



Shifa College of Pharmaceutical Sciences
Shifa Tameer e Millat University



YASHFEEN



2023

Yashfeen

In the heart of our vibrant academic community, we are delighted to present to you "Yashfeen", Shifa College of Pharmaceutical Sciences' literary magazine that embodies the essence of healing through words. In Arabic, the word "Yashfeen" beautifully encapsulates the process of healing, and that is precisely what this magazine aims to achieve.

It is a canvas for creativity, and a haven for self-expression. Within its pages, you will find the vivid strokes of imagination, the resonance of heartfelt emotions, and the compelling voices of shifaites.

We hope "Yashfeen" inspires you to explore the healing potential

وَإِذَا مَرِضْتُ فَهُوَ يَشْفِينِ

He alone can heal me when I am sick

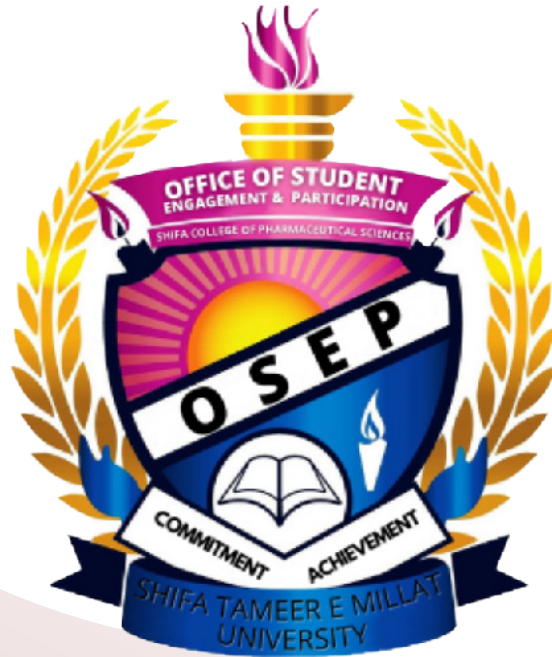
— Al-Quran —



Embodying the Voice of Shifaites

2023





OSEP

SCPS Student Societies were established in order to promote co-curricular and extra-curricular activities in the university thereby enabling the Shifaites to be well-rounded graduates who can be active and responsible members of the society. Being an integral part of the student affairs office, the student societies are headed by the Office of Student Engagement and Participation (OSEP) which is responsible for the administrative and managerial aspects of these student bodies.

SCPS Student Societies



Editor-in-chief's Note

Dear Readers,

I am overwhelmed by the first edition of our annual magazine "YASHFEEN" through SCPS literary society which was one of the aspirations I wanted to accomplish when I was assigned as a coordinator of the Office of student engagement & participation (OSEP). This piece of art shows that our alma mater is capable enough to contribute to literature along with pharmaceutical sciences. As Muslim descendants, we have a rich literary background and a history of incredible writers, storytellers, poets, and philosophers. It is indeed our responsibility as academicians that our students not only have sound scientific knowledge but also, they develop a bond with literature.



The idea about the name "YASHFEEN" was conceived from Quranic "Surah Ash-Shu'ara" verse 80 "وَإِذَا مَرِضْتُ فَهُوَ يَشْفِينِ" which states that and "He alone heals me when I am sick". I was intrigued by the idea put forward by the brilliant student editors as it resonates well with the pharmacy profession and is aligned with our religious beliefs.

Literature is not efficient. Reading it, writing it, and publishing it requires a seemingly unreasonable investment in time. Launching a very first edition was challenging in terms of setting the standard as well as maintaining quality. I am highly indebted to the editorial board for their untiring efforts in the collection, scrutiny, revisions, and graphics of data. I would like to appreciate the incredible graphics designed solely by the student editor who sets a high benchmark for the next to follow.

I am thankful to the Dean Prof Dr. Tauseef Ahmed Rajput for supporting us and providing us with the platform to pursue this initiative. I sincerely acknowledge all the faculty and students who contributed to the very first edition.

I am looking forward to all concealed writers, poets, storytellers, and blog writers coming forward for their literary contributions in a specific genre for the next edition. We will love to have feedback from you to make it a more interesting, informative, and worth reading experience.

Enjoy reading "YASHFEEN".

Regards
Dr. Aisha Altaf



Tribute to **Dr. Tausif Ahmed Rajput**

In the spheres of both of academia and healthcare leadership, Dr. Tausif Ahmed Rajput's accomplishments and contributions shine ever brighter. As the Professor of Pharmaceutical Chemistry, Principal of Shifa College of Pharmaceutical Sciences, and Dean Faculty of Pharmaceutical and Allied Health Sciences, his multifaceted role is nothing short of awe-inspiring.

At the helm of a vast academic community, Dr. Rajput guides a diverse faculty comprising over 100 academic and administrative professionals, nurturing the talents of nearly 1,100 students. His steadfast commitment to academic excellence ensures the strict adherence of all programs to university regulations, fostering a research-centric culture, and facilitating interdisciplinary collaboration to further the lofty goals of SPCS and STMU.

Dr. Rajput's innovation in education is exemplified by his pioneering work in introducing the Integrated Contextual Modular Curriculum (ICMC) at various educational institutions. His fingerprints are on the development, implementation, and oversight of ICMC, enhancing the quality of MBBS, Pharm-D, and BDS programs at NUST and

STMU. Notably, under his visionary leadership, the PharmD curriculum underwent its first revision in six decades, aligning it with international pharmacy standards.

Before gracing STMU with his leadership, Dr. Rajput was instrumental in establishing and managing a plethora of pharmaceutical, research, production, and educational institutions. In his youth, he co-founded a pharmaceutical manufacturing unit, registering a staggering 28 products. His dedication extends to overseeing a state-of-the-art genetics research laboratory, the Center for Research in Experimental and Applied Medicine (CREAM) at NUST. He also held the position of Dean at the Margalla College of Pharmacy, Margalla Institute of Health Sciences, Rawalpindi.

Beyond these remarkable achievements, Dr. Rajput has dedicated his expertise to the national cause of enhancing professional health education, serving as an Advisor on Academic and Human Resource Management Development for the National Medicine Policy 2019 under the Ministry of National Health Regulation and Coordination. His contributions extend to membership in the Scientific Journal Review and Recognition Committee of the Higher Education Commission (HEC) of Pakistan.

While balancing his administrative responsibilities, Dr. Rajput remains deeply committed to his academic and research pursuits. After obtaining his B. Pharm. from Bahauddin Zakariya University and becoming a registered category "A" pharmacist with the Pharmacy Council of Pakistan, he pursued higher studies with relentless determination. He earned his M. Phil in Pharmaceutical Chemistry from the same institution before embarking on a PhD journey in Biochemistry, specializing in Pharmacogenetics and Molecular Biology at NUST.

His research and academic endeavors have graced the pages of prestigious national and international journals and conferences, marking him as a distinguished scholar. Dr. Rajput's influence extends to nurturing the growth of 42 M.Phil., FCPS, and PhD trainees as a dedicated supervisor. He has authored over 50 original research and academic publications, further solidifying his position as a thought leader.

His journey encompasses membership in various editorial boards, examination bodies, and grant review panels, reflecting his commitment to fostering academic excellence. As the Managing Editor of the Journal of Shifa Tameer-e-Milat University (JSTMU), he has overseen the successful launch and publication of three journal volumes.

In conclusion, Dr. Tausif Ahmed Rajput's illustrious career is a testament to his unwavering dedication, pioneering spirit, and tireless pursuit of excellence in education, research, and healthcare leadership. His impact on the academic landscape and the healthcare profession is immeasurable, and his legacy will continue to inspire generations to come. We salute this remarkable individual, a true visionary and luminary in his field.

By: Dr Fawad Bashir
M.Phil. Pharmacology (Molecular)
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Editorial Board 2023



Laiba Fawad
Editor English Section

Dear Readers!

Yashfeen was envisioned to be a platform for expression, for the creatives of Shifa College of Pharmaceutical Sciences, STMU, and we aspire that it lives up to its legacy. Upholding the tradition of pioneering handed to us by the esteemed leadership of Shifa Tameer-e-Millat University, we are presenting to you a testament to the creative imagination and innovative ideas of the shifaitees.

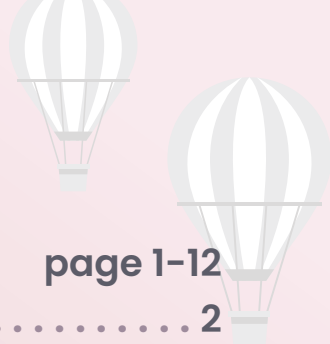
Art has the power to inspire us and mold us into the best versions of ourselves. Within these pages, you will experience the ingenuity of human expression, that paints the tapestry of life.

Creatives of Shifa College of Pharmaceutical Sciences have poured their hearts and visions into the pages you are about to read and as the editors we have curated this edition to not only captivate our audience but also give them the opportunity to reflect, explore, and carve their perspectives.

I extend my heartfelt gratitude to the Dean of the Faculty of Pharmaceutical and Allied Health Sciences, Prof., Dr. Tauseef Ahmed Rajput for the opportunity to be a part of the pioneer edition, OSEP Coordinator Dr. Aisha Altaf for her constant support, and our contributors whose unwavering dedication to their craft has materialized the dream of publishing the pioneer edition of Yashfeen. We are looking forward to earning the glowing reception of our readers!

Warm Regards,

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أَلَا بِذِكْرِ اللَّهِ تَطْمَئِنُّ الْقُلُوبُ

"Surely in Allah's remembrance do hearts find rest."

Quran (13:28)



A Wandering Soul

Ever since I was thrown to earth from paradise
Ashamed of my sin; I wandered in disguise
A soul not at peace, it continued to roam
Went from places to places in search of new home
I skied pass the oceans, for its calmness I admire
And felt like drowning in my worldly desires
In search of serenity, I went to distant lands
And lost myself like a pebble in desert sand
I climbed the highest mountains to fulfil my needs
Yet found my soul suffocated by my sinful deeds
Intrigued by their quietness, to the forests I went
Heard the devil's whisper; I knew what it meant
Tired of all the journeys and my body covered with dust
I looked into myself and found a heart dying of rust
Mustering all my strength, I looked to heavens
Cried out so loud that my ears were deafened
The voice that followed took me by surprise
Someone was there, listening to all my cries
In those words from heavens, the secret was revealed
A truth made known which was for long been concealed
It was not there what I looked from east to west
“Verily, in the remembrance of Allah do hearts find rest”

*by Dr. Saad Hanif Abbasi
(Ex-faculty)*

Once upon a *Wish*



Sometimes I wish

Sometimes I wish to be a Child
Ignorant and full of life
Sometimes I wish to be the Person
Who always used to Smile
Sometimes I wish to be the Sun
Brightening up people's lives
Sometimes I wish to be the Rain
Helping plants to thrive
Sometimes I wish to be a floating cloud
Becoming the shadow of a broken house
Sometimes I wish to be a lesson
People learn before transgression
Sometimes I wish to be a cure
For a life unable to secure
Sometimes I wish I could fly
To meet loved ones before time dies
Sometimes I wish to be a smile
For those going through something hostile
To know all wishes aren't meant to be fulfilled
I'm not a bit disappointed
To know my Lord is there
I'm not scared
Controller of everything
Knowing everything
Giver of peace and joy
So we all can enjoy it!!

by Kiran Javed (Junior year)



Grace upon grace

Fallen from Grace, o my soul you laid
Vulnerable; on the tides of that fiery lake
Such as the Archfiend once did,
Soon after he dared defy the Most High.
Drifting on the infernal waves,
Stripped bare of all the Glory of the Lord of Hosts
You, my soul, floated with no hope
No light. O how eternal it seemed,
Like a perpetual night.
And just when you thought your suffering was supreme;
It came; yet another fall.
O how that Tartarean torrent brought you;
To a new, deeper misery.
Oh! My poor soul. O how fallen,
O how broken, you writhed in agony.
Then you cried out.
O that blessed cry, it became your untold miracle.
You called to the Blessed Name, who was the Way Himself.
You rasped and pleaded, in your fallen state.
And it lead you to that blissful Gate,
The Gate to the roads of eternal Life,
To a Kingdom of precious light and golden streets.
It reconciled you, to dwell eternally with the Divine.
Now you know peace and joy of lasting.
Now you sing the Heavenly praise.
Now you know the Truth of having,
Grace upon Grace.

by Kainat D. A. (Senior year)



Hearing the silence

I heard them speaking in the name of reason,
I saw their utterance causing a mere destruction.
Unaware of the path that their words may take,
The pain they cause, and the scars they make.
For the words have ability to pierce the soul,
Like an arrow shot from an archer's bow.
They echo forever in the spirits of their victims,
Making them sick with no apparent symptoms.
Words are your masters, which you yourself have chosen,
For you cannot unsay them, once you have spoken.
I want to practice silence, amidst of all the noise,
I want to be insane among the people, so wise.
I want to see those words vaporizing, without being spoken,
Unless they can cure the ill and heal the broken.

Only those who dwell in the solitude of the night,
Know that darkness reveals more than bright daylight.

