

# Young Souls of the Nation

ALC E-ZINE MAGAZINE  
2020 EDITION

EVERY FACE HAS ITS OWN  
STORY, WE ARE JUST  
UNAWARE OF THIS FACT.

COVER ART BY AYESHA



# Tribute

**THIS EDITION IS DEDICATED TO  
THE VICTIMS OF PIA AIRPLANE  
CRASH AND SURVIVORS OF  
COVID-19**

PK8303

Our thoughts and prayers are with all those  
who were taken and affected by the tragedy.



# Editorial Team



**MOHAMMAD HASSAN  
ABBASI**



**AMNA MAZHAR**



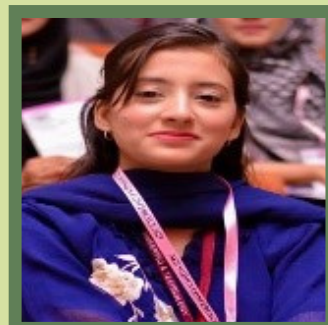
**REHMA KHAN**



**FARHAT FATIMA**



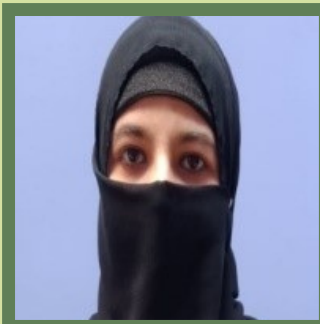
**YUSAIRA ASAD**



**LABIQA SIDDIQUI**



**SADIA MANZOOR**



**AYESHA JAVED**



**ALINA BHATTI**



**SHANZAY HUSSAIN**



**MALIHA ZAFAR**



**SYEDA HAMNA**

# Table of Contents

Message from Dean.....	5
Message from Chairperson.....	6
Message from President ALC.....	7
Message from Editors.....	8
Why Study Linguistics.....	9
Poetry.....	10-16
Shades.....	17
The High place.....	18-19
Him.....	19-20
Voice of Zoya.....	20
A Letter to My Human Self.....	21
The Role of Societies in NED.....	22
Young Philanthropist of NED.....	23
A Young Writer Interview.....	24-26
Inception.....	27-29
An Online Session in the Pandemic.....	30
Success Story.....	31
Preserving Language, Culture & Identity of Bohra Identity in Karachi.....	32-34
Artwork.....	35-37
Reflections.....	38-39



# Message from Dean

**PROF. DR. NOMAN AHMED**  
**FACULTY OF INFORMATION, SCIENCE &**  
**HUMANITIES (ISH)**

I am glad to know that Department of Humanities, NED University of Engineering and Technology under Applied Linguistics Club (ALC) is publishing its second edition of ALC E-Zine magazine for the year 2020. In this time of pandemic, the students have utilized their time effectively by compiling memorable events, reflections from your graduates and contributing literary and linguistic work by young writers for this edition.



NED University of Engineering and Technology Karachi is always in the forefront for taking such initiatives and providing the support system to its students. On this occasion, I congratulate and convey my good wishes to the Chairperson, Prof. Dr. Sajida Zaki, editorial team and students who have initiated this platform.

# Message from Chairperson

**PROF. DR. SAJIDA ZAKI**  
**DEPARTMENT OF HUMANITIES**

It is with immense pleasure that I share my message for the Applied Linguistics Club's E-zine. Applied Linguistics Club is a significant forum that entrenches the nascent disciplinary foundations of an academic stream recently added to a great institute whose legacy is spread across a century and to all the corners of the globe. The relatively new disciplines of English language and linguistics, and applied linguistics require a very strong co-curricular scaffolding for application and development of language, communication, literary, and creative aspects of English and Linguistics studies pursued by students.



To this end, then, I view the ALC's Ezine as a significant initiative, and hope that through this platform our BS English Linguistics students would continue to nurture their talents. They would develop useful skills for their future careers that are inherently connected with the experiences captured under the editing, writing, reporting, and composing dimensions of this publication.

I congratulate the team ALC and the faculty In-charge, Muhammad Hassan Abbasi for their efforts especially during the pandemic which made this volume possible. I wish the readers of the magazine an enjoyable time as they interact with the published content.

# Message from President ALC

**MS. HINA MUHAMMAD ALI**

Applied Linguistics Club (ALC) is a platform for students to show-cast their leadership and innovative skills. It provides opportunities to young energetic students by exposing them to real-life scenario and giving them a chance to apply problem-solving skills.



The second edition of ALC E-Zine magazine is an initiative of students and Vice President ALC to provide a platform to the young writers who are struggling with publication. Hence, this issue includes write-ups from diverse students who are showcasing their talent by narrating their voice in the form poetry, fiction and research. Also, this issue includes the art-work done by some of the students and interview from a young writer to motivate young minds.

Indeed, the readers would find this issue to be interesting and worth-reading.



# Message from Editors

**MUHAMMAD HASSAN ABBASI**  
**CHIEF-EDITOR/VICE PRESIDENT ALC**

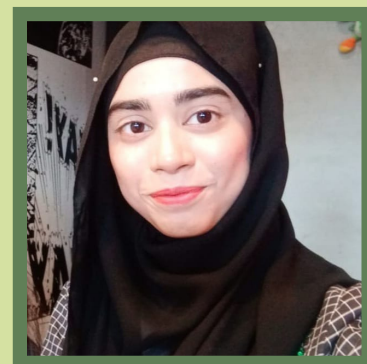
This is the second edition of ALC E-zine magazine. This issue includes artistic and creative pieces in the form of poetry, fiction and research writing, sketching and drawing one's thought. It also provides an insight about two young novelist. Hence, this issue has tried to empower the ALC team to effectively learn about the editorial skills and team-management. This opportunity would indeed take them to new heights in their careers. As ALC core team believes in empowering its BS English Linguistics students



with not only theoretical knowledge but with practical opportunities in the real-life world as well. I would like to specially thank the Chairperson of Humanities Department Prof. Dr. Sajida Zaki and President ALC Ms. Hina Muhammad Ali and ALC core team member Ms. Mahwish Arif for providing this opportunity to initiate this edition. I would also like to thank and congratulate all those students who were part of the editorial team and contributors whose work has been selected to be published in this edition. Indeed, this is just a small step towards a bigger achievement in future. Hopefully, the third edition would be coming soon as well.

**AMNA MAZHAR**  
**EDITOR/SECRETARY-GENERAL ALC**

The second edition of ALC E-Zine magazine is here and better than before! Not only does this issue acknowledge the budding writers of Humanities Department, it has also given a much needed platform for artists. It covers various emotions and issues addressed and expressed by writers and artists alike during these trial times, making the edition unique in its own way. It has also given the members of ALC and its editorial team a chance to show and polish their skills. Working on this magazine has been a great process for all the people involved, so I hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed creating it!





# Why Study Linguistics?

Everything in the world is mediated through language and if you have a passion for languages then linguistics is definitely your field. Linguistics specifically applied linguistics is known for its interdisciplinary nature as it allows an individual to look beyond than what is existing. In the emergence of technology where people are linguistically in contact with a growing diversity, each language shares something in common which brings the world together and makes it all one. Linguistics doesn't



deal with one language only but how as a whole comes together therefore investigating the issues on how humans acquire/learn a language, produce sounds, assign meanings, translate, use them in different contexts and get it revolved around the world is what makes the domain interesting and distinctive.

“One language sets you in a corridor for life. Two languages open every door along the way.”

