UNIVERSITY OF ENGINEERING AND TECHNOLOGY

TAXILA

ALMOHANDIS

2013

Year	General Editors	English Editors
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2007	ImranIlilahi Lashri	Sumaira Azad
2008	Imran Ilahi Lashri	Momal Qureshi
2009	Imran Umar Lodhi	Momal Qureshi
2010	Ammar Falak Sher	Quratulain Shafi
2011	Hassan Raza	Salman Latif
2012	Naeem ul Hasnain	Komal Aslam
2013	Touqeer Awan	Saad Ayub Jajja

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Graphics Expert

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

Dedicated to The Sanctity of Pen

and Dignity of Book

UNIVERSITY OF ENGINEERING AND TECHNOLOGY
TAXILA

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Vice Chancellor's Message

Few years back, I wrote a brief essay Helping the World Communicate on the World Telecommunications day which started like this, "Famous American judge, John Marshall, once wrote "To listen well is as powerful a means of communication as to talk well". On the same analogy, I suggest to read well is as powerful means of communication as to write well and Almohandis is supposed to help us listen well as well as talk well and certainly read well as well as write well - if we want to. The fact remains that communication is a need to exist, necessity to survive, requirement of business, luxury to interact with loved ones, and a way of life for the various species existing in this universe. Actors and ambassadors communicate; birds, beasts communicates; continents, commissions, copper, and cultures communicate; doctors, economists, farmers, fibers communicate; generals, hakims, insects, Internet, Intranets communicate; jokers, kings, leaders, and lawyers communicate; mothers, mullahs, monkeys and monsters communicates; nobles and notorious communicate; operators, politician, professors, and Pakistani's communicate; queens, riches, and regulators communicate; soldiers, secretaries and satellites communicate; traders, technocrats communicate; ulema, Ukraine, Uganda communicate, values, wires, Whites, Yellows and Zulus communicate. Every living organism has the "right to communicate" anything that can be communicated, aka message - feelings, passions, opinions, arguments, values, businesses and understandings. Communications is a transaction that involves sender, receiver, message and media, all embedded in the A-Z statement above. Almohandis therefore is a powerful medium for students to communicate, fostering creativity and reading as well as writing potential of students that shall breed cohesiveness and integration for building, and promoting the better world.

Human societies were created by communicated word which transformed into writings, were passed on as knowledge and experience. Smoke, signals, water currents were used, mail systems were setup, magazines, newspapers were published, time and space conquered by telegraph, telephone, radio and television. Folks, if communication means an opportunity, a business venture, a love storey, a happy life, the world peace, creation of Palestine state and settlement of Kashmir dispute, fostering the local, provincial, national, and international harmony then let us celebrate Almohandis – to write well as well as read well.

Prof. Dr.
M. Abbas Choudhary
Vice Chancellor
Patron in Chief
Almohandis

دل سے جو بات نکلتی ہے اثر رکھتی ہے
پر نہیں طاقتِ پرواز مگر رکھتی ہے

قدسی الاصل ہے رفعت پہ نظر رکھتی ہے
خاک سے اٹھتی ہے گردوں پہ گزر رکھتی ہے

"Success is never ending, failure is never final." - Dr. Robert Schuller

Chief Editor's Message

Literature is essential in aptly grooming the students. Although it can't be part of the curriculum for an engineering student, it must always be there as a co-curricular part of the mainstream academia. Only then will we be able to produce not only good engineers but also good humans.

It's with prodigious pleasure that University of Engineering and Technology, Taxila has brought out magazine Almohandis 2013 after one year. So we welcome with zeal to students of UET, Taxila to this stupendous issue of magazine. In the words of Leo Rosten

"A writer writes not because he is educated but because he is driven by the need to communicate. Behind the need to communicate is the need to share. Behind the need to share is the need to be understood."

Publication of Almohandis was a daunting task. The acquisition of formal education is necessary but such an innovating endeavor is utterly necessary for grooming of students. There is a huge difference between information and knowledge. Information is a result of knowledge. But information in itself as a standalone factor gives rise to shallow knowledge, that is to say that nowadays we have all youngsters with information on their fingertips but their dearth of deep knowledge of subject. Information alone is not going to help us; we must focus on knowledge and how to gain it properly.

Our mission was to evolve creative thinking in students imbued with their own imagination. Almohandis provides a platform to do original thinking and to express their ideas and aspirations in words.

I conclude by applauding once again efforts of students of UET faculty who made this magazine an exuberant reality. Lastly, may Allah give you strength to encounter all challenges of life.

Professor Dr.
Qaisar-uz-Zaman
Chief Editor
Almohandis

Advisor's Message

It gives me heartiest pleasure to note that in an engineering institute, this magazine has endeavored over the years to keep the literary spirit alive and has been very successful. This is a clear indication that even in a technical university, students have an immense literary potential which they wish to express. And Almohandis has become that platform through which they can express it.

For the past years, Almohandis has been playing a dynamic role in arousing students' minds to creative learning. We are living in the age of professionalism. And professionalism means much more than merely good grades. It's in this spirit that Almohandis is launched this year that it shall inculcate in the minds of the students the much-needed literary sense that is as much important in a successful career as any trait.

This year, we have introduced a number of new sections in the magazine. I am glad to say that the students' response towards literary activities on campus has been profound and the quality of this year's publication stands witness to it. Almohandis magazine has seen a gradual improvement every year and this year this phenomenon is manifest in the content. We hope to continue this trend of improvement and progress further on our goal of providing a literary platform to all the students.

In the end, I would like to thank our Vice Chancellor for his unwavering support without which, it would not have been possible to bring this magazine to you. I also extend my heartiest congratulations to the general editor, the members of the editorial board and all the writers who very actively participated in bringing together such a remarkable publication.

Regards,

Prof. Dr.
Ali Shameem
Advisor
Almohandis

General Editor Message

With collection of infinite clusters of virtuous words and boundless worthy feelings I offer all the prayers and glories to Allah Almighty, the compassionate and merciful who knows about whatever is there in the universe. Hidden and evident, and has enabled us to elucidate a drop of awareness from the ocean of Knowledge and gave us enough courage and strength so that i can publish Almohandis once more in my life.

I bestowed all due praises to Holy Prophet (P.B.U.H) who shows us the strait path of Islam and to his decent who never bowed before the power of evil and will always disseminated the message of Islam, who is forever a true torch of guidness for humanity as a whole. ALLAH PAK said in QURAN:

"Read! In the name of Thy Lord Who created man from a clot of blood. Read! And your Lord is most Generous, Who taught knowledge by Pen. Taught man what he did not know." (AL Quran)

Words have power or I should say words are power. Words have their own philosophy or I should say words are philosophy. In this universe everything has its own philosophy and for expression of their philosophy each and every thing entails words. After birth, Words never die. They have endless life so their philosophy has no limit. Words have a taste. Words are name of feelings. Only those people who have a good literary taste can feel the smell of words. They can feel the sweetness of words by way of expression.

Although UET is a technical institute but Almohandis is trying to accomplish the literature requirement of apprentices. For a number of years Almohandis is working for this. Working at a significant post of General Editor has been a sensational experience for me.

"Iqbal day", Annual Grand "Mushairah", "Bait baazi"," Voice of youth", all of these luminaries have created a galaxy in my life. Remember use your words to fight against evil forces (spiritually, mentally, physically etc.) and to give life to these words you need a stage and this platform is called as Almohandis. Raise your voice so that world can hear that you have your own philosophy, people could know that you are existing. Trust me, words are alive and who deny this fact should see the philosophy of "SHAIR R MASHRIQ" Allama Mohhamad Iqbal and its effect on people of subcontinent of India. Step forward from your line and you will see whole world is gyrating around you. You will feel the power of your words and you will found yourself among the rows of "Faarabi and Aflatoon". You will see you are "Demqaratis" and you will see a reflection of Iqbal inside yourself. This is power of words.

Believe me .....! You can see your words standing beside you.

Believe me .....! You can feel their fragrance.

"I just love when people say I can't do something because all my life people said I wasn't going to make it." - Ted Turner

At end with an assemblage of thousands of stunning verses I say thanks to my Almohandis team. Perhaps you are the best people I ever met and you are the best part of my life. At end of my Engineering carrier from UET I want to say special thanks to “Ammar falkak sher”, “Hassan Raza”, “Naeem un Hasnain” and all of you whom I couldn't mention. I offered special thanks to Chief Editor “Professor Dr. Qaisar-uz-Zaman”and Patron in Chief worthy Vice Chancellor “Prof. Dr. Abbas Chaudhary” who was always affectionate and good to Almohandis and generate such a good literary platform for scholars. Wishing you all the best and with a faith and hope that Almohandis will always stay at significant position at UET.

Touqeer Khalid Awan
General Editor
Almohandis

English Editor Message

These days people are a little afraid to have a unique perspective on things. They fear that they might be frowned upon or simply their views would not be taken seriously. But having diversity of thought and the ability to project one's views is what makes a person capable to lead the rest of the people who have a unified monotonous perspective on almost anything that goes around them. Media these days provides many outlets for people to share their views and opinions but I think writing something up is the most powerful means to convince others of your stand on a particular issue. This is because a lot of thought goes into jotting a few lines on the paper; you channel a select few of your thoughts on the paper which you believe will have a profound effect on the audience.

I congratulate this year's contributors for achieving this feat and letting us know about their opinions on wide variety of topics.

These four years that I spent in UET Taxila made me realize a very important thing. There is only a small minority of people who are self motivated to achieve certain things but the remaining majority on the other hand needs some sort of inspiring “story” to get theirs gears turning. For that, from this year onwards we have introduced a new section called “My Story” in the University Magazine. “My Story” will feature inspirational stories of UET Taxila students in which their struggle against the odds of life and ultimately their success will be highlighted. I believe that such true real life stories will really boost the morale of students and they will achieve their goals and dreams not matter what life has stacked up against them.

To stress the unique lives students spend in this marvelous University, a new section called 'UET Diaries” has been introduced. These are happenings from the extraordinary daily lives of UET Taxila students. Moreover the “Tech Section” of the magazine sheds light on the works of some of the most brilliant (beautiful) minds of UET Taxila and reading their work will certainly prove to you that we at UET Taxila are among some of the finest engineers of our country.

Finally we do have some extremely good contributions in the “Fiction” and “Poetry” Section which will certainly transport you to a blissful oblivion. Moreover a book review, movie review and a drama review has been added in the “media” section of the magazine.

This year's magazine would not have been possible without the efforts of the people working in the editorial board. I must thank Maham Rashid for encouraging her classmates to write for the magazine, Qasim Zia for attending my phone calls and immediately doing what he was told, Saad bin Shams for the “Tech Section” , Alishba Kanwal for covering all the major events of the University

"Obstacles are those frightful things you can see when you take your eyes off your goal." - Henry Ford

and maintaining UETt diaries blog, Faizan Ahmad for his insightful suggestions, Mashood for his thought provoking poetry, Zaid for searching a contributor for “My Story” section, Naina for her enthusiasm, Shafaq Malik for her active participation in English board's events, Maham Zafar for quietly listening to what was going around in the editorial board meeting. Finally I must thank my roommate and publication manager, Wajahat Ali for making this marvelous publication a reality. Happy Reading!.

Almohandis Board 2012-13

"You will never find time for anything. You must make it." - Charles Buxton

English Editorial Board 2012-13

ARTICLES
To see a world in a grain of sand And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand, And eternity in an hour
(William Blake)

Sikander Waqas
09-ME-98

THE SHIFTING GENDER ROLES

Confident, bold and elegant, Fahmida Mirza chairs the national assembly sessions. Being the first female national assembly speaker, people see her with admiration and at the same time question her ability to conduct the assembly sessions. It has been three years since she has been the speaker and everything is normal except the fact that a woman presiding a male dominated parliament is something new. Several thousand miles away another woman has not let gender hold her back from achieving great things. Hilary Clinton ran for the president in the 2008 US presidential elections. She managed the full load of the presidential campaign for a full year and gave a tough time to Barrack Obama. Although she did not win the elections but her merits were duly recognized and she became the secretary of state

The world as a whole is witnessing a transformation in gender roles. 21st century does not differentiate between genders when it comes to select the best person for the job. The major shift in gender roles is women taking up jobs that were previously exclusively reserved for men. Although men are actively pursuing 'female' jobs like nursing but the change is less tangible. Previously women were restricted to household tasks and other minor activities that did not involve leadership roles. Today the society has changed; women have taken the jobs of men as a challenge. It is in the nature of humans to go for things of which they are deprived and women have been deprived of certain jobs for a very long time. They won't let their physical strength be a barrier in joining the army, they are heading corporate firms and along with that they are setting new standards in their own traditional jobs.

This major shift in gender roles is partly due to empowerment by evolving technology. A computer does not recognize the sex of its user. Grueling and demanding tasks like manufacturing planning in industries are easily done with the help of software packages. Today the general requirement for success is a good mind and the ability to work hard. Women like men have both of these qualities and their success rate is improving. Although we are witnessing shifting gender roles but there are some tasks for which both men and women are hardwired. Nothing whatsoever can change the role of men and women in those tasks. Men can't raise infants on their own neither can women face the blood and death in the battle field.

A SOCIAL BEING IS NOT ALLOWED TO MOVE AND ACT AS HE PLEASES

ANIQA SAFADAR
2K12 –SE

As I sat at a class discussion few days earlier, I was struck by how amazing people are and therefore why it is so wrong for other people to make decisions for them regarding their lives or property. Man (and woman) are amazing creatures- when free.

"Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains," or so said Jean-Jacques Rousseau, but I think I might modify this statement to say "Man is born free and is amazing, but everywhere he has been chained by pitiful life problems and strains."

Too many people believe that the goal of life is to make money so that we become well and enjoy the charm of life- but I reject this because I believe that people are already made by their Creator as great as they are ever going to be. When born, we all are free individuals, making free choices, respecting the lives of others, and understanding basic ideas about ownership of property (ever heard a kid say 'that's mine!').

When left alone, free to make choices about what to do and what to do with their own property, people make incredible decisions and become amazing people.

But as Man proceeds in his life journey and advances in years he finds himself bound by chain quite unknown to him. In his infancy he cannot live by himself, but has to depend upon his mother fortering care for his life. As he grows in year he finds that he cannot do anything and everything according to his sweet will. His movements are restricted and his speech, whenever it is undesirable or foul, is checked and he is rebuked and admonished.

He wants to play all day long, but cannot and has to submit himself to the discipline of his school. When he finishes his education he marries, but finds himself more and more in chains, he cannot enjoy a life of ease. When his heart eagerly hankers after but has to lead a life of drudgery for maintaining his parents, wife and children. As a social being he is not allowed to move and act as he pleases: he is to submit social law and curb his liberty in relation to and for the sake of others .As a citizen he has to obey the laws of his state and whenever he transgresses them he is put to disgrace. In matters religion affairs he is to live with the people of his religion in harmony and cannot violate his law without punishment.

We thus see that at a time of birth a man is quite free, but his freedom begins to wear out as he advances in life. The more he grows in years, the more he does find himself in chains.

In this way he is compelled to surrender all his freedom to the world he lives in and regains it in toto only when he cuts of all connections with it and departs it from forever.

Raffey Ismail Khan
10-CE-86

PURITY

A life just for the sake of living is no life at all. Instead, a life lived for dying is the only path to purity. The state of being free from moral wrong is the simple definition of purity, but if you go deeper, an inner voice calls out to you saying THAT 'purity is incomplete without the idea of death'; it is far beyond than just a state of "being free from moral wrong."

When a child comes to this world as an infant, he is indeed in the purest state he could ever be. As the life cycle takes us to childhood, purity starts evanescing and the part of sinfulness beings. After that, he reaches adolescence, the most crucial part of his life, where he can either re-purify his contaminated purity or just stop bothering anymore, kick it away and move on with his life. In his adulthood, he is much more sensible to understand what purity actually is, but still does not manage to understand the simple fact that: "Purity is directly connected to spirituality."This is because of some grim realities that a youth faces today; realities like discontentment, ingratitude and restlessness. These states are there just because he denies the one simple fact that purity of mind, heart and soul is undoubtedly and strongly linked to spirituality.Purity is voice that echoes inside you whenever you are tempted towards an evil. In the quest for finding logic and reasoning in everything, behind the existence of mankind in the world, wise men has managed to find the essence of purity as "the closer a person is to God, the purer he is". It means that we should know the reason of our coming to this world; we must remember that there is a Creator above, watching us all the time. We should know that there is an end to this so-called charming world; only then we shall be able to embark upon the lifelong pursuit of purity. A stage comes in our life when we start treasuring everything we love- family, friends, belongings - the part where positivity and hope complement each other to make us pure. That part is the purest of all.

What really is purity? Purity is the feeling which hits your core when you listen to an Azan, the moment when you can't help tears roll down your face. Purity is the feeling when you prostrate before the Almighty and cry in helplessness. It is the name of that satisfaction which you get at the time of helping someone out in his hardship. It is the name of that bliss when you become a father and it is the name of that calmness when you put down your head in your mother's lap.

The examples are many and in abundance, but they all speak of one simple fact i.e. purity does not end here, it only starts with this. Just as spirituality, there is no end to purification of the soul as well. Hence, death walks hand in hand with purity, for purity without the fear/remembrance of death, is not achievable. We can safely say that the purest person is the one who is dead: devoid of all sins and worldliness. You and I cannot achieve that level of purity as we are not that close to selflessness.

Purity is a struggle, a continuous fight. Purity is the pursuit of being pure and never actually the acquirement of it, as the day you will be "pure" in the real sense of the word will be the day you are merely a soul without the body.

CAN'T SAY NO

ZAID BIN FAROOQ
11-ME-46

My mom always used to say to me:

"Beta start saying NO to some people, it isn't wise to be the yes-sir man always". I never paid much heed to her advice and rather paid the price the other way. When I started my journey in UET, I joined many societies because I knew I could never make 'my mark' from studying. Later on, it proved to be a wrong decision. The hazards that I face every day cannotbe summarized, yet many of them that I can avoid by saying one NO are:

When I go to university, one of my friends asks me to mark their proxy in any lecture or lab, depending upon their intensity of sleep. Sometimes I get away with this easily, but when I get caught up in the claws of raven, I mean to say instructor, it gets a bit nasty. Yet when I'm coming back from the campus to my room, a friend asks me to accompany him to a route, of his alleged girlfriend; I say ok and sit on a route with him. It takes us two hours to reach there, given the conditions of roads and traffic of Rawalpindi and Islamabad. It makes my life worse as I travel like day-scholar and live like broader. If in any case he doesn't want to go after her, he asks me to stroll here and there in the university campus, which makes me tired.

When I reach back to my room, I'm asked by a senior to come to his room immediately for some 'society work', and it takes usually 2 hours to be completed. I fell exhausted when I take myself back to my room and suddenly I get a call from another senior, to deal some matters about the community. I get back to I-hall, thinking about my mother's advice. It takes almost an hour to 'deal' with these issues when I finally unlock my room, and think of all the assignments, quizzes and vivas of the next day. When I begin to start my work, a class-mate knocks my door and asks if I could help him with the quiz and I, scornfully, say YES again.

In the end when I lay down on my bed, it is usually 3'o clock in the morning. Sometimes I think that all this hectic and over-drive schedule can be turned into a much smoother schedule by simply saying a NO to a couple of people. Yet, another day comes and the same routine carries on and on. This all happens to me because either I don't listen to my mom or because I CAN'T SAY NO!

