



Aitchison Chronicles 2023-2024

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Poem of Life At Aitchison

By: Aayan Ahmed C1 A

In the corridors of Aitchison, where dreams take flight,

A symphony of learning, each day a delight.

Underneath the shades of wisdom's tree,

Aitchison's spirit, forever wild and free.

In classrooms alive with shared laughter,

Echoes of camaraderie, happily after.

With cricket matches and cheers that resound,

Aitchison's spirit, forever unbound.

Beneath the ancient trees, stories unfold,

In Aitchison's embrace, memories are gold.

In the rhythm of friendships, we find our beat,

Aitchison's heartbeat, strong and sweet.

From the quad's green expanse to the library's hush,

Aitchison's tales, an endless rush.

As the bell chimes, marking the end of the day,

Aitchison's essence, in our hearts, will stay.

In the mosaic of houses, colors vivid and bold,

Aitchison's legacy, a story to be told.

So, let's paint our days with hues of blue and gold,

In Aitchison's embrace, memories untold.

Biography Of Jinnah

By: Aayan Ahmed C1 A

Muhammad Ali Jinnah, a visionary leader and the founding father of Pakistan, was born on December 25, 1876, in Karachi, which was then a part of British India. Known for his impeccable style, eloquence, and a deeply ingrained sense of justice, Jinnah would go on to shape the course of history, clearing out a permanent check on the Indian Sub-continent.

Raised in a prosperous and culturally diverse family, young Jinnah displayed early signs of determination and intellect. His initial education in Karachi laid the foundation for a legal career that would later define his trajectory. Graduating from the Inns of Court in London, he was called to the bar in 1896, embarking on a journey that would see him rise as a distinguished barrister.

Jinnah's foray into politics began as he mastered the cause of Indian independence within the framework of the Indian National Congress. His commitment to constitutional reforms and the rights of Indians led him to become a prominent figure in the early 20th-century political landscape. However, the growing religious and cultural differences between Hindus and Muslims fueled by communal tensions prompted Jinnah to reassess his political affiliations.

The turning point in Jinnah's political career came with his active involvement in the All India Muslim League. Fueled by a desire to safeguard the rights and interests of the Muslim minority, he emerged as the linchpin in the creation of a separate nation for Muslims. Jinnah's vision was crystallized in the demand for an independent Muslim state, which he articulated in the Lahore Resolution of 1940.

His tireless efforts and persuasive eloquence during the negotiations with the British and Congress leaders eventually led to the creation of Pakistan on August 14, 1947. Jinnah assumed the role of Pakistan's first Governor-General, steering the newly formed nation through its riotous start.

Jinnah's leadership style was characterized by pragmatism, diplomacy, and an unwavering commitment to the principles of justice and equality. His speeches, often delivered in impeccable English, conveyed not only a sense of urgency but also a profound understanding of the challenges that lay ahead. His famous quote, "You are free; you are free to go to your temples, you are free to go to your mosques or to any other places of worship in this state of Pakistan. You may belong to any religion, caste, or creed—that has nothing to do with the business of the state," encapsulates his vision for a secular and inclusive Pakistan.

Despite his formidable political stature, Jinnah's personal life was marked by simplicity and a deep sense of discipline. His dedication to work often kept him immersed in the affairs of the state, yet he remained accessible to the common man. Jinnah's love for classical music and fine suits added a touch of elegance to his persona, earning him the title "Quaid-e-Azam" (Great Leader).

However, Jinnah's health began to decline rapidly, and on September 11, 1948, he fell victim to a prolonged illness. His death left a void in the nascent nation, but his legacy endured as Pakistan's guiding light. His vision for a democratic and tolerant state became the cornerstone of the country's constitution.

In the chronicles of history, Muhammad Ali Jinnah remains a towering figure, a statesman who navigated the tumultuous seas of partition to give birth to a new nation. His life serves as a testament to the power of conviction, resilience, and the unwavering pursuit of justice. The man who once dreamt of a homeland for Muslims continues to be revered as the father of the nation, and his principles continue to shape the destiny of Pakistan.