– Frank Smith

Maheen Tufail Dahraj

Lecturer & PhD Fellow (Applied Linguistics), Humanities Department



## WHY LINGUISTICS?

“LINGUISTICS IS A FIELD FOR LEARNERS. PEOPLE WHO ARE IN LOVE WITH LITERATURE AND READING ARE BORN FOR THIS FIELD. MANY DON'T KNOW THAT NED UNIVERSITY OFFERS THIS FOUR YEAR BACHELORS OF SCIENCE DEGREE. THE DEPARTMENT OF HUMANITIES HOSTS THIS PROGRAM AND HAS THE MOST FRIENDLY AND EDUCATIONAL ATMOSPHERE I HAVE EVER EXPERIENCED WITH DEDICATED AND EXPERIENCED TEACHERS. ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS THE LINGUA FRANCA OF THE WORLD SO THIS FIELD GIVES US AN EDGE IN TODAY'S RAPIDLY DEVELOPING WORLD. IT ALSO GIVES US A WIDE RANGE OF CAREER CHOICES SUCH AS JOURNALISM, MEDIA, PUBLISHING, TEACHING ETC.”

HUMANITIES DEPARTMENT



## WHY LINGUISTICS?

“I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN FINDING OUT MORE ABOUT ENGLISH LANGUAGE. I NEVER IN MY WILDEST DREAMS IMAGINED THAT NED WOULD BE GIVING ME THIS OPPORTUNITY TO BE A PART OF ITS ENGLISH LINGUISTICS PROGRAM. I LOVE THE COURSES BEING TAUGHT TO US AS THEY ALLOW US TO OBTAIN DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVES OF THE SOCIETY AROUND US. COMING TO NED HAS HELPED ME GROW AND FLOURISH AND I PRAY THIS JOURNEY OF LEARNING NEVER ENDS.”

HUMANITIES DEPARTMENT



# Poetry

**SOLD**  
**BY MISBAH (BS ENGLISH LINGUISTICS)**

At the age of 12 I was told I was getting married to a generous man,  
No dowry was demanded but instead giving my parents a lot of money  
against the trend.

I was not allowed to see him before I get married to him,  
Sewing fantasies in my mind all my worries seemed to dim.  
Just like once I got my doll married in the childhood,  
Pretty dress, red lip color and bangles, a story of falsehood.  
Finally my wedding day came, the big day of my life,  
I was scared yet exalted to be the wife.

When at night I heard somebody coming towards the room,  
I fixed my duppata, worked up my nerve, Sat straight, all groomed  
To my shock a 50 years old man came to the room and locked it,  
I screamed a little, my heart stopped I tried to get rid.  
He pushed me on the bed, torn my blouse, groped me  
I tried to run away but he was strong enough to hold me.  
A time came when I was screaming in an excruciating pain  
He thought all my screams of "No" was a pleasure, asking for it again.  
I said No, he heard "give it another go" I told it hurts, he made it worst,  
I said it pains, but he liked the blood stains.

I passed out with the suffering but my tormentor continued,  
Until he realized I have fainted, slapped me and abused.  
The next day I snuck out, reached my mother and narrated the story,  
I cried in her lap until my father kicked me out, the elevated agony.  
I contemplated the sky, seeking the answer of the question "Why",  
With time I realized my man was not generous I was sold like a toy.  
My struggles would end with the end of my life,  
The story like mine is not an uncommon kind.



## I HUG PILLARS

BY NIDA AFTAB (M.S APPLIED LINGUISTICS)

I hug pillars,  
When no one is around,  
When nobody cares,  
I feel the empathy,  
For the old buildings,  
Deserted, deprived, and  
desolated.  
Yes, I hug pillars.  
And feel the warmth  
Of the cold stones  
Yes, I hug pillars.  
Because they are better  
Than the people who think  
they care,  
Than the people who smile a  
lot,  
Yet can't empathize  
With the broken windows,  
And hollow hallways.  
With the spider web filled  
walls,  
And vacant rooms.  
Yes, I hug pillars.  
Because they stand alone.

Because they are strong enough  
to take the burden all  
alone,  
Yet continue with patience  
and just stay there.  
They exist for people  
like me,  
To comfort us with  
peace.  
They teach us the  
lessons,  
of bearing and letting  
go.  
Supporting the  
stature,  
And letting things  
stay  
existing for others,  
Hiding the dismay.  
Yes, I am just like  
them.  
I, too, exist as a  
pillar.

## UG & L1

BY SALEEM UDDIN (M.S. APPLIED LINGUISTICS)

A language that I was born with  
It was the UG; the language structures quite broken  
Which helped me go up the ladder and cope with  
The L1, which my family and relatives had spoken  
It was through Motherese I began to play with  
The father and the mother when I woke up  
The micro and macro factors; my life was coupled with  
Led me to the competence in getting well-spoken  
A language that I was born with

**NIVEA**  
**BY ASFA UZAIR (BS ENGLISH LINGUISTICS)**

Driving to work today, I notice myself not drooping. I am not my usual sluggish self. I am more of myself then I have been in years. I stop and buy donuts for everyone in the office. I know my assistant likes double chocolate with sprinkles on them. I remember Amir telling me he is going to cold turkey on sugar, better take an Americano for him.

I am usually never up this early, I have just enough time to have another cup of coffee before I start my day off. I might even clear the big pile of files I have been ignoring. I am so fresh today,

fresher than you think

It's been decades since I have woken afresh

Or it seems so at least

It's been so long since I sat outside

Or felt the summer breeze

I plan on baking cookies today

I feel quite at ease

Today all my troubles seem to sink in

Today I'm fresher than you think

**STARS**  
**BY HADIYA ZAHOR (BS ENGLISH LINGUISTICS)**

When you look at the sky,

And feel peace inside you.

And the glimpse of the stars

Shine in your eyes

And when you see a falling star,

Your eyes shine even more

**WHAT IS LIFE TO YOU?**  
**BY BAKHTAWAR HALEPOTO**

I asked her about Life?  
She smiled at me and said;  
Life is not when your heart wrenches,  
Away staring at the sundown along with bare feet.  
It`s when the sun rises  
With slightly soft light  
And brushes the darkness away.  
Life does not frighten me at all,  
It is searching for stars at night.  
Life is not falling leaves of autumn,  
It is to see beautiful flowers blooming,  
In spring from your window.  
Life is not hiding your weaknesses,  
It is living with all your scars lively.  
Life is not crying about the things you can't have,  
It`s gearing up high and not giving up.  
Life is not being stuck in one place,  
It is knowing your worth and moving on.  
Life is not about what you get in the end,  
It is how you spent your youth.  
Life is not hating your critique,  
It is to embrace yourself.  
Life is having faith in God,  
Having him beside you,  
When nobody is!  
She said it innocently,  
And tears drop from her eyes.

**POEM  
BY OWAIS**

I shall die for thou  
The love, I found right now  
Bless thou by the sweetest wish  
Nevertheless, bitten by the selfish  
We are meant to be the sun and it shine  
Wonder why our families hold grudges with each other  
I shall avenge any standing amid our love  
Let's unveil what lies within our heart  
Coiled lives we possess, strangle us now  
Love! Thou shall never be a Quat, but worth it  
O, Juliet! O, Juliet! Please comeback  
Don't shent me or thou be merciless

**DEAR DEATH  
BY REMAL**

Knock the door before restless,  
careless and painful ending.  
Ring the bell and let me know,  
So I prepare my luggage before.  
My soul reaches your floor,  
Buried with the worms below.  
Would not be able to see the bright sky,  
I should earn good deeds for you,  
Would I become an element of the Earth,  
Or mother worm, finding balance in every ferment,  
They will lay flowers for the restless soul,  
When I would not be able to tell my cure.