"There are no secrets to success. It is the result of preparation, hard work, and learning from failure." - Colin Powell

Umme Hani
11-SE-21

CHILDREN
THE OTHER NAME OF LOVE

Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies. It is the most beautiful period of human life, between infancy and youth. It has its own secrets and mysteries. When ice-cream is your first luxury, having lots of happiness wrapped up in it. Sweet childish days, when the colors are brighter, the air is cooler and the morning is more fragrant. If this world is like a garden, children are like roses, tulips and sunflowers in it. Indeed, their laughter is like a melody and their voice is like some bird's song. Sun shines when they smile and the stars don't twinkle when they are sad. They are not to be used and abused. They are love statues and they just need love and care.

Innocence, the first word that comes into our mind when we think of a child. Smile, that immediately prevails on our faces when we see a little kid eating chocolate. Their sparkling eyes are enough to make someone happy, at least for a moment. No doubt, the world without children is like a body without soul. The most interesting thing about those cute angels and fairies is that they tell all, they know and then stop. The little artists , their little dreams are the blueprints of their ultimate achievements.

Children are a gift of Allah Almighty. They are the essence of life. They want someone to make theirs wishes come true. Give them a chance to fill the books of their lives with their favorite colors. It provides them opportunities to make their dreams come true and fills their hands with stars and flowers of courage.Acting upon a saying “You can't help everyone, but you can help someone”, show your contribution towards realization of child rights to help the really needy and oppressed children. Our first preference must be street children and laborers. As children are our future, they must not be bare-footed, striving for food and clothes. They are our tomorrow, and the today that has no tomorrow is drowned in the darkness of night.

Keep in mind that “Nothing you do for children is ever wasted.”We have to begin the work of making sure that the world we leave for our children should be a little bit better than the one we inhibit today...!!!

“Protecting children means saving our future”. Time that you invest in your Child's upbringing will make him.

Children live in a world of fantasy with Cinderella and sleeping beauty. They visit skies and depths of oceans in their imagination. Just try to give a cheerful childhood to these little dreamers. Let's take a step by keeping in mind that we may not be able to prepare the future for our children, but we can at least prepare our children for the future.

INFORMATION ATTITUDE

Alishba Kanwal
10-EE-124

'We live in the digital age, the age of information'. Such a cliché; not a day goes by when we don't read this sentence in a blog post, a newspaper article, or a simple Tweet.

But really, attitudes toward information sharing differ from a place to another. While all of us may want access to information, or in it's more raw form, data, we are not always prepared to be the ones to share it. Institutions in some countries are willing to reach out to a global audience and communicate the knowledge they have gathered over their lifespan: the most famous perhaps being the edX initiative launched by the joint effort of MIT and Harvard University. The Khan Academy is another such online initiative wherein you can, as their website says, 'learn anything for free'.This is 'real' information sharing: sharing lectures, having discussions and even getting your queries clarified all in real-time is a mind boggling concept. And to me, nothing short of a science fiction projection-turned-reality.But in countries like mine, the situation is totally complementary.

Simple things like discussing a university assignment is apt to get you raised eyebrows and a pretend-I-didn't-hear-you look. Ask for a little help in completing the lecture since you missed part of it for some reason (usually outdoor-sy) and people change attitudes like they never knew you.

But come the exams and things are totally different: open your textbook and a whole swarm of people come to check up on what you are reading, what if it's something they missed? Just a hint that you've got some extra points jotted down for memory's sake and they come like bees on a flower with puppy-dog faces, 'can I please please please see what you have written too? You KNOW my preparation is nil!'Just be seen talking to a teacher and hey, watch out! All eyes and ears are on you!It all makes me think: if you are so loathed to talking about studies in everyday life and just so busy pretending you were sleeping in class/don't open you books at all/haven't understood a single topic and what-not, why such poking during the exams then?

It is perhaps the fact that we have a third-world status that we are so possessive about the things we know. Always the fear that what we have is not really 'ours' and we don't really 'own' it, and that someday someone can easily take it all away from us. And make it their own.What I want to say is that we seriously need to change this kind of negative attitude toward 'sharing'.MIT and Harvard are just two examples from the large swath of international universities and institutions involved in creating a 'web of knowledge' . They have been none-the-worse for creating such a network of shared resources and in fact have prospered even more so. There will be no harm if you help out someone with work. Everything in life is really not about getting 'returns' or 'benefits'. Sometimes you have to keep the base instincts aside and just be free to work with anyone in anyway you can. You never know how much your little time may have meant to the other person. Everything is not necessarily about securing good grades. There is something we all know about but have to be kept being reminded of: the simple good.

Faizan Ahmad
10-SE

STAIRWAYS TO HAPPINESS!

Life is funny. It's beautiful and it's ugly. But no, it's beautiful for its ugly. But then what's beauty and what could possibly define ugliness when our creator, our Lord is beautiful (and to that we all agree) then by large every sculpture, every script He creates is magnificent, is alluring, is liable to be called but ugly. But still we hear, believe, and write and repeatedly disgrace our mighty Lord by listing things under captions this is beautiful and this isn't. How unfair of we humans!

One of the most fascinating things about humans is that no amount is enough for us. No matter what we have, no matter what we own it won't be enough. We never realize how blessed we are, never value what we posses. No meter, any scale can measure our desire for more. We crave for things we don't have, those we have never seen or even don't be sure if they exist, still we keep running after those. In our lust for more knowingly unknowingly we lose what we own, all of it. Still, we never realize, damn care and keep out our sticky tongue to glue more. We all do.

At times I wonder if we really need eyes to see and ears to hear. For at the end of the day, we see the portion of the picture we have to or we need to, and hear what we wish to be said and spoken by others. And then our mind, the housekeeper of our brain, I believe is the only rightful contender to be knighted with 'worlds fiercest terrorist'. It's pretty amazing the way it fools innocent heart with all those theories and nonsense philosophies from misconceptions and then keeps feeding it with cunningly carved reasons. For supporting evidence in addition, it plays flashes from our memoirs, just carefully sliced clips. Then jots them altogether, prepares a strong case of disbelief, and presents it in the court of fragile heart. Sigh, poor heart believes what being planted, and then somewhere in the background another heart fails, another bond breaks and another family separates.

About feelings and emotions, there are two completely distinct worlds, like disjoint sets. Let me tell you how, if feelings and emotions are ours, they are true, supreme, sublime and sacred. Else they are so liable to be placed in open market to be rated fake, cheap, lies and probably sequence of words. Moreover, they should be dealt as puppets for latter, but are expected to be treated as living souls if are formers. Agreed?

Have you ever seen someone who is happy, contended or even satisfied? Truly, I haven't seen anyone as yet. May be people as such were never been molded for our planet. If they would have in the first place, they wouldn't have sold Eden at the price of an apple. And now for the very same Eden, they spend whole of their lives praying, asking for forgiveness or perhaps for their own penance. *Citation required I should say.

Pleasure; let me share this dove with you now. Water tastes us so pleasure after we left our throat dry for half a dozen hours; it even tastes exotic if we taste it after a dozen. But after a glass or two, it won't

sound any sublime even if you are sitting beside a stream. It be the same water, the very same that we be fending for, a moment before and now all of the sudden we be laconic to it like it's of no worth, none at all. I sigh at scenes of this much injustice, humiliation and even sadistic discrimination towards earth's most essential of elements, one whose existence was, is and always is vital for our survival. But then the reality speaks for itself and recalls that there's no pleasure, there's no joy but our need. The moment our need gets satisfied, pleasure fades away. Music sounds pleasure, so does noise but then comes time when we find absolute joy in emptiness, nothingness, in silence.

From the fairy world of cacaos let me bring dreams, expectations and of course love for you. Well to dream is to live, to expect is to die. And to love is to live and die the same time. Sounds complex as a jigsaw puzzle, but let me simplify. Dreams make you fly without wings, walk without legs and breathe without air. They are perhaps the most beautiful gift our Master has blessed us with because they let us think what we normally won't. They let us believe that there is nothing more important but realization. And realization is everything. Expectations, on the other hand are illusions, and are deceiving. Nonetheless knowingly, unknowingly we live in these illusions and live a lot. We expect to breathe out C02 every time we pump in oxygen; we expect to see sun every morning as we wake up. We expect ourselves to be loved, to be cared, to be looked at by people , at times even strangers and never ask ourselves this particular question that why on earth they should love you and care for you?. They are mortals, so are you, you have come alone, you will go alone, they don't owe you anything as long as they themselves don't feel so, then why do you expect this much from them?

Love, my personal favorite though. Well, it's hard to explain love but then it's simple too. Love is when you hand a piece of bread to a street child, starving from two days and before he takes his first bite, he parts that piece into two and shares the half with his mate. Love is when you throw a child in air and he giggles instead of fearing of falling flat on earth. Love is when mama sparrow after a complete day out brings a grain of millet on return in evening, and feeds 10 of her chicks and stay ravenous whole night, while she could have that millet all by herself. Love is when you are shattered and broken and grounded into infinite pieces and then someone appears, picks the tinniest of your pieces, cuddle them all together and make you walk as you walked once, while bruising his own hands to scars that shall accompany him for the rest of your lives. Love is divine, it's sacred and it's pure. It cannot be measured with any scale, cannot be expressed in any amount of words. But it can be felt, can be touched, and can be embraced. It's in faith, it's in believe, it's in care, it's caged within the walls of your very own heart and not outside. Find it.

It's funny though that we humans all our lives, strive for faith, look to believe and yet we don't find reasons to believe, to lay our faith in. Not because we can't, but simply we don't want to. As if we can find reasons not to believe, then so should we when we choose to believe. If we prefer not to have faith in something and find excuses for that too, so shall we when we decide to have faith in. Because duo of them is not birds that would might some day land on twigs of your heart and then you shall cage them in your hearts. That's never going to happen, because they are not birds they are seeds those need to be sown in your heart, by your soul. And none, but you can sow them once you have the right reasons to buy those seeds.

Sohaira Ansar
10-TE

PATIENCE IS AN ALIEN EMOTION NOWADAYS

Patience, tolerance, steadfastness and forbearance are different names of same thing. In order to interpret this term in true sense this literary meaning is not enough. Patience is like an ocean, has great depth of emotions and possesses solutions of all conflictions in the world. It gives wisdom to a person and key to success. Patience serves as protection against wrongs as clothes do against cold. If we put on more clothes as the cold increases, it will have no power to hurt us.

But nowadays impatience, intolerance, unsteadiness is prevailing in our society. The whole mankind is entangled in nest of impatience. Our impatience most of times results great losses in our lives. Although we have revolutionized ourselves but still we are lacking in social values. Respect of elders, solving other people problems, sharing opinions and experiences, etc are becoming extinct at our planet. Machine revolution during past few decades has totally made us hollow people. We have now addicted enough to machine life, and also trying to make our nature mechanic too that is super fast, highly programmed. There is no flexibility, tolerance and patience at all. Against the nature can be dangerous as nature lies in patience. People exchange harsh words and easily flamed on trivial matters. We don't bother how our actions can cause troubles for others.We can see many examples in our daily life regarding lack of patience in our society. Even our educational, health and workplaces also affected .A routine example of our roads, whenever there is traffic jam everyone knows that it would take some time but still we keep on pressing horns, shouting and sometimes quarreling with other fellows. Similarly in our institutions and organizations, whenever we face any failure or our proposal is rejected we got hyper and start blaming others. We people lose heart so easily and become desperate.

There are some positive aspects of impatience in our society but they are not enough to ignore the negative impact of impatience. There is great frustration among our souls. No one is contented; everyone is in want of the best and blindly running after one another. Society has lost its balance and we are transferring this anxiety, obsession and impatience to our generations' also. Research has proved that if certain conditions dominate for long time then they become part of our nature. We need to take crucial steps until it becomes too late...

Patience moves our minds away from frustrations, expectations. When we are patient our energy is available to make good things happen. Now it's time to mend our ways towards real life, and training for that start from the beginning. Among hundreds of reasons most genuine one is our ignorance from religion. In Quran ALLAH PAK says" Allah is with those who patiently persevere". Also Allah has blessed us with role model of Prophet (S.A.W) by following His footprints we can only make our lives peaceful and this earth an Eden. Patience is a real wisdom, it can persuade a ruler, and a gentle tongue can break the bone. As a Pakistani we can only solve our problems by patience and perseverance. Inspite of our industrious efforts we are not able to make Pakistan successful, the reason behind it is lack of patience .Or we can just say make this ALIEN best friend of yours, all problems will be solved automatically.....INSHAALLAH

"I couldn't wait for success, so I went ahead without it." - Jonathan Winters

REFORMING PAKISTAN'S HIGHER EDUCATION SYSTEM

Nida Zulfiqar
11-CE-71

Over the years, Pakistan's inadequate education system has contributed to the present social, economical and political problems. Our leaders have failed to improve the sector which forms the base of any country's resource supply. Different measures taken in the past to improve our education system have ultimately failed because of their divergent nature.

English-medium modern education system is stressed upon every now and then without considering the fact that it is within the reach of only a privileged few. Majority students belonging to middle-class and lower-class families are overlooked in this race of attaining the title of "English-medium educated".

These problems will continue to exist if adequate measures are not taken to eliminate them. Starting with the very first reform, a uniform widely acceptable curriculum should be adopted for both the public and the private sector institutions of the country. Relevant authorities should be directed to devise a uniform curriculum that encourages skill development and eradicates unhealthy learning habits.

The syllabus should be revised as well as the examination system. Educationists belonging to both public and private sector should be called to decide together a common examination system that can be duly accredited by foreign examination board.

Dual shifts and distant-learning programmes should be encouraged to accommodate the needs of those children who start working from an early age and whose earning is necessary for their family's survival.After revolutionizing the curriculum, the next and the most important reform should be the training of teachers. Proper teacher's training programmes should be undertaken to ensure that the quality of education being imparted is not compromised. Regular inspection of teachers should be carried out and recommendations to improve the teaching system should be encouraged.Learning, alone will not provide any benefit unless it is practically applied as well. Therefore, Vocational education should be made an integral part of the education system for the proper enhancement of the skills of students.

The last and one of the most significant reform is to make sure that number of scholarships available for the needy and academically excelling students is in abundance so that they can be motivated to continue to work hard and achieve their aim. Many students drop out from higher educational institutions mainly because they are unable to pay the increasing amount of fees. Therefore, number of scholarships should be increased so that everyone can easily complete their education without facing any hurdles.If we decide to adopt these reforms, we can improve the falling literacy rate of the country which will play a significant role in the development of our country because investing in our children's education today will provide a better future tomorrow.

"What we hope to do with ease, we must learn first to do with diligence." - Samuel Johnson

Touqeer Khalid
09-ME-135

"WHEN INJUSTICE BECOME A LAW RESISTANCE BECOME A DUTY"

Stepping towards heaven we hear sound of large water falls through meadows, we see dense snorting clouds, snow clad Himalayas, charming and beautiful deodar woods, sun looking down through bulky snow mountains- both day and nights fighting for their existence. Come forward and see the "heaven on earth". This heaven is my Kashmir, your Kashmir, our Kashmir. With over 222236 km square of area across the Himalayas, it is the valley of fairies. And in it we hear thousands of voices crying only one slogan, freedom.

Indian army is violating human rights since 1947 but Kashmiri Muslims are still fighting for their freedom. Killing an innocent Kashmiri is part of their daily routine.

No one talks about democracy when it comes to Kashmir. Rules made by the UNO, the human rights watch and all other similar organizations become deaf ears when it comes to Indian violation of human rights in the land Kashmir. Pakistani media seems no more interested in the cause, and continue to promote Indian culture in the name of entertainment. We take pride in adopting that culture and forget that our brothers are still struggling for their freedom

Kashmir was pronounced the jugular vein of Pakistan. Why has Pakistan gone cold feet towards this cause now? The blooded rivers of the valley still call upon the Muslims from all over the world to come for the help of those who have given their lives but never bowed.

Curfew each day and murder of an innocent, the soil of my land gradually stains crimson. The freedom fighters are labeled terrorists now and cut off all the supplies of food and medication. Fear runs across the valley of getting shot or losing life in a blast.

The barbaric Indian army shows no sympathy when it comes to taking life. Each night begins with the fear of the next day. Where is the UN resolution? Where are the NGO's? Where are the human rights activists? Is in no one to talk about this bloodshed? Is there no voice to join ours? Is there no power to take down the beast that has destroyed my home?

The heaven has been turned into hell. The streets are full of blood. And the murderers run free in the valley. I won't let someone spoil its beauty no more. No one will touch my people. It is my Kashmir. Let the world watch. If I have to take weapon I will. I will fight. Because **when injustice becomes a law resistance becomes a duty.**

Should there be any sort of ban on the internet?

Hassan Akhtar
10-EE-91

All of us know the PTA (Pakistan Telecommunication Authority) has imposed a ban on YouTube® in the country as well as on many explicit websites.

But should they be banned? Does PTA have the right to choose what people watch and what they don't? In fact, does ANYONE have the right to impose such control? These are questions we face often enough in this era of cyber communication. Questions that need extensive debating upon and the VoY sought to provide just such a forum for students of the university to raise their voices.

According to Hassan Akhtar (runner up), such bans are pointless: there are proxies available online and anyone with a little know-how of such things can easily access blocked content; then again, there is always the question of 'free will' and being able to decide for oneself what has and has not to be done.

And it not just the more abstract aspects of the bans that seem wrong, economics and education are deeply affected by such bans too. The music industry for instance is undergoing losses since viewers are not able to preview titles and thus choose to purchase. Many people used to listening to religious talks online can no longer do so and students can no longer access educational material on YouTube®. Other websites exist too of course, it is fair to say, but they lack the credibility and fame YouTube® has achieved over time.

It makes sense to block explicit material on the internet, though. It is the role of media regulation authorities like the PTA in Pakistan and parents alike to stop exposure to such content.

Both sides of the question on banning websites have ample points. While some websites deemed by society and the population to be against 'accepted norms' should be banned, others should be open to all. For democracy is all about choice and the freedom to exercise one's free will staying within the bounds of common deceny.

We need to learn to 'have faith in our faith', in Hassan's words.

If we can learn to do that, blasphemous (assumed) movies like Fitna (case in point) should not deter us from our path and make us strong enough to resist watching them. And not create all the fuss with bans on the internet.If we can learn to do that, blasphemous (assumed) movies like Fitna (case in point) should not deter us from our path and make us strong enough to resist watching them. And not create all the fuss with bans on the internet.

Sidra Ghayour
09-TE

Wedding Customs around the World

A wedding is the ceremony in which two people are united in marriage. Wedding traditions and customs vary greatly between cultures, ethnic groups, religions, countries, and social classes. Most wedding ceremonies involve an exchange of wedding vows by the couple, presentation of a gift (offering, ring(s), symbolic item, flowers, money), and a public proclamation of marriage by an authority figure or leader.

Philippines

In Philippines the wedding custom is that the bride cannot meet the groom a day before their wedding. If they do so it means bad luck according to them. There is another belief that siblings cannot get married on the same year because according to them one will meet an accident if they do so.

Japan

In Japan bride and groom takes nine sips of sake, then they become husband and wife after the first sip, both of them take a sip at the same time, they are very careful while putting the cup down on the table at the same time.