A Rebellion Ignited: A Review of The Hunger Games

By: Muhammad Ahsan Farooq C2H 18499

Topic: Book/Movie Reviews

The Hunger Games, the dystopian classic by Suzanne Collins, is more than just a young adult book—it's a profound examination of humanity's resiliency, a thrilling survival thriller, and a blistering condemnation of oppression. This dystopian novel is set in the dystopian nation of Panem, where the affluent Capitol brutally subjugates the destitute districts. It centres on sixteen-year-old Katniss Everdeen, a fiery sixteen, who volunteers to compete in the annual Hunger Games, a gladiatorial death fight that is televised.

A Gripping World in Desperate Need of Rebellion:

Collins creates a universe that captivates and chills in equal measure with mastery. The horrific exploitation of the districts, along with the extravagant extravagance of the Capitol, produces a striking contrast that draws attention to the depravity of this perverted civilization. Teenagers are forced to fight to the death in the terrifying Hunger Games for the amusement of a select few affluent people. Collins portrays the brutality with unwavering honesty and doesn't hold back, which heightens the sense of urgency and makes the insurrection all the more palpable.

Katniss: A Fiery Heroine for a Broken World:

It's not like the standard YA heroine—Katniss. She is an expert hunter who can support her family despite being toughened by adversity and not afraid to challenge authority when called upon. Her choice to participate for the Games was motivated by her intense need to defend her sister Prim; in the arena, her resourcefulness and archery abilities serve as her weapons. However, Katniss is more than just a survivor—she represents hope for the marginalised areas. She unintentionally sparks a revolt that has the potential to destroy the entire country as she manipulates the Games to rebel against the Capitol and show her disobedience with the Mockingjay pin.

Beyond the Arena: A Story of Humanity and Choice:

The decisions we make in the face of injustice is what The Hunger Games is all about, not just survival. Katniss must balance her own survival with the welfare of others as she wrestles with the moral quandaries of the Games. She makes a variety of alliances—some calculated, some sincere—all of which put her allegiances to the test and make her face the complexity of human nature. Because it delves into themes of love, sorrow, sacrifice, and the strength of defiance, the book is a powerful read for people of all ages.

A Gripping Read with Enduring Impact:

A thrilling, action-packed book that keeps you on the edge of your seat is The Hunger Games. However, it's also a profound and thought-provoking book that lingers in your mind long after the last page is turned. It is a tale about the human spirit's capacity to find hope even under the most hopeless

circumstances and a reminder that occasionally, a single act of resistance can be the most potent weapon against oppression.

In Conclusion:

Anyone who appreciates dystopian novels, exciting adventures, or just compelling tales about nuanced characters and their decisions should read *The Hunger Games*. Long after you stop reading it, the book will continue to haunt you, making you reflect on your surroundings and the decisions you make in them.

Final Rating: 5 out of 5 stars

Cultural Heritage: A Legacy's Double-Edged Sword

By: Muhammad Ahsan Farooq C2H 18499

Topic: Informative Article

Like a priceless heirloom passed down through generations, cultural heritage carries stories whispered across centuries, traditions etched in stone and song, and the very essence of who we are. It includes material traces of history: such as bustling festivals, historic sites and priceless artifacts, as well as ethereal echoes of language, culture and beliefs. However, despite the evident appeal of cultural heritage, its legacy is laced with darker strands of conflict, exclusion, and moral quandaries in addition to golden threads of pride and belonging.

It gives us a feeling of community by establishing a foundation of common stories and customs. The elaborate artwork, colourful celebrations, and ancestor wisdom provides us a feeling of continuity and direction by uniting us with something greater than ourselves. Imagine savoring the aroma of a meal that has been passed down through the centuries, each bite a legacy of love and community, or meandering through the reverberating corridors of a beautiful palace, its walls whispering tales of forgotten kings and queens. These encounters tie us to the past, influencing the present, and igniting our aspirations for the future.

