



National University of Modern  
Languages (NUML)  
Department of English UGS



THE

WORD

WEAVER

2025

## EDITOR'S LETTER

### "Where Words Take Flight"

Welcome to the first issue of *The word weaver*, our digital home for curious minds who live and breathe the art, science, and soul of language. Whether you find yourself decoding the rhythms of Chaucer, analyzing the pragmatics of modern memes, or crafting your own verse at 2 a.m., this space belongs to you — the thinkers, dreamers, and word-weavers of tomorrow.

As students of English Linguistics and Literature, we inhabit a fascinating intersection — one where sound meets meaning, and imagination meets inquiry. Every text we study and every sentence we dissect opens a door to understanding not only how language works, but how we *work* through language — how we express identity, emotion, and truth.

This issue celebrates that vibrant intersection. You'll find essays that question linguistic boundaries, reflections on the power of storytelling in digital spaces, and creative works that remind us why words continue to matter in an age of algorithms. Our contributors — all undergraduate voices like yours — write with both passion and precision, proving that literary scholarship and creative courage are not mutually exclusive but beautifully intertwined.

As you read, I invite you to engage — not passively, but actively. Annotate. Debate. Share. Let these pages spark your own explorations, your own experiments with expression. Because this magazine isn't just about publishing; it's about participating in an ever-growing conversation that defines who we are as scholars and storytellers.

Thank you for being part of this community — one that values depth over speed, language over noise, and curiosity over conformity. Here's to another semester of words that move, challenge, and transform us.

With warmth and wonder

**Alia Hamid**

Editor-in-Chief

## INTRODUCTION

A magazine is more than a publication—it is a creative platform that nurtures intellect, imagination, and expression. It holds immense educational value for students as it refines their writing skills, strengthens their creative thinking, and broadens their general knowledge. By contributing to such a venture, students develop the confidence to express their ideas and cultivate a lifelong appreciation for reading and writing.

In this spirit, the **Department of English (UGS)** proudly announces the launch of its **Digital Magazine**, an annual publication dedicated to showcasing the original and creative works of our students. This magazine aims to celebrate their talent, inspire thoughtful engagement, and foster a vibrant culture of learning, creativity, and collaboration within our academic community.

Linguistics and Literature are not dusty subjects; they are the critical tools required to interrogate, understand, and ultimately master the modern world. The study of language is the study of human cognition and society. When we analyze linguistics, we're not merely labeling parts of speech—we're exploring how the human brain wires itself for communication.

Studying a novel or a poem is equally vital. Literature teaches us empathy and critical complexity. It urges us to slow down, to engage with perspectives radically different from our own, and to recognize the timeless human struggles woven into fictional narratives. In a polarized society, the ability to hold multiple viewpoints—a skill honed through literary analysis—is not just valuable; it is essential for meaningful civic discourse.

The synergy between these two disciplines offers a unique and powerful lens. Linguistics gives us the *how*—the structure, rules, and evolution of communication. Literature gives us the *what* and *why*—the meaning, cultural context, and ethical impact of communication.

Whether your ultimate goal is law, marketing, education, technology, or public policy, the skills you develop through the study of language and literature—precision in thought, clarity in expression, and deep cultural awareness—will remain your greatest professional assets. Your degree is not merely a credential; it is a key to decoding the complexities of human experience.

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"Great literature is simply language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree."

Ezra Pound

Language is a living thing. We can feel it changing. Parts of it become old: they drop off and are forgotten. New pieces bud out, spread into leaves, and become big branches, proliferating.

Gilbert Highet

## ARTICLES

## **WHY I LEARNT A FOREIGN LANGUAGE?**

*by Ms. Ambrina Qayyum  
(Assistant Professor)*

Like most educated Pakistanis I acquired three languages simultaneously – mother tongue at home (Punjabi in my case), Urdu outside the house and English for academic and professional needs. In addition to these languages I learnt some foreign languages.

I was introduced to the idea of learning a foreign language in early childhood when a cousin of mine availed a scholarship and did his masters in German language from Germany. By the time I was in college he got his Ph.D. degree in German language. His academic success and professional achievement (he began his career as an instructor of German language and retired as a Professor) made me consider the possibility of learning a foreign language and pursuing a career in it. Initially I planned to learn French but somehow ended up learning German.

Although I learnt German language for hardly nine months yet this short stint with a foreign language proved very beneficial for me. I had to drop learning German because I got admission in M.A in English and this degree was more important for the completion of my academic career. While doing masters in English I began to realize the advantages of learning German. Particularly when I opted to study the course of English Language Teaching and began reading the literature dealing with methods and techniques of teaching and learning a foreign language I could immediately relate the theoretical explanations given in books with my practical experience of being a student of a foreign language. Consequently, I scored well in this very course and it led me to my second master's degree of Teaching of English as a Foreign Language.

When I began teaching and dealt with students of different nationalities who were for the first time learning English I could empathize with them. While teaching English to these students I imitated the professors who taught me German and employed the techniques they used in the classroom to enable my students in learning different skills of English language. Thus German helped me in my academic as well as professional career.