Sindh

In Sindhi families especially Syed, parents of the bride find groom for their daughters in their own families, tribes sometimes parents could not find any groom then what they do is they cover the head of their daughter and teach her the Holy Quran. After that the whole life girl attaches with the Quran and this is known as marriage with Quran.

Baluchistan

On engagement, ladies from bride's side collect beautiful handkerchiefs and put them on the shoulder of brother or cousin of groom. This means that from now onwards our bride is yours forever. After that groom's relatives start firing in the air for being happy.

Khyber Pakhtunkhawa (KPK)

Marriage starts with an engagement.Walwar or head-money determined at the time of engagement. According to Jirga's decision the groom's parents pay cash to the girl's parents on the day of marriage. The engagements held in childhood age, because of the reason that if any one becomes physically disable after birth may also go through this process. If the bride and groom become disabling after birth and engagement, their nikah cannot be cancelled.

Greek Customs

Mostly three days before the wedding, there is a celebration called Krevati (Greek for bed) in couple's new home. In Krevati, family members of the both bride and groom put money and young

children on the couple's new bed for their prosperity. On the wedding, after exchanging flower bouquets at their church, they become husband and wife, and then best man puts the wedding rings and crowns on the couple. Then couple drinks red wine.

Kalash

Elopement is mostly practice. Married woman also elope because they are married at an early age. When woman changes husbands, she writes letter to her husband children and asks how much her current husband paid for her. This is because the new husband must have to pay double if he wants her.

Hindu Wedding Customs

The Hindu wedding is a three-part ceremony. The first part is the "kanyadaan," in which the bride's parents wash the couple's feet with milk and water. Second is the "hastamelap," or joining of hands. A piece of white cotton around the couple's shoulders is to signify their marriage bond. At last the couple goes around a fire several times, holding grains of rice, oats and leaves, representing the blessings of wealth, good health, prosperity and

South Korea

In South Korea the groom's foot is beaten by the stick. The foot beating takes place after the wedding ceremony. It's only a beating of his feet called a bastinado or falaka, although it is very painful, but funnier.

Marrying a Tree (India)

In India the women which are born as Mangliks (astrological combination when Mars and Saturn are both under the 7th house) are known to be cursed and a worst cause for their husband's early death. In order to get rid of this curse they must be married first with a tree. Then the tree is destroyed and the curse is broken.

Chinese Wedding CustomsIn some areas of China in order to finalize the wedding date the bride and groom are asked to kill a baby chick while holding the knife together. Then they kill the chick and inspect its liver. If the liver looks good then they are allowed to set a date. If not, then they have to repeat the process until they find a satisfactory liver.

African-American

Today, broom-jumping is most often found in African-American weddings, the tradition rooted in the days of slavery when marriage between enslaved men and women wasn't legally sanctioned.

Peru

In Peru, single female guests take part in a tradition a little sweeter than a bouquet toss. Charms attached to ribbons are tucked between the layers of the wedding cake. Before the cake is cut, each woman grabs a ribbon and pulls. At the end of one ribbon is a fake wedding ring. The guest who picks that ribbon is said to be next in line for marriage.

Sufyan Akram
09-ME-90

Does History Matter?

The sun is at its zenith, the shadow of the general is directly beneath his feet. His eyes are focused at the great wall standing between him and the fulfillment of his ambitions. The general is commanding huge numbers and his army is continuously battering the great wall with huge rocks. The infantry is impatiently waiting for the wall to fall and the action to begin. The Great general is Salahudin and the city in front of him is Jerusalem. The Christians inside the wall surrender shortly when they see a huge army at their doorstep. Salahudin prays in the mosque of Aqsa and is gratified at his achievement.

After becoming the Sultan of Egypt his ambition was to conquer Jerusalem, he would not let history become a villain in his dream. It did not matter to him what the Christians had done a hundred years ago when they took Jerusalem from the Muslims. The only thing that mattered to him was how to get the city back and he did get it back. My answer to the question posed in this topic would be that History does not matter in determining what happens in future. What occurs in future is totally dependent upon one's actions in the present and not the past. The last two lines of the poem 'Invictus' make my point

… .." I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul". The only thing that matters is the future and history is by no means a tool for predicting future.

If history mattered or it had some part in determining the future then America, as we know it today would not have existed. Four hundred years ago it was a mere group of sleepy Red Indian Villages. Their recipe for success included only one ingredient; present. They used their present well to build their future. Muslims on the other hand were a force to be reckoned with a few centuries ago but now we are just a group of people with no actual power. Western countries tread upon us as if we were dead leaves. They attack Iraq, Afghanistan, Bosnia and threat Iran and Syria. Why? The only answer is that we did not use the time available to us for our future building but were in a blissful oblivion of our glorious past.

That glorious past cannot return just because it happened at some time in the past but it can only come back if we use our present time to make ourselves strong. Concluding history is just a something that happened at some earlier time and we must regardless of what happened in the past, use our present to secure our future.

FICTION

Hafsah Aziz
12-ME

LAST TRY...

Gathering all his courage, he decides to give it one last try....

Imagine a room, dimly lit. A single streak of moonlight peeking through windows thickly covered with curtains of grey velvet. Everything from the glossy furniture to various paintings that hang on the walls speaks of taste and class. All is seemingly still, not a particle wavers, and not a soul wanders. But if we move a bit forward just besides the stately oak bed we see a solitary figure sitting cross legged on the cold marble floor.

"Lock the door", orders a chilly voice. Lazily he gets up, dragging his feet along heavily and bolts the door. As he passes by the wardrobe mirror we catch the glimpse of a boy; young of age, handsome of figure, with raven black hair, skin dark as cocoa, eyes the color of burnt coal, lashes thick and curved. But wait something about him is peculiar maybe the cheeks that lack color? Or his movement that's so slow and measured? And then our eyes fall on his bare arms. Angry red gashes form crisscross carving on every inch of them, some mare scars and old, while others fresh and dripping.

"Agaieeen" sings the chilly voice but his time he chooses to ignore the whispers of his mind and examines his paintings. They're all oil on canvas, depicting different moods; each a unique pallet of color. Some dark and joyless, some as bright as sunshine while others a camouflage of both. All are different yet the same; they're all abstract.

His lips curve up in half a smile. He had spent hours, nay days on each of them. Gave them shape and depth with a lover's hand, gracing dead paper with meaning and beauty. But what were they to an outsider? To eyes which were unaccustomed to art. Nothing, just an awkward mix of lines and curves. Useless strokes. "Yess useless", comes a whisper. "You are useless, now be gone!"

The boy nods ever so slightly, to no one but himself. Bending down, from a pouch hidden in the nook of the closet he takes out a fresh blade. As he lifts his chin, those pair of dark eyes sparkle so brightly that a scene of stars in the midnight sky flashes before us. Here my audience, we know what is to came and we grasp in horror. We scream and shout but he would not listen before, he cannot now. This single gush of pain will remove all others. Gathering all his courage, he decides to give it one last try. The silvery blade winks like a star as it rises and falls. A gush of blood; a muffled whimper; and darkness follows.

Who knew that he, Abdul Wahab was Schizophrenic?

LIFE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR

Maham Rashid
09-te-20

It was a stormy night and it had been raining for quite few hours. The ardent gales were rattling the deep silence of would winter nights. Only a few pedestrians could be found out on a night like this. Hard and cold weather always has an impact on human lives but the impact of hard and cold life were imminent in a dark and a drab sort of old house where lived one of the successful men of past named John Rivers.

His family had always been peaceful and wonderful. A family of three, a wife and a girl of seven besides himself. He had a good job and all sorts of amenities had embellished his life in spangling colors. But it was some five years ago. Now the time had changed and happiness had gone. He had lived these five years in utter dolorous and despondent. An era of life in which the only relation he could retain was with melancholy, seclusion and pangs. His loving better half had been divorced in some unforeseen circumstances and with the death of his little girl; the flame of his life had started to flicker. He had lost his job by the time and he had locked himself up in his dull and drab life where the only partner of his flickering life was darkness.

He had never been so afraid of life. There were times when he had tried to smother his life, but he was not so fortunate. But today, it was weather, the eldritch weather, which was impelling him to get an escape from the hard and cold realities of life. He had often longed for death, but he was living in the world where the wishes were the cheapest and solutions were the most precious things.

But men are invariably driven by will. He had been in that night where life was his commodity and death was his destination. He will not put up with a life like that. He will get himself exonerated. He will die to live in peace forever. He was in a plight where darkness was ruling his inside and nothing could refurbish him.

He was at the helm of death and with the push of Trigger, he will combine with darkness for eternity and then ultimate hue of despair, he took a plunge. He raised the gun. He had enough of the contemplation. Now, he would push trigger, now or never. One, two, three and something broke the silence.

He had not pulled the trigger because he heard a knock. A knock at the door. He was aghast and half horrified of what he was going to do. Now, he was hearing the ever increasing knock at the door. Was it an intruder or a burglar or what? He got up to check just to find no body at the door. But he was still listening to the knock. Then, suddenly he felt like the knock was coming from his inside.

He fell unconsciously on his bed. Something incredible was happening to him. Then the bygones seemed to pass like a flash of lightening across his brain. He saw the days of felicity, when he was successful and alleviated with life. How he had got to that position. He had done assiduity and

He was hearing a voice. The knock was getting fainter but the voice of life. Something saying From inside" Life wants to be alive. Don't make a mess of it. Keep growing. Good days will give you some joy, bad days an experience, but a mixture of them will give a life. Life is like a bicycle. If you want to keep balance you will have to keep moving. Don't stop growing. Life is ephemeral so don't play with it".

He was hearing to that voice, the voice of his conscience, the voice of life. Life knocks at the door. The best thing we can present us is a life of alleviation and it is us to make it alleviating.

He would not die now. The day had changed and weather too. He would now ransack for what he deserve.

comic

"Except and expect positive things and that is what you will receive." - Lori Hard

THE DAY I LOST MY IDENTITY

Engr. Muhammad Bilal
RT I Hall

Hit by a bus

Punched in the stomach

Bit by a snake.

Shot by a gun and then left alone in the slums to die, die a slow painful death. I felt every single misery as I sank deep in pain.

I was in a shock! Oppressed by the betrayal! Injustice of what life has done to me; paralyzed me. Remorsed at the truth... a hideous truth of my own fate. AH!

Who was I?

What ran in my blood?

Name? Family? Everything that once was my pride was lost. Indeed I had lost my IDENTITY...! Shreds of my once happy life tore into bits; each to become a puzzle of its own kind.

Just five hours ago, I, flashed back my life, was so uncomplicated as I watched the tides rise and fall. Today had been a big day for me for which I had worked hard whole my life .My happiness knew no bounds when I received the official letter stating me as an employee at the Golden Gates; fulfilling my biggest dream. But before I could lavish myself on the big chunk of my success, a phone call blew everything.

My parents had a car crash and were fighting for their lives in the hospital. I dashed towards my blood. Never had in my life I had broken rules but today it was a matter of my loved ones. Nothing felt important as I raced in 4th gear .Before I could reach I had lost the warmth of my mother. Her body devoid of any life had gone still forever. My father was struggling hard to defeat death...ah!! Death; A CRUEL TRUTH!

As I touched my father for the last time he whispered the cruel naked truth."SON! you are not our own blood; we adopted you "and he died putting all the burden on his heart on mine leaving me alone and UNIDENTIFIED.!

I had lost them forever who had been my only kith and kin all my life were actually nothing. PAIN! DISBELEIF! SHOCK! LOSS! with numbness shooting all over me. I had performed the last rituals of my dear ones, all I ever had.

"In order to succeed you must fail so that you know what not to do the next time." - Anthony J. D'Angelo

Afterwards I had searched for every clue every secret that beholden my identity. I was successful to find the address of the orphanage in my father's belongings but disappointment met me upon reaching. And now here I was watching the tides feeling pity on myself secretly wishing to end this unidentified life. I had to make a choice. A choice to justify my existence

.....6 months later.....

"Ladies and Gentlemen we are here for the inauguration of "IBRAHIM KHAN'S OLD HOMES". This home is designed to provide shelter and safety of home to the old people. A big applause for its founder MR IBRAHIM KHAN on this act of kindness that humanity will cherish forever."

Glancing at the shining board glittering with my name; i sighed. I had made the choice. All the money which I had inherited from my adopted parents was used to rebuild my identity. The vast lands of the old home stretched far on 10 canals. I had tried to find the sovereignty behind the loving faces of the old mothers and fathers abandoned by their clans when they had become unserviceable. The loving and parental affection by which hundreds of them saw me made the pangs of loneliness vanish. I had found my identity as their protector upon which I was relished with love care and owning. YES! They owned the long lost unidentified man as their pride ...their GODFATHER son. They owned ME.

I was no longer without an identity .THOSE proud glances and affection identified me. I was unable to find my own people but instead I was rewarded with many loved ones.

I had found family. Love and ALAS my identity!

comic

"Those at the top of the mountain didn't fall there." - Marcus Washling

WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?

Kinza Maham
12-EE-40

Her hair, tied back by a beautiful red hair band, blew back with the wind like strands of silk as she danced and jumped around. She wore a soft cotton red frock and a pair of white flat soles which her mother had bought recently for her. She ran past me with her friends giggling at some joke that they had cracked; well funny or not every little talk at her age seems funny. It was a normal day, part of my routine (our routine in particular) JB ran past me with her friends as I made my way back home from university. She was a pretty little kid only 8 years old. She moved near my house when she was only 2 years old. I saw her grow old, I got promoted from school to college and then to university as she learnt to talk and walk and made friends. She was as old as my sister so I always felt the same fondness towards her. My sister and I weren't really allowed to play in streets so I always envied JB for she was lucky to have parents that would let her go anywhere with her friends as this was the age when you fly like a bird and flutter like a butterfly.

It was past 6 and the sun had almost set, spring being the hybrid season brought breezy evenings, I wondered whether JB and her girl friends have returned to their homes as I enjoyed the beautiful weather on the terrace. I had university work piled up and loads of chores pending as well but I lived up to my legacy of being a procrastinator and chose to write up for my blog instead. The time swinged by. It was 9pm, tired of being plastered in front of the laptop for the past 3 hours I decided to take a break. It was then when I heard some mourns coming from the street, I rushed downstairs and saw my parents make way out of the house towards Mrs. A, who was crying her lungs out. She was gathered by many elders so I chose to wait inside. It took half an hour for the people to calm her down and send her back to her house, there was certainly something wrong because people dispersed in different directions I caught a couple of glimpses of people frowning and some sentences like "they should have taken care of their child, what is the point of crying now!". And my mind clicked to JB I prayed that she was fine and safe.

I can hear my mom talk on the phone; she is calling Mrs.A's relatives to let them know about the tragedy. My dad hasn't returned home he is with Mr.A talking to the cops. Mr and Mrs.A are JB's parents. Later that night when I had seen her playing in the street, JB's body was discovered from a dump about 2 miles away. She never returned home after playing with her friends, it is said that people saw her leave with a stranger. The evidence states that she was harassed and strangled to death.

Nothing can bring her back, but her sweet smile haunts me in my dreams. All I want to do is ask those people who saw her leaving with the stranger that "why would you do that?" why would you let her leave with a stranger when you knew he was no one of her relative. I want to ask the cops that why would you do that? Why would you ignore the poor victim? I want to ask that voracious animal "why would you do that?"

Saad Ayub Jajja
09-ME-60

THE PARK

There was a strange calm in the park. The creaking sound from the swings, the chatter of the birds and the splash of water in the fountain all set a rhythm which made her thoughts wonder. The evening sun was retreating in to the western horizon and the huge trees in the park left mighty shadows on the ground. She was sitting on a bench facing towards the road adjacent to the park. The fast cars on the road made her look like a silent spectator of the grand show of life. There were several kids grouped around the concrete slide, waiting for their turn to slide. She was staring at a nest set up high in the Sheesam tree. A bald baby bird was having a 'bird's eye' view of the park and on seeing the baby bird she shifted her gaze towards the slide. She had her eyes only for a dark haired child who was now sliding down the slide. The laugh on the child's face made her smile. Salman was now running towards the bench where his mother Naheed was sitting with a smile on her kind face. “Did you see me slide?” he said. “Oh yes my dear”, Naheed replied. She hugged him and made him sit beside her on the bench. Now both mother and son watched the big bird fly into the nest and feed the bald baby bird.

In the evenings, Rumi Park was filled with families from the surrounding areas. As the time would near four in the evening Naheed would give a bath to Salman, comb his hair and apply talcum powder on his neck. Wearing her embroidered shawl, both mother and son walked towards the park. Salman held his mother's finger while with his other hand he made imaginary toys in the air. The only real toys he had was a set of five dinky cars. He would crash them on the kitchen table as his mother fed him 'paratha' in the morning. After breakfast his mother would take him to the Combined Military Hospital (CMH) where she worked as a nurse. For the whole day till two in the afternoon, Naheed worked while Salman played with his dinky cars under the reception desk of the hospital. So after a busy day in the hospital, both of them would go to the park. On reaching the park Naheed would choose a bench from where she could keep an eye on Salman while he played with the other kids.

Today as she watched him play, she was rolling the beads of her shawl in her fingers and she remembered her husband who had passed away when Salman was three. From that day onwards every single day had been a struggle to raise Salman. Last November, Salman had pneumonia and during a chest scan doctors had discovered a small hole in Salman's heart. They recommended surgery. The surgery was scheduled three days from now. Doctors had warned her about the risks, because the surgery would involve complicated surgical maneuvers on Salman's little heart. Naheed had decided to go ahead with the surgery and she had sold all her wedding jewelry except her ring. This would be their last visit to the park before the surgery. Gazing on the birds nest set up on a big branch of the old Sheesam tree, she saw the mother bird holding her baby in her beak and moving on the branch. This would be the first flying lesson for the baby bird that Salman had named “Biloo”. As she closely looked at Biloo, she discovered that his left wing was distorted but still his mother was teaching him how to fly. Observing the mother bird, she was determined to get her “

Salman" back to normal health.

Qasim had been a gatekeeper at Rumi Park for the last ten years. He was sipping his evening tea and wondered that Naheed and Salman had not come to the park for a fortnight. Upon entering the park, Salman used to give Qasim a huge smile and shake his hand vigorously. Today Qasim missed that smile and handshake and wondered whether Salman was alright after the surgery? He was settling in his chair with his cup of tea for the evening shift when he saw a small boy running with arms spread out like wings. The jet black hair were unmistakably Salman's, and the woman beside him was his strong and courageous mother, Naheed. Salman hugged Qasim and went on towards the slides while Naheed chose the same bench under the Sheesam tree. She looked up to the nest and could see a small bird circling and chirping madly around the tree trunk. There was Salman's Biloo flying in an enthusiastic manner and on the slides was Naheed's Salman, sliding down the slide with his arms spread out and a huge smile etched upon his lovely face. Naheed smiled and thought about the great life she would have with her son.

comic

"It's amazing what ordinary people can do if they set out without preconceived notions." - Charles F. Kettering

M.Qasim Zia
10-EE-100

NATURE CALLING

He was sitting in his air-conditioned office in his safari suit, the office laced with perfectly designed furniture, state of the art technology and the walls decorated with wood and glasswork. His secretary was just a button away; his employees a call away and the helipad just a few meters away - with a chopper ready all the time to move him to any part of the country. He had it all what a young man could desire. He had built it all by himself in such a young age that had not only amazed the whole country but more importantly the corporate world. The trio of power, fame and money was in his firm grip. He had built his empire by working his heart off – like a machine - day and night. He had kept himself distant from the path of romance and feelings which in other case had always attracted the youth of his age. He had his set of principles, which he kept uncompromised in any case. In a young age, he had achieved emotional intelligence that had helped him control and manage such vast man power. His organization had topped all the rankings in production, growth, services and sales. His shares grew with each new day.