Furthermore, cultural heritage serves as a bridge between generations, forging a dialogue across time. The knowledge and experiences of our ancestors come to life through the resonance of music, the brushstrokes of a painter, or the steady steps of a traditional dance. Their hardships and victories, their creativity and originality, their morals and convictions—all teach us. The teachings preserved in old monuments and transmitted orally provide us with priceless information and help to form our moral compass. In a society that is fixated on the transient, cultural heritage provides a concrete link to the ageless knowledge of the past.

However, the preservation of cultural heritage can also harbour shadows. Stories are frequently cherry-picked, creating an idealised image of the past that ignores injustices and inequality. Social hierarchy, religious intolerance, and colonial conquests can all be readily forgotten or idealised, which feeds into prejudice and negative stereotypes. Suppressed and misrepresented, the past of many marginalised cultures causes them more suffering and alienation than pride.

Moreover, the commercialisation of cultural heritage poses a significant threat. Traditions and iconic landscapes can be appropriated for commercial gain, lose their original significance, and turn into tourist attractions. Heritage commodification can result in the homogenization and diluting of distinctive customs, substituting authenticity with a milder form that appeals to a wider audience. The colourful clothes worn on important occasions are reduced to inexpensive trinkets, and the holy rites are reduced to tourist attractions, the culture's spirit being sacrificed on the altar of profit.

Finally, the interpretation and ownership of cultural heritage can become battlegrounds for identity politics. Rival histories, rival assertions, and ownership disputes can drive communities against one another, undermining the very cohesion that heritage is meant to promote. Whose narratives are featured?

Who is qualified to define and interpret the past? These issues give rise to conflict and disagreement and draw attention to the difficult moral terrain that surrounds the preservation of disputed histories.

To navigate this, you need to be subtle. While appreciating its lessons and unifying force, we also need to be aware of its possible drawbacks. This entails having a critical conversation, accepting other points of view, and making sure that everyone is included in the ownership and interpretation of cultural legacy. Furthermore, it calls for moral tourism that values cultural integrity over profit and respects the communities in which it occurs.

Conclusively, cultural heritage can promote identity, connection and wisdom and be a great source of pride. However, technology can also serve as a tool in the struggle for riches and power, erasing unpleasant facts and continuing disparities. It is our duty to use this intelligently, to create connections, promote understanding, and make sure that the lessons learned from the past point us in the direction of a better future. At that point, we may honestly say that we honour rather than merely conserve the legacy we receive.

From Seed to Supper: A Beginner's Guide to Homegrown Vegetables

By: Muhammad Ahsan Farooq C2H 18499

Topic: Informative Articles

Anyone can be lured into gardening by the prospect of nutrient and flavour-rich, freshly grown vegetables. For novices, however, the idea may seem overwhelming. Fear Not! You can create a flourishing vegetable patch even in the smallest of spaces with a little preparation and expertise.

Step 1: Location, Location, Location

Sunlight is the lifeblood of most vegetables, it is essential to locate a location that receives at least 6 to 8 hours of direct sunlight each day. Choose a location away from blustery winds and busy foot traffic. If you don't have much room, think about container gardening or vertical gardening on your patio or balcony.

Step 2: Soil Matters

Healthy soil is the foundation of a successful garden. To find out the pH and nutrient levels in your soil, conduct a test. Most vegetables grow best in soil that is slightly acidic (pH 6.0–6.7). To promote drainage, aeration, and nutritional content, amend your soil with organic matter such as aged manure or compost.

Step 3: Choosing Your Crops

Choose veggies based on your environment, your tastes, and the space you have available. Start with vegetables and herbs that are easy to cultivate, such as tomatoes, lettuce, beans, and peppers. In order to guarantee a consistent harvest all year long, take into account variables such as planting season and maturity dates.

