine, IMS Chronicles. This magazine not only provides a platform for intellectual and artistic expressions but also serves as a reflection of the imagination, talent, and accomplishments of our students. Each page highlights the brilliance and hard work of students and the unwavering dedication of faculty.

Our students are a constant source of honor and pride for our institutions, excelling both in academic and extracurricular activities. Every time I go through our magazine, I get impressed by the talent of our medical and dental students. Despite their busy academic schedules, our students continue to display their other-than-medical capabilities. The stories, essays, poetry, calligraphy, photography, and all other pieces of creativity contributed by our students speak volumes about their abilities and capabilities.

Well done, my dear students. Keep shining and keep setting higher standards for the future batches of medical and dental students. I appreciate the tireless efforts and dedication of the literary society, the editorial board, the supervising faculty, and all the contributors for presenting this magazine.

Best wishes and prayers to you all.

In-Charge

IMS Chronicles

It is a privilege and a true delight to present another issue of IMS Chronicles, a publication that continues to reflect the extraordinary spirit of this institution.

As the faculty in charge, I have had the quiet joy of watching this magazine take shape from the inside, witnessing students juggle demanding schedules and still find the time, the will, and the imagination to create something this meaningful. That, to me, speaks volumes about who they are and who they are becoming.

Medical education is a rigorous journey, and rightly so. But the finest physicians are not only those who master science, they are those who retain their humanity, their curiosity, and their own voice. This magazine is proof that our students are doing the same.

In every article, reflection, and creative piece within these pages, I see young minds that are thoughtful, compassionate, and alive to the world.

To the editorial team, your dedication, creativity, and sense of responsibility have been a pleasure to witness. You have taken ownership of this publication with a maturity that fills me with genuine pride.

To the contributors, thank you for trusting this platform with your ideas and your stories.

To our readers, I hope this issue offers you something to think about, something to feel, and perhaps something to remember long after your time here.

May IMS Chronicles continue to be the heartbeat of our college, and may it always find a home in the hearts of its readers.

Prof Dr. Ambreen Javed
Faculty in charge of IMS Chronicles
HITEC-IMS





Chief Editor's Note

It gives me great pleasure to present this edition of our magazine, a collection shaped by imagination, reflection, and the quiet strength of student voices.

This year's edition stands as more than just a publication; it is a shared space where ideas have been carefully woven into words and where creativity has found room to breathe. From thought-provoking essays to expressive poetry and insightful articles, each contribution reflects the diverse talent and perspective of our contributors.

I would like to extend my sincere appreciation to every writer, editor, and member of the HITEC-IMS Literary Society whose dedication and effort made this magazine possible. Your commitment to literary expression continues to keep this platform alive and meaningful.

May this magazine not only be read, but felt. May it inspire thought, encourage dialogue, and remind us of the power that words hold.

Noor
President, Literary Society HITEC-IMS
4th Year BDS

Meet the Team



Aimen Altaf

VP – LITERARY SOCIETY, HITEC-IMS

“Through reading, I discover worlds; through writing, myself.”

I hope we continue to use words to think deeply, speak boldly, and write wholeheartedly. Let’s make this space one where ideas feel at home. Happy reading, y’all!

4TH YEAR MBBS



Rizwan Dhandlah

VP – LITERARY SOCIETY, HITEC-IMS

It has been an honour to serve as the Vice President of the Literary Society, an experience that refined my thinking, creativity, and appreciation for literature. I am grateful to my mentors and fellow members for their constant support and collaboration throughout this journey. I hope our society continues to inspire students to express ideas boldly and value the power of words.

4TH YEAR MBBS



Filza Haider

VP – LITERARY SOCIETY, HITEC-IMS

As Vice President of the Literary Society, I’m honoured to support a platform that nurtures creativity and meaningful expression. It’s inspiring to see voices come together to share ideas and connect through words. I look forward to our literary community continuing to grow.

3RD YEAR BDS

Meet the Team



Aira Kashif

GENERAL SECRETARY

LITERARY SOCIETY, HITEC-IMS

“Do not let what you cannot do interfere with what you can do.”

John Wooden

3RD YEAR MBBS



Muhammad Mubashir

MEMBER, LITERARY SOCIETY

“He who has a why to live can bear almost any how.”

Friedrich Nietzsche

4TH YEAR BDS



Abdullah bin Amir

MEMBER, LITERARY SOCIETY

“The only true wisdom is in knowing you know nothing.”

Socrates

4TH YEAR MBBS

HITEC IMS

**STUDENT
SOCIETIES**

2025



Literary Society



FIRST ROW (L-R) AIMEN ALTAF(ADD. VP), AIRA KASHIF(GENERAL SECRETARY), RIZWAN DHANDLAH(VP), DR. AMBREEN JAVED(FACULTY PATRON MBBS), DR. NAUSHEEN ASHRAF(FACULTY PATRON BDS), NOOR ARSHAD(PRESIDENT), FILZA HAIDER(VP) SECOND ROW(L-R) MERRIUM ZAFAR, MARYAM ZAHID, NOOR, HAMNA ZAHRA, NABIA ZAINEB, TOOBA IFTIKHAR, IQRA KHATTAK, SAMMAN WASEEM THIRD ROW(L R) ABDULLAH BIN AMIR, SYED ABDUL SABOOR ALI, SAARYM ASHRAF, HASNAIN SHUJA. RAO OMER FAROOQ

Coordination Society



3RD ROW L-R MANAHIL, LUBNA SHEHZADI, ABDUL RAFAY, NOUMAN, ZAHRA SHAFIQUE, MALAIKA, AALI, M ADNAN WASEEM, MUSFIRAH QAISER 2ND ROW L-R UMER FAROOQ, NABIA ZAINAB, ZOHA TARIQ, ARSALAN KHALID, ZULQURNAIN, AIRA KASHIF, AMNA AZAM, TAUHA SAHFIQUE 1ST ROW L-R SYEDA KAINAT FATIMA, SAARIM ASHRAF, HAIDER, ROOHA ASIF

Media Society



1ST ROW R TO L MOHSIN GUJJAR (VP MEDICAL),AREESHA AKRAM (PRESIDENT),MAM ASHI AHMED MUGHAL (PATRON),DR.SADIA ISRAR(PATRON),MARRIAM ZAFAR (VP DENTAL),AHMAD RAZA (GEN.SECRETARY) 2ND ROW R TO L SAMMAN WASEEM,AMNA AMJAD,AMNA NOOR,HAMNA ZAHRA,IQRA KHAN KHATAK,SAMREEN SAQIB,SYEDA AYEZA HUSAIN,TASMIA GHAZANFAR,EMAN FAROOQ AFRIDI 3RD ROW R TO L SAARYM ASHRAF,ZEESHAN MEHDI,AHMAD SAGHEER,HASSAN ABBAS,DANIYAL HAIDER,ANAS AMEEN,HUSSAIN ALAM NORANI,ZOHAIB KHAN,SYED ABDUL SABOOR,MIRZA TAIMOOR

Debating Society



LAST ROW R-L HUSSAIN , HASSAN , KASHIF ARSALAN , DANIYAL NISAR , AHMED RAZA , ARSALAN. SECOND LAST ROW R-L PARWASHA SULTAN , IQRA KHATTAK , AMNA AMJAD , RABIA BAKHTAWAR , SAMMAN WASEEM. THIRD ROW R-L EMAN HASRAT , IQRA FATIMA , AIZA AFTAB , FATIMA TARIQ , BIA FAROOQ , NABIA ZAINAB , MANAHIL ZAHEER , HAFSA FATIMA , MARRIAM MANSOOR. EXECUTIVE COUNCIL R-L WAJEEHA FATIMA (VP BDS) , AYESHA MALIK (PRESIDENT) , DR RABIA MASOOD (PATRON) UZAIR (VP MBBS)

Dramatics Society



FIRST ROW(L-R): URWA LIAQAT(VICE PRESIDENT), LARAIB FATIMA(GENERAL SECRETARY), DR SHAZANA RANA(PATRON BDS), DR.MEHVISH ASHFAQ(PATRON MBBS), SAARYM ASHRAF(PRESIDENT), SAFA KHATTAK(VICE PRESIDENT) SECOND ROW(L-R):MKAINAT NAVEED, MAIDAH, HAMNA HUSSAIN,ANSAB MIR,NABIA ZAINAB, MARRIAM MANSOOR, FATIMA ATTIQUE, AMNA NOOR, EEMAN MALIK,SAMMAN WASEEM 3RD ROW(L-R): IMAN, ZAHRA SHAFIQUE, MANAHIL, WARDAH SAQIB, HAFSA, PARWASHA, AMMARA,TATHEER ZAHRA, AMNA AMJAD, IQRA KHATTAK, MOMINA 4TH ROW(L-R): RIDA,MAHAD, AHMED RAZA, MUHAMMAD MUAZ, ZULQURNAIN, HASSAN GUJJAR, ASAD,ALI,AYESHA BIBI,ZEESHAN 5TH ROW(L-R): SYED ABDUL SABOOR, RAO OMER FAROOQ,HUSSAIN,TAYYAB, ANAS,AHMED SAGHEER

Seerah Society



ROW 1 L TO R AREEBA (GS), MUHAMMAD HASSAAN ABBASI (VP),DR ZUBIA RAZAQ (PATRON MBBS),DR NOSHEEN (PATRON BDS),OMAMA NAJAB KHAN (PRESIDENT),ARAB SAGHIR ROW 2 L TO R MARYAM KHALIL,TOOBA IFTIKHAR ,IMAN ALI, AYEZA AFTAB ,FATIMA JAVIAD, BIA FAROOQ MALIK, MAHNOOR ARIF ,MUSFERA MUDASSER ROW 3 L TO R SYED ABDUL SABOOR ALI, RAO OMER FAROOQ, TAYYAB, HAFIZ RAFAY QAZI,TAHA, MALIK NAVEED ,DANIYAL KHAN

Events Society



1ST ROW (L-R) MUNTAHA NASIR (VICE PRESIDENT), ROOHA ASIF (VICE PRESIDENT BDS), DR ANEEQA SHAHID (PATRON), PROF. DR SHAHID RAUF (PATRON), DR. RIDA BATOOL (PATRON), MUHAMMAD AETESAM (PRESIDENT), RANA SOHAIL (ADD. VICE PRESIDENT), ANAS HAROON (GEN SECRETARY) 2ND ROW (L-R) ZOHA MUMTAZ, FATIMA ATTIQUE, ANSAB MIR, AIMA OMER, HUMNAH ZAHRA, AMNA NOOR, AYEZA AFTAB 3RD ROW (L-R) AYESHA IFTIKHAR, HAFSA FATIMA, MAHEEN RAFI, WARDAH SAQIB MANAHIL ZAHEER, AREEBA, IQRA KHATTAK, AMNA AMJAD 4TH ROW (L-R) UZAIR, NAVEED AHMAD, ZULQARNAIN HAIDER, TAIMOOR, RAO MUHAMMAD DANISH ALI 5TH ROW (L-R) HARIS AKRAM, ABDULLAH KHALID, TAYYAB, ABDUL RAFAY, SUHAIB

Music Society



FIRST ROW (L-R) TABIA SALEEM (ADD. VP), FATIMA HAFEEZ (VP) ADIL SUMBAL (VP) DR AYESHA SHAHID (FACULTY PATRON BDS), DR.FAISAL WADOOD (FACULTY PATRON AHS), ALEENA AMIR(PRESIDENT), AIMEN NADEEM(JOINT SECRETARY), SECOND ROW(L-R) FATIMA ATTIQUE, MARYUM MANSOOR. ANSAB MIR , WAJEEHA AKHTAR KHAN, MUSFERAH MUDASSER THIRD ROW(L-R) ZEESHAN MEHDI , ZISHAN KOLACHI , DANİYAL NISAR

Arts Society



LAST ROW (R→L) M. SAARIM ASHRAF, ANAS AMIN, HUSSAIN ALAM, AHMAD RAZA, ZEESHAN, DANIYAL NISAR, TAYYAB NADEEM, HASSAN GUJJAR, HUSSAIN ABBAS, ZEESHAN MEHDI SECOND LAST ROW (R→L) BIA FAROOQ MALIK, AFRHA ASHRF, BIBI SHAHANA, ADEEBA ZUBAIR, PARWASHA SULTAN, FATIMA KHAN, UME HANI, MARYAM RIASAT, FATIMA JAVAID, TOOBA IFTIKHAR, MARYAM KHALIL THIRD ROW (R→L) IMAN ALI, ZAHRA SHAFIQ, FATIMA HAFEEZ, TABIA SALEEM, RABIA HASHMI, AZKA ASHFAQ, AMNA, HAMNAH, AMNA AMJAD, IQRA KHATTAK, MUSFIRAH MUDASSER, AYESHA BIBI EXECUTIVE COUNCIL (R→L) AFEefa MAZHAR (ADDI.VP BDS) , SAMMAN WASEEM(ADDI. VP MBBS), DR.AZKA(FACULTY PATRON BDS),DR.IRAM ZAKRIA(FACULTY PATRON MBBS),MUHAMMAD TABISH(PRESIDENT), SYED ABDUL SABOOR(VP MBBS), MUNIBA YOUNAS(VP BDS)

Welfare Society



IST ROW (L-R) IQRA KHALID (VP), M KUMAIL ABBAS (PRESIDENT) DR AYESHA AKRAM (PATRON) DR AYESHA ZAFAR (PATRON) SHAHZAD ABID (ADD VP) ABUZAR FAHIM(VP) ZULQARNAIN HAIDER(G.S) 2ND ROW L-R MINAHIL IJAZ,AMNA NOOR, BIA FAROOQ MALIK, MAROFA QAISER,AMNA FAZIL,AYESHA, SAMMAN, HAMNA ,IQRA 3RD ROW(L-R) RANA AETESAM,HASSAN ABBASI, MUZAMMIL , HUSSAIN ABBAS, RAO UMER FAROOQ

Research Society



LAST ROW (L-R) TAYYAB NADEEM, AHMAD RAZA, UMAIR MALIK, TAHA SHAFIQUE, HASSAN ABBAS , ZEESHAN MEHDI
THIRD ROW(L-R) WARDAH SAQIB , HAFSA FATIMA ,ADEENA AYESHA, MUNIBA YOUNAS, PAKEEZA HUSNAIN SECOND
ROW(L-R) AMNA NOOR ,AZKA ASHFAQ, RABIA KHALID, MISHAL FATIMA, FATIMA HAFEEZ, AMNA , LARAIB FATIMA 1ST
ROW EXECUTIVE COUNCIL(L-R) RAO OMAR FAROOQ(VP MBBS), NOOR-UL-EMAN(VP BDS), DR. MARIA
RABBANI(FACULTY PATRON BDS), DR. WAJEHA MAHJABEEN (FACULTY PATRON MBBS), MUHAMMAD MOEED AZWAR
BHATTI (PRESIDENT), BILAL ARSHAD(VP MBBS).

Blood Donation Society



LAST ROW(R--L) MUHAMMED ADNAN WASEEM,ALI KASHAN,TAHA SHAFIQUE,NOUMAN AHMED SECOND ROW RAJA
DANIYAL,AALI NAWAZISH,FURQAN BASIM,ZEESHAN MUKHTIAR,NAVEED AHMED,MUHAMMED MUBASHIR,JUNAID
AHMED,MUHAMMED KASHIF IQBAL KHAN THIRD ROW SEHER IMRAN,JAVERIA TARIQ,LUBNA SHAHZADI,NIMRA SHAH-
JAHAN,ALMAS SALEEM,SEHAR KAMAL,MALAIKA AROOJ,UMAMA MEHR,ADEEBA ZUBAIR,LIBA SARWAR FOURTH ROW
TAYYABA BIBI,HAFSA FATIMA,MERRIUM ZAFAR,MANAHIL ZAHIR,IFFRA SAFDAR,MARYAM SHAHZADI,BIBI SHAHANA
EXECUTIVE ABDUR RAFAY(JOINT SECRETORY),SANA IMRAN(VP BDS),DR FATIMA RIZWAN, BRIG(R) DR FARHAT ABBAS
,FALAK SHER(PRESIDENT),RAMEEN ASIM(VICE PRESIDENT MBBS),HASSAN GUJJAR(GENERAL SECRETORY)

Sports Society



LAST ROW (R-L) M.SAARIM ASHRAF,ANAS AMIN,HASSAN GUJJAR,M.SOHAIB,M.ABDULLAH BIN AMIR,HUSSAIN ALAM NORANI,M.AHMAD,TUAHA SHAFFIQUE,HUSSAIN ABBAS,MOHAIMIN PASHA,M.DANIYAL SECOND LAST ROW (R-L) SAMMAN WASEEM,IQRA KHATTAK,AMNA AMJAD,AYESHA BIBI,MUSFIRAH MUDASSER THIRD ROW (R-L) BIA FAROOQ MALIK,AMNA NOOR,WAJJIHA BATOOL,MERRIUM ZAFAR,TASMIA GHAZANFAR,LAIBA SARWAR,MARRIAM MANSOOR EXECUTIVE COUNCIL (R-L) ARSLAN KHALID (A.VP),WAQAS KHAN(PRESIDENT),DR.IZHAR(FACULTYPATRON BDS,DR ASMA HAFEEZ(FACULTY PATRON MBBS),DR SHAHAN(FACULTY PATRON BDS),LAIBA FATIMA(VP),AFEefa MAZHAR(AVP)

HITEC IMS

INTERVIEWS

2025

AT THE HELM: SPEAKING TO THE PRINCIPAL HITEC IMS

MAJ GEN PROF HAFEEZ UD DIN HI(M) (RETIRED)



*From the Transcript | Interview for the IMS
Chronicles*

**Please tell us about your childhood,
family, education, and early professional
life.**

First of all, I feel honoured to be interviewed. I come from a humble, middle-class family in Faisalabad. My father and grandfather were advocates, so I grew up in a legal background.

I completed my early education from a Jamaat-e-Islami-run school, where small class sizes allowed close interaction with teachers.

I secured around 85% marks in matric and later studied FSc at Government College, Faisalabad. Afterwards, I was selected for the Army Medical College (6th batch).

I was an average student with some mischief in childhood, but I remained disciplined overall. I also played sports like cricket and hockey, and captained my school hockey team. At AMC, I had some difficulties in comprehending anatomy earlier on. However, I improved over time and completed my studies successfully. I later did my house job at CMH Multan.

My career included various postings in the Pakistan Army, including Cholistan, Siachen, and other field areas. Eventually, I specialised in histopathology, where I achieved several academic distinctions and gold medals. I also served in Saudi Arabia. After serving in various peripheral hospitals, I was finally posted to AFIP Rawalpindi, where I could excel in my speciality.

What advice would you give your younger self about academic struggles?

Medical education is very different from college-level studies. Initially, students struggle because they lack proper methods. With time and guidance, they improve.

The first year is critical for building foundations. Students should focus not only on passing exams but on developing understanding, as this becomes the base of their entire professional career.

How do you spend your day off?

Free time is rare due to responsibilities. When available, I prefer spending it with close family and friends in a peaceful environment. Sometimes I read books. Life is full of responsibilities, and balance comes from meaningful relationships and calm moments rather than long leisure.

Can you recommend a book for students?

Yes. I strongly recommend "The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People" by Stephen Covey. It is very valuable for personal and professional growth.

What is your vision for HITEC- IMS Medical College in the next 5–10 years?

To produce competent, skilful, and empathetic professionals who are well-grounded in our social norms and committed to serving society and humanity at large.

How do you balance academic excellence with students' psychological well-being?

Psychological well-being is equally important as academics. We are working on student assessments, mentoring systems, and improving the learning environment.

We aim to develop students who are professionally strong, mentally healthy, and socially responsible.

What qualities should medical students develop?

Students should develop empathy, professionalism, communication skills, and research ability. A good doctor must also be a good human being who can serve society effectively.

Which teaching methods do you find most effective?

Modern education is moving away from long lectures. Small group discussions, interactive sessions, and one-on-one mentoring are more effective. Students should adopt active learning methodologies, asking questions, seeking answers, and continuously improving their understanding.

Closing Remarks

Life is about continuous effort, learning, and giving people chances to improve. Mistakes should not end opportunities; instead, they should guide growth. What truly matters is progress, compassion, and becoming a better human being.

BTS: INTERVIEW WITH THE DEAN OF CLINICAL SCIENCES

PROFESSOR DR BEENISH QURESHI



From the Transcript | Interview for the IMS Chronicles

Let's begin with your childhood. Where were you born, and how was your early life?

Thank you for giving me the honor that you are interviewing me for the magazine. I was born in Karachi, but my family moved to Islamabad when I was just three years old. I grew up there, completed my schooling and college, and most of my formative years were shaped by the calm and simplicity of that city.

What was your family environment like growing up?

We were a small family, just my parents, my elder sister, and me. It was a very peaceful upbringing. My father was incredibly loving and supportive, and I shared a very special bond with him. I was a quiet, serious child, quite different from my sister, who was more playful and outgoing.

Do you have a favourite childhood memory that you still cherish?

What I miss the most is not a single moment, but the feeling of togetherness: sitting with my family, talking, sharing meals. As life moves forward and people drift apart, that warmth becomes very precious.

How would you describe yourself as a person?

I'd say I'm calm, disciplined, and introspective. I don't like chaos. I believe in thinking before reacting, although I'm still learning.

With time, I've realised that silence and patience often resolve what anger cannot.

Tell us about motherhood. How would you describe motherhood?

I have three children: one daughter and two sons. We share a very open and honest relationship.

They feel comfortable talking to me, and I believe that communication is the foundation of good parenting. I'm strict, but always caring.

Is there a difference between your professional and personal personality?

Not really. I'm quite similar in both roles—focused, composed, and structured. I believe authenticity matters, whether at home or at work.

Who do you turn to when life feels overwhelming?

Earlier in life, it was always my father. Now, I rely on a very close friend I've known for over 30 years. Having someone who truly understands you is a blessing.

What do you enjoy in your free time?

Free time is rare, but I enjoy sitting with my children, talking to them, and sometimes just spending quiet moments with myself. I also love classic Pakistani dramas; "Dhoop Kinare" and "Tanhaiyaan" are timeless favorites.

Why did you choose dentistry as a career?

I wanted to become a doctor, but I knew I didn't want night duties. I also enjoy fine, detailed work, which naturally drew me toward dentistry, especially clinical and operative work.

Where did you receive your dental education?

I studied at De'Montmorency College of Dentistry in Lahore. Hostel life was challenging, but I never considered giving up. That phase taught me resilience and independence.

Why operative dentistry in particular?

Operative dentistry requires precision, patience, and decision-making. It's not just about hands; it's about the mind behind them. That balance really appealed to me.

What is a common misconception students have about clinical dentistry?

Many believe it's only about hand skills. In reality, it involves diagnosis, communication, treatment planning, and critical thinking. Hands work only when the mind leads.

As Dean of Clinical Sciences, what gives you the most satisfaction?

Watching students grow. Seeing a nervous first-year student transform into a confident final-year clinician is incredibly rewarding.

What sets your institution apart from others?

Strong, supportive faculty and access to proper materials and instruments. Clinical exposure and mentorship make all the difference.

What is your opinion on quota systems in dentistry?

Quotas are just numbers. Skills are what truly matter. Whether a student completes requirements early or late, confidence and competence are what stay for life.

How do you navigate being a woman in a clinical, often male-dominated space?

With professionalism and clear boundaries. Being kind doesn't mean being weak. Confidence and firmness earn respect.

HITEC IMS

BEST GRADUATES IN THE REAL WORLD

2025



DR. MAAZ QAMAR



What inspired you to pursue MBBS, and did that inspiration evolve during your studies?

A deep desire to heal and serve humanity drove me to medicine, and with time, that passion only grew stronger through real patient encounters.

How did it feel stepping into hospitals and wards as a new doctor after graduation?

It felt surreal, a mix of excitement, responsibility, and fear, but quickly transformed into purpose and confidence.

What was the most surprising aspect of practical training versus what you expected from textbooks?

Patients don't follow textbook patterns; empathy, intuition, and adaptability matter as much as knowledge.

Which skills or qualities helped you handle patient care most effectively?

Empathy, active listening, and staying calm under pressure were my biggest strengths.

Were there moments where you felt truly fulfilled or proud in your early practice?

Yes, every smile from a recovering patient reminded me why I chose this path.

What were some harsh realities or disappointments you encountered in the system?

Resource limitations, inequality in care, and bureaucratic delays were eye-opening and disheartening.

How do you manage the emotional and physical stress of this demanding field?

By staying grounded, leaning on support from loved ones, and finding small daily joys outside medicine.

How has your idea of being a 'good doctor' changed since graduation?

A good doctor isn't just clinically sharp, but also deeply humane and present with each patient.

What advice would you give to junior medical students preparing for house jobs?

Stay humble, learn from everyone, even your patients, and never be afraid to ask questions.

Where do you see yourself growing or specialising in the coming years?

I'm passionate about paediatrics and envision myself evolving into a compassionate, research-driven child health advocate.

DR. NISHA JAMEEL



Describe your first day working as a fresh doctor: what stood out?

My first day as a fresh doctor was during my surgery rotation, and since I've always found surgery fascinating, it was an exciting start. I still remember the thrill I felt stepping into the operating theatre for the first time, not just as an observer, but as part of the team.

Which clinical skills or rotations do you think prepared you best for the real field?

Every rotation taught me something valuable. I stepped out of my comfort zone, overcame fears, and built confidence, not just in clinical skills, but also in patient communication.

Did you find any major gaps in what was taught versus what was needed?

Yes, I did find some gaps. Textbooks never truly prepared us for the realities of the clinical setting, and they never can, because clinical experience is something you have to live through.

How do you balance compassion with clinical efficiency in a high-pressure environment?

Balancing compassion with efficiency is tough, especially knowing we're responsible for human lives. Mistakes happen, and we learn, but in medicine, there's little room for negligence. Even under pressure, small acts of empathy matter, and efficiency must never compromise patient care.

Have there been moments when you questioned your career choice? How did you overcome them?

Yes, there were tough moments where I reminded myself: If I've come this far, I can't stop now. I thought of all the hard work, the sleepless nights, and the faith my parents have in me. I have to do this, not just for me, but for them too.

What kind of mentorship or support did you receive in your early days?

In my early days, support from seniors and my friends meant everything. I still remember my first professional exam; I was so nervous, but I knew we were in it together. That shared strength and encouragement kept me going.

What changes would you like to see in medical education to better prepare future doctors?

I believe medical education should place more emphasis on practical exposure and emotional resilience. Textbooks can't fully prepare us for the realities of clinical work, as real learning happens at the bedside.

Which personal qualities helped you thrive as a top graduate stepping into the real world?

I think consistency, a focused goal, and my family's support helped me thrive. Their belief gave me strength, and my purpose kept me grounded through every challenge.

How do you envision your long-term contribution to healthcare?

I want to serve where I'm needed most, helping people who often don't have easy access to healthcare. My goal is to make a real difference in people's lives, especially in underserved communities.

What advice would you give to yourself if you could go back to your first year of MBBS?

If I could go back, I'd say: Be patient, focus on understanding, and don't stress about knowing everything at once. Take care of your mental health. Spend time with friends, make memories, and balance study with life.

DR. ABDUL NAFAY QAZI



What was your biggest fear before stepping into independent practice?

My biggest fear was stepping out of a structured system into uncertainty. Earlier, everything was planned; now I had to define my own direction. Moving from Islamabad to Lahore after seven years made it more difficult, as it felt like starting over without familiar support. It was both overwhelming and exciting.

How well did your university prepare you for managing real-life patients?

Training combined clinical skills with a strong emphasis on communication and empathy. Since dental patients are conscious during treatment, trust and comfort are essential. We learned that dentistry is not just treatment, but managing people with fear and anxiety while ensuring "do no harm."

Which part of your training do you now consider the most valuable?

My house job was the most valuable phase. In surgery, I performed extractions independently and managed responsibilities when supervisors were away.

It built confidence, leadership, and the ability to handle pressure. The experience and mentorship made it especially meaningful.

Have you experienced a case that truly challenged you or changed your perspective?

A highly anxious patient with complex needs was a major challenge. Managing fear and building trust were as important as treatment.

It reinforced that dentistry is deeply about empathy and communication, not just procedures.

What were the most rewarding aspects of starting your practical journey?

Seeing the theory turn into real patient improvement was most rewarding.

Working with both public and private patients taught me different expectations, especially the importance of communication, empathy, and individualized care.

Did you face any unexpected disappointments in patient care or clinic setups?

Yes, patient anxiety, non-compliance, and clinical limitations were common. Private practice added pressure due to higher expectations.

