

SPELL

MAGAZINE





Capital University of Science & Technology
Department of English



Students' Panel of English Literature and Linguistics



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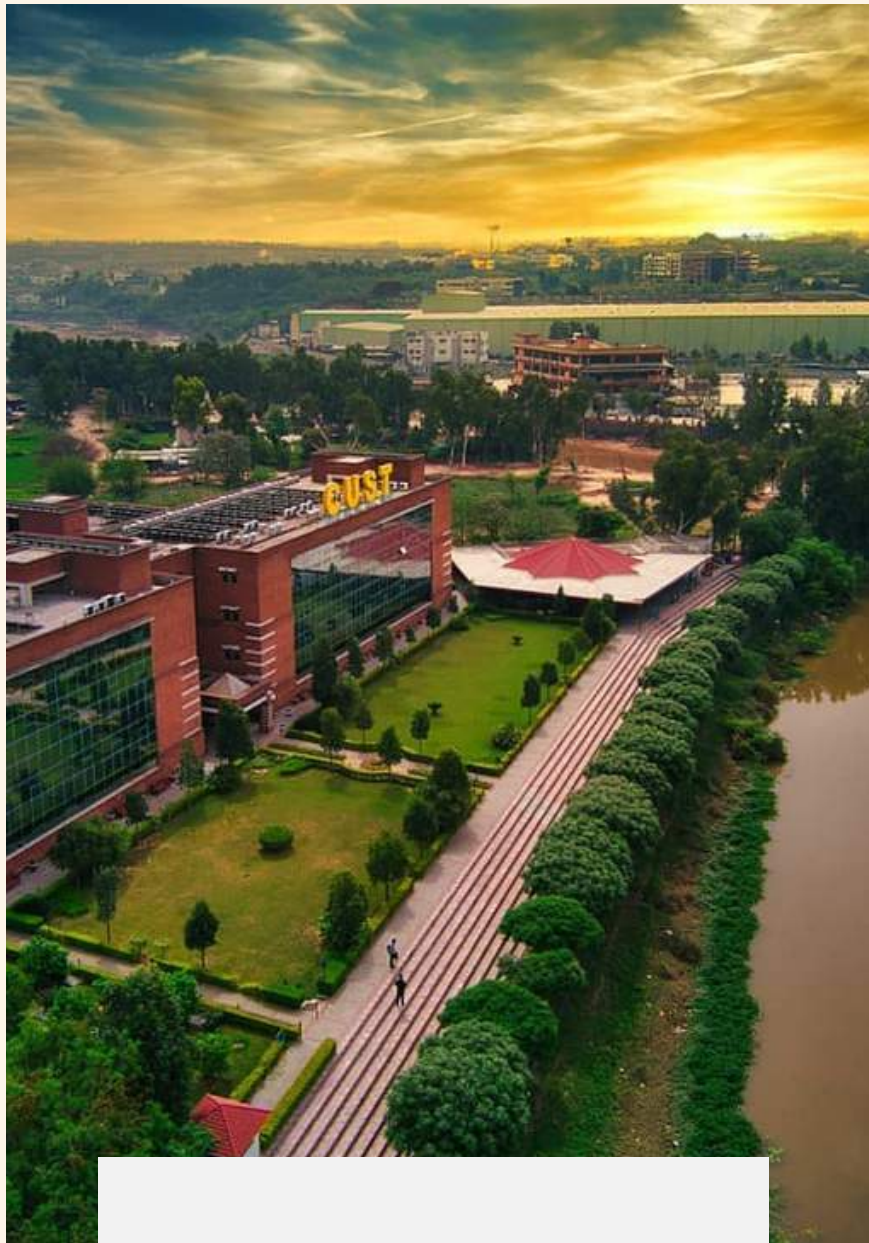
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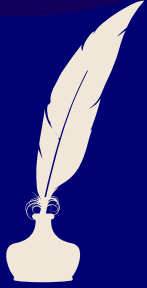
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EDITOR'S NOTE



"Creativity is intelligence having fun."

- Albert Einstein



Welcome esteemed readers to the esteemed world of SPELL Magazine!

As we proudly present the Spring 2023 edition, we invite you to embark on a literary odyssey unlike any other. Within the hallowed confines of these pages, you will discover an exquisite tapestry of poetry, prose, and art meticulously woven by the brilliant minds of our university's students. Allow yourself to be immersed in the captivating narratives, thought-provoking ideas, and awe-inspiring artwork that grace the pristine canvas of our magazine's second volume. May these sacred words ignite your imagination, ignite your passion for literature, and ignite a renewed appreciation for the power of creativity. We extend our heartfelt gratitude for your unwavering support, and we trust that the Spring 2023 issue of SPELL Magazine will be a treasured addition to your literary repertoire.

Happy reading, and may the magic of words transcend all boundaries!

Ms. Asma Qandeel

ASSOCIATE LECTURER

“

AND AFTER ME, IT SHOULD NOT MATTER WHETHER IBRAHIM SAEED WAS THERE OR NOT. BECAUSE IF ANYTHING IS SO DEPENDENT ON YOU THAT WITHOUT YOU, IT WOULD CRUMBLE, YOU AREN'T DOING GOOD ENOUGH.

”

Behind the Scenes: A Candid Conversation with Ibrahim



“

NEVER
SETTLE FOR
LESS

“

IF A LEADER DOES NOT
CREATE LEADERS,
THEN HE IS NOT A
LEADER.

”

M. Ibrahim Saeed

Ibrahim is not your typical university student. He is a computer science major, a president of three different societies, a founder of an NGO, and a young entrepreneur. He has a passion for learning, leading, and making a difference in the world. In this interview, he reveals how he balances his multiple roles and interests, and how he never settles for less.



Who is Ibrahim?

Ibrahim is a humble student in life. He's always learning and he's always curious to get the maximum out of everything.

You have been involved in many university ventures. Tell us more about them.

I am studying computer science and I am in my 6th semester. I have taken up several leadership roles in different societies at my university. I am the president of CALC (Capital Arts and Literary Club). I am also the president of JSPark (Departmental society for CS students). I used to work at the Student Affairs Office as well, but I had to quit because of my professional commitments. I am also the president of the Youth Parliament of Pakistan.



Why did you decide to prioritize your professional life?

I have always been active in various ventures since I joined university. I have done internships with different companies in marketing and sales. I have also been involved in philanthropy, both with my own NGO and with other organizations.

My NGO, Asif Naeem Shaheed Foundation is named after my uncle who was martyred in Operation Zarb e Azb. He is my inspiration and motivation. Through these experiences, I realized that the market is very different from what it seems. I saw that most employers did not care about my degree or my GPA. They only offered low salaries to fresh graduates. I did not want to depend on my parents or anyone else for my living. I wanted to achieve my dreams, especially my vision of building an orphanage with my own money. That's why I decided to prioritize my professional life.



How do we believe that this is indeed only one person in these different ventures?

"Never settle for less", this is what I've learned in life. I have many goals and dreams and I am still far from achieving them. I think every entrepreneur is also a philanthropist by nature because he identifies a problem in the market, provides a solution and earns from it. Additionally, literature runs in my family - my father is a poet who has inspired me with his words and actions. I've learned important values like humility and perseverance from him, as he is first and foremost an army officer. My mother has also taught me the importance of patience, which is a trait I greatly admire in all soldiers' wives. All of these experiences and influences have shaped me into the person I am today - someone who is passionate about entrepreneurship, philanthropy, and literature.

What inspired you to start your own literary society?

Ibrahim explained that his love for debating and participating in Model United Nations (MUNs) inspired him to join CALC, which is a literary society at his university. Although the society existed on paper before, he took ownership of it and became its president in his third semester. Despite leading seniors who were in their 7th or 8th semester, he saw it as a big learning experience. He mentioned that the society's recognition and achievements were not solely due to him, but rather a collective effort of everyone who had been with him from the beginning.

What are your plans for the future regarding CALC?

"If a leader does not create leaders, then he is not a leader." Ibrahim quoted this saying and admitted that he had not been very successful in grooming more leaders for the society. He said that he had lost some potential leaders who had left the society for various reasons. He said that he wanted to rectify this situation and leave behind an army of leaders who would know what to do and how to do it. He also said that he wanted to create a legacy for the society and to organize a flagship event that would attract more students to join the society. He said that he did not want CALC to depend on him or anyone else, but to grow and evolve with time because he believes: *"And after me, it should not matter whether Ibrahim Saeed was there or not. Because if anything is so dependent on you that without you, it would crumble, you aren't doing good enough."*

Do you procrastinate?

When asked if he procrastinates, Ibrahim acknowledged that he does sometimes put things off. However, he went on to explain that he has learned several important life lessons through his experiences, particularly in starting his own business. He noted that while other aspects of his life may provide comfort, his entrepreneurial journey has been far from comfortable. He emphasized that to achieve success, one must be prepared to face a lot of rejection and uncertainty.

Despite his occasional procrastination, Ibrahim stressed that he takes care to ensure that his behaviour does not harm him or his progress towards his goals. He cited the law of attraction as one of the principles that he believes in. According to this law, what we think about and focus on is what we attract into our lives. Ibrahim acknowledged that he had learned this the hard way, recognizing that fear often underlies procrastination. He likened the experience of procrastination to being in a dark room, but explained that turning on a lamp (i.e., facing one's fears) can help illuminate the path forward.

On success :



Ibrahim went on to describe what he sees as two types of character: winning and losing. A winning character, he said, is someone who sees failure not as a setback, but as a necessary step towards eventual success. This type of person embraces opportunities to learn and improve, even when faced with obstacles. By contrast, a losing character is someone who cannot see beyond their current difficulties, and who views negative outcomes as predetermined by fate. Ibrahim cautioned against falling into this trap, noting that those who believe that they are doomed to fail are more likely to experience failure.

What or who is your energy booster?

I am inspired by my business partners, who are more than just partners. They are also my mentors in life and business. They are Huzair, Mahnoor, Abbas, Hussain and Saba. They have my back in any situation, whether it's business-related or personal. To me they are magicians who know magic and can resolve problems by the snap of their fingers.



On books:



Read books. Books are a great source of knowledge and wisdom. A person who is writing a book after spending 50 years of his life in this world, by reading his book, you also get those 50 years of experience. Thus, books give us access to the experiences and insights of people who have spent years of their lives writing them. They help us to grow and learn as a person.

What are your personal mottos or principles that you live by?

