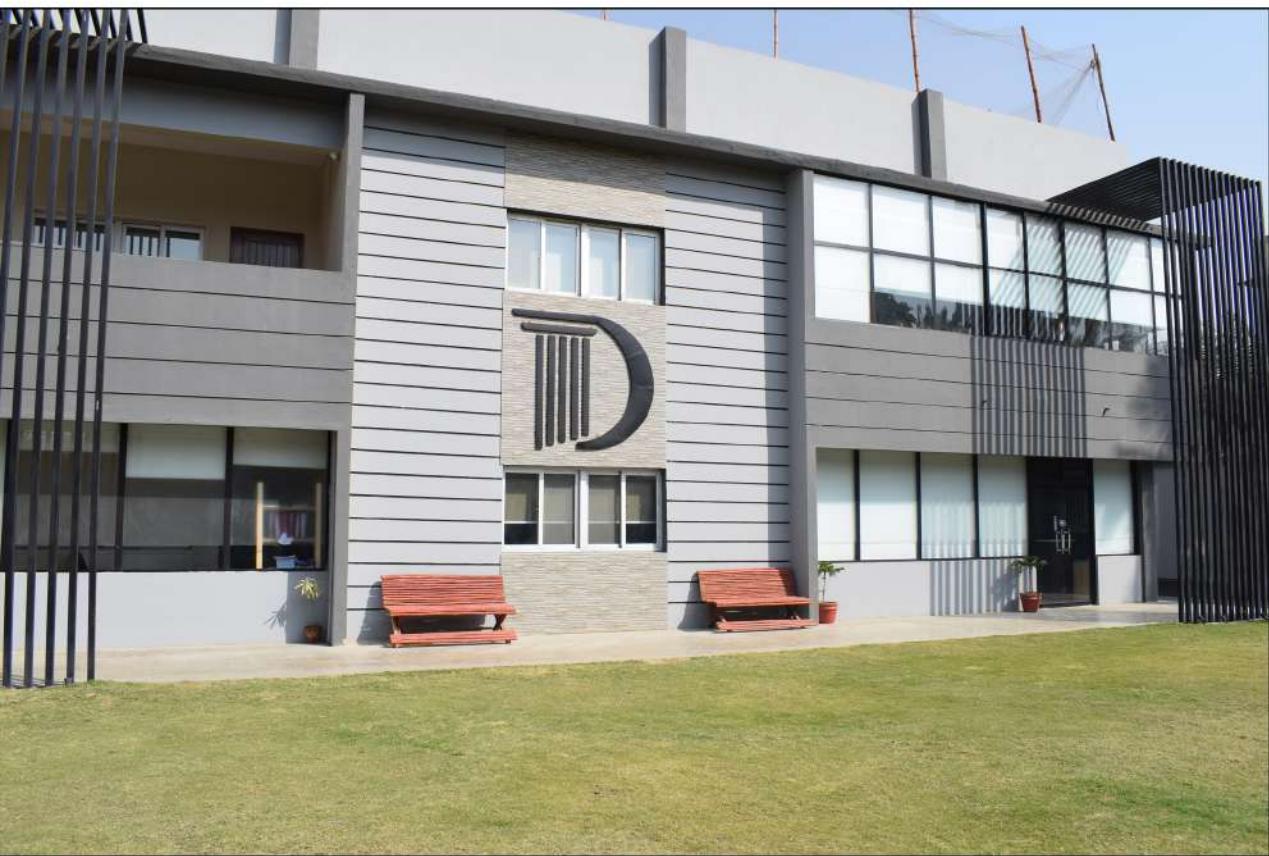


The Turning Tables

For the month of February | Volume 1 | Right from the student's table | To Denning's new beginning



Amazing events
that took place

People who were
and are brilliant!

A glimpse of
life at Denning

Rewinding back
to our roots!

Memes of
the Month

Life here at Denning College is full of fun filled events and a lot more!



EDITORS

Chosen from students



Denning college
February
2021 Karachi

Design by
Azeem Ahmed



"It is the diplomacy
which Pakistan has
started with and it
shall be the
diplomacy which
shall be
continued "

Editorial

Why the name the turning tables? What is the need to have the magazine in the era of overly loaded information? Is the social media page of Denning College not sufficient that a magazine is required?

The name turning tables was chosen to represent that students of Denning College have now taken the ownership of that place and it was the initial idea of the students to do something for their self-created home- DC as a gesture of love.

To add further, this is an era of information however that information should not be mistaken as wisdom or intellect. Unfortunately, wisdom and intellect to the youth seems alienated. So we aim that the different expressions of art which are published here grant the readers exposure for their personal growth journey.

Moreover, the intent of the magazine is to provide a safe and secure space for the students of DC to get their work published so that it can become a passage way to find their individual unique identity.

Lastly, our ultimate goal is to promote art and literature. This being said, this is all from the end of editorial team and now the magazine shall speak for it self.

Happy Reading!

Warmly,

Tamjeed Hashmi.



The Turning Table's Team

Life at Denning



Beach party

After a tough exam week and Denning's festival the beach trip was a cherry on the top. The day began in a good way with everyone gathering at the DHA campus waiting to get the journey started.

After approximately 45mins of travelling we finally reached our destination.

Awaiting for us were several different activities including Dodge ball, throw ball and tug of war.