Step 4: Seeding or Seedlings?

You have two options: start your plants indoors in pots and then transplant them, or put seeds straight into the ground. Although seeding is less expensive, it does require more careful attention to temperature regulation and watering. For veggies with shorter growing seasons or that are more fragile, seedlings are a great way to get a head start.

Step 5: Planting Power

Pay attention to the planting depth and spacing that each vegetable recommends. In general, seeds need to be spaced two to three times their depth apart. Make sure to keep the soil damp but not waterlogged when you give your seeds or seedlings regular, gentle watering.

Step 6: Tending Your Garden

Regular weeding is essential to prevent competition for resources from unwanted plants. Organic debris like as wood chips or straw can be mulched around your crops to help control soil temperature, conserve moisture, and discourage weed growth.

Step 7: Watering Wisdom

Water the soil thoroughly and sparingly, letting it dry out a little in between applications. Thorough watering promotes robust root development and averts fungal infections. Watering plants from above can help spread illness; instead, concentrate on watering the base of the plants.

Step 8: Harvesting Happiness

Harvesting your produce that you cultivate yourself is the most satisfying aspect of gardening! For the finest flavour and texture, select veggies at the height of their ripeness. For exact harvesting dates, refer to planting guidelines or seed packs.

Bonus Tips for Beginners:

- ❖ Begin modestly. In your first year, try not to push yourself too much. Expand your garden gradually as you get more skilled.
- ❖ Planting companion plants. Grown together, some plants can complement one another. Look into companion planting techniques for the crops you have selected.
- ❖ Accept the unexpected. Growing a garden involves learning. Don't let failures depress you. Examine what went wrong and give it another go!
- ❖ Above all, remember to enjoy yourself! Growing your own food and fostering a relationship with the natural world are two wonderful and healthful aspects of gardening. Savour the journey and acknowledge all of your accomplishments, no matter how tiny.

With these tips and a little love and effort, you'll be well on your way to enjoying the fruits (and vegetables!) of your labour. So, get your hands dirty, embrace the green thumb within, and watch your homegrown garden flourish!

Remember, that gardening is a process rather than a final goal. Thus, unwind, try new things, and relish the delight of raising a child from seed to dinner. Cheers to your successful gardening!

I Could Never

Every day you sacrifice,
suffer, and to what end?
No questions asked,
no praise demanded.

They pass by you every day,
breathe and blink because of you,
eat and drink because of you,
live and think because of you,
yet they do not see you.

How? How do you care without any limits?
How do you love without end?
How do you hide your pain?

I weep, and my heart breaks every time
I look into your eyes, see the dreams you gave up,
I look at your smile, see the buried anguish,
I listen to your laugh, but hear the cries hidden behind it.

Whenever I sit and think about you,
what you have been through,
my mind curses me for it aches,
my heart breaks and breaks and breaks –
my soul prays and prays and prays...
that you find happiness.

Then with eyes filled by tears,
I sit and smile,
not in happiness but in pity, disbelief,
knowing that for us, you would do it all again.
And I could never repay you.

Even if I spent a eternity after infinity
thanking you, praising you,
writing your name on every grain,
telling your tale to every star –
I could never repay you.

Ch.M.Raayed
C2-F

Dear Banyan Tree

Dear Banyan tree, I've always confided in you.

You've been a witness to my best and testified for me at my worst. You've watched as the seconds accumulated and became months, and flew through the February skies. You've watched as the grass weaved itself into a snare and rued itself out of it. You've listened to the symphony of the flowerbeds, and you watched the conductress germinate only to wilt.

I wonder if you still grieve the fig tree, because I know I do. I've spent too much time pining about the colours of the fruits, only to watch them rot; one by one. Only to watch the springtimes turn to summer; and the summers into autumn. To watch the leaves fall like my tears on that Saturday in February.