A shelf lined with trophies and portraits of his achievements stood at one side of his office. He looked at his picture with the president and a grim rose over his tough face. Something was bothering him. He stood and walked to the glass window to have a look at the magnificent view of his corporate office surrounded by the factories – which were full of gigantic machinery and motivated labor. Huge buildings of glass and metal rose in the skyline with the most sleek and slender architecture. He stood there for a few minutes and observed the sky which had turned grey with the dense clouds. Still a few strips of blue and purple were visible from where the sun marked its presence. He walked backed to the desk and rang his secretory. She was instructed to get the chopper ready and in a few minutes he was flying right below the thundering clouds. The rage could be heard. It was a visit from the nature to his empire.

As the chopper flew among the strong winds, the set of thoughts that had been bothering him for a few months consumed him once again. He was viewing the green rocky plains from his side of the window but his attention was somewhere else. He was trying to figure out what was bothering him the most. Was it the deal with the government that set his integrity on question which involved toxic experimentation on a huge population? Or the dream of his end in which he saw himself in his fortress built house with needles clinging to his body and no one beside him except his servants who would serve him food and medication. A noise that was he unsure of echoed in his head. He had never faced mental trauma in his life before. He had perfectly organized his thoughts and filtered all the harmful and unwanted ones. He needed to know what was failing him this time. “Will canceling the deal help me?” He thought to himself. “Or is it the time for me to quit and go party?”

He turned to face his secretary sitting beside him.

“Surie dear! Listen very carefully. There is a file in my locker which I have signed myself. You know the

password. Once you go back, take it out and call my lawyer Mr. Rosevelt. He will take it from you. It contains all necessary papers that define the deals we have made with the government about the Project Balance."

"Won't you be coming back sir?" Surie asked hesitantly.

"No, I have some business to take care of." He smiled. "Can you land us on the nearest cliff captain?"

"Sure sir!"

He was standing at the edge of the cliff with a forest behind him and the most scenic view at front, with mountains surrounding the valley and the river flowing beneath. Little pieces of clouds scattered in the deep blue sky floated as if someone was pushing them with the air blown from his mouth. Was it the God of weather? The noise that echoed in his head was fainting slowly. For the first time in his life, he had not planned his future. He took off his coat, his vest and all his clothing and threw it over the cliff. He could hear a new music in his ears. A voice that was unheard in his world before. It was as if the birds, the river, the insects, the mountains, the trees and the clouds were calling him altogether. It was something more than just spiritual and ritualistic attainment.

"Come as you were born to this earth. Come without your man made technology. Come without your anger and egos. Come to the land where the life exists. Come and see the plateaus, the riverbeds, the snow peaks and the caves. Come and see what God made and what you destroy. Come and drink the fresh water from the stream. Come and meet the village folks who live with their sheep. They are the ones who have seen God on the earth whom you seemed to have forgotten. Run in the mighty forest when it calls you. See the beauty in the smallest of insects and vastest of deserts. There is peace. There is serenity. There is love. Humanity is grief stricken dear friend. It is asking for more blood. It needs to turn back to the world of God."

For a moment, the success he had achieved in his life felt like a shallow ending, a black hole. There was much more to life that he was missing. The joy he was having overwhelmed him. He had not decided anything for himself this time but let the nature do it for him. And the nature was calling him aloud. He shut his eyes and jumped from the cliff waiting for the river to accept him. The dream about his end was worrying him no more.

And he was thinking, "If I live, this will be the most wonderful experience ever. If I don't, what could be more perfect way of dying?"

Jalees Zahra
09-TE-26

EMAIL ADDRESS

EMAIL ADDRESS

A jobless man applied for the position of "office boy" at Microsoft. The HR manager interviewed him, and then gave him the ability test: Clean the floor. The applicant did so. "You passed the test" the HR Manager said, “give me your e-mail address and I'll send you the application form to fill, as well as when you will start”. The man replied, “I don't have a computer or an email”. I'm sorry, said the HR manager, “if you don't have an email, means you do not exist. And who doesn't exist cannot have the job”

The man left with no hope at all. He didn't know what to do, with only 10 US$ in his pocket. He then decided to go to the supermarket and buy a 10 Kg crate of tomatoes. He then sold the tomatoes in a door-to-door round. In less than two hours, He succeeded to double his capital. He repeated the operation three times, and returned home with 60 US$. The man realized that he can survive by this way, and started to go every day earlier, and return late. Thus, his money doubled or tripled every day.

Shortly later, he bought a cart, then a truck, and then he had his own fleet of delivery vehicles. 5 years later, the man was one of the biggest food retailers in the US.

He started to plan his family's future, and decided to have a life insurance. He called an insurance broker, and chooses a protection plan. When the conversation was concluded, the broker asked him his email address. The man replied, "I don't have email ". The broker answered curiously "you don't have email, and yet have succeeded to build an empire. Can you imagine what you could have been if you had an email?" The man thought for a while and replied" Yes, I'd be an office boy at Microsoft!!!"

comic

Top 3 signs you are a engineer:

1. If you see a design, sufficient for its pupose, but still must change it and profess that the person who made it was a complete idiot
2. You can have no pulse, but still be alive
3. You can perform triple integration and do so to solve even the most basic problems

"It is in the small decisions you and I make every day that create our destiny." -Anthony Robbins

MY STORY

Art Of Telling Stories

ZAID BIN FAROOQ

11-ME-46

FROM SHAH SADDAR DEEN, DERA GHAZI KHAN

It was the weirdest part of my life when I was standing on my hands and my teacher was beating me to death, because I didn't know how to write simple digits, I was 9 at that time. The first reason that I thought of this was me and my father. My father wanted me to study while I never wanted to. Both of my younger brothers studied with me in the same class. Although the youngest was 4 years junior to me, yet we studied in the same class. They were very quick-pickers while I was dumb at studying. This was my uncle's school; he was the first person in our village who did F. Sc.

Education in my life basically started when I felt jealousy with a class fellow. One of my teachers, who I ever thought that neglected me, always preferred that fellow and used to ignore me. Independence Day was celebrated in my school and a small function was set up for the first time, a person for the event coverage was also called. My teacher told me to sit at the end of the class and brought that student on the front bench so that he may be given more 'coverage'. That day a certain feeling in me was developed, an urge to dominate this particular class fellow. Later on, I achieved superiority over him by getting distinctions in higher classes.

English was always my weak-point, I read ABC when I was in 4th class and kept on reading it till 6th class. I read first paragraph of English when I was in 9th class, it was odd to read these difficult lines of this linguistic. In F.sc I bought a white-board for practicing English. I used to write on it myself, ask questions from myself, answer those questions and then revise these questions.

In 9th class when I entered my new school in Multan, I only knew basic addition and subtraction, while my teacher asked me to open the book and study Matrices; it was another weird moment of my life. My family was always against me doing of F.sc. they always wanted me to do DAE rather than this tedious course. The reason behind this, that DAE would've got me a job in less time.

In F.sc, in Ramadan I lived in an abandoned home, the house owner never even provide me cold water for Aftaar. I slept in the home alone, with even no electricity and I had to endure the hotness of Multan. Even after such pains and difficulties I managed to get 963 in my F.sc (Pre-Engineering) and managed to make my way to University of Engineering and Technology, Taxila, Mechanical Engineering Department. This was the biggest achievement of my life, as I'm the first engineer of my native village and 2nd person who has done F.sc, first being my uncle who inspired me in my life.

I'm M. Shahbaz Khosa, from Shah Saddar Deen, Dera Ghazi Khan. And I'm passionate about studying and I'll pull out all the stops to make my village the most literate village in Pakistan.

ELUVIETIE

Faizan Amjad
12-SE

It's been 5 years since I have left my hostel, Cadet College Hasanabdal. Departing on the last day I remember the mélange of the of feelings that corrupted my common sense, sadness because I was leaving my brothers and happiness because I was leaving the life that was decided by a routine program but in the end sadness prevailed. And it has been haunting me since. After a lot of thinking and speculating, my choices have left me in front of this glazed glass door. It reads FAIZAN AMJAD psychiatrist. Impulsively I push open the door and a gust of stale air blows in my face. I see Dr. seated comfortably, comfortable enough that he was expecting that I would enter the room without knocking. After the usual pleasantries I take my place in an old maroon leather couch that I as become quite a cliché, thanks to Hollywood movies. I stare at the mechanical purr which emerges from a slow moving fan and speak my own ease.

I am 23 years old; my problem is that I am not interested in anything anymore. When I was barely 13 years of age. I was sent to a boarding school in Hasanabdal. It was my parents decision because all other members of our follow this tradition of sending their sons to the boarding schools. It works all right for some, but I was not cut out for this life. I used to miss my parents and siblings, and I ended up becoming indifferent. Now they complain that I don't have any warmth but where were they when I wanted them? I used to beg them to take me home when they used to visit me, but they were afraid of what others would say. They told me that I must not be a "sissy", well, now I have toughened up. I genuinely dislike spending time at home and am comfortable with my friends. I like that life and it isn't that I am spoiled or anything. I am doing well in studies... why do my parents try to make me feel guilty about not wanting to spend time with them? Am I wrong, or are they wrong? Its not that I hate them.... In fact in my own way I love them but I don't want to live with them. That is why I live in a hostel although my university is in my own home town. I want them to feel what I felt when I needed them and they were busy parting and did not want to bother me.is it possible that the problem is with me? The thing is that is that I have learnt to survive without them. Shouldn't they do the same?

The psychiatrist pauses for a moment, he keeps staring at the carpeted floor, as if he is in deep thought contemplating something, he looks up and stares at me, the glint in his eyes make me more comfortable, he speaks in a voice that is reassuring.

"For a young child it must have been traumatic to be separated from your siblings, so it quite normal for you to feel resentful. You are right when you said that all children are but unfortunately your parents did not realize it. However, you must understand that sending children away from parents is hard on parents, and the decision to do so is never taken lightly. Parents may make mistakes when chalking out the future of their children, but they do so in good faith. They should probably think you would be alright like most boys, after some time and get used to the hostel life like your brother. They should have reviewed their decision when you didn't settle down, instead of thinking what others would say. However this doesn't show that they did not love you, or did so to get you out of

"Do not fear to be eccentric in opinion, for every opinion now accepted was once eccentric." - Bertrand Russell

their way to have fun time. Had that been the case, they wouldn't have visited you or complained about the “lack of warmth” from you. Parents in our part of world cannot learn to survive without their children; they were probably afraid that you would be dubbed “sissy” in the family which doubted them. It seems to me that boarding has not done any harm to your personality, as you have done well in your studies and are obviously popular among your friends.

The ambivalence that you display about your parents proves that you love them a lot, and just want to show them that you feel hurt. You're living in a hostel, you do not have to anymore, and that is a form of protest. I think you have made your feelings abundantly clear to your parents and should now act naturally to save your relationship with them. You don't have to go on penalizing them indefinitely; instead try to get over it by talking to your parents and cleaning the air. Just one word of advice; “when you have kids try not to repeat the mistakes you think your parents made and maintain good communication with them Good luck.

It took a moment for his words to sink in. such a frail voice and insignificant stature yet he assured me my wrong doing in just one moment. If hostel was hard on me, it was harder on my parents, the pain I went through had been multiplied for my family, the sacrifices, the love, how could I not see it till now?

I went home and made up with them and owed to never pain them again. Here is my advice for all of you, “Cherish your parents, they are not going to be there for you forever.

comic

A GNARLY MONDAY

Omer Khan
12f-MS-CP-12

I remember the boom that Monday morning, january 7th, 2013 I started driving my car after my admission in UET Taxila in MS Full time but this was the most memorable day of my driving. On that day I got up at 6 o'clock and got myself ready for university at 7:00AM I was charmed by the color of the trumpeting flowers in our garden, and was chilled with cold out. I opened the door. Fog. Thick fog. Where's the car parked gone? I couldn't even see my father's car parked next to my car. I came back in and took my mother out and showed her the weather. My mother advised me to have a day off but that day I had some important stuff to do and to conduct my labs. I was waiting to have a clear out but was excited to enjoy the ride in such weather too. I waited till 7:45AM but weather is still the same. Then I decided to go to my university. I drove my car out of my garage and step out of my car to lock the door of my garage and my mother was standing their she said to me drive carefully and slow I smiled and said "g ami aj paka slow" and hugged my mom and then I started my first drive on a foggy day. I lead the way in my car – headlights on. Where's the road? The fog was so thick, I could hardly see the car in front of me. Eventually, I made the way to UET Taxila. It was fog, fog, and fog everywhere.

I was thinking it will be like normal day and I will go with the speed of 60Km/h or 70Km/h as I promised my mother not being reckless but it was so difficult to even see a car away 10 feet from mine and when I saw my speedometer it was 30Km/h and I was like O_o but clock was ticking n I have to conduct my operating system lab so I made a pray to Allah Pak and pressed accelerator of my car and move to speed of 50Km/h with double indicator. When I reached near Taxila it looked like a wedding ceremony of someone because all cars were moving with their indicators at that time I started enjoying it. I played a marriage song and drove myself to UET Taxila.

As I reached UET I ran to mark my attendance and then went to my operating system lab and wrote the date on the right top corner 7th Jan 2013 and chuckled.

Aamir Arsalan
(Lab Engineer CPED)

MY STORY

It was way back in 1992 when my grandfather got me admitted in the only English medium school of my village. It was a newly established school in my village and I was one of the few children who got in to that school. Prior to that, there was only government high Urdu medium school in my village. I continued studying there till class 3 then my father decided to get shifted to Rawalpindi for our further education. Here I got admission in SLS School here in 1997.

It was my first day when I entered the class room; I was totally lost because that was an entirely new environment for me in comparison to my village school. There we used to talk in Punjabi and Urdu language but here all the teachers were talking in English and I could not understand them properly, my surroundings got changed. Here I faced big difficulty in communication with the teachers and fellows. One day I had to go to drink water but was muddled how to ask for. When I uttered in Punjabi to go to drink, I heard a roar of laughter, at the instance everyone called me "Paindoo". I was embarrassed and didn't know how I would survive here.

Even though my education was in so called an English medium school in my town but there was a hell of a difference in former from the latter. When I came back home I bought a book to learn English from market because, it was unable for me to survive without learning English. My father helped me a lot in this activity. After a hard work of couple of months, I was able to understand the English language of my teachers at least. Time kept on passing and I carried on my studies in the school. After 4 years I changed my school. With the passage of time I became inhabitant of that environment. I passed matric and F.Sc exam and got admitted in BSc Computer Engineering at UET Taxila in September, 2006. After 4 years of study I finally graduated in August, 2010 and I was finally an engineer. I am the first engineer from my family and a person who acquired this much education after my father who is M.A History. No one else from our family has even passed F.Sc exam before that. I started teaching at Computer Engineering Department UET Taxila.

It took long from a "Village Paindoo" to "UET Taxila" and from a "Student" at UET Taxila to a "Teacher" here. I sometimes feel quite surprised how much things have changed with the passage of time. I have strived hard to reach at this level and there are still many goals which need to be achieved. I believe that the things I could not achieve in my student life will be achieved with the help of my student inshallah. My Allah has blessed me much more than I deserve and I can never pay thanks Allah for his blessings.

I am Aamir Arsalan from Village Khabakki Tehsil and District Khushab. I have a strong wish that my students should not face the problems which I faced during my Engineering at UET and I want to help them out to the maximum possible extent.

FEATURES WRITING

Art Of Telling Stories

I love writing. I love the swirl and swing of words as they tangle with human emotions.
(James A Michener)

Omer Khan
12f-MS-CP-12

THE RUINS OF SIRKAP CITY

Pakistan_The Land of Adventure, Remains and Nature. It is a country with its own fascinating history and cultural heritage. Pakistan was the site for one of the world's earliest human settlements, the great prehistoric Indus Valley Civilization, the crucible of ancient empires, religions and cultures. Pakistan is endowed with a rich and varied with things that can wonderstuck the world. The city of sirkap near taxila is one of these astonishing remains.

The second city at Taxila is called Sirkap, remains of gandhara civiliziations, which means "severed head" and is the name of a mythological demon that is said to have lived on this site. T

he remains belongs to four distinct super-imposed periods of pre-Greeks, Scythians and Parthians. The city founded approximately in the first quarter of the second century B.C by the Bactrian Greek King Menander. The Parthian King Gondophares following the Greek pattern, built the city with its main street in the middle studded with shops and temples like Apsidal temple, Sun temple and Double-Headed Eagle Stupa and King's Palace close to the Eastern gate. It was under Parthians that “Gandhara Art” gradually emerged out of the classical forms and local iconographic traditions.

The wall that surrounded the city, appears to have had a height of 6-10 meters, was 5-7 meters wide, and almost 4,800 meters long. The walls are made from coursed rubble masonry, which is characteristic for the Greek and Saca periods. The main road of Sirkap: a straight line, dividing the 1200 m long town into two halves. The private houses were constructed of rubble masonry covered with lime or mud plaster.A stupa is a funeral mound, usually associated with the death and nirvana of Buddha. The building that is known as the "Apsidal Temple" is the largest sanctuary of Sirkap, measuring 70

by 40 meter. The Apsidal Temple consists of a square nave with several rooms, used by the Buddhist monks, and this circular room, which gives the building its apsidal shape. After the earthquake that destroyed the city in c. 30 CE, the Buddhist shrine was built in a spacious courtyard.

A special Stupa at Sirkap is the so-called 'Double-Headed Eagle Stupa'. The pilasters here are of a Greek design, "Corinthian columns".

One round Stupa is present at Sirkap. It is one of the oldest Stupas in the Indian-Subcontinent. It is assumed that this Stupa was uprooted and thrown to its present location by a strong earthquake in

the 1st century AD.

Sirkap (Taxila) has been inscribed in 1980 upon the World Heritage List of the convention concerning the protection fo the world cultural and natural heritage. Inscription on the list confirms the exceptional universal value of a cultural site, which deserves protection for the benefit of all humanity. Sirkap flourished under several different regimes, the city lost its importance after King Kanishkaof the Kushan dynasty founded another city at nearby Sirsukh.

Naina Emmanuel
11-CP-67

STEPHEN HAWKING: TODAY'S MOTIVATIONAL FIRGURE

Cosmologist, physicist and mathematician Stephen Hawking; the eldest of Frank and Isobel Hawking was born on January 8, 1942 in oxford, England (300th death anniversary of Galileo). Stephen Hawking's birth came at an inopportune time as England was suffering from World War II. At the age of 8, his family moved to St .Albans because it was saver place to live in, where he went to High School. At 11, he went to St. Albans School. Stephen has three siblings Mary, Philippe and Edward (adopted in 1956).

At age of 16, Stephen constructed a computer for solving rudimentary mathematical equations. His mother says "Stephen always had strong sense of wonder and could see; stars would draw him". Stephen chose mathematics, although his father wanted him to study medicines. Mathematics wasn't available at University College, so he pursued physics instead. He graduated from University College, Oxford, 1962 (his father's old college, who was medical researcher with specialty in tropical diseases), PhD. Trinity Hall, Cambridge, 1966.