Ibrahim shared that he lives by several principles.

1

One of these is the belief that success in life can be achieved by avoiding overthinking and procrastination, and simply doing what one loves. He also emphasized the importance of delayed gratification, humility, and gratitude. He said that there is a saying, "Life only has one mantra of success, don't overthink, don't procrastinate. Just do it and love what you do."

2

According to Ibrahim, life is a form of karma, where what goes around comes around. Therefore, he believes in treating others with respect and expressing gratitude to everyone who has taught him something. He follows his father's example by saying salaam to everyone, and advises against having an ego, as this can lead to stagnation in life.

3

Ibrahim encourages others to focus on personal growth and learning from those around them. He believes that wisdom comes not from being the smartest person in the room, but from being the quietest and learning from others. He acknowledges that nothing in life is perfect, but strives for attention to detail and continual improvement.

4

To keep an open mind and avoid getting stuck in fixed ways of thinking, Ibrahim practices the concept of an empty cup. He visualizes a cup and empties it after every success or failure, allowing himself to approach each situation with fresh eyes and an open mind. Finally, Ibrahim stresses the importance of focusing on the process rather than the results, as money and success are natural byproducts of consistent effort and improvement.



The Many Faces of Corruption

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BMB203002



Winning Essay



The Many Faces of Corruption

Everyday as I commute to the university, I am met with the same sight- of a woman with her awfully underdressed infant in her arms sitting cross-legged under the Kakpul bridge in the crippling cold of December morning. The same day, I tune into the television and see the appointed supposed well-wishers and authority-bearers of our country dressed in the finest designer apparel, travelling in cars the common man would not even be familiar with; and it tells me something is wrong.

In September 2022, I scrolled through the headlines to learn that 1/3rd of the country was submerged after torrential rainfall, and an unfathomable death toll followed. People- thousands of men, women and children- were stranded on patches of land with next to nothing and in dire need of basic resources. The very next news article reported the discovery of hundreds of tents and ration bags from a warehouse where they had been hoarded by the very parties entrusted with the responsibility of distribution.

All of this points to the very root of social decay: corruption.

In the contemporary, post-capitalist world the hyper competitive system has created a toxic, self-destructive environment of every-man-for-himself. We have bred, and continue to breed, a system which values monetary growth above every single thing; even, devastatingly, human life. It is thence that we find ourselves caught amid a crossfire of political polarisation, playing pawns in a game of ego-centrism and self-importance while the common man becomes the battlefield to be trampled over. The system fuels dishonest malpractices to the point where the only path forward for a man is not through earnest, hard work, but by opting for one of the many faces of corruption.

When we hear the term corruption, we envision a framework put into place by big fancy politicians for financial and social gain at the expense of those with lesser privilege but in truth, corruption exists all around us and we continue to feed into it every single day. We feed into it each time that our eyes dart across the room in the middle of an examination. We feed into it every time that we toss around petty white lies thinking them to be inconsequential. We feed into it every time that we choose to stay silent in the face of injustice all for the sake of social favour. And each time that we do, we continue to uphold a system which, in the bigger picture, costs lives.

Corruption is not just some fancy abstract concept that exists in spheres of power- its many faces exist and proliferate all around us; and as we lay our judicial system to rest in a grave, as nepotism and bribery become a fundamental part of our institutional structures, as hoarding mafias create inflation and put the average man's survival on thin ice, it is not those in power who suffer, or even those of us with comparative socio economic leverage. It is the common man that suffers. It is that lady under Kakpul bridge with her infant that suffers.

Our religion preaches an ideology of social justice. Umar Ibn Khattab (R.A) is reported to have said: "Even if a lost sheep dies on the bank of the river Euphrates under my responsibility, I fear Allah to hold me accountable." This is the real legacy that we come from, and it is our duty to uphold it to create a just and honest system in the coming ages.

And it begs the question- is corruption an inevitable consequence of mankind's inherent self centeredness? When God granted man free will, he enjoined him to enjoin good and forbid evil. Amr bil Maroof wa nahi al munkar. Our religion has ordained principles which mandate social justice and accountability. It was Umar ibn Khattab who said that "Even if a lost sheep under my care were to die on the banks of the Euphrates, I would expect Allah the Exalted to question me about it on the Day of Resurrection."





Alhamdulillah

Alhamdulillah isn't just what we say, it's an attitude. Allah isn't interested in what comes out of our tongues, He is more interested in what comes out of our hearts and is also connected to our hearts. So, we must mean what we say, when we say Alhamdulillah it means we are saying " Oh, Allah I am sure there's a wisdom behind it, I praise and thank you for it." Alhamdulillah forces Muslims to start thinking positively. The huge reality of Alhamdulillah is that it doesn't depend on us, it is permanent. Praise and Thanks remain to Allah even if we aren't there.

Alhamdulillah is independent of us. When we say Alhamdulillah we acknowledge Allah doesn't need us, but yes, it is we who need Him. It makes us humble; it makes us realize we depend on Allah. We aren't doing Him a favor by saying Alhamdulillah, we are only doing a favor to ourselves by saying it. Alhamdulillah is forever there, whether we stay or not. Humans will come and go, generations will come and go, and this world will come and go but Alhamdulillah will still be there, it's a matter of fact.

الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ

Dictionary of a Kahani Goh



Kahani goh (noun, adjective): storyteller

The one who weaves stories, tales, experiences memories into magic & colours it with feelings, emotions, sentiments. My memories are lost in a psychedelic maze of trauma, nostalgia disintegrating into a forgetful haze, so I cut my finger with a *qalam*'s nib & bleed my *afsaana* out, pen it down in pomegranate red on linen white sheets so the stain never comes off. A feverish need to keep something alive. A bud, a breath, a story.



Desperate (adjective): in great need of.

In this context, the need to remember, remember, remember. Holding onto red, a hoax, a memory or a ghost of one.



Chupan chupai (verb, noun): hide and seek.

A game. Survival. Slipping out of daydreams unintentionally, unwanted. Pockets full of forget-me-nots & a disappearance of a decade long. Fisting sand out of an hourglass only to see it fly away into oblivion.



Jamais vu (noun): never seen.

Unfamiliar familiar. You. The dawn through the window panes. My name. The reflection in the mirror & a litany of recognize, recognize, recognize.



Interlude: a sujud drowned in remembrance, parting, expectance



Tawakkul (verb): Reliance.

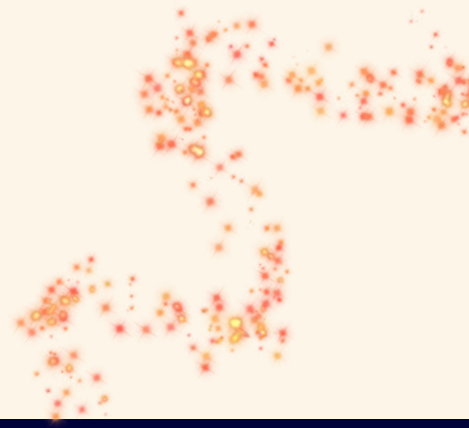
An ode to the time I cried so hard on the prayer mat I forgot the life I had lived before, that there was a time my grief was this heavy & the healing this life-changing.



Pursukoon (adjective): serene, a state of utmost peace and tranquility.

It's hard to believe there wasn't a time I was this pursukoon, my unshakeable faith in Him & His strength to my shakeable self. Receding fear. Grateful forgetfulness.

An exhale. a heartbeat. let go, let go, let go.
You have made it.



Memoirs of the Forgotten

A page from a diary (1986):

I still remember it was mid-August - summer was almost coming to an end. Dark green leaves were melting into light brown, hair was flying in soft waves while running through tall fields of grass - pens were leaving graceful new strokes into journal pages - the unexpected rains were all around. But above all what I remember the most are those unanswered calls; I remember those evenings sitting beside my window constantly dialing your number. Bell was ringing, but you weren't responding. I comforted myself thinking maybe you are asleep, taking a bath, or busy with something else. I dialed your number again and again; my anxiety was reaching its peak and I was unable to move from my place. left you messages to respond to me as soon as possible, I even left voice notes. But little did I know? You weren't busy, you were just avoiding me, you didn't bother at all, you were trying to get over me and on the other side every evening I used to sit and dial your number hoping maybe someday you will answer them. Now, whenever I see someone talking to their loved ones on a call, I remember those unanswered calls or whenever someone doesn't pick up my call, all I do is remember your unanswered calls. How stupid it was of me to comfort myself and deny reality and how stupid it was to carry that mobile every evening in my lap and constantly stare at it. You never answered those calls, but you made me realize so many things, now when I call someone and they don't respond, all I do is tell myself " It isn't the first time someone hasn't answered your call, unanswered calls are now part of your life and thoughts.





A page from a diary (October):

Another year

Another October

the air's turning cold

the leaves are all changing to red and gold.

October has always been my favorite month not because it's my birthday but because it's the beginning of fall - the season I long for. I always get excited when I feel the first cold breeze of October swirling through my hair. That first cold wave touches the soul for real - it feels like a welcoming sign of autumn. October evenings are my favorite ones, whether it be sitting on the terrace while reading my favorite book or long peaceful walks down my favorite path with the crumbling sounds of leaves. But you know? This October doesn't feel like October or maybe I'm too lost in my thoughts that I no longer get that October feeling.

How to create collage art?

Newspaper is the source of information and it updates about current affairs. But it can also be fun if a person has an aesthetic eye, which will evoke individual emotion. And by looking at the newspaper his mind starts working and creating different visual representations in his mind by mixing the layers of cutouts. It may be just for sake of art, but it can also be used as a source to convey strong messages.

Before moving forward, I will let you know what collage art is. It is a style of art in which images are created by adhering various materials to a surface, such as photos, magazine cutouts, fabric, paper, and other discarded objects. Decoupage, layering, and paper folding are just a few of the techniques that can be used to create collage art. Using a variety of materials, textures, and colors to create distinctive and captivating visual compositions, collage art is a creative and adaptable technique. Making a collage may be a satisfying and enjoyable method to show your creativity, whether you're an experienced artist or just a beginner. You can start making your own collage art by following the simple methods I am mentioning in this article.

Collect Material

Initially, you have to gather all the material you have for the collage art. It includes newspapers, magazines, printouts, old books, pictures, fabric, or any other material which you can recycle and make it a source to show your aesthetic sense.