These challenges built resilience, adaptability, and professionalism.

How do you maintain your passion and prevent burnout as a young dentist?

The early career phase is difficult due to rejections and low rewards, making burnout common. The key is resilience and realistic expectations. Growth requires patience, self-compassion, and continuous learning without harsh self-judgment.

What qualities helped you stand out as the best graduate?

I avoided comparison and focused on consistent progress. I prioritized understanding concepts deeply and stayed disciplined during study periods. Managing stress and maintaining a calm mindset were equally important.

How do you envision improving dental awareness or care in your community?

Through education and outreach. Many people lack awareness of oral health's importance. I aim to promote prevention through workshops, school programs, and accessible check-ups, encouraging informed and early care.

What message would you give to your past self before starting your final year?

Don't take life too seriously. Value time with friends, because life becomes busy and people move on. Work hard, but also enjoy the journey and create lasting memories.

DR. MINAHIL KHURRAM



What inspired you to choose dentistry as your profession?

I have always been an artistic person. Since my A-levels, I have kept thinking about how to incorporate my creative skills into a professional career. Dentistry felt like the perfect choice, transforming art into patient satisfaction, which truly felt like a dream come true.

How did you feel the first time you performed a dental procedure independently?

Initially, I had second thoughts about performing it on my own. I questioned whether I trusted my hands enough to work without supervision. However, the moment I held the handpiece, everything felt natural; it was almost an automatic response.

What do you find most challenging about treating patients?

The most challenging aspect is managing multiple factors at once, such as saliva control, limited mouth opening, and sometimes even dealing with the patient's caretaker. Balancing all of this while providing quality care requires focus and patience.

How can a dental student or young dentist build confidence?

Confidence comes from appearing confident, being skilled at your work, and presenting yourself professionally. When you believe in your abilities and perform well, confidence naturally follows.

What moments make your work as a dentist most rewarding?

It is incredibly fulfilling when a patient says, "May Allah bless your hands more and more," or when I see genuine satisfaction on their face. Those moments make all the hard work worthwhile.

How do you help anxious or nervous patients feel comfortable during treatment?

Communication is the key. Talking to the patient works wonders. Explaining the procedure beforehand and continuing to communicate during the treatment helps calm the patient and builds trust.

Has dentistry changed your definition of success?

Yes, it definitely has. To me, success is when the patient leaves happy and satisfied with the treatment.

Do you think personality type matters in dentistry?

Dentistry is very much a people-oriented field, so introverts can sometimes struggle. An extroverted person with a good sense of humour can truly excel. Even a little conversation can help put nervous patients at ease.

What are your future goals in dentistry?

My goal is to manage my own dental practice, In shaa Allah.

What lesson has practical life taught you after graduating?

Once you step into practical life, you realize that student life is completely different from adulthood. However, student life is actually training for the real world. The key is to apply that training in the best possible way.

WRITERS AND POETS



SAFA KHATTAK



AMNA NOOR



MAHNOOR FATIMA



ALMAS BIBI



IQRA KHATTAK



ADEENA AYESHA



AYEHS A IRSHAD



ABDUL MUHAIMIN
PASHA



AIRA KASHIF

WRITERS AND POETS



HASSAN KHAN
ABBASI



MARIUM GULZAR



HANIA NAEEM



HAMNA HUSSAIN



MALIYKA FATIMA



SABEEN RAZA



MALAIKA AROOJ



SHIREEN FATIMA



RAO OMAR FAROOQ

AMNA NOOR
2ND YEAR BDS

MEDSCHOOL HACKS: HOW TO SURVIVE

I'll be the first to admit that med school can be boring and tiring sometimes. It is a very challenging and demanding experience. But it doesn't have to be all about studying and sacrificing your social life. I've found ways to make med school not just bearable, but fun.

Study smart, not hard.

Make studying engaging by trying different study methods: create flashcards, join a study group, use mnemonics, etc.

Join campus activities

Joining extracurriculars was a game-changer for me. I started getting involved in sports, arts and crafts, research projects, and student societies. These not only helped me explore new interests but also gave me a break from books and the academic grind. It also helped me become more social and interact with people.

Document your journey

I also started documenting my med school journey by creating my blog (filmwth) and posting cute stories and reels. It's been a great way to reflect on my progress and share my experiences with friends and family.

Learn new hobbies

Since I love cooking, I learned to bake to stay busy in my free time. I enjoyed making yummy cupcakes or pizza for my friends. So, find new hobbies that keep you entertained and relaxed.

Make plans with your friends

Yes, we're busy. But a short trip, a good meal out, or doing a fun activity with your friends will help you recharge. It's a great escape from the stressful med school environment.

Find humor in the journey

Watching medical school TV shows like Scrubs or Hospital Playlist has helped me find humor in my journey. A little laugh always helps with stress.

Celebrate every small win

Aced a test? Learned a new clinical skill? Finished your lab work on time? Celebrate it! It's a long journey, so acknowledging small achievements helps me stay positive and focused.

Stay true to yourself

Finally, I've learned the importance of staying true to myself. Med school is an opportunity to learn and grow as a person. I've tried to stay focused on my goals but also remember that it's not a race—it's a journey. So, enjoy it to the fullest.



DIABETES MANAGEMENT DURING THE HOLY MONTH OF RAMADAN

BY: AIRA KASHIF | 4TH YEAR MBBS



As Muslims around the globe prepare to observe the holy month of Ramadan. A time of fasting from dawn till dusk is a religious tradition observed by millions of Muslims around the globe, embracing self-discipline and spiritual devotion. As the month approaches, our brothers and sisters with diabetes mellitus face countless challenges while managing their health along with religious obligations.

The Prophet (Peace Be Upon Him) once imparted, "Take benefit of five things before 5. Food before your old age, your health before your success, your wealth before your poverty, your free time before you're preoccupied, and your life before your death." This hadith emphasizes the importance of health, especially for those suffering from chronic conditions like diabetes mellitus.

In the month of Ramadan, patients with Diabetes Mellitus are advised to keep a balance between their religious obligations, i.e., fasting, and their health, which may pose a challenge for them. With fasting extending over more than half of the day.

It is an imperative concern to maintain stable blood glucose levels throughout the day. One of the first and foremost critical aspects of managing diabetes mellitus during Ramadan is meticulous meal planning.

Suhoor, i.e., the pre-dawn meal, plays an important role in providing energy throughout the day. It's important to choose a balanced diet that can provide useful nutrients during fasting hours. One of these is complex carbohydrates, which can release glucose slowly into the bloodstream and promote slow digestion.

Complex Carbohydrates include Whole grains like oats, barley, and whole wheat bread. However, it is crucial not to overindulge in high sugar and fatty foods, but to prefer lean meat and healthy fats that promote satiety and prevent rapid spikes in blood glucose levels.

Surah Al-A'raf (7:31) :

“Eat and drink, but do not be excessive. Indeed, He does not like those who are excessive.”

The meal consumed to break the fast, which is Iftar, should also be managed accordingly. Breaking the fast with a Date provides a natural source of sugar for a quick energy boost. Thus, it is recommended to follow the Prophet's (Peace Be Upon Him) Sunnah on breaking the fast with a date.

Additionally, the meal should consist of Chicken Salads, Vegetable Platters, Vegetable and Lentil soups, and Channa chats. It is imperative not to consume unhealthy saturated and unsaturated fats in the form of fried items, as they can lead to unhealthy fluctuations in blood glucose levels.

Sunan Abu Dawood (2356) – Hasan Sahih :

“The Messenger of Allah ﷺ used to break his fast with fresh dates; if he did not find them, then with dry dates; and if he did not find them, then with water.”

Hydration emerges as another critical aspect of managing Diabetes Mellitus during Ramadan. Due to the long span of fasting hours, the risk of dehydration and diabetes-related complications can arise.

Therefore, it is important to prioritize fluid intake during non-fasting hours and to steer clear of sugary beverages like cold drinks, powdered forms of drinks, and sugary syrups that can trigger a spike in the sugar level.

Monitoring blood glucose levels carefully is paramount for individuals with diabetes during Ramadan. Keeping a tab on Blood sugar levels allows for timely adjustments of medications and insulin dose, dietary habits, and physical activities that can maintain an optimal blood glucose level.

According to the World Health Organization, the expected values for normal fasting blood glucose concentration range from 70 milligrams per deciliter to 100 milligrams per deciliter.

For patients with diabetes mellitus, the blood glucose levels are approximately 126 milligrams per deciliter or higher. Therefore, it is important to keep the blood glucose levels in the optimal range.

Furthermore, incorporating modern physical activity during non-fasting hours can yield significant beneficial results for diabetic patients.

The physical activity may include walking after two to three hours of meals, yoga and stretching early in the morning, and light aerobic exercises such as cycling or jogging.

Physical activity brings about many benefits for these patients, such as improved blood sugar control, weight management, reduced risk of heart disease, enhanced insulin sensitivity, and better mental well-being.

In conclusion, observing the holy month of Ramadan with diabetes requires meticulous planning, vigilance, and self-discipline. By following a balanced diet, prioritizing hydration, monitoring blood glucose levels, and incorporating light physical activity in daily life.

Patients with Diabetes Mellitus can successfully manage their health while fulfilling their religious duties. As the Prophet (Peace Be Upon Him) said, "There is no disease that Allah has created except that he has also created its treatment."

The statement reflects the belief that every illness comes with its solution. By combining faith with the measures mentioned above, individuals with Diabetes can successfully achieve a balance between optimal health and their religious obligations during the blessed month of Ramadan.

Ultimately, Ramadan is a time of faith, reflection, and compassion, not a test meant to harm the body.

Islam understands that people have different strengths and limitations, especially those living with chronic illnesses such as diabetes. Taking care of one's health and making safe choices during fasting is a responsible and meaningful act, not a weakness in belief.

As Allah reassures us, "Allah does not burden a soul beyond that it can bear" **(Surah Al-Baqarah 2:286).**



QUACK MEDICINE AND THE DENGUE CRISIS IN RURAL AREAS

EEMAN ZAKI | 2ND YEAR MBBS

In the hot and humid monsoon months, dengue fever arrives like an uninvited guest, swift, silent, and destructive. In established healthcare centers, the disease is treated with laboratory tests and IV fluid calculators. But in rural villages, the fight is different. Here, fever is treated with injections by clinics set in the bazaar of almost every village, and fatigue is ignored until breathlessness sets in. It is in these moments that dengue becomes more than a disease; it becomes a reflection of the welfare state that was envisioned by Jinnah.

This is the story of not just dengue but of quack medicine: quick, unregulated, and often dangerous treatment practices by untrained providers. In rural areas, this is often the only option.

Understanding Dengue

Dengue fever is caused by a flavivirus transmitted by the *Aedes aegypti* mosquito. Most cases are self-limiting, but some may progress to dengue hemorrhagic fever or dengue shock syndrome. These conditions require meticulous fluid management, constant monitoring of platelets and hematocrit level, and timely hospitalization.

Treatment isn't about more drips, more medicines, more injections. It's about precision. Give too little fluid, and you risk shock. Give too much, and you drown the lungs.

What is Quack Treatment

An unstable, dangerous, and reactive environment where treatment for febrile illness often follows a pattern of over-treatment without diagnosis:

- IV drips started without measuring hematocrit or electrolytes
- Antibiotics and steroids are given even when the cause is viral
- Paracetamol is combined with injectable antipyretics indiscriminately
- Lab testing not available

Patient Presentation

A young patient presented to the OPD of WASIL Welfare Trust, Sehgal, with complaints of persistent fever over the last few months, with orbital and joint pain, which was increasing with every fever spike. Blood CP showed a markedly reduced platelet count, which raised the suspicion of dengue fever. This patient had been getting IV fluids and antibiotics from a local practitioner. He was then referred to a government hospital in Rawalpindi.

A male patient presented to the OPD of WASIL Welfare Trust, Sehgal, with complaints of persistent fever over the last few months, with recent hematuria. Blood CP revealed decreased platelet count. An ultrasound KUB was done to rule out kidney disease. This patient had also been getting IV fluids and antibiotics from a local practitioner. He was then referred to a government hospital in Rawalpindi for treatment/admission for dengue fever.

The Medical Consequences

- Worsening capillary leak syndrome
- Critically low platelet consequences
- Pulmonary Edema
- Increased mortality
- Delayed referral to tertiary care

A Silent Ethical Crisis

Patients in rural areas are not just underserved; they are miseducated and misled. They are deprived of their rights as citizens of this country.

What Can be Done?

This is not just a problem of rural ignorance; it is a problem of urban neglect. As privileged healthcare professionals, there's a lot that we can do.

- Public Awareness Campaigns
- Use radio, mosque sermons, and schools to teach rural populations about what dengue is—and what good treatment looks like.
- Monthly Camps

A team can be constructed, consisting of senior residents and medical students under the supervision of a couple of consultants can carry out a medical camp in different villages.

- Mobile Diagnostic Units
- Bring point-of-care testing (hematocrit, platelet count, NS1 antigen) to villages via mobile vans during outbreaks.

DO NO HARM

As future doctors, we are taught to "first, do no harm." But harm is being done—not by the virus alone, but by how we respond to it. Quack treatment is not a substitute for real medicine. It is a threat in disguise.

Dengue will not be conquered by drips or drugs alone. It will be conquered by knowledge, humility, and accountability. And that begins with us—today's students, tomorrow's physicians.



MEDICAL ZOMBIE

ABDUL MUHAIMIN PASHA | 2ND YEAR MBBS

The field of medicine, so vast, so unique, yet it can become so dull. The art of healthcare, as rewarding as it may be, can become tiresome. Medicine, like any other field, can lose its shine once it becomes a chore. A healthcare professional becomes a shadow in a bright world, a rusty robot in an advanced city. He becomes a Medical Zombie.

The field of medicine is one that always needs the human touch. It is a field that prefers to be left behind in this race towards the future. A field where emotions play a key role. This is one of the only fields where a human needs to be a human; if not, he needs to act like one, act as an individual who feels what the patient feels, shows sympathy, and is empathetic. A person with a heart of stone can never operate on a patient with a failing heart.

This epidemic of Medical Zombies; how and why is it growing? This term 'Medical Zombie' does not just apply to lazy individuals who lack the strive to move forward, it applies to the people who are in this field just for the money, the ones who consider this noble profession just another 9-to-5, it applies to those who consider their patients as files rather than individuals, most importantly, it also applies to the worn-out individuals who have stopped seeing a change; stopped seeing a positive change in the medical profession, stopped seeing a positive change in others, stopped seeing a positive change in themselves. Why move forward in a stagnant world?

Now to answer the why. Why is this plague growing? The burden, the stress, the workload, the work hours, the underappreciation, the repetition, the burnout, these are just some of the factors that contribute to the turning of a man into this zombie.

What are these fictional zombies known for? They spread the disease, and this spread is at an exponential rate.



When person A [a hardworking medical professional who still has the spark] watches person B [the medical zombie] putting in minimal effort, showing no passion, and still receiving the same salary, the same appreciation, and the same treatment by the system, they begin to question their own dedication. Why work so hard if burnout brings no extra reward? Why stay passionate when numbness seems easier? Slowly, this infection spreads. The person starts to lose their spark. He stops caring, stops feeling, cuts off any emotional ties, and ultimately, he too becomes a medical zombie.

In this age where technology can keep the body alive far longer than the brain, this idea of "Medical Zombie" warns us not to lose the human touch. As we advance scientifically, we must ensure we do not become spiritually and ethically undead ourselves.

BREAK THE ICE!



I have always been a good listener throughout my life. That friend to whom you can " Say it all".

Listening to people around me and on social media. Listening, observing, analyzing, learning, and broadening my vision were all I did. And in between, I just forgot how to speak.

That listening just became my comfort zone over the passage of time, unintentionally. The obsession with consumption was so high that the outflow didn't matter at all. And now I'm realizing how empowering it is to be vocal. And how I just lost it all along the way. So finding that voice, if it ever existed, or trying to learn it over time.

Over the past year, another thing I've learnt is: It's never only you going through it. If it's not talked about, it doesn't mean that it isn't happening to people around us. When it comes to sharing, it's seen how relatable things are. And we least talked about things that bother us most.

However, isn't it somehow liberating to get to know that we aren't the only ones going through it? Some/most of us are going through the same phase. So why not empower and support each other? Aren't we're supposed to do this as humans?

DOCTORS: THE DETECTIVES OF HEALTH

ALMAS BIBI | 1ST YEAR MBBS



A Doctor! What comes to your mind when you first read this word? A healthcare professional who saves injured lives and helps humanity, just this! But they are much more than that.

They are the real heroes walking among us with stethoscopes and white coats, well, sometimes they seem like death angels too. But still, coming to the point, they're not just doctors but actually detectives of health, armed with an uncanny ability to unravel bizarre medical mysteries.

Just like Sherlock Holmes examined the crime scene for clues, the doctors connect the dots of our symptoms to find the real culprit causing them, whether it be a sneaky little virus or some other disease.

The doctor's mind moves from one disease to another and eliminates the ones that are not relatable, while you are explaining your symptoms.

The brain is doing a thousand calculations, running through a checklist: Could it be this one? Or that one? Is there a zebra hiding among the horses? (Yes, that's a real medical saying - meaning, don't always look for rare when a common ailment fits!) Imagine your body as a bustling apartment, with various tenants inside. Each one has a different nature. Sometimes, the "lungs" might be throwing a wheezing party, or the "stomach" might be grumbling about a bad meal last night.

A doctor's job?

Go door to door, finding the one causing a ruckus, and restore the peace. What a job it is! But on this door-to-door journey, they sometimes find some amazing tenants too, who are going beyond their abilities to help keep the hustle in line.

Did you ever think that a gall bladder removal could cause less released dopamine and serotonin in patients, leading to increased moodiness, sleeplessness, anger, anxiety, and depression? That's because the gut bacteria, and so in the stomach, aren't regulated as such after bile starts falling in the small intestine. I couldn't believe this at first because how can something not happening as usual in the digestive system affect the nervous system?

But after several studies, it was found that the enteric nervous system works as the second human brain and thus, as discussed before, affects the functions of even a healthy nervous system.

Another thing, how kaleidoscopic it is to think that each one of us has a different pattern of veins and arteries that supply our bodies, except for the main branches that are similar in each person.

Just imagine operating on a patient and finding absolutely unknown patterns of these vessels, and every time you start operating on a person, except for the main knowledge, you have to depend on yourself as a detective to protect these small structures, and at the same time, take out the real culprit.

One wrong move and it all ends, so like conventional detectives, we don't even have the privilege of making a single mistake, as it could cost a human life.

So the next time you visit a doctor, remember all this. They're professional health detectives working to keep our bustling and slightly eccentric systems in check.

They're front-line investigators in solving the complex puzzles of the human body.

Let's give them a round of applause for being such amazing everyday heroes - the true detectives at work!





INTERNSHIP EXPERIENCE AT POF HOSPITAL

AYESHA IRSHAD | 3RD YEAR BDS

As a third-year BDS student, I was very excited for my two-week internship at POF Hospital in Wah Cantt during my summer vacation. This invaluable experience not only polished my clinical skills but also provided me with a glimpse into the real-world application of dentistry.

Our internship was scheduled from 8 AM to 2 PM, Monday to Friday. We were divided into groups and allotted to different rooms, each supervised by experienced doctors. This arrangement allowed us to observe and participate in a wide range of treatments.

During my internship, I had the privilege of observing and assisting in numerous procedures, including fillings, root canals, extractions, and treating dry sockets.

I gained insight into the preparation and restoration of teeth using various materials such as composites, amalgams, and cermets. I also observed the complexities of endodontic treatment and the importance of precision in saving teeth.



Additionally, I witnessed simple and surgical extractions, including wisdom teeth extractions, and learned about different techniques used to minimize the trauma to the underlying bone and mucosa.

I also had the opportunity to perform the administration of local anesthesia, including nerve blocks and infiltration techniques.

Under the guidance of our mentors, I had the chance to perform some procedures, including simple extractions of already mobile anterior and posterior teeth. I also assisted in and performed composite fillings.

Lastly, I observed and assisted in root canal procedures.

One of the most significant aspects of my internship was interacting with patients from diverse backgrounds and societies.

I took detailed histories from patients, which helped me develop essential communication skills and boosted my confidence in patient interaction.

Learning to guide patients through their treatment plans and addressing their concerns was an invaluable experience. This exposure taught me the importance of empathy, active listening, and clear communication in building trust with patients.

My internship experience at POF Hospital was truly enriching. The hospital's structured environment, coupled with the guidance of experienced doctors, provided me with a comprehensive understanding of various dental procedures.

I am grateful for the opportunity to have worked with such dedicated doctors and look forward to applying the knowledge and skills gained during my future procedures in dentistry.



MY SUMMER INTERNSHIP AT BAHAWAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, BAHAWALPUR



While most of my peers were enjoying their summer vacations, traveling to places like Naran, Gilgit, Hunza, and Skardu, I chose a different path. I decided to spend my summer doing an internship at Bahawal Victoria Hospital (BVH) in Bahawalpur. It was a challenging decision, but one I do not regret.

I began my internship in the Emergency Department, and from the very first day, I found it both intense and fascinating. I spent the first day observing. The emergency room was constantly busy, with new accident cases arriving almost every minute. Some of the doctors there taught us how to perform stitches. At first, I found it quite difficult, but with practice and by the grace of Allah, I learned.

One memorable case was of a patient who came in with gangrene in one of his toes. A senior doctor instructed us to amputate it. We first administered local anaesthesia using lignocaine, then proceeded with the amputation. It was a challenging task, but a valuable learning experience. We also treated a patient with a severe head injury by cleaning the wound and applying stitches.



On the second day, I learned how to administer intramuscular (IM) and intravenous (IV) injections. I gave injections of Dicloran, rabies vaccine, and omeprazole to nearly 200 patients. It was an entirely new and exciting experience for me.

On the third day, I learned how to insert an IV cannula. This skill was particularly challenging because it is often difficult to palpate veins in some patients. Nevertheless, with guidance and practice, I improved. Later in the internship, I was assigned to the Intensive Care Unit (ICU), where I encountered patients in critical condition. I observed three patients suffering from diabetic ketoacidosis, all of whom were unconscious. We started their treatment with IV fluids to address the acidosis, followed by subcutaneous insulin.

One of the most intense cases I observed was a patient with viral meningitis. She was unconscious, experiencing tremors, and had a feeble pulse. It was an emotionally moving experience to witness such severity firsthand.

Overall, this internship was a deeply enriching and educational experience. I learned so much, from clinical skills to patient management, and it has strengthened my resolve to pursue a career in medicine.

I highly recommend Bahawal Victoria Hospital, Bahawalpur, to anyone considering an internship. You will gain not only medical knowledge but also hands-on experience that few other places offer.

@MeriDentalDiaryy



So let's start from ground zero, the very first day I joined BDS 1st year here at HITEC IMS. The day I joined was not only the day a lifelong dream became a reality, but also the day that sparked a new sense of creativity within me.

I was a new student, new to everything, and I mean everything. I never had social media growing up; hence, my social life and interactions were almost non-existent. As I stepped into this new chapter of life, I made a promise to myself: this time, I would sculpt myself and my life according to my own thoughts and creativity.

I started to wonder how I could express myself; my imagination, my thoughts, my creativity. That's when I stumbled upon a blog page run by a fellow HITEC IMS student, @dailyarchivesss_. It sparked something in me. I thought, what if I started a blog as well?

So, I embarked on this journey without a second thought. I created my blog on 22nd July 2024 and started posting daily, with no knowledge of social media trends, no aesthetic sense, and no idea what or how to post.

But one thing I did know: I didn't care.

I didn't care what I was posting. The only thing that mattered was that I was just a random girl sharing what I found fun. And just like that, @meridentaldiaryy became a thing.

People started to connect over the most random things, and slowly, my page began to grow. Everyone in college started recognizing me and my page, and they would tell me how the things I thought were random were actually a source of joy for so many of them.

My aim was simple: to create a page for everyone and anyone. Nothing extraordinary, just something that felt like home.

As my page grew, I started shifting my focus toward educational content as well. I wanted to guide others in ways I was never guided. So, I started multiple series like "A Day in the Life of a Dental Student" and "Electives Diary," which many of you enjoyed and learned from.

My page is about sharing my life, my struggles, and my achievements, and building a community that is inclusive of everyone. No judgment, no requirements, just us being ourselves and living life.

My small community has now grown to more than 2,000 followers in less than a year, and it continues to grow every day. I aim to always provide fun and educational content. As I move forward in my degree and achieve my goals, I hope to pave the way for those alongside me and those who come after me. Together, we will work toward excellence.

Nothing in life is impossible. If I could start a blog just because I wanted to, then you can achieve whatever you set your mind to as well. Life is too short to think, "pata nahi mujh se nahi hoga," or "ye koi asaan kaam nahi hai, chhoro," or "har banda thori sab kuch kar sakta hai."

Just do it.

If your heart wants you to land on the moon, then get up and start working toward it. Nothing is impossible. If someone else can do it, so can you.

Every one of us is capable. Everyone is beautiful. Everyone deserves everything this world has to offer.

You are perfect because you are you.



SUPPORT THE PALESTINIANS

H A I N A N A E E M | 4^{T H} Y E A R M B B S

In the story of Palestine, the perpetuity of Israeli oppression casts a dark shadow. Innocent lives are lost, and the world often turns a blind eye due to the influence of powerful, cruel Countries.

Despite this, some smaller countries such as South Africa, Iran, and Yemen bravely support the Palestinian people. Amidst the chaos, the bravery of Palestinian resistance shines through, reminding us of the enduring spirit of those fighting for freedom and justice. However, despite the suffering endured by Palestinians, many individuals, including self-proclaimed liberals, fail to take meaningful action, such as boycotting Israeli products, perpetuating the cycle of support for oppression.

Moreover, even as the death toll rises and humanitarian crises escalate, certain callous nations refuse to support ceasefires, prolonging the agony of innocent lives caught in the crossfire. These betrayals underscore the urgent need for global solidarity and action to end the injustices inflicted upon the Palestinian people.

Additionally, the indifference of Saudi Kings and the distraction of our people by trivial pursuits like cricket matches and elections further compound the silence surrounding the Palestinian cause. Despite the potential influence of our armies, their inaction exacerbates the plight of Palestinians, highlighting the urgent need for widespread awareness and solidarity.

BUT THERE'S MORE TO IT

Sitting on the balcony alone, just you, the rain, a quiet sky, and Jagjit Singh's voice wrapping around your thoughts like silk. A warm cup of tea, and for a moment, it all feels perfect. Doesn't it?

But there's more to it: you're alone because no one truly sees you. You sit quietly, watching beauty pass through time, already knowing the tea will soon turn cold, the song will fade, and the rain, so poetic, will never know how it stings against your chest. The sky pours, and so does something inside you.

The joy of a long-awaited result, a small success bringing so much happiness to the ones around you. They call it success. They call it pride. And you smile, because they expect you to.

But there's more to it: behind that success lie unseen failures, countless quiet sacrifices, and struggles that mostly went unnoticed, so often in vain, that now, it all feels hollow. Just another moment to perform joy. So you clap, and nod, and say thank you, while your heart whispers, I don't feel a thing.

To be aware. To observe, to learn, to unlearn. To have a mind so open that it becomes a mirror for everything around it. That's the gift, right?

But there's more to it: that gift remembers too much. It stores every crack, every agony, every goodbye, and every lesson wrapped in pain. The heart screams, but no one hears. And the soul grows heavy under the burden of knowing things too deeply. Intelligence isn't always kind. Awareness doesn't always bring peace. And still, they call it a blessing.

To exist among people, to laugh, to listen, to speak, to love. What a fortune, they say. Humans are so full of color, sound, and warmth. They breathe life into you.

But there's more to it, of course: people don't just heal. They break. They perform connections like they were trained for it. And then, one day, they stop pretending and begin to pull away. That's how they not only bring warmth, but sometimes make you forget all your colors.

And that's how life is, a true labyrinth. Each turn promises light, only to lead to another corridor!

SIMON'S FIRST DAY AT SIRIUS GAYLY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

ALMAS BIBI | 1ST YEAR MBBS



(A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF SIMON – A NEWLY ADMITTED 1ST YEAR MBBS STUDENT AT A STUDENT-LED MEDICAL COLLEGE)

Date:

38th Hepter, 3046

Address:

House Number 13, Merry Street, Humorous Town, Earth

Characters:

1. Diary Owner – Simon
2. Simon's Diary – Dwarfy
3. School – Sirius Gayly School of Medicine (SGS)
4. School Principal – Mr. Jelly Hopkins

Dear Dwarfy,

I woke up cheerfully at 5:00 a.m. to get ready for college. I brushed my teeth, took a bath, and hurried downstairs to eat my breakfast—otherwise, I would have been late. Today was my first day at my new medical college after finishing 12th grade and taking the MDCAT.