Most importantly my experience of learning German inculcated in me a strong desire to learn foreign languages and I later learnt Spanish and Persian. These languages led me to new worlds open for exploration and understanding and did not let me stagnate. I therefore strongly recommend learning a foreign language to everyone.

## CLASS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY IN *OLIVER TWIST*: A MARXIST AND MERCANTILIST READING

*By Syed Tehseen Shah Morning (5 A)*

Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist* offers a powerful exploration of class oppression and economic ideology in nineteenth-century England. Through its linguistic choices and narrative strategies, the novel exposes how the poor were controlled, commodified, and marginalized by institutions shaped by both capitalist and mercantilist thinking. Victorian fiction often reveals these tensions, and as Williams (1973) notes, literature becomes a site where social and economic structures are embedded in cultural expression. Dickens's novel reflects this dynamic clearly, showing how language and narrative act as critiques of injustice.

Scholars have extensively examined the political economy represented in Dickens's writing. Marxist critics such as Eagleton (1976) argue that Victorian literature mirrors class conflict and the unequal distribution of power. *Oliver Twist* supports this argument through its depiction of the workhouse, where bureaucratic language is used to discipline and dehumanize the poor. Fairclough's (2001) theory that language reinforces social hierarchy is evident in the contrast between the authoritative speech of parish officials and Oliver's simple, emotionally honest voice. This linguistic gap exposes the ideological divide between those who govern and those who suffer under dominant economic systems.

Recent critics of political economy, such as Gallagher (2006), highlight how Victorian institutions treated human life as economic material. Dickens reflects this by portraying Oliver as a child who is "priced," "valued," and nearly "sold" into apprenticeship, illustrating a mercantilist mentality that reduces individuals to measurable economic units. Fagin's criminal operations function as a parallel economy in which children serve as instruments of profit, demonstrating how exploitation persists even outside formal institutions. The narrative voice frequently mocks these systems, revealing their moral emptiness and exposing the consequences of reducing human worth to financial terms.

Dickens's linguistic strategies further intensify his critique. Irony, symbolic names such as Mr. Bumble, and shifts in narrative tone reveal institutional hypocrisy. The language of cruelty—"starving," "weak," and "burden"—contrasts sharply with the detached, legalistic discourse of officials, demonstrating how language itself becomes a mechanism of power. As Wheeler (2014) argues, Dickens's emotional appeal generates sympathy for the oppressed while simultaneously condemning the systems responsible for their suffering.

Ultimately, *Oliver Twist* emerges as a compelling critique of the political economy of its age. Dickens exposes how the poor are shaped by forces beyond their control and how language both reflects and reinforces these structures. Viewed through Marxist and mercantilist lenses, the novel demonstrates how economic logic—whether operating through the workhouse or criminal networks—transforms human beings into commodities, making Dickens's social criticism both enduring and relevant.



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# POETRY

## **THE FINEST POWER**

*By Dr. Shazia Rose Kiran  
Assistant Professor*

The branches outside this tall window  
too often block the light, but today the early  
morning sun wavers, then prevails, stippling  
this space with a tentative dawn that crawls  
towards an even more fragile day. All the features  
of my life on earth are erased in this quivering  
grace that works its lacy way through its own  
curious birth. This is the one appointed hour  
that comes & gives & goes again—too soon—the  
briefest visit, that leaves this faulty glow,  
the gift of a faint, definite waging, the finest  
power we have—so close, this close to Love.

## CHAOS

*By Amna Munir*

*BS English Morning (5 C)*

In the chaos of attraction and detachment  
I am incapable of a single movement  
For he doesn't care for my smooth flow  
And now I can't for him further play a show  
Trying not to leave the tears residue back  
But every drop of my blood would ache  
Not a single bone of my body would ever break  
This time it was my boneless heart which did break  
Mental distortion replacing the ridiculous spirits  
Soul impairments breaking the ultimate barriers  
Now I would be the one with the cruel heart  
Emotions would take over my own craft  
Suffering would seep down into my each cell  
Again he would be the one who would befall

## THE FILLER CHARACTER

*By Aatika Siddiqua*

*BS English (Morning)*

I'm just a filler, merely a face,  
A fleeting spark in empty space.  
I live in maybe, dwell in might,  
But no one's sure... no one's right.

They like me fine; they let me stay,  
Until they find their sunlit day.  
I'm the shade they talk about,  
The one who "could've been" no doubt.

Is it my hair, cut strange and blunt as such,  
These frozen hands they hate so much?  
Is it my gaze, too dark to bear?  
The gawky voice that breaks that no one wants to hear?

I'm too forgiving, far too fast?  
A fleeting thing that cannot last.  
Or am I slight, or just unseen,  
Easy to leave, to sweep me clean?

Tell me, what makes worthy a soul?  
Where can I find it, feel it whole?  
Is it fire, or ice, or empty holes?  
How do I change this hollow part  
To make a place within the heart?