Silence is my salvation, speaking is my choice,
The more I say, the more it kills my inner voice.

by Dr. Saad hanif Abbasi
(Ex-faculty)

Roads of Faith

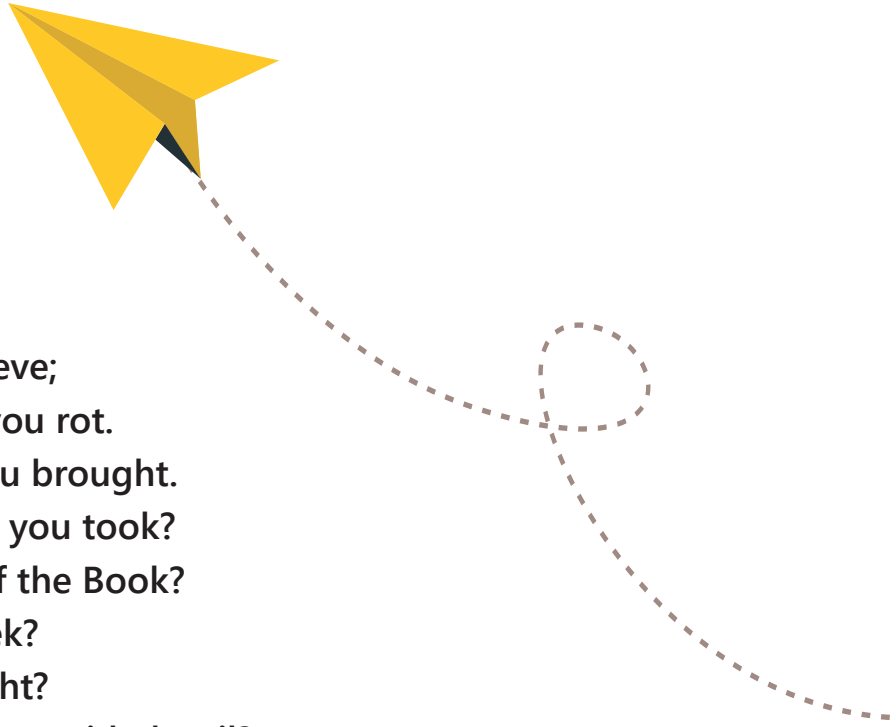
On the roads of faith
Let's walk with grace
Slowly and modestly
Steps will take us there

Let's count all strides and sighs
When there's no turning back
The feet will shiver at times
As rain may splatter the way
But the sun will rise eventually
Leading to the right place

Till the very last stride of voyage
You might have fallen and bled
Still if your faith won't falter
You'll make it to the other end
looking back at the journey you made
Never ending though it seemed
it will end ever so beautifully

by *Hafsah Tayyaba* (Junior year)

A voice



Within her head; a voice said,
O' daughter of Adam, O' kin of eve;
Your fall is near and soon shall you rot.
For it will be known, the fruit you brought.
Shall we remind you of the oath you took?
The gift of creed; the blessing of the Book?
What was it you're meant to seek?
By whom you shouldn't be taught?
Will it be the path of betrayal or a guided trail?
The greed of reward or the fear of the scale?

by *Laraib Badar* (Junior year)



Mother Lives

I can run every mindfield
Till the distance to haul is zero
You still give me
All that's meant for me
Your presence wafts from heaven's best place
Races the sky crosses the ocean looking for the so(u)n that lits brightest
of all
She everyday takes this tour
To pour me one more cup of life (one more day to live)
You brought a speed to the world so slow
Living without you was gruelling
Just the picturesque memories
For years
to live through
Shoulders already burdened with
pain of living alone for life
Sighs, groans, restlessness, unrelentness
Were the things I used to start my days with
Future dreaded with obscurity
Caught by people you always foe
I met your bombastic friends
Whom I just had a word or two with
Lost the control of enunciation
Was Barely able to speak up
about the matters
When they all came together
threw all your stuff
And fired it up
Doctor's bills and empty bottles left
My head throttled with the weeping like a child

Pleading for you to come back
To pull me up
I apologize for being
So unprotective of you
I hesitated, grew reluctant but
Now am free from everything
And only for you
She was a vivacious, heartfelt and
"never really over" kinda mother "
-mother lives

by *Ehtisham ul haq*
(Sophomore year)



Quotes for the day

You've been blessed with qualities, and you spend your life thinking of them as your flaws. At this point in life we all need to realize WE ALL ARE NOT SAME! We're not made for the same thing.

We need to realize not everyone can be responsible for the same job. What others can do, we're not supposed to do the same. We've to figure out what it is that gives us peace. What makes us happy? Only in those things we'll be responsible. Only for those things we can work for days without being tired. So before comparing ourselves with other, and before trying to follow their path just because they've achieved something great, we need to think of our interests.

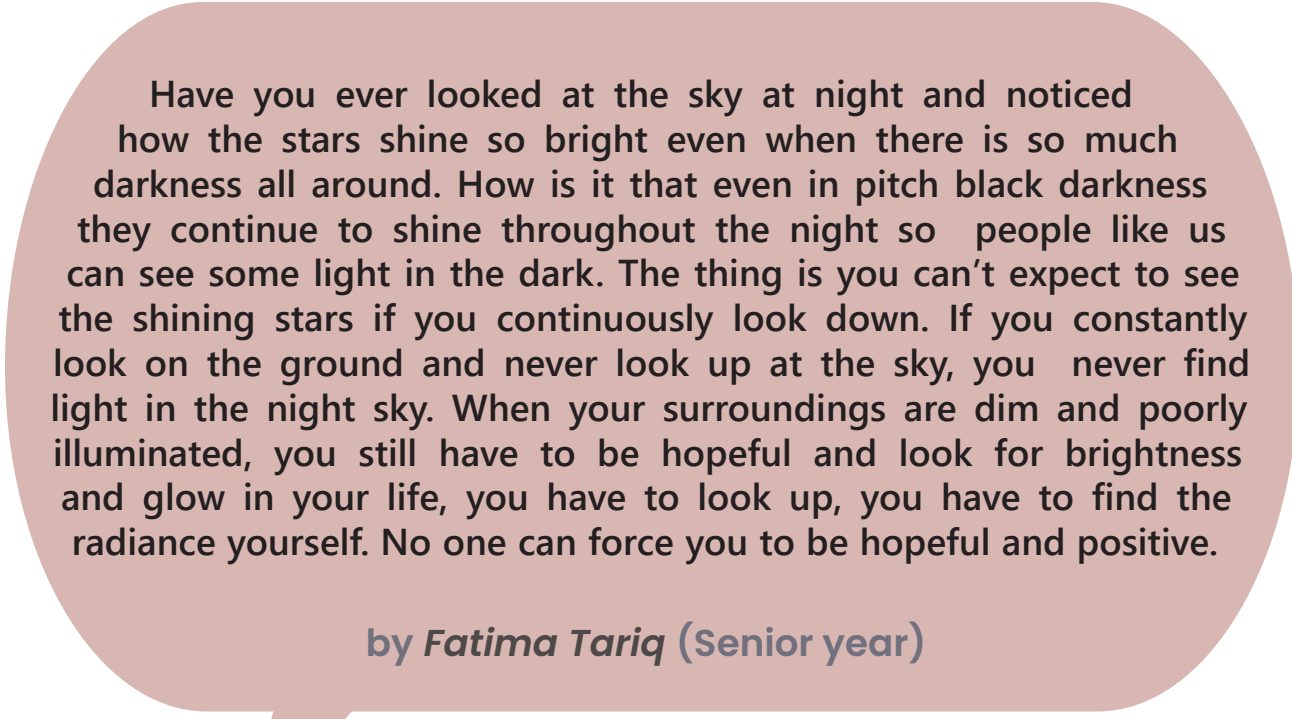
by *Adina Nisa* (Junior year)

Human life is important, try to save them, even if with just a single penny or a morsel.

by *Hafsa Bibi*
(Alumni 2022)

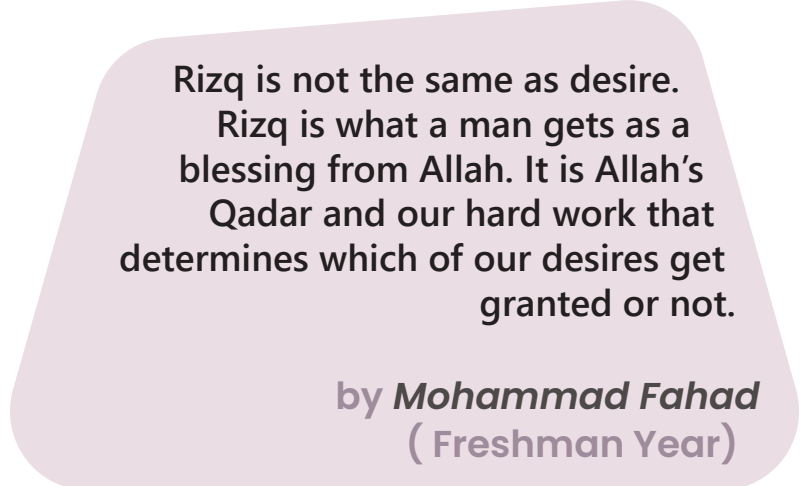
The company of one true friend is better than loneliness in a crowd.

by *Hafsa Bibi* (Alumni
2022)




Have you ever looked at the sky at night and noticed how the stars shine so bright even when there is so much darkness all around. How is it that even in pitch black darkness they continue to shine throughout the night so people like us can see some light in the dark. The thing is you can't expect to see the shining stars if you continuously look down. If you constantly look on the ground and never look up at the sky, you never find light in the night sky. When your surroundings are dim and poorly illuminated, you still have to be hopeful and look for brightness and glow in your life, you have to look up, you have to find the radiance yourself. No one can force you to be hopeful and positive.

by *Fatima Tariq* (Senior year)



Rizq is not the same as desire. Rizq is what a man gets as a blessing from Allah. It is Allah's Qadar and our hard work that determines which of our desires get granted or not.

by *Mohammad Fahad*
(Freshman Year)



Never forget those people who did not forget you in your hard times.

by *Maria Yazdani*
(Sophomore year)



When He begin to love me

by Ashweena Khan (Sophomore year)



Amidst of darkness, in the shadows of ail, with the dismal and gloom reflecting on my face, my eyes yearning for a beacon of light and my heart aching with a daunting pace. In the chaos of that bedlam, my eyes began to drift down and my seclusion consuming every inch of my soul.

"Am I dying?",

'I asked myself with a voice not heard.'

I tried to raise my hand from my chest and I could feel my fingers wet from blood. I was stabbed thrice in my chest, I could feel my pain lessen tardily and my body being cold. I still couldn't believe that my own nephew did this to me but how can he kill his uncle? I thought to myself.

My nephew was so beloved to me. He was the first child of my elder brother. I remember how much I used to play with him and as a royal prince I taught the little prince so many things. Like sword fighting, horse riding and things that a prince is obliged to learn as he grows up. I loved him as if he was my own son.

I had no desire to become a king as I thought that it is the right of my elder brother and I would have let my brother take the throne because my only wish was to get closer to my Creator not to get closer to the things He created. I had no love for this world nor did I yearn for respect or fame. I always wanted to live like an ordinary man. I wanted to become someone in the eyes of my RAB, even if I am nothing in the eyes of this world.

And how can someone get deluded from something that is destined to perish in the end?

My father, the king, always thought that I can be a better king than my brother after his death. Though he knew I had no desire of it. But what kind of fate is this that the son is dying before his father, alone in the prevailing darkness with no one besides him.

Ahhh! I sighed heavily in dismay. But maybe that is how it was planned and the lord of the worlds is indeed the best of all planners. I have forgiven my nephew besides the people of this world might think that what could be worse than dying? But, for me it's not something that is worse. In fact according to a person like me what can be more pleasing than dying and finally having freedom from this insignificant world? I should be happy that I am dying as a martyr, 'I smiled.'

Now my doubt was actually changing into reality, I was really dying and the dark sky didn't seem dark anymore. I could see lots of huge men coming down from the sky wearing white clothes and escalating luminosity through the horizon. I couldn't see their faces as a huge white cloth had covered them completely. I could only see the hair on their heads. And by that I

assumed that they are men. I could feel this vast illumination penetrate through my eyes.

“LA ILAHA ILLALLAH (THERE IS NO GOD BUT ALLAH)”, ‘I said my final words.’

I kept my eyes open to see what next will be perceived by my sight. I saw a girl coming down from the sky covered all in white. I could only see her eyes. As she came closer to me I could see her clearly now.

Her eyes had many colors and I have no words to explain the beauty of those large ravishing eyes. In the world I had seen people with blue eyes, green eyes, brown eyes and I myself had hazel eyes. But I never saw anyone having eyes with so many colors and I could see the shimmer in those eyes, those large eyes with thick and long lashes. It’s truly unimaginable and it might seem awkward to someone if I tell them about what I saw and literally this sight was unbelievable. It all seemed like a dream. They were the most beautiful large eyes I ever laid my sight upon. And suddenly I reminded myself of that verse that I recited many times in the world, “that indeed the afterlife is better than this life.”

The fragrance coming out from her, made my mind boggle. It was exceedingly breathtaking. She came and sat next to me, close to my right shoulder I was probably taking my last breaths. One of those enormous men came and stood in front of me obediently. I don’t know what they all were, maybe they were angels, but they all were extremely beautiful and captivating and these creatures were not familiar to me before. The man standing in front of me was so huge, I couldn’t see his feet but his head was high up in the sky.

The girl came closer to my ear and said, “Ahib! The one standing in front of you, is an angel and his name is Ibrahim.”

Her voice was so beautiful, more beautiful than I imagined but her words left me in a bewilderment because in the world I read about a Prophet named Ibrahim, but then I

reminded myself that everyday 70,000 new angels are created and maybe there might be many angels with the name Ibrahim, just as in the world there were many people with same names. And Ibrahim means Father of Nations, so maybe this angel might be superior from the others that were standing behind him, as he had more light than the rest of them. I was quietly looking at him and thinking all of this. He was standing with his head down in respect. I was so mesmerized and fascinated by this extreme beauty and light.

At that moment my whole life flashed in front of my eyes and suddenly I began to realize that it was not me who remained pious throughout his life on his own, nor it was my own will to love the lord of the worlds but it was all His mercy on me from the beginning and He began to love me first and then He let my heart love Him and made me obey Him.

The day He began to love me, He blessed me with the most precious thing of all. The thing that was most precious to Him from everything in this world, He granted that to me and that precious thing was His true Guidance. It was all His mercy that I was righteous and pious in my life and now I was dying as a martyr. I had no one with me but He was there with me. From the time I didn’t even exist until today, He always loved me and took care of me. He loved me before my parents, he loved me before everyone else started to love me, and He took care of me before the others started taking care of me. He knew me when I myself didn’t know who I was. He was always with me wherever I was.

Ahh! ‘I sighed’, ‘As tears dripped from the sides of my eyes flowing slowly towards my ears.

“YA WADOOD YA ALLAH”

THE MOST LOVING- ALLAH

Nine tails in Shifa

by Hafsa Bibi (Alumni 2022)

"I want to take admission in this university", he asserted.

"In which course?" a lady asked.