In 1963, Hawking was diagnosed with the disease Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS), that's robbed him of mobility. He wasn't expected to live more than two years. Completing his doctorate didn't appear likely. In 1985, an emergency tracheotomy caused him completely loss of speech. A speech generating device constructed at Cambridge, combined with a software program, serves as his electronic voice today, allowing him to select his words by moving his cheek muscles. He continued his studies and contributed enormously despite his growing physical disabilities.

Just before his diagnosis, Hawking met Jane Wilde, and married her in 1965. The couple had three children before separation (1991). Hawking remarried in 1995 but divorced in 2006.

As Stephen's physical condition grew worse his intellectual achievements increased. He became a fellow of Royal Society of London in 1974 and five years later was named to a professorial chair at Cambridge University that was once held by Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727). Beyond these honors he has earned a host of honorary degrees, awards and prizes. He wrote books which became popular bestsellers: A Brief History of Time (1988), Super space and Super gravity (1981), Black Holes, Baby Universes and Other Essays (1993), The Nature of Space and Time (1995), The Grand Design and The Universe in the Nutshell.

His work has revolutionized the field of cosmology which led him to the discovery of immense and never ended black holes. He proposed that, since the universe boasts a beginning – Big Bang – it will likely have an end (black holes). In this present era; living as a legend, he is a motivational source for the students and disables, who adore him as a hero.

"It is wise to keep in mind that neither success nor failure is ever final." - Roger Babson

MY DIARY
I always say, keep a diary
and someday it'll keep you
(Mae West)

Aymen Kazmi
09-TE-17

CRICKET

I am not a good cricket player, but my stamina is surely much higher than Misbah, and I can stand for hundred years over the wicket. I have never given a catch, and I stand in front of wickets firmly because there is no option for LBW out (at least I am not much discourteous that I can't bear some hits of balls on my being for my dear department). After 4 years of university, I have got so much experience that I may not be suitable for a job in my expertise (to be decided), but I am definitely eligible for the post of girls' sports expert. The main disadvantage of low ratio of girls in UET is faced primarily by team captain. The most difficult job of a captain is to complete 11 players. Captain has to enroll every person's name in the list for the sake of department. It is not asked that how is your batting, indeed, the question arises,

"Do you know how to bat? (chakkay marny atay hain?)"

"Nops.."
"How to ball?"
"Nah:/"
"What about catches?
"I mostly drop them.. (always indeed)"
"How is your fielding?"
"Bhaagna parta hai "
"Do you know ANYTHING? Ahh they can't even hit the ball and they are here for engineering?"

And the places where the number is too low, there you have to involve "Danda". At annual sports gala, everyone's eye is on the cricket champion. Competition, passion, thrill is much comparable to that of ICC world cup tournament. After the teams enter the ground, the first demand comes of t-shirts. The number of organizers seems much greater than that of the players. At first sports gala, some outsider teachers were appointed, but when it came to some appeal from fielding side, don't know why, she start to look everyone with smiling face. There was no system for "no-ball", "wide-ball", "dead-ball" etc. After that, no one take note of the teachers, instead, a male teacher (Sir Akmal) was appointed as third umpire, away from tents and near the VC's house gate (to avoid danga fasaad). Now, appeals were directed to third umpire. Teachers' duties were to update the score board (hand-held), to keep the zealous crowd out of the boundary and to give warnings to the crowd that they will cancel the match otherwise. At next sports gala, Malik saab (the great) was chosen to chair the umpiring. Startling and mind blowing bowlers were uncovered when no one saw the proper rules of balling. It appears more like baseball than cricket. Bowlers were not less than Lasith Malinga. You have to exactly hit the ball on the wickets; otherwise, "bowler is not focused bae". In the hard effort of yorker, full-tosser was received by the batsman, and then, a great six was marked at score board. A commentator is also placed at commentary box (person must be neutral). And if commentator mistakenly announces more runs than actual, all fielding players are rushed

"It is wise to keep in mind that neither success nor failure is ever final." - Roger Babson

toward commentary box. For the future generation, there are some golden tips

"EACH" individual can play cricket. Never underestimate yourself. Most of the time, fear overcomes your abilities, so be brave and have confident (most works can be done only with confidence)

After hitting the ball, don't keep on examining the pathway of ball. Just run. Most players are really good at striking high sixes, but after hitting, they keep on looking at ball, until the ball itself assures them that it has not been caught. This case has been viewed frequently that a batting person makes a sky-scraping hit, inspects the ball's route while standing steadily; a fielder is ready to take a catch, the catch is dropped and batting person vows God for the prayer of gratitude. If this concentration was put on running, team could score 2, 3 runs easily. After hitting the ball, don't see where it is going. Just run slapdash.

Also, don't really care about "run-out". The first thing is, often there is mad dash situation during run-out mess, due to which the ball doesn't hit the wickets. And if unluckily ball hits the wickets, then create a huge mess (rola), that I had reached and crossed the crease before the ball hit the wickets. Also discuss with your captain about such situation before entering the field, so the captain came running in the field to defend you. Don't take tension; no one is there to appeal for review.

If you have missed the ball, it doesn't mean that you can't make runs. Don't keep on standing. Just run and run.

Don't even make a mistake of playing with hard ball (once I enthusiastically hit a hard ball and in return, I received a 500V shake). You will be provided with a tennis ball. But use tape ball. Keep a black, red or white tape in your pocket in case the ball is lost, so you can cover up the new one.

Participate in every sports event held at or by university, or even if university is just participating somewhere. I will again repeat my words that never under estimate yourselves. A person may lose in the competition, but you can have day trips, fun and excursion, and also mufta Savor! Now mostly Sir Akmal goes with sports teams at different universities (Allah unhen lambi umer dey). Otherwise, we were neither provided with proper transport, nor any distinct teacher was specified before. And when we used to ask him/her for some refreshment, we were refreshed with a shopper of dozen bananas and kilo guavas. Now there are many "facilities".Remember, there are some superb players too in some teams. At least I start quaking when they enter the field.

Saleha Maqsood
09-TE-42

A DAY IN THE TECHNICAL INSTITUTE OF UET

The days of December are full of rains but when it is sunny it is mysterious. It is sometime bound for fuzz and muzzy things to happen. Once for me, it started with a scrawny voice echoing in the shadows, some weird talking about some movie. It was casual for the being. But it was not casual when my mind was busied by a chronicle wrestling with the same words like "Jab Tak hai Jaan, Talaash, etc" through the corridor to the class room. Was I imagining things? Was it unusual? I could not solve the enigma. I entered the classroom and the conversation embarked and it got an answer. I was not imagining things but a thing what so called a movie had actually hit the people's mind that day. Every now and then I heard the singing of the hallow verse of these letters. I could not put up with it. I had to get myself rejuvenated. And I made my way to the common room, to the demise of my fate, just to get myself perturbed. As here the exaggerated version of that movie was on and I found myself standing by the library which I could guess was the last and the least place for such things to be talked about. But I was soon confuted as I could only see some freaks getting their USBs loaded with a thing so exigent called a movie. I kept on hearing such voices as inveterate as an impetus rain. There were the showers, there were the squeaks, there were banter and there was that crazy society of a technical institute so engrossed in a movie.

And I made my way to the bus stop already shattered from inside and battered by the plight of our society. And it was here on the bus where the last straw broke the camel's neck. Only things I could master that day was the story of a few movies.

It is not just the story of a single day, and it was not the only movie people would have so appeasingly talked about. It is the story of our priorities and the story of our interest. These are the only things we feel so proud talking about. These are the only things we feel so refurbish talking about and these are only things we feel living, agile and felicity talking about. In oblivion of the real cause of our life, in oblivion of the situation of our country and in the oblivion of the limbo situation of Islamic world we feel at home, to the demise of our soul. Talking about the two edged weapon of the infidel world, who are not only earning precious coins for themselves but also creating the germs of violence , the drugs for our character and the slow poison for the sanitary Muslim environment.

But I know we live in a world where priorities don't change, where people do not change and where the souls only get worse and to the demise of our soul it is the only world where we feel so alleviated and proud living in.

Our Memories

Shafaq Malik
11-TE-93

Today most horrible or what should I say the adventurous day of my hostel life.

We (the roommates) were planning to have a royal dinner after a long hectic week. We decided to order the most fascinating meal (when you live in Ayesha hall Chinese rice and chicken chaowmen) from DOMINIOS. We ordered a bit late the manager made us believe that the order would reach in time. As according to the RULES no outside orders allowed after 9:00.Waiting waiting and waiting. It went from 9:00 to 9:15, 9:15 to 9:30 and 9:30 to 9:45.Atlast the clock said its 10:00 pm....We called for more than about 4 times .The answer was order is on its way...:/ The delivery boy would be there in 5 to 10 min. Doors were closing...Guard first said that he'll bring the order for us but as he saw R.T he refused to help us. We the most helpless creature of the world...Delivery boy called and said that he was busy in BOYS hostel as they were not paying the bills (un ke kanjosi hamay to bhari par gae) Delivery boy said that he has left the order and we don't need to pay as he was late....We start being greedy as we thought of "muftay kamal"Started thinking and thinking how to get outside the door to get the order. At last after half n hour dimagh ke bati jail we went to R.T and said with innocent faces that we left our mobile outside and it is on silent. She called the guard and instead of asking him to open the door she asked him to search for mobile (jo cheze wahan the he nae wo kahan say dhondta bechara us ko...:p) (hamare shaklean dheknay wali the) but again thand pay gae to hear that the door is going to open we went outside. Drama on its peak, unexpectedly acting was awesome. We pretended that we have lost our mobile I silently dropped mobile near a bench. One of my roommates called on cell and the other one shouted so innocently that "wo dhek wo para ha mobile". We pretended to be happy and satisfied but God know well from the core of heart we were so confused .Holding our breath looking the stars on the sky pretending to be totally normal we asked him

"Uncle hamara order kahan hye???"

And then the most horrible, missereble. pathatic reply..... ALAS

"aaya tha wapis bhej dia"..... :/

We came in and then Hi fives and we busted in laughter....

Indeed it was memorable day and a bit adventurous in the boundaries if Ayesha hall...

Moazzam Shahzad
11-SE-179

STUDENT WEEK 2012

Student week in University of Engineering and Technology Taxila is organized every year for students to participate in different competitions to show their talent. This give them a chance to improve their abilities. I really appreciate such events in the university because these are the activities which make our university life beautiful and enjoyable. Student week includes so many competitions that every student can take part in his interested competition and try his best to win.Different societies in student week become active.The most famous societies are Al-Mohandis and UALS. There are also some other societies e.g SOFTDESK and SESMAD etc... In student week these socities have a major rolebecause they organize a lot of competitions to make this event successful and gave prizes to winners. Sports copmetitions are also held in this week. Student week in 2012 heldin UET Taxila and a lot of students participated in it. That was my 1st year in university and that was also 1st event in which I also participated. I enjoyed the student week very much. I perticipated in many competitions and also took a lot of pictures with my friends. Everyone was happy because there were no lectures in those days.The competition which I enjoyed the most was singing competition. The singing competition was organized by the society UALS. I was wonder when I saw the young talented students singing beatifuuly. That was 1st time when I was seeing such live performances. The judges were called from Islalmabad which includes a singing band. The competition started when judges arrived. More than twenty five students participated in this singing competition. A long line of performances enjoyed us much. The crowd was so big that there was no room to stand. Every new performance was of high quality and full with talent ,hardworking and confidence. I heard no voice singing bad. Every song was full of music and beautiful voice of singing students. The whole crowd was enjoying and singing with the singers. All performances were full of beautifull songs. After the students's performances judges band was called to sing some songs. This band sing such beautiful songs that whole the crowd appreciated them and enjoy very much.

The second competition I enjoyed was Football tournament. I was in the football team of my Software department. After that there was a semifinal match of our team with civil department team. Both the teams were in the ground. I was playing at fullback position. Opposite team was very strong as usual in university. Match started and players were exciting to goal against opposite team. During the players became injured. At the end of 1st half , any team could not goal. After the fifteen minutes break match started again. During the 2nd half, one of our player get a beautiful chanceto goal. He was alone there with the ball and he kiked the ball but the ball passes out of the net unluckily. Captain was angry on him. Atttacks were doing both the teams to goal but no team could goal upto full time due to goal keepers. Both the keeprs were strong. The crowd was very happy from our team's game because opposite team was very strong. Our boys worked hard upto full time. Now the time of penalities came. Five penalities wre given to each time. Our two penalities were gone out of the net and opposite team did'nt miss any penality. So. we lost at the end of match. But I was still happy because match was much interesting and memorable for me.

CAUGHT RED HANDED

M. Ubaidullah
11-ME-106

It was one cold night in Taxila. I was studying my first semester here in UET Taxila. It was our hobby those days of throwing cold water onpeople taking bath with warm water. I and my friend Alexander were there in bathrooms taking bath. We were quite relaxed because we knew that no one but else did this mischief, instead of us, making others terrified. We never expected that the fate was going to knock us out that day.

I was singingAbrar's song "BheegaBheegasa December ha", enjoying the warm water, when suddenly there came a pot of cold freezing water on me, the cold water made my body paralyzed for a few seconds and I wish I were clothed, but my clothes were also drenched in cold water. With intense displeasure I wore those clothes and rushed back to the room.

I entered the room and said "Abdul, hunterikhairnai" because we knew that nobody else had the guts of attacking his own partners. He went somewhere, we looked for him in all the bathrooms, and didn't find him anywhere, then heard the shower, and we went near it, there were no clothes on the wall so that we could've identified him. I, Alexander and Muddasir, just assumed that he is Abdul. We turned out all the lights, and locked the bathroom from outside.

As we were doing it, we started making video of ourselves and made interesting comments about him and the revenge.

Without warning, a door from behind us opened and the last words recorded in that video were "RT,,,,hain RT???????" phones switched off, put in the back pockets. RT asked about what he heard from our commentary,

RT: "I heard you people saying hot water and cold water and someone in bathroom....what is all of this, come here and explain it". Our conversation was on its way to convince RT, when suddenly somebody started drumming the bathroom door from inside.

I ran to open the lock whileothers were at the door of RT. While opening the lock, the sound of creaking door echoed all over the area and RT tried to come out to see, but Alexander stood resolutely in front of RT's door not allowing him to come out , he diverted his attention by saying "Sir my roll num.." . At that time I was confused that if he was not Abdul then? Well it came out to be Abdul, and I asked him to go as we were caught.

He went to the room and asked Tooti and ZBF to come and see the drama, plus for the rescue operation.

"Success is simply a matter of luck. Ask any failure." - Earl Wilson

We kept explaining 'facts' to the RT , and Abdul along with other two came with the comb in his hand just like he is a super model from a Bollywood movie. RT stopped them, saying:

"From where are you coming?"

Us:"DNA sir".

RT: "What DNA?"

Us:"Wo sir SSC".

RT: "Its 2 30AM, now which SSC? Which one of you is resident of this hostel?"

Us: "None of us sir".

RT: "Then what are you doing here?"

Us: "Errmmmm.....studying".

RT: "What rubbish are you saying? Get out of this hostel immediately".

And with the long faces, only to show to RT, but with silent glees behind those long faces we went back to our hostels. This was the first yet the best mischief we have yet done. We'll do more as we'll 'upgrade' our levels.

MISCHIEF MANAGED!

JOKE

Boss

Boss hangs a poster in Office

"I AM THE BOSS, DO NOT FORGET"

He returns from lunch, finds a slip on his desk.

"Ur wife called, she wants her poster back home."

LET ME SHARE AN INTERESTING MEMORY

Sayed Murtaza Razawi
11-ME-200

One day I went to Photo State, There was so much rush and I had to print some important documents! There was an old desktop computer, and a nervous guy was hitting the keyboard and pulling the mouse wire, saying: "Damn, why it's not working ... Shit, Shit!" I noticed that the second computer was busy with girls! The nervy guy quite the computer and I walked fast towards PC ~ If I could print my files! I wanted to insert my USB when the angry shopkeeper shouted on me: "What are you doing, Dude! You can't see it's not working ... It is out of work!?" I answered: "Hang On, Sir! Let me check it!?" I saw that the mouse was out of work and I knew how to use keyboard's functions so I insert my USB Flash quietly, and then by using keyboard Keys I printed my files! When the old man saw that the PC started is printing, he seemed amazed, he came to see from near and he was tapping on my shoulder and added: "Well done boy! He is the Engineer, you all others are lazy and fools [Chapa Engineers]!"

Ha Ha Ha ~ That was a really amazing memorial day for me and had such a wonderful impression for ME! o.O

comic

"You must do the very thing you think you cannot do." - Eleanor Roosevelt

SHAFAQ MALIK
11-TE-93

FAVOURITISM

UNIVERESTY life indeed isthe most fascinating part of the student's life. How students manage to get in university is slightly a different topic. How they manage to survive in university is the highlighted theme of this topic. Students of any university fall in three categories.

Thetas/toppers mediokers/average poor/failures

Thetas are the most shining stars,mediokers are just stars and poor are dim stars. No power in the world can change the poor to teethas other than their selves and they have decided not to help themselves.....:p...But there is one" jaddookechare" which can help these helpless creatures and that is FAVOURTISM.

But the question is what is favoritism and how can we become favorite of our teachers.

Firstly the definition of favoritism from a very reliable resource....:)The word favoritism is defined as below

"An essential ingredient to make a recipe of good GPA"

Now the point to ponder is that how can we become favorite of our teachers.Well there are certain different ways to becomefavorite.For example for female teachers

Start complementing them.Make them feel special by saying you are more PRESENTABLE than other female staff.Start bringing them snacks e.g. barayni from paradise café....:p. And spend hours and hours for their gossips. In short be a TC MASTER start "TCSIM"...;)

As far as male teachers are concerned it is also not that difficult, and UET keawam thinks that girls are more TCrs but the reality is boys are also masters at this art..:p.

So for male teachersComplements are also necessary. Make them feel special by saying that "SIR AP KE REPUTATION TO BHT AALA HAE" Appreciate his choice of clothes and accessories specially Mobile and car if he has....:p.:p

But keep one thing in mind that once you started TCISM you can't get back its ONE WAY RAOD..:)....Unless you get an A grade...

But what if someone leaves it before the semester ends.....:o...He/she has to face drastic consequences. For example a direct fall from "EXPECTED 'A' TO CONFIRM 'C'", lots of embracement after thinking of 24 hours USELESS service and the pain of watching someone else getting your

place....;p....

The only cure to such consequences is by believing the following motivational quote

"THE ONLY KEY TO SUCCESS IS STRUGGLE"

Start studying harder even knowing the fact that you can't get A grade now....

Then comes the "QYAMAT-E-SUGHRA"day...the result day.. Even the grade is expected but that pain and the shock would be unbearable...and is beyond explanation. But "HOSLA".....;)You are just another victim nothing else...;)

And another hard thing to tolerate is the behavior of TCRS. They behave as in like they got A Grade by their own efforts. They don't know that everyone knows what they are...(phelayzero phir hero)..:p even their friends start getting irritated of them. At the end they just get a grade nothing else. REMEMBER..!