## A SOUL IN DISTRESS BY MUHAMMAD UMAR

All our lives,  
We live under a knife,  
Searching for peace,  
When nothing's at ease,  
Severing and establishing the ties,  
With all the sugar-coated lies,  
We never turn down our paces,  
Like horses running in races,  
No matter how fast the time flies,  
For our grievance we pay a price,  
At the end we care to look back,  
But there's nothing left but ache,  
Ah, how divinely we create a mess,  
We're all merely a soul in distress.



“WO 'KUN' KEHTA HAI AUR CHEEZAIN HOJAATI HAIN. GUMAAN  
SE AAGAY, BAYAAN  
SE BAAHIR ♥”

ARABIC CALLIGRAPHY BY ESHA MUNIR

**MY HEART ACHES (RASHID MORI)**  
**TRANSLATED BY WAFI MANSOOR (MS-ALUMNI)**

Girl who became young years ago is married off to a six-year-old boy,  
And a girl only sixteen becomes wife to an old landlord,  
The youth burns in the shadow of oldness.  
My heart aches.

Those who possess wealth, their insane ones are sane too,  
Feudal lords have supplies unlimited, farmers do not have a few grains even,  
When the children of farmers have nothing to eat,  
My heart aches.

Praising their forefathers, they fool the people,  
They hate to work and only plunder others,  
When such drunkard peers Murshids strip the poor,  
My heart aches.

Wealth always triumphs, poverty consumes masses,  
Humans prey on humans, greed knows no bounds,  
When art is lifted on cross tolerating all the societal pain,  
My heart aches.

When an orphan child, asks for educational expenses,  
And becomes a headache for his relatives, oh Rashid,  
And when his mates go to school and he does not,  
My heart aches.

# SHADES

BY AYESHA JAVED

The spectators were dumbstruck, enchanted by the sight as the peacock danced beautifully wide spreading its feathers full of stunning range of colors. In union, a loud call of Allah o Akbar (Allah is the Greatest) echoed in the atmosphere.



From the coal-black night sky to the sea-blue morning sky, from the radiant orchid dawn to the crimson orange dusk, from the lush green grass to marshy green mire, the snow-white peaks and khaki mountains, the combination of deep green hard peel and red succulent pulp of watermelon...all you see is colors, colors and colors.

Colors do not only attract you but they influence you physically, mentally and emotionally. Speaking of physical influence is what nature revolves around. Colors rule over your emotion and mentality largely. Dr. Max Lu of the University of Basel had studied the mental effect of colors for twenty years. The preference of color reflects one's personality. So, check out your color preference and analyze your personality.

Moreover, colors are typically associated with different signs. The chart below represents so:

Color	Meaning or purpose	Instruction and information
Red	Prohibition sign	Dangerous behavior
	Danger alarm	Stop shut down, Emergency cut out devices, Evacuate
Yellow or Amber	Firefighting equipment	Identification and location
	Warning sign	Be careful, take precautions, examine
Blue	Mandatory sign	Specific behavior or action, wear personal protective behavior
Green	Emergency escape, First-aid sign	Doors, exits, routes, equipment, facilities
	No danger	Return to normal

This is why colors are as important to us as water is to life. Imagine a world without it...dull, gloomy and dark.

# THE HIGH PLACE

BY CHRISTO FREDRICK CROUS

Winter had passed, but it was never the cold that kept John Parker awake. The etched rock provided some respite, as he surveyed the Peruvian Andes. The hollow calm of the White Mountain tips filled his mind. Nocturnal arousals kept him awake through intermittent periods of sleep. Only the five of them made it here.

By the time scientists discovered high altitude was the only protection against the plague, it was too late. It started in Mali. Was it so unpredictable? The luster of the African kings that shone so bright, now dead and forgotten corpses among the impoverished masses. Did humanity not deserve this?

Could the sovereignty of the Elite foresee the cataclysmic repercussions of their unsustainable reign? It was over in a fortnight. It was as if the animal kingdom decided to end us. To send us all back to the ice age. It was only fatal to Homo sapiens, naturally.

The first symptoms resembled nothing more than the common cold. A monster only revealing itself when in contact with a healthy host. When the lips went grey and the eyes bulged from their sockets, it was too late.

Then it began. The insanity. The howling laughter that made grown men scream and run with terror. Laughing Cannibals was the last news headline to reach the public.

It was only later determined on scans, that the tainted brain was inhuman. A demented deformity that could only be described as alien. The children were more prone to infection. The pathogen favored them above older cells. It tracked them down like a predator. It was first assumed that the tainted were targeting children because of easy prey, but how wrong were they. It took three days for the pathogen to take full control. Like a bacterium taking human form.

People were used to seeing zombies on the silver screen, but nothing could have prepared them for this. A smart virus that could take over every aspect of a person's character and make it their own. No one would suspect anything until the hunger came. And when it came, it showed no remorse. There was nothing but pleasure on their faces while chewing through human flesh. Carrie Parker was twelve years old. Short velvet hair always hung tidily above her shoulders. She was a good girl. "Yes daddy," she would always reply amiably when asked to do the chores, olivaceous eyes glistening like morning dew. The car slewed into the drive-way. When he got to the front door it was ajar. Bloody fingers painted waves on the walls. When he got to the kitchen, Carrie was feeding. Tiles were stained in a pool of her mother's blood. With flesh and blood between her adolescent teeth. Her eyes were no different, in her eyes, she was still the same.

She was a good girl, he would keep saying to himself. Maybe the thought kept him sane, or maybe it kept him from slipping off the rocky glacier. It would be so easy. A simple fall to end it all. Would it be unkind to leave them behind?

Beth Cooper, the ugliest twenty years old he has ever laid his eyes on. Freckles populated her skin like a virus. He would not be surprised if her nipples were freckled as well. Yet she was the kindest person he had ever set his eyes on.

Caitlyn Mcleod, a young vibrant teen. She was studying art at the University of Cambridge. How her pond blue eyes ended up with him was a vague recollection blurred by all the chaos that was eating away at his sanity.

Bill and Roger Bank were brothers working in the gold mine up here when it collapsed. How only they survived, and the other thirty thousand people that once populated this plane not, is a mystery beyond his comprehension. Yet he senses they know. But would he ask them? No.

Any person could see the scars of the memory on their face. The pain and anger emanated from them like a storm cloud.

Yes, they were five now. He could not know recall how many they had lost since the escape. There was never going to be a cure. He had seen it in his daughter's eyes. She knew. Those that couldn't flee fast enough were either dead or dying now. He could bet his life on it. In the end, the only refuge from the virus was as high up as possible. The Cessna 172 lay in ruins at the base of the glacierized mountainside. It took all the luck from God's to get them here.

John Parker got to his feet. Trudging down the icy path, he saw them, huddled around the fire. The distant laughter reached him late. Was he finally going crazy? No. He was certain. They were laughing.

When he finally touched down on the icy plane, he could see it on their faces. The cheer he never thought he'd see again. Glowing faces and rotten teeth. Smiling teeth, but rotten. It was like watching the reincarnation of humanity. Then for the first time in three years, John Parker smiled.

## HIM

BY RUKHSAR KHAN

She was walking along the seashore, lost in her thoughts. Her body clad in a thin white dress that fluttered due to the sea breeze, glowing in the dim light of the evening sun, and a plain beige shawl above her shoulders. Her hair was loose running down her waist. Her back was fragile yet firm. Smiling occasionally, her eyes held a tinge of sorrow as she reminisced the unfolding of her childhood.



She came across a particular memory in the midst of reminiscing. She met him in the spring of her high school year. She first saw him when she was visiting the house of her father. There he was, with his bright eyes and a sweet smile. Those eyes gave her a profound feeling she could never forget.