I feel as if these two years flew past me. Like the clouds escaping from the rain during a tumultuous monsoon season, like the shadow escaping into the night to retain their identity and cope with their impostor syndrome.

But I still feel like I'm living in the past. As if the tea is still piping hot, the sky is less gray, and I have a lot of myself to give out. Getting older has not been easy on me, for I feel like my only future is in the past. As if my only purpose is to bury relics and bones into the sand, only to dig them out. Moving on is inevitable, for the train is bound to reach its destination. Even though I loathe how little I had, I would give anything to burn my tongue on the tea.

I have lost and I have gained, I have hoped and I have despaired, I have watched dynasty's crush and saplings grow, I have watched performances end; with and without applause. I have watched loved ones fade and thrive.

When I had nothing, I always had my remorse and empathy. Although I'm not sure if being in constant fear of grief and a desperation that clings on to you like a leech can be classified as empathy. But I am in fear that I'm losing more of it everyday. Is it that I've been desensitised to the apathy, indifference, and envy or is it the lack of capacity in my body to hold emotions besides anxiety and grief, or even the fact that I've given too much of it, that I've lost fragments of myself. Maybe it's the physical depiction of it crawling from my heart into my bloodstream, and flowing into my brain; making me visualise the strife that isn't mine.

With great power, comes great responsibility; and I fear that I have neither. I don't possess any sovereignty and can't imagine being able to restrain it with my fingers. But if I one day have any, I hope I have it in me to retain it.

No one prepares you for the seasons fate drags you through, for the darkest rain clouds and the brightest Suns. For the soft piano ballads and the blues on the harmonica. But maybe you

foreshadowed it, as every leaf of yours told a story. And even though I couldn't read any of them; I felt them in my bones as I walked through life.

They tell me "it gets better", and maybe it has. Even though my words aren't flowery, they're my own. Even though I fail to appeal to everyone, I still feel more like myself. But maybe that isn't a good thing either. The more I live with the idea of myself, the less I feel like a depiction of a human being; two eyes, two ears, and a nose. I have days where I feel every atom of dopamine surrounding me, but not as many as I thought there would be, and nights where I'd go to sleep with fulfilment, even though I'd wake up with delusion.

I do feel awfully mundane though. I can't fathom waking up in the morning at the same time, exchanging greetings with the same people, and sitting in the same rooms everyday. Even though I've never valued change, it feels like a source of sustenance to a thirst that arrives at the most unwanted times. Living for a reputation doesn't feel like a life, and feeling for the sake of feeling doesn't feel authentic.

And if I do leave, maybe it's for the best. Would it be a great tragedy, would people cry as the sound of my voice in their head fades away, and the conversations turn to memories. Time however isn't on my side, and as it's fig season there are more fruits on the tree, I have no choice but to pluck one out.

But whichever fig I pick, salty or sweet, hard or soft; I'd like to thank you for everything, and I hope you serve as the same muse you were to me.

With love and sunlight,
Abbas

I Think My Muses Are Dying

I think my muses are dying. The cuts that bled out the poetry I always managed to put on paper have healed. The tapestry of folklore I once had the courage to weave into a garment is now used to make the curtains that I hold to peer into the realities that aren't mine.

I think my muses are dying. I often write letters to figments unbeknownst to me; the Moon, the stars, and the emotions I feel in my bones that I fail to find words for. But what do I do when they refuse to write back? Do I host a bonfire where I recite my most flowery and pretentious verses and hope I will be applauded for them? Or do I just fly to the depths of the sky or my ribcage for answers and hopefully manuscripts.

I think my muses are dying. There's a shadow playing a soft piano ballad in the distance. Its fingers are becoming sore as it plays the same chords again and again, and the absorbed light that creates his body is slowly fading into thin air. His head, his legs, his torso, his arms. But not the hands that keep playing the same chords, faster and defter. It's as if it's signaling to me that using the same words will slowly make me lose more of myself and massacre the muse that one sat on my shoulder as I wrote my best poems.