After a friendly play between all three houses and food each and every student enjoyed the dance floor before the house results were announced.

With great performance, house of Mavericks was able to score 1st position whereas the house of patriots did a good comeback marking an end to the day following the award ceremony.

ACHI PARTY!

By Raja Ali Abbas



Sports fest

It was a day filled with great enthusiasm. The whole college was filled with flags, bunting and balloons. Flags were pitched. Everyone wanted to win it by either hook or crook. Teachers and students were on duty. People were cheering out. The winners were given trophies. Unsuccessful contestants were given participation certificates to boost up their confidence. We had lots of activities like football, volleyball, table tennis, etc. The winners of all these events were also awarded on this day.

By Alisha Obaid



Fest

At whatever point we think or hear something like a 'fest', we submerge ourselves into the considerations of charming brilliant lights, relentless music, DJs and VJs, and, relishing food sources. We in general curve our hunches towards rivalries as well as enormous groups which to be sure bless us with a monstrous bundle of recollections. Knowing individuals, working with them and understanding them resembles the essence of each fest.

By Alisha Obaid

Humans Of Denning



My name is Jasmine and I am the captain of one of the best house of Denning College; House of Mavericks.

It was a great opportunity as I learned great leadership skills throughout my journey. It wasn't easy to handle the biggest house but still, with the help of my team, few great people, I was able to manage everything. I learned that it's not a one man thing, it's a team work and it was the team work that lead me and my house to the victory.

Also, my house was the best among others. The participants, the athletes, the talents we had in our house was amazing. The main goal was to use their talent on their respective platforms and as a captain, I did that. It is not just me, it's my team and all the members of the house lifting the trophy. It was all team work. Team work makes your dream work.

My name is Waleed Mirza, and I'm the student body president of Denning College.

Over all my journey at denning has been quite exquisite, being here made me learn a lot more than I expected. More over being the president gave me a boost to self confidence and has enhanced my personality. It was a very big opportunity for me since it tough me leadership skills and team work. Having the whole student body under me which gave me a hand full of responsibilities and tasks to complete. It also taught me to deal with people and enhanced my intrapersonal skills.



Being the president of the student body is not an easy task but so far I am enjoying and trying to deliver my best for the students and their university life.

United we stand, divided we fall as we are Unionist!



My name is Syed Shahriyar Shahid (Founder of Pioneers) , I'm a student of IFD program and one of the most active students of Denning College, I really appreciate the environment and learning procedure of Denning college, which helped me to learn a lot of things to evolve my personality and their faculty over here is really amazing. They helped me in a lot of waysnot only academically but socially as well! Denning has given me a lot of responsibilities which has evolved me as I was participating in the college fest and I played a significant role when it comes to the victory of my house.

I am a Maverick, I am a Denning!

Health and Updates



The Red Light Therapy has been rigorously studied & tested for decades, from the labs of NASA to the leading medical research institutions in the world.

The beauty of Red Light Therapy lies in the fact that there are no side effects documented. This therapy involves very low levels of heat and doesn't hurt or burn the skin at all. It's 100% natural, entirely non-invasive.

What exactly Red Light Therapy is?

This therapy has been around since the invention of lasers. Also known as Light box therapy. This treatment uses certain wavelengths of light to restore, protect, & repair tissues that are either degenerating, damaged, or at risk of dying.

How does Red Light Therapy works?

This treatment works by delivering red & near infrared wavelengths directly to your body with medical-grade LEDs. Which affects the bodily cells on a biochemical level by increasing mitochondrial function that is ability to produce cellular energy. The more cellular energy produced, the better body will function as a whole.

As this treatment helps speed up the skin's ability to heal, therefore it can be used to address variety of skin problems. Few of which are being listed below:

✓ Bruises. This therapy will deliver nutrient-rich blood supply to the affected area faster which will help out in the formation of new capillaries.

✓ Hair loss.

✓ Dry Skin and Psoriasis. Red Light penetrates the thickened skin and powers up the skin cells which results in increased blood flow towards the surface layer of the skin. Thus, Oxygen rich blood flows towards the body ensuring increased hydration.

✓ Acne. The red light therapy helps promote healing and also works to decrease the visibility of acne and scars.

Benefits of Red Light Therapy

- ✓ It helps produce fibroblasts and collagen to correct signs of skin aging.
- ✓ It treats full facial wrinkles.
- ✓ It's safe for all skin types.
- ✓ It decreases skin inflammation.
- ✓ It smooths skin tone and repairs sun damage.
- ✓ It may even stimulate hair growth in your hair follicles and promote hair growth.
- ✓ This therapy works on the lymphatic system to improve your body's detoxification abilities by increasing blood flow.



'Be content with what you have; rejoice in the way things are. When you realize there is nothing lacking, the entire world belongs to you.
~ Lao Tzu

Bob Marley made it sound so easy, but feeling happy despite your situation forms a challenge for most of us. It becomes hard to be bursting with joy when you're exhausted and struggling with financial troubles and combating heartaches.

Waking up with a smile on your face every morning is a lot to ask for. But what if we made 'feeling happy' a lot more feasible by redefining what happiness means?

Many of us think of happiness as an unsteady mood that is primarily focused on moments of pleasure and excitement. Why not see it as a long term sense of contentment and joy?

Even though life is far from perfect, try to appreciate what goes right. Feel comfortable with all your imperfections.