A year passed by without her getting an opportunity to see him again and she entered her senior year of high school. It was a typical sunny day, with sunshine spreading warmth everywhere. She came back home after a rough day- training had become hard as the annual sports event neared. She was welcomed by him who was sitting beside her mother. He welcomed her with the same shimmering eyes and a soft smile. Speechless, she was hit by uncertainty as to whether to be pleased or shocked. Her mother told her that from now on he would live with them as her aunt had to travel overseas and couldn't take him along. She was overjoyed.

He was cheerful and she enjoyed every moment with him. They got along well and soon became friends. They talked about anything and everything and hours together. She smiled softly at the fond memories she had of him. Suddenly, however, the smile was replaced by pain as she recalled a painful memory.

She was on her way back home after buying ingredients from the supermarket. She saw him standing opposite to the road where she was, beside her mother. The signal turned green and without checking either side of the road she ran across towards where he was standing. He ran towards her as he saw her running, pushing her out of the way and got hit by a truck that was almost about to hit her. When she regained her senses, she saw him lying on the road, surrounded by a pool of blood.

She was walking along the seashore, lost in her thoughts. Her dress flowed around due to the breeze. Upon hearing a voice from behind her, she turned around, a smile made its way towards her face when she saw him running towards her with the same warm cheerful smile and sparkling eyes. He jumped on her, pushing her down in result and licked her face. She could not help but giggle and smile while holding her precious friend: her dog.

## VOICE OF ZOYA

BY ZOYA AHMED (B.S ENGLISH LINGUISTICS)

It is widely believed that working hard in secret will produce successful results. Striving for goals while walking alone sometimes, too, can lead to negativity. However, the road that we have travelled and the innumerable times we have recovered the level of motivation whilst ripping through the crotches of pain and overcoming them with self-growth and leading ourselves towards positivity.

As we look ahead, our feet take a step closer to making the unthinkable possible. On the contrary, our feet still shiver with the past that we once left behind, but we are once again overtaken by the fear that hinders us from achieving our dreams of what we nurtured in our minds years ago. But the presumption of an overtaken past can be replaced by self-growth and motivation once again. Sharing our goals and triumphs with someone who can be empathetic and trust us. Moreover, in truth, the fruitful results do not come from the bragging of one's infinite blessings. But it is not to be believed from either the perspective that obstruction of sharing our ambitions and achievements to someone who dearly trusts us can be deceiving and not build an honest bond between the two. In conclusion, great minds are still loyal to those who made them worthy of an Individual, who had once conquered fearless fights and came out of their battles, holding their heads high and strong hearts.

## **A LETTER TO MY HUMAN SELF**

**BY YUSAIRA ASAD KHAN(B.S ENGLISH LINGUISTICS)**

Dear self,

I have so many ways I can shape this letter in, but I would like to start off by telling you how fervently I admire you.

I have seen you crumble into flakes tinier than breadcrumbs, and I have seen you stand as confident and consistent as the Pyramids of Egypt. But one thing I take as transparently as gospel, is the way you carry your chronically splintered heart.

I always admire how you set examples for so many ideas that have timely floated within mind, undiscovered. The way your sparkling eyes brim with tears, and the very next moment you are setting the world straight with the curve that can only be adorned on a queen's lips; you show me how impermanent the world is. The way your insides ache with fatal blues, but your physique is lending hands and shoulders out to weebegone spirits; you show me the heart that only belongs to saints that have descended from the seven skies - halos and white capes all; just to heal the wounded.

But dear self,

Despite of all the sainted paradigms you set forward; the times I see you broken are the times that matter to me the most. I have seen you clenching onto your pillow, fingernails digging into your arms, body crescented into a ball as you cling to the last few ounces of sanity. I have seen you sob names, cry out in pain, stifling pleas and gulping down lumps as you, after ages of wearing your heart out on your sleeve for people to borrow in order to heal, plead for relief from your troubled trance.

And to see you, the soul that defeats the Himalayas in strength and philanthropes in empathy, glissade down the steep chasm of helplessness; you set yet another example of how even the most dauntless need light to see in the dark, and the most resilient need two arms wreathed around them.

Dear human self,

I am proud of you.

# The Role of Societies in NED

BY AREEBA YOUNUS (B.S ENGLISH LINGUISTICS)

Student Societies are indeed beneficial for the students pursuing university courses. As after graduating from a university, students step into real world where professional training matters a lot. Therefore, at NED University different societies fulfil this role with exposure and training. These Societies help students to recognize their potential in various skills like communication, leadership, and management and much more. It polishes out one's ability to face real work life challenges as students deal with them first hand. One should definitely join a society in his university in order to keep a balance between work and life.



My experience of being associated with a Literary Publication society has been wonderful. I was so fond of poetry and writing skills that I decided to join this society where we can enrich literature and contribute in our limited capacity. LPS has given me enormous time and energy to devote to my personal grooming and to other members as well. This society gave me that chance; it buffed my skills and provided me with a more clear vision about my future. It allows me to design the box, learn new skills, meet new people, and so many networking opportunities with exciting events obviously. Therefore, I would encourage all the youth and new comers to be a part of these societies at NED. Areeba Younis- 2nd Year BS English Linguistics



**"I PAINT MY DREAMS AND  
THEN WAIT FOR THEM TO  
TURN INTO REALITY."**

PAINTING BY RABAIL FATIMA

# Young Philanthropists of NED: A life Changing Experience

As, I experienced different things and tried to make myself a better human being. It is indeed a really good initiative on the behalf of NED University to introduce this course. This real life training has brought a different type of joy and satisfaction which people usually neglect in their lives. So, it is a good opportunity for students to contribute their part in society. One of my memorable moments during this time was when I worked for special kids. There I realized that along with financial support, these kids also require moral support. In order to perform better with more enthusiasm. So society needs to initiate these type of activities to make people realized that it is our responsibility to spend our time with the handicapped.

**-WARDA AMJAD 2ND YEAR BS ENGLISH**



When I and my fellow classmates were apprised about the officially defined hours of community service, it was certainly an inconvenient mission which we had to go on. Our prior responsibility was to take permissions from our parents and that was the major task to be dealt with. But after experiencing the contentment of social services, now I'm of the opinion that it's like transporting a group of people from a flooded area across a river safely with tears of happiness in their eyes and optimistic cheer and self-satisfaction that is brought to your gloomy soul, in return to this selfless attempt, is priceless.

**-UNZILA KHAN 2ND YEAR BS ENGLISH**



My experience of community service was filled with lots of energy, enthusiasm, learning and group-solidarity. The initiative taken by the Humanities department united everyone on one platform and everyone contribute in the limited capacity. This community service provided me an ever-lasting community based skill, that 'Yes we can contribute to the society'. Also the event organized by the department under Mr. Taufiq Pasha's guidance on plantation was a memorable one. Hence, such initiatives by the university indulged the students in outside the classroom learning and provide them an opportunity to contribute towards the society in a healthy way. Every student should actively participate in such initiatives as it is a very effective way to provides services to the society.

**- LALAIN EHTESAM 3RD YEAR BS-ENGLISH**





# A Young Writer

INTERVIEW BY HAMD SALEEM



*Syeda Soha Irfan is an undergraduate student enrolled in BA (Hons) English Program in University of Karachi. Her first novel, "The Mindless Genius" has been published at an early age where prominent writers struggles to get published. She is a literary talent and a sign of hope for many youngsters who want to pursue their future in writing.*

**Q: Introduce yourself to our readers, briefly about what they must know about you.**

Hello, Born and raised in Karachi, Pakistan. I completed my schooling from St. Patrick's girl's high school and my intermediate from St. Joseph College for women, which led me to becoming a student of Karachi University. I am completing my BA Honors degree in English Literature there. However, if I am to introduce me and my writings, then I shall say that I am a strong literature enthusiast and I write to exist.