I ate some apples, drank a banana shake, enjoyed slices of brown bread with a half-fried egg, and quickly washed the utensils. After a 30-minute bus ride, I finally reached my new college: Sirius Gayly School of Medicine (SGS).

And tell you what, Dwarfy—the principal himself, Mr. Jelly Hopkins, was wearing a school bag and entering the college in a woolen chair. He's a 5th-year medical student! I was completely shocked, but I continued walking inside.

A few seconds later, I witnessed something astonishing. The orchestra of second-year students was welcoming their seniors with a tune:

"HOOO HAAA LAAA
LALALALALAAAAA, Welcome to tha
tha tha Sirius Gayly School!"

I felt sad you weren't there to hear it. But guess what? Starting tomorrow, it'll be our duty to welcome the seniors like that!

I didn't know my section, so a student guided me to Miss Stenly Isabella (a 4th-year MBBS student), who then took me to the principal. When we entered the office, Mr. Hopkins was jumping with joy because his surgery test had been cancelled.

He smiled, asked my name, welcomed me warmly, and assigned me to 1st Year – Skull, since each year is named alphabetically after human bones.

When I entered my classroom, the sight was... unbelievable.

Students sat on bed-like chairs, the board was oddly shaped and wiggly, the room was spacious and airy, and the lights were skull-shaped to match our section name. There was even a dancing stage at the back where some students were already enjoying themselves—and yes, a coffee machine too!

It felt like a horror scene at first, but I still gathered courage and took my seat.

The bell rang, and Professor Green entered the class, flying on a board with disco lights. Turns out, he's a 3rd-year MBBS student himself.

My first day officially began with introductions, and I even made some friends. Then Professor Green discussed the syllabus and yearly plan.

We have six subjects:

- Anatomy
- Physiology
- Biochemistry
- Clinical Skills
- Medical Ethics
- Research Methods

He said he teaches to keep his knowledge fresh so he can pass the USMLE and PLAB on the first attempt.

Honestly, Dwarfy, my mind feels like a stirred sea right now—filled with words like: clavicle, CBL, sciatica, sagittal, coronal, supine, foramen magnum, sternocleidomastoid, fistula...

These are just a few terms my brain decided to store today!

In Anatomy, we were introduced to 30 topics along with dissections. And for the first time in my life, I saw real skeletons.

They were hanging silently in the corner, almost observing us. We even held actual bones—femurs, tibias, and even a whole skull. It was creepy, but fascinating. Feeling the weight and texture of something that was once part of a living being was unforgettable.

Professor Green explained how medical education is a “sprint, not a marathon” due to the overwhelming amount of information.

He said:

"Imagine trying to fit an elephant into a thimble—then multiply that by a thousand elephants and a million thimbles. That’s your first year."

We all sat there in stunned silence.

He also emphasized that exams are thinking-based, not just memorization. Pointing at a heart diagram, he joked:

"If you can’t draw this upside down, blindfolded, while explaining its electrical system to a cat—you’re not ready!"

Funny... but terrifyingly meaningful.

Then came what I’d call the true horror.

Later, other professors came in and briefed us about their subjects. And just like that, the day came to an end.

Closing Thoughts:

Despite the overwhelm and the feeling that my brain might explode from too much information, there’s an undeniable excitement here.

Everyone is driven—but also funny, lively, and human.

It’s going to be tough, Dwarf. But with these crazy teachers and even crazier classmates, I think I might just survive—and maybe even enjoy—this wild journey called medical school.

Wish me luck!

Best Regards,
Simon

THE POWER OF JOURNALING: A HABIT FOR HEALING



He took out his diary from his bed's bottom drawer. He had kept it hidden behind his books. He sat on his bed. The window was open. It was slightly chilly. He put on his headphones for some silence.

But then he realised that it was 1 in the morning, and it was already quiet. The only noise was the overwhelming thoughts in his head. "Ahh! If only there was a noise canceller for my mind too", he said to himself. He opened his diary and started turning pages until he found a blank one.

The last entry was almost a year ago. "Looks like life had been easy on me, so I didn't feel the need to open you for this long", he said, as if he was talking to the diary while he uncapped his pen.

With a long sigh, he prepared himself to write. "I wonder if I can write a poem about everything", he started writing, "But who am I kidding, I'm no poet. Let's just be dramatic with my broken English", he wrote while smiling.

For the next half an hour, he wrote everything he had on his mind. He surrendered his thoughts to the page.



A drop of tear fell on the page, and he immediately looked at his door to ensure no one was awake. He sighed as he made sure there was nothing else left to write, or he was trying to make himself believe that he had admitted all his feelings. He put his diary back, knowing that they would meet again soon.

Suddenly, it was a lot quieter than before. The voices in his head weren't as loud as before. Some were gone, and some were still lingering. He closed his eyes and somewhat felt quite calm. It felt good.

What he did that night wasn't extraordinary. But it was powerful. Can a "Dear Diary" moment heal us? Maybe it won't fully heal you. But do we actually ever truly heal? We accept things. We teach ourselves to live with the part we want to heal. And once we have mastered the technique, once we become used to the feeling, once we accept everything, we say, "I'm healed".

Journaling is a way of acceptance. Accepting what? Accepting feelings, you are too afraid to say out loud. You may sound overly dramatic if you ever read those Dear Diary moments aloud to someone. And that is exactly why you start journaling.

We sometimes try to deny some feelings for as long as we can. It's because we are afraid to admit them. Journaling makes us meet ourselves.

Whether it's our 'proud selves', after achieving something we worked hard on, the 'disappointed version', disappointment in your own self or someone you had trusted, the 'tired version', when life has been hard on you and everything feels a bit much, the 'happy version', when everything feels right in place, or the 'angry version', when you hate everyone and everything. And there is no feeling better than the feeling of meeting your own self.

It's normal to overthink, but sometimes the mind gets tired of it. Everything feels overwhelming. And it's not always easy to share your feelings with other people. It may be the fear of judgment or lack of trust. Journaling forces you to pause and gives you a way to become aware of your emotions without judgment. It's a conversation between yourself. In your journal, you can be raw, happy, angry, and even wrong. A way of sharing your feelings with yourself that somehow gives you comfort and lightens the burdens of overthinking is actually what journaling is.

The healing power of Journaling is actually backed up by scientific evidence. Dr. James Penne Baker, a professor of psychology at the University of Texas at Austin, found through his research on expressive writing that, "writing about personal experiences for just fifteen to twenty minutes a day over three to four days can lead to reduced stress, better immune function, and lower blood pressure".

According to the American Psychological Association, "Writing about thoughts and feelings that arise from a traumatic or stressful life experience, called expressive writing, may help some people cope with the emotional fallout of such events".

Hence, journaling won't make your worries disappear completely, but it will certainly help you to understand your emotions better, and that is more than enough sometimes.

Does Journaling always work for everyone? It might not. Some people may find it difficult to acknowledge their true feelings, or they can't find the perfect words to express what they are actually feeling. But the truth is, there are no perfect words.

Feelings and emotions are too complicated to be expressed in perfect words. Journaling is all about honesty. Honesty to your feelings. And once you unlock and acknowledge your feelings, you meet your true self. The satisfaction of accepting your feelings is what helps a person to cope with a certain situation.

Journaling is not only a way of expression, but it also shows how much you have progressed over time. To read about the situation you were once so worried about is so satisfying and therapeutic.

You feel so proud of yourself for making it through tough times. You relive the happy moments and achievements. You realise how much you have grown over the years. To see how much you have changed through your old entries is a form of healing.

Journaling doesn't have to be all about hard situations. It's equally effective and therapeutic to journal your happy occasions as well.

It can be through writing, drawing, or pasting your favourite pictures or memories. If your journal only contains the sad parts of your life, then you won't feel the happiness or pride in yourself once you someday decide to read your old entries. Hence, record your joyful moments to preserve them as well.

Personally, I have been journaling since third grade. Wonder what a nine-year-old could journal about?

The headings were: my favourite cartoons, my favourite food, my favourite toys, my favourite cricketers, my favourite cars, my favourite movies, my best friends, my favourite teachers, and the list goes on.

It wasn't anything deeply sentimental. Just a simple habit of expressing myself on the pages. With time, that habit became something powerful. It was and still is a way to let things out in the most honest and meaningful way possible.



FEMINISM MISUNDERSTOOD



The misconception about feminism started with the campaign called “Mera Jism Meri Marzi”, or did people who were already unwilling to accept the concept of feminism find a reason and twist its meaning?

What does “Mera Jism Meri Marzi” actually mean? Vulgarity, adopting Western culture, and being rebellious? I’m sure this is what the average person thinks of it.

My Body, My Choice truly stands for bodily autonomy and freedom from abuse. It is about a woman’s right to safety and consent. It was never about hating men or destroying family values.

Feminism is about basic human rights, safety, education, fair wages, and the respect every woman deserves. True feminism seeks justice for women who raise their voices against domestic abuse or are too afraid to do so, who are killed in the name of “honour,” or who are raped for saying no to egoistic men.

The problem does not only lie with those who twisted its meaning, but also with those who failed to convey its true purpose to the public. In the end, the victims continue to suffer while no one is willing to deliver justice.

Every day, hundreds of thousands of women in Pakistan face domestic violence. News of rape and sexual harassment cases is routine. “She won’t be as good as him” are judgments passed at first glance in their work environments.

“You’re supposed to manage the house, children, and your job together,” is something every married woman hears. “He was angry at the time and thus hit you. It’s no big deal,” is what every woman complaining about an abusive husband is told.

They say, “It must be her dressing,” when they hear about men staring or making vulgar comments at women. The blame is always put on her. The compromises are always expected from her alone.

Where do we start? What should we change? It all begins at home. When a boy is taught never to lift a finger in the house or is not taught to respect women, disrespect becomes normal to him. He considers himself superior, and not only he, but also society, justifies his actions.

Pakistani women are often too afraid and unprepared to stand against injustice. Divorce, even after years of abuse, is still considered taboo. No one supports her—not even her own parents. And if victims succeed in leaving toxic relationships, society makes it extremely difficult for them to survive.

Feminism has sadly become a social media debate. Its true purpose has been lost.

Change must begin at home. Mothers play a vital role in the upbringing of their children, and both parents must teach their sons to respect women and acknowledge their rights.

Daughters should be encouraged to raise their voices, stand up for themselves, and never settle for abusive relationships.

Society must openly condemn men who are abusive or disrespectful toward women—even something as common and normalised as staring at women in public must no longer be tolerated.

The law must take strict action against rapists and those who kill women in the name of “honour.” This issue cannot be resolved by any one individual alone; everyone must play their part to make the world a safer and more just place for women.

STRONG ENOUGH TO HEAL, BRAVE ENOUGH TO FEEL

SAFA KHATTAK | 4TH YEAR MBBS

“I Am a Doctor”

As a medical student, I often feel like I’m in a rat race I never signed up for. Although it is often described as a privilege, behind the privilege lies a silent struggle that many of us carry every single day. I have felt it myself—the pressure to perform, the endless hours of studying, and the responsibility of knowing that someday these books and late nights will translate into someone’s life depending on me. It is both inspiring and overwhelming, and in that mix, mental health sometimes becomes the hidden casualty.

Studies show that almost one-third of medical students around the world suffer from depression. Anxiety is even more common, affecting nearly 34% of medical students globally, and yet only about 13% of those who struggle ever seek professional help. In Pakistan, the numbers are even more alarming, with some studies reporting that more than half of medical students screen positive for depression or anxiety. This means the student sitting next to you in class, the friend who seems “fine” during rounds, or even you yourself, might be carrying far more than anyone realizes.

I remember nights before exams when I felt completely drained—not just mentally, but emotionally. The lectures, ward duties, and endless expectations blurred into one heavy cloud. Sometimes, even asking for help felt impossible because in medicine, there is an unspoken fear: that admitting to mental health struggles makes you appear weak or unfit for this profession. But that is far from the truth. Mental health is not a weakness; it is an essential part of being human, and ignoring it only makes us poorer healers.

The weight of burnout is also something I have seen in myself—emotional exhaustion, detachment from studies, and a nagging feeling of “Am I good enough?” This burnout can lead to a loss of motivation and, in severe cases, even thoughts of leaving the profession or worse, self-harm. Stories of young doctors and medical students who could not carry the burden any longer are heartbreaking reminders that this is not just statistics—it is life and death.

So, what can be done? The first solution lies in changing the culture of silence. We need open conversations about mental health in medical colleges, classrooms, and hostels. Counseling services should be made easily accessible and stigma-free so that seeking help becomes as normal as visiting the library.

On a personal level, small steps matter. Making time for exercise—even a short walk between lectures—can lower stress. Simple breathing exercises or journaling help in staying grounded when everything feels too much. Sleep and rest are often sacrificed during medical school, but they are vital tools against burnout.

And perhaps most importantly, allowing ourselves to be vulnerable with friends—to share what we are going through—can turn the heaviest of days into something lighter. I have found that a cup of chai with friends, or a silly game session during a hectic week, has saved me more than I could ever admit.

At a larger scale, institutions must realise that producing better doctors does not mean pushing students until they break. Flexible schedules, wellness programs, and mental health awareness campaigns are not luxuries but necessities if we want a healthier, more empathetic generation of doctors.

“We would never tell someone with a broken leg that they should stop wallowing and get it together. We don’t consider taking medication for an ear infection something to be ashamed of. We shouldn’t treat mental health conditions any differently.”

— Michelle Obama

As medical students, we are taught every day to care for others, but somewhere along the way, we must learn to care for ourselves, too. We cannot pour from an empty cup. To heal our patients tomorrow, we must protect our minds and hearts today.

And maybe the first step is as simple as this: looking at the person next to us—or at ourselves in the mirror—and asking with honesty:

Are you okay?



Hunza Diaries: Chai, Charpais & Chaos



When we started our trip at 2 a.m., we didn't know we were in for so many surprises—with the best people I could have ever asked for, friends I'll never forget. Our first destination was Chilas, a 13-hour ride away. But who's counting when you have endless chai stops, a 197-song Spotify playlist, and a junk food mountain that could survive an apocalypse?

Our first official halt was at Besham because, of course, chai equals fuel. Things were smooth until the infamous soap incident. One of my friends had proudly brought liquid soap (the most underrated travel essential), but within minutes of another friend taking it to the bathroom, it was stolen. Just like that, we were a soapless group.

After that, the road tested us with a sandstorm, forcing us into a tiny room with one broken charpai. We huddled together like refugees of fun.

Finally, when we reached our hotel, I sprinted to the shower—only to scream because the water felt like it came directly from the North Pole. But nothing a late-night chai under the Hunza sky couldn't fix.

Naltar Valley: Heaven on Earth

The next morning, Naltar Valley welcomed us with its famous Satrangi and Crystal Lake, a jeep ride that tested our spines, and rain that made the whole place feel like heaven on earth. The place looked straight out of a movie—it had a haunting yet beautiful vibe to it.

The hike was long and, honestly, very dangerous. If my mother had seen what I was doing, she probably would have grounded me forever. But it was so beautiful, so cold, so perfect—I wished I could freeze time.

Attabad & Khunjerab: Movie Scenes & Miracles

Attabad Lake stunned us with its haunting history and impossible beauty. We went all out on boat rides, activities, and quiet moments of awe—and if you haven't taken the infamous jet ski ride at Attabad, you've probably missed everything.

From there, we drove towards Khunjerab Pass, where snowfall turned the world into a Yeh Jawani Hai Deewani scene. Playing in the snow with friends—that memory is stitched into my heart forever.

Our hotel in Hunza had the prettiest view, but the real magic was the 1 a.m. chai run, followed by chaotic rounds of UNO with cheaters who invented rules on the spot. Sleep? Irrelevant. After all, we won't be 22 again in the streets of Hunza.

Fortresses, Food & Fights

The next day, Altit and Baltit Forts gave us history and postcard-perfect views. Karimabad market tested our wallets with walnut cake, mamto, and jewellery—because shopping here is basically a law.

That night, our BBQ turned into a heated game of dumb charades, which naturally ended in a fight. But hey, all was forgiven over yet another round of chai.

Ganesh, Yak & Goodbyes

A slower day brought us to Ganesh Fort, a hidden gem, and then to Yak Grill, where I discovered the joy of yak chilli dry (who knew yak could taste that good?). The sky above was breathtaking—like nature showing off one last time.

Of course, no trip is complete without the “extras”: our driver arguing with the police, random landslide delays, and my ongoing streak of breaking shoes. But honestly, a million pictures later, all of it—the chaos, the laughter, the sleepless nights—is what made this trip unforgettable.

When people say, “college days are the best days,” I used to roll my eyes. But this trip made me realize the true meaning of that sentence. Hunza gave us breathtaking landscapes, but more importantly, it gave us stories we'll still laugh about years from now.

And if anyone asks me my favorite memory?

Simple:

sitting under a sky full of stars, surrounded by friends who felt like family.



Riding Through the Mist

RAO OMER FAROOQ | 4TH YEAR MBBS



It was around 6:00 a.m. on the morning of 16 September 2025 when we found ourselves riding our bikes on the Islamabad–Srinagar Highway. Abdul Saboor was sitting behind me, the air carried a gentle chill, clouds hung low in the sky, and there was a rare, calming silence all around.

The Margalla Hills stood quietly ahead of us, still half-asleep, as the sun had not yet risen. There was a strange peace in that moment, one that felt like the calm before an unforgettable storm. The truth is, this trip had been planned two days earlier, during a time when heavy rains, floods, and landslides were being reported across the country.

I had agreed to the plan in front of my friends, but deep down, I was unsure. Considering the weather and the current situation, I kept thinking of backing out.

Yet I couldn't bring myself to say no. I had done that many times before, and my friends were already annoyed with me for frequently withdrawing from plans. They insisted I go along this time, especially because, as they say, when I'm with them, I keep the group lively and cheerful.

The night before departure was restless. Everyone was busy arranging bikes, camping equipment, raincoats, and food supplies.

Sleep completely escaped me. I was stuck in a dilemma: Should I go or not? And if not, what excuse should I make this time?

Eventually, I went up to Hostel C-9, where Abdul Rehman lived. I asked him to step outside as I had "something important" to discuss. The moment he saw me, he smiled almost as if he already knew what I was about to say. With the most innocent face I could manage, I told him my family was refusing, that I had a fever, and that the current situation was risky.

I mixed enough excuses, but he instantly caught on that my reasons weren't genuine. He simply said, "This time, you're definitely going." And that was that.

By the time morning arrived, I hadn't slept at all, half due to anxiety, half due to excitement. Our destination was Mushkpuri Top. I took a quick shower, packed hiking gear, warm clothes, and an extra jacket, and we finally set off on our bikes.

From the Srinagar Highway, we reached Zero Point, where we stopped at a hotel for breakfast. Since we had a camping cylinder, we planned to cook fried food at the top, Hissan Raza being the expert in that department.

After breakfast, we resumed our journey, now on the Murree Expressway. We were seven people on three bikes.

One bike was in particularly good condition, so three slim riders, Abuzar, Yaha, and Abdul Rehman, shared it. Hurraira and Hissan Raza were on another bike, while Abdul Saboor and I rode together.

As soon as we entered the expressway, Abdul Rehman was fined Rs. 2000 for not wearing a helmet. We pleaded with the traffic warden, promising compliance, but he wouldn't budge.

Not long after, Abdul Rehman was stopped *again* for the same reason, this time receiving only a warning, after which he finally wore his helmet. Why he hadn't worn it earlier remains a mystery to me.

By 11:00 a.m., we entered Murree, and a drizzle began. Our route took us to GPO Murree, where clouds wrapped the road so completely that it felt like riding through the sky.

The view was breathtaking, something words can barely capture. We parked our bikes, walked around in the rain, and truly enjoyed the moment.

At 12:00 p.m., we left Murree for Nathia Gali. The road became steeper with every turn, pushing the bikes to their limits, sometimes barely reaching 20–30 km/h.

At one point, I seriously thought it would have been wiser to walk instead of riding.

Still, the views were unbelievably beautiful. Soon, the rain intensified, forcing us to stop under a shelter. Nathia Gali was about 1.5 hours away, but in that weather, the journey felt endless.

When we finally resumed riding, the rain turned torrential. I began silently praying, hoping we wouldn't be caught in a landslide.

Water rushed down the steep slopes, and despite wearing raincoats, we were soaked.

Suddenly, my bike stalled as the engine had taken in water. The other two bikes were already ahead; there was no mobile signal, and the rain was relentless. Standing there helplessly, I wondered how I had ended up in such an adventure.

After a while, Abdul Rehman and Huraira returned. Seeing me stranded, they siphoned petrol from their bike into mine. By then, the rain had eased. We finally reached Nathia Gali, refuelled the bikes, and continued toward Mushkpuri.

The rain returned lightly as we arrived. We rented hiking sticks, shouldered our bags, and began the hike. At first, it felt easy, but the rain had made the trail dangerously slippery.

Still, the views along the way were unreal beyond imagination. After about 1.5 hours, we reached the top.

What awaited us there is something my heart still holds onto. Clouds floated around us, lush green mountains stretched endlessly, and a deep sense of peace surrounded everything.

We lay down on the grass, clouds above us, silence all around. At times, the clouds would clear, revealing majestic landscapes, then return.

Despite raincoats, our clothes and shoes were soaked; only our mobile phones survived, thanks to plastic covers.

Hissan used the campfire kit to make delicious burgers, and we sat together, talking, laughing, taking pictures, playing UNO and cards, and making tea, which doubled the joy.

By 4:00 p.m., it was time to head back. Leaving was hard because my heart simply didn't want to descend.

The way down was even more difficult due to slippery stones and rain-soaked paths.

By 5:00 p.m., we were back at the base and began our return journey on bikes. Darkness fell as we crossed Murree again, and riding through the pitch-dark mountains felt eerie.

The expressway seemed endless, exhaustion took over, and I hadn't slept the night before.

Our only goal was to somehow reach Islamabad safely.

At 7:30 p.m., we reached Islamabad. We stopped to decide on dinner because some voted for KFC, others for Khabbay ki Sajji in I-8. Sajji won.

After a satisfying meal, we headed back to Taxila.

By then, our wet clothes had dried, and at 10:00 p.m., we finally reached the hostel.

When I took off my shoes, my feet looked exactly like the “fisherman’s foot” we studied in forensic medicine.

Was it a wise decision to travel like this on bikes? Maybe not. But the joy of taking a risk is unmatched.

This was the most memorable trip of my life. I returned with my body and mind, but my heart stayed behind on Mushkpuri Top. It became a memory I will cherish forever.

As this travel log finds its place in a magazine, I hope whoever reads it feels inspired to visit that place to witness with their own eyes the beauty of nature that words can never fully capture.

And if life gives me the chance, I will surely take such a journey again with friends, clouds, rain, and the mountains calling once more.



SMILES IN THE MOUNTAINS

A DENTAL CAMP JOURNEY TO SKARDU VALLEY



From the winding roads to Chilas, to the towering peaks of Skardu, the journey was as meaningful as the smiles restored through dental care.

Pakistan Association of Dental Students (PADS) recently organized a 5-day dental camp trip to Skardu, combining professional service with cultural and natural exploration.

DAY 1:

My friends and I, Urwa and Mubashir, reached the Islamabad Daewoo terminal at around 5 am in the morning. Our seating in buses was being finalized. Meanwhile, we had chai at a dhabba there (mandatory), saw many enthusiastic dental students like us in high spirits, all geared up for an unforgettable escapade from the same boring routine.

It was definitely a very tiring journey of about 14 hrs from Islamabad to Chilas. Yes, of course, traversing such a huge distance was painstaking and full of monotony, yet the anticipation of being swathed in the magical colours and adventures that awaited us was enough to keep our spirits high.

DAY 2:

After a one-night stay in Chilas, we began our journey towards Skardu after breakfast. It was approx a 6-7 hr drive along with our beloved bus no 3 mates, Islamabad x Karachi (what a lethal crossover). That journey was less than a drive, more of an adventure carved in the mountains.

As soon as we entered Skardu Valley, our first stop definitely had to be the mighty Sarfarama.

That jeep safari across the desert dunes at sunset was a thrilling experience, where the golden rays of the setting sun illuminated the shifting sands, creating an atmosphere of both adventure and serenity.

DAY 3:

The following day was dedicated to the Dental Camp setup at a government girls' high school, Shigar (a half-hour drive from our hotel, Himalaya in Skardu). Many groups were made of 3 students each from different dental colleges, and we were properly briefed about how to run the camp.

Hundreds of local people and students were provided free dental checkups, oral hygiene education, and, most importantly, brushing techniques were explained. The initiative not only addressed immediate health concerns but also created awareness about preventive dental care. As a token of appreciation, we were invited to have lunch with the Assistant Commissioner of Skardu afterwards.

The same day, very unexpectedly, we bumped into our Lahori friends and planned to visit the Bashu Valley with them. It was a 2 hr drive by car, and then we booked a jeep up to Bashu valley for a further 45-minute very bumpy ride. Breathtaking panorama of lush green meadows, crystal clear streams, snow-capped peaks around- a true vision of HEAVEN ON EARTH. The jeep ride back from Bashu valley at night was bumpy, rough, and wayyy more horrifying. It made me remember the jeep ride to Fairy Meadows.

DAY 4:

The subsequent excursion led to DEOSAI PLAINS- "The land of giants". It's known as the second-highest roof of the world with a height of 4114 metres above sea level.

Stretching endlessly under an open sky, the Deosai Plains offered a majestic sight of rolling grasslands dotted with wildflowers, set against the backdrop of towering snow-clad peaks.

Sheosar Lake lay like a sapphire jewel in the heart of Deosai, its still waters mirroring the surrounding mountains and sky, creating a view so serene it felt almost surreal.

DAY 5:

The final day included a visit to Upper Kachura Lake, where we did speed boating and zip lining- what a thrilling experience. Also got a chance to see "Shangrila Resort"-the sight of a heart-shaped lake surrounded by colourful flowers and majestic peaks- it almost felt like stepping into a dream in real life. Our journey came to an end when we headed back to Islamabad from Shangrila. Had a straight 8 hr journey with refreshment breaks in between. The air inside the bus was filled with a quiet calm.

I could see tired faces leaning against the windows, yet each carried a glow of joy, of fulfillment, of the new friendship bonds that we all made with each other. It was unbelievable how 5 days ago, the people who were all strangers to me, now felt like old friends who were leaving behind. How all of us, after a tiring day, sat outside in our hotel lawn, wearing jackets and shawls, having chai or coffee, and shared many, many stories and laughter.

This was not just a return; it was an end to a chapter that would remain forever in my heart. This road trip exhausted my body but nourished my soul with memories that time can't erase. Eagerly waiting for our next year PADs trip so I'm able to see those familiar faces and live my life truly for once again. I think I really belong in the mountains now!

Not Your Typical Book Review: A Dropout Talks Meaning, Suffering, and Life

A special thanks to Sahar Waheed for her collaboration with the HITEC-IMS Literary Society

Before I move on, I would like to reassure my reader that I am most definitely no longer plagued by the concerns that will be discussed from here on out, simply because, as much as it was difficult to believe at the time, you do really move on—it just takes some time getting there.

Furthermore, I do certainly hope my reader believes that I read the book because, as much as I love to read, my interests lie in fantasy and fiction, books that take me to worlds with mythical creatures and, well, excuse my language here, awesome female main characters.

Most importantly, however, reading books is like living a thousand lives in a thousand worlds, and let's just say living the life of a prisoner in a Nazi prison was not my version of an ideal weekend.

Finally, before moving on, I must say I agree with the sentiment that not everyone wants a startup. Despite being a business student, I have neither the desire nor the drive to have a startup. I would have, however, unlike my fellow student who messaged you, worded my sentiment in a very different manner. So, let's go on a journey of incessant effort and drive, brief vibrant success, and the ultimate demise of a dream.

In 2018, I, too, like much of the youth of Pakistan, decided that I was to be a doctor.



It was a path chosen by me despite my parents' reservations about my decision, and so began the next five years of my life. Five years during which I lived and breathed for this purpose—getting into medical school.

No social life, no going out, no friends, no sleep. With 16 hours a day spent studying, with me taking my books into the shower because I apparently thought cleansing myself was a waste of time (surprise, surprise—I did not smell like a bunch of daisies then, but good news, I now shower regularly), and with timing my bathroom breaks, I was exhausted.