"I don't know, Sasuke said he was going to join Shifa, so I want to join as well" he declared.

*She was annoyed but then calmed herself and questioned, "why do you want to get admission here?"

"Because I want to become Hokage" he replied.

The confused receptionist asked, "what's your name?"

"Ore was naruto da"

"Huh?"

Sighed Naruto shook his head and understood that she don't even understand Japanese,

"My name is Naruto Uzumaki, and I will become Hokage one day. **Dattebayo!** (believe it)",

Naruto proudly declared.

--

Naruto arrived at the University

The guard came and asked, "who are you? And what are you here for?"

"To get admission here", Naruto replied.

"Hmm, okay. But you must wear a visitor's card", the guard insisted.

Huh, what is that, is it a trap, Should I run? Ughhhh I am so confused, thought Naruto.

While the gatekeeper turned back to get a card, Naruto did **substitution jujutsu** and disappeared.

"Where did this wood come from?", the guard said shockingly.

"Why aren't you wearing a lab coat?", someone inquired.

Huh, it's some rule here, he thought

"And where is your id card?"

Naruto after a pause of a few seconds,

responded proudly, "Umm I don't know what that is, and we future Hokages never wear such things".

"Are you a newcomer? You want to get admission here?"

"Hai hai", Naruto nodded.

"Then, go to Student Affairs"

"Wakatta" (alright)".

—

"Ohayo! (good morning) Ma'am I want to get admission at this university!", exclaimed

Naruto.

"Which course?",

Ma'am asked.

"One which can make me a Hokage?"



Ma'am thought and then asked, "And what does a Hokage do? "

"Hokage helps others. Like Lady Tsunade who helps others by healing them" Naruto explained.

"Alright, I get it now. You want to take admission in pharm-d. Right?", questioned Ma'am.

"Hai hai, sensei"

"Luckily, we have a test today, would you like to take the test?", inquired Ma'am.

"Yes, I would love to".

"Okay, wait let me fill out the form for you".

"Hai!"

"Where are you from?"

"Hidden leaf village".

—

After the exam, Naruto calls Sasuke.

"Konnichiwa (scaredy-cat), you know what, I rocked in the test", Naruto chuckled.

Sasuke scoffed, "I know you would rock it, you rock-head."

"You just wait and watch, I will become Hokage and will defeat you, **Dattemayo!**"

"Yeah, yeah waiting for it", Sasuke mocked.

"By the way, where are you?", Sasuke asked.

"In Shifa", Naruto replied.

Shifa? questioned Sasuke.

"Yup, I overheard you talking to Kakashi sensei about it", said Naruto.

I was talking about Rosuto Shifu. And he took it this way. Such a dumb-ass, I will not tell him and go to shifu alone, Sasuke thought.

"Naruto, I know you can't get admission there. But still, you should work hard for this", Sasuke teased him.

"Sure, give the phone to Sakura, I want to tell her something", countered Naruto.

Bell rings, phone call gets cut.

Haha, scaredy-cat.

—

Naruto was getting bored, so he went to the library. Where he read some historical books. He was amazed at how his ancestors worked hard. He started to love books. There

he saw some final year students talking about getting enrolled in literary society. He thought he should also join and went with them.

They took him to the literary society room, where there was some meeting being conducted. He met the mentor, President, and other core team members.

I think I have seen him somewhere, Media Secretary thought.

Naruto asked the president to let him join.

"Why do you want to join?", President asked.

"Yare yare! (oh, dear) such a difficult question.....Because I think books are the only medium which joins us with our ancestors. As in old times, there was no other technology to record, so books were used, which help us to travel the world without moving an inch. Through them we can even give our future generation a lot of information to make it a more developed world. Books are a very good source of literature".

Everyone clapped. Good answer Naruto.

"Arigatou, arigatou (thank you)", Naruto blushed.

—

Naruto spent a lot of time with the members of literary society. He was very touched by everyone's behaviour, how everyone accepted him even if he a **jinchuriki**.

He met many faculty members as well, chatted and enjoyed their company.

He thought if Sakura-chan was here, it would have been a more interesting journey.

—

Student affairs called him.

"Sorry, but you didn't pass the written test"

Nani?? (What), why? Naruto asked.

Ma'am rolled eyes and replied with a plain face. 'Because your paper was blank",

"Oops, (sorry)" Naruto scratched his head, "I thought it was a morale test"

"No problem better luck next time"

—

I think I should just go now, maybe I am not

as good as Sasuke, Naruto thought. A mentor of literary society came and patted his head, "don't worry, maybe you have many other things to achieve in your life. You will succeed and become Hokage, which you always talking about". Core team members also came and cheered him, "**Ganbatte** (best of luck) Naruto Kun" Naruto was very happy to meet Shifa family, he didn't want to leave but he got a text from Sasuke, to come back urgently. He thanked everyone and left.



Awakening of true courage

by Abdul Rafay (Senior year)

It is said that courage is not the absence of fear. Courageous people have the same feelings, they are also afraid of some things, but a truly brave person manages to triumph over his fears.

One fainthearted individual went to an expert of combat fighting and requested to show him fortitude. The expert took a gander at him and stated: I will show you just with one condition: For one month you should live in a major city and tell each individual that you meet on your way that you are a coward. You should state it boisterously, straightforwardly and gazing directly into the individual's eyes.

The individual got truly tragic, in light of the fact that this undertaking appeared to be extremely frightening to him. For several days he was miserable and insightful, yet to live with his weakness was insufferable to the point that he headed out to the city to achieve his central goal.

From the outset, when meeting the passers, he quailed, lost his discourse and couldn't contact anybody. Yet, he expected to complete the expert's assignment, so he started to conquer himself. At the point when he came up to his first passer to tell about his weakness, he couldn't help thinking that he would pass on from dread. However, his voice sounded stronger and more certain as time passed. Out of nowhere came a second passer, when the man found himself believing that he's not frightened any longer, and the further he kept doing the expert's assignment, the more persuaded he was that the dread was surrendering to

him. That way a month had passed.

The individual returned to the expert, bowed to him and stated: "Much obliged to you, instructor. I completed your errand. Presently I'm not apprehensive any longer. In any case, how could you realize that this weird assignment will help me?" Indeed weakness is just a propensity. What's more, by doing the things that alarm us, we can demolish the generalizations and arrive at a resolution that you came to. What's more, presently you realize that fortitude is additionally a propensity. Furthermore, in the event that you need to make dauntlessness a piece of yourself-you need to push ahead into the dread. At that point the dread will disappear, and grit will become a part of your being.

"There is nothing in the world so much admired as a man who knows how to bear unhappiness with courage."

SENECA



Fated to be

by Mehrab Tahir (Senior year)

Motes of dust, spiraling in the air. There is some pattern to it but, when I observe them too long, it fades away. This is the issue with everything I contemplate. I try to see how things work, the people around me, the situations and circumstances around me, but, whenever I feel too familiar with the patterns, unexpected things always take me off guard, sometimes reminding me of the sea. I always felt that the sea deliberately sends violent waves, to wash away the patterns of its sands whenever I felt so close to reading them.

I sigh, sitting on the edge of my bed, looking at that dust whirling in the warm rays that escape through the curtains. Here starts another day, with a lot to be done and nothing to do really.

Sitting in front of my dressing table, I pick up a comb and start running it through my hair. I look at the blackness of my hair, then the blackness of my room where no other light glows other than those rays escaping from the curtains. I stare at my own reflection, two black eyes stare right back at me. Looking into people's eyes is stressful, enlightening, but tolling as well. But then, don't all things come with a cost?

This blackness reminds me of Alice. Her falling and falling and falling into that rabbit-hole. While she fell and the darkness consumed her from below and all around, maybe she held her breath and closed her eyes for a moment, maybe at that time she decided to travel inward into the depths of her own fluttering heart, maybe she chose to block away the cold dread of falling like this, maybe this is how one unlocks a hidden treasure, and finds out a whole new universe of what one contains within. Amusing. Looking at things from this

perspective, Alice must have been much stronger for doing this, than we give her credit for. I made a mental note to read that storybook again sometime soon.

I had to write something too. Anything. Something the likes of those rays that beamed into my dark room, uninvited yet warm. Even the grey dust glittered up and danced because of them. As I cooked some eggs and toast for breakfast, I thought about what I should write. A story maybe. Yes, why not? A story about what though? Let's think about that.

While I chewed on my toast, the refreshing green color of parsley on my omelet made me think of the mountains. Mountains can make ones heart dance, right? What if I write about the mountains? I ate the rest of my breakfast a bit hastily. I washed the dishes while my coffee brewed saturating the air with it's rich aroma. I felt warm inside, content. At my writing desk, the pen ready in my hand, I pictured the mountains, its cold breezes and lush greens, its clear streams and delightful waterfalls. But, what about them? Blank. I don't know. I clearly needed some inspiration. Period.

"I don't expect much ahead. My future is pretty dull. Every day the cobbler lays me on a dirty rag on the footpath. All day I sadly observe people going about their business, their shoes dusted with dirt. What a sorry sight! Being a shoe sucks! Yet here I am, I can't escape from my own being, I've been made to be worn on people's feet. It's my humiliating fate to remain on the dirt, powdered and dusted by it. All I do now is observe. There are all sorts of people in the street. Sometimes I notice a few walking bare footed. I wonder why they don't wear shoes. A little girl often passes by my

humble resting place and I notice how her feet pave their way through the dirt and pebbles. Holding her mother's finger, she tries to maneuver herself carefully to avoid dirtying her dainty feet.

One day I saw the little girl skipping joyfully around her mother, but in her state of reckless gaiety she stepped onto a piece of glass. How she bled and how she cried! Her mother worried and confused, picked her up and swiftly walked home. The next morning, the mother stopped by the cobbler's rag. She inquired about the prices, thoughtfully took out her wallet, and then scanned the shoes on display. I felt her eyes on me and as I held my breath she held her gaze. Apparently, it was my lucky day! She bought me and took me home, which was small and old, but well-kept. She hid me behind her back and went into a room quietly. There laid the girl, in her blanket, looking at the roof, whispering.

Her mother listened to her innocent prayer, "O Allah! I wish I had a pair of shoes. I promise. I promise I'll be a good girl. I'll eat my meals obediently, I'll help mama with the house chores, and I'll never bother mama about anything! Just a pair of shoes. Please."

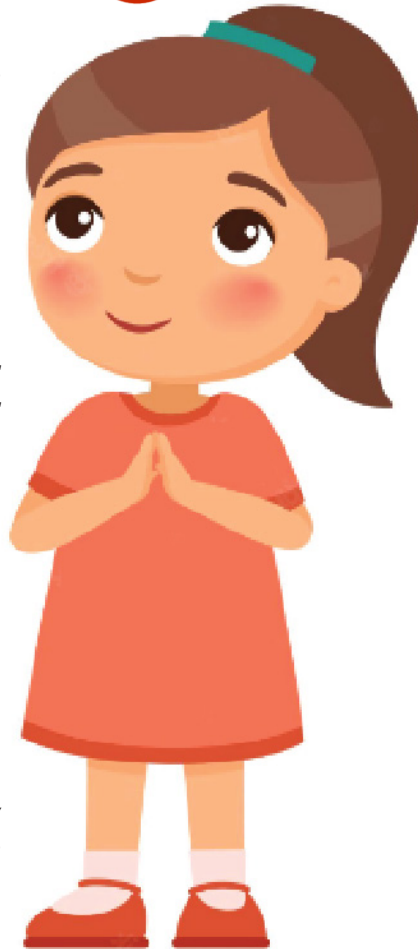
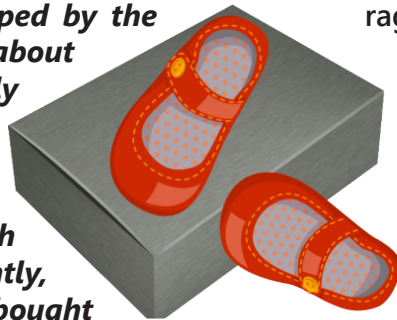
Hearing her daughter's plea, the mother looked skyward, smiling, wiping a tear from her face. Words can't do justice with what I felt at that time. A mixed feeling of intense pleasure, a slight ache in my heart. All this time, I was so depressed about my future, had such a pessimistic view that I completely overlooked the essence of my existence, my real value.

I realize now, the small things we easily overlook in life can change the whole picture around in the end. A slight emotion, like a caring smile, an act of kindness, has the potential to turn dust into gold. I still remember and will always remember

that little girl's sparkling eyes, her wide unfiltered smile when she first saw me in her mother's hands.

Surely the true value of our being is only realized when we can turn someone's frown into a smile, when we become a source of happiness and peace for others"

When my pen inked that final full-stop, I smiled. Had I not went for a walk this evening and not seen the cobbler with his rag on the footpath I wouldn't have thought about writing this story. The way a little girl smiled at me on my way home, I felt exactly like a swirling golden mote, the warm rays of her smile my stage.



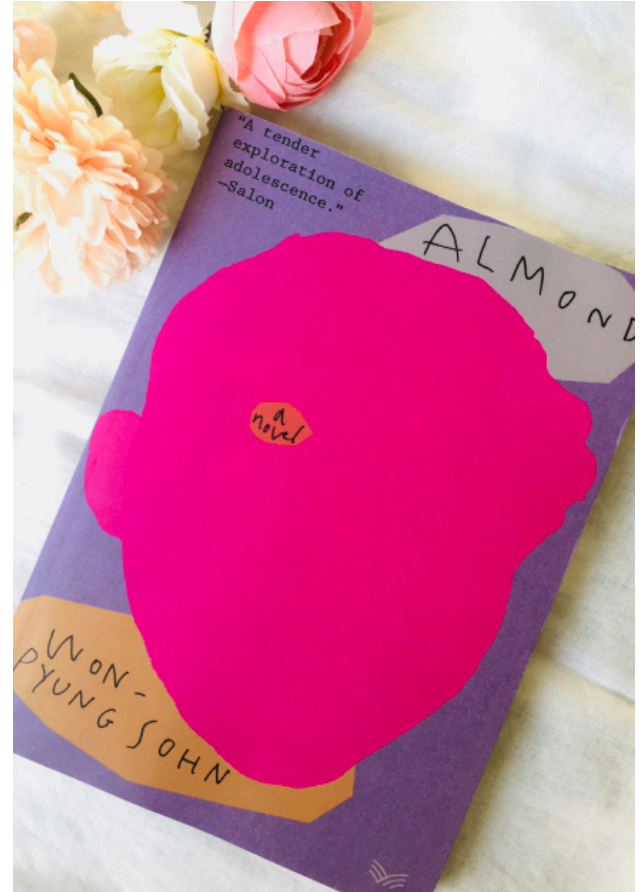
Almond; A book Review

by Mehr un Nisa Kamran (Senior year)

Almond is the debut novel of a Korean writer, Won-pyung Sohn, translated by Sandy Joosun Lee. It is a fictional, coming-of-age story of a boy, Yunjae who has a condition known as alexithymia – an inability to identify and express one’s feelings like anger, fear, or sadness. This condition is due to the underdevelopment of the amygdala, which Yunjae refers to as almond – which is responsible for emotional development.