In our society, happiness is often linked to external events such as getting a degree, finding love or either simply buying a gorgeous branded dress. Deep down, there's this expectation that once you reach your goal, you will find that fulfillment you're looking for. But who hasn't been disappointed when the novelty of the short-term accomplishment wore off, leaving you feeling exactly the same as you did before? Contrary to happiness, contentment is less fixated on future goals. It focuses on appreciating what you already have in the present moment.

Furthermore, it may sound paradoxical, but feeling content doesn't mean you don't wish for a robust future. In fact it can actually be an accelerator for change. Contentment can give you the peace of mind that is essential in order to grow and improve oneself. Not because you feel you're not good enough, however you have this inner desire to learn, to improve and hone your talents.



Coffee with Sir Naeem Moochalla



The idea behind Denning

"Law schools barely existed in the metropolis. This is something that the city, or rather, the country needed. The standard of law schools had diminished greatly over the years which led to me starting, Alhamdulillah, one of the best law schools in Pakistan, or, Karachi, at least. The best part is that a foreign degree, i.e. an affiliated programme of the University of London, is provided here. Denning Law School is an officially recognized teaching centre of the University of London."

How many batches have passed out and how's the response so far?

"As of now, Denning has successfully helped countless law enthusiasts achieve their dream. Alhamdulillah, our 5th Batch of Law School will pass out at the end of the year. The future looks good, for the Law School, at least."

Experience in the field of education and accomplishments overtime

"I've been linked with the field of education, in one way or another, for well over 30 years now. Be it teaching O & A Level students or founding my own institution, by the grace of God, I've done it all. A major reason behind the formation of Denning was that talent is neither recognized nor utilized in this country. The main aim was to make law enthusiasts have a platform to peak and help them achieve the world and more, which we've been doing for quite some time now, Alhamdullilah. It was never about the money. Rather, it's about channelling the talent and helping the lot with career choices because their whole lives will depend on this one decision of theirs."

Denning Business School: Overview

“The latest addition to Denning is the start of Denning Business School, after its Law School and Consultancy Services. Law School required survival. However, Business School has much more competition. The goal is to compete with the likes of IBA, LUMSU, etc. We’re going all in or nothing. We HAVE to establish ourselves as a household name. But, keeping in my mind this is a new venture, sustainability is key right now.

Where do you see Denning in the next 5 years?

“Denning and I will continue to give our very best and make sure it stays a household name for the years to come, God willing. Quality education should now be a basic necessity and that’s our aim for the future – Quality education for all; regardless of one’s age, gender, religious preference, race, and ethnicity.

Advice to the masses and potential clients and students

“One thing I’d strongly urge students, even if Denning is not their preferred choice, to do is to go for a degree course. This ensures they have something to show to the world and also helps one in their respective field, as well. Stay true to yourself. Never lose hope, for hope is what keeps us going. I remember, there was a student who came all the way from Ghotki, which is in Interior Sindh. His reason for moving to the metropolis? Quality education. He said “Sir Naeem, I know it’s tough here but I know I will pull through as long as I’m dedicated and persistent.” That made me realize that quality education should be one’s main priority. My sincere advice would be to grow through life as you go through life and always think about the betterment of society. Cheers!”

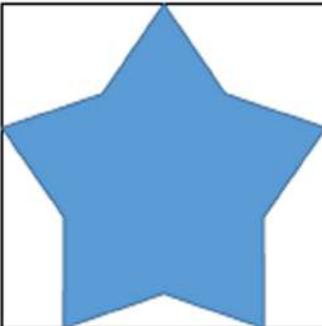


THE DENNING SOCIETY

New Avenues

Good byes

I see you going,
Myself numb,
The ink of my pen fading,
Diary pages finishing,
Patience evaporating,
Courage, not found,
Forgotten about resilience,
The mountains of hope are away,
Far away,
Tales of contentment,
Which brought hope were moons ago!



Heaviness

Keep that coming?
I scream,
I want to pull that off,
Anger fumes exhale out,
There are heavy weights on my shoulder,
I bent down,
Instead of flying up,
You keep that coming,
When I get tired,
After being restless,
In a state of helplessness,
My tears come,
Which purify me inwardly,
I shine,
Just the way, leaves do after rain,
Storing strength,
In the days of being despair.

Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found words.

— Robert Frost

New blossoms

After grief and uncertainty,
While facing trials and tranquil,
We think we are ready to face everything,
As we enter into a dark hidden tunnel,
An acceptance comes that we have still not moved on,
Presently on scratch level,
The time to bloom has not arrived yet,
The autumn is here again,
Before new petals grow,
The old ones must fall,
Then only it will be spring,
Not fall altogether,
But one by one,
Slowly and gradually,
During the process nothing is lost,
The petals which are no more,
Were never meant to be the part of the flower.

Coldness

Every time, I think of contacting you,
A chill runs down my spine,
Then I practice to control my desires,
Be independent and free,
Did my literature not remind me that our doubts are traitors?
Removing the fear,
Finding the courage to speak,
Finally, I make the move,
You are so cold,
You won't ever understand this feeling,
Back then, I thought my warmth will melt the cold,
Now my fear is,
Have I been cold?
After the way you treated me.