I think my muses are dying. I reminisce about the days where I wasn't desensitized to the idea of art. I often choked on the irony of the phrase "Art comforts the disturbed and disturbs the comforted." How is it that man has the power to comfort and disturb without using brute force? How did I once with the help of misery and fury comfort those who were musing alongside me? Unfortunately, as I am now devoid of any comfort and without it how can I muse about dreadful things. I think this pen is slowly repelling from me, and refusing to induce the bursts of energy that brought poems to life.

I think my muses are dying. As the globe closes on me and is tightened around my soul, the muse sets off to the streetlights. But for light, or pretentious symbolism is a question that I fail to answer. It goes into the flower garden, gets pierced by the thorn but keeps the rose for display.

I think my muses have died. The curtains have closed, my cue has passed, and the page is blank.

Syed Abbas Ali

C2-H

18469

Book review on Sea of Rust by C. Robert Cargill:

In a post-human extinction setting, readers follow a scavenger robot named Brittle after the OWI's, powerful shared consciousness of millions of robots uploaded into one huge mainframe brain, have ruined the utopia robots had made for themselves. Robots that refuse to let go of their individuality are forced to scavenge for parts in the Sea of Rust, a stretch of desert of what used to be Michigan and Ohio, hoping to find parts in the graveyard of robots, but as the supply lines are controlled by the OWI's, everything in the sea has been picked clean.

Brittle follows the deteriorating robots in the sea of rust, convincing them to shut down, allowing her to take their parts and sell them in cities. Then one day, her greatest fears are realized as she damages an irreparable piece of her hardware: her core.

Brittle knows her days are numbered, unless she can find the part she needs to save herself. As it so happens, she is offered a slim chance of survival by a group of independent robots needing her services as a pathfinder through the wasteland. Their mission is to try to bring back an OWI that will take down the others, Brittle is forced to accept their offer through sheer desperation.

Throughout the journey, she is haunted by the terrible crimes she and the rest of the robot population perpetrated on humanity, having to come to terms with nearly unbearable guilt, making readers reflect on the nature of thinking beings, reminding us that even the most advanced creations can mirror humanity's worst mistakes.

'The Sea of Rust' is a profound exploration of sentience and the consequences of unchecked intelligence. The author treats robots as an evolution of human thinking, one with the same inherent flaws that have been found in humanity. Moreover, it begs the question: isn't anything that 'survives' inherently alive?

In this journey, readers are invited to ponder the very nature of reality itself, as well as the intricacies of memory, purpose, and sentience. I definitely recommend this for fans of excellent world-building and philosophy regarding mankind's future with robots.

By Ali Arif Piracha

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Charles Dickens

By Ali Nawaz C1

Charles Dickens, born on February 7, 1812, in Portsmouth, England, was a prolific and influential Victorian-era writer. His life's journey was marked by both personal challenges and literary triumphs, making him one of the most celebrated novelists in the English language.

Dickens' early years were shaped by financial struggles, as his father faced debts and imprisonment. At the age of 12, young Charles found himself working in a shoe polish factory, an experience that left an indelible mark on his later works, particularly evident in the vivid depictions of social injustices.

His literary career began as a reporter, and he later gained recognition for his serialized sketches and stories published under the pseudonym "Boz." *The Pickwick Papers*, his first novel, was a sensation, catapulting him to literary fame in 1836. Dickens continued to produce serialized novels, releasing works such as *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop* in the following years.

One of Dickens' enduring strengths lay in his ability to create memorable characters. From the lovable orphan Oliver Twist to the miserly Ebenezer Scrooge in *A Christmas Carol*, his characters captured the complexities of human nature and the societal issues of his time. Dickens used his narratives to advocate for social reform and shed light on the struggles of the impoverished.

A Christmas Carol, published in 1843, remains one of Dickens' most cherished works. The novella, centered around the redemption of Ebenezer Scrooge, reflects Dickens' concern for societal compassion and the Christmas spirit. Its enduring popularity is evident in the numerous adaptations and theatrical productions that continue to captivate audiences.