"Favoritism higher your grades but lowers your self-respect."...:p

So don't worry all the NON-TCRS out there atleast you retained your self-respect. Bravo..:)

Keep working hard...:p

JOKE

Graduation Speech:

I Would Like To Thank,

The Internet, Google, Wikipedia,

Microsoft 0ffice And

Copy Paste. . . !! :P :D

Zunaira Ahmed
11-TE-87

MY FIRST PRESENTATION

It was the last week before 1st semester final exams and I think I don't have any need to explain how tense that week was, as all those students know very well who never study but at eleventh hour before exams, like me. Not only tense, it seems HORRIBLE as it was going 1st experience of final exams in university life. But I was not aware that it would become a TRAGIC week too, when we were asked for a GROUP PRESENTATION in that LAST WEEK. Here I will definitely give special regards to our seniors, who arranged the Welcome Party for us in that Last, Busiest, Tense, Terrible and Tragic week (perhaps to give us some relief from that hectic routine.)

That was not my ever first presentation, but was definitely ever WORST experience faced. We (me along with my two friends) decided a short documentary film as the topic of presentation. I was doing the report writing portion while other one was working on slides for presentation (both, long report and slides making, were ever first experiences for both of us). I spent (actually ruined) whole my week end (two whole days and two whole nights) in collecting data for report. Same was the situation with other friend. While the third one of us was out of internet facility, but still her task was NOT just to appear in the presentation, she too was helping me in making long report (like Title Page and Table of Contents e.tc.).

After spending the whole night in writing and arranging each and every step of report, when it was the time to put slides in the usb, I found that I've lost it. I didn't understand what to do... Even my own memory card was not available at that time, so that I could use that for slides. But long live my father, who gave his memory card to me at that end time.

Me and my friend, both were totally nervous as we didn't have time for preparation, even not we were practiced a single line to speak. But the third one was confident enough as she prepared well for presentation. She was given the introductory portion and she was encouraging us too that she would handle everything; we should not bother about it.

Finally the moment came, when I was not ready for the presentation (as always) but I have to do it. (martay kia na krty.....) I came to stage to run the slides, but that took some time to start due to some technical problem (Technical problem: Hands shattering with the embarrassment that I had card reader in my hands, instead of usb). But without wasting a single moment, the introduction was started in a streamlined flow (a term I studied in fluid dynamics). Even the introduction of other group members was ignored (maybe it was a way to handle our nervousness.... or something else, I still don't know). I was trying to move slides according to the presentation, but was totally confused how to manage them as the flow was so continuous like Butterscotch (chalti jaye... chalti jaye... chalti jaye.... Chalti jaye.... Or bs chalti he jaye...) without any break. All the events of the movie were changed, all the characters were displaced, even the producers and directors were not saved at all.

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much." -Bessie Anderson Stanley

Thank God! They all were not sitting there in that class, otherwise anything could happen. At least a BREAKING NEWS (a broken news) from UET TAXILA would must be shown in GEO NEWS headlines, and all the credit would must go to our class. Finally I stopped moving slides, as the flow became turbulent and started waiting for the full stop, which finally came with Madam's voice: "Excuse me! There are two more members in your group, who are waiting for their turn." At last the introduction was ended with the words: "That ALL was just the introduction from my side." (Endless long Introduction of a SHORT FILM)

Bol k lab azad hain tery.....

Then I came, and I don't know whatever I presented there on the stage. What I remember is that I was just moving slides (which were already presented in a new transformed version) and came back. And then it was Conclusion by last but not the least group member, who also came back saying nothing else then: "I really don't know why I m here, as my group fellows didn't left anything for me." And the presentation was over... all the fear, nervousness and confusion was over..... with an amazing experience, even without any preparation.

I am proud on my dearest and sweetest friend as she invented a unique style of presentation. This adventurous presentation is not only one of the unforgettable incidents in UET, but also a proof of my talented friends that they never let any moment spare in making it memorable, doesn't matter how critical is the situation. Thank you my ROCKING friends for creating such golden memories due to which today I got a chance to write for "UET Diaries Competition".

JOKE

The 1st Advice Of
Father To His Son
When Son Got His
Driving License Made,
Is
"Remember 1 Thing Son
If U're Going To Hit
Anything, Make Sure
Its Cheap"

"Those who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night."- Edgar Allen Poe

Maryam Hasan
12-EE-51

UET DIARIES

Last weekend was probably the craziest experience ever since I joined UET Taxila. Since my friend and I have this frequent habit of getting really high and then not realizing what we do. A few weeks before we had a little too much chocolate and decided to get registered for the 2nd All-Pakistan Optics Olympiad 2012 at GIKI. We were really excited about the social events, since we never got a proper welcome, so we thought this might our one chance to spend some quality time. High-ness :p

SO after we came back to reality, we realized the event isn't entirely about the fun. There was an IQ quiz as well as a hit-the-target event, which, btw, was NOT paintball as we happily assumed. It was something related to adjusting different mirrors at different angles so that the laser falls on the different mirrors and successfully hits the target. Oh dear Lord. What have we gotten ourselves into? Almost a week passed by and we still hadn't prepared anything. Moreover knowing we were the only two girls on the 'GIKI adventure' didn't quite help and we started freaking out. Finally when Thursday came and we started our packing, we were on the verge of backing out on the last minute, but all our instincts said otherwise. We got all our things ready in time, our over-protective mothers helping us get everything ready in time.

When in UET, one should never be too prominent, or else you're open to all sorts of comments coming your way. So us, with our excessive luggage, we weren't that hard to spot. Ahh UET-ians. WHY YOU NO REALISE IT IS NOT APPROPRIATE TO MAKE COMMENT ON A GIRL.

Sighs

So our ache wale UETian bhai finally got us to the bus stop where GIKI busses awaited us. After getting settled we waited 2 hours for our shashkay wale 'NBS' ki awaam. I mean no offence, but seriously guys :/

So YAAY. Only 1 and a half hour of travel and we're here. But another 2 hour wait before we got our rooms. I guess its Pakistan at the end of the day so. Pfft.

OPENING CEREMONY!!

So after dumping our luggage in the common room, which we had to share with 15 other girls, we got ready, washed our faces and went to the auditorium. Sadly, we missed the opening ceremony. So instead, we explored GIKI and immediately fell in love with the campus. It was literally mesmerizing. And the cold winter breeze mixed with the smell of barbecue was to die for. So after that we had the Tambala night as well as the Bonfire, which turned out epic in the true sense. We hiked our way to the community club where we had the bonfire. And as usual like all other times, we

had gone super hyper and not realized we were actually surrounded by people. But like the GIKI-ian bhai told us, we weren't representing our university, we can party all we want. Thoroughly embarrassed, we still continued to do what we are best at doing. Having fun :D

The second day was inclined towards the technical events. We had an IQ quiz, which we flunked pretty badly as our time ran out and we couldn't even solve general math questions.

After that, the next thing that hit us was our patriotic awaam, which I realized when people came chasing after us just to question me why I was wearing a jumper that said 'I love London'. I solemnly swear I am never touching that thing again. So after such an eventful day, we decided to bunk the hit-the-target and the seminar, and go straight to the hostels and relax.

Apparently that was not a good decision and the hit-the-target was really fun, according to our roommates. Nooo :(

But no worries. We had the Mimes night to look forward to. And if there was one word to describe it, it would be EPIC. Everyone was spellbound. It was amazing how they conveyed everything through their body language. We were literally screaming our lungs out. FUN :)

Last but not the least, HIKING TRIP.

The GIKI-ians made us hike 5 kilometers. Somehow I can't get over that fact. We tried our best to keep up, but this was our laziness paying off. We were the only one's lagging behind. *face palm*

So when everyone had passed us, and we were absolutely positive that we were the last ones, another hyper attack hit us in the face we took off our shoes and ran barefooted singing cheap songs jumping our way to the hostel. It took us some time to realize all the UET-ian ache bhai were behind us. Later when we had lunch with them, they asked us if we were even remotely related to being sane. I quote one of the bhai 'Ye jootay wala kya stunt tha? I failed to understand that'

Sorry bhai we have been a social embarrassment to you. It was never intentional :p

Yes finally it was time to wave GIKI goodbye. Though we really enjoyed, the GIKI-ians were a little to our ambassadors in the end, and that we found very offending.

But all is well that ends well, so ignoring that, we got home safely and finely had our comfy, cozy beds all to ourselves.

Cheers :)

M. Shariq Khan
11-EE-41

WELCOMING OURSELVES

Our university bus is not just a bus. It can become a jet plane, a train or a comfortable ride just as your own car depending upon the driver Chaacha. Also the roads from Taxila city towards UetTaxila are not the smooth ones, best explained as "Koi kehkashannahihai".

Without any discrimination, Uetians who belong to same route are no doubt a family. This family has its own kind of fun. I remember when I joined this family as a fresher, I was introduced to the ritual of "welcoming ourselves"(what I call it), according to which one who is new in the family has to show that he is really happy to join. This is the second thing for a new comer to do after the synchronization (ragging-heuristically!). For this, feasts are to be served by the fresher to senior members to rejoice their welcome. Usually, this is observed in the morning time, in the bus on the way to university.

Now it was our turn. We had cakes, pizzas, sweets and beverages to honor the ritual. The rejoicing began with cutting of cake, for which my name was called. The cake, the cream bomb I would say, was then handed over to me for distribution. Coincidently, we had our driver Chaacha on that day who loved to fly jet planes; not in air to the surprise but on roads! My priority was and for which Iprayed was to accomplish the mission peacefully. By peacefully, I mean handing over the cakes into hands and not pounding into faces (jerks inside a Uet bus can bring life to dead!). But it was not going to be peaceful at all.

A bad piece of road helped Chaacha to fly the bus in air for a little time, and then it landed safely. Me?Cake?We were now one. Cream had done its work. With a cream moustache, roars of laughter made me actually to laugh without even looking at myself. Not for long though, but the bad road had brought some light to the engineering life. Now a year has passed but still the memory of day brings smile on faces. The funny, but thehappy time.

WANNA SMOKE?

12-Me-137

Once upon a time a girl rode the bus of UET Taxila. The air was scorching and bus packed. Someone at the back lit a cigarette. She wondered about the scarcity of 'no smoking' rules in the bus and campus.

When she got off the bus someone waved a cigarette to her face and said, “Wanna smoke?' Then gave a quick laugh, showing rows of yellow crooked teeth and walked off.

Now does she wanna smoke?

When you have Nausea which isn't gentle; it makes sweet trickle down your brow, your stomach churn and mind spin. The smell of tobacco flares though your nostrils and almost makes you vomit. Almost. Your head prickles with pain.

When smoking is the finest and fastest road to heart attacks, strokes, chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (COPD), emphysema and lung cancer. Not to mention the pretty flowers that spring on both sides of it. Flowers later to be spread on your grave that is.

When By 2030, the World Health Organization (WHO) forecasts that 10 million people a year will die of smoking-related illness, making it the single biggest cause of death worldwide. Well at least Wikipedia says so.

When half-extinguished cigarettes and accidental fires have a long history.

When smoking in public, potentially in no smoking areas would make any asthma patient pretty uneasy

When kids start smoking because of peer pressure plus the 'cool' factor and it eventually becomes a habit. Later to be tuned into addiction.

When quit smoking campaigns are showing a relative increase.

When smokers tend to get stained teeth and yellow fingers that reminds you of the walking dead. When smelling like an ashtray does not make you more attractive . (trust me on this one)When 'teachers' and students smoking in department corridors or class rooms of a university is plain unprofessional, not to mention unethical, is it even legal?Then the question remains, does she wanna smoke?

No she doesn't, no thank you.

(09-ME-60, 90, 04, 92)

THE LONG WALK TO NAWAZISH CAFÉ

When you are a boarder, there aren't many people who will listen to your problems, soothe your worries or truly share your happiness or joy. But there are a select few who do share their lives, troubles and joys with you and you call them your best friends. Hostel life can be best characterized by long and interesting discussions you have with your friends on a wide variety of topics. Whenever we are not sleeping we are discussing something which might be of national importance or cursing the extreme cold weather we experience here in Taxila.Well, Nawazish khan café happens to be right in front of our university main gate. To any random person going to nawazish café doesn't signify anything important but ask any boarder and he'll give you a detailed lecture about the long walk to nawazish café. (It is nearly a kilometer from I-Hall).My own experience of going to Nawazish café is quite extraordinary and if memory serves me best I am always accompanied by some of my friends , Sufyan in particular, because he is also a huge fan of the tea that brews on the stoves of nawazish café. The tea is not the only reason for going to nawazish but it is the discussions that we have along the way. It is during these long walk that we share some of our worries and joys with each other. Sometimes we are just quiet and wonder why the hell did they build Ayesha Hall so far from the "university campus"? Is it quarantined for some reason? On other occasions when we are quiet, we wonder what's going on back at home or what the future holds for us. But most of the times this "tea walk" provides an opportunity to vent out the stress that generates due to our extremely "busy" schedules by laughing madly and yelling curses. Now, tea isn't what they serve in the university cafeteria but a proper cup of tea involves a lot of effort and dedication. Some people can make excellent tea while others end up making extremely bad, there isn't an in-between. At Nawazish café when Nawazish's father is making the tea, you ought to rush and grab the tea because that man has got some serious tea making skill. Apart from tea, the choice of cups is also important, most of us like white china cups which reminds us of the British civil servants sipping evening tea at the cricket pavilion. Some do prefer red- tea cups but they are a small minority. Any revolution that happens in the university from strikes to student week is somehow planned at Nawazish Khan. The strike by 2k9 People regarding hostel allotment and against electricity loadshedding was thoroughly planned at Nawazish café. During the exams even more people start visiting Nawazish khan because they believe that a cup of tea from there would refresh them and they would be able to cram all those engineering scriptures afterwards. But believe me this is a huge myth. After you have taken the tea snd you start walking balk with large strides full of energy but somehow all you can appreciate is how beautiful is the scenery, "look at the trees, the grass," and suddenly one of your friends suggests that why don't we spend a little time at Jandial Temple before we head to hostel. So there goes the precious day, casually spent while sitting at the 2000 year old remnants of Jandial temple. Summing up Nawazish khan café is a place where we go to have tea which results in our brains getting all creative and opening up the doors of its deepest realms. We will always miss the sittings we had at Nawazish and the tea that they served there. Maybe when we are old with grey hair we will come here again and laugh out madly at the times we spent here at this wonderful university and the tea we used to have. The last tea we had at Nawazish was on 9th July 2013 and it was the best tea that we ever had in our lives (up till now..).

POETRY
"Shoot for the moon. Even if you miss,
you will land among the stars."
Les Brown

Aroosa Butt.

Opulence , comfort and all the luxuries of life
Splendor , eminence and the twinkling social nights

Living in the milieuwhere fortune is at door
Relishing the top-notch comforts for sure

Merriment, hilarity and satisfaction everywhere
Each day is a benedictionleaving curtailment nowhere

The status, the power and the superiorlifestyle
Inspiring you intensely in a while

But far away there is a world of starvation
Where prosperous life is a tough commission

They breath in impoverishment ,famishment and emptiness
Where they are cheerless , helpless and hopeless

Striving hard for the necessities is their duty
Knowing nothing about the life and its beauty

They don't have aristocratic brands for their generation
All they want is a solution for their starvation

Behind the cherishing and fascinating lives
The devastated poor ,at his own fate, cries

The way to abolish this grand differentiation
Is the end of deviousness , violation and extortion

The governing rules must be in their favor
Their educational tactics should have no error

Availability of crucial resources is also their right
Let the innocent offspring not be crushed in this fight

Pillars of domination should be demolished
Let the poverty stricken community be flourished !!!!

WOMAN

When she was born, she heard her father's sigh
And tear drops fell from her mother's eye
For she, the female had entered the world
Into unwelcoming hands, she was hurled

As a child, she was strictly told
Some rules according to which she was to mould
Walk slowly you must never run
Talk softly, beware, never have any sun

You are inferior you are weak
You must obey, you must act meek
You are an invalid without a man
You must not ask why? This is life's plan

And she believed all this was true
Like a beast, kept in the zoo
She thought she belonged to the cage
The bars around her never aroused rage

Her father, her brothers kept the keys
To the chains which prevented her release
While she lived on pretending to be happy and content
Till one day from her home she was sent

Years passed by, her hair became grey
Set aside old woman, and just pray
My grown sons told me, for I came in their way
Listen to a woman? Why should they!

For centuries she lived like this
And she thought it to be bliss
While slowly the life inside her flickered away
And without thinking she did her part play

But the way she had lived so long
She discovered all this to have been wrong
When her mind can think, and heart can feel
Why should she be crushed in life's wheel?

She does not ask for stars in the sky
Or for praises sung so high
Neither place of honor nor nobility
All she wants is freedom, peace and security

I Left Few Words Unspoken

With a million stars in my eyes,
I sat that night as bride for tonight,
One by one they faded, as the clock ticked,
Sun came early, or my moon lost track
Nevertheless before dusk,
I left few sheets unfolded!

Standing now on the same cross,
that where once, we hands in hands promised,
'Shall walk together, Shall stay together'
I, with a shower of rain in my eyes
and while looking at my empty hands,
left few paths untouched !

Sitting on the very stoop,
that once belonged to our Eden,
I waited all night, after all day along
recalling how once her beats,
cherished each of my approaching steps,
then before dawn, alike a strangled soul, I rose
leaving behind few doors without a knock!

Beautiful, innocent and shy,
I witnessed three seasons alone in her smile,
Sensible, sage and sacrificing,
I known as she spelled a mime,
Broken, shattered and crumbled,
I felt as she asked me to leave

and then,
amid stars after twilight,
I preferred leaving few words unsaid…

DEDICATED TO A LOST FRIEND

10-TE-41 | **Mahrukh Manzoor**

Around the corner I have a friend
In the city that has no end
The days go by and weeks rush on
And before I know a year had gone....
I never see my old friend's face
Now we are busy, tired men
Tired of playing a foolish game...
Tired of trying to make a name.
Tomorrow I will call on my friend
Just 2 show that I am thinking of him
But tomorrow comes n tomorrow goes
and distance between us grows n grows
Around the corner yet miles away
Here's a telegram; sir, he died today
That's what v get n deserve in the end
*Around the corner a **VANISHED** friend....*

TO THE CHANCE

09-TE-27 | **Zainub Bahar**

Let's give life a chance

Let's end the vane melancholy

Let's begin the ecastasy's span

Let's prepare to diminish seclusion

Let's rejoice once again

Let's intoxicate in the exuberant air of romance

Let's end the remorse and redeem the life's chance

Let's begin the immortal pleasure

Lets give life a chance

Hafsah 12-ME-137

In my cauldron, I shall make a potion
Add many grudges n' stir in clockwise motion
Mix with dove's blood then pour it in a case
A witch I am with long nails and an ugly face

Then sprinkle on it many deceitful smiles
With sweetness chant spells of pure vile
The potion is like clear water but only fake
A witch I am with long nails and an ugly face

Now in my black heart nest the potion rests
And as time passes by it grows sweet as wine

WICKED JEALOUSY

Why feelings turn into poison, I cannot say
A witch I am with long nails and an ugly face

So its emotion incarnate in my cauldron born
A sentiment for which friends are foe alone
The potion shines bright in my moonlit cave
A witch I am with long nails and an ugly face

I shall offer the tricky potion to those who pass by
The imprudent will accept gleefully only to die
Come, join hands; we'll get into a murderous race
For a witch I am with long nails and an ugly face

A six hour story, a tribute to those soldiers who have made and are still making our nation proud

Winter of fall, its
Middle of night
No dark, But the field is bright
What's going on there?
Though the smoke, please take sight
Fire all round, spreading the light
Oh! Heart sounding! Something's is not right
A war is on dreadful fight

4 O'clock

Fighting there is ground of braves
Fighting lest their children should be slaves
In hope of keeping their flag high
Fighting, they are not hiding in caves
Their part is glorious
Their history is victorious
It's raining shells
Their cannon of furious

5 O'clock

Dupes their hopes, their captain dies
Leaves behind nothing but sighs
Disheartens, sorrowful, so sad
"But the war is on", a soldier cries
"Strong determination",
Their resolve is high
"Firm commitment",
But yet another guy dies
One by one, all they go
Leaving behind a single guy

6 O'clock

Remains the lonely behind
Oh! Destiny seems not kind
Stakes are there, but 'pride of nation'
The only thing he keeps in mind
Dare to fight till his last
Defending the home at whatever cost
The lonely soldier attacks
Echoes around him yet another blast

7 O'clock

Toils he relieve
What he uses is retrieve,
Attacking, engaging his enemy still
So gallant he is, can one believe
Blasts near him, yet another shell
Oh! Broke his arm, what a hell
His both legs broken, bleeding his chest
Optimization smashed his hopes as well

8 O'clock

Falls he down as if he dies
Ah! How come from ground he rises?
His soul leaves his body alone
Oh! A soldier was there, nothing now lies
Mournful the sight but his bliss
Sighs even the sky on occasion this
Such men are pride of nation
"Peace demands sacrifices the truth is"
Oh Allah, I cannot find it where

Student week 2013

According to Leo Rosten

"A writer writes not because he is educated but because he is driven by the need to communicate. Behind the need to communicate is the need to share. Behind the need to share is the need to be understood."