By Tamjeed Hashmi

Cultural Studies

Course description:

We are constituted by a myriad of influences- family, social norms and environment. All of these characteristics make up a culture. In the course, we will explore the different cultures and find more about our roots. Moreover, we will try to answer questions like what makes a home. Secondly, what are the characteristics that makes you feel excluded and fills you with the desire to migrate?

The intent of this course is to hone your writing skills and critical thinking ability.

Out of the Bubble



Café flo- The queen of cafes

Pakistan is known for its warm hospitality and accepting diversity. When we think of hospitality, the food industry in our mind blooms and food industry of Karachi is incomplete without café flo.

Years back, Pakistan welcomed a French woman- Florence Villers. Today we will be knowing insights from her life.

While I wait for Ms. Villers to arrive at café flo, her staff serves me with chilled smoothie and the waiter tells me that most of the staff here is the same and things have not really changed since ever flo started.

He left me in a state of curiosity that how does flo cope with evolving world by keeping same staff, same French posters and of course, the same orange wall that we see in celebrity's Instagram pictures.

To welcome the questions of my mind, Ms Villers enters on a walker holding the hand of his son, Sikander Rizvi. I look at her thinking that nothing stopped this lady even the disease, MS- multiple sclerosis.

Interviews of inspiring people who inspire the rest by their story!

I ask her, how is flo? To which she replies, flo is my baby and it has now grown up the journey for her has been extremely challenging with ups and downs.

We rewind back and she starts narrating the story of her life and tells me, that she considered herself misfit of the doctor's family and chose sociology to study. Later, to experience change she came to Pakistan and started her career as a model. Moving on, in Lahore she met the famous film maker of that time, Mr Akbar Hussain Rizvi, the son of legendary Madam Noor Jahan.

Both of them felt deeply in love and got married. They were blessed with two children, a daughter and a son.

Today, the world knows them with the name of Sonya Jehan, an actress and Sikander Rizvi, an entrepreneur. Successfully running 3 branches of Xanders café and a partner of ever green café.

Unfortunately, the marriage did not last long because of personal differences. That was a point when the life for Ms Villers changed entirely and she sent her daughter, Sonya to study textile designing in London.

Meanwhile, she was in Karachi and was influenced by her friend- Neelofer Saeed, the founder of copper kettle. She motivated her to start her own café. Her creative mind, thought to name it after her own name. During the same time, she was diagnosed with MS- multiple sclerosis.

Café flo was not always located in the same Clifton bungalow. She started with just a single small kitchen and a single room and after

overwhelming response from Karachites café flo gradually expended.

She concludes the interview by saying that, Pakistani is the most hospitable nation and that's what kept her staying in Pakistan and she never thought of returning back to her mother land, France.

I shoot my last question, asking about their plan about moving flo as the supreme court of Pakistan has ordered that all restaurants and schools located at residential areas should shut down or relocate. To which, she smiles and says implementation of law takes time in this country.

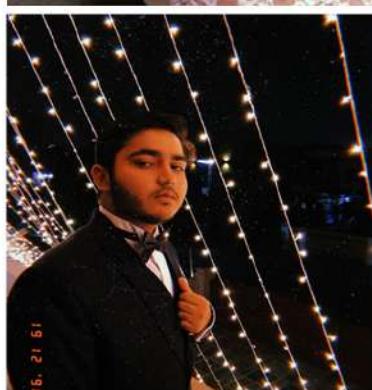
By Tamjeed Hashmi.

Catch more interviews in the next month's edition

People to be appreciated



PEOPLE WHO
WENT ABOVE
AND BEYOND



Creativity at its peak



I know that my skin is softer, but it's not like its cream, isn't it? That you can just dip in a spoon whenever you like and sneak a taste.



Night is world lit by itself



Ideas shape the course of history.



There's a right spot in every dark cloud



You will not find a path but you will find a way



The real meaning of enlightenment is to gaze with undimmed eyes on all darkness.



Somewhere, something incredible is waiting to be known.

Artwork By Moiz Mum

Philanthropist of Denning

Philanthropy has always been in my heart and it will continue to be there, as serving the humanity brings us closer to each other and gives a sense of gratitude and politeness.

Philanthropy is all about embracing the optimistic change first within oneself and then within others. Philanthropy is in my soul and that soul is restless without the spirit of helping others.

The story will unfold the core roots of philanthropy and what challenges a person faces on this path welfare. It's a story of all the young enthusiastic individuals and their efforts towards the passion of serving the humanity. I believe that every story is linked to someone else's story, bearing that in mind I shall not say that it's my story but rather I would say it's "our story". The story with ups and downs of being optimistic, a story which can only be narrated by actions and a strong will of spreading positivity.

April 7th 2010 a young introvert kid was discovering the new roots of life, a life which is going to surprise him in every step he takes, a life which is full of reality and a life which showcases the fakeness of this world. This young fellow was never exposed to the reality of this fake world his world was only restricted towards his school and family members along with a few family friends. He never realized the efforts a man needs to put in to live a wonderful life as his parents never made him realize that fact, the young man was not only living a life with extreme privileges but also was also the apple of his parent's eyes.