I like to say that I didn't have expectations of what my life would be like after I got in, and in a sense, that's true. I didn't have an idea of what my friends would be like, I didn't think about what the building would be like, or what type of classmates I would have; I just had one simple expectation—that I would be happy once I got in. How that happiness would manifest, I didn't know, but my brain was convinced that once I got in, I would be happy and I would finally be able to breathe.

The fact that I am here writing this out is a pretty good indication that things didn't pan out well. I did, however, at the time, somehow manage to get in. I weaseled my way into KEMU and, my oh my, was I happy. I actually cried when I saw the building.

My parents dropped me off at my hostel on Sunday, so naturally, the campus was closed. My dad took me around the block to show me the area (he went to school near there), and when we passed by the Patiala Gate, he asked the guard if we could go inside—a request the guard refused. However, I guess he saw something that made him realize how desperately I needed to see that I had made it, so he let me take a peek from outside the gate.

I cried—not big fat tears, just a silver lining in my eyes. What I didn't realize at the time was that I would be crying a lot more often from then on out. I am not going to go into intricate details of why I left, but for this assignment, let's shrink down the reasoning to a more humorous aspect of it, shall we?

I need to mention here that I am not some lazy person (excuse my language) who just quit med school, okay. The place was awful. I spent the better part of a year living in a hostel that was more rat-infested than Gusteau's kitchen at the end of Ratatouille. So much so that I had to resort to naming the rats.

Out of all the stories I had created for the rats, this one is by far my favorite: "A cute, petite rat was living on my floor in a nook in the bathroom named 'Chambeli,' who was involved in a scandalous love affair with a stud rat named 'Hero.' Despite their Shakespeare-worthy love story, the two had to secretly rendezvous outside the bathroom so as not to get caught by Chambeli's dad, who lived behind the water cooler."

I sincerely hope this reasoning doesn't reflect badly upon me as a person. I am not nearly as spoiled as I sound in this story (although my family may disagree), but this is a much easier way of explaining why I left—not to someone else, but to myself.

So, believe what you may; I am, at the moment, consciously choosing to preserve my sanity through humor, much like Viktor's suggestion (yes, I did read the book, although quite begrudgingly, I might add).

After I dropped out and came back to Rawalpindi, it was interesting to see the shift in people's opinions. It was almost palpable, as if I could grab their judgment.

People who just a year ago celebrated my success, patted me on the back, and told me they knew all along I could do it—people who went so far as to ask me to hold their child because they thought my studiousness might rub off on them (I wish I were making this up, but unfortunately, I am not)—were now suddenly at my doorstep telling me what a big mistake I was making, a mistake I would regret for the rest of my life.

The “doctor bacha” was now just “bacha,” stripped of her title and honor.

It really makes you wonder what people see you as. Numbered prisoners, titled individuals—all it is, is a difference of qualitative and quantitative labeling, isn't it?

I am now dangerously close to the word limit, meaning that I need to stop rambling and, concisely and efficiently, answer the assignment questions in sequence.

I am pretty sure I had this as an essay topic for one of my English exams during school. I have no recollection of what I wrote then, but I suppose the purpose would be what gets you up in the morning. It does not have to be big; it can change every day. If your purpose on a particular morning is to get up to have a delicious cup of chai, is that wrong? I do not remember learning any such rules as a child, but feel free to correct me if you think I am wrong.

I must say these are very philosophical questions, and I am not a philosophical person. I honestly cannot come up with a definitive answer to this question. I suppose that if you do not give extrinsic motivation to your purpose, you should generally be good to go.

You say forget it to the world and do what you want. There is no succeeding with the world—none. No matter what you do, you will be considered behind by some standard, so it is best to put the standard where no one can see it—under your bed, a part of your room you always tell yourself you will get around to cleaning but never do.

There is not much I would change. As difficult as the journey was, I am glad I went through it. I now know that my obsession knows very limited bounds, and I will go as far as drinking a large amount of water before going to sleep just so that I can wake up a couple of hours later to study (yes, as ashamed as I may be to admit this, I did employ this tactic to avoid oversleeping because apparently Sahar from five years ago thought sleeping was for the weak).

I would, however, going forward, ask why I am embarking on the journey, and as long as I have an answer to that, I think I will be good to go.

Because what else is there to do? You live and learn. I did it once; I can, and I will do it again. What happened was meant to happen, and what will happen is meant to happen as well, so embrace the death in Tehran ideology and move forward.

I do realize that my answers may feel somewhat blunt and surface-level. This isn't how I would have approached this assignment had I been tasked with it right after I came back to Rawalpindi. You would have probably seen astronomical amounts of anger, frustration, and most of all, exhaustion in my answers, but that is just it—you live, you grow, and you forget.

.

Moments become too distant to feel real, and in a way, I suppose that is what keeps you going, and that is what kept me going as well: the hope that eventually, it will all feel too far away to be significant.

What gives my life meaning? Me. My family. My friends. Chai. Fall weather.

Who said meaning has to be attached to some pragmatic force of nature? Why can I not find my meaning in drinking a cup of chai with my mother on the porch while the neighborhood kids send their cricket balls hurling toward our house, despite their promises that they will no longer do that?

To me, intrinsic motivation is not a spark that ignites all of a sudden; it is a wall you build, brick by brick, second by second.

If the question is how you rebuild after it tumbles, the answer is the same way you built it the first time—but this time around, you make it sturdier.

However, you do not do that right after you get hurt.

First, you sit. You mourn your loss. You curse the disappointment. You wallow. And you cry until you no longer want to cry.

Then, once you have felt all that you needed to feel, you move to rebuild.

While I must say I did not love the book, something I did quite enjoy was reading how suffering fills you whole, evenly, like gas taking up space in an open room.

It is quite amusing how we, as people, love to ignore those ever-present emotions that have spread into every nook of our being and think, "If I ignore it, it will go away."

That is not how it works; you need to clear out the room to make space for newer, better emotions

I thank you for accompanying me on this trip down memory lane. I will probably see you during the next assignment. Until then, my reader, farewell.

MOVIE REVIEWS

MERRIUM ZAFAR



EMERGENCY DECLARATION

IMDb Rating: 6.8/10.

Emergency Declaration is a South Korean Disaster film. While investigating a terrorist threat that goes viral online, police discover that the terrorist has boarded an international flight K1501 with a deadly virus.

When a healthy passenger on the flight suddenly dies, panic erupts in-flight and on the ground. The authorities on the ground try their best to find a cure for the virus while passengers and flight crew on the plane take emergency measures to save their lives.

This movie is relevant to our era and is thought-provoking.

SHOOTER

IMDb Rating: 7.1/10.

Starring Mark Wahlberg, Shooter is an intense, thrilling, and gritty movie. Bob Lee Swagger is an excellent marksman who is approached to enlist his aid in an assassination attempt on the President during a public speaking event. Swagger takes on the job but realises he has been betrayed. Watch this movie to find out how he takes revenge on some of the most powerful and corrupt leaders.

THE ITALIAN JOB

IMDb Rating: 7/10.

A team is assembled for a heist to steal \$35 million in gold bars from Venice, Italy. After successfully pulling off the heist, a member of the team, driven by greed, betrays his teammates. The rest of the team vows to take revenge and recover the gold. This movie offers a charismatic cast, plot elements, and thrills. It is a very entertaining and a must-watch heist and chase film.

SHE'S THE MAN

IMDb Rating: 6.4/10.

Viola is a teenage girl whose life is soccer. After the school decides to no longer keep the women's soccer team, Viola decides to disguise herself as her brother and join the male soccer team at his new boarding school. Soon, she falls in love with her roommate, Duke. Trying to prove that a girl can be as good as a male soccer player, Viola struggles to keep her identity as a girl hidden. It is a teen romantic comedy film, totally worth watching.

EXIT

IMDb Rating: 7/10.

A 2019 South Korean film, this movie offers action, comedy, and thrill. The film also has a lot of touching scenes, and every moment of the movie is worth watching. The story is about two rock climbers, Yong-Nam and Eui-Joo, who survive the poisonous gas spread by a terrorist. When the gas spreads in the city, everyone tries to get to the roof to be rescued by helicopters. After saving his family, our leads are left behind, so they must survive on their own. The comedy in this movie makes it even better and worth watching.

HOURS

IMDb Rating: 6.3/10.

It is a dramatic, tense, tragic, and volatile movie starring Paul Walker. The movie highlights the story of a father who struggles to keep his baby alive after a hurricane hits New Orleans. The baby needs to be kept on a ventilator for two days before she starts breathing on her own. When the power goes out in the hospital, after the hurricane hits, Nolan finds a hand-cranked generator to manually charge the ventilator battery, which holds a charge for only three minutes. The struggle of a father to keep his loved one alive is a plot always worth watching.

THE SHALLOWS

IMDb 6.3/10.

Starring Blake Lively as Nancy Adams, *The Shallows* is a harrowing, frightening, and suspenseful film. It is a survival thriller that keeps its audience involved from the start. Nancy is a surfer who is attacked by a shark, which leaves her stranded on a rock 200 yards from the shore. *The Shallows* is no doubt one of the best shark movies ever made.

She Writes To Breathe

In the whispers of twilight, when the world unwinds,
She dives into the pages with her thoughts combined.

Ink on her hands, stardust in her eyes,
She weaves a poetic world where her spirit flies.
She writes about love, betrayal & gloomy skies,
About silent battles and unsaid goodbyes.

Her pen is a sword, journal-a shield,
She conquers her chaos in every written field.

Hopes rise in her thoughtful gaze,
She dreams in metaphors, drifts in phrases.
She finds a gentle peace from her pen to page,
Like finding a calm in her own crafted cage.

She's the one who writes to breathe,
To mend the cracks that lie beneath.

Aimen Altaf

Women Empowerment

She walks with fire beneath her feet,
An unbowed soul, a will complete.
Through storms of doubt and resisting throng,
She craves her pathway to be courageous & strong.
The "lesser" she's told, the "more" she desires,
Walks ahead and unravels the wires.
Her glow defies the darkest night,
No hand can steal her sacred light.
More than just a daughter, wife, and a random name,
She is the epitome of power, passion, love & flame.
Here's to the women who rise & shine,
With strength in soul & thoughts divine,
With stardust dreams & fire-lit skies.
I dream of a day, bold and bright,
Where every woman can claim her right.
With hearts empowered, standing tall,
Holding sheer grace through it all.

Aimen Altaf

Journey

When time first whispered to us about the abyss, about anchoring our growth and shaping our careers with ambition, we began a journey.

A journey of learning how humans are formed, how they function, and how to treat the problems associated with them.

A journey that began with fear and excitement, butterflies in the stomach, cold evenings spent wandering, and introductions to strangers. Faces filled with big dreams, yet worried about the future, carrying countless questions.

The journey started like a train standing at a platform, everyone seated in the same cabin. Then came the first test, the fear the night before, but the train kept moving. And so did we.

We kept experiencing.

We kept learning.

We kept facing our fears.

We moved forward despite insecurities, through endless nights and cold evenings.

Everything passed like tunnels during a train ride, moments of extreme darkness, followed by light.

Now, the train is about to reach its final station. Those strangers have become family. Those fears have transformed into trust.

We learned how humans function, how they behave, how they laugh, how they react, and how they are formed.

We learned how to treat diseases and how to treat ourselves.

We learned how to sleep peacefully before exams.

This journey began in turmoil but led to solace.

If life offered us a wormhole, a passage that connects two points in the universe, we would connect the beginning of this journey to its end, just to relive it once more.

A journey from turmoil to solace.

Rest in peace

To the undone ties, To the hard goodbyes, Moirai weep, fate cries,
Rest in peace, Rest in peace

For a split second I pay heed, Each time had its own need, And fate might have
intervened,
Rest in peace, Rest in peace.

Hearts shattered, but boy oh boy, To the broken ties we wave goodbye, To
honest friendships we say ahoy, To the times we weren't at ease,
Rest in peace, Rest in peace.

It's fine though, People come, People go, we lose them? Sure! But we learn,
though. So let me help you on the go, This burden we bore, let it go, Break the
shackles, be at ease,
Rest in peace, Rest in peace.

Growing from seeds newly sown, You'll learn and live, life bowed, Rest in peace
to those brokenhearted, Rest in peace to those departed,
Rest in peace, Rest in peace.

Those who'll heal and breathe again, Somebody's loss be someone's gain, Rest
in peace, we sail again,
Rest in peace, Rest in peace.

Let it go, cut 'em ties, Ones now removed, from our lives, To those who never left
a choice,
Rest in peace, Rest in peace.

To the broken promises we had to avoid, To the secrets never meant to abide,
& the promises never kept to bide, Rest in peace to a vacant void, Love bereft,
hope devoid,
Rest in peace, Rest in peace.

Dear Sun

Dear sun
Do you know?
That whenever I catch your sight,
At the time before the night,
You remind me,
Those endings can also be beautiful

When you have painted the horizon red,
And life is something that I dread,
And all the fears have died,
You remind me,
Those endings can also be beautiful

When the day is dying and the night is taking over,
But still it's not dark yet
And I wish it could forever be sunset
You remind me,
That endings can also be beautiful

That after all day long,
After all the ups and downs,
After all the smiles and frowns,
You remind me,
Those endings can also be beautiful

That after each sunset,
With the hope of another rise,
Another day of being wise,
With the realm of tearless eyes,
You remind me,
Those endings can too be beautiful

Malaika arooj

Each mortal thinks they are the worst sinner.

'Tis a world so lost, though be a winner,
 Each mortal thinks they are the worst sinner
 Wandering, pondering, gazing alone,
 On a cold moonlit night, stars shone
 A pen, a page, or should I memorize?
 Thoughts of rage, I'd like to summarize
 Tapping, writing, drafting, tearing,
 Voices echoing, thoughts endearing
 Be it reality or a poignant fiction,
 Memories I hold, sorrows I bore,
 Makes me wander more and more
 A moonlit night and stars shone,
 Oh dear worries! Leave me alone
 In the cold breeze, a shiver runs down my spine,
 Was anything ever promised?
 To be mine. Only mine?
 I struggle, I strive, and try to compose,
 Words my head would otherwise enclose
 A man undefiled or a man dissolute,
 Each mortal has sentiments
 They think they are drowning in the depths of their sins,
 While the same thoughts are occurring in the minds of their kins
 Be it a man,
 A man undefiled, a man dissolute,
 Each mortal, thus, has feelings acute
 But some people seek, who repent,
 Who refuge and remorse and pursue the clement
 Then they learn to swim, and they reach the shore,
 And conquer the quests their hearts bore
 May the voices in their heads be quiet soon,
 May the cured hearts loom, in the bleak cold noon.

Malaika arooj

I Still Call Him Father

He broke more than promises,
He broke the silence with fists,
And left bruises not just on skin,
But *in* years we can never fix.

I watched my mother swallow storms,
Her eyes dimmed like dying stars.
He never saw the wreckage he caused,
Only *his* throne of fragile scars.

My siblings grew up in shadows,
Learning fear before they could speak,
While he wore pride like armor,
And we, the meek, too meek.

But still...
I cannot hate him.

I've tried.
God knows, I've tried.
Held the rage like fire in my chest,
Wrote letters I never sent,
Screamed into pillows until dawn,
And yet—

When he coughs in the other room,
I listen.

When he walks more slowly now,
I find myself waiting.

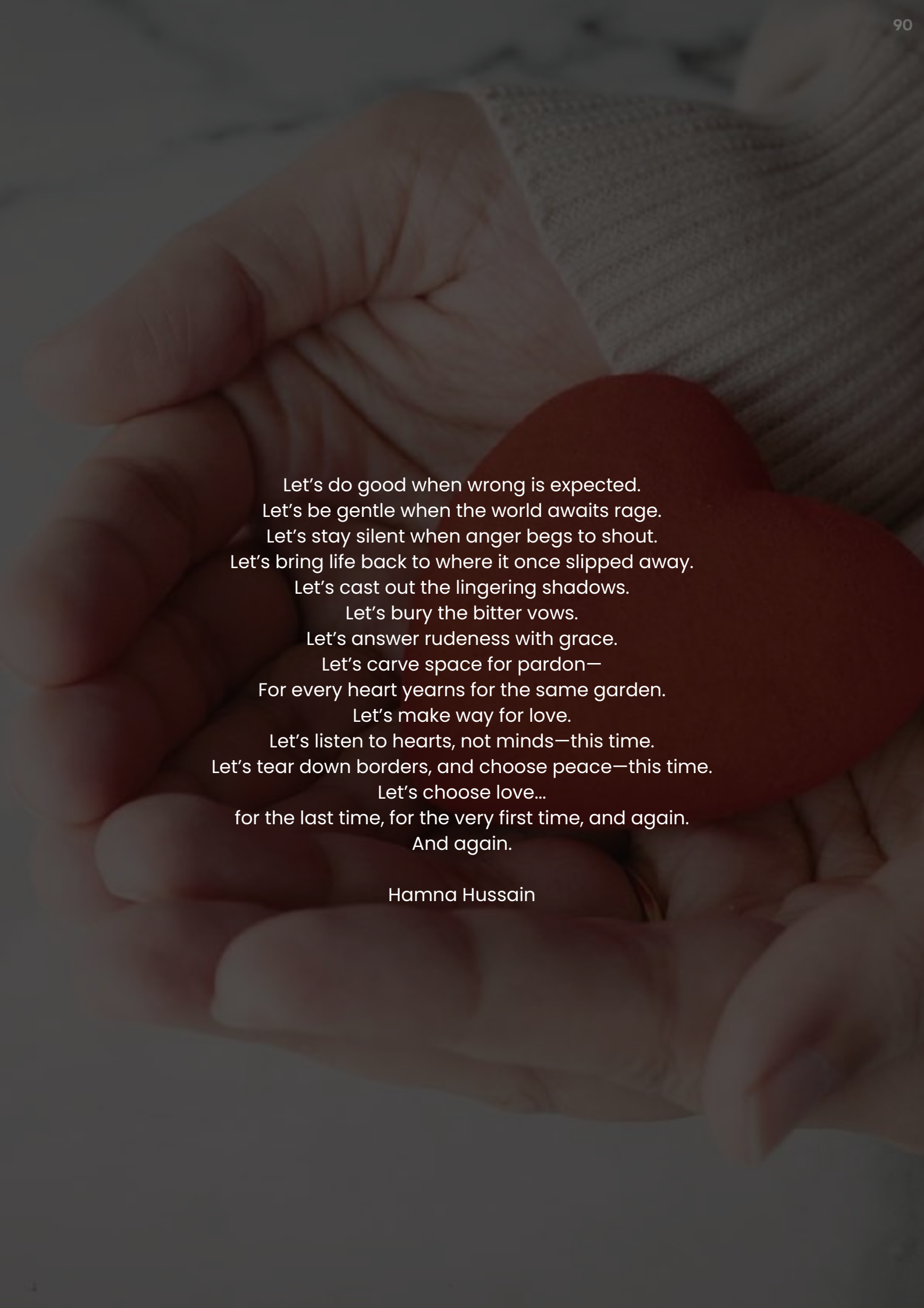
I hate what he did,
Not who he is.
I hate the way he never said sorry,
But I still forgave him.

Because love is cruel like that —
It bleeds and binds,
Forgives without forgetting,
Holds hands that once let go,
And prays for the man
Who never prayed for you.

Somewhere in this twisted love,
I carry him —
Not out of honor,
Not out of duty,
But because my heart,
Stubborn and shattered,
Still remembers
He was my first word.
And I don't know
How to unlove him.

Marium Gulzar





Let's do good when wrong is expected.
Let's be gentle when the world awaits rage.
Let's stay silent when anger begs to shout.
Let's bring life back to where it once slipped away.
Let's cast out the lingering shadows.
Let's bury the bitter vows.
Let's answer rudeness with grace.
Let's carve space for pardon—
For every heart yearns for the same garden.
Let's make way for love.
Let's listen to hearts, not minds—this time.
Let's tear down borders, and choose peace—this time.
Let's choose love...
for the last time, for the very first time, and again.
And again.

Hamna Hussain

The silence is only a deafening noise
No sound affects my soul anymore.

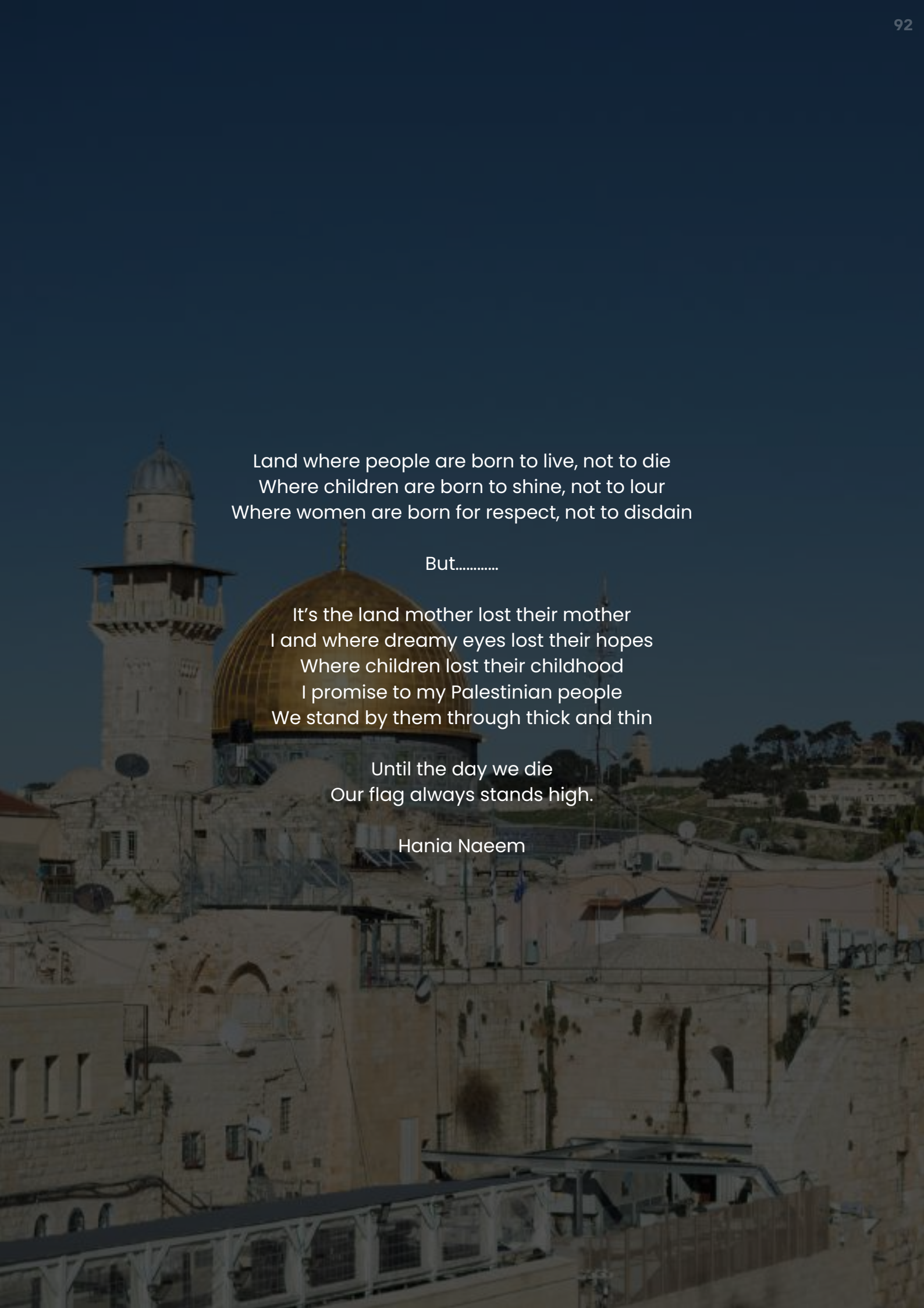
I've adopted my own sadness
No joy thrills my heart anymore.

My thoughts always haunt me
No joke makes me laugh anymore.

Lost in a state of unknown grief
No face attracts my eyes anymore.

I'm a hollow soul with apathy
No one steals my heart anymore.

Sabeen Raza



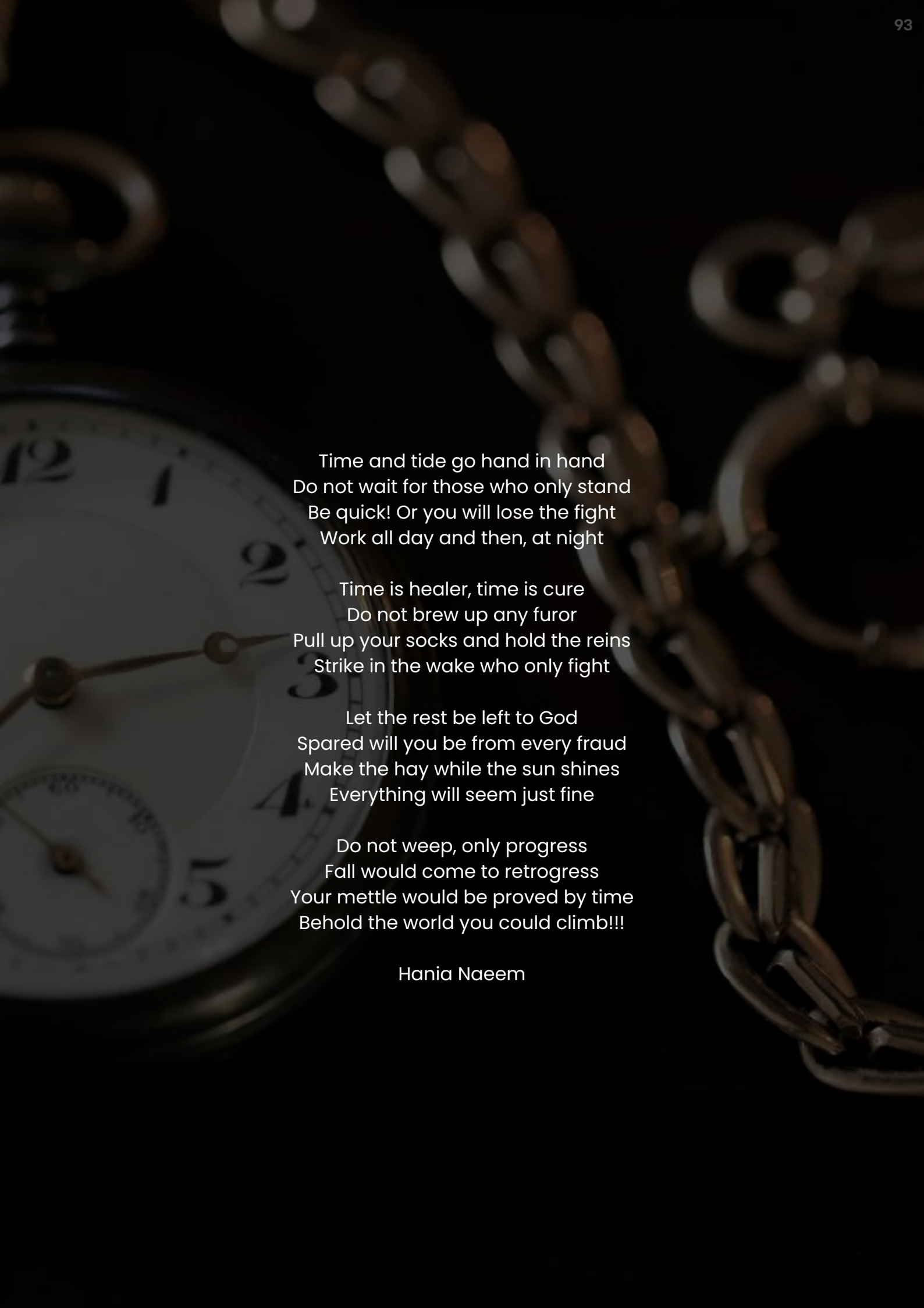
Land where people are born to live, not to die
Where children are born to shine, not to lour
Where women are born for respect, not to disdain

But.....

It's the land mother lost their mother
I and where dreamy eyes lost their hopes
Where children lost their childhood
I promise to my Palestinian people
We stand by them through thick and thin

Until the day we die
Our flag always stands high.

Hania Naeem



Time and tide go hand in hand
Do not wait for those who only stand
Be quick! Or you will lose the fight
Work all day and then, at night

Time is healer, time is cure
Do not brew up any furor
Pull up your socks and hold the reins
Strike in the wake who only fight

Let the rest be left to God
Spared will you be from every fraud
Make the hay while the sun shines
Everything will seem just fine

Do not weep, only progress
Fall would come to retrogress
Your mettle would be proved by time
Behold the world you could climb!!!