Previsualization

The next step, after gathering whatever material you have available is to go through it. Be creative, think out of the box, and go wild. From this what I mean is that go through a newspaper or your respective material and look at it with an artistic lens that how you can create new art by adding layers and mixing cutouts. So, it's just prework visualizing what you want to create and how it is going to be. Always remember to create collage art, you do not need material in bulk. What you have to make use of is your mind and your creativity.



Cut and Arrange

After visualizing what you have to create, you have to cut the main character or root of your art around which all of it is going to stand. Identification of the main character is important and after that, you just have to be crazy by layers and layers of cutouts, pictures, fabric, color, or whatever you have and think will make your art more definable simply go for it. It is the beauty of collage art that there are no restrictions you can play around as there are no boundaries for imagination. I suggest adding black and white printouts as well as lots of colors. It will show the importance of each layer of the art piece that which layer stands out more or what is inside and outside just like the battle between heart and mind.

Seal and Frame

While creating art, I would say to never hurry in pasting the cutouts just wait and play around a little bit. Think of other options, and styles, and add more color, layers, and cutouts. And when you think yes this is something which you wanted to create and it conveys the thought which was in your mind. At that stage seal the deal and paste everything on your canvas or paper whatever you are using as background. And this is how you can have your collage artwork.

I myself have created collage art. I was reading a newspaper and while going through it, this thought came to my mind that this should be more fun and these pictures may be used in a more fun way, presenting same thought in a much better way. So, I mapped art in my mind and started working on it by cutting and adding more and more layers, adding color, till I get what I was creating somewhere in my mind. These are a few collage art pieces that I have created.



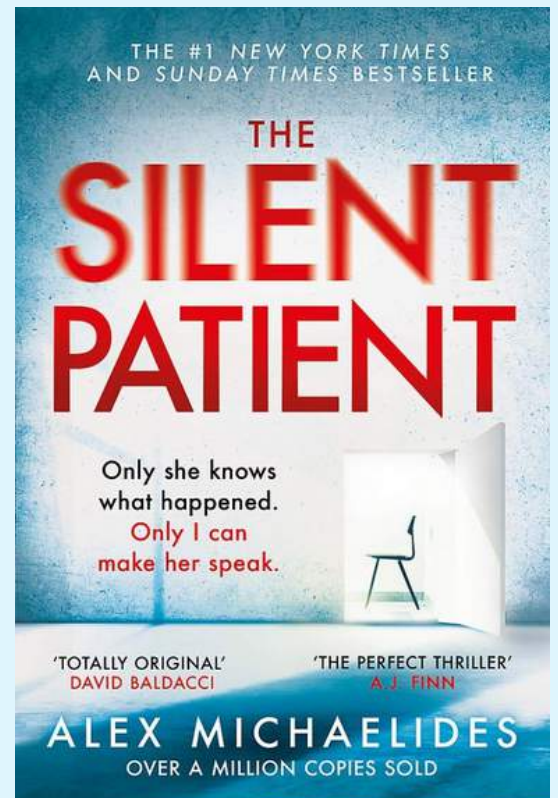
Book Review



The Silent Patient



The Silent Patient written by Alex Michaelides is undoubtedly an amazing suspense thriller. It engages you with the fact that how childhood trauma can overcome your mind even if it is given a single spark because it never leaves your mind but it was always there, just sleeping. Although the story started with a very slow pace but this wasn't something disappointing, it makes the readers understand the characters more deeply.



It may test the patients of them who want immediate answers to all questions but the book wonderfully holds back to a gripping climax once the suspense is unfolded. No one is born evil but it is all related to how your personality was built during all those years of childhood that were spent in either trauma or resilience. It decides who you are going to be after a few years. Some overcome the experiences of childhood if they are minor but for some it becomes a point and reason of life changing events. After all, “unexpressed emotions will never die. They are buried alive, and will come forth in uglier ways.”

It is a mind-stirring novel that leaves a lasting impact on its readers as everyone of us has a something in our past that gets hold of our personality and comes out in unexpected ways in future. Alex Michaelides' has built a wonderful narrative that gives a deep understanding of the human psyche.

There are people who prefer realistic books over fantasy, they want to have something in common with the book so they can relate to the dialogues and characters. So for them this novel is surely a remarkable one. We all face heartbreaks, rejection and trauma. The book is a great description of all these phases that shows how they comeback.

If you are looking for a book that has psychological depth, suspenseful storytelling, and memorable characters then "The Silent Patient" is an excellent choice that will make you keep turning the pages long into the night.

Magic in Words





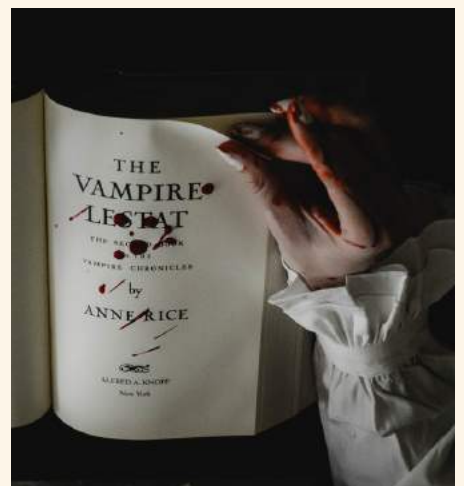
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The Death Cheater

18
The Town of Goldenburg



20
My Dear Benjamin

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**Love Hath Made Thee
A Tame Snake**





The Death Cheater

Shiza Asfar
BEN221026



The Death Cheater

"Greetings, Death Cheater. It's been years since I last saw you." Spoke an eerie, cold and thunderous voice that sent chills down her spine. She was leaning against a grime-adorned gravestone that was deeply engraved with words scrawled in an ancient abyssal calligraphy:

"Each new season grows from the leftovers from the past. That is the essence of change and change is the basic law."

Without looking at the person standing behind her, she tightened her grasp on the pale white crumpled piece of paper in her left hand, and whispered in a crisp, yearning melody, "Ironic is it not? This gravestone says, 'change is the basic law' when even the leftovers of my mother buried six feet down this very gravestone knows that, while you can cheat on life by changing it, you can't cheat death. For, death is inevitable; death shall never change. Death will chase you down each new season. Death abides by no law. Death is stubborn. Death is always there, waiting to knock your breath out.

Dusty dry streaks of tears freckled her colorless chubby cheeks as she turned around to look at who was standing behind her.

It was a man. A man not too old and yet not too young. A cold expressionless statue was he; his face was like a blank white sheet of paper stretched across his skull. His full lips were the scarlet of blood; his round formidable eyes were the black of death.

Black. Perhaps it was his favorite color. For, his hair that scraped the nape of his neck were all black, and so was everything else that he wore: black tailcoat, black monk shoes, black Homburg hat. Even the plain suitcase he held in his left hand was black!

She stared at the man with both fear and relief. Then she gazed down at the letter she held. She missed her late mother whom she never knew; she dreaded her words which she never heard.

"My dear Anna,

I' am writing this letter as the only present, I can ever gift you. You must know that you were born dead. But the sacrifice of my own life gave you a new one. I' am so sorry my dear. You must live on; you must live on for your mother. You must avoid the Grim Reaper for as long as possible. But if a day comes in your life's many seasons when you feel too tired to live, I hope you die to give life to someone else. That is your mother's dying wish.

*With love,
Your mother."*

Looking back at the man in black, Anna smiled and fluttered her eyes close to let the leftovers of her past engulf her.

It was a blissful breezy spring day at the age of five when she first faced death which she avoided at the last second. The needles of the clock tower ticked three o'clock in the afternoon when she stood beneath a young cherry blossom tree. The tree umbrellaed her in its sweet sylvan shade. It would rain down a small pinkish white petal every now and then on her auburn hair, making her giggle as she played all alone in the front lawn of her orphanage.

It was right then that a madman (carrying a small sharp dagger in his right hand and smiling a yellow-toothed smile) had approached her.

First step...

Second step...

Third step...

...until he was only inches away from the five-year-old toddler. The man raised his right hand and five-year-old Anna saw a silvery arc forming in the air. She heard the malicious 'slash' of flesh slicing and then a loud 'thud! Somebody had snatched the man's dagger from his hand, using it to slice open his throat. That somebody was her savior; that somebody was her caretaker (at the orphanage)...

Anna opened her eyes and released the breath she didn't know she was holding. She looked at the man in black once more and asked with fresh tears in her eyes, "Was it you who took the soul of my caretaker when she died of guilt for slicing open a madman's throat?"

The man in black didn't smile and said in the same eerie, cold and thunderous voice, "Yes, and a virtuous soul she was. Just like your mother."

Anna looked into the eyes of that man for any sign of emotion. But what she saw there was mere stillness. That, and the silence of death.

She fluttered her eyes close again and tried to remember the next season of her life.

It was a sweltering and stifling summer evening when the fifteen-year-old Anna was waiting at the bus stop. In front of her was a park dotted by velvety green oak trees, bathing in the sun's scorching orange rays that it was shedding just before sunset. Somewhere between combing her fingers through her sweaty auburn hair and huffing at the hot weather, she found herself crossing the grey gravel road as the prospect of a sweet splash in the park's cold blue pond was seasonably refreshing.

Just then the bus honked behind her, she turned around and screamed. For, a young man came between her and the bus just in time so that the bus knocked him off, throwing him some ten feet away...

Anna opened her eyes abruptly and gasped, before asking the man in black, yet again, "Was it you who took the soul of my senior in high school who died in a comma induced by that gruesome bus accident?"

"Yes, and a kind soul he was. Just like your mother." Came the reply.

Before Anna's tears could take out the best of her, she forced her eyes shut again, for there was one last leftover piece of her past she had to explore...

It was a fine crisp autumn morning when the loafers of twenty-five-year-old Anna tapped the pavement of the street at the end of which was her Legal Consultancy Office. The red maple trees lining the sidewalk tried to get her attention by raining down their reddish orange foliage upon her. But she was no longer the five-year-old Anna who would giggle at nature's naive tactics. She was a busy twenty-five-year-old young attorney who was always chasing the clock.

As though nature got offended by her preoccupied demeanor, she found herself screaming when she heard a loud 'BOOM!!!' that nearly shook the ground beneath her feet. The last thing she saw, were huge explosions of red and orange, of blood and fire, before lanky limbs pushed her hard so that she rolled away from danger...

Anna exhaustedly fluttered her eyes open and asked the man in black, "Was it you who took the soul of the teenager who was the secondary victim of an arson and took his own life due to the trauma of seeing his half-burned face in the mirror every single day?"

