



If I weren't so humble I would admit all my superhuman qualities that make me not only an intellectually superior but also a morally perfect and politically correct person who can also brew a mean cup of tea. However, my modesty prevents me from acknowledging the existence of all my virtues. It's only my love of truth that is over-riding my humility and making me talk about my secret reservoir or talents, because I know the people at Haverford want truth, the whole and nothing but. Normally I'm so humble I usually say there's other people a whole lot humbler than me. If that isn't humble, what is?

I am an extremely gifted writer. I have observed a trend in quite a number of accomplished writers, for example William Shakespeare or Salman Rushdie or Aldous Huxley- and that trend, which I have hinted at a couple of lines ago- is that it takes a long time to figure out what exactly it is they mean. Now the first thing I ever wrote, yes, the first thing I ever

wrote- was so accomplished that nobody could understand it. No one can, not even to this day. Copied exactly, it is- dfk sdojdf pawp

Need I go into my musical talents? It has been said of guitarists, violinists and the like that in playing upon their instruments they have inevitably gone on to playing upon the heartstrings of the listener. Now while I really couldn't comprehend that, a heart being, by nature, very tough to tune, I do understand what enthusiastic fans mean when they say they were reminded of home by some especially moving instrumental. I should know, though I have a slight disadvantage in playing an instrument that require no strings, being made of wood and metal, and, in my individual situation, some duct tape- the drums. Every time I start my solo with my band, The Attempted Band, most of the fans are so moved by my stellar performance and so reminded of home that they usually leave for it.

I am exceedingly generous. At the moment I

can't think of an exceptionally generous act of mine, in fact I can't think of any generous act I did, but since I'm so truthful my word for it is inviolable. Besides, it might be my inherent humility that is preventing me from talking and giving the philanthropists of this world an inferiority complex.

I am so witty and humorous that whenever I walk into a room everybody starts laughing.

I am totally confident and sure of myself, unbending, unflinching even in the face of persecution, never contradictory to my own beliefs and eternally upholding what I believe is right, and if I believe it so it is. Except sometimes.

However, I have to admit that I have one single fault. It is that I am perfect. No, it's not that. It's a small, tiny, ignorable, overlookable fault. Sometimes, just sometimes, I embellish the truth a little too much.

By Khaled Arafat Kazi

A Message From The Heart

By Devashish Barua

Sometimes people come into your life and you know right away that they were meant to be there, to serve some sort of purpose, teach you a lesson, or to help you figure out who you are or who you want to become. You never know who these people may be, (possibly your roommate, neighbour, professor, long lost friend, lover, or even a complete stranger), but when you look eyes with them, you know that at that very moment they will affect your life in some profound way. And sometimes things happen to you that may seem horrible, painful and unfair at first, but in reflection you find that without overcoming those obstacles you would have never realised your potential, strength, willpower or heart.

Everything happens for a reason. Nothing happens by chance or by means of good luck. Illnesses, injury, love, lost moments of true greatness and sheer stupidity, all occur to test the limits of your soul. Without these small tests, whatever they may be, life would be like a smoothly paved, straight, flat road to nowhere. It would be safe and comfortable, but dull and utterly pointless.

The people you meet who affect your life, and the success and downfalls you experience, help to create who you are and who you become. Even the bad experiences can be learned from. In fact, they are probably the most poignant

and important ones.

If someone hurts you, betrays you or breaks your heart, forgive them, for they have helped you learn about trust and the importance of being cautious when you open your heart. If someone loves you, love them back unconditionally, not only because they love you, but because, in a way, they are teaching you to love and how to open your heart and eyes to things.

Make every day count. Appreciate every moment and take from those moments everything that you possibly can for you may never be able to experience it again. Talk to people that you have never talked to before and actually listen. Let yourself fall in love, break free and set your sights high. Hold your head up because you have every right to. Tell yourself you are a great individual and believe in yourself, for if you don't, it will be harder for other people to believe in you. You can make of your life anything you wish. Create your own life and then go out and live it with absolutely no regrets. Most importantly, if you love someone, tell him or her, for you never know what tomorrow may have in store. And learn a lesson in that life coaches day you live.

Charlemagne The Great Ruler

By Aninda Sarker

Charlemagne was a great ruler during the middle ages. He conquered many tribes and kingdoms and brought them under his rule. He converted many people of the western Europe into Christianity.



Charlemagne the Great Ruler, From the side of conquerors he is the best scorer.

He is the king of the Franks, There is no conqueror near his ranks. He had no fear in his mind, And he was also very kind.

He was such an honorable king, Everyone respected him for the fame he had bring.

He got the whole of his father's kingdom after his brother's death, After that he had a real wrath; To conquer more lands.

Charlemagne Charlemagne, He always tried to be one of the brave men.

He is so thirsty to conquer, that; He attacked the "Saxon the Rats." Not only the Saxons he had brought in his rule,

There were many other kingdoms that were under his duel.

The other conquests were the Lombards and the Northern Spain, In which Charlemagne fought hard to be the ruler of the kingdoms of the main.

In his life he had an aim to help the poor,

In that way he also tried to get his fame more.

He helped the endangered Popes, He also forced many people to Christianity in order to have good hopes.

This great man Charlemagne born in the year near 742, Divides up his kingdom after dying at 72.

He was one of the Rulers in the medieval times, Who will be always in our minds.