Hania Naeem

Darkness has prevailed.
humanity is unveiled.
Humans are laughing, standing away —
But the man is still taking his way.

Stony hearts, messy life, a materialistic era —
I am lost in the darkness of this era.
My heart is burning;
Why am I still standing?

Oh, the ashes all around —
telling the story of life once found.
Humans are buried.
The beasts are roaring.
Bodies are mimicking life —
I am watching with wide-open eyes.

The world is turned;
Life is stunned.
Humanity is moaning.
There's a noise:
"It's show time."

Beasts are laughing;
Humans are moaning;
souls are roaming around,
looking at the bodies crawling on the ground.

The world is burnt; life has suicided.
Everything ended, everyone ended.

Oh dear men, congratulations —
You are free from humanity.

Shireen Fatima

In the silence of the forming frame,
The yolk sac rose without a name.
It fed the blood, it shaped the start —
a humble role, a beating heart.

It folded inward, lost its face,
becoming gut, then left no trace.
From the foregut rise the breath and bile,
while midgut spins its twisted mile.

The hindgut holds the final gate —
all shaped by time, all ruled by fate.
Endoderm lines, mesoderm builds —
Each layer forms the body's guilds.

No monument, no final call —
The yolk sac fades to fuel it all.
From transient roots, the systems grow —
a legacy too few may know.

Shireen Fatima

To Hold and Not Let Go

To hold and not let go,
a promise ever so sincere,
Whispered in twilight hush,
too soft for doubt or fear.

Our fingers laced like verses,
hearts pulsing in the rhyme,
Yet fate, a cruel composer,
rewrote the song of time.

The stars had once conspired
to keep us side by side,
But now they scatter silently
where lonely dreams reside.

Your voice, a ghost at sunrise,
still lingers in the air
I reach, I grasp, I falter
You're never truly there.

The days are long and hollow,
The nights are too cold to sleep,
Memories bloom like thorns
in the garden that I keep.

How helpless is the heart
when tethered to the past,
It beats, it breaks,
It waits for moments that don't last.

I do not curse the silence
or beg the skies above,
For even in your absence,
I ache with endless love.

To hold and not let go,
Though distance claims its due
Was not just a vow, but an echo
forever bound to you.

Syed Abdul Saboor Ali

People of HITEC

What's the most surprising thing about the curriculum compared to what you expected?

I never wanted to become a doctor because I was scared of always hearing, "Medical students ki life hi nahi hoti, itna syllabus hota hai." But after spending four years in this college, I can confidently say that your life is in your own hands. No syllabus can define it, and honestly, it's not that difficult ;)

Safa Khattak (4th Year MBBS)

Which study method or resource has been an absolute game-changer for you?

For me, the most effective method of studying is self-study. Reading a specific topic from the book in a silent room does wonders for me compared to everything else. I believe reading and understanding topics myself and recalling them actively is the most effective way of retaining information.

Zeela Shoaib (4th Year MBBS)

Describe your first "real" patient interaction. What did it teach you?

My dad. It taught me to cherish every passing second and be grateful for a healthy body.

Suhaib Farooq (2nd Year MBBS)



How do you balance the overwhelming volume of information?

I balance the overwhelming volume of info by prioritising the reliable resources, breaking topics into manageable parts, and focusing on whatever is most relevant to my goals. This helps me stay organised without the pressure of being overloaded.

Ahmad Ayyaz Mir (4th Year MBBS)

What's the most valuable piece of advice a resident or attending has given you?

Be honest with yourself about what you know and don't know, and never hesitate to ask ur senior, trust the process, and stop comparing oneself to others.

Javeria Bint-e-Abid (4th year MBBS)

How collaborative vs competitive is the environment among your peers?

The environment among my peers was more competitive than collaborative. Everyone was focused on their own performance and goals, reflecting the idea that success was pursued individually rather than collectively. There was limited sharing of ideas or mutual academic support, creating an atmosphere where one had to rely mainly on oneself.

Aman Shahid (4th Year MBBS)

Which rotation or clinical subject has fascinated you the most so far, and why?

I had always taken a keen interest in ENT and ophthalmology throughout my fourth year, and never expected to be drawn toward obs/ gynae in my final year. However, witnessing three women become mothers for the first time was profoundly life-changing. Amidst the agonising pain and blood, I saw anticipation, resilience, and hope in their eyes, and an unmistakable light when they first saw their child. It was a moment that revealed the raw strength and dignity of women. It reinforced for me that medicine is not only about treating disease, but about honouring the lives and stories entrusted to us.

Saliha Waqar (4th Year MBSS)

What's a common misconception people have about medical/dental school that you'd like to correct?

A common misconception about medical and dental school is that it is only about being academically brilliant. In truth, it demands emotional strength, patience, and resilience as much as intelligence. Behind the white coats are students who face exhaustion, self-doubt, and constant pressure, yet continue to show up. Medical school doesn't just teach us how to treat patients—it teaches us humility, empathy, and perseverance.

Marium Gulzar (4th Year MBBS)

How has your perspective on healthcare systems changed since starting?

As I reflect on our healthcare journey, I'm heartened to see patients empowered with knowledge and doctors building genuine connections. The new generation's focus on mental health and empathy is a beautiful shift. For our patients, for our colleagues, let's cultivate positivity. It's contagious, and it's healing. In government setups, high patient loads can often compromise this empathy, but I've seen young doctors go the extra mile to connect. Patients are now more informed, partly due to technology, which brings both benefits and challenges in managing expectations.

Syeda Kainat Fatima (Final Year MBBS)

What's the hardest exam or assessment you've faced, and how did you get through it?

The hardest exam I have ever faced was my FSc exams, a period when I was away from home, standing on my own, and quietly fighting battles my family never knew about. Loneliness, pressure, and self-doubt often weighed heavily, making each day feel like a test beyond the syllabus. I overcame it by holding on through perseverance, ratta-fying the chemistry book, and taking strength from the idea that endurance itself was a form of success.

Abduallah Bin Amir (4th Year MBBS)

What's a non-academic skill (e.g., communication, time management, empathy) you've had to consciously develop?

Empathy. During clinical years, I consciously learned that listening and understanding patients is as important as making a diagnosis. Developing empathy helped me connect better with patients and approach medicine more humanely.
Hoor Fatima (3rd Year MBBS)

How do you handle the pressure and avoid burnout?

Whenever my emotions overwhelm me, and the pressure becomes too heavy, I turn to Allah—in tahajjud, in quiet prayers, or by sitting alone, staring at the sky. I talk to Him, ask Him to hold my hand, to stay with me when I feel scared and alone. I don't know how it works, but it always does. And I also believe in giving yourself a moment of self-love, even half an hour amid academic pressure. Whether it's a prof exam or a block, it refreshes the mind—like recharging a drained battery.
Iman Tahir (Final Year MBBS)

Describe a time you failed or made a significant mistake. What did you learn?

Failing an important assessment early in medical school humbled me. It taught me resilience, self-reflection, and the importance of consistent effort, which still guide me in medicine.
Abuzar Fahim (4th Year MBBS)

What does "self-care" realistically look like for you during a busy block?

During a busy block exam, self-care looks like this for me: basics done consistently: getting enough sleep, eating simple, nourishing meals, taking short breaks to breathe or stretch, staying hydrated, and setting clear boundaries so I don't burn out.
Aiza Rubab (2nd Year MBBS)



What's a fear or insecurity you had at the start that you've overcome (or are working on)?

For a long time, I struggled to say no to those closest to me, fearing that refusal might hurt them or cast me as uncaring. I often placed their needs above my own, even when it left me overwhelmed. Gradually, I came to understand that setting boundaries is not rejection; it is an act of honesty and self-respect. I am still learning, but each "no" has been quietly liberating, revealing that healthy relationships are grounded in mutual respect, not self-sacrifice. Loving others does not demand losing oneself.

Hamna Ahmad (4th Year MBBS)

What's the biggest sacrifice you've felt you had to make for your training?

The biggest sacrifice I've made during my training at HIT Taxila is distance, being away from my home in Jhang. It meant missing daily moments with my parents, living without familiar emotional support, and learning to carry personal responsibilities and grief alongside professional duties. Choosing training over comfort taught me resilience, independence, and the quiet strength it takes to grow into a doctor.

Saarym Ashraf (Final Year MBBS)

What motivates you on the toughest days?

On my toughest days, I draw strength from my parents. My father's constant support gives me courage when I feel tired or doubtful. My mother's prayers and hopes inspire me to stay strong and compassionate. The suffering of patients motivates me to serve with kindness and patience.

-Rimsha Ehsan (4th Year MBBS)

How do you maintain your identity outside of being a student?

By occasionally proving I exist beyond lectures and deadlines. I like to believe there's a personality under the student ID and beyond the attendance sheet.

Hissan Raza (3rd Year MBBS)



How can sports be better promoted among girls, and have you faced any gender-based challenges in this role?

After four years at this college, I've seen that girls often need strong encouragement to participate in sports, even when they are talented. I think that sports can be better promoted by improving access to facilities, visible female role models, and supportive school programs.

Yes, I have faced gender-based discrimination in this role. At times, my abilities were underestimated or my commitment questioned because of my gender, but it has only strengthened my commitment to inclusion and equality in sports.

Laiba Fatima (VP Sports Society)



How do you handle the responsibilities of leading the society alongside the pressures of medical education? Any advice for juniors?

Balancing society work with medical studies isn't easy, but I've learned that it comes down to discipline, planning, and having the right people around you. I make sure my academics are never compromised, and then manage my responsibilities in a way that keeps things organized and stress-free. I really value balance—not just for myself, but for my team as well.

To juniors, I'd say don't be afraid to take on responsibility, but know your limits too. With consistency, teamwork, and self-care, you can grow academically while still making a real difference in campus life at HITEC IMS.

Muntaha Nasir (VP Events Society)

What do you think is the best way to encourage and promote a culture of research among students?

As Vice President of the Students' Research Society HITEC IMS, I believe the best way to promote a culture of medical research is by creating awareness and interest through early exposure, structured mentorship, and hands-on clinical research opportunities. By organizing regular workshops and research training sessions, we can simplify the research process and build confidence. Moreover, we should highlight students' achievements through publications and presentations so that research becomes an integral and valued part of medical education.

-Rao Omar Farooq (VP Research Society)

How does regular practice contribute to achieving consistent success in a game, and how do you balance sports with medical studies?

Regular practice improves skills, boosts confidence & strengthens mental focus, which helps me maintain consistent performance in badminton. Balancing sports with medical studies is difficult, but with smart time management & discipline, it is possible to excel in both.

-Muhammad Furqan Abbas (Badminton boys singles and doubles winner)

How have teamwork and leadership influenced the winning of the girls' basketball team? How do you see this victory shaping the future of girls' sports in our institution?

As captain, I believe our win came from strong teamwork, trust, and shared leadership. Every player supported one another, stayed focused, and played as one unit, which made all the difference. This victory sets a powerful example for girls' sports in our institution. It proves that with the right support and belief, girls can excel, and I hope it inspires more participation and greater investment in women's athletics coming forward.

-Amna Amjad (Captain of the girls' basketball winning team)

How do athletes balance regular practice for indoor and outdoor games while maintaining a strong focus on winning?

Balancing indoor and outdoor sports requires discipline, time management, and mindfulness. As President of the Sports Society, I learned that fitness, teamwork, and resilience are skills shared across all games. Structured practice, proper recovery, and clear goals help athletes stay competitive. A strong focus on winning comes from consistency, self-belief, and the determination to improve every day, both as an individual and as a team.

-Waqas Deshani (President, Sports Society/Winner, table tennis & tug of war boys)

Looking back, what lesson from your victory stands out the most?

The key lesson I learned was that you have to trust the team. I went into every match confident that we were going to win because I had seen the potential of my team during every practice match, which reinforced my confidence in my team.

-Malyika Fatima (Captain, throw-ball girls winning team)



HITEC IMS

YEAR IN REVIEW

2025

Bonfire Night HITEC-IMS



On Friday, 19th December 2025, the HITEC-IMS campus witnessed an evening of celebration and camaraderie as students and faculty gathered for the annual Bonfire Night. Preparations had begun well in advance, with the Events Society meticulously adorning the grounds and constructing three majestic bonfires in front of the library, setting the stage for a memorable winter evening.

As twilight descended and fairy lights shimmered softly, the event commenced around 5 PM. A specially designed postcard corner invited students to capture moments, framing memories against a backdrop of warmth and a gentle winter breeze.

The evening unfolded with poetic expressions by students and faculty, their words resonating with emotion and creativity and igniting the spirit of togetherness. Laughter and excitement followed during the Tambola game, where suspense and cheer mingled, culminating in an unexpected yet delightful win that had everyone applauding.

Soon after, the atmosphere was enlivened by music and dance, as the boys of HITEC-IMS performed coordinated group dances, complementing the radiant glow of the bonfires and drawing smiles from all around.

Adding charm to the night were the student-run stalls, featuring home-baked delicacies, handcrafted items, and interactive games. The simple pleasure of crumble cookies paired with chai lifted spirits, creating a shared sense of joy and warmth among friends. Afterward, dinner was served, allowing everyone to relax, connect, and cherish the moments spent together.

The night culminated in a lantern release, a poignant and symbolic gesture of hope and aspirations. Friends gathered, lit lanterns, and watched them ascend into the night sky, carrying with them wishes and dreams; a moment that brought a gentle hush over the crowd and left a lasting impression on all present.

As the last lantern drifted skyward, the glow of the bonfires, the laughter, and the warmth of togetherness lingered, making the Bonfire Night at HITEC-IMS not just an event, but a cherished memory and a celebration of friendship and creativity.

Aira Kashif
4th Year MBBS





A Tribute to Independence

The morning of August 14th unfolded with a sense of anticipation, pride, and deep national belonging as students gathered to celebrate Pakistan's Independence Day. By 8:30 a.m., the courtyard outside the BDS Hall had transformed into a sea of green and white, as students assembled with enthusiasm to welcome the college leadership.

The venue radiated the spirit of independence. National flags fluttered gently in the morning breeze, decorative buntings lined the pathways, and banners carrying Independence Day messages adorned the surroundings. Students, wearing commemorative bands and carrying traditional drums, filled the air with rhythmic beats that infused the atmosphere with energy and pride.

At 9:30 a.m., the arrival of the Principal and Vice Principals formally commenced the celebration. Their presence was met with great enthusiasm, marking the beginning of a spirited procession from the BDS block. Accompanied by lively drumrolls and chants echoing national pride, the march symbolised unity and a shared love for the homeland.

The Vice Principal representing the MBBS department opened the ceremony, reflecting on the significance of independence and the responsibilities of future healthcare professionals in shaping the nation's future.



This was followed by an inspiring address from the Principal representing the BDS department, who paid tribute to the sacrifices made for Pakistan's freedom and encouraged students to remain committed to national values.

The Principal of the Medical College (MBBS) then delivered a compelling speech, reinforcing the ideals of service, integrity, and patriotic duty.

Adding emotional depth to the occasion, a BDS student recited patriotic poetry before a captivated audience. The powerful verses drew heartfelt applause.

One of the most memorable highlights was a soulful milli naghma performed by BDS students. Their melodious voices filled the hall with passion and reverence, rekindling a profound sense of devotion to Pakistan.

The ceremony concluded on a joyful note with a cake-cutting celebration in honour of Independence Day. Sweet refreshments, including gulab jamun, were shared among attendees, adding warmth and festivity to the gathering.

As the program came to an end, students departed with a renewed patriotic spirit.



Convocation 2025

It was my first time attending a convocation – and what a beautiful one it was.

Held in the HIT auditorium, Convocation 2025 celebrated the graduating classes of the second BDS batch and the third MBBS batch, two batches senior to mine, walking out of our college doors with proud smiles, and maybe just a hint of nostalgia.

The air was full of joy, calm pride, and a sense of accomplishment. The graduates carried themselves like stars of the evening – and rightly so. Families beamed from the audience, parents smiling ear to ear, some teary-eyed, others just quietly soaking in the moment.

It was more than just a ceremony; it was a celebration of dreams that had survived sleepless nights, practical exams, viva terrors, and coffee-fueled study marathons. I mean, these were the people who went through 5 exams (3 blocks, one send-up exam, and one prof exam) in a single year for 4-5 years. Geez.

There were many heartwarming and unforgettable moments – loud cheers, long applause, and emotional walks across the stage. Some graduates carried armfuls of medals, some waved at proud parents, while others simply smiled, overwhelmed by the finality of it all.



Each moment, in its own way, added to the magic of the day. I remember a girl honouring her mother by sending her to receive the degree on her behalf, truly mesmerising!

As I sat there, clapping for some of my dearest friends and also for the people I barely knew, I found myself drifting into a moment of quiet manifestation. "One day," I thought. Like many students around me, I imagined my own name being called, my family in the audience, my heart full.

Convocation 2025 wasn't just a goodbye for the graduates – it was a hello to those of us watching. A reminder that the hard days do end, and one day, we too will walk that stage with a smile, a sigh of relief. And in the end, it was a new beginning for them.

To the graduates: congratulations. You made it – and you made us believe we can too.

P.S: One thing's for sure - I need to start studying now if I want to walk up that stage without tripping and with at least one medal around my neck! XD

Muhammad Haseeb
Final Year BDS



Annual Internums Sports Competition



This year marked a historic milestone for our college as we participated for the very first time in the Inter NUMS Cricket Tournament.



Entering the competition with determination and unity, our team made an unforgettable impression by defeating AMC on their very own home ground – a victory that will be remembered for years to come.

The match was not just about winning, but about the resilience, teamwork, and extraordinary sportsmanship displayed by our players throughout the tournament.

Under the leadership of our captain, Waqas Khan, the team rose to the occasion, with remarkable performances from Daniyal Munir, Naveed Khan, and Waqas Khan himself, who all played pivotal roles in steering the team to success.



Behind this achievement were months of effort and discipline. The players took time out from their demanding academic schedules, practicing consistently for one to two months, striking a balance between studies and sports with commendable dedication. '

This spirit was further strengthened by the unwavering support of our college administration, who provided everything from professional equipment and kits to transport facilities and refreshments, ensuring the team was well-prepared and motivated.

The entire journey has been a memorable experience that brought pride, joy, and inspiration to our institution. It showcased the talent, energy, and determination of our students, proving that excellence in academics can go hand in hand with achievements in sports.

With this victory fueling our confidence, we now set our sights on the future, aiming not just to participate but to lift the trophy in the next Inter NUMS Tournament.



Skills and Simulation Centre



In a significant advancement for medical education, the HITEC Institute of Medical Sciences, Taxila Cantt, has recently established an ultramodern Skill Lab Unit. This initiative reflects the institution's ongoing commitment to enhancing hands-on clinical training and bridging the gap between theoretical knowledge and practical application.

Aligned with AFIC standards and offering AHA-certified training courses, the Skill Lab ensures that students receive standardized, high-quality instruction that meets internationally recognized benchmarks. It serves as a dynamic learning environment where students can develop and refine essential clinical competencies with confidence and precision.

The facility is thoughtfully organized into multiple specialized sections, including Accident & Emergency, OPD, Examination Hall, BLS Training Hall, ICU and Ward Simulation, and Gynecology Simulation. Each section is meticulously designed to replicate real-life clinical settings, enabling students to experience the demands and complexities of patient care in a controlled and supervised environment.

The OPD section provides a fully functional outpatient setup, equipped with essential diagnostic tools and examination instruments. Here, students gain practical exposure to routine clinical procedures, fostering accuracy and professionalism in patient assessment.

The Accident & Emergency simulation area recreates a trauma care environment where students are trained to respond effectively to critical situations.

Through the use of advanced mannequins and realistic scenarios, they practice procedures such as catheterization, suturing, burn management, suctioning, and defibrillation, supported by equipment including ECG machines and stretchers.

The Examination Hall offers a comprehensive platform for skill-based training, featuring mannequins designed for procedures such as blood pressure measurement, intravenous cannulation, lumbar puncture, tracheostomy, and infant intubation, along with ear, ocular, and breast examinations. This section plays a vital role in building both technical competence and clinical confidence.

Serving as the central training area, the BLS Training Hall is equipped with complete Basic Life Support kits, including ambu bags, face masks, and defibrillators. With dedicated adult and infant mannequins and facilities for tracheal intubation, the hall enables effective training in cardiopulmonary resuscitation, further enhanced by an integrated audio system.

The ICU and Ward Simulation area replicates a critical care environment with advanced monitoring systems and responsive mannequins. Innovative feedback mechanisms, such as light-based indicators, allow students to assess the accuracy and depth of chest compressions during CPR, promoting precision in life-saving techniques.

The Gynecology Simulation section provides essential exposure to obstetric and gynecological procedures. It includes mannequins for catheterization, as well as pelvic and fetal head models demonstrating the mechanism of normal labor. Additional models support abdominal examination training, ensuring a well-rounded clinical experience.

The establishment of this Skill Lab Unit stands as a testament to HITEC-IMS's vision of academic excellence and its dedication to producing competent, confident, and compassionate healthcare professionals. By integrating advanced simulation with structured training, the institute continues to set a high standard in medical education.



Nursing College: HITEC-IMS

The HITEC Institute of Medical Sciences expanded its academic portfolio with the inauguration of its Nursing College on 28 November 2024. This significant milestone marked a progressive step toward strengthening healthcare education and addressing the growing demand for qualified nursing professionals in the country.

The inauguration ceremony was presided over by Chairman HIT, Lt Gen Shakir Ullah Khattak, HI(M), and attended by the former Principal of HITEC-IMS, Prof Maj Gen (R) Hamid Shafiq, HI(M), along with the former Principal of the Nursing College, Associate Professor Malik Niaz Ahmed. The event reflected the institution's commitment to academic excellence and professional development in the field of healthcare.

Following the legacy of its esteemed parent institution, the college is affiliated with the National University of Medical Sciences (NUMS) and officially commenced its academic journey on 7 April 2025.

It offers a comprehensive five-year Generic Bachelor of Science in Nursing (BSN) program, comprising four years of structured academic education followed by a one-year clinical internship. The program is designed to equip students with both theoretical knowledge and practical expertise, ensuring their readiness to meet modern healthcare challenges.



The college operates under the leadership of its current Principal, Lt Col (R) Prof Zarina Naz, TI(M), whose guidance continues to shape its academic and professional standards.

Established as a center of excellence, the college features advanced classrooms, state-of-the-art laboratories, and high-fidelity simulation centers that provide immersive and hands-on training experiences. These facilities are aimed at fostering critical thinking, clinical competence, and professional confidence among students. In addition, the institution emphasizes ethical practice, patient-centered care, and continuous learning as core values of its educational philosophy.

This landmark achievement is widely recognized as the result of the tremendous dedication and visionary efforts of the former Principal of HITEC-IMS, Prof Maj Gen (R) Hamid Shafiq, HI(M). His unwavering commitment and strategic foresight played a pivotal role in transforming this initiative into a reality. The establishment of the Nursing College stands as a testament to the institution's enduring mission to contribute meaningfully to the healthcare sector by producing skilled, compassionate, and competent nursing professionals.

Waiz Siddique





The First International Research Conference 2025, HITEC-IMS

The 1st International Research Conference 2025 at the HITEC Institute of Medical and Dental Sciences marked a major milestone in the institution's academic journey. Organised by the HITEC-IMS Students Research Society in collaboration with academic and administrative departments, the event was held under the supervision of Principal Major General (R) Hamid Shafiq, HI(M), with guidance from Patron MBBS Dr. Wajiha and Patron Dental Dr. Maria Rabbani.



Over 200 students and professionals were selected through a rigorous shortlisting process. The conference opened with Tilawat-e-Quran and Naat-e-Rasool ﷺ, followed by addresses from the Principal and Dr. Wajiha highlighting the importance of research, innovation, and student-led academic initiatives.



The academic program featured a lecture on research methodology and ethics by Dr. Bushra Anwar (BMY Health, Canada), followed by an international grant writing workshop covering proposal development, funding strategies, and global opportunities. A tea break allowed participants to network and exchange ideas. From 11:00 am to 3:00 pm, scientific competitions were conducted across five venues. Poster competitions were held at two venues with 25 posters each, while oral presentations took place in two multimedia-equipped halls.

An international e-poster competition was conducted online through Zoom in the HITEC Auditorium, featuring 12 presentations. Simultaneously, the Department of Community Medicine hosted an SPSS workshop in the Digital Library, providing hands-on data analysis training.

The Departments of Community Medicine, Physiology, Medical Education (DME), and IT played key roles in ensuring smooth coordination. Judging panels included senior HITEC-IMS faculty and external judges from Fazaia Medical College, Rawalpindi Medical College, and Wah Medical College, maintaining high academic standards. Prize distribution ceremonies were held at each venue with faculty members as guests of honour.

The conference's success reflected the dedication of the Students' Research Society members across management, research, media, and coordination teams. The event concluded with lunch after 3:00 pm.

As Vice President of the Students' Research Society, I believe such conferences are vital for promoting research culture, enhancing critical thinking and presentation skills, and preparing confident clinician-researchers who contribute meaningfully to healthcare.

Rao Omer Farooq
Vice President, SRS





SmileCon'25

The dental community gathered at the HITEC Institute of Medical Sciences (IMS) for SmileCon'25, a comprehensive single-day conference that seamlessly bridged clinical dentistry with the evolving demands of practice management. From the opening ceremony to the closing Qawwali, the event combined education, innovation, and cultural engagement.

The day began with an افتتاح ceremony in the HIT Auditorium, featuring addresses by the Principal of HITEC-IMS and the President of APDSA Pakistan, setting a tone of collaboration and academic excellence.

The first scientific session featured Dr. Asfand Ali Khan, who delivered a lecture on "Root Canal Retreatment: the simple, the challenging, and the complex." Over 45 minutes, he simplified the complexities of endodontic revision, offering a structured approach to managing difficult cases. This was followed by a two-hour motivational session by Dr. Syed M. Faizan on "Communication Skills: Your Superpower!" His engaging delivery emphasized the critical role of patient communication alongside clinical precision, providing practical strategies for everyday practice.

Maintaining the clinical focus, Dr. Mohammad Israr presented a crucial session on oral cancer screening. He highlighted the dentist's role in early detection, discussing screening protocols, subtle warning signs, and current epidemiological trends in Pakistan—reinforcing the life-saving impact of vigilance in routine practice.

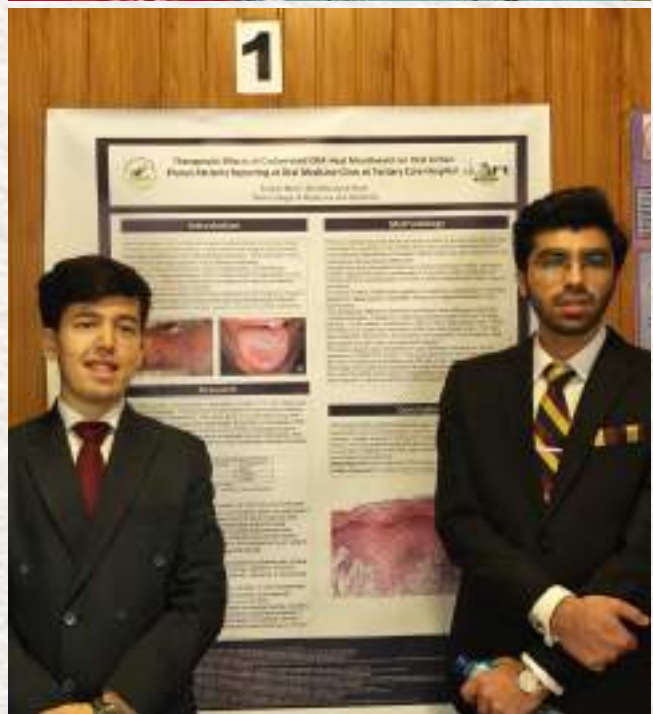


A key highlight of the afternoon was a 105-minute panel discussion titled “From Communication to Innovation: What it takes to run a successful, inclusive, and future-ready dental clinic.” Moderated by Dr. Mohammad Israr, the panel included Dr. Usman Anwer Bhatti, Dr. Faisal Moeen, Dr. Amin Ur Rehman, and Dr. Owais Durrani. The discussion offered practical insights into leadership, team dynamics, and integrating modern dental technologies, providing valuable guidance for young professionals.

Following lunch, the focus shifted to student-led activities. The Dental Shark Tank encouraged innovation, while the Poster Competition showcased research excellence. Simultaneously, the Dental Expo and student games created a vibrant environment for networking and interaction. The event concluded with a soulful Qawwali performance in the auditorium. As attendees gathered around food stalls, the atmosphere reflected a perfect blend of learning, inspiration, and camaraderie.