Yunjae lives with his mother and grandmother in a small apartment attached to the bookstore owned by his mother. From a very young age, his mother notices his peculiar behavior. Whatever diagnosis the doctors made, his mother remained unfazed and took it upon herself to teach his son how to be expressive. His mother and grandmother poured their energies into teaching and encouraging him how to react in daily situations, like when to say sorry and thank you. After starting school, an incident signaled his peer that Yunjae was not normal. His mother didn’t want him to stand out hence she started to coach him about various scenarios and the possible ways to respond to them. After the daily exercises and consistent practice, things started to get better and Yunjae managed to blend in.

On his sixteenth birthday on Christmas Eve Yunjae’s world falls apart. At this point, his antagonist Gon enters the story. Gon is the polar opposite of Yunjae. He is full of rage, anger, and negative emotions, mainly the result of childhood trauma. Despite their dissimilar personalities, they strike up an unusual friendship and in the end, this bond saves both Yunjae’s and Gon’s worlds.



“THERE IS NO SUCH PERSON WHO CAN’T BE SAVED. THERE ARE ONLY PEOPLE WHO GIVE UP ON TRYING TO SAVE OTHERS”.

The reason why I found this book interesting was although the protagonist was unable to feel emotions yet the writer manages to make the readers feel everything that he cannot. Yunjae questions the complexities of human life and relationships as he tries to figure out what exactly being ordinary means.

Dr. SHIM WAS RIGHT--BEING ORDINARY WAS THE TRICKIEST PATH. EVERYONE THINKS ‘ORDINARY’ IS EASY AND ALL, BUT HOW MANY OF THEM WOULD ACTUALLY

FIT INTO THE SO-CALLED SMOOTH ROAD THE WORD IMPLIED?"

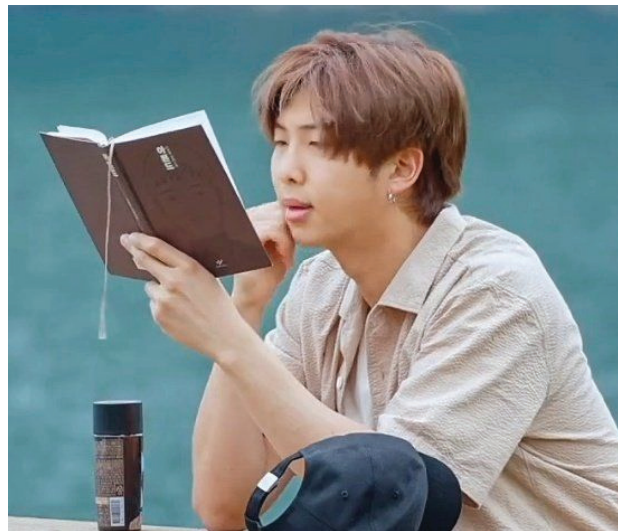
The contrast between Gon's and Yunjae's personalities was also very well described. One was a social outcast because he felt so much and the other because he was unable to feel anything at all. Gon is attracted by Yunjae's calmness and Yunjae thinks that if he could understand Gon better he might understand the world a little better. I wanted to know more about Gon's past, where he had been, and what experience led to his spiteful behavior.

In the first part of the book, his mother is constantly trying to find ways to teach her son how to react and "act normal". I know where she is coming from, she didn't want her kid to be the target of bullies, but her continuous nagging made me feel sympathetic toward Yunjae. Also, no event or scenario can have one perfect reaction. Everyone perceives information differently and hence they have different responses. These small discrepancies in our personalities make us different from each other.

Overall this book is easy to read and fast-paced. Despite the cliché, the too-good-to-be-true ending I would recommend reading this heartwarming story about love and friendship. If you want to take a break from Western literature or start reading as a hobby this book will serve the purpose. Also, there are scenes of murder, animal abuse, bullying, and torture, so consider this as a fair warning.

P.S.: To any BTS fans out there, one of the members was seen reading this book. What more reason do you want to go read it?

Kim Nam-Joon (BTS RM)



source: @choi_bts2



reading Almond!

Min yoon-gi (BTS Suga)

Reign of herbal medicine

by Hafsa Bibi (Alumni 2022)



Plants not only give us oxygen to survive, wood to make shelter but also have countless health benefits hidden in them. Their seeds, leaves, roots, fruits, bark etc. have different health uses which help us to cure and prevent diseases.

In old times, when there were no medicines, people still survived and had more life span than people living in present times. They used plants for healing different diseases. That time people who had knowledge of herbs were the doctors who were consulted time to time. Those doctors used various leaves to make concoctions of it, consumed as whole or applied on the skin for therapeutic purposes.

Nowadays as we progressed, those plants are used to extract the active ingredient and purify it, make it concentrated to use it for different purposes. But those medicines have side and adverse effects. Side effects are often well-documented, but some unpredictable adverse effects can be fatal. Even though all drugs are concentrated and have more therapeutic effects but many cause adverse reactions as well. Plants when

used raw have a bitter taste sometimes while drug's tastes are masked to an extent, they became palatable, yet people prefer natural products. After a long time of the progress of synthetic products now people understand that natural products are the best and more preferable.

People argue that herbs can also have poisonous effects as allopathic medicines so why use herbs instead of synthetic drugs. But those effects of herbs are associated with some misidentification of the plant, incorrect preparation or administration by inadequately trained personnel. The same problems of toxicity are also associated with allopathic medicines as well, as if different concentration of drug is dispensed, or misidentification, or incorrect dose management non-conforming to patient height, weight, liver and kidney function test can also cause toxicity. So, there is a need for proper management of herbal drugs to maximize its therapeutic benefits and reduce side effects.

Nowadays most people prefer herbal medicines because our body often responds

favorably to them, they are cost effective as compared to allopathic medicines because these medications are made from bountiful and easy-to-produce natural resources, treat underlying cause of the disease, improve overall health, and have fewer side effects. Herbal medicine also contains vitamins, antibodies and other health-promoting agents, which strengthen the overall body and not just combat illness. So, it's believed that people who choose natural medicines instead of prescription medications may be able to fight infections better than those who choose synthetic medicines. Educating individuals about what the body

needs and how to keep it healthy by easily available herbal medicines can take a new turn in field of the health. People believe that by using herbal medicines, we can take control of personal health and treat ourselves at home without the trouble of going out and spending money. Since people are slowly returning to natural products and medicines, it means we are returning to an era where herbal medicines would reign the whole world, where only natural things will be used, which will not only protect human health but also prevent pollution caused by manufacturing allopathic medicines.

Social Trap

by Hayan Shakeel (Senior year)



The narrative of a solitary person in present world is irrational and the person is considered mad and crazy. A person with his own company is considered broke and poor. That's why everyone hates to be alone. Power and greatness in this world and hereafter only belong to Allah Almighty, He gives blessings in this world to whomever He wants and takes from whomever He wants. Availability of worldly blessings or desired things does not decide that Allah Almighty is happy with a person. Neither does happiness decides whether a person is successful or a failure. You can have everything you wish but can still be less successful than a man who is not having worldly desires, but rather has a strong belief in Allah Almighty. Because Allah Almighty told us in Quran that. " Successful are those who remember Allah Almighty often. "

Prophet Muhammad (S.A.W) said: "Allah gives worldly materialistic things to those He loves and to those He does not love, but He only gives faith to those He loves."

[Mu'jam Asami 342/ Graded Sahih by Al-Albani]

When we are continuously fed by society our attention, focus and priority also follow, causing our thoughts to propel that way. This leads to emptiness from the inside. Inner emptiness is caused by a lack of love. According to psychology expert Dr. Margaret Paul, when you don't love yourself, ignore your feelings and always try to get attention and approval from others, you can experience feeling empty. The most important thing to realize is that emptiness is a state of lack. It can be due to several reasons. Sometimes it is due to excessive dependency on the outer world. some people who struggle with a chronic sense of emptiness had parents who were incapable of maintaining healthy relationships with them. Experiences and traumas we face during our childhood matter a lot when we grow up. In childhood when we do not get enough attention and love we start to believe that we are not good enough, it's all because there is a lack of proper emotional connection and understanding between you and our parents. As amino acids are combined to form protein and also nutrients are transferred from mothers to their neonates so that their organs are formed, just like that, this lack of love, connections, and understanding in children causes a lack of self-love. Emptiness becomes a traumatic imprint and is carried with them all these long years, if left untreated it can cause serious mental issues like depression and anxiety or even worsen the condition.

Solitude is an extraordinary gift. If gone in the right way, it can lead to revolution.

History witnesses and showed us from the start that those who had opposed great obstacles, milestones, or even an emperor, after that they work on their ideology, fight with masculinity and remain steadfast, always bring revolution. Those are the people the world admires. Prophet Muhammad (S.A.W) used to go to cave Hira, which was at that time 8 to 12 km away from Makkah city, and there He prays, praises, and remembers Allah Almighty. He completely cut off the world and there he was not lonely when he embraced solitude. His state was above all the state of companionships of the world. The needless state of the world that connects him with his Creator. Obeying and following completely internal as well as external intentions is the path guided by Allah Almighty.

When we see the perspective of the world, those who follow the religion of Buddha, believe Buddha meditated beneath trees. Mediation is the source of peace and harmony. Buddhists pursue meditation as part of the path toward liberation from defilement or anxiety or worries (which they describe as a state of kleshas). Jesus A.S spend forty days in the wilderness, it's been also believed by the Christians. Albert Einstein, Sir Isaac Newton, Abraham Lincoln, Michael Jordan, and many more, were all those who are admired by the world just because they encourage time when they were not surrounded by the people. Most of the time they are/were alone with their thoughts, sharpening the possibilities and maximizing the capability of their brain, and in the end, came in front of the world

with ideas that shook the manifestation or the ideology of the entire world. The problem is with the flow it's easy to follow the trend, do what's common, go with it smoothly, and keep doing this again and again, but it's extremely difficult to face that flow, choose your direction, stay, and progress on that while opposing the load of the flow. Flow is what makes you feel worthy, admired, nominated, prominent and dominant. Before all that, the only thing that matter is the way how you perceive all of the above qualities within you. That depends on, where your focus or core lies. your intentions orbit around your focus. Focus nourishes our intentions the way the sun nourishes planets around it by emitting energy in the form of light. According to the astronomy, light bends around objects with high mass due to gravity. Suppose if you put a heavy mass on the mattress, the mattress will bend down at that part, along with the surrounding lighter objects. Same is the case with your flow and focus. If your focus is on the outer world you will be rewarded with appreciation from others, as a result,



the ability of self-appreciation fades away and your mind will continuously take you that way. Now as we are continuously surrounded by people in the gathering as well as when we are alone on social media it is getting harder to get segregated. The phenomena formed a solid base in our mind that now our happiness is determined by others and solitude has become a symbol of degradation and shame. When solitude makes no sense there is blurred vision and its implementation in life leads to crowd sickness. No matter how many connections you make you are all still unsatisfied.

The cure for loneliness is solitude –
Marianne Moore.

The opposite of companionship is not loneliness, it's solitude. Solitude is not just being physically alone it is being alone with the state of mind that is above all togetherness. State where you have the ultimate depository of joy, independence, and a clear vision, without any sort of distraction. This is the thing that we all should embrace, instead, we fall into the trap of loneliness where we feel isolated and the fear of being excluded deceives us more into it. In companionship, you may exchange your thoughts, discuss the world, build understanding, or have a good conversation but solitude is the place where ideas evolve and brilliance and wisdom nutrify. We find ways not to be alone that is why we make connections. But, what if we stay there? Asking ourselves to fight that state like a warrior, rather than running from that. Embracing the proper meaning of solitude and not complaining while being separated from people. It's adopting oneself to survive, still being grateful during hardships and rejection faced by the world. Because wherever we are God is with us. Even if we are surrounded by

people or alone in our room. Even if our eyes are closed or they are opened. Even if we are seeing the light or we are in the dark. Even if we are disobeying him or obey him. He is always watching His creation. It is we who have adopted others' ways that are not taking us to Allah. We should observe in our daily life how much we prioritize Allah Almighty. Because what we do in our whole day is our input and our output is always related to it. Your present thoughts always have a connection with your destiny.

When we are emotionally attached to something or someone, after segregation from that, it gives us the value of proper working of our emotions, when our serotonin continuously is dependent on the external environment, it craves again and again on the external factor for its release. At the end, when that thing is not available, our mind's functioning is extremely disturbed. You may engage yourself in the



continuous gathering or some other factor so that you keep distracting yourself from identification of your strength, and your willpower, but that is not the purpose for which you were made. Emotional intelligence is the technique that lets you control your emotions without dependency on any kind of external factors. If you say to your brain to release some serotonin, within a second your brain will respond to you by saying. Yes, sir here is your order, take this, and boom you are happy. To understand and authorize the brain first of all you have to clean it. Just like organizing a room first thing you have to do is to clean it so that there must be some space, where you can place things of your own choice and give them a sequence. To get rid of the unwanted desires you must throw away or disconnect from the unwanted desires, especially with those things that are controlling you and have dominated over your subconscious mind. Your subconscious brain has the power a man can only imagine. It functions properly when it is not contaminated. It is up to you how much you maximize it. When it is not chained to expectations, dependency, or any other negative factors it becomes its source of happiness and creative ideas become in proportion to the creative happiness. Those who could not stand alone are less likely to have a brain with creative abilities. Creative abilities lead to creative habits, that is actually what we crave of having to be more productive and what we could not achieve while constantly engaging ourselves in gatherings.