The only thing that matters for a university magazine society is the quality writings it can get from the student body. To motivate and encourage the students to write on various themes ranging from serious analytical essays to fiction, Almohandis organizes various writing competitions and workshops.

Almohandis organized both, on spot and prewritten bilingual writing competitions in "student week 2013". The topics for the prewritten categories were announced well ahead of time to give the students a chance to prepare and research their writings before submission on the first day of the student week. On spot topics were given on the day of the writing competition.

The Writing competition started immediately after the opening ceremony of the student week 2013. The participation of the students was encouraging as the exam halls in the software department were full with the contestants. The English on spot writing topics were distributed into three categories- Serious, Fiction and humor.

The majority of the students chose humorous essays to write while an equal number opted for fiction. Nevertheless a few quality argumentative writings were also seen, with students presenting their own perspective of various social and moral issues. To guide the participants, instructions about word limit and judging criteria were displayed inside the exam hall.

ALMOHANDIS BAIT BAAZI COMPETETION

Almohandis organized a Bait Baazi competition. In this competition more than 40 teams participated and there was a huge crowd. Perhaps it is the best event of student week . 'Engineers of literary taste cease to exist', is a conception locally true, but when you say of Uet, Taxila, the very conception thence into misconception, and the splendid audience with the palm sweating duels of bait-bazi, student week,13 did proved that once again. Under the

University's literary society Almohandis' supervision, Bait Bazi was indeed amongst the arches of student week, none had dreamed of a thickly packed audience with dozens waiting outside for a slide in. out of 40 registered teams, 12 dared to ring their bells on stage with each chiming in over and over but only 6 could qualify for the second round on knock-out basis, 4 out of 6 teams in the quarters and then 2 of 2 of final from Software Eng. final continued for two hours but still there were no decesion made by judges because of excellent preparation of teams.Department was indeed something to relish about, if one owns the legacy.

VOICE OF YOUTH AND SPELL BEE

On 2nd day of student week 2013 ALMOHANDIS arranged two competitions named as "voice of youth and spell bee" through English editorial board and arranged a quiz competition under Urdu editorial board. spell bee and voice of youth were the best events of English editorial board and maximum students from university participated in these events. Prominent speakers of voice of youth were muneeb , suleman, hassan, rubab and ammar. Organizers for the events were **Saad** and **Qasim Zia.**

EXHIBITION

Almohandis arranged an exhibition for university students in central library that includes paintings, calligraphy, sketching, title page design, thematic photography and much more.

ANNUAL GRAND MUSHAIRAH

ANNUAL GRAND MUSHAIRAH is one of the best event in student week. "**HALKA TAKHLEEQ E ADAB TAXILA"** and "**SAREER KHAMA WAH CANT"** has been participated in mushairah. more than 20 poets have been participated in this event. Hafeez ullah badal, Dilawar ali aazar, Nosherwan Adil, Faisal sagher, Shakeel shaki and Touqeer khalid laraib participated in annual Mushairah. Also Dean Mechanical Engineering Department Prof.Dr. Shaid Khalil participated in Annual grand mushairah and said thanks to our guests.

Prof.Dr. Shaih Khalil Dean MED, during Annual Grand Musahairah

Eng. Touqeer Khalid Awan General Editor Almohandis during Annual Grand Musahairah

Famous poet Faisal Sagher during Annual Grand Musahairah

Famous poet Nosherwan Adil during Annual Grand Musahairah

Famous poet Zafri Pasha during Annual Grand Musahairah

Famous poet Hafeezullah Badal during Annual Grand Musahairah

Audience at Musahaira

Audience at Musahaira

Audience at Musahaira

Environmental protection society is the first environmental movement that had been founded at UET. It aims at positively soothing, correcting and sculpting the natural and metropolitan environment, fighting the threats against our Environment and explaining the misconceptions using the awareness campaigns, thereby improving people's living conditions and their habitat. The main objectives of this society includes to prevent environmental deterioration as a result of human activities, to control human activities that contribute towards worsening of our environment, to take measures for the improvement of our environment and to increase public awareness different environmental issues. It features the work and activities on the environment since it was formed.

On Tuesday, EPS opened its competitions with "Presentations". It started at conference hall, at 09:00 am. Topics were pre-defined. The competition was open to all students from any department. It gave opportunity to all who enter valuable experience of presenting, good information related to environment and the chance to showcase their work. Student delivered their presentations on the topics of Global warming, Waste water reuse and reclamation, Occupational hazards and prevention, Water harvesting, Renewable resource utilization, Solid waste management, Degradation of environment and themes for environment awareness, Plans for a pollution free UET, Wastes transportation, Electronic recycling

Heck, all of them are even made by common things you discarded every day, and they are known as recycled art. At day 3 of student's week, Recycled Art Competition was arranged at the examination hall of electrical department. It was first ever event, only one of its kind. Many teams get themselves registered for this event. Teams were provided with waste material like wrappers, tin cans, juice boxes, newspapers, electronics waste, ice cream sticks, disposable cups, spoons and plates, cartons etc. Teams showed great enthusiasm and their talents, and created their masterpieces. And it was really astonishing to see the beauty of reformed trashes, that how trash can be utilized for such useful things, to see the passion of engineers who reform timeless and unconventional materials into simple yet unique articles which design surpasses most expensive articles. As most artists do, they dissect the pre-existing materials, reinterpret them, and then offer them a new form with new purpose, thus forming never seen before recycled art.

For hostellides, a striking competition also held same day. "Best room competition" gave an opportunity to hostellides so they can show how they have maintained the cleanliness and tidiness of their rooms and how they have managed their spaces, and decorated their rooms. Wajih uddin from Iqbal Hall, Harmoon Haroon and Muhammad Umair from Quaid-e-Azam Hall, M.Usman Khan from Abu Bakar Hall, Shujan from Ali Hall and Sumaira, Amna Saleem and Faiza Khan from Ayesha Hall were the winners from their respective hostels.

The Quaid e Azam Debating Society is one of the most phenomenal, enthralling and diverse co-curricular society of the University. Quaid e Azam Debating Society's supreme aim is to introduce innovative mélange of activities and competitions with superlative quality that not only enhance the level of the member students, but inculcate in them a sort of cohesive team spirit. The member students are exposed to new dimensions that broaden up their horizons and give them maximum intellectual stimulation and entertainment as wellOne of the major achievements of Quaid e Azam Debating Society, besides that in the year 2012-13 under the Presidency of Syed Abdul Wahab & Vice Presidency of Abdul Wahid, Quaid e Azam Debating Society took part in nine events and won eight out of the, holds the title of six wins in a row and also been invited by the other universities to deliver seminars on the "Art of Public Speaking", QDS(Quaid e Azam Debating Society) participated in FAST DEC-BATES 2013 All Pakistan Declamation Contest. One team and one individual speaker participated in this event, representing our University of Engineering & Technology, Taxila Team No 1: Ahmed Nadir & Muhammad Mashhood Individual category: Waleed Sattar At the end of the day Waleed Sattar secured 2nd position in English category, Ahmed Nadir secured 2nd position in Urdu category & Muhammad Mashhood with Ahmed Nadir also brought back home Runners Up team trophy for the first time, and won the maximum number of laurels from a single event.

Student Week 2013 Report

ANNISA

Student week 2013 was indeed a splendid effort put together by all the societies of university. This year like all the societies ' ANNISA ' brought many tempting and entertaining events. These events attracted a huge number of participants. The promotion committee really worked hard for the advertisement of the events. The event management team tried their best to bring up the quality events and Annisa media team covered the events. The events were well organized and As a result they were appreciated by the participants, judges and attendees.There were almost 300 participations in the events

Day 1 offered events like Naat Competition, Dumb Charades, Photography, Mehndi Competition and Bite Fight. An-Nisa witnessed great response, venues were flooded with the candidates to be the part of those events. Day 2 offered Cultural fusion and Desi Tarka. Cultural fusion 2013 brought to the stage an excitement blend of eastern and western cultures and that was a blast. Teams were so well prepared and organized that it all went pretty well. Day 3 offered Dramatics(i.e,Singing) and Miss UET. Day 4 offered All Rounder, Quiz competition and Best Hijab Competition.

Above all, all the team members showed their exemplary and remarkable team work without which it would not have been possible for An-Nisa to entertain all the female participants throughout the students week 2013.

University's Arts & Literary Society is responsible for participating in and organizing activities related to performing arts and fine arts. Apart from organizing events in the university campus, the society has created plays and some of the plays like "The Puppets" are still in the hearts and minds of the audience. The society has also given a good name to the University by winning some of the major events of the twin cities. Students Week-2013 has been thought to be te biggest achievement of the society so far.

Painting: The event was about the art that lets a person bring his/hers imagination onto the opus and express their ideas clearly to the world. UALS gave the opportunity to do so during the Students Week 2013 in this event. Students were to work individually. Time allowed was three hours. Students were asked to create artwork based on any one of the given themes.Students were provided with scholar sheets, poster paints & paint brushes. Evaluation was done according to the painting`s relevance to the themes provided. The number of students that got registered for the event was 45. Students from every department got registered for the event. Event started just after the opening ceremony of students' week 2013.

Movie Nerds: This event was organized for the students who watch Hollywood movies a lot and love to discuss them. UALS, in this Students week, provided them with this platform where they can really show what they've stored in their brains about movies. As per rules, a team of two students was registered for the event. This event was comprised of three rounds:

T-Shirt Designing: UALS brought an opportunity for the students to bring their creative side to the fore at this Students week to splash out the colors, but not on paper, on T-shirts. This event was organized as a fun activity as well as a competition for both the art/design aficionados and the hobbyists. T-shirt designing was a themed competition. Students were to register themselves as an individual participant or as a team of maximum two members. Students were to design t-shirts based upon the provided themes. They were provided with a t-shirt, poster paints and paint brushes to design their t-shirts. Maximum time for designing was 3 hours. 45 teams registered themselves for the event. Evaluation of the t-shirts was based on the design relevance to the theme and neatness of the painted shirts.

Face Painting: Color, festivities and music light up the night as participants give it their all and produce scintillating displays. Thoughts and expressions reflected on a human canvas is something most of us would have never experienced before. So, UALS organized face painting event to fashion memories to cherish for the rest of our lives as a competition. Teams were registered as 2 members per team. Any kind of vulgarity or non-serious behavior was strictly prohibited. Teams were provided with paints and brushes. Teams were to paint as per given themes and the evaluation was also based on the painting relevance to the theme. 25 teams registered for the face painting event.

Treasure Hunt: UALS organized this event for the people who are fond of finding the hidden treasures and solving riddles. Students were registered as teams of 3 or 4 people maximum.

Thematic Movie Competition: UALS organized an event of thematic movie competition for the lovers of dramatics and fans of acting. Students were registered as a team of maximum 5 members.It was an open theme competition. Students were to choose a topic of their own will and make a short film of duration not more than 10 minutes. Theteams with a video length of more than 10 minutes were awarded negative marks.

Concert: University's Arts & Literary Society, for the first time in the history of UET Taxila organized a musical night, the concert. As it`s said "Every soul is like a slate". A canvas on which music paints wondrous pictures. Every note is like a unique hue, embodying the vivacity and volatility of human desires, memories and emotions. The core aim of this event was to color these

"The only honest measure of your success is what you are doing compared to your true potential." - Paul J. Meyer

Tech Section

Hamza Humayun
09-ME-03

INFINITELY VARIABLE VALVE TIMINGCONTROL IN IC-ENGINES

Abstract
Conventionally mechanical cam controlled inlet and exhaust valves are used in internal combustion engines. They have an inherent problem that they cannot change the valve timing with the changing RPMs of the engine. To address these issues car manufacturers came with solutions like VVT, Dual Cam engines etc. however, despite these efforts, the main problem stays. As the RPMs change, the ideally suited valve timing also changes.

This issue has been addressed in this project, a solution is proposed, installed on an engine and finally its performance its performance is evaluated. An idea has been proposed to replace cam operated valves with solenoid operated valves. RPMs of engine and piston position are estimated using sensors, data acquisition system and CPU. Required valve timing has been calculated and then applied. This approach has been found to be more fuel efficient, robust and a promising technique for the future vehicles.

Figure: Complete Cam less engine assembly with solenoid valves installed

Figure: Removed cmashaft of Honda Gx160

Figure 3.3.2: Different components removed from the engine

Project Supervisor: Engr. Waqar Ahmed Qureshi

Project Memebers:

Hamza Humayun	09-ME-03
Muhammad Arslan Hashmi	09-ME-45
Kamil Shahzad	09-ME-61

"Any fact facing us is not as important as our attitude toward it, for that determines our success or failure." - Norman Vincent Peale

IMAGE PROCESSING BASED AUTOMATIC CONTROL OF GUN

Touqeer Khalid
09-ME-135

Image processing based automatic control of security gun consist of following three parts.

- Image Processing programming
- Mechanical structure
- Hardware control circuit

Image processing programming

Image processing programming basically involve visual basic , turbo c , lab view software. Image processing code is compiled in visual basic software.

Code

We use visual basic programming for tracking our object. Image is basically combinations of pixels and video is composed of many images. No of frames or images per second define the quality of video. code is prepared with the help of Engr.Waqar Ahmed Qureshi.

Code is basically programming which is based upon pixel difference of screen. Actually image is made up of different pixels and similarly video is composed of many pictures or images.

Mechanical structure

Its mechanical structure is designed by Touqeer khalid (09-ME-135). its consist of a main frame having two motors. both motors can move up, down , left and right depending upon signal send by image processing code at parallel port.

parallel port circuit or hardware control unit consist of a unl2oo3 IC and four relays .it gets signal from computer and operate the motor which move gun in four possible directions.

Basic principle

its basic principle is that it gets signal from camera depending on pixel change and send that difference to parallel port at which parallel port circuit uses this signal to operate motos . these motors are used to control gun rotation.

Project Supervisor: Engr. Waqar Qureshi
Project Members:

Touqeer khalid
09-ME-135

Rashid farooq
09-ME-49

Saad Ayub Jajja
09-ME-60

NANOFLUIDS

Nanofluids are nothing but suspensions of nanometer sized particles in ordinary heat transfer fluids. Suspending solid particles in liquids in order to enhance their thermal conductivity was proposed by Maxwell in 1905. But suspending large particles in liquids had a major disadvantage. The resulting suspension would not be stable enough and the particles would settle down and cause clogging and erosion problems in Heat Exchangers along with a considerable pressure drop. So it was not until 1995 when Stephen U. S. Choi working in Argonne National Labs in USA developed a stable suspension of nanometer sized particles in ethylene glycol and he termed the resulting fluid as "Nanofluid". In theory, enhanced thermal conductivity leads to a superior convective heat transfer performance. Superior convective performance of heat transfer fluid is an extremely desirable thing for the enhanced performance of heat exchangers. Our project is mainly focused on the optimization of the liquid cooling loop for high heat generating electronics like server farms, high performance microchips and any other electronic chip that generates huge amount of heat which cannot be removed by air cooled fans. Our project involved extensive experimentation and for that the Mechanical Engineering Department had given us a separate room (with our own key). This was necessary because the experiments had to be done at night when ambient conditions were quiet steady. For our project we used Carbon Nanotube Nanofluids; Cabon Nanotubes of diameter 30nm were suspended in ordinary water with the help of stabilizing agents. Our study particularly focused on cooling computer microprocessors which generate heat in excess of 350W. Ordinary computer processors generate about 100W of heat which can be easily dissipiated by fans but 350 W of heats calls for serious thermal management techniques. For that we employed "liquid Cooling". Our coolant was Carbon Nanotube Nanofluid. The experiments were done with both water and the Nanofluid for the same processor power and the results compared. Nanofluids showed considerable heat transfer enhancement with low microprocessor operating temperatures. These results were very important and fascinating, therefore our work was published and we got the first position in Open House'13.

Project Supervisor: Dr. Hafiz Muhammad Ali
Project Members: Saad Ayub Jajja(09-ME-60)
Wajahat Ali (09-ME-04)
First Position in Open House'13

Project Published In: Heat Transfer -Asian Research (Wiley:2013)

"Wherever you see a successful business, someone once made a courageous decision." - Peter F. Drucker

HAND GESTURE CONTROLLED RC HELICOPTER

Report By:
Ali Hamza

Our project was to design a RC helicopter that can be controlled with gestures of hand.The helicopter, including all mechanical parts, battery, and IR receiver, will come as-is out of box so the only thing that needs to be designed is the controller .The controller contains different sensors which will determine the position and or movement of the hand as well as certain gestures. These sensors will send the gathered movement data to a controller with a microprocessor which analyzes the data and sends the correct corresponding command to the helicopter via an IR signal.

Traditional human-computer interaction devices such as the keyboard and mouse became ineffective. An efficient human interaction with the modern virtual environments requires more natural devices. Among them the

"Hand Gesture controlled Helicopter" has recently become of major interest. The main objective of gesture recognition research is to build a system which can recognize human gestures and utilize them to control an application.

An accelerometer is used to read movement in 2 or more axes to determine x and y horizontal movements. Flex sensors are used in conjunction to determine vertical movement and other functions. A 3-channel RC helicopter is used, therefore the included movements are: forwards/backwards, left/right turning, and up/down on the z-axis. All of the movement sensors are connected to a control box containing a microcontroller/processor along with an IR transmitter which transmits the data to the helicopter. The corresponding IR control code sequences are determined by analyzing the signals from the control box included in the package.

Project Supervisor: Engr. HaroonYousaf
Project Members:

Faisal Saleh
09-CP-02

Ali Hamza
09-CP-12

Hammad Akhtar
09-CP-33

Momna Asghar
09-EE-149

REAL TIME IRIS BASED SECURITY SYSTEM

The security system that uses feature of eye for making its security system strong appears to be science fiction; you must have seen this type of security systems in JAMES BOND's movies.Here we are introducing this system in your UET TAXILA.