"Yes, and a brave soul he was, just like your mother." Came the reply.

Anna started to weep, clenching her chest, just as the first flakes of snow began falling icily on the black skeletal branches of the many trees of death dotting the graveyard. "Then are you the one who shall take my soul as well? Me, Anna Death Cheater, daughter of the mother who traded her own life to save mine? Me, a thirty-five-year-old woman who traded her own life, saving a new born girl from a car accident?"

And for the first time, the white icy face of the man in black stretched back into a vicious smile. He opened his black suitcase, taking out a sharp black scythe.

"Yes, Death Cheater. For, I' am the Grim Reaper and that is what I do!"

Anna closed her eyes for the very last time in the very last season of her life, reciting her very last words, "I' am tired. Take me to my mother. For, that is my last wish."

The Grim Reaper raised his scythe. In that cold winter season of a dark graveyard, all became silence incarnate. And then it was I, *Silence*, that read the ancient abyssal engraving embedded on the gravestone of Anna Death Cheater,

"Each new season grows from the leftovers from the past. That is the essence of change and change is the basic law."

And in the end, it was also I, *Silence*, that inquired of the Grim Reaper, "Was it you, O' Grim Reaper who changed the seasons of Anna Death Cheater's life, so that she turns into Anna Death Embracer?"

And the Grim Reaper laughed in sheer mirth, as his archaic tongue spoke proudly, "Yes, it is I! O' *Silence* bear witness to the demise of Anna Death Cheater and the birth of Anna Death Embracer! For a wise soul she was, and a wiser soul she became, nothing like those before her."

And in the distance, the snow-covered skeletal branches of the graveyard heard the wintry whisper of a new born baby girl's cry...





The Town of Goldenburg

Aneeqa Ali
BEN213008

★★★★★ *Winning story of the Speed Scribing Showdown*



Prompt: "You're a dragon who has been tormenting the town of Goldenburg for years but now there's competition. "No one can terrorize these people but me," you think"



The Town of Goldenburg

Goldenburg was always overshadowed by my never ending power. I was happy enjoying terrorizing the town, cries and screams soothed my heart. They begged for mercy and I pleased the ones who bowed under me. This terror gave me peace, this terror made me smile, this terror made me enjoy until a dark day this year that came over my head. I called it coming over my head because the town was relieved. For them this was a good spirit that came to fight me, who was an evil spirit and terrorizing dragon for them.

A strong wind that came over my head, I didn't understand what it was. It was taking my skin off and making me dance in the sky between the dark black clouds. I realized this wasn't wind or thunder that took over me but this was a human. I wondered how a human got the courage and power to come face in face to defeat me. After the never ending sufferings I gave them they tried getting rid of me by using the only blessing they had, which was their mind. He invented something so great which took hold of the wind and sky to get hold of me with uniting power of natural elements and their own creation. I was amazed but I also knew that artificial intelligence is nothing in front of my wrath.

I decided to plan to finish this machine to free myself but the never ending plot they created for me, I was surely unaware. The wind that day took my power of lighting fire to the sky as they knew I would do that as my first response. I tried to bring my hand forward and fire the people who were getting hold me and now terrorizing me but the fire that came out was weak enough to kill all the people. It killed a few people but only useless ones for me because the ones controlling this so called good spirit were still alive.

I never knew my power and fire would cease in front of the brains of humans but sadly it did and they teamed up against me to save Goldenburg. I was unable to make people suffer and so I stopped getting food now, this made me weak and their task got easier. Goldenburg lighted up once again and happy cheers came to my ears. This burned me as I was reluctant to human happiness and they killed me that day. Goldenburg was happy, full of life and free from the dragon who they thought they killed. Yes they killed me but these poor humans never knew I was buried underground where I was working on my revival creating a new world underground from the limited powers left within me. I will come back I said to myself. Poor humans I laughed to myself.



My Dear Benjamin

Farnagin Gillani

BEN221013



My Dear Benjamin

Life is really unexpected. I never thought that I would hold someone dear and more precious to me than myself. You see I was someone you call a self-absorbed person, someone who liked her own company more than family or friends. My relationship with my family or friends was only in name, I never truly cared or felt affectionate towards them. There were times when I felt conflicted inside, the train of my thoughts would make my nights sleepless and most of the time a sudden burst of emotions with overwhelming emptiness and loneliness would overcome me and strike me with a familiar yet strange thought, "would I be left alone in the end?" These thoughts were the reflection of my insecurities and my lack of affection towards other people. But everything changed after **That day**.

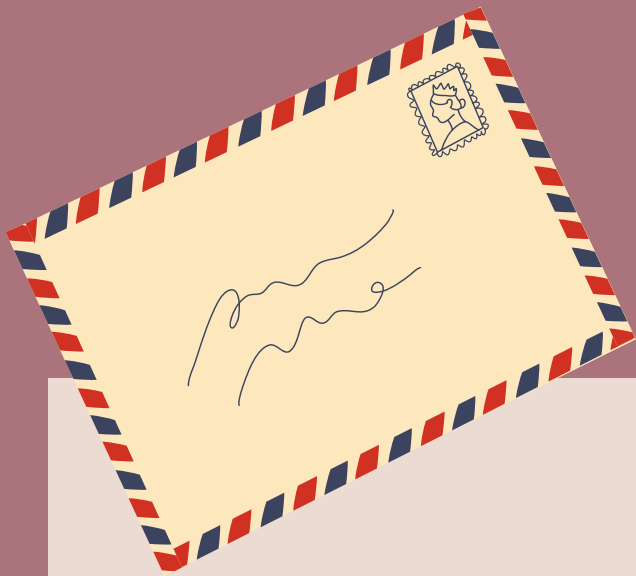
My name is Margaret and it is the story of the most precious moments of my life when I found something that I would hold dear for the rest of my life. During the last summer break of high school, I turned eighteen. We went to our countryside house in the south of Feline for our family vacation. A quiet neighbourhood surrounded by the vast spread of dandelions. A couple of houses within a few minute's walking distance including Aunty Claris's and Uncle Sheldon's house, our family friends. Mom and Dad would go to their house every evening and would chat all night long. Other than me my two older brothers Mike and Clark and my older sister Stacy would be left in the house. There was not much difference in our routines whether here or back at home, we hardly talked among ourselves instead everyone was busy on their phones. My routine wasn't all that different from that of my siblings but I wanted a change of pace, so the next day I decided to take Lily, our dog, to walk around the field. It was just like any other day, the summer breeze was warm enough to make my cheeks blush, I was taking a walk down the field when I stumbled upon what I thought was a stone but instead, it was a leg, I fell on my face but fortunately it was the flower field which saved me. As soon I got up I saw the boy standing behind me staring as if he saw something out of the ordinary. "What," I asked, the boy went blank and ran away. I was shocked myself at the peculiar reaction which also made me a little self-conscious that if I did something wrong or may be used a little harsher tone. Then the next day, I went there again to look for him but the boy ran away again after getting a glimpse of me from afar.

Then the third day I went with a resolve that this time I will catch him and to my surprise, he was there again but instead of laying down, he was sitting beside the stream. I went behind and tried my best to be politer this time, "hey we meet again," I said, the boy was surprised at my sudden greeting and I could see that he was trying to find an escape route again but I was also determined to chase him down this time because he was someone who was around my age and piqued my curiosity about him. I sat myself down beside him and said "I am sorry," he looked at me with a blank expression then I completed my sentence "I am sorry about that day when I stumbled upon you and startled you after shouting at you, I am not a mean person who will bully you or fight with you." I didn't understand why I was justifying myself in front of that boy but as soon as I saw that anxious look on his face I became certain that he does not like me, thinking of myself as a bother I quickly apologized to him for disturbing his free time and got up to return when I heard, "it's okay, I don't mind." That was the first time I heard him talk and there was this strange feeling of accomplishment that I had after he spoke. He told me his name with a shy stutter "Hello, I am Benjamin, I...It's nice to meet y..you."

It was the first time we talked to each other and soon he became a little relaxed. We shared our names and ages and I found out another thing about him that he was three years younger than me but we were around the same height and he is the only child of his parents. Soon we became good acquaintances. We would meet every day at our meeting spot, sometimes we would play in the stream and the other time we would talk until sunset. It became our daily routine, I have never felt like this towards someone but whenever I was with him it was like time was flying fast. He was just like any other friend I had but at the same time, he was nothing like others. He showed me how to cherish each and every moment of our lives and how to look forward to the rise of the new sun and say our goodbyes to the previous. Despite his age, he would often amaze me with his wisdom and maturity. Benjamin often talked about how delicate life is and how quickly it can change. He knew that one moment we can be happy and healthy, and the next moment, we can be gone forever. Understanding this made him appreciate each moment more and value the time he had. He also believed that people who want to die should think about what comes after death and be careful about wishing for it too quickly. His talks would often make me anxious like he is not talking about further in future and sometimes made me close to the verge of crying because it would break my heart about thinking of going back after my vacations were over, but he would make jokes to make me forget about these thoughts and we would again get immersed in our own little world.

We would meet every six days of the week except Fridays because Benjamin had to go to his doctor's appointment because he had a weak stomach since he was born, so he had to visit his doctor regularly. Soon days became weeks and my two month long vacation came to its end. I was reluctant to leave Benjamin but he sent me off with a warm smile and assured me that he would write to me every day. And with that, I hugged him for the last time and went straight to our car and cried for the first time for a goodbye.

I went back to school and started my final year as per my previous routine, but there was one change in that, Benjamin and I would talk to each other through emails every day. Every time I would start with "*DEAR BENJAMIN,*" and would write each and every detail of the day and the things that happened to me and my thoughts, everything. Even though we were apart from each other but were still inseparable. But soon the time arrived, my darkest hours. Benjamin stopped sending me his emails and we lost contact for almost two months straight. I tried being rational, thinking that maybe he found someone more precious than me, maybe he is busy with his school, or maybe there was a technical issue but all of these were excuses that I was making for myself there were also times when I wanted to go to Feline to meet him ask him but I couldn't find the courage. I was the one who was impatient. Making excuses was my way to move forward but every time the thought of losing a precious friend would drag me down. Then in the winter, during the second start of our final years, I heard the news of Benjii being admitted to the hospital for the past four months and after the critical last month of fighting with stomach cancer he had passed away during the winter. The news of Benjamin's death came to me like a thunderbolt. I felt like the world has lost everything, its colour, its shape, its sound. But in reality, it was my own world that came crumbling down upon me. I could not believe what my ears had just heard, it was like the time had stopped for me forever. The loss of my precious friend Benjamin was so great that it took a toll on me and I spent three weeks in the hospital and two months in the house confining myself to my room without doing anything instead staring at the mails that he had sent. My loneliness and growing emptiness became so unbearable that I became bedridden once again. My greatest nightmare of being left alone started to haunt me and on the verge of despair, I received an envelope which was sent to me. The sender had a very familiar name that even with the blurry vision due to tears blocking the view I could read clearly. It was written on the envelope to My Dear Friend Mary from Benjamin. Inside the envelope were the pictures of Benjamin from his childhood till his final day, it felt like each one of them was talking to me and telling their story. One of them was me sitting beside the stream posing for Benjamin to click the picture, that memory came rushing to me like yesterday. I was even more devastated until I saw the back of my picture where a message was written to me.