SmileCon’25 proved to be more than a conference—it was a platform for professional growth and connection. The event highlighted that the future of dentistry depends not only on clinical expertise but also on communication, innovation, and collaboration.

Noor
Final Year BDS





World Oral Health Day Campaign - HITEC-IMS

The World Oral Health Day campaign was a grand awareness session held at the HITEC-IMS Auditorium, attended by faculty members and students from BDS, paramedics, and HITEC University, Taxila.



The event, organized by HITEC-IMS Dental College, featured insightful speeches, interactive sessions, and engaging activities aimed at promoting awareness about maintaining healthy teeth and gums.

The day began with an inspiring address by the Principal, Dr. Irfan Shah, who highlighted the college's contributions to oral health awareness. He also noted that recent outreach activities, including visits to universities such as COMSATS, had earned recognition from the FDI World Dental Federation—an important milestone for the institution.



The distinguished guest speaker, Prof. Dr. Arshad Mehmood Malik, eminent Oral and Maxillofacial Surgeon and Dean of HBS Dental College, delivered an engaging lecture on common dental diseases, their treatment, and prevention. He also discussed advancements in dental technology, leaving the audience inspired with his insights.

To maintain engagement, the event included an interactive quiz on oral health, where HITEC University students actively participated. The “Guess the Mystery Smile” game added excitement as students identified famous personalities through their smiles, creating a lively atmosphere.

A humorous skit titled “Kya aapke toothpaste mein fluoride hai?” performed by 2nd and 3rd year BDS students highlighted the importance of fluoride in preventing tooth decay while entertainingly addressing common dental myths.

A competition for 2nd year BDS students was also held, where innovative projects on oral diseases were presented. Winners were awarded recognition and cash prizes for their creativity and effort.

The event concluded with closing remarks by the Principal, who thanked the Chief Guest, HOD Community Dentistry Dr. Maria Rabbani, and all contributors. He encouraged students to apply the knowledge gained in their daily lives.

Overall, the event successfully combined education and entertainment, making World Oral Health Day at HITEC-IMS both informative and memorable.

Filza Haider
3rd Year BDS





White Coat Ceremony

There are moments in a medical student's life that transcend the ordinary – and the 14th of May, 2025, was exactly that for the newest cohort at HITEC Institute of Medical Sciences.

Under one roof, the Medical, Dental, Nursing, and Allied Health Sciences Colleges joined hands to host a combined White Coat Ceremony and Prize Distribution that felt less like an event and more like the turning of a page.

For the incoming students of MBBS, BDS, GBSN, and BSMLT, donning the white coat was never just about fabric and stitching. It was a quiet, powerful declaration: a promise to step into a world where compassion meets competence, and where every decision carries the weight of another human being's trust.

As voices rose in unison to recite the Hippocratic Oath, the hall seemed to hold its breath – family members misty-eyed, faculty members beaming with quiet pride. Even the walls appeared to listen.

The presence of the Medical and Dental College Principals lent gravitas to the morning. Taking the stage as chief guests, they offered words that straddled the line between guidance and gentle challenge.



They spoke not just of textbooks and examinations, but of the harder curriculum – integrity when no one is watching, empathy when it's easier to look away, and discipline when exhaustion sets in.

The message was unmistakable: the white coat is earned in stages long after the ceremony ends.

Yet the day wasn't solely about beginnings. In equal measure, it celebrated the sustained fire of senior students who had already carved paths of academic excellence.

One by one, names were called, and the room erupted in applause as prize money and certificates acknowledged the relentless effort of those who had set the bar high. It was a reminder that the institute honors not just fresh starts, but the grinding, beautiful work of staying the course.

As formalities gave way to refreshments and the hum of conversation filled the lawn, something lingered in the air – a collective understanding that healthcare is never a solitary pursuit.

Every white coat in that crowd, whether crisp and new or comfortably worn, represented a journey, a responsibility, and a quiet vow to leave the world a little gentler than before.



Sports Week 2025

The Sports Week of 2025 was unlike anything the institution had witnessed before. Everything felt new this time. Unlike the familiar routines of previous years, this edition carried an air of uncertainty about how events would unfold.

Students were divided into different houses, and classmates were separated from one another, making the atmosphere feel unfamiliar at first. However, once the houses officially began their preparations under the guidance of talented house captains and dedicated house masters, things gradually started falling into place.

Encouraging participation and gathering students for practice was no easy task, yet with consistent effort and perseverance, a strong sense of pride and belonging began to develop within each house.

The indoor competitions were held before the official inauguration ceremony. These included flower arrangement, poster making, and photography competitions. Participants put in their utmost effort to showcase their creativity and talent.

With every event, the atmosphere grew more spirited. Each house performed beyond expectations, but as always, only one could emerge victorious. When the results were announced, some hearts sank in disappointment while others lit up with joy and pride.



The official Sports Week ceremony was held at the HITEC sports ground, beautifully adorned with the colors of the respective houses: Haider House, Omer House, Aurangzeb House, Jinnah House, Liaqat House, and Iqbal House.

Each house stood out proudly in its signature colour. Dressed in purple, I also stood in full support of Haider House as the much-anticipated competitions officially began.

After the oath-taking ceremony and march past in front of the podium, it was time for the outdoor games to commence.

The girls' basketball matches were intensely competitive, with every house playing vigorously.

Despite strong performances from all sides, Omer House ultimately secured the gold. Matches such as tug of war (girls' semifinal), badminton, cricket, and futsal added to the excitement of the day.

One of the most thrilling events was the throwball competition for girls. Every house gave its absolute best, playing multiple sets in a single day. After intense effort and strategy, Haider House proudly claimed the gold.

The tug of war finals were equally intense. Both houses demonstrated remarkable strength and determination, but in the end, Haider House secured victory.

Table tennis matches for both boys and girls were also held alongside, with each house displaying commendable performance, though some clearly stood out.

The third day featured the Naat and Qirat competitions. In the late afternoon, the beautifully decorated Musharraf Hall creates a deeply spiritual and peaceful atmosphere. The event was gracefully organised, and all participants delivered outstanding performances.

The excitement continued with athletics events for both boys and girls. As always, athletics brought thrill and energy, with participants pushing themselves to the limit. Their speed and determination were so remarkable that it felt as though they had surpassed even Usain Bolt and Flo-Jo.

Under Mushaira, participants showcased their poetic talent, delivering soulful verses that deeply moved the audience and left everyone mesmerized.

One of the most entertaining segments of the day was Bait Bazi. Rapid poetic exchanges, unexpected comebacks, and surprising eliminations made it a highly engaging and memorable competition.

The singing competition also stood out, with performances so impressive that the audience jokingly compared them to legendary artists such as Atif Aslam, Asim Azhar, and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan. The hall echoed with applause and appreciation throughout.

The fourth day unfolded with eloquence and intellectual depth as Urdu debates took center stage. Participants from all houses delivered powerful speeches that reflected clarity of thought, confidence, and insight, leaving the audience inspired and reflective.

The final event of Sports Week was the dramatics competition, one of the most anticipated segments. Each house invested countless hours into rehearsals, refining dialogues, and perfecting stage performances—some even exceeding their budgets to ensure perfection.

The directors and actors delivered remarkable performances, with the hall echoing in applause after every scene. Some plays brought laughter, while others moved the audience emotionally, showcasing true artistic diversity.

By the end of the week, attentive observers could already sense which house was leading. Despite the relentless effort and dedication from all participants, only one house could claim the championship title — Omer House. Liaqat House and Haider House followed closely, securing second and third positions respectively, earning well-deserved recognition for their spirit and commitment.

Although the beginning seemed uncertain, the event ultimately exceeded expectations. New friendships were formed, and many individuals who might never have interacted otherwise became close friends. The bond between MBBS and BDS students also grew stronger—something that may not have been possible without this reimagined Sports Week. It was truly a memorable experience, and I am grateful to have been part of it. The memories created during this week will be cherished for years to come.

Maliyka Fatima
Final Year BDS





A Role That Haunts Beyond the Stage

LIAQUAT HOUSE

It began in darkness with a single line: "Apne yeh kyun kiya, amma?" My bahu's cries echoed through the stage as I portrayed a mother collapsing beneath the weight of her own cruelty. This performance later earned me the award for Best Performance in a Negative Role.

I played the role of a saas whose daughter, unable to conceive, faced the threat of her husband remarrying. Desperate to save her daughter's marriage, the character turned to her son and pregnant daughter-in-law, pleading for their unborn child. When the bahu refused, obsession consumed the mother, driving her toward a plan rooted in desperation and emotional ruin.

The tragedy deepened when the child was born still, leaving behind only grief, guilt, and silence. In that moment, the character realized the devastating cost of her actions.

Though fictionalized, the story reflected real societal issues surrounding infertility, family pressure, and the treatment of women within rigid cultural expectations. More than a performance, the play became a reminder that a bahu is also someone's daughter, deserving dignity and compassion.

I remain grateful to my teammates and backstage crew, whose dedication transformed the drama into an unforgettable experience.



When Silence Took the Stage for Palestine

JINNAH HOUSE

Our theatrical performance on Palestine aimed to portray a reality often reduced to headlines. Written by Zahra Shafiq and Rizwan Dhandlah, the play used silence, narration, movement, and visual storytelling to depict lives shattered by war.

The drama opened with a peaceful Palestinian home—a mother feeding her child, children playing, and a family sharing ordinary moments—before a sudden bomb blast destroyed the calm. Smoke, sirens, and screams transformed the stage into chaos, reflecting the abrupt violence faced in Palestine.

The emotional center of the play was the hospital scene, where Ahmad Raza portrayed a doctor who discovers that the critically injured child before him is his own daughter. Other performers depicted grieving families trapped between hope and loss.

One of the most haunting scenes showed a lone child sitting in rubble, clutching a blood-stained doll, symbolizing stolen innocence and survival amid destruction.

Winning second position in the dramatics competition was an honour, but the real impact was the silence after the final scene—when the audience no longer watched Palestine, but felt it.





The Fall and Rise of a Daughter

HAIDER HOUSE

Haider House brought to the stage the story of Mukhtar Mai—a woman whose pain and resilience continue to inspire generations. The drama opened in the present, where an older Mukhtar runs an NGO and meets Nabia, a woman convinced justice no longer exists. Through her story, the audience is taken into a haunting flashback.

What begins as a warm family scene quickly turns tragic when Mukhtar's young brother unknowingly angers the local feudal power. A Panchayat delivers a cruel verdict: "Izzat ke badlay izzat." What follows is a devastating act of violence carried out before a silent crowd, exposing the brutality of patriarchal systems and societal complicity.

Yet the play was not only about suffering—it was about resistance. Refusing to remain silent, Mukhtar transforms her grief into courage and fights for justice despite a system shaped by inequality and fear.

The emotional peak came through a powerful monologue by Iman Tahir, whose performance questioned traditions, injustice, and the silence surrounding women's suffering. The auditorium responded with overwhelming applause.

Winning Best Positive Performance was more than an award; it was recognition that stories rooted in truth still possess the power to challenge society, inspire empathy, and demand change.

Stories of Regret

AURANGZEB HOUSE

Aurangzeb House portrayed the journey of a young boy lost in a life of indulgence and constant partying, persistently disregarding the guidance of his parents—particularly his mother, whose advice emphasized righteousness, compassion, and purposeful living.

The narrative took an emotional turn with the untimely loss of his mother. Overwhelmed by grief, the boy initially responded with denial and inner conflict. Gradually, however, he sought solace in his faith, turning to Allah for guidance and strength. In an effort to honor his mother's values, he dedicated himself to charitable acts and selfless service, transforming his sorrow into a powerful force for personal growth and positive change.

What truly distinguished this performance was the spirit of inclusivity behind it. Aurangzeb House brought together students from every class of the college, making the production a collaborative, interactive, and thoroughly engaging experience. This unity not only strengthened interclass bonds but also reflected the true essence of Sports Week—celebrating teamwork, creativity, and shared purpose.

The impactful storyline, combined with a cohesive performance and collective effort, earned Aurangzeb House a well-deserved third position, making it a memorable highlight of Sports Week at HITEC-IMS.



Daastan-e-Hijrat

1947

OMAR HOUSE

Daastan-e-Hijrat 1947 portrayed the emotional journey of Partition through the life of Chammo, a spirited young woman deeply in love with Iqbal, a devoted activist of the Tehreek-e-Azadi. Despite initial resistance from her father, Shabbir Ahmad, their love triumphs, and the two marry amid hopes for a brighter future in the newly formed Pakistan.

Their happiness, however, is shattered during migration when their caravan is attacked amid Partition violence. Iqbal is killed, Chammo's family is massacred, and her infant son is abducted. Left with unbearable grief, Chammo becomes a symbol of the countless women who endured sacrifice, loss, and resilience during 1947.

The play masterfully blended romance, humor, patriotism, and tragedy. Joyful wedding scenes and poetic exchanges between Chammo and Iqbal drew applause and laughter, while the migration scenes and Iqbal's death left the audience in tears.

Portraying Chammo was an emotional journey, demanding strength, vulnerability, and depth. More than a performance, the drama became a tribute to those who suffered for freedom and a reminder that, as Chammo's final words declared, "Azadi say bari koi naimat nahi."



Ajnabi Kinarey

IQBAL HOUSE

Ajnabi Kinarey was more than a drama –it was a reflection of the tragic realities faced by migrants chasing hope across dangerous borders. Inspired by the 2024 Greece migrant boat disaster, the play explored the painful journey of families risking everything for a better future.

Written by M. Saarim Ashraf and Ayesha Bibi, the story follows migrants traveling from villages in Phalia through Iran and Libya toward an uncertain fate at sea. Through emotional scenes, the audience witnessed hopeful young lovers, manipulative agents, grieving families, and migrants sharing heartbreak around a jungle bonfire.

The climax featured a handmade 2D ship sinking beneath shadowed waves while real images of migrant tragedies appeared in the background, leaving the audience stunned into silence.

Despite limited resources, the production relied on creativity, teamwork, and determination. From handmade sets to rapid backstage transitions, every detail reflected the dedication of the cast and crew.

Winning the Golden Trophy for Drama became more than an achievement—it was proof that meaningful storytelling, rooted in truth and humanity, has the power to move hearts and spark reflection.



HITEC IMS

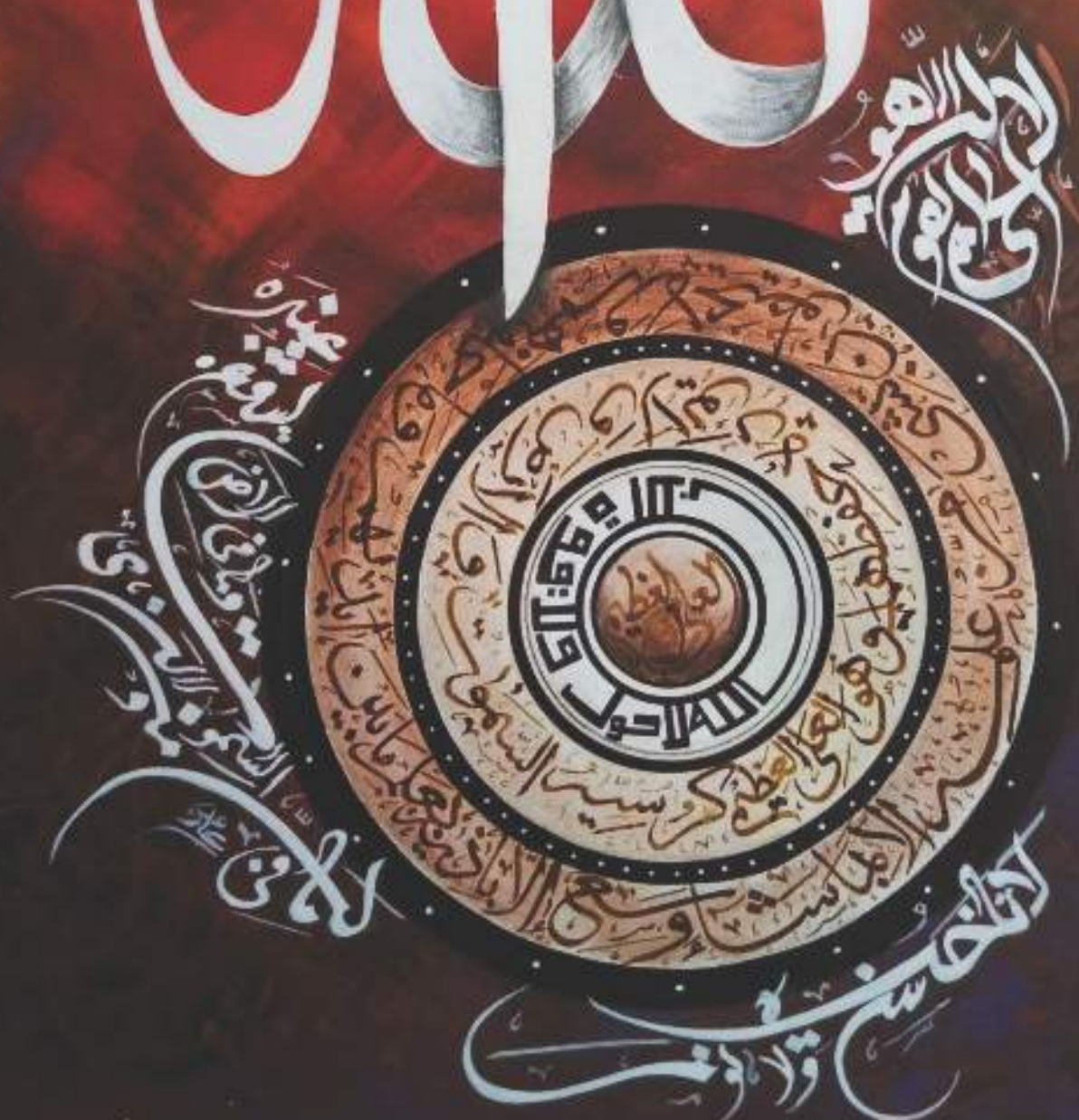
**ART AND
PHOTOGRAPHY**

2025



AMIR HUSSAIN
2ND YEAR | MBBS

الله أكبر
الله أكبر



NIMRA SHAHJAHAN
2ND YEAR | MBBS







HAMNAH ZAHRA
2ND YEAR | BDS

NIDA FATIMA
2ND YEAR | BDS

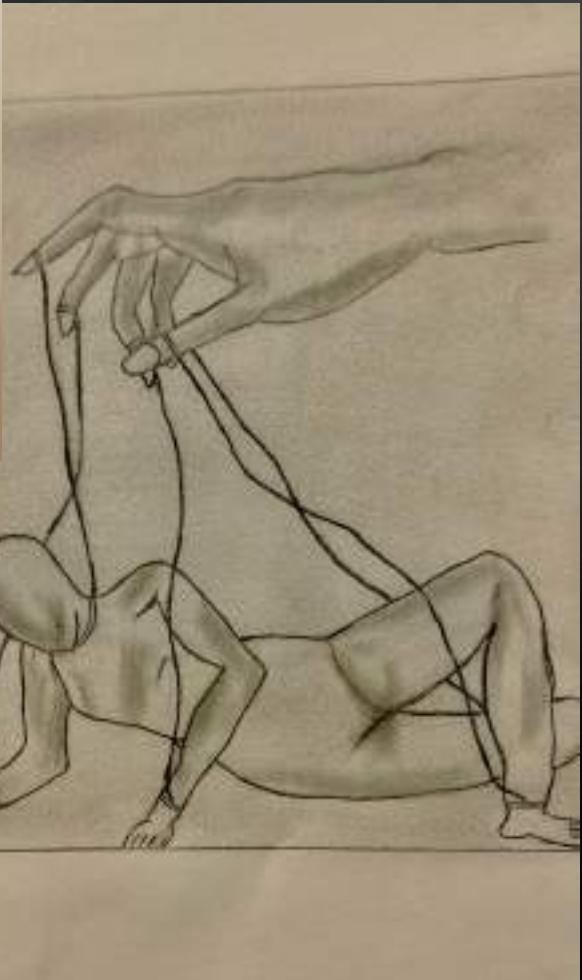
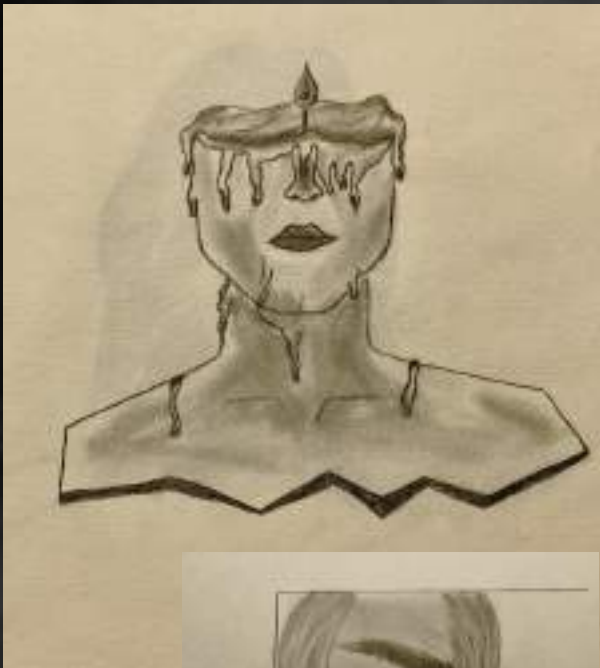


MARRIUM GULZAR 4TH YEAR | MBBS



سب کو ہر پہلو



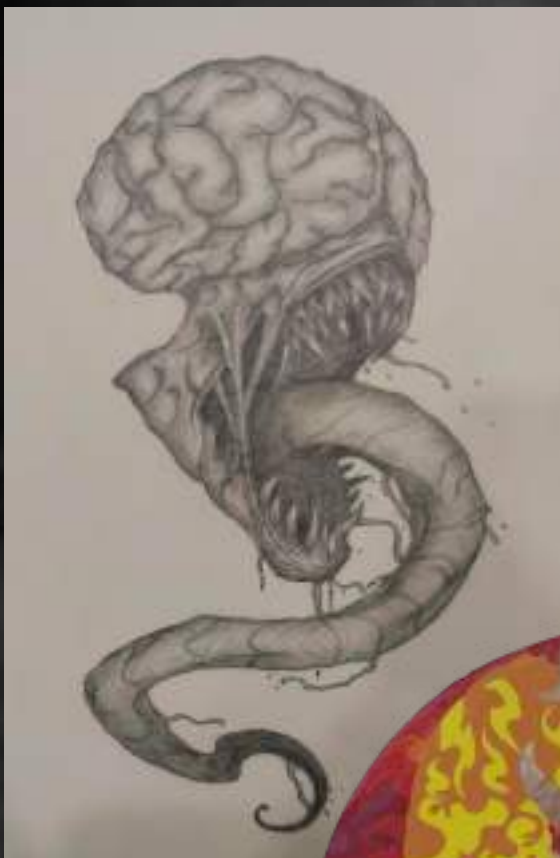




HISSAN RAZA
3RD YEAR | MBBS



FAJAR ISLAM
3RD YEAR | BDS





KANEEZ-E-ZAINAB
2ND YEAR | BDS

TALHA FARRUKH
2ND YEAR | MBBS







MOMANA SHAKEEL
2ND YEAR | MBBS



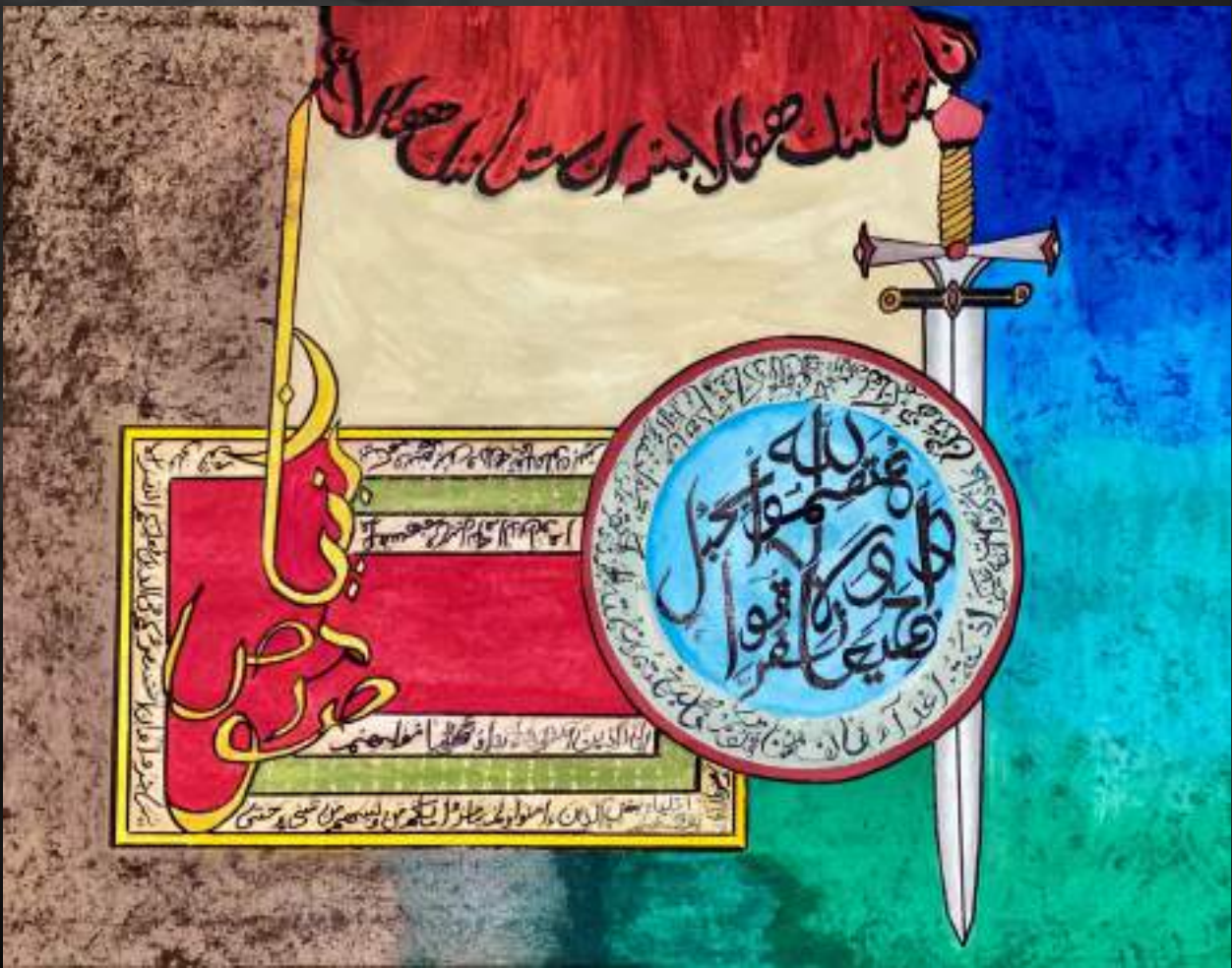
M. ANEES
2ND YEAR | BDS

RAMEESA BATOOL
1ST YEAR | MBBS





MUNIBA YOUNAS
3RD YEAR | BDS

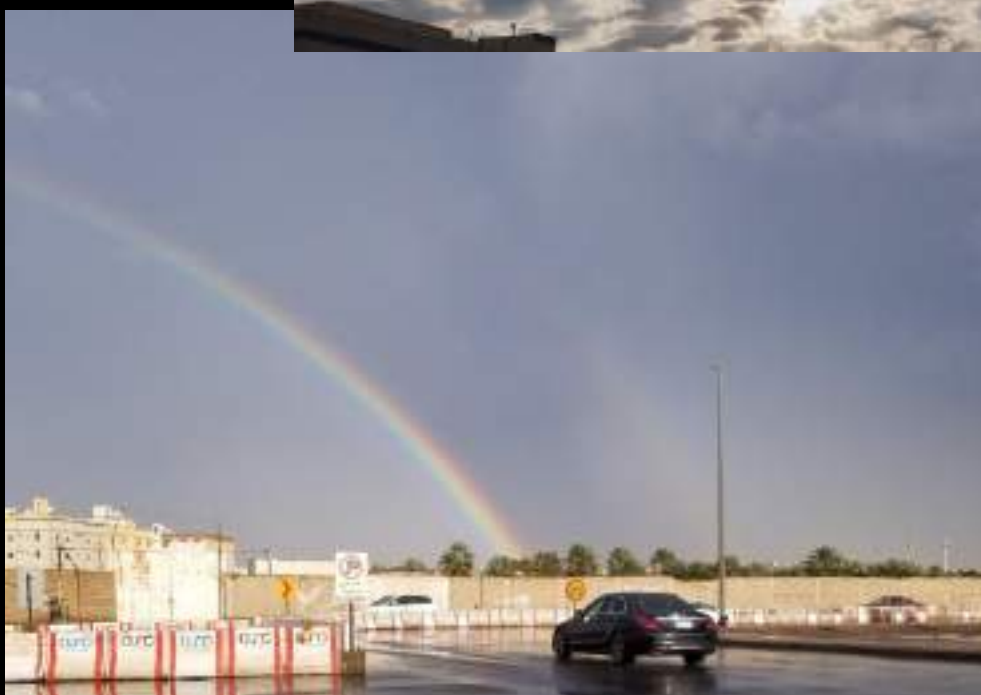


SAMREEN SAQIB
2ND YEAR | BDS









Shehzadi Aalia Anjum

















Muhammad Anees | 2nd Year BDS



HITEC IMS

**BATCH
PICTURES**

2025



BATCH PICTURES
1ST YEAR | MBBS



**BATCH PICTURES
1ST YEAR | BDS**



**BATCH PICTURES
1ST YEAR | NURSING COLLEGE**



BATCH PICTURES
2ND YEAR | MBBS



BATCH PICTURES
2ND YEAR | BDS



**BATCH PICTURES
2ND YEAR | NURSING COLLEEGEE**



BATCH PICTURES
3RD YEAR | MBBS



BATCH PICTURES
3RD YEAR | BDS



BATCH PICTURES
4TH YEAR | MBBS



BATCH PICTURES
FINAL YEAR | BDS





BATCH PICTURES
FINAL YEAR | MBBS



دلِ آزرده نے فریبِ ہست و بود کو نار و اپایا
 عشق نے ازل سے عقل و ہوش کو رسوا پایا
 ہجر میں ہم نے وحشت کی، وصل کو بے کراں پایا
 درد کی دو اپائی، درد کو بے دو پایا