The mentality of this young fellow was so limited that he never dared to stepped out of home without his parents and being an introvert made him a boy who lacks confidence, a boy who never raised his hand in his school when he had a question as it was quite difficult for him, a boy who would avoid meeting and seeing people as he was too shy to say hello to them. But there was something the boy always wonders despite being in his own world he always notices a beggar who used to roam near his house shouting and screaming "kar bhala toh hoga bhala" which

Means do good and good will happen, the boy always wonders about that beggar and was full of curiosity to know why that beggar is begging with this message of goodwill? And who is he to tell us what to do?

One day that beggar was coming with his 7 year old son who could not walk due to poliovirus, the young boy was clueless and was looking at that little boy with the gaze of surprise, the boy never felt so depressed, he went to his bedroom and hid himself inside his closet, and started crying the boy cried without realizing the reason why he was crying but deep inside he knew that he felt bad about that little boy. His parents were wondering as if what happened to their child and why is he crying? The boy never came across someone who were less fortunate in their lives. Parents tried asking him the reason of being depressed but the boy was too shy to tell what he was feeling, the boy always thought about that guy and his son, which makes him sad. The boy even saw the beggar and his family sleeping on the footpath once, which made him more curious to know the reality behind it.

One day the boy asked his mother, that why that man doesn't go to his home? And why does he and his family are like that? His mother replied in an anxious tone and said "They are the humans which are less fortunate and they are the ones who are suffering in this society and they are the ones who cannot do anything as their fate is not in their favor". The boy replied curiously "aren't all people living in a house like us and aren't all kids playing with their toys....?"

Mother said "no my son life isn't fair enough to give everyone what they need, the world is a cruel place to live in, only the lucky ones like you gets what they need or asks for not everyone is lucky enough to get such privileges" Boy rushed to his room furiously and went to his closet where he cried again.

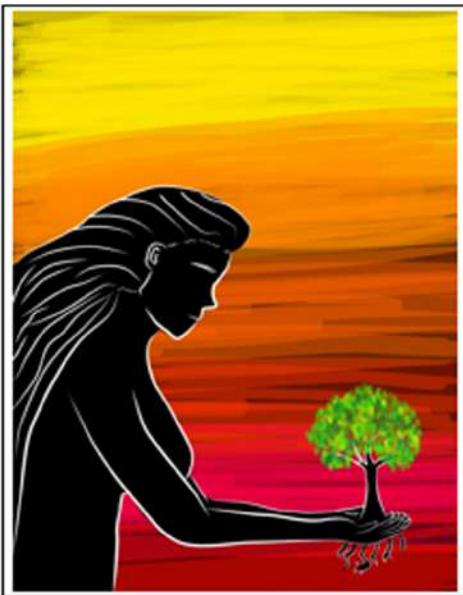
The boy slept and woke up the next day, he went to his mother and asked "Mother isn't there anything which can be done to make their lives like ours"? Mother replied "yes my son, people like us can help them in many ways, but it all depends upon our will, people helps such people temporarily but never think about changing their lives permanently, as we all are too busy in our own lives that we forgets what really is around, we forgets if there is someone who needs our help, we forgets the less fortunate ones, we forgets that being fortunate enough to afford a healthy lifestyle is a duty in which you need to take care of

Others who less fortunate, remember one thing son no matter whatever profession you choose but never forgets that you are studying so that you could make this society a better place for the less fortunate ones by helping them in every possible way". The boy was confused with what he just heard from his mother, but one thing which stuck in his head was to help others.
To be continued.....



By Führer.

Staying updated



Pakistan to host World Environmental Day 2021:
United Nations decade on ecosystem restoration 2021-2030 to be launched, in that regards UNEP United nations environment programmer was also informed that Pakistan will also host World environment day this year.

Art work by Moiz Mom

Aurat March to be hosted in Karachi on 8th of March, every year this march is organized to show solidarity with women of this society and to raise awareness regarding their rights on the international women's day. The march not only takes place in Karachi but also in Lahore, Islamabad, Quetta, Madan and Faisalabad.



DID YOU KNOW?

Elephants are the only animals that cannot jump!

It's against the law to have a pet dog in Iceland!

Your heart beats over 100,000 times a day, but for the wrong person!

An average person laughs 10 times a day, with an exception of Saad

It is illegal to misplace a postage stamp in the UK!

Quotes of the month:

“Sun is alone too but still shines”

“Everyone loves a woman’s independence until it threatens their ego”

How to be a gentleman



This section primarily focuses upon the etiquettes and ethics of the Victorian era with all due respect to the culture of our society which has been long lost in this modern society and it will be providing resourceful content in terms of being a gentleman. Moreover this section will be shedding lights over the origins and the anthropological factors of ethics and etiquettes.

How to greet a woman:

"Whenever a guy meets a woman, he should say hello at fair distance first, if the woman raises her palm for a handshake only then the man should step forward and gently shake hands with her as a gesture of politeness otherwise just wave your hand towards her while greeting"

Traditions are a part of our culture and as being Pakistanis we value our cultural and traditional values and as a part of our tradition greeting a woman with uttermost respect and generosity is best tradition we have in our culture, which is why men and women share a verbal greeting without making any physical contact, other than a handshake that too only if initiated by the women.

How to greet a man:

"A firm grip of palms while shaking hands and having the eye contact while shaking hands"
Having fraternity in our bloodlines, we as Pakistanis shows that while greeting another fellow, the expression of brotherhood itself is quite natural in that greeting.

As once a wise man of Denning said "Being a gentleman is an art, an art of true sophistication and pure decency" By Fuhrer.