DEAR MARGARET,

I hope this letter finds you well, although my heart aches to know that I may not be there with you as you read this. But please know that I have no regrets. From the moment I met you, I knew that I wouldn't have much time left, even though I had been struggling with pain for as long as I can remember. But you gave me something that I never thought I would have - a friend. Someone to talk to, laugh with, and simply be with. Someone who would make the pain a little easier to bear. When I met you, I didn't think I had much to live for anymore. But you changed that. You made me want to live for another day, just to see you smile, to hear your laughter, and to see you face every challenge with the strength and resilience that I could only admire from afar. You never gave up, and that inspired me to keep fighting too. Although my time was limited, I cherished every moment with you. I wanted to tell you that you were the light in my life that gave me hope and courage. You made me feel alive again, even when I knew that my days were numbered. And so, my dear Margaret, I want you to keep being strong. Life may be difficult at times, but I know that you will find someone special who will change your life in ways you never thought possible.

Please remember me fondly, and know that I will always be with you in spirit. Thank you for being my friend and for giving me a reason to smile again.

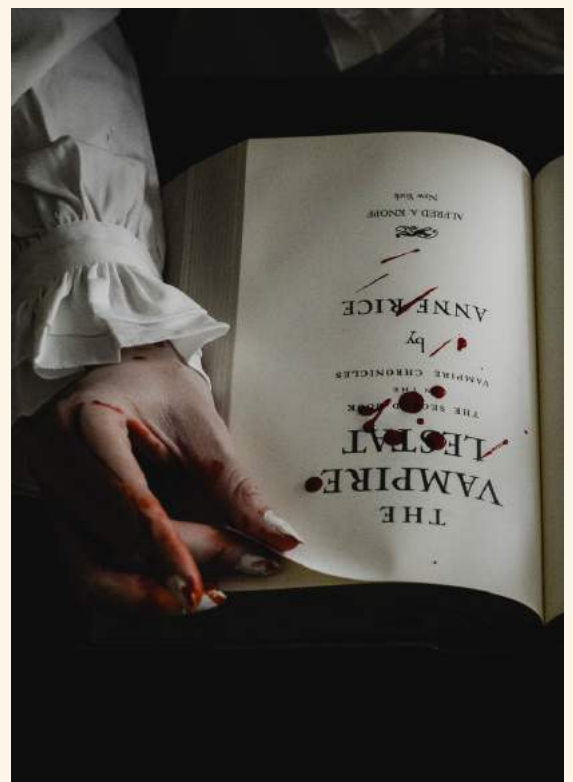
YOUR DEAR BENJAMIN.

As I read his final letter, I felt as though a weight had been lifted from my chest, and for the first time in a long while, tears streamed down my face. At that moment, I understood that life is the most precious gift that we have and how often we take it for granted. Benjamin's words had a profound impact on me, opening my eyes to the immense value of our existence. Life is a difficult journey, full of both good and bad times. However, with the unwavering support of our loved ones, we can make it through the tough times. Through my own trials, I came to realize the importance of people who I had previously overlooked or disregarded. These same people who I had deemed unimportant were the ones who gave me the most comfort and support, going out of their way to help me smile again. This experience reminded me of the power of human connections and the importance of cherishing the people who matter most in our lives.



Love Hath Made Thee A Tame Snake

Iqra Zeyb
BSP221005



Love Hath Made Thee A Tame Snake

There's a large church called St. Joseph's church in Berlin, and adjacent to this church is a small café that serves the world's best coffee. I'd know, I've been everywhere, had centuries of experience, with a plethora of cuisines. Humans are undoubtedly dreadful creatures, but it cannot be denied: they have truly perfected the culinary arts over the years. This café has the best baked goods one could have the privilege of devouring, so despite the disgust that fills me as I interact with humans, I am here every weekend. The coffee here is to die for... not that I could.

So this Sunday morning, as was my custom, I sat in my usual corner booth, sheltered from the sun like a quaint little Philodendron. Soft violin filled the air, the atmosphere calm and romantic. A croissant and cup of freshly brewed coffee awaited my attention as I shuffled with the morning newspaper. The flower shop left to the café was just opening for the day, the owner displaying fresh bouquets out on the shelves. The flowers in the window shone in the sunlight, and I noticed it yet again: a large shadow of a cross. The church's steeple obstructed the sunlight, casting a shadow of a cross across the building in front of it. I despised it. I thought of the numerous religions that had come to pass since the dawn of time, and the fall of many that I had witnessed first-hand. But religion will always be there I suppose, after all, the human race would spiral to its end without it.

I took a sip of my coffee as I turned the page to current events; it's important to stay with the times. Oh would you look at that, a mob of masked men robbed a city theatre in broad daylight. Oh and how delightful! A country's president was assassinated. It's all so... stale. So mind numbingly boring. How is this still news? History keeps repeating itself over and over again and no one ever learns from it. A mob terrorised a village in the 1800s and no one did anything about it, just quivered and prayed, and now 200 years later, here we are. It will likely continue for another 200 years. I've seen the earth get ruined by these humans for a thousand years; they will be their own undoing. It's a tragedy, really.

People had started visiting the church now for the Sunday sermon, but something felt different today. There were far too many people mingling outside. What was happening? I looked up from my paper to witness a conflict arising at the church entrance and thought to myself, "There they go again." Humans; with their million meaningless rifts and quarrels. I gave them a disinterested look and made up my mind to leave if it got too loud, but just as I pulled my eyes away from the scuffle, something caught my attention.

It was a woman. Long red coat, red high heels, short blonde hair and skin as pale as snow. "Whats a woman like her doing at church?" I thought. She stood out, she was peculiar. She seemed to be getting harassed by a hobo on the street, but she looked calm and impartial. People came to remove the hobo's clutches from her bag and escorted her inside. As they walked away, the woman turned and held my gaze for a second too long. I felt like I had been caught, but I was stunned. How could she do that? Out of every person sitting in the windows, all those eyes to look at, why mine?

As she broke our gaze and moved out of sight, I felt something stir inside me. I had not felt this way in eons. I was.... intrigued. I began speculating about her existence, her demeanor; her mere presence in this place confused me. Was she a vampire too? Had she felt some sort of connection to me? The color and thinness of her skin indicated that she might actually be one of my kind. But she can't be. I had not failed to notice the absence of an umbrella on her being as she walked away. And then there were the niceties: she seemed to be greeting religious people and shaking their hands, oh how disgusting! How was she not retching and wreathing. No, she can't be. No self-respecting vampire would do this, they simply won't be able to. Not after the centuries of terror and violence that had been inflicted onto us by their kind. Not after the stories and tales that had been written about us. There was simply no way. The religious symbols were also to be considered: they seemed to have no effect on her.

Arriving to this conclusion made matters so much more interesting for me. I needed to find out more about her. No, it wasn't because I was bored. I had my fair share of earthly indulgences to dabble in. No, I felt something I hadn't felt in a long time when I saw this woman; it was like a calling, a signal only I had picked up on. I had to get to the bottom of this mystery.

I found myself coming to the cafe more often. I came in on the following Monday, unplanned, and realized what I had done. I felt bewitched. I had only seen her there at the Sunday service and yet here I was again on a Monday, hoping I would somehow catch a glimpse of her passing by again. I did not. But I couldn't take the chance and came in every day of the week and stayed till sundown. I was starting to lose hope but then came Sunday, and my hope was revived. There she was again, in a striking shade of blue this time. Once again, the woman smiled and shook hands with everyone she met, her forthright demeanour causing a rift in my stomach. These delinquents didn't deserve that. They don't deserve her presence around them. But she seemed to be there willingly; it was all so baffling.

I couldn't enter the church, couldn't even fathom being near it, so I did all I could: I sat in my window seat and sipped my coffee while I looked out for her. I imagined how she'd be spending her time in there as I spent mine consuming sugar and carbs. Each Sunday, an hour after sundown, she would emerge from the tall doors of St. Josephs with a friend on her arm. They would giggle and pull each other closer as they walked home. I thought of following them, but a man of my build following two women through the dark streets of the inner city? Creepy, definitely creepy. I wasn't going to follow them; a man must have some moral codes.

So, for two weeks, all I got were glimpses here and there. My heart felt impatient and I decided: I was going to make contact with her. I knew not how yet, but I was going to figure it out. In the meantime, I thought of her relentlessly and obsessively, every hour of every day, how she might be feeling, what she might be eating, what she might be doing. The uncertainty of it all started to kill me, and I found it harder and harder to wait for Sunday. As the months went by, I started to consider... unimaginable things. My mind wandered to the illicit areas of my imagination, accessing the ideas I had long buried in my subconscious. I began to consider religion. Just imagining it sent shivers up my spine, yet I found myself delving deeper into the concept rather than rejecting it. For months I studied religion, tried to alter my perspective on the foundation of it all, worked on my relationship with the possible existence of a Higher Being, and by the end of it all, the thought of religious people didn't repulse me anymore. They were just people, in need of something to believe in. Something to keep them sane, give their lives meaning. I found it pitiful, but understandable, and the abhorrent image I had kept in my mind of these people and their ancestors, who had burned and buried my friends and family, began to vanish little by little. I felt as though I might be able to stroll near the church now, maybe even enter the premises without violently throwing up while also burning my insides. All these months, as I worked through my relationship with religion, I thought, "The universe will see how hard I'm trying. It'll reward me for my efforts, it'll see me trying to change my ways after a millennium and I'll be rewarded. If anything, the universe will have pity on me."