یارانِ رفتگاں سے، صاحبِ ہمیش گاں تک
 جب کچھ نہ بن پایا تو جنوں کو ہی پیشوا پایا
 اول تو یوں ہوا ترستے رہے زیارت کو
 بہرِ خدا وہی چہرہ جا بجا پایا پھر
 وہ تھے زمانہ آشنا، ہمیں دین کا ذرا علم تھا
 جستجو کی جو روح کی تو ان کا ہی نقش پایا
 ہم تو محبتوں سے پڑے رہے اس حنر اے میں
 ذرا جو چونکے تو اک جہاں ہمنوا پایا
 زندگی تھی کہ ایک سہولت سے بتا رہے تھے معاذ
 سببِ امتحانِ چارہ گر، صبر و دشتِ نیوا پایا

محمد معاذ

اس کی مست آنکھوں میں اک عجب نشہ پایا

درد کی دوا بھی تھی، درد ہی دوا پایا

ذکر جب ہوا اس کا، دل میں روشنی چھائی

حنا موٹی کے لمحوں میں اک نیا سزا پایا

وصل کی تمنا میں عمر ساری لٹا بیٹھے

ہجر کی گلی میں دل بارہا جدا پایا

حسن کو پر کھنا ہو، دل میں اتر کے دیکھو تم

ان دلفریب راہوں میں خود کو ہم نے پایا

آگہی کا عالم بھتا، آئینہ بنا دشمن

رو برو ہوئے جب بھی، عکس بے وفا پایا

لوٹ کر جو آئے ہم اپنے ہی مکانوں میں

راستے تو قائم تھے، درمگر گرا پایا

ذوالقرنین اپنی قسمت میں ہجر کی ہیں راتیں بس

جس کو ٹوٹ کر چاہا، اس کو بے وفا پایا

محمد ذوالقرنین

دورِ حاضر کا یہ بھٹکا انسان
 دنیاوی دوڑ اور عارضی جہان
 تلاش کرتا ہے
 بنتِ حوا کا محافظ
 ابنِ آدم کا نگہبان
 مقصد کی جستجو
 پر دل میں کئی گمان
 صفِ نماز پر گامزن
 پر ڈگمگاتا ایمان
 غیرت کے نام پہ لیتا
 گھر کی بیٹیوں کی حبان
 دل بے نور، حنالی از و حبان
 بھلا بیٹھا ہے
 ہدایتِ دین و مثر آن
 انسانیت کا یہ ترجمان
 کیا واقعی کہلا سکتا ہے انسان؟

شکوے سے شکایات تو بہت ہیں
 ابھی تیرے عشق کے امتحانات تو بہت ہیں
 کبھی سوچا ہے کہ کتنی تریب تریب ہو تم بہشت کے؟
 کہ ابھی ظلم کے حساب تو بہت ہیں
 سبھی کو تریب لگتی ہیں تمہاری نظریں
 تم جواب دینے کے حامی تو بنو، سوال تو بہت ہیں
 تمہیں سب کچھ دے چکے ہم اور لے چکے تم،
 کیا کیا گنوائیں گے کہ ہمارے تم پر ادھار بہت ہیں
 شاید مرض لے کر واپس کرنے کا شیوہ نہیں رکھتے تم
 ہاں کیونکہ نیکی تم میں کم اور بدی کے چہرے تو بہت ہیں
 نہ بھاگو جیت کے پیچھے اتنا کہ جاؤدی ہم نے جیت تم کو
 ہارنے کے عادی نہیں ہم، اور ہماری جیت کی داستانیں تو بہت ہیں

نبیہ زینب

سوچتا ہوں، اک خط لکھوں اپنے نام
 چند باتیں، جو چھپی تھیں دل کے دام
 کیا ملا ہے تھکن سے، اے دلِ خستہ؟
 چھوڑ دے یہ سراب، ڈھونڈ اپنا مقام
 کیا ضرورت کسی سیجا کی اب؟
 لوٹ آ، چھا گئی ہے رستوں پہ شام
 کیا ہے تجھ میں؟ کیا جانتا ہے تُو؟
 کتنے آئے، گئے.. لے کے تیرا نام
 یہ عداوتیں، یہ مشکلیں، یہ پریشانیاں
 ایک دن بن نہ جانا ان کے عنلام
 اب بھی موقع ہے، لوٹ آ اے شجاع
 یہ سفر ہم جیسوں کا ہے بے دوام

محمد شجا

۲۲

حنا مشی بول اٹھی ہے، کچھ صد اباقی نہیں
دل میں لیکن اب بھی کوئی التجا باقی نہیں
چاند چپ، رات خفا، خواب سب بکھرے ہوئے
ہم نفس تو کیا، خود اپنی بھی ونا باقی نہیں
سایہ گھومتی ہے، ایک گم نام سی یاد
ہاں مگر اب دل میں وہ پہلی جد اباقی نہیں
انس چلتی ہے مگر، جیسے کوئی روٹھا ہو
یہ بدن زندہ سہی، پر وہ حیا باقی نہیں
حنا مشی کی ہر صدا میں تیرا چہرہ بولتا
تو گیا، لیکن ترے ہونے کی سزا باقی نہیں
کیا بتائیں کس قدر تہا ہوئے ہم ہجر میں
اب کسی سے شکایت، گلہ باقی نہیں

خوش بخت دعا

جو دھوپ میں چلتے ہوئے

پگھل گئیں تھیں؟

میں جاننا ہوں

تُو اکشر چیختا ہے...

حنا موٹی کی صدا میں

اور تجھے جواب نہیں ملتا۔

پر سن۔

میں، جو تُو ہوں

آج سن رہا ہوں

تجھے...

پہچان رہا ہوں

تسبول کر رہا ہوں

کہ تُو ٹوٹ چکا ہے۔

اور یہی سب سے بڑی بہادری ہے۔

یہ خط

نہ ختم ہوگا

نہ پوسٹ ہوگا

بس دل کی الماری میں

حنا موٹی کے ساتھ رکھا جائے گا...

جیسے ہم نے

خود کو رکھا ہے...

دنیا سے چھپا کر۔

اے میرے حنا موٹی ساتھی
جسے میں نے آئینوں کے پیچھے چھپا دیا

کیا ہے تُو؟

یاد ہے وہ دن

جب تُو ہنستا تھا...

بغیر کسی وجہ کے

اور روتا بھی تھا...

بغیر کسی اجازت کے؟

آج ایک خط لکھ رہا ہوں

تجھے...

جو برسوں سے میرے اندر ہی رہتا ہے

پر مجھ سے بات نہیں کرتا۔

تُو تھک گیا ہے، نا؟

یہ ثابت کرنے سے

کہ تُو ٹھیک ہے

کہ تُو کمزور نہیں

کہ خواب ابھی باقی ہیں

کہ تُو اب بھی جی رہا ہے۔

یاد ہے تجھے وہ خواب؟

جو تُو نے دبائے تھے...

سفید کوٹ کی جیب میں؟

یادہ امیدیں؟

خوش بخت دعا

حالی سنبھلے ویڑھے رہ گئے
 چن دے تھلے نہیرے رہ گئے
 ماپے ویکھن بُوہے دل نوں
 مہینے آن نوں تیرے رہ گئے

رات وی مکی، تُوں نہیں مسٹریا
 کتھے تیرے ڈیرے رہ گئے
 ماپیاں دے تُوں پیر نہیں جھے
 تائیں تیرے بیڑے بے گئے

چل وے جھلیا، واپس مسٹہن
 پنڈ دے چار چو فیرے رہ گئے
 سارے ٹر گئے شہراں دل نوں
 پپلاں ہیٹھ وڈیرے رہ گئے

رانا محمد اعتصام ناصر

بے خبر بچپن

عفراصفندر

غریبی اور لاچاری صرف بھوک اور افلاس نہیں، یہ وہ بچپن ہے جو آئے بغیر چپ چاپ گزر جاتا ہے۔ ان بچوں کا باپ ایک پیئٹر ہے جو اپنی بے رنگ زندگی سے دیواروں کو رنگ دیتا ہے اور خود بے رنگ ہی رہ جاتا ہے۔ مزدوری کے اس مقام پر وہ اپنے بچوں کو ایک چھوٹے سے ٹین کے چھپرے تلے بٹھا دیتا ہے، جہاں بچپن صرف زندگی کا ٹٹے کا نام بن جاتا ہے۔

میں ان سے پوچھ نہ سکا کہ بچے تم پڑھتے کہاں ہو، کس جماعت میں ہو، تمہارے کتنے دوست ہیں، کھیل میں کیا پسند ہے، کھانے میں کیا اچھا لگتا ہے— کہیں ایسا تو نہیں کہ دل بھی ان سوالوں کی طرح تم سے چھن گیا ہو۔ میں خاموش رہا کیونکہ مجھے لگا یہ سوال غربت کے سامنے بے ادب ہو جاتے ہیں۔

ان کی خوشی شاید بس اتنی ہے کہ باپ کو دیوار پر رنگ کرتے دیکھنا یا شام کو اس کے تھکے ہوئے چہرے پر ایک مسکراہٹ ڈھونڈ لینا۔ ان کا کھیل شاید اینٹوں پر لکیریں کھینچنا یا وقت کو خاموشی سے گزرتے دیکھنا ہے۔

کیا یہ بھی شام کو باپ کے جوتے صاف کرتے ہوں گے، کیا انہیں بھی عید کا انتظار ہوتا ہوگا؟ جب باقی بچے ہار جیت پر روتے ہیں تو یہ بچے کس بات پر روتے ہوں گے؟ لاڈ پیار تو دور کی بات، ماں بھی نہیں، تو وہ ضد کس سے کرتے ہوں گے؟ کیا ان کے کھلونے بھی ٹوٹتے ہوں گے یا خواہشوں کی طرح گم ہو جاتے ہوں گے؟ یہ بچے بچپن کی معصوم لڑائیاں بھی غربت سے ہی لڑتے ہیں۔ میرے لیے ان کی بے بسی اتنی تکلیف دہ نہیں تھی جتنی یہ بات کہ وہ اپنی بے بسی سے لاعلم ہیں۔



وقت گزرتا گیا۔ ایک ایک کر کے جب بڑی بہنیں جوان ہوئیں، سپاہی نے اُنکے رشتے طے کرنا شروع کر دیے۔ ایک دن پڑوس کے گاؤں کی ایک متمول زمیندار گھرانے کی خواتین اُن کے ہاں آئیں۔ راجی اپنی ماں اور بہنوں کے ساتھ کڑھائی کا کام کیا کرتی تھی، اور اسی کام کے سلسلے میں وہ اُن کے گھر آئی تھیں۔ زمیندار کی بہنیں اپنے بھائی کے لیے دلہن کی تلاش میں تھیں، اور راجی کا حسن، سلیقہ اور گھرداری اُنہیں بہت بھائی۔ واپس جا کر گھر میں انہوں نے اس بات کا ذکر کیا۔ یوں قصہ مختصر، راجی کا رشتہ اُس زمیندار کے ساتھ طے پا گیا۔

شادی کے بعد جیسے قسمت کا در کھل گیا۔ بچپن کے زخموں پر محبت کا مرہم رکھ دیا گیا۔ راجی کو ایک ایسا شوہر ملا جس نے نہ صرف اُس سے محبت کی بلکہ اُس کی پہچان بھی بدل دی۔ اُس نے اُسے "راج بی بی" کے نام سے پکارنا شروع کیا، اور صرف خود ہی نہیں بلکہ سب کو تلقین کی کہ اب اسے راجی نہیں بلکہ راج بی بی کہا جائے۔ راج بی بی، جو کبھی بے نام تھی، اب محبت، عزت اور مقام کی علامت بن چکی تھی۔

کچھ عرصے بعد راج بی بی اپنے شوہر کے ہمراہ شہر منتقل ہو گئی، جہاں اُس کے شوہر نے اُس کے نام پر ایک گھر خریدا۔ اللہ نے اُنہیں ایک بیٹی سے نوازا، اور یوں راجی کا راج بی بی بننے کا سفر مکمل ہوا — غم، محرومی اور درد سے نکل کر عزت، محبت اور سکون کی جانب۔

یہ کہانی آج سے تقریباً پچاس برس پرانی ہے، مگر المیہ یہ ہے کہ آج بھی ہمارے معاشرے میں بے شمار گھرانے ایسے ہیں جہاں راجی جیسی لڑکیاں موجود ہیں۔ بد قسمتی سے ان میں سے اکثر کا نصیب راج بی بی بننے کی منزل تک نہیں پہنچتا۔ نہ اُن کے پاس وہ وسائل ہوتے ہیں کہ خود حالات سے لڑ سکیں، نہ ہی اُن کی زندگی میں کوئی ایسا سہارا آتا ہے جو اُنہیں وقار دے۔

معاشرے کی بھلائی کے لیے یہ نہایت ضروری ہے کہ بیٹیوں کو علم، شعور اور محبت دی جائے۔ اُنہیں بیٹوں کے برابر سمجھا جائے تاکہ ہر راجی خود اپنے پیروں پر کھڑی ہو کر راج بی بی کا مقام حاصل کر سکے۔

وجودِ زن سے ہے تصویرِ کائنات میں رنگ
اسی کے ساز سے ہے زندگی کا سوزِ دروں

رجی سے راج بی بی کا سفر ایمن الطاف

رات کے پُر سکون پہر اپنی نانی اماں سے کہانیاں سننا میرے بچپن کی سب سے حسین اور قیمتی یادوں میں سے ایک ہے۔ جب بھی میں نانو کے گھر جاتی، رات کو اُن کے پاس لیٹ کر کہانی ضرور سنتی تھی۔ کبھی دیسی لوک داستانیں، کبھی انبیائے کرام علیہم السلام کے واقعات، اور کبھی نانی کے بچپن کے قصے سننے کو ملتے۔ مگر ایک کہانی ایسی تھی جسے بار بار سننے کا دل چاہتا تھا—نانی کی زبانی سنی ہوئی، اُنہی کی آنکھوں دیکھی، راج بی بی کی کہانی۔ یہ حقیقی زندگی پر مبنی ایک ایسی داستان ہے جس نے میرے ذہن پر ہمیشہ کے لیے گہرا نقش چھوڑ دیا۔

نانو بتاتی ہیں کہ اُن کے والد تھانے دار تھے، اور اُن کی رہائش گاہ کے قریب ہی ایک سپاہی اپنی بیوی اور بیٹیوں کے ساتھ رہتا تھا۔ قدرت نے اُسے چار بیٹیوں سے نوازا تھا، مگر وہ بیٹے کی خواہش دل میں دبائے بیٹھا تھا۔ وہ جب بھی گھر آتا، غصے اور ناپسندیدگی کے عالم میں اپنی بیوی اور بیٹیوں پر ہاتھ اٹھاتا، اُنہیں کوستا اور مارتا تھا۔ بیوی کو صرف لڑکیاں پیدا کرنے پر طعنے دینا اُس کا معمول تھا۔

کچھ عرصے بعد اُس کے ہاں پھر ایک بچی کی ولادت ہوئی۔ پانچویں بیٹی کی پیدائش پر وہ اس قدر مایوس ہوا کہ غصے میں اُس نے اس کا نام "رجی" رکھ دیا—جو پنجابی زبان کا لفظ ہے، بمعنی "دل بھر" "جانا"—گویا اُس کا دل اب بیٹیوں سے اُچاٹ ہو چکا تھا۔ تمام سرکاری کاغذات میں اس معصوم کا نام "رجی بی بی" ہی لکھوایا گیا، اور گھر میں اُسے اسی نام سے پکارا جانے لگا۔

بچپن، جسے محبت، شفقت اور کھیل کود سے لبریز ہونا چاہیے، راجی کے لیے مار پیٹ، جھڑکیاں اور نفرت سے تعبیر تھا۔ اپنے باپ کی بے وجہ سختیوں کا نشانہ بننا اُس کا معمول بن چکا تھا۔ نانو کہتی ہیں کہ راجی اکثر اپنی قسمت کو کوستی تھی، مگر قدرت نے اُسے خوب حسن سے نوازا تھا۔ وہ اپنی بہنوں میں سب سے زیادہ پیاری تھی۔





اوہاں، اس سب میں ندا یہ تو بھول ہی گئی کہ اس کے تایا ابا، جو گردوں کی ناکامی کا شکار تھے، ان کا انتقال ہو گیا تھا۔ وہ اب اللہ کو پیارے ہو گئے تھے، وہ اب اپنے آخری سفر پر چل پڑے تھے۔ یہ شاید صرف ندا نہیں، سب ہی بھول چکے تھے۔

مستقبل میں ندا کو کبھی یہ بات یاد آئے گی، یہ کہ جنازہ اور وہ قرآن جو ہم میت کے لیے پڑھتے ہیں، وہ اصل میں زندہ لوگوں کے لیے ہوتا ہے، انہیں ان کا وہ مستقبل یاد کرانے کے لیے جس سے کوئی انسان بھاگ نہیں سکتا۔

لیکن ابھی نہیں۔

ابھی قرآن میت کی بخشش، رخصت ہوتی دلہن، نیا گھر بننے پر ختم، اور کچہری میں قسم کھانے کے لیے تھا۔ ابھی شادیاں، جنازے اور سارے تہوار زندہ لوگوں کے آپس کے اچھے اور برے تعلقات، غیبت خوری، دل دکھانے اور نیچا دکھانے جیسی بہت ضروری چیزوں کو پروان چڑھانے کے لیے تھے۔

اس لیے ابھی نہیں...

ابھی تو ندا چھوٹی تھی۔

ابھی وہ غلط تھی۔

ابھی اسے کچھ پتا نہیں تھا۔

ابھی والدین بڑے تھے... اور وہی ٹھیک تھے۔

"تم ابھی چھوٹی ہو، تمہیں نہیں پتا کہ خاندانوں میں کس طریقے سے رہا جاتا ہے۔ ماں مت بنو میری!"

اس بات پر نندا خاموش ہو گئی۔ اس کا دل ابھی بھی امی کی کہی ہوئی بات پر بھاری تھا، مگر وہ خاموشی سے کمپیوٹر کی طرف چل دی۔ اسے کچھ سال میں اس چیز کا احساس ہو گا کہ وہ بھاری پن اس کا ضمیر تھا جو ملامت ہوا کرتا تھا، جو آہستہ آہستہ خاموش ہو جائے گا۔ کچھ مہینوں تک... کچھ سالوں تک۔ لیکن ابھی نہیں۔ ابھی امی بڑی تھیں، وہ ٹھیک ہی کہہ رہی ہوں گی۔

ان دنوں میں پہلی بار نندا نے یہ لفظ سنا ہو گا: کوڑا وٹ۔

جب اس نے ابو سے اس کا مطلب پوچھا تو انہوں نے کہا کہ یہ پنجابی کے الفاظ ہیں۔

"کوڑا" یعنی کڑوا، اور "وٹ" یعنی پتھر۔

دیہات میں یہ ایک رواج ہوا کرتا ہے، جس کے مطابق اگر ایک خاندان میں کسی کا انتقال ہو جائے تو گھر کے بڑے رشتہ دار مل کر جنازے کا، کھانے پینے کا اور جنازے پر آنے والے افراد کے رہن سہن کا انتظام کرتے ہیں۔

جو بات ابو شاید بتانا بھول گئے تھے، وہ یہ تھی کہ کوڑا وٹ، جو سننے میں تو ایک بہت اچھی اور نیک روایت محسوس ہوتی ہے—یہ کہ خاندانوں کے آپس کے تعلقات، جو کسی کے فوت ہو جانے پر وقتی طور پر ہی سہی، کوئی معنی نہیں رکھنے چاہئیں—اس معصوم سی روایت کا اس چیز پر کوئی اثر نہیں ہوتا۔

پھر نندا کے علم میں آیا کہ تائی اماں ابو کے خاندان سے کوڑا وٹ نہیں رکھنا چاہتی تھیں، کیونکہ اب وہ ابو کے چچا، جو گاؤں میں رہا کرتے تھے—جن سے ابو کی نہیں بنتی تھی کسی زمانہ قدیم سے—ان کے ساتھ رشتہ قائم رکھنا چاہتی تھیں۔

امی نے جنازے سے آنے کے بعد صائمہ خالہ کو فون پر بتایا کہ لائبرے نے انہیں سلام تک نہیں کیا۔

وہ لائبرے جس نے کال کر کے تایا کے انتقال کی اطلاع دی تھی، وہ لائبرے جس کے ابو کا جنازہ تھا، وہ لائبرے جو جنازے پر بھی عیادت اور افسوس کرنے والوں کی خاطر تواضع کر رہی تھی... اس نے سلام نہیں کیا۔

"یہ کوئی طریقہ ہے؟ اشرف کا انتقال ہوا ہے اور ثمنینہ نے خود کال کرنے تک کی زحمت بھی نہ کی... اپنی بیٹی سے کال کروائی۔ ہے کوئی بات کرنے والی؟ ان کا تو خون ہی سفید ہو گیا ہے، نہیں صائمہ، تم خود دیکھو! کوئی عزت ہے ہماری اس خاندان میں؟"

ندانے امی کے فون بند کرنے کا انتظار کیا۔

"...امی؟ میری بات سنیں"

امی کا موڈ اس وقت کچھ خاص ٹھیک نہ تھا۔ وہ الماری صاف کر رہی تھیں، گاؤں جانے کی تیاری کر رہی تھیں۔ کل جنازہ تھا۔

"کیا ہے؟!"

ندانے دو منٹ کے لیے سوچا کہ کچھ نہ بولے، مگر اس نے کہہ ہی دیا۔

"امی؟ آپ کو ایسے نہیں کہنا چاہیے تھا۔"

اب جب منہ کھل ہی گیا تھا تو اس نے سوچا کہ سارا گیان دے ہی دوں۔

دیکھیں، ان کے شوہر کی فوتگی ہوئی ہے، ان پر اتنا بڑا غم آیا ہے۔ وہ کتنی پریشان ہوں گی، کتنے معاملات دیکھنے پڑ رہے ہوں گے انہیں، اس دکھ کو برداشت "کرتے ہوئے؟"

یہ بات کہہ دینے کے بعد ندا کا انداز ایک ایسے چوہے جیسا تھا جو بلی کو چھینٹنے کے بعد اس حالت میں ہو کہ اگر بلی پنچہ مارنے کو بڑھے تو فوراً بھاگ جائے، لیکن اگر بلی سستی میں مبتلا ہو تو ایک دو بار اور اپنا دیدار کرادے۔

امی نے ندا کی طرف دیکھا۔ ہر طرف ایک سکتہ طاری ہو گیا۔ امی کے چہرے پر ندا کو کئی زاویے روشنی کی رفتار سے گزرتے ہوئے نظر آئے، جن میں شاید۔ ایک جذبہ اس کی بات سمجھ لینے کا بھی تھا، لیکن وہ زیادہ دیر نہ رکا۔ پھر امی بولیں

کوڑا و سٹ

نور | سال چہارم بی ڈی ایس

نداجب پندرہ سال کی تھی، تب ایک دن امی کو لائے کی کال آئی۔ لائے، ندا کی تایا زاد بہن تھی۔ اس کی کال آنا بالکل غیر معمولی بات تھی۔ دادی کے انتقال کے بعد تایا ابو کے خاندان سے تعلقات بہت کمزور ہو چکے تھے۔ تایا ابو کی فیملی گاؤں میں منتقل تھی۔ ندا کو تایا ابو کے بارے میں کچھ زیادہ نہیں پتا تھا، صرف وہی جو بڑوں سے سنا تھا۔ کہ وہ ابو کے بڑے بھائی ہیں، ان کے مالی حالات بہت اچھے نہیں، اور یہ کہ وہ بہت قابل ہیں... لیکن محنتی نہیں۔

اور اب؟ اب... وہ نہیں رہے تھے۔

ندا کو یہ خبر سن کر کچھ خاص محسوس نہ ہوا۔ اس کا تایا ابو سے کوئی خاص جذباتی تعلق نہ تھا، اس لیے بس اس نے ہمیشہ کی طرح کسی کے انتقال ہونے پر جو جملہ یاد آتا تھا، وہی کہہ دیا۔

إِنَّا لِلَّهِ وَإِنَّا إِلَيْهِ رَاجِعُونَ

"بیشک ہم اللہ ہی کے لیے ہیں اور ہمیں اسی کی طرف لوٹ کر جانا ہے"

اور پھر وہ واپس سے کمپیوٹر پر فارم فریزی کھیلنے لگی۔ ابھی امی نے فون رکھا نہیں تھا کہ انہوں نے اپنی بہن کو کال کی۔ "صائمہ؟ اشرف بھائی کا انتقال ہو گیا ہے... بات کرتے کرتے امی گھر کے کام بھی کرنے لگیں۔ ندا کو زیادہ کچھ سنائی نہ دیا، وہ سننے میں دل چسپی بھی نہ رکھتی تھی۔ مگر جب امی کے منہ سے اگلی بات نکلی، سننے ہی ندا کے دل میں ایک عجیب سی کراہت اُٹھی۔ اس کا ہاتھ ماؤس پر ٹھٹک گیا۔



یادداشت اور جذبات: انسانی دماغ کی خیرتیں

صبا سعید | سال اول بی ڈی ایس

انسانی دماغ وہ ایک پراسرار کائنات ہے جس میں ہزاروں خیالوں کی بستیاں آباد ہیں، جذبات کی ندیاں بہتی ہیں اور یادوں کے انمول خزانے چھپے ہوئے ہیں۔ یہ وہ زمین ہے جہاں ماضی کے نقش قدم اب تک موجود ہیں، حال کی رونقیں سانس لیتی ہیں اور مستقبل کے خواب کلیوں کی صورت میں کھلتے رہتے ہیں۔

کبھی ہم بلاوجہ مسکرا اٹھتے ہیں، تو کبھی انجانی اداسی دل کو گھیر لیتی ہے۔ یہ سب دماغ کی وہ پوشیدہ پرتیں ہیں جہاں ہمارے بچپن کی آوازیں، زندگی کی حسین شامیں اور کچھ نامکمل دعائیں آج بھی محفوظ ہیں۔

انسان چاہ کر بھی بہت کچھ نہیں بھول پاتا، کیونکہ یادداشت اس کے وجود کی سب سے مضبوط زنجیر ہے۔ یہ زنجیر کبھی اسے تھام لیتی ہے اور کبھی اس کی گرفت اتنی مضبوط ہو جاتی ہے کہ انسان کو ٹوٹ کر بکھرنے پر مجبور کر دیتی ہے۔

جب یہی دماغ جذبات سے ملتا ہے تو انسان کو اتنا حساس بنا دیتا ہے کہ ذرا سی بات پر دل کانپ اٹھتا ہے۔ ہم سمجھتے ہیں کہ سب گزر گیا، سب مٹ گیا، مگر حقیقت یہ ہے کہ دماغ سب کچھ سنبھال کر رکھتا ہے۔ وہ چہرے، وہ باتیں، جو شاید ہم نے خود سے بھی چھپا دی ہوں۔