**Q: What motivates you to write?**

As I mentioned earlier, my reason to write and do creative writing is to be aware of the true form my existence. The more I write, the more it helps me acknowledge myself as a person and as a being. It helps me converge with my true emotions and entity, as well as signifying my existence in ways. So it shall be safe to say that knowing the visceral form of my own self is what motivates me to write.

**Q: Who are your favorite authors and which Genre you read most often?**

It is actually hard to decide who my favorite author is, but I do have different authors for different categories of writing styles. Having said that, my favorite poet shall definitely be

Anna Akhmatova. My favorite short story author is Katherine Mansfield and for novels, I have to say it's Rick Riordan. For me, Fiction has to be a favorite. And to be precise, something philosophical, thriller, mythical or psychotic fiction.

**Q: What is your biggest strength in writing?**

That's an interesting question to be honest. For some time, I have wondered about my personal strengths in my own writings and I guess it shall be safe to say that my dialogues are the strongest part of my writing, accompanied by my unusual sense of personifying the scenery around. Also, having skies, articulates my character's feelings.

**Q: Have you thought about becoming a writer from young age or did you decide to explore this profession after maturing?**

I would say that it was literature that helped me mature. Originally, before grade four, I wanted to become an artist; a painter. However, due to some circumstances, I had to let go of that dream and around a year after in fifth grade, I remember finding a whole new world in literature. And before I knew, I was already writing poetry. So it shall be safe to say that from a young age, I was drawn to literature and writing.



**Q: What do you think you would be, if not a writer? Or what would you switch your profession to, if you get the chance?**

If not a writer, I would probably be an artist; an illustrator to be precise.

**Q: Were you able to complete the novel in one go?**

The novel and I have been through a lot of different phases together. I was able to complete it in one go in 8th grade to be precise. However, I wasn't yet ready to let the novel go for publication as I wasn't satisfied with it. Also because it was in a pure and raw form. However, the publication of this novel had given me another chance to work on it and come up with its second edition; which shall be out soon.

**Q: When you started writing your novel, did you actually plan on completing a whole book and getting it published?**

It was just a chapter at first. But as I went on writing, the story started to brew and I decided to keep it as a novel. However, publishing it wasn't my original plan. I guess I got lucky there.

**Q: How did you feel when you got your novel published?**

It was an ecstatic feeling; an overwhelming feeling. It sounded like a dream till it actually happened.

**Q: What does it take to be a published writer?**

I think believing in yourself and your writing is the most important part. And obviously the fact that you have to be persistent towards the idea of constant improvement.

**Q: Would you spoil your novel for us a bit? Some vital things we must know about it?**

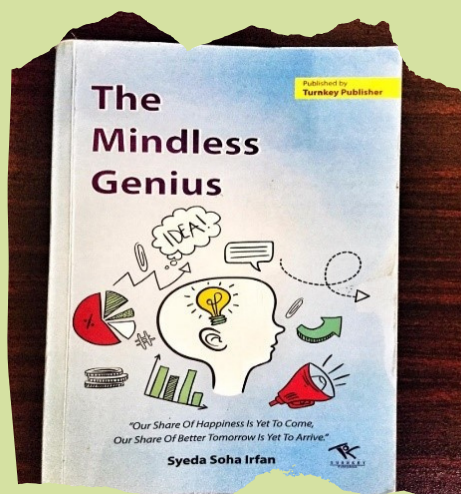
1) No matter where you live, no matter what your consequences are, no matter how poorly life is treating you; if you believe in yourself enough and, if you believe in the Deity writing your story, then you will get there.

2) Every person is different with different personalities that will make you proud in a different manner. Every child has a different color that he or she paints in.

3) Dream; for it is the only time when you are free. For it is the only action no one can take away from you. I believe: a person doesn't fall back because he failed. He falls back because he stopped dreaming.

4) You can make any place your home if you believe in your happiness.

5) Mental health is important; competition destroys humanity in human nature.



**Q: Can we get to read an excerpt from your book?**

"A fine morning with a foul abandoned deception, however, the birds still chirped their own song, as the wind blew softly dragging those lifeless leaves along with it. Oh how lucky those lifeless crippled leaves

were, to have a freedom to escape away from the atrociousness this world was. Jarrett stood there by the window admiring the chivalry of these birds to have sung in front of his sinned house. The empty voices from downstairs were the only melody that his restricted ears have always known, the song of agony and deception. The voices got louder as he stood by his window with a bruised fist and a lifeless heart. For what it was concerned he was fine with experiencing the usual calamitous reality than to have his twin brother witness the broken fib of the phenomena that was family.”

**Q: Are you writing or do you plan on writing another novel?**

Currently I have been working on this novel's second edition. However, I do plan on writing another book. Insha'Allah.

**Q: Any advice for young writers?**

It may be rough being a writer for now. Everything shall be ambiguous, and even though you can't see much of your future, make sure you never stop writing. Write for yourself, find a purpose to write and stick to it thoroughly.

**Q: Any literary suggestions to explore in leisure time?**

I think everyone should read poetries by Anna Ankhmatova. And for novels, I think “Veronika Decides to Die” by Paulo Coelho, “Wool” by Hugh Howey and “Vanity Fair” by William Thackeray.

**Q: Any last notes?**

I hope all of you dream little bigger every day and accept yourselves a little more with every passing day.

“Creativity never goes out of style.”



PAPER COLLAGE WORK BY  
ASRA FAKHAR



DOWRY MACHINE  
DIGITAL ART BY REMAL ARIF

# Inception

BY GHAZAL FIRDOUS SHEIKH – BS ENGLISH

“Who?”

“Rupi Kaur, the so-called poetess.” She answered.

Don Cobb smirked, completely perplexed by the offer, and looked on his side at Arthur who had his eyes narrowed like slits. Cobb grasped from his look that he didn’t expect such a ‘literary’ proposal after all.

Eva Davis put the rim of wine glass on her lips, painted in a shade similar to wine she was now supping, and gazed at Cobb with the glint of surety in her eyes, “Well?”

“Well Miss Davis, we’re extractors. We steal secrets, not plant ideas.” Cobb said.

The woman who looked in her early forties, smiled a one-sided smirk, “Ahh boys, I know about Saito and the inception.”

“How did you- “

“That’s my little secret,” she interrupted Arthur, “now why don’t you play along and do what I want?”

Arthur opened his mouth, about to say something when Cobb suddenly interrupted and accepted the arrangement.

When they were back with their teammates, Arthur brought up the subject, arguing about such a foolish proposal. Cobb asserted that even though it’s foolish, it is simple. Whoever this poetess is, her sub consciousness must not be militarized, and we can easily incept this idea in the first or second level. Not many complications like the last time. Arthur still argued that they had given up the idea of inception after what happened last time. Saito and Robert could’ve been lost in the limbo if it wasn’t for Cobb’s fluke. Eames jumped in with “Well, that makes us experienced. I’m up for that.” Arthur gave Eames a long stare as if shooting with the eyes. The debate ended with the decision that they were doing this.

Arthur researched on Rupi Kaur, while Eames contemplated on whether to impersonate her Dad or Mom. Ariadne was busy designing the labyrinth. Cobb was scrolling down the poetess’s Instagram page and thinking about the conversation they had with Eva Davis. She called herself a litterateur who bluntly opposed the notion of raw prosaic poetry that was made popular by Rupi Kaur. She influenced many amateurs and wannabes to write the same way, which in turn, according to Eva Davis, has ‘dismantled’ the melody and style of ‘real’ poetry.

It was just the matter of a day when the research was done, labyrinth designed, sedatives concocted, and Eames decided to impersonate Rupi Kaur herself since it’s common amongst artists that their dreams and unpredictable thoughts highly effect their art, and some ways their own mind. Rupi Kaur was no exception.