After months of preparation, studying, soul-searching and active participation in religious events, I felt that I was ready. Seeing the woman on Sundays was always a good motivator when I hit a spot of uncertainty that came in the way of my plan. On Saturday evening I chose my outfit and equipped myself with everything I might need for the big day: some gum, a small knife hidden in the right breast pocket, a can of pepper spray in case a human came too close, and for strength: my grandfathers amulet containing his blood. I even lined my shoes neatly with white clothe in morose symbolism of confidence in the universe, hoping it might be seen as a sign of humility and reverence.

I talked myself up, I wrote some positive affirmations for myself which I repeated all week: I am not betraying my ancestors. I am a powerful being, capable of making my own decisions. I am on the right path. I will not give up. I am wise. I am attractive. If humans approach me it is because of my beauty, not because they want to harm me. I will get through this, for I am strong and capable. I am a descendant of the great Dracula. I can do this.

On Sunday morning, I got ready and walked over to the church of St Joseph. I couldn't see how I looked but I felt amazing. I was unexpectedly late, but there was a sense of purpose pushing me forward with every step, and before I knew it, I was in front of the church. I had walked all the way to the garden surrounding the church without faltering, now I just had to get to the nave and find the woman. I started to get nervous so I began reciting my affirmation as I held onto my umbrella tighter. All sorts of thoughts and regrets came and passed as I tried to ignore the singeing feeling under my feet. But soon I reached, and stood at the entrance of the place I had sworn I would never set foot in.

I took a deep breathe and entered the nave. The sanctuary seating was orderly and everything seemed so daunting and proper. A prayer was in session and I felt like I didn't belong here. But then I saw the woman sitting somewhere in the middle rows. I made my way to her and the seat to her right was surprisingly empty. I sat next to her and felt a rush of emotions that I hadn't anticipated. Beneath the suffocating feeling of being around humans in such close proximity, was a feeling of triumph and accomplishment. I felt excited as I turned to look at her. She wore her red dress again, and this time I noticed a delicate necklace dangling from her neck. It seemed to have unlocked a memory in my brain, one that I couldn't seem to access just yet. But I had seen that necklace before somewhere, and I felt a connection to it. As she sang along to the hymn, her voice seemed to draw me in, while all others faded away. Suddenly, she turned to look at me and I saw that her eyes were glowing red. The world froze for a minute as I tried to put the pieces together. It took me the entire service to recognize the woman: she was Valkona, an ancient mage in our history from the 16th century. The necklace was a valgoth, containing the blood of 4 different generations of the most powerful vampires who ever lived. I had heard they gave you powers beyond comprehension, including an invisible barrier against the sun, the ability to blend in with normal human folk, and the skill of seduction. I had just been lured in, made to be a puppet for months just because this woman once willed it.

After the service, we got to talking. She talked with such grace and eloquence; her demeanour made me believe she was the personification of love. On the contrary, the words she uttered were anything but lovely: I got to know that she used the people she met at church to secretly draw in power from them, putting doubt in their minds and playing with their emotions like a fiddle. She smiled and told me she enjoyed the taste of faith and hope leaving their hearts more than anything else. She added that unlike most modern vampires, she did not abstain from the occasional blood suck and murder, in fact, she looked forward to it every weekend. I learnt that the friends at her arm every Sunday night were actually walking to their deaths. She chuckled as she mentioned her little detail of only choosing lonely people to feast off of so no-one would notice their absence after they were gone.

I was star struck; this woman was my hero. She was the sage I had always needed in my life, she was the opposite of everything I believed I needed to be in order to find love. I laughed at the absurdity of everything I had studied to try and become a better person. What was the point? It was simply not my purpose to spend my immortal life carrying out meaningless rituals for a Higher Being who could do very well without my worship. I had spent a millennium living perfectly fine without religion, but the intrigue of a beautiful woman almost made me convert. As if the universe heard me think this, my skin started to burn immediately. I could not stand to be inside a church with all these people and their faith, while my own whit of faith disappeared. Valkonas hand showed up in front of me carrying a necklace identical to hers. I wore it and immediately the world seemed to quiet down. It was so peaceful. Valkona and I became friends and agreed to meet up once a month on every first Sunday for a delicious little drink of blood and possible liquidation. I urged her to indulge in French and Italian cuisine with me every week, and we set up our calendars. I found someone of my kind and made a friend for life; and my life was never the same again.

Rhythm in Words



Tawakul



It might take a year,
maybe it's just here,
If He willed for it,
You'll see your path lit..

The wait gets hard,
Maybe tears us apart,
You must have hope,
True believers will always cope,

Getting my aims break,
I went through an heartache,
Realizing I am just a man,
And — He has a better plan,

Evils I wished for,
Short-lived happiness i ran for,
A better plan I was assured,
This became my only cure,

I never lost hope,
Tightly held the rope,
My head bowed down,
Then i got a crown,

I got what I awaited,
After a wait i never hated,
It was You who eased my heart,
I knew you were never apart,

The puzzle inside my head,
They were keys unread,
Until I realized; He is there,
Not only in me but every heart out there..

Responding to His call,
Never made me fall,
He gave not only the world,
But everything it merged!

Power



Your power is more than all the oceans,
With this you may find all the treasures,
Inside you that are hidden, waiting for explosion,

It's greater than the skies,
But it works the same way in ties,
You run and run, it never ends to surprise,

It's just the bad days,
That brings a hard phase,
Just have faith, there are hundred other ways,

Its sleeping inside you,
Like a wolf who needs a clue,
That needs to be shaken; then breaks them in two,

It'll shout and throw, all beauty it holds,
You trust yourself and there it goes,
It froze the world to let you grow,

Own your
POWER



Silence

All I see nowadays is
Despair and grief in your eyes
This silence of yours is
Forcing me to think
What made you this way?
What made you this silent?
What made you lost?

You are silent but
Your eyes are screaming
You are lost but
Your soul is reflecting

Don't you think?
This silence of yours is much
louder than your actual words.



October

October is here,
A time when reading becomes
easier for me
Ideas start to flow
My imagination runs wild
The leaves twirl around me like
a masked ball
It's magical
It feels like home.



Thoughts

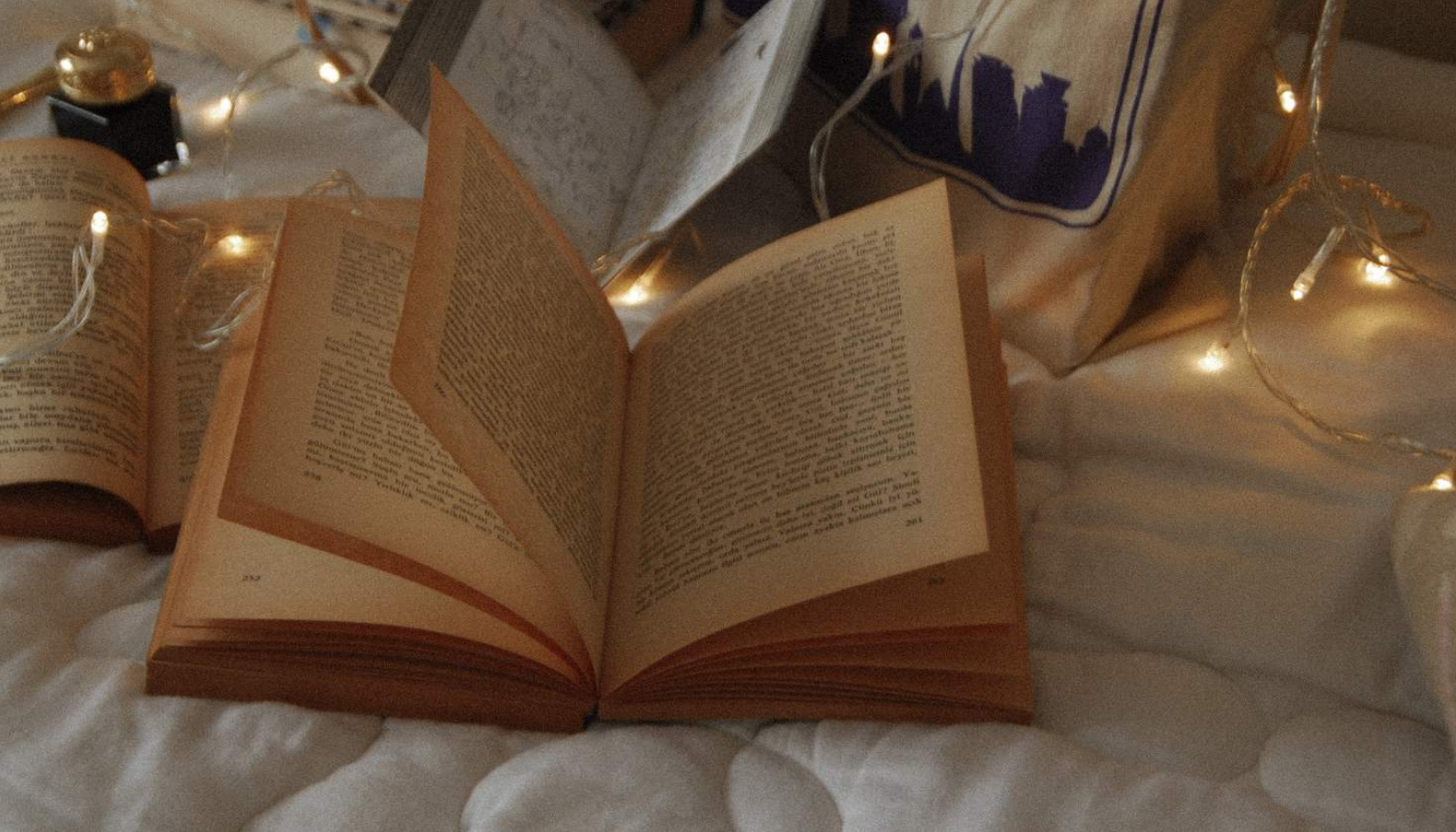
I think about you even when I'm not thinking
There's a question as to why we need to separate

The joy of being close to you was tremendous
I also attained a good share of separation from you
You're like a dream that I've attained
So why should I break this dream?

My nights will tell you that your thoughts are there in my sleep
How should I forget you, since you're there in my thoughts

I think about you even when I'm not thinking
There's a question as to why we need to separate.