Why Iris chose for security system?

Iris is the colouredarea of the eye usually brown, blue.

It is usually called eye ball.The color of the iris is often referred to as "eye color."

- Iris has significant attributes required for any biometrics(i.e.fingerprints, face, gait, etc.)
- The number of variations in the iris that distinguishes one persons from another is very large(more than 260)when compared to other biometrics(which range from 40-60 only).
- It includes universality(meaning that ever person should have a specific biometric)
- Distinctiveness(even twins and right &left eye of a person don't have same iris patterns).
- Quality of permanence(i.e. biometric should be invariant over a period of time)
- Simplicity(taking iris image only once in a life time for enrollment purposes)

How It Will Work In Real Time:

Iris recognition systems work in two different modes, that is, the "Identification mode" and the "Verification mode". In the identification mode, the systems take biometric data of a person and starts matching it with entire database and output the information of best match person. Whereas in the verification mode, system compares the test person to other pre-stored templates of the same individual, conducting one-to-one comparison.

Project Members:

HIRA WARIS
09-EE-113

MOMNA ASGHAR
09-EE-149

NAIMA AFTAB
09-EE-137

DROID DESIGNER

M. Kamran
09-SE-01

Droid Designer is an android based augmented reality application. This application developed allows the users to view the 3Dfurniture models in real environment using the camera stream of the android device. The user can also take the snapshot of a model in real environment and share it with friends on social media.They can also check the vendor of a particular product and search different products.

The application related website is also developed. The users can create an account on the website, where they can upload the 3d models of their products. These models are accessible directly in the application. The user can download the model directly using the application. He also has the option to use the existing 3d models instead of downloading it form the website.

The main feature of this application is that it allows viewing the 3d furniture models offline unlike some of the existing applications that require the internet connection to view the model.

Benefits:

- This application will help the user in visualizing a product in his own environment before he decides to buy.
- It would help the furniture vendor to advertise the products and increase their sales using advance technologies.

It also encourages the use of technology in furniture industry.

Group Members:

M. Haseeb Nasir
09-SE-41

M. Kamran
09-SE-01

"It is easy to sit up and take notice. What is difficult is getting up and taking action." - Al Batt

Maham Rashid
09-TE-20

PERFORMANCE MEASUREMENT OFORTHOGONAL SPACE TIME BLOCK CODES

The purpose of telecommunication is to transmit signal from transmitter to receiver efficiently and effectively. When a signal travel in wireless link, it's power alter owing to channel response. Signals take different path between transmitter and receiver due to reflection, Scattering, Diffraction. Scattering occurs if size of an obstacle is in order of wavelength or less .Incoming signal is scattered into several weaker outgoing signal.Radiowaves can be deflected at an edge and propagate in different directions. Reflection is bouncing back of the signal through large obstacles. Reflected signal is weaker than original one because some of the signal power is absorbed by the object. This is multipath fading.

Error free transmission is one of the major aims in wireless communications. With the enhancement in multimedia applications, huge amount of data is being transmitted over wireless channel. The 4th generation of wireless communications can be achieved by Multiple-Input Multiple-Output (MIMO) in combination with Orthogonal Frequency Division Multiplexing (OFDM). The main aim of our project is to increase throughput by deploying spatial diversity at both transmitter and receiver.MIMO provides multiple antennas at the transmitter as well as the receiver side which provide transmit and receive diversity. It finds application in LAN, MAN, WAN etc. MIMO offers array gain, diversity gain, interference reduction and multiplexing gain. OFDM is a combination of multiplexing and modulation OFDM is a method of encoding digital data on orthogonal sub-carrier signals. These sub-carriers are then used to carry data on several parallel data streams or channels. Each sub-carrier is modulated with a conventional modulation scheme. OFDM reduces losses in wireless channel and inter symbol interference. Moreover through OFDM, equalization is simplified. OFDM offer high spectral efficiency due to orthogonality amongst the subcarriers. Alamouti, Tarokh and Quasi Space Time Block Codes are employed with orthogonal designs over multiple antennas. The performance of Block Codes is examined and compared which depict that the simulated results are similar to theoretical results. With this procedure both Bit Error Rate and maximum diversity gain are attained by enhancing the number of antennas on both sides. This design is proficient in all the applications where capacity of system is limited by multipath fading. At transmitter information source generates data. Data is passed through Convolution Encoder. It eliminates spark noise. Then data is fed to Inter leaver block which eliminates burst noise. Data symbols are then mapped to any modulation scheme. OFDM ensure serial to parallel conversion of data. STBC encoder encodes data. At receiver data is being received by antennas. Detector then detects the incoming signals. STBC decoder then decodes that signals back.

Advisor: Engr Farzana Hassan
Group Members:

Sidra Ghayour 09 -TE- 02
Maham Rashid 09-TE-20
Saleha Maqsood 09-TE-42

"I never waste time looking back." - Eleanor Roosevelt

PHOTO ESSAYS

Photography By
Abdullah Maqsood
09-CE-106

UET at winter

A click at uet

Annual Dinner

Student Week

Perfect Click

Timing matters alot

"Goals are dreams we convert to plans and take action to fulfill." - Zig Ziglar

Photography By
Touqeer Khalid
09-ME-135

Arain kail neelum valley kashmir

Apna Pakistan

Kashmir Highest Battle Fields

Nature at kashmir

Perfect click

Explore the Nature

"Man is what he believes." - Anton Chekhov

Photography By
Naina Emmanuel
11-CP-67

UET Computer Department

Nature at UET

Morning Beauty at UET

Colours From UET

Perfect click

A Sunny Day in UET

"If you don't know where you are going, every road will get you nowhere." - Henry Kissinger

Cambuzz

Saad Bin Shams (EEB)
10-EE-85

DICE-CONNECT 2012

University of Engineering & Technology, Taxila, was honored to host a national event in this winter of 2012. Distinguished Innovation, Collaboration & Entrepreneurship referred to as "DICE". It is a platform to bring all the innovative projects under one roof for judgment and to channel the fervor of young minds towards innovative and creative thinking.

The project exhibition was held in the grounds of UET, Taxila. One might argue that the event of this stature should exhibit the projects in a multipurpose hall. Since the symposiums of British Council's Connect were being held in the multipurpose the projects were therefore placed in the university grounds. Don't be let down, the arrangement was jaw dropping. A gargantuan and extravagant tent was placed besides the multipurpose hall, which engulfed the projects of universities. There were nearly forty two universities attending this event with their projects hoping to win this competition and get their hands on the cash prize of PKR 30,000.

The exhibition was broadly divided into two categories; industrial exhibition, and project exhibition. The latter was further divided into three more categories; Engineering & Technology, Arts & Humanities and Biological Sciences.

Industries were not competing but were displaying their products with their representatives to answer queries of any passing inquisitive mind. One of the most eye catching stall was set up by SUPARCO. They had brought with them tested and qualified models of the many units working on Pakistan's first ever satellite Pak-Sat 1R. Intel was also seen at the industrial exhibition. They were promoting their latest generation of Intel processors, and the concept of next generation PCs. That included a desktop that could easily fit in the palm of one's hand, and is easily portable, and the All In One PC. Another product that was on display was the new Ultrabooks that have been developed by different companies using the Intel's latest processors. Motorway Police with their patrol car was also spotted guiding people about road safety.

The project on display were definitely did show creativity. The projects ranged from many fields of engineering. Amongst the many competing, the stalls of projects of our university, University of Engineering & Technology, Taxila, were also on display. University of Punjab had the most projects on display. A project from their university worth mentioning was the Electromagnetic Shooting Gun. It used the principle of Electromagnetic induction to accelerate a metal bullet through two electromagnetic coils. The representatives said they achieved speeds of up to 26 feet per second. He said with proper funding and further study into the matter they can further improve the efficacy of the weapon.

In the arts category, the sole university competing for the top prize was Fatimah Jinnah Women University. They had many projects on display. An architecture project that caught the eye

of many people was astounding. It was a design prepared for the Moroccan Embassy by their student for the company heading the project. Many high speed photography stills were also on display from the pupil of the mentioned university. Miss Hamna Tariq was the supervisor of these projects and explained the detail to us with great zeal and zest. As the day progressed, the DICE event came to an end, and the winners were announced at the closing ceremony for each category.

In the engineering category the participants from the Sarhad University of Science & Information Technology secured second position. They had developed a special walking stick which would help and aid blind people to maneuver around town. It used sensors that sensed obstacles in the path and warned the user. It also had a Global Positioning System, which when provided with the destination address would guide the blind person to the address by instructing through speakers. The first position was secured by the pupil of Wah Engineering College. They had developed a system that controlled the power factor of anything attached in parallel with it. For a layman, power factor is the leading cause of the losses that take place in heavy industries. This project, when further developed for bigger loads can reduce the electricity bills of heavy industries quite easily.

In the overall category, the first position was secured by a project which was a joint collaboration of PIEAS and IST. It was the Application of Ionizing Radiation for the development of Nano composite with better Mechanical strength. What they did was, on a nano level, played around with atoms, and substituted sulfur and ended up with a much stronger rubber.

The arts category which was dominated by Fatimah Jinnah Women University won the first prize. The winner was the student who used Newspaper Typography as an inspiration and prepared the whole interior using the theme. She used the techniques of screen printing in her work, and used newspapers to embellish her design in numerous ways. Her work was definitely commendable.

The DICE 2012 held at UET, Taxila was an audience pleaser. The visitors from other universities felt at home, and were quite pleased by our hospitality. The event went on smoothly for its scheduled two days, after which it was brought to an end. The local students were quite happy to be a part of this event, and hoped to see more of such events organized here in the future as well.

Photography by: Qasim Zia (EEB).

All this madness of the world is due to ecstasy of love (WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR)

Photography By Bilal Ahmed
Official Photographer

UET SPORTS TEAMS

UET Table Tennis Team

UET Tug of War Team

UET Zone Winner cricket team

UET basketball Team

UET Hockey Team

Women sport teams at
Student week 2o13

Student Week Winner Cricket Team

Women sports Team

All this madness of the world is due to ecstasy of love (WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR)

CASUAL PHOTOS

yaar glasses kesi hain meri....

daikho g ham nain sudhrein gay

vaikho g maino taehqqeq de bad pta lagya k 2+2 cahar he honde nay...:)

Almi youm e husaan

lagta hai saare he pass ho gay hain

Taxila tu ade na kraya sirf 2 rupee

Rt in k speaker utha k le gaya haif

Main daikon khan ko aur khan daike aasman ko

ham match haare nain hamein
haraya gaya hai

ye b koi krne wala kaam hai

ye machar marne wali
dwa kha bethe hain

muje chaapa na dia
to jan le lun ga

Hotel may Muft Khor

In ko 4 saal tak likhne k liye
note book nain mili kia..

haa haa ham pagal hain

swari labe ya na labe speed 190

All this madness of the world is due to ecstasy of love (WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR)

4 saal guzar vgay mgr kia majal
jo aik b baat samj I ho

in ko hostel se nikal dia gaya ha

kaka Photo theek chikkeen

Yaar baryani kha k pait
niakal aaya hai

When Teacher send you out of the class

Shukar hai Nahanye Kyliye
Pani te Labbiya

desiel se chalne
wale engineer

Daikho g main abi anda
de k dikata hun

Murghiyan Chupatye Huwe
Pakry Gay thye

Hum Cheen k Lain ge Aazadi

Sada Haq
Aythye Rakh

Praku Bachye

Shadi main ghusny ky lye Invitation
ki nahi Suit ki zaroorat hoti hai !

Dost hi Dost K kaam aaty hain

Yarr Kitni Door hai UET

Tussi Sare Minnu V pagal kr deo gy

Vice chancellor UET opening book exibition 2o13

Vice chancellor UET Taxila at book stall

US Embassy visit on 26-3-2013

A Groupphoto of Uet representatives with US Embassy

Opening cermony of Almohandis 2012

Industry-Acedemia linkage meeting

VC UET Taxila with Guests at Industry-Academia linkage meeting

Guests at Industry-Acedemia linkage meeting

TALENT CORNER

"اشاقہ محمد کلابعن"
09 - EE - 88

Faraz Khalid

10 - IE - 50

Mehak Fatima

09 - CE - 10

Areeba Ayesha

10 - EE - 74

Misbah Rani

10 - EE - 83

"اسامہ محمد کلابھن"

09 - EE - 88

"اسامہ محمد کلابھن"

09 - EE - 88

بسم اللہ الرحمٰن الرحیم

کلام اقبال

"بے خطر کود پڑا آتش نمرود میں عشق
عقل ہے محو تماشائے لب بام ابھی"
"تھے تو آبا تمہارے ہی مگر تم کیا ہو
ہاتھ پہ ہاتھ دھرے منتظر فردا ہو"

Usman Tariq

12 - ME - 01

"I don't dream at night, I dream all day. I dream for a living." - Steven Spielberg

Yasir Saeed

12 - ENV - 29

Naina Emmanuel

11 - CP - 67

12 - ME - 07

Muttey

09-ME-127

Aymen Kazmi

09 - TE - 17

Maryam Hina

09 - EE - 01

Touqeer Shoukat

11 - CE - 20

M. Usman Anwar

12 - ME - 75

Aymen Kazmi

09 - TE - 17

Naina Emmanuel

11 - CP - 67

Hareem Afaq

12 - TE - 01

Muttey

09-ME-127

"I would rather attempt something great and fail than attempt to do nothing and succeed." - Robert Schuller

Muttey

09-ME-127

Naina Emmanuel

11 - CP - 67

Anonymous

Wajahat Abbas

10-ENV

"You must have long range goals to keep from being frustrated by short-term failures." - Bob Bales

Touqeer Khalid

09-ME-135

Rehab Asif

12 - TE - 47

Muttey

09-ME-127

Naina Emmanuel

11 - CP - 67

YEAR BOOK 2013

MECHANICAL 09 A

MECHANICAL 09 B

MESSAGE FROM DEAN OF MECHANICAL AND INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

What's that thing, one that couldn't be stolen and that lives for centuries, without food and water, with no desire of money and power, one that lacks bonds of religion and family, that comes with a force that can never be defeated but with itself? An idea! An idea that no army can defeat, no technology can challenge and no force can annihilate. 1500 years from today, an idea changed the outlook of civilization, the one we call religion 'Islam'. Followers of that idea today are entitled as 'terrorist' and taken as 'extremist s' globally .Reason to this gloom, not that our idea being defeated, but because we the owners of that idea have lost the visions our idea once blessed us with.My message is very elementary. Allah does not change the destiny of people, if they do not decide to change it themselves. Your core objective should be your nation's welfare. Students should focus on their career right from the start as they all have chosen a very antagonistic field. Visualize how you can contribute to the development and progresses of society .Engineers have a lot to contribute with in research. Bring a reform in society either through actions and words.

MESSAGE FROM CHAIRMAN OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

My advice will be never to give up hope. You should seek opportunities and seize them. Hard work always pays off, sooner or later. Life demands struggle, labor and conflict. Those who have everything become languid, egoistic, and heartless to the real values of life. Work means life and absence of work means death, decay and degeneration. Do every act of life as if it were your last.

CIVIL 09

MESSAGE FROM DEAN OF CIVIL AND ENVIRONMENTAL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Life of human beings is limited, on average, maximum expectancy of human life is sixty years utmost. we need to balance our priorities of life. every one of us has a measureless potential buried deep somewhere in our hearts. always concentrate to discover your hidden potential. one must endeavor to explore more and more and try to devote one's best effort in ones' respective sphere.

MESSAGE FROM CHAIRMAN OF CIVIL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

we are often being asked to define education. if it's just institutes or books or grades, if not then teachers or degrees or results? no! education can never be simply text written on your books or engravings of your degrees, it's much more than that. education is the will to live, to strive against all odds, to struggle against word impossible and the desire for more and better .education blesses you with a purpose for your life, it glamourize your eyes with visions beyond your sights, it armors you with weapons of wisdom, creativity and reasoning. you can never buy education at once; it comes with time, experience and with every dive for more.

ELECTRICAL 09

MESSAGE FROM DEAN OF ELECTRICAL AND ELECTRONICS ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Life is a unique combination of summer and winter, smiles and tears, present and past. And man verily the best conflate of sin and virtue, humane and inhumane, beauty and the beast. We wake up every morning and meet a new 'me', times we like and embrace, others we don't and cast that away. To glorify your existence or the best way perhaps to lead your life is to accept yourself, your reality, your origin, your identity, the beauty inside you meet and so the very beast that comes out. Because self-realization is the realization of Almighty, and the moment you realize your lord, things gets pretty smooth from there on.

MESSAGE FROM CHAIRMAN OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Students of UET are really skilled, dedicated and are always determine to line against new challenges. Ever since I have taken the mantle of chairman of this department, my emphasis has always been on bringing out the best qualities of my students, who by enlarge are moral and conscious of their exuberant talent. Our acclaimed institution, UET is regarded as imperative entity and UETIANS exhibit their pride for it.

MESSAGE FROM CHAIRMAN OF ELECTRONICS ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Mortal probably is the right word to define 'life' in a single combination of syllables. Amazingly , we humans all have a common disease called 'forgetting' and in its early stages, we have but saved just that single word 'mortal' of all. And with that, all those attached life brooches of purpose, reasoning and salvation. So we come and go, without purpose that why we are here, without reasoning that what we are, what's our origin and what our being supreme of all means ,and most importantly the concept-less concept of afterlife we are left with now. Almighty called us Ashraf-ul-Maqhloqat, for one thing perhaps 'reasoning' the differing line, the moment we lose this virtue, we lose the pride of being human along!

TELECOME 09

COMPUTER 09

SOFTWERE 09

MESSAGE FROM DEAN OF SOFTWARE AND INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY

"Hard work alone does not assure success in life. Similarly only intelligence does never guarantee a successful and bright career in life. There are other things that are the missing links between our success and failure. These links are the prayers of your parents, your positive and helpful attitude towards others, your humble behavior with everyone and your trust in ALLAH Almighty that you have put in maximum effort up to best of your abilities and now He is the one who can change your failures into success."

MESSAGE FROM CHAIRMAN OF COMPUTER ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

World today in general and Pakistan in particular, is passing through the most critical moments of its life. Uncertainty the only certain thing in every eye around itself tales of thousands of stories .Legacy systems, norms and traditions have failed in evolving along the circle of life. What the need of hour, as I see is that we stop complaining of lack of resources, of rumbling infrastructure, of generation differences, of cultures, of customs, of time ,of environment around, and instead see ourselves in the light of Quran and the in the mirror of Quaid and Iqbal visions, because that's where the success, the eternal bliss lies'.

MESSAGE FROM CHAIRMAN OF TELECOM ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Your only limits to your destiny are self-imposed. Success means having the valor, conviction, and the desire to become a person you believe you were meant to be. When you expect success, your mind focuses on success. Success is not a landing place, it's an adventure. May ALLAH give you zeal and bless you with diligence to fulfill your obligation to the nation to the best of your abilities.

MESSAGE FROM CHAIRMAN OF SOFTWARE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Nation is nothing but a collection of masses. It's not nation that own individuals, individuals tend to own a nation. The way we behave, way we talk, the way we eat, the way we seek, and we desire that all when encapsulated shapes our character in general. And when in an assemblage of odds that personal character starts owning your national character. Sanity demands then of weighing your words before you dispose them of your tongue, because your words then may not be yours' but of your nations..

کتابِ یاد