According to Arthur, she said in an interview that she scribbles whatever comes to her mind and she puts out raw without much changing anything about it. So, she's the kind of person who acts on whim and doesn't think much about it when she's publishing.

The day after they flew to Toronto, where she was headed towards a café with a reporter from Quil and Quire magazine. Miss Davis informed Cobb that the reporter was on her instructions, and she would call them in the VIP room once Rupri Kaur was lulled to sleep with sedatives.

As he entered the café, Book & Beguile, the waft of coffee paved way to Cobb's nostrils. While waiting on a bistro styled chair that are normally seen in French cafes he ordered an iced caramel latte. Arthur was just about to place an order too, when the reporter, whose hair was dyed strawberry blonde just like Miss Davis, came out of the VIP room, and nodded at Cobb before going towards the counter. One after another, after waiting for at least five minutes, entered the VIP room where a woman dressed in green shimmering gown that touched her brown knees, laid against brown sofa back. Her head tilted backwards on the curved back of the sofa. She inhaled heavy breathes, hinting that she slept with tranquility, lost deep in her dreams.

The PASIV suitcase was opened on the square garnished table, wires were drawn out and attached to the wrists. Reporter had come back in, seemed to have informed the staff of the café to not let anyone in. In fact, the café seemed to have been owned by Eva Davis just like the plane was bought by Saito while operating mission Inception one. They all sat back on the individual single-cushioned seat sofas and gulped down the sedatives. Yusuf indicated the reporter with the nod of his head, and she pushed the rubber button on the machine.

The machine hissed.

It was still early when the clouds gave of their rain to the grass and trees, when the road became alive with more splashes than Yusuf's eyes could appreciate. Yet together they brought such a soothing sound, a natural melody every bit as beautiful as a mother's soulful hum. He felt each splash that touched his skin, watched his cardigan become a deeper, rockier hue. It was as if earlier the street had been a matt photograph, only to be washed as glossy as any magazine page. He remembered that it wasn't just a dream to roam around and take pleasure in nature's drizzle when he felt in his hand a handle he was holding. He remembered it was a mission and the thing he was carrying was the PASIV.

A car halted, he instinctively opened the door and pushed himself inside with Eames and Arthur, while Ariadne had the passenger seat and Cobb clasped onto the steering wheel.

"She must be looking for a Taxi in this weather."




Cobb drove into a taxi in front, and Arthur pointed a gun at him before he could come and shout at them. Arthur and Eames rushed towards the taxi. Arthur drove and Eaves settled on the passenger seat. Both the cars ran through the storm when Rupī Kaur in green dress hailed for the taxi.

Arthur halted in front of her, she got in and they drove until hooded men in black with a steel armor on their arms and bosom came lunging in. One almost slit Arthur's throat with a blade that popped out of his wrist plate when Arthur screamed and pressed the trigger of his gun out of fear. Rupī in the back seat shrieked with such a high pitch like a girl whose doll had just been snatched. Eames continued shooting at the black hooded men when one of them thrust through the back window and slit Rupī's throat.

Suddenly, the buildings started to burst. A train came running down the road, crashing its way through the traffic. The rain paced and sky thundered.

The mission suffered with Rupī Kaur went into the Limbo.

Arthur and Cobb argued again, but this time it was about the hooded men. The incident repeated itself like the last time with Robert. They didn't expect militarized projections before, they didn't expect them now. It came to their realization that it is more than just a litterateur adventure, and she's more than just a poetess. They're something more linked between Eva Davis and Rupī Kaur. Eva Davis refused to join them in the mission, afraid of the limbo, but now Cobb would have to go to limbo to rescue Rupī Kaur.



**Applied Linguistics Club**

**Call for submission**

Send us your original writing pieces of prose/poetry/fiction/nonfiction.  
Word limit: 300-400 words

Deadline for submission:  
\* 10th of April.  
submit to:  
yusaira.asad09@gmail.com  
khanrehma105@gmail.com



**APPLIED LINGUISTICS CLUB**

**CALL FOR ARTISTS**

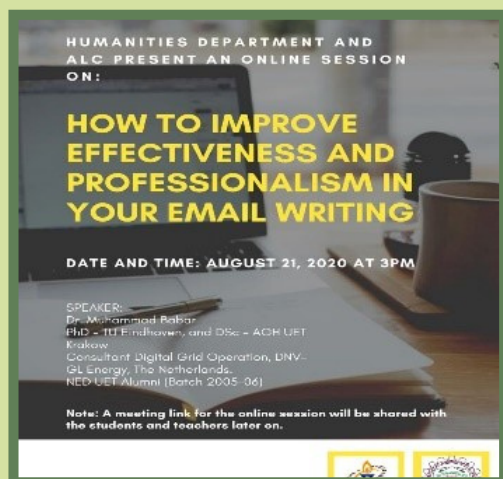
Send us your artwork and get a chance to be featured in the ALC-E Zine magazine!  
Any kind of artwork/sketching/painting/drawing is acceptable.

**DEADLINE: APRIL 15, 2020**

Submit to:  
amnamazhar1998@gmail.com



# An Online Session in the Pandemic: How to Improve Effectiveness and Professionalism in Your Email Writing



Department of Humanities organized an online webinar titled 'How to improve effectiveness and professionalism in your email writing' by Dr. Muhammad Babar (NED UET Alumni) on 21st August 2020.

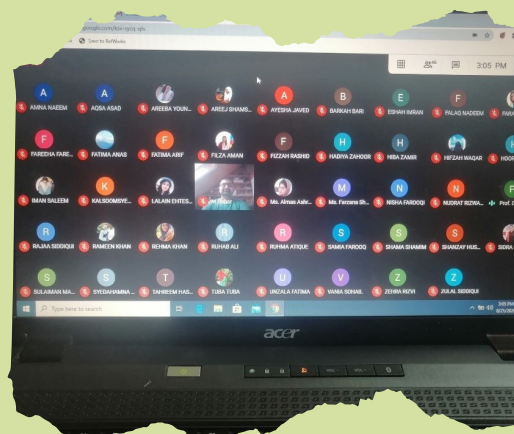
**Is Email best at this time?** Dr Muhammad Babar shared eight different situations when it is the best time to write an email. He also talked about the use of emotions in emails as 'You have to be calm when writing professionals e-mails'.

In the session, Dr. Babar informed students about writing the structure of email using S.C.R.A.P (Situation, Compilation, resolution, action and Politeness) approach.

However, series of emails might adopt a different approach. He also communicated with students using a hands-on practice exercise using SCRAP approach in email writing.

He further narrated about writing using technology and sending webinar invitations. He explained about action point, quick question, two-minute job and subject line (what and when) while writing the content of emails. Students were further engaged in writing the correct phrases for different situations using an online tool <https://www.menti.com/>.

In the last Dr Babar shared the Do's and Don'ts of email writing.



# Success Story BS-English Linguistics: Abeera Rauf Mukati

Abeera Rauf Mukati has graduated from NED University-NEDUET with a Bachelor's degree in English Linguistics and Literature. She has been passionate about reading and collecting books since she was 8 years old.

She started writing poems in 2016 and her first poem was published in ALC-E-zine magazine first edition. She has been writing poems since then and with that she has skilled in the art of conveying stories through her poem making the audience connect with her abstract ideas. She talks about social issues, emotions and stereotypes.



She has been a keen observer of nature and this is why most of her poems are about nature, also having the element of bravery, hope and freedom in them.

She has also served as a Literature Director and Manager in different societies of her university and has performed at different platforms presenting her work alongside conducting workshops on poetry writing.