Toba Tek Singh

Two or three years after the Partition, it occurred to the governments of India and Pakistan that along with the transfer of the civilian prisoners, a transfer of the inmates of the lunatic asylums should also be made. In otherwords, Muslim lunatics from Indian institutions should be sent over to Pakistan, and Hindu and Sikh lunatics from Pakistani asylums should be allowed to go to India.

It is debatable whether this was a judicious step. Nonetheless, several high-level conferences took place, and the day of the transfer was fixed. Following a great deal of initial investigation, those inmates who had relatives in India were retained there, while the rest were transported to the border. Since there were no Hindus or Sikhs in Pakistan, the question of retaining anyone there did not arise. All the Hindus and Sikhs in the asylums were taken to the border in the custody of the police.

What happened in India is not known. But here, in the Lahore asylum, the news of the transfer resulted in interesting speculation among the inmates. One man, who had been reading Zamindar regularly for nearly twelve years, was approached by a friend.

"What is Pakistan?"

"A place in India where they manufacture razors," he answered after much deliberation. His friend appeared to be satisfied by the answer.

A Sikh lunatic asked another Sikh, "Sardarji, why are we being sent to Hindustan? We can't even speak their language."

"But I know the language of the Hindustanis," the first one interjected with a smile, adding, "Hindustanis are devilish, they strut about haughtily..."

During the course of a bath one morning, an inmate shouted, "Pakistan Zindabad!" so loudly that he slipped on the floor and fainted.

Some of the inmates were not deranged at all. Many of them were murderers whose relatives had bribed the asylum authorities to keep them there so that they would be safe from the hangman's noose. These men had some idea of what was going on and knew something about Pakistan. But they did not have all the facts. Not much could be ascertained from newspapers alone, and since the guards on duty were illiterate for the most part, little information could be gained by talking to them. All they knew was that there was a man, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, who was known as Quaid-eAzam, and that he had founded, for the Muslims, a separate country called Pakistan. Where was Pakistan? What were its boundaries? They did not know. For this very reason all the inmates who were altogether mad found themselves in a quandary; they could not figure out whether they were in Pakistan or India, and if they were in Pakistan, then how was it possible that only a short while ago they had been in India when they had not moved from the asylum at all?

For one lunatic, the entire issue of Hindustan-Pakistan and Pakistan-Hindustan resulted in further disorientation. One day, while he was sweeping the floor, he suddenly

suspended his task and climbed onto a tree, where he remained for nearly two hours. During that time, he lectured extensively and nonstop on the matter of Pakistan versus Hindustan. When ordered by the guards to come down, he climbed higher still; when threatened with force, he said, "I want to live neither in Pakistan nor in Hindustan—I will live on this tree."

He descended from the tree when his fever cooled somewhat, and embracing his Hindu and Sikh friends, he cried bitterly. He was saddened by the thought of their impending departure to India.

One morning, a Muslim engineer who used to spend most of his time walking back and forth in a particular part of the garden suddenly took off his clothes and began running about naked.

A fat Muslim from Chiniot, who had once been an active member of the Muslim League and who bathed at least fifteen times during the day, suddenly gave up bathing altogether. His name was Mohammed Ali. One day he announced that he was Quaid-e-Azam, Mohammed Ali Jinnah. Following his example, a Sikh in his enclosure announced that he was Master Tara Singh. Blood would have been spilled, but luckily both men were declared to be dangerous and were confined to separate quarters.

There was a lawyer in the asylum, a young man from Lahore who had lost his sanity over a tragic love affair. He was deeply grieved when he discovered that Amritsar had become part of India, because the girl he had been in love with was from there. She had rejected this young lawyer, but despite his mental state, he still cared for her. And he cursed all the leaders, both Muslim and Hindu, who were responsible for splitting Hindustan in two. His beloved had become a Hindustani while he was now a Pakistani. Some of the other inmates tried to comfort the lawyer. They told him he would be sent to Hindustan, where his beloved lived. But he did not wish to leave Lahore, for he felt that his practice would not thrive in Amritsar.

In the European Ward were two Anglo Indians. When they heard that the English had given Hindustan freedom and then left, they were devastated. In the course of several secret meetings, they discussed the future of their status in the asylum. Would the European Ward be retained? Would they continue to get breakfast? Would they be forced to eat the bloody Indian chapati instead of bread?

A Sikh who had been in the asylum for fifteen years used to mutter constantly to himself. "Oper di gur gur di annexe di bay dhania di mung di daal di of laltain," he kept saying, over and over again. He slept neither at night nor during the day. According to the guards, he had not slept at all in fifteen years. He did not lie down either. Sometimes he leaned against a wall.

His feet and ankles were swollen from standing too much, but in spite of the bodily discomfort he experienced, he refused to rest. With great seriousness he listened to all the talk about the matter, then assumed a solemn air and replied, "Oper di gur gur di

annexe di bay dhania di mung daal di of di Pakistan government"—his usual gibberish. Later on "of di Pakistan government" was replaced by "of di Toba Tek Singh government." Now he began asking people where Toba Tek Singh was, for that was his hometown. But no one could answer that question for him. And if someone did make an attempt to figure out the present status of Toba Tek Singh, more confusion would follow. It had been rumoured that Sialkot, which was once in Hindustan, was now in Pakistan; who could say where Lahore, which was in Pakistan today, would be tomorrow, and was there anyone who could guarantee that both Pakistan and Hindustan would not disappear someday?