The World of Books

She was the kind of girl,
Who used to live in a world of books
A world full of fantasies and imaginations
A world full of happy endings
But little did she know?
The real world in which she exists
Is the opposite of the world of books
The world full of cruelties
Not necessarily always happy endings
How can she not be betrayed by this so-called
The world around her whilst living in a world of her imagination,
The world of books.



Attack Not Back

Yeah that's you who they talk about, let them know that you don't know,
At start won't hurt, at end will ache, such strong poisons are bit slow!

You let them talk, you let them speak! You forget your heart, you're a different
weak!

Pretending to be naive, what a grace you have! wish I really had done the blames
you seek!

Oh be their topic it looks so cool, let the world think it made you fool,
But If friends use tool, keep that wound, attack not back, follow some rule!

In laughters and cheers, not being able to explain yourself are your fears,
When you don't care to explain, your dear ones remain no longer your dears!

Don't keep your ear, for dark realities to hear, though not impossible but your task
is hard

Turn off your listening, and comprehend not danger, let's teach the heart to skip
that part!



Triumph In Loss

You are noble enough to shy your eyes away from what is not yours,
Your manners are beautiful cause you don't ask in prayers for what you know
someone else has been asking before you,
No matter how much you love that thing subconsciously, no matter if you can't
control the feeling of its desire, no matter if you made a beloved despite trying not
to make one!
Your decency always makes you want to own something which by begining was
originally yours and no one else's!
You are royal for you don't occupy the places illegally even if given the power,
I am in love with your morals cause they re unaware of 'SELF'
I am sad that you're hurt and I am sorry that you'll be getting more hurt as you re
wearing a heavy nobility on your heart,
But you're not sad you are brave to know that stolen happinesses were never any
enticing to you!
Let them take your beloved, let your manners stay with you!

Some Times

Some times,
Words are better not spoken,
Thoughts are better not discussed,
Feelings are better not shared,
Emotions are better not expressed,
Tears are better not shed,
Love is better not confessed,
Heartaches are better not suffered,
Ideas are better not considered,
Notes are better not penned,
Pain is better not endured,
Rage is better not shown,
Loneliness is better not felt,
Hopes are better not anticipated,
Perseverance is better not continued,
Roads are better not taken
Sometimes,
It's ok to be vulnerable,
It's ok to be real,
It's ok to give up,
It's okay to move on,
It's okay to not look back,
It's okay to start afresh,
It's okay to forget past,
It's okay to leave people, It's okay to be selfish.



it's okay



The Desert Princess

She is a beautiful desert princess
Eternally honored by golden sand,
she's trapped by brutal summer sun in dry bushes
Defending herself from the giant stinging trees,
Her eyes are waiting for the rain as before
But tangled in becoming a trap of regret once more,
Searching for water in unspecified direction
Not for herself but for others as a princess,
Her need is always justified in her mind
But remembers her people in demand,
Her house made of straws
And life filled with flaws,
She picks up the basket and ask her maid
Hurry up! Or else it will be late,
She is innocent and compassionate
Just like the bangles in her hand,
She's a princess with destitute heart
She accepted her royal life in cold desert,
She does not want a king or a Prince
But few drops to change her life,
This is the compensation of her emotions
This is a desert princess life.



I

I can fly,
I can dive,
I can read everyone's mind
I am hope,
But I am shy,
I can stretch my wings and fly
I ask myself am I alive?
Or am trying to fill that void?
was I here just to hide?
To hide from me and or to hide from light?
Yes, you were the mirror concaved
But I saw in it an image convexed
I can feel your pain
But Can't grab you gain
That's why I'm insane
And end up in your brain

Coat of Silence

My coat of silence
often buries me
in fabricated noise
that unearths mysteries
of sound and voice
when I take it off
no grace no poise



The World

People, people, people I see
as if the word loses meaning
all words to me
the word that consoles
ever so halfheartedly
the word I run from
and yet wish it to be

A Menace on the Loose

There have been sightings everywhere,
a woman's been going about this town,
maddened by the pain of her past,
she now wears for that bloodied gown.

Save your children from a hell gone loose,
from beliefs so twisted, so absurd.
She leads a band of ravenous beasts,
in the veins of whom runs poisoned blood.

With tears and rage deep in hearts,
they're here to battle an age-old fear,
and burn a cursed, barbaric rule.
Oh, dear king, your end is near.

This wave of change is inevitable,
so go ahead, save your flesh and throne.
In her eyes, a dream's alive and fuming,
nourished in all those years on her own.

She is a menace, bold and wild,
yet for some her revolt's a sacred crime.
Regardless, history is certain to be made
by a name that shall last till the end of time.





One Against the Wind

There have been sightings everywhere,
a woman's been going about this town,
maddened by the pain of her past,
she now wears for that bloodied gown.

Save your children from a hell gone loose,
from beliefs so twisted, so absurd.
She leads a band of ravenous beasts,
in the veins of whom runs poisoned blood.

With tears and rage deep in hearts,
they're here to battle an age-old fear,
and burn a cursed, barbaric rule.
Oh, dear king, your end is near.

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In her eyes, a dream's alive and fuming,
nourished in all those years on her own.

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yet for some her revolt's a sacred crime.
Regardless, history is certain to be made
by a name that shall last till the end of time.



A Moon

The bright moon is up
Looking at you
Far from away
Being a friend of your way
You feel its colours
Smiling at you
Making the time precious
While staring at you
By knowing my emotion
And feeling my soul
Facing every phase of life
Even alone up the sky
Being a hope in darkness of life
Leave the road and take the trial
Moon is turning from gloomy to bright
Giving me dreams every night ..



Lost Children



Lost children grew up with blindfolds for eyes
played hide and seek with violence in blissful
unknowing sang of a home they never wanted to leave
a decade later they've sewn their mouths shut

lost children have wound scabs for memories they pick at without
meaning to
ask their names and it's bitten flesh
their address is a burning house painted with gunpowder threat
come near and they'll hiss at all the burns marring their skin

their ears bleed with the chaos of lost love and deprivation so loud it
rings in your ears
their hearts ache and the city reeks of their yearning
they'll tell you songbirds never had a home every time you ask them
about joy
their happiness is glass shard jagged to cut you with its distress

ask them what they're afraid of, and they'll tell you of the same thing
that makes otters sleep with their hands held tight
ask them about light and let the tender fear of their eyes blind you ask
them of a safe place

and they'll whisper they never want to go home

Amicitia



When I first saw you, you seemed too stern
A good person, but not one for whom
I felt much affection, nor much hate
Just a neutral feeling, we kept our own fate

We each had our friends, our own little sphere,
Opposite ends of the line, it was quite clear,
Until my friend left, and you were alone,
We spoke and found common ground to call our own.

Though we started as opposites, we soon found
That we shared a chapter, our similarities abound,
While you looked for friends, I searched too,
But no one else understood us like we do.

We shared a bench, then our lunch,
Our friendship grew with each passing hunch,
And now, with four more in our bunch,
We're stuck together like glue without a crunch

It's okay, it's alright

It's okay, it's alright
You think you're not bright
But set those doubts aside
Don't let your fears subside

Nah! Don't put yourself on the dark side
Take a step back, give yourself a sight
You have the power to fight
It's okay, it's alright

Don't be anxious about what's due
You have strength that's known to few
Don't always search for someone new
Protect those who stick with you

Don't let things make you lose your screw
You'll make it through, you knew
Let your dreams keep your soul ignite
It's okay, it's alright

Even when you feel alone
You have a strength that's all your own
Don't let the darkness steal your light
It's okay, it's alright

Don't let the doubts take hold
You're stronger than you've been told
You have a heart that beats with fire
And a soul that's destined to inspire

You have a path that's meant for you
And the courage to see it through
Keep your dreams in sight
It's okay, it's alright

Don't worry about what's in the past
The future is a canvas waiting to be cast
Paint it with colors bold and bright
It's okay, it's alright

Believe in yourself and take a stand
Hold fast to hope, and take command
Of all the moments, big and small
You have the power to conquer them all

So when the shadows start to creep
And you feel like you're in too deep
Remember that you have the might
It's okay, it's alright.



My Home

My owners have looted my home.
And they made it like a house of the loam.

The roof of my home is demolished by the Maison.
The gardners has uprooted the flowers of the season.

My home has lost its beauty.
But the responsible are not obeying their duty.

My home was a Jupiter of the morning.
But I'm making the promise of adorning.

My home is now a sky without stars.
But the aim to make it shine is not far.

My home is like an eye without sight.
And the mortals are not getting their rights.

My home is now a body without soul.
But still I want the leaders to be troll.

My public was running against the warden a campaign.
And he is the one which I wanted to arraign.

The leaders of my home has burned my paper.
But still I will serve for the reporting as a shaper.

The owners of my home has killed my teachers.
But still I will be a student with some features.

The ruler of my home has cut down my wing.
But the day is not far that I'll rule like a king.

The faithful in the home are chastising their people.
Their react towards people is like to prisoner in the steeple.

Still there is a hope which keeps me alive.
That we will comeback and will get thrive.

My believe is my hope which push me toward success.
But the believe will get a shape and I'll make progress.



Problems are born; problems die

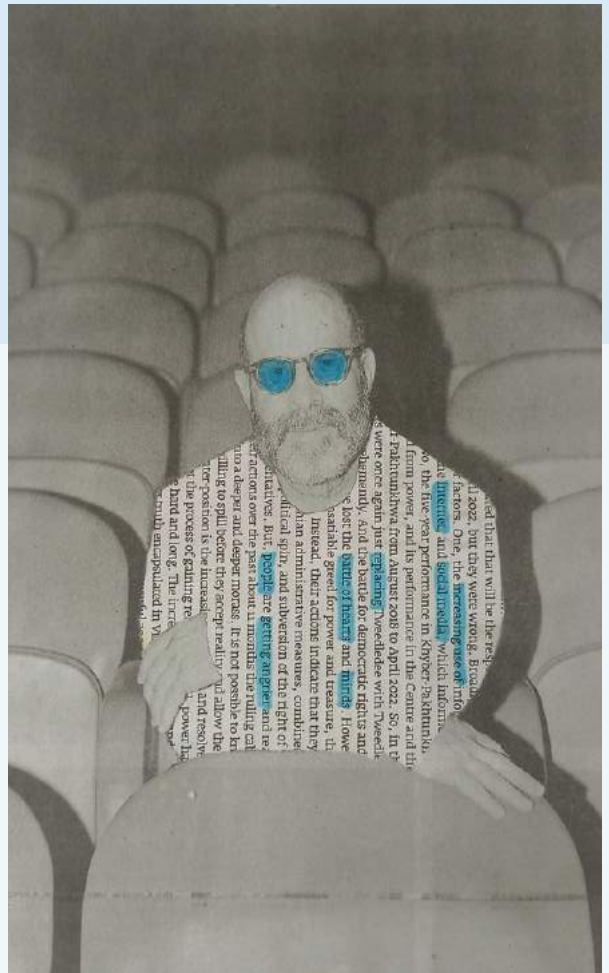
If I speak that's a problem
If I don't that's a problem
You just tell me what to do
Whatever I do is the problem

You know what is the problem
That you think I'm the problem
But for real you don't know
I am none of your problem

Wherever you are stuck
Problem is what you are thinking up
You are always after some issue
Still happiness is what everyone wish you

You think your voice is just like hymn
But you cause everyone's mood to dim
You think everyone is dumb
But in real you are the one,
To make the brain go numb

Your problem, my dear, is plain to see
You see others' lives like a stick of gum to be
Chewed up and spat out without any glee
But I'll solve this issue, just wait and see



Why worry about everyone else's woe?
Why let their troubles bring you low?
Let's focus on ourselves and let it go
And watch our own lives flourish and glow

You're the cause of others' fear,
Thinking of what they'll hear,
But who are you to judge and weigh?
Why let what you say dictate their way?