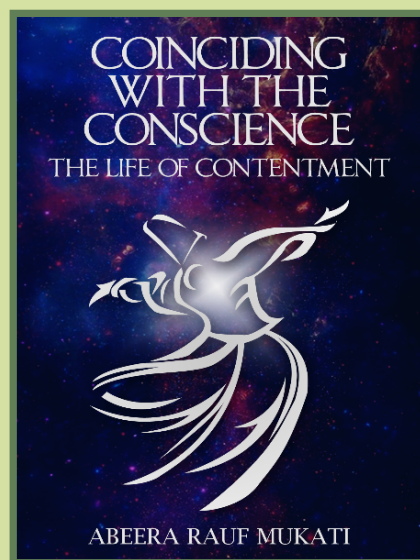
"I have published my book 'Coinciding with the Conscience' in 2020. It was a journey of self-publishing that had all sorts of struggles but by the grace of Almighty Allah everything got sorted out. I decided to publish my book when I was in the third year of my university but due to lack of time I could not, after graduating, I decided to utilize all my skills and my education in publishing my book, it was the best time for me to work on my book. Alhamdulillah my degree, my education, my teachers and the support of my family played a great role in making me a published author."

## ABOUT THE BOOK

Coinciding with the Conscience is an inspirational book that depicts the journey starting from the life's shackles and all the scattered emotions that are finally acknowledged through self-realizations, leading the road towards the Life of Contentment.

This book is divided into three parts and each part shows the bravery of the ones who suffer and sometimes feel lost. It is about turning the pain into art.

The book "Coinciding with the Conscience" is a combination of poetry and prose narrating the experiences and having a poetic touch to all the life happenings. This book will take you on a journey towards self fulfilment and can be a great companion to all those who have the courage to become the light for others.



# Preserving Language, Culture and Identity of Bohra Community in Karachi

BY MEHAR ABBAS, BUSHRA NUSRAT & ZEHRA RIZVI (BS  
ENGLISH LINGUISTICS)

## INTRODUCTION

The Dawoodi Bohra community is a minor branch of the main Shia sect of Islam. There are estimated to be around one million Dawoodi Bohras living in different parts of The world. Most of them reside in India where their spiritual leader is based in the city of Mumbai. Many are living in Karachi, Pakistan where there are more than twenty masjids/worship places.



### a) Language

Since most of the Bohras originally resided in Gujarat part of India before they migrated to other regions, there is a misconception that Bohras speak Gujarati language. However, this is untrue. The language of the Dawoodi Bohra community is Lisan-ud-Dawat, a mixture of Arabic, Urdu, Persian, Gujarati and some words incorporated from English. Lisan means language in Arabic and Daawat means community so it translates to “language of their community”. Urdu has a big influence over Lisan-ud-Dawat as many Marsiyas (primary sort of musical culture in their community) are written in Urdu.



Lisan-ud-Dawat is spoken at home, in educational institutions, at masjids, and during family and friends gathering. It is the primary medium of communication for religious sermons called bayaans. This language is a vital part of Bohra identity and it connects all of them together on one platform; no matter if the members live in Canada, India, Nepal or Pakistan. At lexical level, there are many words and phrases the Bohra community uses which are unique and form part of the community's register. The most frequently used phrase is “Kem cho” which translates to “How are you”. This phrase is used instead of Assalam o Alaikum which is how Muslims commonly greet each other. When Bohras meet someone they say, “Kem cho” and the other person responds by saying “Main fine, Tame kem cho?” (I'm fine, how you are?) Some other examples of common lexical phrases are provided in the table below:

Phrases in <u>Lisan-ud-Dawat</u>	English translations
❖ <u>Ghelwara na karo</u>	Don't do stupid things
❖ <u>Aajo pachi</u>	Please do come to our house again
❖ <u>Jaman laoso/lawo</u>	Can we have some more rice, please?



### b) Dressing

One of the prominent identity markers of Bohra community is their dressing which makes them stand out amongst other communities. The men wear a white kurta (a long shirt), draped with a saya (outer robe) and izhaar (shalwar) and on their heads they don a stiff, hand crocheted topi in white and gold.



The women wear a dress called Rida. It is similar to abaya but the design is a two piece attire which includes a skirt and an upper with scarf. It is referred to as Libaas-ul-Anwar or Libaas which means “pure clothes”.



Furthermore, women also have another unique dress which is called Jori and its worn to weddings of close family members and friends. It involves a skirt paired with a short blouse and a dupatta along with it to cover their heads.

### c) Food and Dining Etiquette

Bohra etiquette for meals requires a steel thaal designed to accommodate a family or group of 8 to 9 people who share a communal dinner. Each dish is placed in the center of the thaal from where each member will take his or her share.



Some special dishes include Bohra chicken which is “chicken pieces fried with egg and served with potato fries”. Also, mutton or goat’s leg which is called Raan is very unique and often served at weddings. Food forms a deep part of Bohra identity and at every event whether it’s a wedding, a funeral, or religious gathering, there is a variety of food on offer. The Bohra community considers it a big act of service to serve someone food and there are many people who volunteer at occasions to serve food to others before eating their own as it’s considered an honor and a blessed action.

### d) Colors

In the Bohra community, all colors are acceptable except black which is considered the color of mourning. They usually don’t wear black to weddings and other joyous occasions. White color is symbolic for men and considered the most beautiful in their community, worn always by their spiritual leader.



### e) Names and Naming Practices

The leader of the community decides the names of the children, so the expecting parents send a request for their baby’s name and it is processed at headquarters in India. The names are usually from the Arabic language in keeping with Muslim traditions and sometimes picked from the Quran.

#### **f) Views on Gender Equality**

In the Bohra community, members have a firm concept of gender equality in every personal and professional sphere of life but there are certain positions which are gender specific. For example, the Imam or the leader of the prayers is always a male. Similarly, the spiritual leader of the community is a male and the title is passed down in the sons of the family but not necessarily the first-borns.



#### **g) Values and beliefs**

In the Bohra community, there is much emphasis on the value of humanity. The concept is very strongly built in the minds of people from a young age. They do not just see their elders practicing it but their leader is also keen on teaching and practicing it as well.

Most of the values come from their 53rd leader Syedna Mufaddal Saifuddin. He teaches the members to be good, loyal and kind especially to people in need and emphasizes on equality. They also believe in the teachings of Prophet Mohammad (p.b.u.h) such as "Hubbul watan e minal imaan" which means "To be loyal to your country is half of your faith".

#### **h) Marriage Customs**

The weddings of Bohra community are simple and plain as no dance or music is allowed. There are some particular rituals in their wedding; for example, in the Rukhsati function, one 'rasam' called Panna is performed where bride is asked to stand on a chair and her brothers come and help her down after much teasing and fun.

Also, the mother-in-law offers her a gold chain which is considered symbolic. Another custom which occurs in Nikkah is where the groom wears a flowery headdress called Sehra and the bride has to untie the knots put there by his friends in a limited amount of time after which the groom awards her a gift.



#### **CONCLUSION**

In conclusion, the Dawoodi Bohra community consider Lisaan-ud-Dawat to be a vital part of their community and are proud to speak it at homes, in educational and professional settings. Their sense of identity also comes from their special style of dressing, their rich cuisine, their wedding customs and traditional beliefs and values which make them a part of Islamic and Pakistani identity as well as a unique Bohra identity.



# Artwork



"SMOKING CIGARETTE IS LIKE  
PAYING FOR YOUR LIFE TO  
GET SHORT. LIFE IS TOO  
VIBRANT TO DISTORT IT BY  
CIGARETTE'S SMOKE SO STOP  
SMOKING BEFORE IT'S TOO  
LATE."