If you want to make relations strong with your wife, you will spend your maximum time with your wife same is the case with relation with yourself. Self-understanding will only be developed when you are constantly and completely exposed to yourself. When you are with your wife and

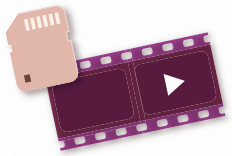
talk about other women your wife will get upset also if you will be having affairs running in your mind related to others, you will fail to build a strong relationship with yourself. A clear state of your mind is achieved where everything you have is in balance. And at the same time, you are immune to the pressure of society and creative capabilities make you more efficient.

Take the example of checking a cellphone during a car ride for multiple purposes which is common among us, whether it is to make a snap, check any incoming message or it could be anything. Focus or priority here is not the presence, it is draining all of your energy and pouring it into a black hole. When you are left with nothing you then enter a state of sadness and at that time no matter how many things you are blessed with, the unavailability of self-efficacy will still make you feel miserable. And thoughts like, I am alone, why it is always me, life is extremely sad, just being in life is a punishment, and so on will keep on bothering you. That is why we check our phone often, even during our important hours when we try to do something productive this habit does not unfollow us because at that time it had formed a strong base in our subconscious mind.

Some empty spaces in our brain that are filled with devastating things that usually give us direction to not to fight with things that are harmful to us, can also be cured by self-realization where one can organize himself by peeling away all the undesirable thoughts that once seemed impossible to vanish away. Getting control over the animal in us, rather than be controlled by it, that is something that takes us closer to the purpose of life. When self-appreciation as a separate single being is acquired need for gathering decreases, at the same time being alone seems less unpleasant and

more productive. Running away either it is from the gathering or loneliness is not the cure. Because as long as we embrace solitude our interior life becomes rich and every state becomes pleasant.

On
the *witty*
side



Jokes
on
you

Jokes
apart



Photos Section

Editorial Board 2023



Mehrab Tahir **Graphic Designer Yashfeen,** **Editor Photos Section**

Dear Readers!

Designing Yashfeen's pioneer edition had been an exciting and overwhelming journey for me. Every page took hours of hard-work & brainstorming and I hope it's as enjoyable for the readers as it was for us bringing it to you. Through Yashfeen, we want to bring a platform for our Shifa family where they can truly let their creativity flourish.

It would be such a happy moment to see the vibrant thoughts and smiles of shifaites on every upcoming edition of this magazine that we so diligently initiated. Throughout the compilation and designing, the best part was the hundreds of smiling faces and happy memories I got to capture in these pages.

I would take a moment to appreciate all the content creators whose graphics and writings adorn these pages. Yashfeen thrives on your creativity so always keep your passions burning.

I hope Yashfeen lives up to its name and becomes the sort of happy place we intended it to be for our readers. May this platform thrive and nourish led by all kinds of minds and talents in the future.

Have a happy read y'all!

Regards,



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On
the *witty*
side

Jokes
on
you



Campus Tour



Campus of Shifa College of Pharmaceutical sciences, STMU



Our friendly Guard Uncles



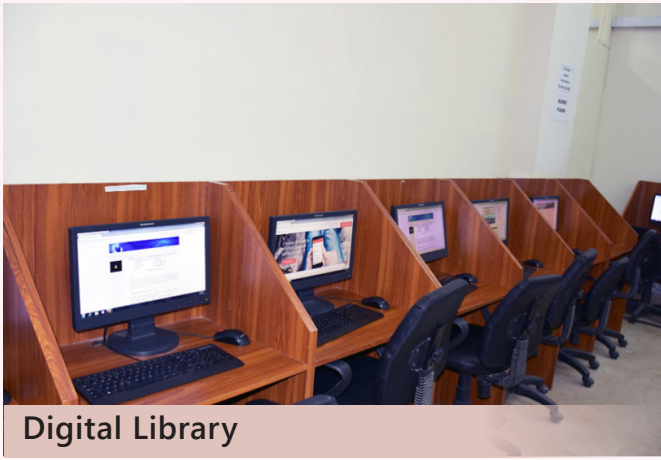
Main Entrance



Reception



Corridor & the famous table tennis spot



Digital Library



Library



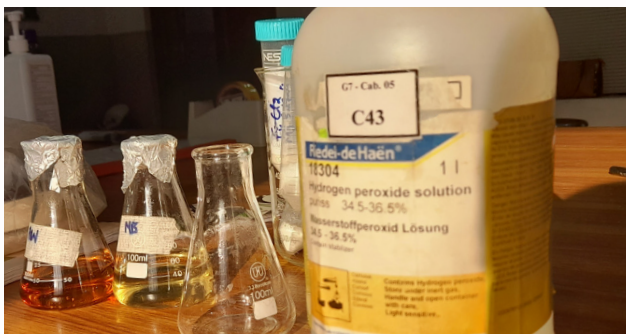
Lecture Hall



Photocopier: bussiest spot in exams



Industrial Lab

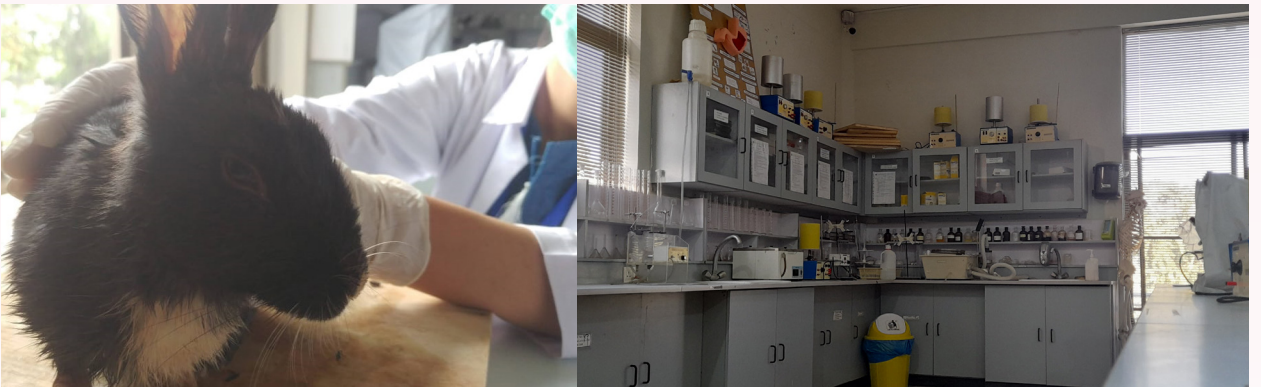


Microbiology Lab

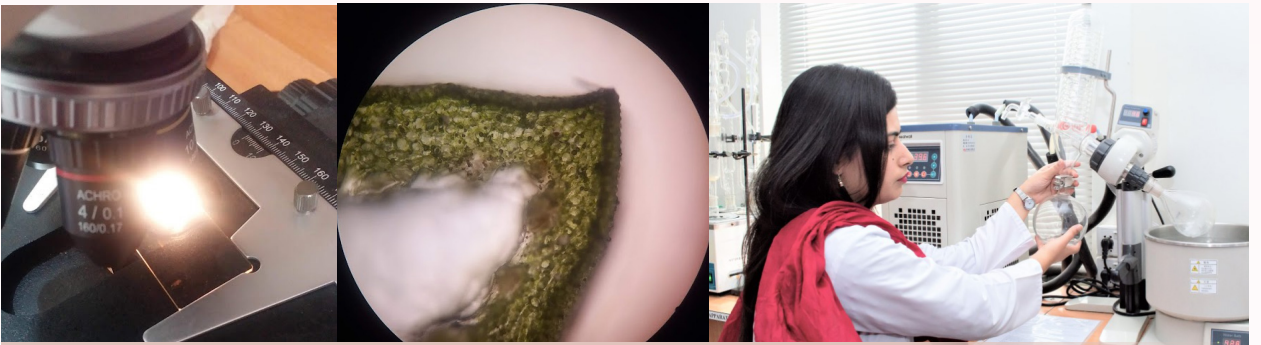




Pharmaceutical Chemistry Lab



BMS Lab 1



Pharmacognosy Lab



Pharmaceutics Lab



Quality Control Lab



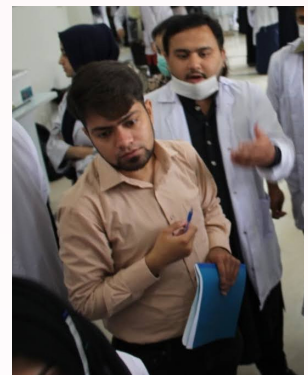
Canteen



Campus Aesthetics

Meet our Faculty







Life at Campus



Alumni 2022



Senior year (10th semester)



Junior year



Sophomore year



Freshman year







Art by Dr. Ain

A competent academician, an exceptional artist, Dr Ain Ali Haider has not only inspired the students to be exceptional at academia rather he has inspired them to paint their horizons with the art and colors that are true to their own essence. From winning gold medals to achieving accolades and honors for his art work, it will not be an under statement to say that he is indeed the pride of Shifa College of Pharmaceutical Sciences. His treasures have adorned the pages of Yashfeen.





Featured

Memorable Mentors



Dr. Muhammad Ammar Zahid

A truly Inspirational Personality

We have often heard of books that get hold of us from the first page and once we complete them, we know something has changed within us, just like that there are personalities, who are meant to leave a mark on our lives, Sir Ammar Zahid has been one such mentor for us. After the first class of rules, we learned anatomy and subsequently pharmacology from him. He always worked on new methodologies and incorporated tech-based learning in our courses to institute an interactive and effective learning experience. Delivering lectures is easy but igniting the spark of curiosity in an individual is a work of art, and Dr Ammar is without any doubt an exemplary artist. Apart from imparting knowledge and skills, he touched our lives at a spiritual level too, one of the very few guides who walk the talk. He has been there for us when we were vulnerable, uncertain, and struggling with the challenges of life. He accepted our failings and never belittled anyone despite their shortcomings. He is not only a teacher, he is an educator, a guide, and a mentor in its true sense. Visionaries set to a path not only to succeed but to make a difference and the impact of his teachings on our lives will last an eternity. I can never thank him enough for being a remarkable teacher.

Penned by
Laiba Fawad
Class of 2023



Dr. Shaista Hussain

A Beacon of Knowledge, Inspiration, and Grace

Dr. Shaista Hussain: A Beacon of Knowledge, Inspiration, and Grace

In the discipline of education, some teachers stand out and have a lasting effect on their students. Dr. Shaista Hussain, a luminary in the field of Pharmacy Practice, was one such teacher who not only influenced my academic journey but also deeply affected my heart. What sets Dr. Shaista apart, and why I hold her in the highest regard, is her unique ability to connect with each student on a personal level. She didn't just teach clinical pharmacy; she fostered our personal development. Her passion for the subject was unwavering. She didn't just impart knowledge; she ignited a spark within me, inspiring a deep love for clinical pharmacy. Under her guidance, I found a mentor who showed me that the pursuit of knowledge is not a solitary journey but a collective endeavor, where we all grow together. However, her impact extended beyond academics. Dr. Shaista's wisdom and humility were truly remarkable. Her organizational skills were legendary, demonstrating how structure and order can make a profound difference. Her humility reminded us that greatness lies in simplicity, and she taught us the power of kindness and respect. Henry Adams once said, "A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops." Dr. Shaista's influence certainly knows no bounds, especially in my life. She not only imparted knowledge but also instilled in me the belief that I could achieve greatness through dedication and perseverance. As I reflect on my journey, I am grateful for having been touched by Dr. Shaista's grace and wisdom. She is a beacon of knowledge, inspiration, and grace, and her legacy will forever illuminate my path.

Penned by
Dr. Saba Noureen
Ex-faculty and Alumni

OSEP's Event Timeline

- 1 A day with rescue 1122 -jan 2022
- 2 Ping pong tournament -feb 2022
- 3 Clean Green Pakistan -march 2022
- 4 Dast-e-shafqat -march 2022
- 5 Non-violent communication seminar -april 2022
- 6 Iftar Dastarkhwan -april 2022
- 7 Mushkpuri one-day trip -may 2022
- 8 Qawali night -may 2022
- 9 Online PUBG tournament -may 2022
- 10 ICCI environment expo -june 2022
- 11 Badminton tournament -june 2022
- 12 Discover yourself seminar -july 2022
- 13 Blood donation camp -july 2022



14 Welcome party -aug 2022

15 PBL presentations -sep 2022

16 Pharmacist day presentations -sep 2022

17 Blood Donation Camp -feb 2023

18 Welcome and Farewell Party -feb 2023

19 Ramadan Food Drive -april 2023

20 Qirat and Naat Competition -april 2023

21 Environment Day -june 2023

22 Trip to Siri Paey -june 2023

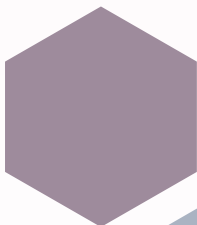
23 Alif, A Calligraphy Workshop -july 2023

24 Azaadi Week -aug 2023





A day with
Rescue 1122





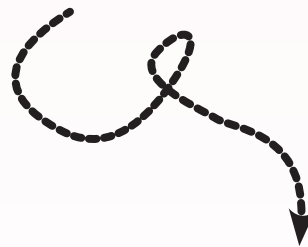
Clean Green Pakistan

Ping pong Tournament

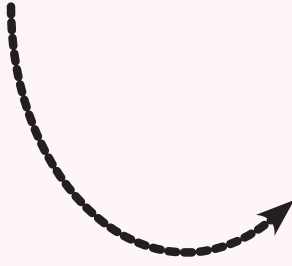
Dast-e-shafqat Orphanage visit



Communication seminar



Iftar Dastarkhwan



ICCE environment expo



Mushkपुरi one-day trip

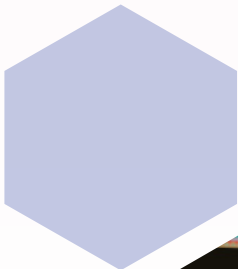


Qawali night





Badminton tournament





Welcome party

Blood donation camp

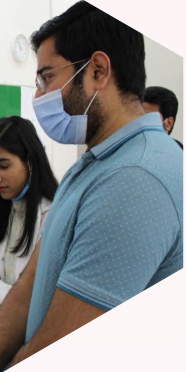




Pharmacist day presentations



Discover yourself seminar



PBL presentations





...two seconds,
someone needs blood.