One For Sorrow, Two For Joy

By Syed Saara Hussain

I got down from my bed and opened the window at the south corner of my room. I took a deep breath at the fresh air of the morning and looked as far as I could. Just before I moved from the window I saw two swallow birds jumping and flying near a tree. A little poetic verse came into my mind, "One for sorrow, two for joy....." My heart leaped with joy to see the birds and I filed a kiss towards the birds.

I got dressed up for the day and then checked for my mails and there a blue envelope was lying down with my name written on it. It seemed to me that it was there waiting for me open it. I came to my room and tore the envelope, a pink paper came out from it.

Dear miss Nahin,

Would you please come to hotel Silver Stone tomorrow at 7 p.m.? I would be delighted to see you there.

Thank you,

Z Rahat.

I was very surprised when I saw the name. I know this guy. He came to this town a while ago and he was the talk of our friends for so long! Though I never talked about him that much, but I also thought about him like the other girls. He was a very handsome tall, young man and naturally he caught the attention of every young lady of the town. But I was really surprised to get this unexpected invitation from the man of my dreams! I thought again, ".... two for joy...." Is this the joy?

Next day I started to get ready from 5 p.m. As hotel Silver Stone was a five star hotel and was an expensive one, I dressed gorgeously. I wore a dark blue velvet dress with white pearls inlaid on it. Took a white party bag matching with my shoes. Then after getting finished I sat in front of the mirror and thought, "This is a beautiful lady indeed."

I entered the hotel just at 7:05 p.m. and saw Mr. Rahat sitting at a corner and smiling at me. I waved my hand and walked towards him. At first we had some normal chats and then while eating he said, "You are the most gorgeous girl I've ever seen." I was blushing. His each and every words were soothing honey to my ears. I know I liked his each and every compliments that day. He made me crazier for him. Then the special day came. The most memorable day in my life till now. Rahat called me at his home and there, we had a candle lit dinner. He proposed me to be his life partner! He was down on his knees, he took my hand and said the loving words. I was astonished, at once I shook my head and said, "Yes, I am yours, only yours."

Then it was a history. We floated in the air with hundred of dreams in our eyes. We were feeling like we were the only king and queen of this world. Things all changed, nothing remained unchanged. Day by day our love was growing tighter. Then the tragic day came.

That day at the morning I opened the window like I do always and saw one swallow. I didn't care about it because I was excited because Rahat was going to be promoted and maybe he will be sent to Canada for a month or more. However that whole day I didn't get any news from him. In the evening I phoned him and heard the most unkind truth of this world. I rushed to his home and saw that he was not smiling like the other days. His eyes were closed and he was lying in a coffin. Yes, he was dead. It was a road accident for which he had to leave this world so quick. I couldn't say anything! But one thing was going on my mind. "One for sorrow, two for joy..... one for sorrow, two for joy..... One for sorrow....."

One Fine Day

By Tamanna Ikram

It was a fine spring morning in sweet valley, and the Watts family had set out for a picnic by the ocean. They had made all preparations for the trip, and got into the family car, the Ferrari and started for their short journey to the beach. They reached the beach quite soon and they instantly went for a swim.

The ocean was full of sailboats and the kids too wanted to go for a ride in one of the boats. So, Mr. Wilkins hired a boat and whole Watts's family got in. It was a wonderful ride, and the whole family enjoyed it very much. When they came back to the beach, Tina sat down on a big stone to rest. Suddenly, the stone started to move. Terrified, Tina screamed and jumped up, while the rest of the family started to laugh. Tina was confused and hurt at her family's behavior. Then, she too started to laugh. The "stone," was actually a giant tortoise.

After that, the happy family sat down for a delicious picnic dinner, which they had brought with them. While eating, a few doves came and sat near by. Anne broke off bits of her food and gave them to the friendly birds, which eagerly pecked at them. Gradually, the whole family joined in feeding the birds and had lots of fun.

They spent the rest of the afternoon in the beach, sun bathing, and swimming, playing with the sand and enjoying the scenery of the ocean. Soon, it was time to go. The sun was already starting to sink. Actually, this particular beach was very famous for its gorgeous view of the setting sun. So, the Wilkins watched the sunset, and then left for home.

They had lots of fun that day, and all were happy, though tired. "I am never ever going to forget this fabulous day", thought each and every Watt.

RAIN

By Maisha S Rashid

You're so playful
Whenever you come,
It makes my heart gay
To come outside and play.
As you fall on my face with a spat
It makes me not feel bad,
When in a bad mood
You really make me feel good.
As I watch you fall
On the reddest roses,
And the bluest violets,
It makes me feel
If I were a flower too
And you'd fall on me also;
Why can't this be?
Why can't I be a flower like them
also
And have you fall on me?
But sometimes when I want
The sun to shine
The birds to sing
I wish you'd go away.

MISS YOU

By Mohsinuzzaman Khan.

I miss you through all my emotions,
euphoria and joy.
I miss you through my tears,
greed and fears.
Miss you through all that I share.
Miss you through the people I care.
I miss when I am lonely,
the one and only.
Miss you when I am in deep pain,
Miss you when matters go in vein.
Miss you when it rains, it storms.
Miss you when I am right, when I
am wrong.
Miss you through my everyday
dreams that are born,
and the dreams that remain torn.
Miss you through the flowers and
it's thorns.
Miss you till dusk till don.
I miss you, and I shall miss you
forever,
forever, till I am gone.

GOD IS EVERYTHING

By Rizwan Hussain
Jabbar

Where there is understanding
There is faith
Where there is faith,
There is friendship.
Where there is friendship,
There is love.
Where there is love,
There is peace.
Where there is peace,
There is God.
Where there is God,
There is no need.