POSTER BY RUHMA ATEEQ

"WE'RE AS EPHEMERAL AS  
RAINDROPS. WE ALL FALL,  
AND WE ALL LAND  
SOMEWHERE."

ARTWORK BY NIMRAH IRFAN



"LIKE A SOUL, SIMPLE YET  
COMPLICATED."

PEN DRAWING BY AMNA MAZHAR

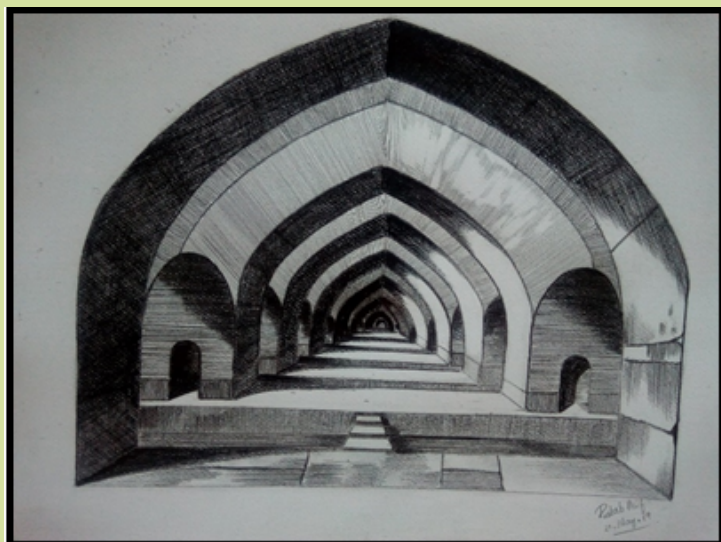
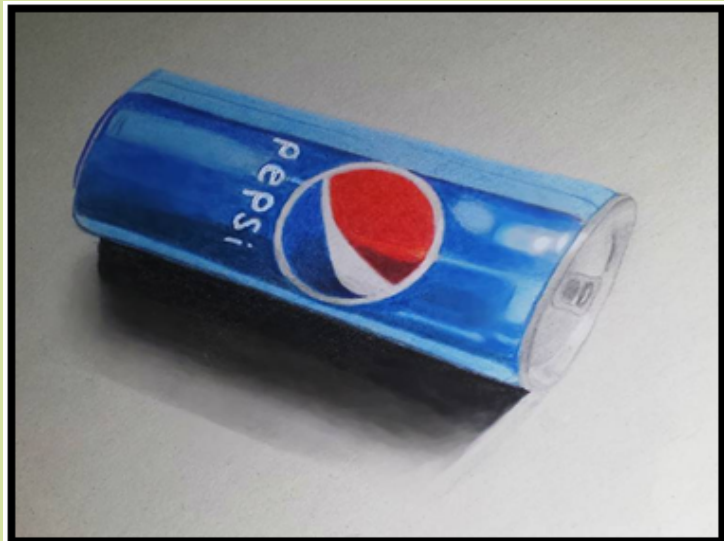


**"INTO THE FOREST I GO,  
TO LOSE MY MIND AND  
FIND  
MY SOUL."**

**ACRYLIC PAINTING BY SYEDA  
SARA PEERZADA**

**"YOU CAN'T DRINK THIS  
BUT YOU CAN  
APPRECIATE  
IT."**

**3D DRAWING BY FARAH  
FATIMA**



**"WAY TO DEPTH."**

**PENCIL AND CHARCOAL  
SKETCH BY RUBAB ASIF**

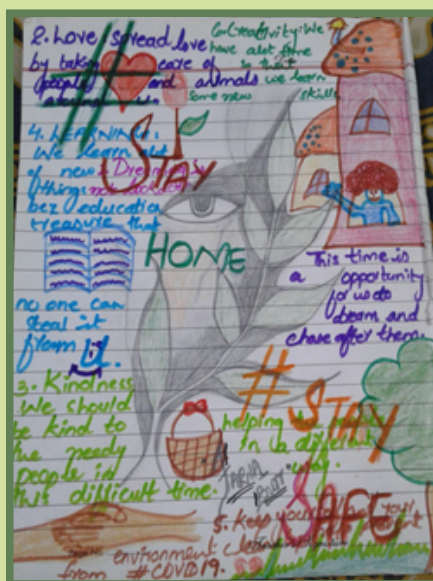




## "AYAT-UL-KURSI"

ACRYLIC PAINTING BY  
WAQAR RIZVI

## DRAWINGS BY NED-COWASJEE ENGLISH ACCESS- MICROSHOLARSHIP STUDENTS



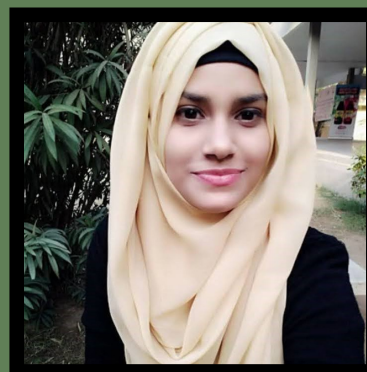
## Reflections: Batch 2 BS English Linguistics

My last four years at NED University and especially in Humanities department have been like a mountain with so many ups and downs. Some days, I climbed to a new peak and at other day I fell down and then try to pull myself back. The department and this field English Linguistics have totally changed my life. I have become a new person, who is now a fully confident person. This field not only helped me in developing my personal skills but professional skills as well. I have met so many brilliant and creative minds here, friends who are always ready to help in any situation both professionally and personally. All I want to say that despite of all those ups and downs that I have faced, I feel grateful to be a part of this four year journey in Humanities department.



**NEHA AFZAAL**

The previous four years have brought a drastic change in my personality. Moreover, being a student of the English Linguistics, I have learnt about the different realities of life and how to handle them peacefully. From learning about linguistic behavior and mind, to how the speech is constructed was heeding experience. This field has also built up the level of communicative competence which plays an important role in practical as well as in professional life. Also, we have been given insights about different cultures and their values. Talking about English literature, it gives us a chance to go through the writing styles of different writers, their lives, their experiences, and culture which helps to promote inclusion and diversity.



**SYEDA MARYAM  
AHSAN**

The last four years at NED University in the department of Humanities studying English Linguistics have been a journey filled with new friendships, academic knowledge and co-curricular skills. English language has been my passion since A-levels and studying it at university helped me further understand the mechanics of the language and to learn how to dissect each sentence and phrase like dissecting a human body. Furthermore, the Humanities Department at NED focused on learning skills such as communication, presentation of ideas, leadership and teamwork which are very valuable assets in future for professional careers.



**MEHAR ABBAS**

"English Linguistics" at NED UNIVERSITY was the right choice I made for myself. In these four years, it has enhanced my academic skills in a better way. In my view, the faculty at the Humanities department provides opportunities at every level, which is beneficial for everyone and it trains-up every individual. The interesting thing I found in this field is about studying variety of different courses and moreover facing with several different and vast challenges. By choosing this field, I found myself a different person from the past. "NED UNIVERSITY" provides the best ever distinctive facilities with the best opportunities and a great platform for every student. So, I think I had took the correct decision of being a future English Linguistic Graduate from "NED UNIVERSITY".



**AQSA ASAD**

Throughout these four years in Humanities Department, I have seen myself excelling in terms of my academics, co-curricular activities, and my personality as well. The curriculum constantly allowed me to engage myself with the world outside the classroom as well. It helped me communicate effectively with my peers and further, I got to learn a lot of new things throughout these years. I have always been interested in learning and exploring English Language and this field provided me the path to fulfill my interest. This not only helped in developing academic skills but also provided guidelines to be followed in professional life as well.



**RUHAB ALI**