اور یہی وہ چیز ہے جس نے انسان کو باقی تمام مخلوقات پر ممتاز کیا ہے۔

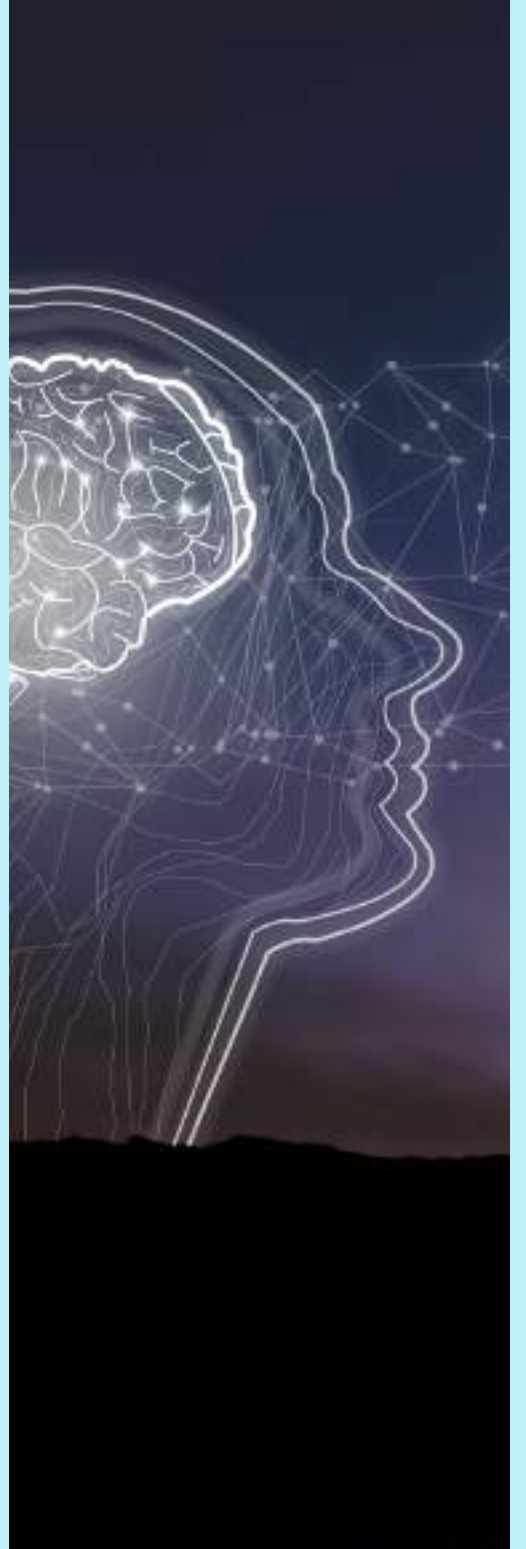
لیکن انسانی دماغ کی حیرتیں یہاں ختم نہیں ہوتیں۔ یہ بھی اس کی ایک انوکھی شان ہے کہ اس کی سوچ کی وسعت ایک راز ہے۔ اس کا تخیل اور انداز فکر دوسروں کو حیران و ششدر کر دیتا ہے۔

کبھی کسی کی بات سن کر ہم دنگ رہ جاتے ہیں کہ یہ خیال اس کے ذہن میں آیا کیسے؟ اسی دماغ کی بدولت انسان دنیا کو ایسے لطیف زاویوں سے دیکھتا ہے جو دوسروں کو نظر نہیں آتے۔

یہی دماغ ہے جو شاعروں کو شاعر کہلاتا ہے، مفکروں کو فلسفہ سمجھاتا ہے اور سائنسدانوں کو کائنات کی گتھیاں سلجھانے پر مجبور کرتا ہے۔

یہ وہ مقام ہے جہاں دماغ محض یادداشت اور جذبات کا مسکن نہیں رہتا بلکہ ایک جگمگاتا آسمان بن جاتا ہے، جہاں تخیل کے بے شمار ستارے چمکتے ہیں۔

اسی لیے کہا جاتا ہے کہ انسان کا اصل حسن اس کا چہرہ نہیں بلکہ اس کا دل اور دماغ ہیں۔



چاند

آدین عاٹھ | سال سوم بی ڈی ایس



دنیا کی تمام تر رعنائیوں میں سے ایک "چاند" ہے۔ ایسا پیش بہا وجود جو دل کے لیے باعثِ مسرت اور آنکھوں کے لیے وجہِ طراوت ہے۔

مگر چاند کیوں؟

کیونکہ زندگی کی تلخیوں میں امید کی کرن دکھانے والا ہے چاند، رات کی تاریکی میں جو بن پر چمکنے والا ہے چاند، غم ورنج میں ڈوبے دل کو ہنسانے والا ہے چاند، اپنے حسن سے لاجواب کر دینے والا ہے چاند، زمانے کی ستم ظریفیوں میں روح کو مہرکانے والا ہے چاند۔ رُلانے والا بھانے والا، ہمہ وقت مسکرانے والا ہے چاند۔

مگر کون سا چاند؟

وہی چاند جس کے حسن کے سب قائل ہیں، جس کی بے ثباتی سے بھی سب روشناس ہیں، وہی چاند جس کی لطافتوں کے قصے ہر سو نمایاں ہیں۔ وہی جو تمام تر تعریفیں سمیٹ کر بھی کسی کو اختیار نہیں دیتا کہ اس تک رسائی حاصل ہو، یا وہ کسی کی دسترس میں رہے۔

مگر کیوں؟ کیونکہ:

"چاند کسی کا ہو نہیں سکتا، چاند کسی کا ہوتا ہے۔"



نور



عفر اصقدر



صبا سعيد



ايمن الطاف



خوش بخت دعا



محمد معاذ

اگر آپ کو کوئی سپر پاور مل جائے تو آپ کیا کریں گی؟
میں دنیا میں استحکام اور امن قائم کرنے کی کوشش کروں گی۔

ایک مصروف دن کے بعد ذہنی سکون کے لیے آپ کیا کرتی ہیں؟
میں موبائل پر کوئی ڈرامہ یا کرائم شو دیکھ لیتی ہوں۔

مستقبل کے ڈاکٹرز کے لیے آپ کا کیا پیغام ہے؟
طلبہ کو چاہیے کہ طالب علمی کے دوران خوب محنت کریں اور مضامین کو اچھی طرح سمجھیں، کیونکہ عملی زندگی میں سیکھنے کا وقت کم ہوتا ہے۔

آپ نے فارماکولوجی کا انتخاب کیوں کیا؟ کوئی اور سبجیکٹ کیوں نہیں؟

یہ انتخاب دراصل بائی چانس تھا۔ جب واہ میڈیکل کالج میں تھرڈ ایئر کی کلاسز شروع ہوئیں تو میں نے اتفاقاً فارماکولوجی کا انتخاب کر لیا۔ اس وقت مجھے زیادہ علم ہوتا تو شاید پیٹھالوجی یا کمیونٹی میڈیسن کا انتخاب کرتی، مگر یہ فیصلہ اتفاقاً ہو گیا اور مجھے یہ آپشن دے دیا گیا۔

اپنے زمانہ طالب علمی کا کوئی دلچسپ واقعہ ہمیں بتائیں۔

ایم بی بی ایس کے فرسٹ ایئر میں فزیالوجی کا لیکچر تھا۔ ماحول کافی سخت تھا؛ لڑکے آگے اور لڑکیاں پیچھے بیٹھتی تھیں۔ استاد نے ”ابدالیان“ کو کھڑے ہونے کو کہا۔ میں نے سمجھا شاید حسن ابدال کے رہائشی مراد ہیں، تو میں کھڑی ہو گئی۔ بعد میں پتا چلا کہ ”ابدالیان“ سے مراد کیڈٹ کالج حسن ابدال کے طلبہ تھے۔ اس دن مجھے لفظ ”ابدالیان“ کا مطلب یاد رہ گیا۔

آپ اپنی پیشہ ورانہ اور ذاتی زندگی میں توازن کیسے قائم رکھتی ہیں؟

میرا ایک سادہ اصول ہے: کام کی جگہ پر ہی سارا کام مکمل کریں، اور گھر جا کر صرف گھر پر توجہ دیں۔ گھر میں شوہر، بچے اور پہلے ساس سسر کی ذمہ داریاں تھیں، اس لیے کام کو گھرنہ لانا بہت ضروری تھا۔

بطور ڈین ہیک سائنسز، آپ کو کن بڑے چیلنجز کا سامنا ہے؟

سب سے بڑا چیلنج اتھامی نصاب کا موثر نفاذ ہے جو نمز نے متعارف کروایا ہے۔ فرسٹ اور سیکنڈ ایئر کے بعد اب وہی بیچ تھرڈ ایئر میں جا رہا ہے، اس کی درست تکمیلی ایک بڑا چیلنج ہے۔

ایک مضبوط اور مثبت تعلیمی ماحول کیسے تشکیل دیا جاسکتا ہے؟

مثبت تعلیمی ماحول کے تین بنیادی ستون ہیں: وقت کی پابندی، ریگولیریٹی اور ڈسپلن۔ اگر غیر ضروری سرگرمیوں سے اجتناب کیا جائے تو ادارے کا ماحول اور اس کی ساکھ بہتر ہوتی ہے۔

اگر آپ کو مکمل وسائل میسر ہوں تو تعلیم اور تحقیق میں کون سی جدت لانا چاہیں گی؟

میں چاہوں گی کہ ادارے میں ایک ملٹی پرائس لیب قائم کی جائے تاکہ طلبہ اور فیکلٹی دونوں کے لیے تحقیق میں آسانی ہو۔

آپ کی زندگی کے اہم رول ماڈلز کون ہیں اور کیوں؟

میرے رول ماڈلز میرے اساتذہ رہے ہیں، خاص طور پر پرائمری اسکول کی ٹیچر اور ہائی اسکول کی مسز زبیدہ، جو نہایت محنتی اور محض تھیں۔ میرے والد بھی ٹیچر تھے، اس لیے تعلیم کا شوق مجھے گھر سے ہی ملا۔

آپ کی پسندیدہ کتاب یا فلم کون سی ہے اور کیوں؟

مجھے زیادہ کتابیں پڑھنے کا شوق نہیں رہا، لیکن فلم ”دل والے دلہنیا لے جائیں گے“ مجھے بہت پسند ہے کیونکہ یہ ہلکی پھلکی، مزاحیہ اور خوبصورت گانوں والی فلم ہے۔

آپ کا پسندیدہ گانا کون سا ہے؟

مجھے محمد رفیع اور کشور کمار کے پرانے گانے بہت پسند ہیں۔

آپ کی سب سے بڑی کامیابی جس پر آپ کو فخر ہے؟

فارماکولوجی میں ایم فل مکمل کرنا میری ایک بڑی کامیابی ہے، اور اس مضمون میں میری معلومات کو سراہا جانا میرے لیے باعث فخر ہے۔

کیا آپ کے خاندان میں بھی کوئی شعبہ طب سے منسلک ہے؟

• جی ہاں، میرے شوہر ڈاکٹر ہیں، میرے بیٹے دندان ساز ہیں، اور میری بھابھیاں بھی ڈاکٹر ہیں۔

نظم، ضبط اور تعلیمی ماحول کی معمار

ڈاکٹر شہزادہ رعنا



ہم آپ کے بے حد دل سے مشکور ہیں کہ آپ نے اپنی مصروفیات میں سے ہمارے لیے وقت نکالا۔ سب سے پہلے آپ ہمیں اپنے بچپن اور تعلیم کے بارے میں بتائیں، کہاں گزرا اور کہاں سے تعلیم حاصل کی؟

بہت شکریہ، مجھے یہ اعزاز دینے کا کہ میگزین میں آپ میرا انٹرویو کر رہے ہیں۔ میرا بچپن ڈسٹرکٹ اٹک کے ایک گاؤں میں گزرا۔ جب میری اسکولنگ شروع ہوئی تو ہم گاؤں میں ہی تھے، لیکن 1979 میں میرے والد گاؤں سے ٹرانسفر کروا کر حسن ابدال آگئے۔ وہ اسکول ٹیچر تھے۔ حسن ابدال میں ہی میری پرائمری، ہائی اسکول اور میٹرک کی تعلیم ہوئی، گورنمنٹ گرلز ہائی اسکول سے۔ اس کے بعد میں نے ایف ایس سی ایچ سی کالج واہ کینٹ سے کی۔ پھر راولپنڈی میڈیکل کالج میں داخلہ ہوا اور 1998 میں ایم بی بی ایس مکمل کیا۔

فرسٹ ایئر کے طلبہ کے دباؤ کو کم کرنے کے لیے کیا اقدامات کیے گئے ہیں؟

ہم نے رہنمائی کا ایک نظام متعارف کروایا ہے، جہاں استاد اور طالب علم کا تعلق رسمی نہیں بلکہ دوستانہ ہوتا ہے۔ اس سے طلبہ کا ذہنی دباؤ کم ہوتا ہے اور کئی ایسے طلبہ جو تعلیم چھوڑنے کے قریب تھے، دوبارہ خود کو سنبھال لیتے ہیں۔

ایک مثالی طالب علم کی کیا خصوصیات ہونی چاہئیں؟

اچھا طالب علم صرف کتابی نہیں ہوتا۔ وہ تعلیم، کھیل اور غیر نصابی سرگرمیوں میں توازن رکھتا ہے، کیونکہ صحت مند جسم ہی صحت مند ذہن کو جنم دیتا ہے۔

کوئی طالب علم جو آپ کو آج تک یاد ہو؟

ایک طالب علم جو بیک وقت کئی ملازمتیں کر کے اپنے خاندان کو سہارا دے رہا تھا، مگر کبھی اپنی مشکلات ظاہر نہیں کیں۔ اس کی محنت، وقار اور حوصلہ مجھے آج بھی متاثر کرتے ہیں۔

تحقیق کی اہمیت کے بارے میں آپ کا کیا خیال ہے؟

دنیا کی ترقی تحقیق کی بنیاد پر ہوتی ہے۔ اگرچہ پاکستان وسائل کے لحاظ سے محدود ہے، مگر مسلسل کوشش ہی آگے بڑھنے کا راستہ ہے۔ تحقیق ہماری علمی میراث بھی ہے۔

طلبہ کے لیے آپ کا سب سے اہم پیغام؟

زندگی میں کبھی مایوس نہ ہوں، خود پر اور اللہ پر بھروسہ رکھیں، اور پیسے کو کبھی مقصد نہ بنائیں۔ یہ پیشہ اور خدمت بھی عبادت ہے۔ انسانیت کی خدمت ہے۔ رزق خود راستہ بنا لیتا ہے۔

تھکن کے بعد آپ خود کو تازہ دم کیسے کرتے ہیں؟

باغبانی اور نیشنل جیو گرافک میرا سکون ہیں۔ قدرت، مختلف ثقافتیں اور دنیا کے ماحولیاتی نظام مجھے بہت متاثر کرتے ہیں۔

زندگی میں توازن کارا کیا ہے؟

جو کام جس وقت کریں، پورے دل سے کریں۔ گھر میں ہوں تو گھر والوں کے ساتھ، کام پر ہوں تو کام کے ساتھ۔ اور عبادت کو زندگی کا مستقل حصہ بنائیں۔

اگر آپ ڈاکٹر نہ ہوتے تو کس شعبے کا انتخاب کرتے؟

میں الیکٹریکل انجینئر ہوتا۔ مجھے الیکٹروٹیکس سے فطری لگاؤ ہے۔ توڑ کر دوبارہ جوڑنا میرے لیے سیکھنے کا عمل ہے، محض مشغلہ نہیں۔ آج بھی گھر کے زیادہ تر برقی آلات میں خود ہی ٹھیک کرتا ہوں۔

کیا میڈیکل کا انتخاب والدین کے دباؤ کی وجہ سے تھا؟

نہیں، والدین کا دباؤ نہیں تھا۔ میرے والد کی خواہش تھی کہ خاندان میں کوئی ڈاکٹر ہو، کیونکہ میرے بڑے بھائی کو میڈیکل کا بہت شوق تھا۔ انہیں دیکھتے دیکھتے میرے اندر بھی یہ شوق پیدا ہوا۔ اگرچہ میں نے انجینئرنگ پر بھی غور کیا، مگر حیاتیات میں بہتر نتائج اور عملی امکانات مجھے میڈیکل کی طرف لے آئے۔

آپ کے بارے میں کوئی ایسی بات جو طلبہ کے لیے حیران کن ہو؟

ایک بات ضرور ہے: میں "خود کو کسی خاص طور پر" غیر معمولی صلاحیتوں کے ساتھ اپنے ارد گرد کے ماحول کا بہت غور سے مشاہدہ کرتا ہوں اور جہاں ممکن ہو، لوگوں کی مدد کرنے کی کوشش کرتا ہوں چاہے انہوں نے مدد مانگی ہو یا نہ مانگی ہو۔

طلبہ آپ سے بطور ڈاکٹر مشورہ کیوں کرتے ہیں؟

اکثر طلبہ مجھے عملی معالج سمجھ کر اپنے گھریلو مریضوں کے مسائل پر بات کرتے ہیں۔ جب میں انہیں بتاتا ہوں کہ میرا اصل رجحان بنیادی علوم کی طرف ہے، تو وہ حیران ہوتے ہیں۔ میں ہمیشہ انہیں فعال طریقے سے کام کرنے والے ڈاکٹروں سے رجوع کرنے کا مشورہ دیتا ہوں۔

بنیادی علوم کو آپ کتنا اہم سمجھتے ہیں؟

بنیادی علوم میڈیکل تعلیم کی بنیاد ہیں۔ اگر ہم یہاں طلبہ کی دلچسپی پیدا نہیں کریں گے تو مستقبل میں اچھے اساتذہ کہاں سے آئیں گے؟ اسی لیے ہم طالب علم مرکوز، باہمی گفتگو پر مبنی اور جدید تدریسی طریقوں پر کام کر رہے ہیں۔

بطور ڈین، تدریس اور انتظامی ذمہ داریوں میں توازن کیسے رکھتے ہیں؟

میں دونوں کردار الگ رکھتا ہوں۔ جب پڑھاتا ہوں تو خود کو صرف استاد سمجھتا ہوں، اور جب انتظامی امور سنبھالتا ہوں تو تدریس کو ذہن سے نکال دیتا ہوں۔ یہی توازن کا اصل اصول ہے۔

اس ادارے کو دوسرے کالجوں سے ممتاز کیا بناتا ہے؟

یہاں نظم و ضبط، اساتذہ کی اہلیت اور طلبہ کی تعلیمی دلچسپی غیر معمولی ہے۔ زیادہ تر طلبہ واقعی سیکھنے کے خواہش مند ہیں، جس کا ثبوت ان کی تعلیمی کامیابیاں اور تمنغے ہیں۔

پرائیویٹ سیکٹر میں آنے کا فیصلہ کیسے کیا؟

کچھ عرصے بعد میں نے لاہور میں اپنی پریکٹس بھی شروع کر دی، لیکن پریکٹس ایک فل ٹائم ذمہ داری ہوتی ہے۔ اسی دوران نجی میڈیکل کالج کا آغاز ہوا، جہاں بہتر سہولیات اور تنخواہیں دستیاب تھیں۔ یہ میرے کیریئر کا ایک اہم موڑ تھا اور 1999 میں میں پرائیویٹ سیکٹر میں آ گیا۔

آپ نے کن کن اداروں میں خدمات انجام دیں؟

میں نے تقریباً دو سال فرنٹیر میڈیکل کالج، بارہ سال فاؤنڈیشن میڈیکل کالج، ساڑھے تین سال کشمیر میں، اور گزشتہ نو سال سے ہائی ٹیک میڈیکل کالج میں خدمات انجام دی ہیں۔

ہائی ٹیک میں آپ کس حیثیت سے آئے؟

میں 2016 میں ہائی ٹیک میڈیکل کالج میں بطور پروفیسر شامل ہوا۔ اس سے قبل 2010 میں میں پروفیسر بن چکا تھا۔ بعد ازاں پرنسپل جنرل حامد شفیق صاحب نے مجھے بیسک سائنسز کا ایسوسی ایٹ ڈین مقرر کیا، جو میرے لیے ایک اعزاز ہے۔ پوسٹ گریجویٹیشن میں تاخیر ہو گئی کیونکہ شادی، بچے اور گھر کی ذمہ داریاں تھیں۔ بعد ازاں 2013 میں وارڈن میموریل یو ایچ ایس سے ایم فل فارماکولوجی میں داخلہ لیا اور 2015 میں مکمل کیا۔

کیا یہ ذمہ داری مشکل ہے؟

یقیناً یہ ایک ذمہ داری والا عہدہ ہے کیونکہ تمام بیسک سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹس کو ساتھ لے کر چلانا ہوتا ہے۔ تاہم یہاں کی فیکلٹی نہایت تجربہ کار، باہمی تعاون رکھنے والی اور ایک خاندان کی طرح کام کرنے والی ہے، جس کی وجہ سے کام خوش اسلوبی سے ہو رہا ہے۔

بائیو کیمسٹری میں اصل دلچسپی کیسے پیدا ہوئی؟

ایم بی بی ایس کے دوران بائیو کیمسٹری الگ مضمون نہیں تھی بلکہ فزیا لوجی کا حصہ تھی، اور اکثر اساتذہ نان میڈیکل ہوتے تھے، اس لیے ہمیں اس کی طبی عملی اہمیت سمجھ نہیں آتی تھی۔ جب میں ڈیپونٹریٹر بنا اور طبی موضوعات کے ساتھ بائیو کیمسٹری پڑھانے کا موقع ملا تو مجھے احساس ہوا کہ یہ مضمون مریض کی پہچان اور علاج میں کس قدر اہم ہے۔ یہی احساس میرے لیے اس شعبے سے وابستگی کا سبب بنا۔

آپ کتنے عرصے سے بائیو کیمسٹری پڑھا رہے ہیں؟

میں تقریباً 1989 سے اب تک، یعنی تقریباً 37 سال سے بائیو کیمسٹری پڑھا رہا ہوں، اور یہ میرے لیے باعث فخر ہے۔

پاکستان آنے کے بعد میری تعلیم ایف جی سرسید اسکول، مارگلہ روڈ، سے شروع ہوئی جہاں میں نے کالج ٹو میں داخلہ لیا، اور پھر ایف جی سرسید اسکول فار بوائز سے میٹرک 1977 میں مکمل کیا۔ ایف ایس سی میں نے ایف جی سرسید کالج سے 1979 میں کی۔

اس دور میں میڈیکل کالج میں داخلے کا طریقہ کار کیا تھا؟

اس زمانے میں ایم ڈی کیٹ نہیں ہوتا تھا۔ داخلہ مکمل طور پر ایف ایس سی کے نمبرز کی بنیاد پر ہوتا تھا، جبکہ این سی سی کے اضافی نمبر بھی شامل ہوتے تھے۔ زیادہ وٹنج ایف ایس سی کے نمبرز کو دی جاتی تھی۔ اس وقت میڈیکل کالج آج کے مقابلے میں کم تھا، اس لیے تقریباً 70 فیصد نمبرز پر بھی گورنمنٹ میڈیکل کالج میں داخلہ ممکن ہو جاتا تھا۔

آپ کا ایم بی بی ایس کا سفر کیسا رہا؟

میرا راولپنڈی میڈیکل کالج میں داخلہ 1980 میں ہوا، اور الحمد للہ میں نے تمام پروفیشنل امتحانات پہلی دفعہ میں پاس کیے۔ 1985 میں میرا ایم بی بی ایس مکمل ہوا۔ اس وقت اسٹرکچرڈ ہاؤس جاب نہیں ہوتی تھی، بلکہ میرٹ اور پسند کے مطابق ہاؤس جاب کی جاتی تھی، جو میں نے مکمل کی۔

گورنمنٹ سروس میں آپ کا تجربہ کیسا رہا؟

ہاؤس جاب کے بعد میں پبلک سروس کمیشن کے ذریعے پنجاب گورنمنٹ میں سلیکٹ ہوا۔ لازمی طور پر دو سال دیہی علاقوں میں سروس کی، اور 1988 میں تحصیل ہیڈ کوارٹر ہسپتال مری میں بطور میڈیکل آفیسر تعینات ہوا۔

ہائیکیمسٹری کا انتخاب کیسے ہوا؟

میں راولپنڈی میڈیکل کالج میں بطور ڈیپوٹنٹ پوسٹنگ ہوا، جو ہائیکیمسٹری ڈیپارٹمنٹ میں تھی۔ ابتدا 1989 میں یہ منصوبہ بندی نہیں تھی، لیکن وقت کے ساتھ میرا اس مضمون میں دلچسپی پیدا ہوئی، خاص طور پر جب میں نے اس کی کلینیکل اہمیت کو سمجھا۔

پوسٹ گریجویٹیشن کے بارے میں کچھ بتائیں۔

میں نے اپنے پوسٹ گریجویٹ کے لیے میڈیکل انسٹیٹیوٹ لاہور میں ایم فل میں 1993 میں داخلہ لیا۔ اس وقت ایم فل ایک جامع پروگرام تھا، جس میں اضافی مضامین جیسے فزیالوجی اور کیمیکل پیٹھالوجی بھی شامل تھے۔ 1996 میں میں نے ایم فل مکمل کیا۔

کنگ ایڈورڈ میڈیکل کالج میں آپ کا تجربہ کیسا رہا؟

جب پوسٹنگ کنگ ایڈورڈ میڈیکل کالج میں ہوئی، جہاں ابتدا میں مجھے دو ماہ فارنزک میڈیسن میں کام کرنا پڑا، جس میں پوسٹ مارٹمز اور طبی قانونی مقدمات شامل تھے۔ اگرچہ یہ شعبہ مشکل تھا، لیکن سابقہ میڈیکل لیگل ٹریننگ کی وجہ سے ایڈجسٹمنٹ بہ نسبت آسان رہی۔ سینئرز کی رہنمائی، خاص طور پر ایک ایسوسی ایٹ پروفیسر کی مدد، میرے لیے بہت قیمتی ثابت ہوئی۔

محنت، توازن اور کامیابی کے اصول:
ایک معلم سے گفتگو

ڈاکٹر شاہد رؤف



مجھے بہت خوشی ہے کہ آپ دونوں تشریف لائے اور اپنے مصروف تعلیمی شیڈول میں سے وقت نکالا۔ آپ جو بھی سوال پوچھنا چاہیں، بلا جھجک پوچھیں۔

آپ کے تعلیمی سفر کا آغاز کیسے ہوا؟ اور آپ اس مقام تک کیسے پہنچے جہاں آج آپ بیک سائنسز کی قیادت کر رہے ہیں؟

میری ابتدائی تعلیم اُس وقت کے مشرقی پاکستان، موجودہ بنگلہ دیش، سے شروع ہوئی جہاں میں نے ایک مشنری اسکول میں تعلیم حاصل کی۔ یہ تقریباً 1968-70 کا دور تھا۔ بعد ازاں میرے والد کے آرمی میں ہونے کی وجہ سے ہماری پوسٹنگ مغربی پاکستان ہو گئی۔



پیغام سرپرست

عزیز قارئین،
اسلام علیکم،

ادب انسان کی سوچ اور تہذیبی شناخت کا آئینہ دار ہوتا ہے جو کہ معاشرے کو روشنی، فہم اور شعور عطا کرتا ہے۔ میگزین کا یہ چوتھا شمارہ طلبہ و طالبات کی تخلیقی صلاحیتوں کا مظہر ہے۔ اس کے صفحات ان کی محنت، جستجو اور اظہار کی خوبصورت جھلک پیش کرتے ہیں۔

میری دعا ہے کہ یہ ادبی سفر ہمیشہ جاری رہے اور ہمارا میگزین علم و ادب کے متلاشی قارئین کے لیے ہمیشہ روشنی کا ذریعہ بنے۔ آمین

نیک تمناؤں کے ساتھ

ڈاکٹر نوشین اشرف

فیکلٹی سرپرست

(ڈینٹل کالج)

لٹیری سوسائٹی

فہرست

۱ پیغام سرپرست

۲ ہیئت تدریس کے مذاکرے

۱۰ ہمارے مصنفین و شعرا

۱۱ ادبی نشر

۲۰ شاعری

اللہ کے نام سے شروع، جو نہایت
مہربان اور رحم فرمانے والا ہے۔

الله أكبر



ارسی ایس کروینیکلز



2025