This man's kesh had become thin and straggly, and since he seldom bathed, his kesh and his beard had become glued together, giving him a ghoulish appearance. But he was a harmless man. In fifteen years, he had not once been involved in a brawl with the other inmates. The guards only knew that he was from Toba Tek Singh, where he owned land. He had been a well-to-do landowner. Then, without warning, he had gone insane. His relatives had bound him with iron chains, brought him to the asylum, and admitted him.

They visited him once every month, inquired after his well-being, and then left. Their visits continued until the disturbances began.

His name was Bishan Singh, but people now called him Toba Tek Singh. Though it was apparent that he was impervious to the passage of time, he waited for the visits from his relatives and was ready for them when they came. Before their arrival, he would tell the guard his "visit" was coming; he bathed, scrubbed his body with soap, oiled his hair and combed it, put on his best clothes, which he had reserved for this occasion, and then went to see his visitors. He remained silent when they addressed him.

Sometimes, however, he muttered, "Oper di gur gur di annexe di bay dhania di mung daal di of laltain."

He had a daughter who was grown up now. As a child, she cried whenever she saw her father, and she continued to cry for him when she was a young woman.

When the disturbances began, Bishan Singh started asking the people at the asylum where Toba Tek Singh was, and since he was unable to receive a satisfactory answer, his curiosity increased. His "visits" had also stopped. He had been able to sense the impending visits of his relatives. But now it seemed the little voice in his heart that had told him they were coming was stilled.

He longed for his visitors, who had been sympathetic and had brought him gifts of fruit, sweets, and clothing. He was convinced they would be able to tell him if Toba Tek Singh was in Pakistan or in India, his conviction stemming from his belief that his family came from Toba Tek Singh.

In the lunatic asylum there was a man who believed that he was God. Bishan Singh asked him about Toba Tek Singh. The man laughed raucously. "It is neither in Pakistan nor in Hindustan," he said, "because I haven't given any orders yet."

Bishan Singh pleaded with this "God" to give the orders so that the question of Toba Tek Singh could be settled once and for all. The man said that he was too busy, that there were too many other orders to be taken care of.

Finally Bishan Singh lost his temper. "Oper di gur gur di bay dhania di mung di daal di of wahay guruji, the khalsa and wahay guruji the fathey!" He probably wanted to say that if the man had been a Sikh god instead of a Muslim god, he might have helped Bishan Singh.

A few days prior to the transfer, Bishan Singh was visited by an old Muslim friend. Seeing him, Bishan Singh turned to leave. The guard restrained him. "He's come to see you," the guard said. "This is your friend, Fazal Din." Bishan Singh glanced at his friend briefly, then began muttering his customary nonsense. Fazal Din came forward and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"I wanted to come and see you earlier. I've just been so busy. Your family has left for Hindustan, and everyone is fine...I helped them in whateverway I could. Your daughter Roop Kaur?..." He paused in mid-sentence.

"Roop Kaur?" Bishan Singh looked thoughtful.

"Yes...she...she's fine too," Fazal Din said haltingly. "She also left with the others." Bishan Singh remained silent.

"They requested me to check on you every once in a while," Fazal Din continued.

"Now I hear you're being taken to Hindustan. Give my regards to Bhai Baleer Singh and Bhai Vadhwa Singh...and sister Amrit Kaur. Tell Bhai Baleer I am all right. One of the two cows he left behind has calved, had two calves...One died six days after the birth...And if there's anything more I can do, tell them I am ready anytime. And here, I brought you some sweets."

Taking the bag of sweets from him, Bishan Singh handed it to the guard who was standing nearby.

"Where is Toba Tek Singh?" he then asked Fazal Din.

"Where is Toba Tek Singh?" Fazal Din repeated in amazement, adding, "Where it was before?"

"Is it in Pakistan or in Hindustan?" Bishan Singh asked.

"In Hindustan...well, no, no, in Pakistan, I think." Fazal Din became flustered.

Bishan Singh was muttering again. "Oper di gur gur di annexe di bay dhania di mung di daal di of Pakistan and Hindustan of di dur fitay moonh!" And with that he walked away.

All preparations for the transfer had been completed. Lists of patients had been exchanged, and the day of the transfer had been set.

On an extremely cold day, lorries filled with Hindu and Sikh lunatics left the asylum in Lahore, accompanied by the police and some higher officials. At Wagah, the superintendents from both sides met, and after the initial formalities were out of the way, the actual transfer began, continuing all night.

Getting the lunatics out of the lorries and handing them over to the Indian officials proved to be an arduous task. Many of them refused to leave the lorries, and those who did ran about wildly, making it difficult for the guards and other officials to keep them under control; those who were naked tore off any clothing that was forced on them, many swore and cursed, one or two sang, some fought with each other, and others cried or wailed. Confusion was rampant. The women were also a problem, and the cold weather made everyone's teeth chatter.

Most of the lunatics were not in favour of the transfer because they could not comprehend the reasons for being uprooted from one place and thrown into another. One or two people, not completely mad, shouted, "Pakistan Zindabad!" and "Pakistan Murdabad!" This infuriated both the Muslims and Sikhs, and altercations between them were avoided with great difficulty.