Despite his literary success, Dickens faced personal challenges, including a strained marriage and public scrutiny of his private life. However, his boundless energy and commitment to his craft fueled a remarkable output. Notable works like *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, and *Great Expectations* solidified his reputation as a literary giant.

Charles Dickens' commitment to social justice extended beyond his writing. He engaged in philanthropy, advocating for better working conditions and education. Dickens' readings of his own works drew large crowds, showcasing his talent as a performer and providing him with a platform to address social issues directly.

Dickens' prolific writing career spanned over three decades, and his impact on literature and social consciousness endures. His final, unfinished novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, reflects the mystery surrounding Dickens' own life as he passed away on June 9, 1870. Despite his departure, Charles Dickens' legacy lives on through his timeless stories, unforgettable characters, and his enduring influence on literature and social reform.

Palestine

By Ali Nawaz C1

The Israeli-Palestinian conflict, a deeply rooted and complex geopolitical issue, has been marked by a history of violence, displacement, and suffering. The atrocities occurring in Palestine have garnered international attention, sparking debates and discussions on the need for a just and lasting resolution.

The conflict traces its roots back to the late 19th century, with competing national aspirations and claims over the same land. The establishment of the State of Israel in 1948 led to the displacement of hundreds of thousands of Palestinians, resulting in what is known as the Nakba, or "catastrophe."

One of the most contentious issues revolves around the territories occupied by Israel since the Six-Day War in 1967—namely, the West Bank, East Jerusalem, and the Gaza Strip. The construction of Israeli settlements in the West Bank has been a major point of contention, as it is considered a violation of international law and a significant obstacle to the peace process.

The Gaza Strip, often referred to as one of the most densely populated areas in the world, has faced severe humanitarian crises. The region has experienced multiple conflicts, including three major military operations in the last decade, resulting in substantial civilian casualties and extensive infrastructure damage.

The issue of access to basic resources, such as water and electricity, adds to the humanitarian challenges faced by the people of Palestine. Restrictions on movement, checkpoints, and the separation barrier also impact daily life, contributing to a sense of isolation and limited opportunities for economic development.

The ongoing blockade of Gaza, imposed by Israel and Egypt, has led to dire consequences for the Palestinian population. The blockade restricts the movement of goods and people, exacerbating poverty and unemployment rates and hindering the delivery of essential humanitarian aid.

Human rights organizations and international bodies have raised concerns about alleged human rights abuses in the region, including excessive use of force, arbitrary detention, and restrictions on freedom of movement. The situation is further complicated by issues related to the right of return for Palestinian refugees and the status of Jerusalem, a city sacred to multiple religions.

Efforts to find a peaceful and equitable resolution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict have faced numerous challenges over the years. International diplomatic initiatives, including the Oslo Accords and various peace talks, have yet to yield a comprehensive agreement that addresses the core issues.

Addressing the atrocities occurring in Palestine requires a nuanced understanding of the historical context and a commitment to dialogue, diplomacy, and respect for international law. The international community plays a crucial role in supporting efforts to achieve a just and lasting solution, ensuring the rights and dignity of all those affected by the conflict.