**DONATE
BLOOD &
SAVE
LIVES**



**Blood
donation
camp**

**Environment
Day**



Date: ..

THEME - BEAT PLASTIC POLLUTION

INTER BATCH COMPETITION

Plastic Pollution has an adverse impact on the earth's environment. Join us to propose solutions and alleviate the impact of plastic pollution in our environment.

You can present your ideas for inter-batch competition in the form of

Poster / Flyer
Class Decor
Play / Speech
for presentation is 15 mins





Welcome & Farewell Party



Ramadan Food drive



Siri paly One-day trip



Azadi Week



Alif Calligraphy workshop



Memes Section 😊

Home

Create



Search here



MJ Mary Jane



drunkn snail



Hufsa Bibi



Hufsa Bibi



Aiman Imran



Nobody:
Me answering multiple choice questions in the exam:



Aiman Imran



Bs is bar pass ho jayu, next semester sy pka parhu ghi

My conscience:

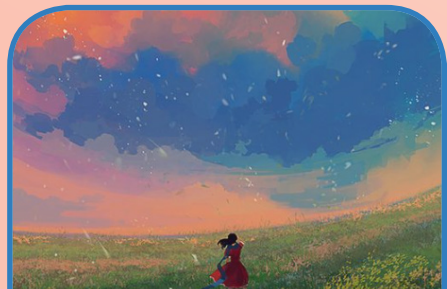


BLUE LUNAR

Hufsa Bibi

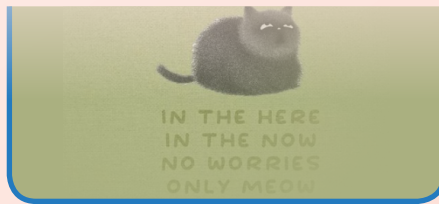


MJ Mutayyab Javaid

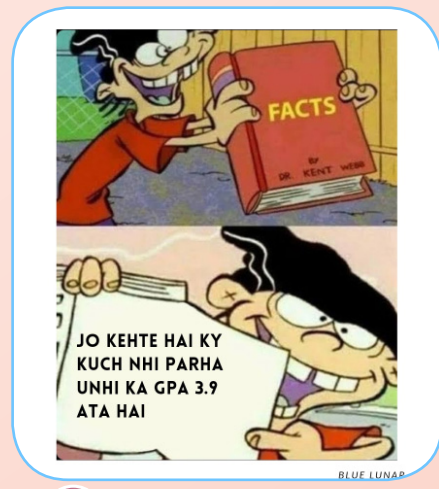




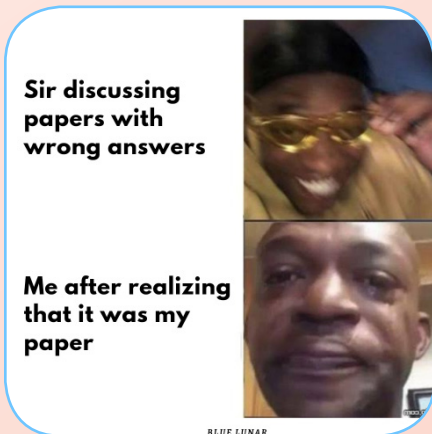
MJ Mutayyab Javaid ❤️ 📤 ⋮



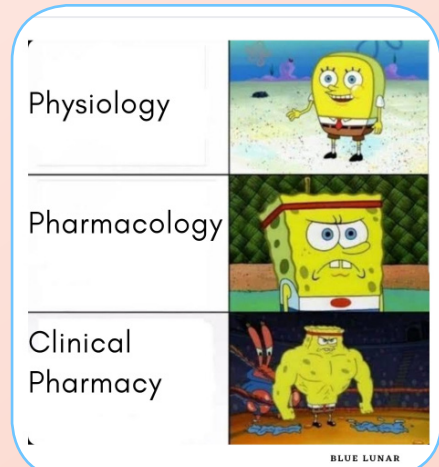
Bored Panda ❤️ 📤 ⋮



Hufsa Bibi ❤️ 📤 ⋮



Hufsa Bibi ❤️ 📤 ⋮



Hufsa Bibi ❤️ 📤 ⋮



Aiman Imran ❤️ 📤 ⋮



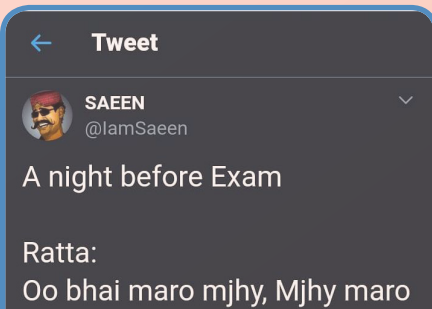
shifa_confessions ❤️ 📤 ⋮



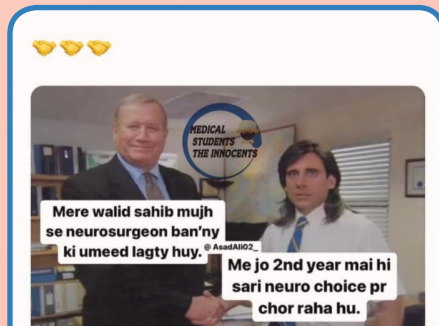
Hufsa Bibi ❤️ 📤 ⋮



Hufsa Bibi ❤️ 📤 ⋮

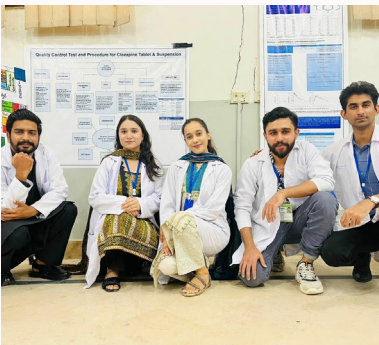


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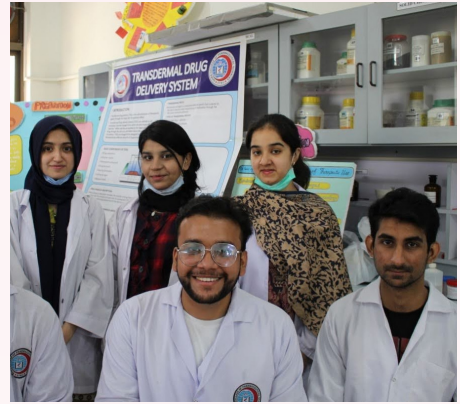


Farewell batch of 2023









In remembrance of our *Alumni*





وجہ جان چکا تھا بلکہ اس اجنبی شخص کے تحمل و بردباری کی وجہ بھی مکمل طور پر مجھ پر عیاں ہو گئی تھی۔
میں نے پوچھا ”سر آپ کوئی جاب کرتے ہیں؟ کوئی ہاں یا ناں میں جواب دینے کی بجائے اس نے اک گہری سانس بھری اور بولا
اس زمانے میں استادوں کے بھی کیٹیگریز پائے جاتے ہیں۔

اک وہ جو رکشہ یا بس ڈرائیورز ہیں۔ یہ پڑھے لکھے نہیں ہیں اور کسی پر اثر انداز ہونے شاید نہیں جانتے۔ دوسرا طبقہ موٹر میکینکس یا آرکیٹیکٹس کا آتا ہے، یہ کم پڑھے لکھے ہوتے ہیں لیکن دوسروں کی رائے و عمل پر اثر انداز ہونا کم از کم چاہتے ضرور ہیں۔ تیسرا گروہ ہر اس شخصیت کا ہے جو کسی نہ کسی درجے میں سیاسی بیک گراؤنڈ رکھتا ہے۔ یہ طبقہ اس درجہ بندی میں سبقت رکھتا ہے۔ یہ قدرے پڑھے لکھے بھی ہوتے ہیں اور اس درجہ بندی کے سفر میں اس قدر آگے بڑھ چکے ہیں کہ یہ ”سر“ کے القاب سے پکارے اور مانے جاتے ہیں۔ اور سر کہہ کہ نہ پکارنے پر شدید مذمتی اور غیر شائستہ رد عمل کا

مظاہرہ کرتے ہیں۔
اب آپ اس ویٹر کی کیٹیگری کا تعین خود ہی کیجئے کہ یہ استاد یا سر کی کونسی کیٹیگری میں آتا ہے۔
یہ کہتے ہی اس نے اپنی دوسری سگریٹ جو کہ آدھی سے زیادہ بجی ہوئی تھی پھینک ڈالی اور کہا کہ میں مندرجہ بالا کیٹیگریز سے ہٹ کر اک معمولی نوعیت کا استاد ہوں اور کافی عرصے سے تدریسی شعبہ سے منسلک ہوں۔ مجھے استاد یا ٹیچر ہونے پر فخر ہے اور میں اپنے لئے استاد صاحب یا استاد محترم کہلوانا پسند کرتا ہوں۔ ہاں اگر کوئی مجھے سر کہہ کر مخاطب کرے تو بھی اس میں کوئی مضائقہ نہیں۔ البتہ مخاطب کرنے والے میں سر یا استاد / ٹیچر کے القاب دینے میں کوئی اشکال نہیں ہونا چاہیے اور نہ ہی مخاطب کرنے والا ہر اک کو سر کہتا ہو یا استاد کہہ کہ کسی مخاطب کرنے کی لت سے کوسوں دور ہو۔
سوچ و عمل کے اس معیار کو ہم نے مل کر درست سمت پر لانا ہے ورنہ ہمارا معاشرہ نام نہاد ”سر“ جنم دیتا رہے گا اور قریب ہے کہ ہمارے معاشرے میں سارے ہی استاد ہوں اور شاگرد کوئی رہے ہی نہ۔ البتہ جب تک یہ ذہن سازی پوری طرح اپنی جڑیں نہیں پکڑتی تب تک آپ نے دوسروں کے ساتھ اپنا رویہ کسی طور نا مناسب اور غیر شائستہ نہیں ہونے دینا۔ یہ کہتے ہی اس نے مجھ سے اجازت مانگی اور بغیر قافی پئے چل دیا۔

استاد سے سر تک کا سفر

ڈاکٹر حافظ رافع (فیکلٹی)

تشویش ناک ہونا چاہیے تھا وہ ظاہر ہے۔ اتنے میں اس اجنبی کی سگریٹ کا آخری کش منہ کے ساتھ لگا ہی تھا کہ میں پلٹ کر اسکی ٹیبل پر جا بیٹھا اور سلام کرنے کی بمشکل جسارت پائی۔ وہ شاید میری سوالیہ آنکھوں سے آشنا ہو چکا تھا اور مجھ سے مخاطب ہو کر کہنے لگا، محترم جناب! میں نے اسکی طرف چونک کر دیکھا (اصل میں ٹیکنالوجی کا سفر اتنا تیزی سے طے پایا ہے کہ جس میں ہمارے الفاظ و سوچ کا تناسب و ملاپ قدرے غیر ہم آہنگی کا شکار ہو چکا ہے۔ ہم جو سوچنا چاہتے ہیں وہ بول نہیں پاتے اور جو بولنا چاہتے ہیں وہ سوچتے نہیں۔ ہماری فکری سوچ کا زاویہ بھی اسی ناہم آہنگی کا شکار ہے کہ دوسروں کی زبان سے اپنے بارے میں ہم جو سننا چاہتے ہیں وہی الفاظ اوروں سے ادا ہو نہیں پاتے۔ اس ناہم آہنگی کی وجہ کوئی ہمارے مواصلاتی نظام میں ٹیکنیکل ایرر ہو، نظریاتی اختلافات ہوں یا پھر کسی نیوٹرل نیوٹران کی مداخلت ہو، اسکا نتیجہ بھیانک ہی نکلتا ہے۔ جو مخالف کے نہ صرف موڈ پر اثر انداز ہوتا ہے بلکہ فکری و عملی زندگی میں بھی اپنا اک گہرا اثر چھوڑتا ہے۔ اسنے یہی الفاظ اک بار پھر دہرائے اور آخر میں کہا ”سر آپکا میرے خیالات سے اتفاق نہ کرنے کا پورا حق حاصل ہے“ یہ کہتے اک اور سگریٹ جلانے میں مشغول ہو گیا۔ اتنے میں کہ میں ان سے سوال کرتا کہ آپ نے مجھے اس بار *سر* کہہ کر پکارا اور اس پر بڑا زور کیوں دیا، اس نے بڑے ادب و احترام سے کہا سر مجھے پتہ ہے آپ فلاں یونیورسٹی میں پڑھاتے ہیں۔ آپ کے تحقیقاتی مقالے میں نے پڑھ رکھے ہیں۔ سر اور استاد کے القاب آپ کو ہی جتتے ہیں کیونکہ آپ قوم و ملت کے معمار ہیں۔ آپ لوگوں کے فن و مہارت ہی کی وجہ سے قوم و ملت کی بقا ہے۔ میں اسی گفتگو کے دوران نہ صرف اس ویٹر کے نازبیا رویہ کی وجہ جان چکا تھا بلکہ اس اجنبی شخص کے تحمل و بردباری کی وجہ بھی ململ طور پر مجھ پر عیاں ہو گئی تھی۔