Your problems stem from what I speak,
But don't it let your mind grow weak,
We can rise above this fray,
And let our own truth pave the way.

You just want to win the race
Your actions are what others have to face
You think you have right to chase
But yes, you are cause of everyone's case

The Mask You Wear

The mask you wear
Is something we all bear,

For us to see what you really are
You must keep your mask apart,

When falling into obscurity
Or even possibly insecurity,

Just know that you can take off the mask
Even though it's painful task,

The sorrow inside is part of you
Learning to control it is all you can do,

Whether you choose to do it or not
It's up to you to extend the plot,

Finding your self is quiet the challenge
You're forced to find what's left scavenge,

The mask you wear
Has made you unaware,

Of what's going on in your life
But you still resolve others strife,

Taking it off will be quit the fight
By doing it everything will be right,

The mask you wear is something we all share
Just be sure it's safe in your care,



Gallery of Moments





The sky, a perfect empty canvas, offers clouds nonetheless. They shift and drift and beg interpretation... such is the nature of art."
- Jeb Dickerson

The sky is an infinite movie to me. I never get tired of looking at what's happening up there."
- K. D. Lang





If you truly love nature, you will find beauty everywhere



Bibliophile; n. a lover of books; one who loves to read, admire and collect books.



Beauty, it is just distraction

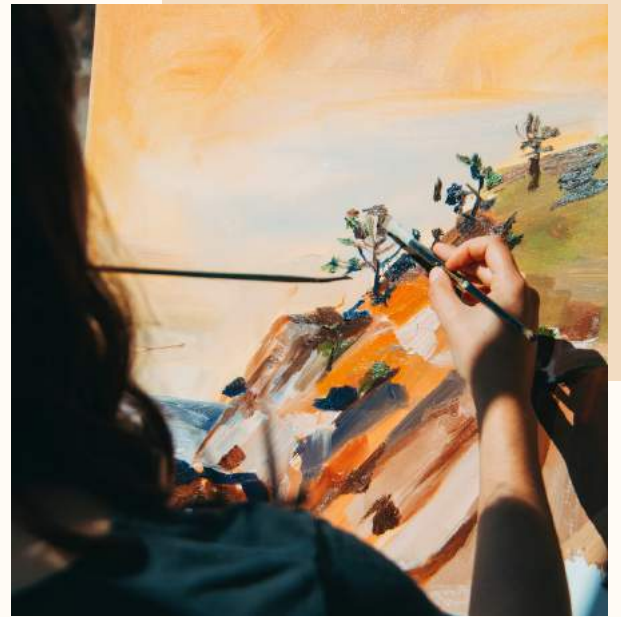


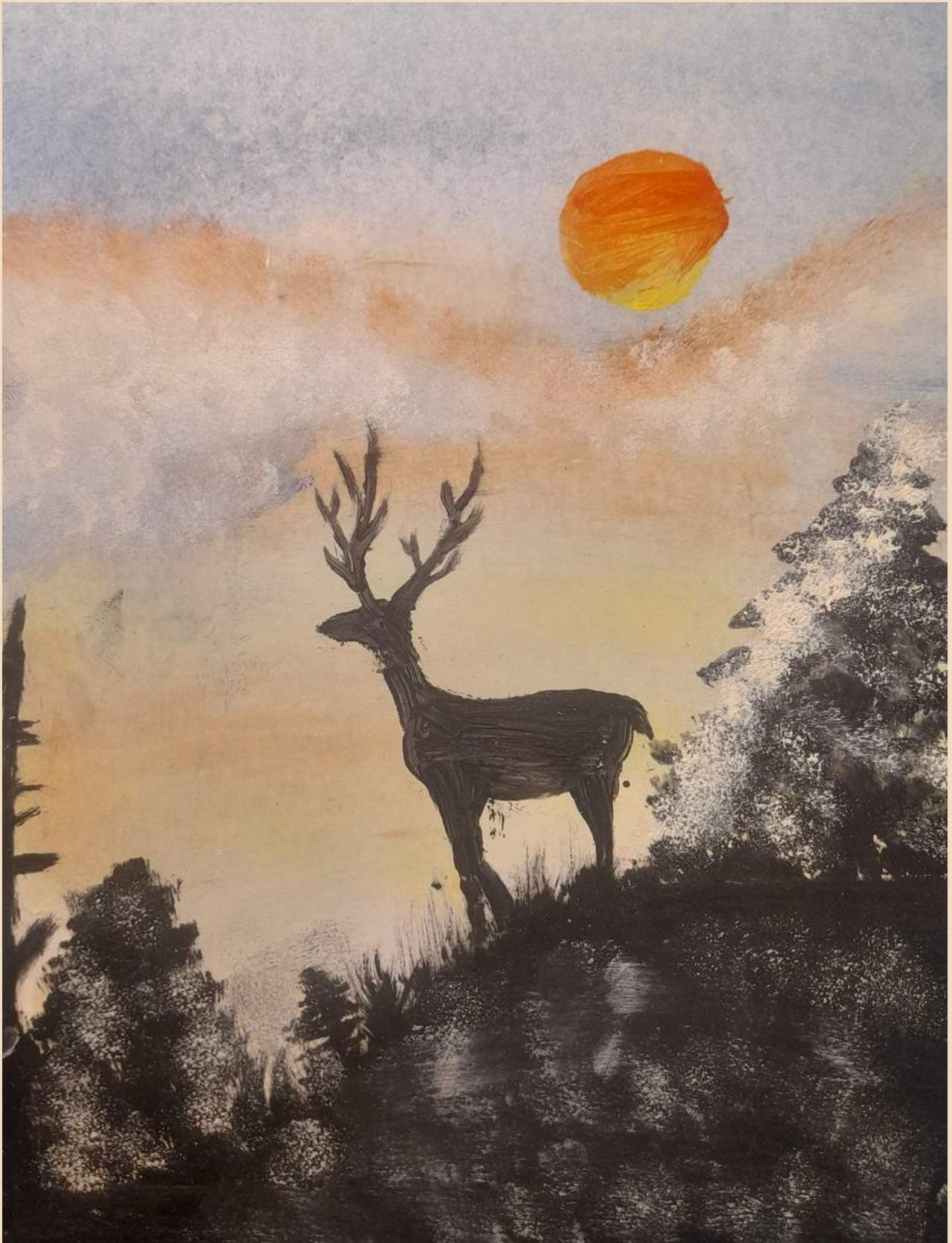
To be soft, is to be powerful



Aviotoxic; the strong desire to be up in the air or to fly

Collage of Young Picassos





In nature, nothing is perfect and everything is perfect.



What has he found who has lost God?



Dandelions don't tell no lies

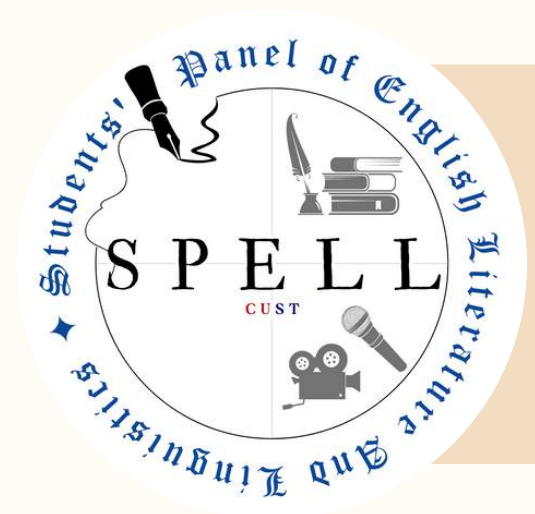
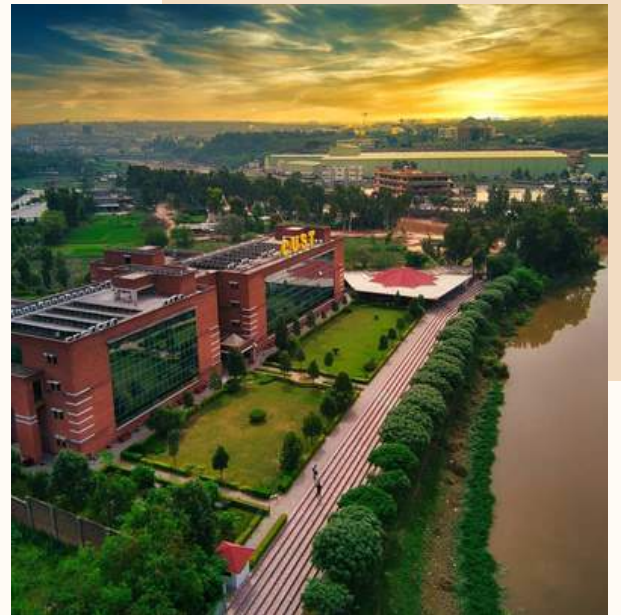


“A drop of snowfall, The waves of
beauty dawning, To morning’s late
hour, As songs of our ancestors
Chant of Aurora’s colours.”
– Maribel C. Pagan



“Sakura, sakura they fall in the
dreams of sleeping beauty”
– Yosa Buson

The End



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