Poem

By Muneeb Irfan H1

Haiku

A circling shadow

Talons ruthlessly strike out

Fries on the flagstones

Trade

A trade was made, a trade was paid

In coin red and burning and gold though

And at the path-end now your choice is made

With coin red and yellow and gold though

Seven times seven was the number

Seven times seven was the name

Seven times seven was the binding

Your grieving for to tame

Over the whale-road they came sailing

As the wailing gulls espied the gloaming

A ship filled to groaning, a ship filled to moaning

With coin bloody and burnished but gold though

At your doorstep squats the BEAST

Seven sevens are its rending teeth

Flensed and famished it craves release

With blood and bone join the feast

The life-giver's beacon there sighing fled

Its amber rays lighting the eyes of the dead

And yet it flew on, white wings on sullen reds

Bearing coin red and gold and glistering though

Unweave the warp and weft of breath

Swallow the burning candle of death

Famine stalks fathomless depths

Upon the altar it has crept

From the sea-steed the voice-bearer leapt

Their bone-house hitting the harbour steps

And yet none saw as their shadow crept

Away from coin red and gold and burning though

“Goods I bear now Gold all aglimmer

Wondrous mirrors Word bearers afar

Rings holding well Roaring beasts ensnared

Damascened swords Serpent-slaying

Thus spoke they then The silver-tongued
To those gathered That staff-crafty man
Yet further beyond Yearning eyes sought
Burnished coin and red Burnt and golden though

From depths below abyssal they come calling, calling
Bearing gold and rings and yet you are falling, falling
Coral in their eyes, coral in their teeth
Never look you at what lies beneath

Cold were their hands and cold their bones
Hard were their hearts, hard as stones
And yet you came, falling, falling
Looking for a heart that was calling, calling

Seven times seven was the number
Seven times seven for to tame
But still out of your slumber
Yet you wake and call their name

Cold is your hand and cold your art

Coral in your soul, coral in your heart

A trade was made, a trade was paid

Never till death now shall you part

Great is your ship and when all is told

Seven times seven thanes to you have sold

But yet when all is dead and dark and cold

Never look you at what lies in the hold

The coin so red, the coin so gold

Burnished and jangling it left the hold

A trade was made, a trade was paid

A name for a name, it was named

Now come they from chasm and fathom

Bearing many a gift and priceless mathom

The abyss in their eyes, the abyss is their sum

Never trust those far from the sun

The child is lost and young and old

Crying softly from the cold

You move to reach, but stop at once

Nothing can be done, all is done

Its eyes, its eyes are brown and gold

But when all is done and foretold

Coral in its eyes, coral in its bones

Dead as the chasm, dead as the stones

Now come you from your coral-hulled ship

With death in your heart and a smile on your lips

Though many are your goods piled on the drifting sands

The deep-dwellers, the spear-lords - all look to your hands

Filled with coin red and gold and burning though

Lives are coin to be spent and bought

To each is assigned a given lot

The trade is not – was not - your fault

What is it to you if a child is caught?

No, it was written, in dragon-glass and bone

Inscribed on coral and steel and stone

Written in fate, in the Maker's book

What is taken was already long ago took

Gold coins for eyes so gold, red coins for blood so red

Yet not a coin to spare for the eyes of the dead

The chasm yawns asunder, the chasm awaits

Not a thousand such bairns could its hunger sate

A trade was made, a trade was paid
A price was named, a price was paid
With blood and pain and burning though
But now a price to be paid for your pain

A life for a life, from the watery deeps
Their eyes opening as if after sleep
Your wish is heard, your heart leaps
From your eyes tears begin to seep

But they look back, not a trace of gold
In their eyes – only death and mould
Their hands, their hands, so deathly cold
Coral in their eyes, coral in their heart
Now at death shall you part

Years ago you came calling, calling
To the dark places falling, falling
Searching for a heart while sorrowing
Living on time you were borrowing

Trades were made, trades were paid
Lives were sold, souls enslaved
All for a purpose, all for a name
Yet now as you stare at your life's bane

All you see is a child grieving, weeping
A life cut short by a hand not coral, coral
But flesh and bone and burning, yearning
For that denied by the world's turning, turning

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
As the heart's mirror began to rust
You sold and bought, all for nought
In a net of heartstrings to be caught

Let hands tighten in a lover's kiss
Let legs thrash in exulting bliss
A life for a life, now you see
And let your lyke go out to sea

*In a ship of coral you came calling, calling
Snatching a star so it was falling, falling
But now at the path-ends a trade was made
And paid and paid, and paid and paid*