شکل و شبہ سے اسکا تعلق کے پی کے سے لگتا تھا۔ لباس اور وضع قطع کے لحاظ سے کسی کھاتے پیتے خاندان سے منسلک معلوم ہوتا تھا۔ اپنی بول چال سے کافی پڑے لکھے ہونے کا ثبوت پیش کر رہا تھا۔ اس نے بیٹھتے ہی اپنی جیب سے پین نکالا اور اپنے پاس کچھ نوٹ کا اور ہاتھ کے اشارے بھی استعمال کرتے ہوئے ویٹر کو بلایا اور منہ میں سگریٹ کو تھما کر گویا اسکے آنے کا انتظار کرنے لگا۔ اس اجنبی کے اس منفرد انداز کو میں پاس بیٹھا ٹیبل پر قافی کی سپ کے ساتھ انجوائے کرنے لگا۔ ویٹر جو کہ اپنی مسرت و لباس سے کسی طور اعلیٰ عہدیدار یا کسی غیر معمولی افسر سے کم نہ لگتا تھا، بڑی شائستگی اور وقار سے قافی ٹیبل پر رکھتا اور اٹے پاؤں واپس اپنی جگہ پر پہنچ جاتا۔ اسکا یہ عمل کسی ملٹری اکیڈمی کے تربیت یافتہ ہونے پر بھی دلالت کرتا تھا۔ میری قافی کے ختم ہوتے ہی اس اجنبی شخص کا لبش ٹرے بھی بھر چکا تھا اور اسنے دوبارہ اسی لہجے و انداز میں ویٹر کو بلایا۔ لیکن ویٹر نے اسکی طرف کان دھرنا پسند ہی نہ فرمایا۔ ویٹر کا اس شخص کے ساتھ یہ رویہ میرے لیے جتنا

میں اسی گفتگو کے دوران نہ صرف اس ویٹر کے نازبیا رویہ کی

دور حاضر کے والدین کے نام کھلا خط

ڈاکٹر احسن ابراہیم (فیملی)



عزت مآب مائی باپ! اسلام علیکم! امید ہے کہ آپ بخیر و عافیت ہوں گے اور آپ کے بچے پڑھ اور آگے بڑھ رہے ہوں گے۔ خاکسار اپنی چند گزارشات آپ کی خدمت میں پیش کرنا چاہتا ہے۔ تمام والدین کا یہ خواب ہوتا ہے کہ ان کے بچے آج کے دور کے سرفہرست شعبوں سے منسلک ہو جائیں اور یوں وہ معاشرے کے کارآمد شہری بن سکیں۔ یوں آج کے پڑھے لکھے بچے طب، انجینئرنگ اور دیگر شعبوں کی تعلیم سے وابستہ ہو جاتے ہیں یا کر دیے جاتے ہیں۔

میرے محترم بزرگو! والدین سے بڑھ کر بچوں کا کوئی خیر خواہ نہیں۔ مگر ایک بات غور طلب ہے کہ کہیں آپ کا بچہ اپنے ساتھ کوئی کمی لے کر تو بڑا نہیں ہو رہا؟ جی ہاں! ہر بچہ سوچتا ہے، جستجو کرتا ہے کہ میرے اندر کچھ تو خاص ہے! کوئی تو ایسا ٹیلنٹ خدا بزرگ و برتر نے میرے اندر پنہاں کیا ہے، جو دنیا میں میری الگ پہچان بن سکتا ہے۔ اور مجھے دوسروں سے ممتاز بنا سکتا ہے۔

محترم والدین! آپ کا بچہ ضرور ڈاکٹر بنے گا، انجینئر بنے گا، امتحانات میں بھی اطمینان بخش کارکردگی دکھائے گا۔ مگر اس کے ساتھ ساتھ ایک کام کیجئے گا، کہ اس کے اندر کے آرٹسٹ، گلوکار، مصور، مقرر کو زندہ رہنے کا موقع دیجئے گا۔ کیا ہوا کہ اگر وہ ایک ڈاکٹر ہونے کے ساتھ ساتھ ایک اچھا مصور بھی ہو۔ اور خود کو اس صف میں لا کھڑا کر دے جہاں اکیلا صافین کھڑا ہے۔ ممکن ہے کہ ایک کامیاب انجینئر ہوتے ہوئے اس کے اندر ایک بلا کا مقرر بھی موجود ہو، جو ہر اسٹیج کو اپنے جوش خطابت سے ہلا کر رکھ دے۔

ہاں جی! مستقبل کے بابا اشفاق احمد بھی آپ ہی کے بچوں میں پنہاں ہیں۔ آپ کا بچہ سرجن ہو کر بھی سرسنگیت کی جراحی سے دنیا کو مسحور کر سکتا ہے۔ وہ خداداد صلاحیتوں کا مالک ہے۔ مائی باپ! اسے اپنے پر پھیلانے دیجئے گا اور پرواز کرنے دیجئے گا۔ وہ اپنے ٹیلنٹ کے بل بوتے پر اپنا لوہا منوانا چاہتا ہے۔ دنیا اس کے حوصلے پست کرے گی، مگر آپ نے اس کے ساتھ کھڑے رہنا ہے، آپ اس کی آنکھوں کی چمک کم نہ ہونے دیجئے گا۔ ہر لمحہ اسے موٹیویٹ کیجئے گا۔ اللہ نے آپ کے بچے سے بڑا کام کروانا ہے، کیونکہ اس کا عزم بڑا ہے۔ اگر کبھی محسوس ہو کہ وہ ہمت ہار رہا ہے تو اس کا حوصلہ بنئے گا، اور اسے تھپکلی دیجئے گا۔ آپ کی ایک تھپکلی اس کی زندگی کو بدل کر رکھ دے گی۔ محترم والدین! آپ کے عزت و مرتبے کو سلام!

والسلام

آپ کے اپنے بچوں کی مانند

ڈاکٹر احسن ابراہیم

میں اُسے گلاب کی کی

میں اُسے گلاب کی پتوں میں شمار کرتا رہا۔
نازک اُس کا مزاج، مجھے دوچار کرتا رہا۔

عجب چیز ہے محبت، ہو جائے کس عمر میں
ایمان بھی میرا مجھ پر بڑے سوال کرتا رہا۔

بڑا تکلف تھا مجھے اُس سے بات کرنے میں
وہ باتوں سے اپنی، مجھے بے قرار کرتا رہا۔

آتا تھا خیال اُس کا، جب اتفاق سے کبھی
میں حسرت سے موتیوں کو بار بار گنتا رہا۔

یہ خاموش مزاج میرا، فقط اس کے لئے تھا
اور دل اُس سے گفتگو پہ بڑا اصرار کرتا رہا۔

یہ افسانہ میری چاہتوں کا، پورا نہ ہو سکا
میں حسرت سے بس اُسی کا انتظار کرتا رہا۔

وہ شامل تھا میری دعاؤں میں مدت سے طلال
وہ بھی چاہتا تھا ہمیں، مگر میں انکار کرتا رہا۔

محمد حذیفہ ابراہیم
(سوفومور)

کیا غم کی انتہا.....

کیا غم کی انتہا شفا بھی ہو سکتی ہے
عید اک خوشی، اور خوشی سزا بھی ہو سکتی ہے

تبسم کی مانند شہر جو نیست و نابود ہوئے اسامہ
وجہ کیا ہوگی کسی اک کی آہ بھی ہو سکتی ہے

اسامہ فاروق
(سوفومور)

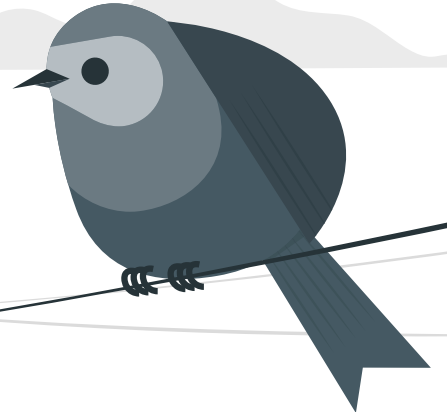
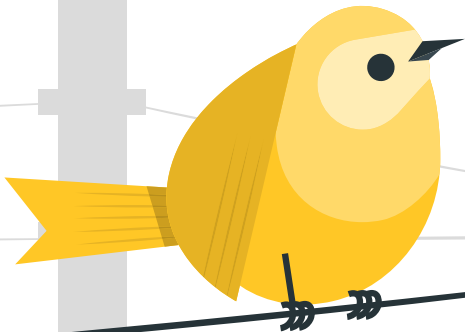
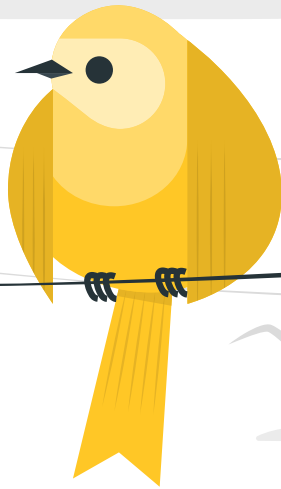
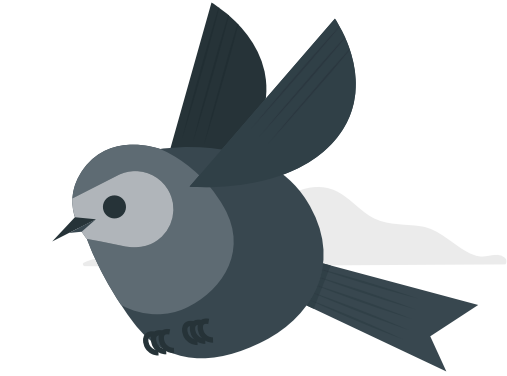
کاٹی ہیں ہم نے راتیں.....

کاٹی ہیں ہم نے راتیں تو دن بھی گزر ہی جائے گا
کب تک جیے گا زخمی دل، کچھ عرصے میں مر جائے گا

ہاں نیا نیا شوق چڑا ہے تم کو محبوب بنانے کا
جس دن لگی نہ ٹھوکر دوست ہر نشہ اتر جائے گا

اک مدت سے دستور چلا آیا ہے دنیا کا
کہ جانے والا جائے گا، جو اپنا ہے رہ جائے گا

ریحان عباسی
(سونومور)



ایک طویل مدت.....

ایک طویل مدت گزر گئی ہے اُس کی یاد میں
افسوس وہ خاموش تھا، آج بھی ہمیں دیکھ کر۔

یہ گمان تھا میرا کہ میں بھی کچھ عرض کروں گا
میں فقط خاموش تھا اُس کا مزاج دیکھ کر۔

آتا ہے نظر مجھے وہ آسماں میں کہیں کہیں
گمراہ ہو رہا ہوں میں ستاروں کو دیکھ کر۔

تیری تنہائی اگر چہ میری جیسی ہے، اے چاند
پھر کیوں کرتا ہے سوال مجھے اداس دیکھ کر۔

تو حال دیکھ رہا ہے میرا، پر تو یہ حال کیا جانے
لوگ ادیب کہتے ہیں مجھے، میرے احوال دیکھ کر۔

نظر اٹھاتا نہیں ہوں میں خلاف معیار ہے یہ، طلال
کبھی وہ اتفاق ہی کر دے، میرا اضطراب دیکھ کر۔

محمد حذیفہ ابراہیم
(سوفومور)



یہ چپ جو ٹھہری.....

یہ چپ جو ٹھہری ہے زباں پہ
سبھی بول پڑے تو کیا ہو

جو بات بھالنے پھرتے ہو
وہ یاد جب آئے تو کیا ہو

میں تو سننے والا ہوں اور
لیں دل کا مارا بھی
مہیں جو کوئی یوں ستائے تو کیا ہو

خفا جن سے رہتے ہو
ان خامشی کے ماروں کو
صبر جو آجائے تو کیا ہو

دل رات کی مانند گہرا ہے
اور رات بہت انجان سہی
ان گننام رستوں پر کوئی
بن کے شمع آجائے تو کیا ہو

لائبہ راشد
(سوفومور)

سفر ختم ہونے.....

سفر ختم ہونے، تمہارا ساتھ چھوٹ جانے سے ڈرتا ہوں
بہت لوگ آئے اور گئے بس اب زمانے سے ڈرتا ہوں

کون کس کا ہوتا ہے یہ تو گئے دنوں کی بات ہے
میں اب ان نئے رسموں رواجوں سے ڈرتا ہوں

نا جانے کون سا رستہ تیری منزل کا رستہ ہے
میں ان رستوں میں تنہا رہ جانے سے ڈرتا ہوں

ہر موڑ پر رستہ نئے رستے سے جا ملتا ہے
انہی رستوں میں تمہارے کھو جانے سے ڈرتا ہوں

حفصہ طیبہ
(سوفومور)

یہ کیفیت یہ حال دل.....