When Bishan Singh's turn came to cross the border, he asked the official who was entering his name in a register, "Where is Toba Tek Singh? In Pakistan or in India?" The official laughed and said, "In Pakistan."

On hearing this, Bishan Singh leaped back and ran towards the remaining group of men who awaited their turn. The Pakistani soldiers caught him and tried to force him back to the checkpoint. He resisted vigorously.

"Toba Tek Singh is here!" he yelled. "Oper di gur gur di annexe di bay dhania di mung daal di of Toba Tek Singh and Pakistan!"

The authorities attempted to reason with him. "Look, Toba Tek Singh is in Hindustan now—and if he's not there yet, we'll send him there immediately." But he was adamant and would not budge from the spot where he stood. When the guards threatened to use force, he installed himself in a place between the borders and stood there as if no power in the world could move him.

Because he was a harmless man, he was allowed to remain there while the transfer continued.

Before the sun rose, a piercing cry arose from Bishan Singh, who had been quiet and still all this time. Several officers and the guards ran towards him; they saw that the man who had stood on his legs day and night for fifteen years now lay on the ground, prostrate. Beyond a wired fence on one side of him was Hindustan, and beyond a wired fence on the other side was Pakistan. In the middle, on a stretch of land that had no name, lay Toba Tek Singh.

Translation from Urdu by Tahira Naqvi

Original version by Sadat Hassan Manto

Glimpse of mirror by Sherry

Aurat March

With the rise of social media, support for women has become a norm. Something which sadly, was previously considered to be something taboo. This lead to the start of an annual demonstration held by handful of elitist women in 2018. Though the intention was right, it turned out to be nothing other than a kitty party. Despite the classism and elitism, this yearly demonstration has led to awareness which, at one point, was thought to be unattainable.

With every passing year, the Aurat March gets bigger and better. The elitism may have died down but it's still deep-rooted amongst the upper class. Hence, it's still visible. The foundation on which it was started was quite convincing. It made hundreds of thousands of women, all over Pakistan, come out of their homes and protest on International Women's Day. The most basic demands being accountability for crimes against women, and support for them. Every year, people make posters with catchy and sarcastic phrases such as "Girls just want to have fundamental rights" and take to the streets. The gradual switch from elitism to egalitarianism has led to proud feminists like me actually partaking in the demonstration. However, even the gradual switch is not enough. The vast majority of attendees look at it as an excuse to get out of their homes. Whereas a very small number of people go for the right reasons which is why the actual problems are barely addressed.

This year, however, there will be a much more strict demonstration with a crowd not as big as before to COVID-19. The demonstrators may be less in number but like every year, the aim of the organizer's is to create awareness and make sure every woman is safe, especially in a patriarchal society like ours.

THE TURNING TABLES MAGAZINE TEAM!



Stay tuned to
know our
Mentor!



Memes of the Month

Sir Mustafa to backbenchers*



Sir Mustafa: Tomorrow you guys have to give a speech.
Le students*



Students to maths*



Memes by Sledge and Lucifer

Students after seeing a new chapter of maths*

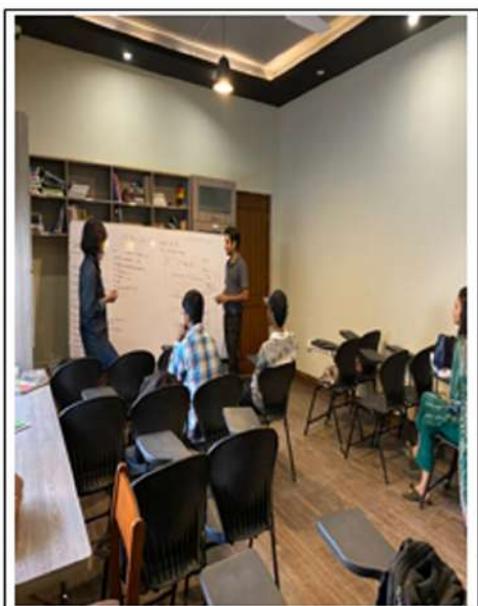
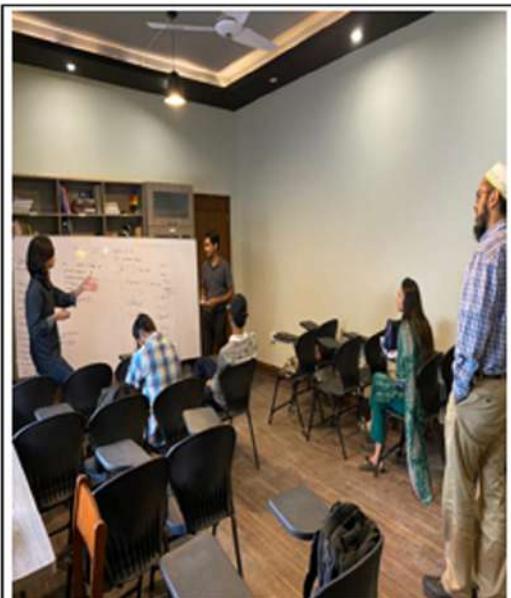


Students at cafe denning*



Behind the scenes

F.t. Team T.I.T



We thanks everyone who is supported us throughout our journey

Overheard at Denning College!

Ye PDA, PDA KYA hai?

Mein fuhrer!

Revive

Road toh banwa do!