یہ کیفیت یہ حال دل نہ سمجھ سکا نہ بتا سکا
میرے دل میں تیری حیثیت نہ بتا سکا نہ جتا سکا

میں لڑائی کی زمانوں سے، اپنے، نئے پرانوں سے
روٹھے بیٹھے ہیں مجھ سے سب کہ کسی کو میں نہ منا سکا

میری منزل وہاں سے دور تھی، کھڑی جہاں وہ حور تھی
میرے سامنے بھی میں ہی تھا، سو میں خود کو ہی نہ ہٹا سکا

میں کر پایا ہوں اب تک کیا، ویسا ہی ہوں بے وفا
میرے پاس بس یہ جان تھی، میں اس کو بھی نہ لٹا سکا

ریحان عباسی
(سونومور)



زیست

بارش کی جھنکار ساتھ اپنے طوفان لائی ہے؛
کانپتے ہاتھ اٹھتے ہی دل سوز دعا آئی ہے

کوئی اداس تو کوئی خاموش بیٹھا ہے یہاں؛
خوشی ہر ایک کے حصے میں کہاں آئی ہے

آنسو ہیں یا بارش کی بوند غریب کے چہرے پر؛
یہ بات امیروں کو سمجھ میں کب آئی ہے

وقت گزرنے کے ساتھ دل لرز سا جاتا ہے؛
تمہاری یاد ہے، دل پہ جسکی صدا آئی ہے

جبین کہنے کو تو ساری دنیا اپنی ہے؛
پر زندگی ریت ہے، مٹھی میں کب آئی ہے

نائلہ جبین
(فیکلٹی)

دور حاضر

ہر ایک چہرے کے پیچھے بھی ایک چہرہ ہے
نہ جانے کوئی کہ چہرہ وہ کس کا کیسا ہے

ہر ایک مست ہے بس اپنی اپنی دنیا میں
کسے معلوم ہے اب کون کہاں رہتا ہے

کہاں وہ پیار محبت ہے وہ خلوص کہاں
کسی کی خوشی کو کوئی کہاں سہتا ہے

کوئی مدد کو پکارے تو سو بہانے ہیں
تھوڑی مصروفیات ہے ہر کوئی یہ کہتا ہے

یہاں تو ہر طرف مقابلے ہیں، دوڑیں ہیں
کسے یہ یاد ہے، کیوں کر خدا نے بھیجا ہے

کبھی غیبوں کا علم دین سے ہوتا تھا شروع
اب تو دنیاوی کتابوں سے لدا بستا ہے

کتنے نازوں سے دو فرشتوں نے پالا اس کو
آج اس کا بھی احساس کرنا بھولا ہے

کس طرف جا رہا ہے انسان دور حاضر کا
بس یہی سوچ کر اپنا تو اشک بہتا ہے

عمیرین مشتاق
(فیکلٹی)

میری عظیم درسگاہ

میری عظیم درسگاہ شفا تعمیر ملت
شفا کے راستے کی چاہ شفا تعمیر ملت

پیام عظمتوں کا یہ دیے رہی شام و سحر
بلند رکھ سدا نگاہ شفا تعمیر ملت

رہے رواں یہ کارواں جانب منزل سدا
چلا ہے مسنتقیم راہ شفا تعمیر ملت

سفر یہ روشنی کا جاری رہے ہمیشہ
ہو نہ ہو بھی شب سیاہ شفا تعمیر ملت

دعا ہے ماریہ کی یہ اے رب ذوالجلال
رہے قائم خشم و جاہ شفا تعمیر ملت

ماریہ یزدانی
(سوفومور)



عہدِ سفر

سفرِ تعلیم کا اختتام ہو گیا ہے
یہ سال پھر آخر تمام ہو گیا ہے

ہے یاد مجھے وہ معصوم چہرا میرا
دیکھ نہ یار کیسا میرا حال ہو گیا ہے

میں کتابوں کے ورق بدل کر دیکھتا ہوں
مجھے زندگی کا سبق یاد ہو گیا ہے

اب نہ بیٹھو ان دلکش محفلوں میں
اٹھو میاں وقتِ رخصت ہو گیا ہے

بندشیں غم پریشانی درد اتنے سہے کہ
زہن کند میرا دل پتھر کا ہو گیا ہے

تو تو دوست تھا میرا کیا مصیبت ہے
تو کب سے میرے دشمنوں میں شمار ہو گیا ہے

سید جنید بخاری
(سینئر)

سیلاب

کیا شہر کیا گاؤں، سب ہوئے بے نام
کہ تیرے غضب کا شکار ہیں ہم

پر انصاف ہے تیرا عظیم تر سبھی سے
فقط اپنے ہی اعمال سے خالی ہیں ہم

تو واقف ہے دلوں سے اور فطرتِ انسانی
کہ عارضی ندامت سے شرمسار ہیں ہم

بس ایک لفظ 'کن فیکون' کے محتاج ہیں ہم
کہ تیری رحمت کے طلبگار ہیں ہم۔

محمد حذیفہ ابراہیم
(سوفومور)

دعا

تلاش حق کو میری، جہد مسلسل بنا دے
کہ میرا بھی ہر عمل، صالح بنا دے۔

سر تو جھکا ہے میرا، من بھی جھکا دے
کہ دل بھی میرا بھی نمازی بنا دے۔

یہ سفر حیات ہے باعث ندامت یا رب
ہے راضی تو جس سے، وہ مُسافر بنا دے۔

محمد حذیفہ ابراہیم
(سوفومور)



عرضی

اے عظیم خالق کے پاک و بہترین عبد
اے عالمین کی رحمت ،
اے صحراوں میں سایہ و سیراب ، آپ کی امت مضطرب ہو کر پکار رہی ہے آپ کو
اپنی رحمت کا دروازہ کھولیں ایک بے تاب ، پشیمان امت ، آپ کی رحمت کی تلاش میں در پر آئی
ہے۔۔

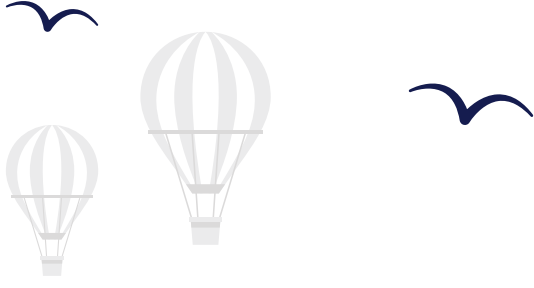
صرف آپ کا وسیلہ۔۔
صرف آپ کی سفارش۔۔
صرف ایک نظر رحمت کی
صرف آپ کا در
اے آدم و نوح کے سردار
اے ابراہیم کی راحت -
اے عیسیٰ و موسیٰ کے پیشوا -
ہم ناراض کر بیٹھے ہیں آپ کے خدا کو۔ اس کی رحمت نے منہ موڑ لیا ہے ہم سے۔

اللہ کہنے والوں سے
وہ گاڈ کہنے والوں کی بھی نہیں مان رہا ، رحمتِ دو جہاں ، وہ رام رام پکارنے والوں کو بھی جواب نہیں
دے رہا۔۔۔

وہ صرف آپ کی مانے گا۔ وہ صرف آپ کی سنے گا۔
ہم آپ کو اپنا سردار ، اپنا وڈیرہ ، اپنا گارڈین ، اپنا سرپنچ بناتے ہیں -
ہماری اس سے صلح کرا دیں -

ہم ہار مان گئے ہیں۔۔۔
اے انسانیت کے عظیم علم بردار۔۔
اے محمد بن عبد اللہ -
ہماری عرضی قبول کریں -

فواد بشیر
(فیصلی)



فہرست

عرضی (نواد بشیر)
نظم

- ۱.....
- (۷-۲) ۲..... دعا (محمد حذیفہ ابراہیم)
- ۳..... سیلاب (محمد حذیفہ ابراہیم)
- ۴..... عہد سفر (سید جنید بخاری)
- ۵..... میری عظیم درسگاہ (ماریہ یزدانی)
- ۶..... دور حاضر (عمرین مشتاق)
- ۷..... زلیست (نانکہ جبین)

(۱۴-۸)

- ۸..... یہ کیفیت یہ حال دل..... (ریحان عباسی)
- ۹..... سفر ختم ہونے..... (حفصہ طیبہ)
- ۱۰..... یہ چپ جو ٹھہری..... (لائبہ راشد)
- ۱۱..... ایک طویل مدت..... (محمد حذیفہ ابراہیم)
- ۱۲..... کائی ہیں ہم نے راتیں..... (ریحان عباسی)
- ۱۳..... کیا غم کی انتہا..... (أسامہ فاروق)
- ۱۴..... میں اُسے گلاب کی..... (محمد حذیفہ ابراہیم)

غزل

(۱۵-۱۷)

- ۱۵..... دور حاضر کے والدین کے نام کھلا خط (ڈاکٹر احسن ابراہیم)
- ۱۶-۱۷..... استاد سے سر تک کا سفر (ڈاکٹر حافظ رافع)

نثر

ایڈیٹر بورڈ ۲۰۲۳



حیان شکیل (ایڈیٹر اردو سیکشن)

اس جریدے کے پہلے سٹوڈنٹ ایڈیٹر کے طور پر اور ہماری اپنی یونیورسٹی کی علمی اور ادبی سرگرمیوں کی معلومات کو جمع کرنا کافی محنت طلب کام تھا۔ مجھے یقین ہے کہ اس جریدے کو آپ جتنا زیادہ پڑھیں گے اتنا ہی جامعہ ہذا کے علمی و ادبی افق سے روشناس ہوں گے۔

سٹوڈنٹ ایڈیٹر کی اس حیرت انگیز ذمہ داری کے حاصل کرنے کے بعد، ہم نے ایک میگزین شائع کرنے کا فیصلہ کیا اور آپ لوگوں کو اس یونیورسٹی میں اپنے 4 سال (اور جاری) سب سے یادگار وقت گزارنے والے شاندار لمحات و تجربات کی جھلکیوں کو الفاظ و تصاویر میں لے جانے کا ارادہ کیا۔

ہم نے اک طویل سفر کیا، سیکھا، لطف اٹھایا اور ادارہ ہذا کا پہلا ادبی جریدہ تخلیق کرنے میں کامیاب ہوئے۔ ہم اپنے قارئین کو یہ بتاتے ہوئے فخر محسوس کر رہے ہیں کہ آپ بہت سارے امکانات کا مشاہدہ اور دریافت کر سکتے ہیں جو یہ ادارہ ان کے طلباء کو فراہم کرتا ہے تاکہ وہ اپنے لمحات کو اپنے تصور سے باہر گزار سکیں اور معاشرے کی بہتری کے لیے عملی دنیا میں داخل ہوں اور اپنے کیریئر کو آگے بڑھا سکیں۔



اردو جزو

پیش لفظ

دنیا بھر کے لوگوں کی اکثریت کے لیے، ادب کے ساتھ ہمارا پہلا سنجیدہ سامنا اسکول سے ہوتا ہے۔ پڑھنا لکھنا ہم سب میں بچپن سے ہی چھایا ہوا ہے اور یہ امتحانات کے آغاز کے ساتھ ہی حرکت میں آتا ہے۔ صفحہ پر لکھے گئے کرداروں کے ساتھ ہمدردی کا اظہار کرنا، کسی منظر کو سنتے یا پڑھتے ہوئے اپنا آپ اس منظر میں موجود پانا، مزید برآں، کھیمز اور پیغامات کو سمجھنے کی کوشش کرنا ہماری سوچ کے طریقہ کار اور زاویہ کو یکسر بدل دیتا ہے۔



دنیا بھر میں شائع ہونے والی 130 ملین کتابیں قاری کے لیے رہنما ہیں اور ان کے لیے کچھ نیا سیکھنے کے لیے ایک پل بناتی ہیں، جدید معاشرے میں

ادب کے اثرات ناقابل تردید ہیں۔ ادب ہر ایک مصنف کے لیے اظہار کی ایک شکل کے طور پر کام کرتا ہے، کچھ کتابیں معاشرے کی آئینہ دار ہوتی ہیں اور ہمیں اس دنیا کو بہتر طور پر سمجھنے کی اجازت دیتی ہیں جس میں ہم رہتے ہیں۔

ادب وہ طاقت ہے جو قلم اور الفاظ سے جنم لیتی ہے اور اس کے الفاظ مکمل طور پر ابدی ہوتے ہوئے ایک معنی کو جگانے، کسی قوم کی اصلاح کرنے اور تحریکیں پیدا کرنے کی صلاحیت رکھتے ہیں۔ لامحالہ، وہ اپنے اسپیکر، اپنے لکھاری یا اپنے خالق سے زیادہ زندہ رہتے ہیں۔

یشیفین “اردو و انگریزی کا ایک ممتاز ادبی جریدہ ہے جو شفاء فارمیسی کالج سے معروف ادبی تنظیم کی ادارت“ میں ادبی افتخار پر ابھرا ہے۔

اردو و انگریزی زبان کی ادبی روایت کو ہر دور میں بہت سارے لوگوں نے رومانوی شکل دی ہے اور اس کے بارے میں لکھا ہے، جریدہ یشیفین ادبی خدمات کو جدید سائنسی تکنیکوں کے ساتھ روشناس کروانے میں معاون ثابت ہوگا، اس ادبی جریدے نے شروع ہی سے اردو و انگریزی ادب میں نئے رجحانات مرتب کرے گا۔ یہ جریدہ اپنے کالموں، مضامین اور ادارتی نوٹوں کے ذریعے روشن خیالی کو فروغ دینے میں مددگار ثابت ہوگا۔ مدیر جریدہ یشیفین ہونے کی حیثیت سے میں یہ امید اور دعا کرتا ہوں کہ یہ جریدہ اک رہنما کی حیثیت اختیار کرے گا جو کے ادارہ ہذا کے طالب علموں کی علمی، عملی اور روحانی تسکین کا ذریعہ بنا رہے گا۔

ڈاکٹر فواد بشیر
فیکلٹی ایڈیٹر یشیفین

ٹیم یشفین ۲۰۲۳

ڈاکٹر عائشہ الطاف
(چیف ایڈیٹر)

ڈاکٹر فواد بشیر
(فیکلٹی ایڈیٹر)



محراب طاہر
(گرافک ڈیزائنر /
ایڈیٹر فوٹو سیکشن)

لائبہ فواد
(ایڈیٹر انگلش سیکشن)

حیان شکیل
(ایڈیٹر اردو سیکشن)

وَإِذَا مَرِضْتُ فَهُوَ يَشْفِينِ

جب میں بیمار ہوں تو وہی مجھے شفا دے سکتا ہے۔

قرآن

بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ

شفا کی آواز کا ترجمان

۲۰۲۳



یشفین

ہماری متحرک علمی برادری کے مرکز میں، ہمیں شفاء سکول آف فارماسیوٹیکل سائنسز کا ادبی رسالہ ”یشفین“ آپ کے سامنے پیش کرتے ہوئے مسرت محسوس ہو رہی ہے جو الفاظ کے ذریعے شفاء کے جوہر کو مجسم کرتا ہے۔ عربی میں، ”یشفین“ شفا یابی کے عمل کو خوبصورتی سے سمیٹتا ہے، اور بالکل یہی اس جریدے کا مقصد ہے۔ یشفین تخلیقی صلاحیتوں کا فن پارہ اور خود اظہار خیال کی پناہ گاہ ہے۔

اس کے صفحات میں، آپ کو تخیل کے افق کی بلندی، تخلیقی بلندیوں پر پرواز کی صلاحیت، دل کے جذبات کی گونج، اور علم و ادب کی مکمل روح نظر آئے گی۔

ادارہ ہذا یہ امید کرتا ہے کہ یہ جریدہ آپ کو شفا یابی کی صلاحیت کو تلاش کرنے کی ترغیب دے گا۔ یشفین اپنے قارئین کی علمی و ادبی طلب کو مَن و عَن پورا کرنے میں مددگار رہے گا۔



شفا کالج آف فارماسیوٹیکل سائنسز
شفا تعمیرِ ملت یونیورسٹی



بشرفین



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