I ache for one who'd hear me cry,  
Who'd see the death in my each long sigh.  
A love that lingers, hungry, raw,  
Who'd drink the chill within my thaw.

Someone to see my pieces fall,  
To lift me up, or let me crawl.  
To love me over all I fear.  
To watch my spirit break,  
To touch the wounds, to feel the ache.

Someone who'd choose to linger near,  
To love what others fear to hear.

Someone who wouldn't mind if I'm strange, unseen,  
Or if I stay as hollow as I've been,  
Someone who wouldn't mind if I'm unusual,  
Or if I remain just the usual.

Someone who wouldn't flinch if I'm half or flawed,  
Or if I'm just as empty, just as lost,  
Someone who'd see past what others despise,  
And still find something worth the prize.

I have this disgusting hunger deep in my hollowed chest,  
For a love that lingers, that aches, that rests.  
I crave a soul to see me bare,  
To touch the wounds I cannot share.

But love like that feels far away,  
A shadow lost in the light of day.  
A whisper in dreams, a ghost I chase,  
A warmth that others seem to embrace.

I know too well it won't be mine,  
This foolish hope, this bitter line  
That someone might know my quiet fight,  
And love the darkness without the light.

For who would want these twisted seams,  
This restless heart, these broken dreams?  
Who'd brave the cries I hide,  
And stay despite the hell I keep inside?

My hands reach out, a silent plea,  
But pass through air, through vacancy.  
I yearn for one, both cold and true,  
Yet know that no one yearns so too.

So I remain, fill up their space,  
A placeholder, a forgotten face,

With hunger sharp and thirst so vast,  
For a love I know will never last.  
Should I last?

## THE PERFECT PHOTOGRAPH

*By Syeda Fatima Zahra  
BS English Afternoon (7 B)*

The perfect photograph --  
yes, the one with the posed silk scarf.

But why so perfect, dear?  
Why not leave some imperfections bare?

Stop treating every post like a week of couture;  
posting another picture? Sure.  
But dear, it's okay to let the beautiful scars show;  
it's an emblem of a growing soul, part of the flow.

When you grow out and look back, you'll realize  
how brave you were --  
and there, you will rise.

Oh dear, you are an imperfect perfection  
and that's the true essence of life's grand exhibition,  
where love blooms from hearts,  
and not from the screen's staged affection.

So fly, my little hummingbird, fly!  
No need to march in the herd's disguise,  
Go live your life—  
you are meant to rise.



## THE SEEKER

*By Zubair Ahmed*  
*BS English Afternoon (8 A)*

Engages in the race of life,  
As the soul turns corpse to being.  
One deprives self to Light,  
Loses places,  
The other triumphs  
Bathed in grace.

This Eden is ordained, binding by laws  
So tough, rough, stiff, very slough.  
You may not heed, bearing their call,  
For these stand as bitter trials all.

And you can grasp the earth,  
Command the restless wind, and  
Touch the vast, wide, endless sky;  
Yet shun the reckless urge to fly.

Go seek, dispute, reflect, pursue,  
For life bestows both sense and view.  
Nature's laws shall lead your way,  
And never let your soul decay.

# SHORT STORIES

## THE LIFE YOU TOOK

*By Sadaf Malik,  
BS English Morning (6 C)*

It was 2:40 a.m., and I could hear myself panting heavily as if I had just performed cardio or ran a marathon. Albeit it was true, I did run a marathon; a marathon of nightmares caused by my sleep cycle being utterly disrupted due to my insanely recurrent thoughts about my past — the past that was etched and sewn into every fiber of my being. At this point in my life, I had no control over anything, and every decision that I took was further influenced by my lunatic past that now hung in mid-air, leaving behind the echoes of a never-subsiding tempest.

It was a Sunday morning, fresh and balmy, but internally, I still felt like a dotard, unable to move my feeble body as soon as my back rested against the sofa.

A few thoughts started to assail me, but I tried my hardest to absorb the freshness of the spring rather than the echoes of my damaging thoughts. I lay on the couch for a couple of hours when the doorbell rang rather loudly. I couldn't get myself to answer when a note slipped in. It seemed like a postcard. On seeing that, my body jolted straight up, and I grabbed the postcard immediately.

It was by my father, as I recognized that ominous handwriting. Knowing what his words were capable of doing, I felt nauseous at the thought of what it might be this time.

It read:

Dear Linda,

I am still in jail, so you can heave a sigh of relief. I know you told me to stop writing to you, but could I? After all, I have been protecting you, and you're shutting me out. Bravo! So, Lind, to this day, I regret mur... well, I don't know how to write this... but... well, murdering? your mother... yeah. But I still say that it was an accident because I was drunk, and I was angry... angry at your mother. But it was nothing to do with my stupor, and you know it.

To this day, I can still hear its echo in the winds. The room felt as though time never existed; the moment ceased and probably sealed our fates. I still remember the kitchen floor, and oh, the way her lifeless body lay there. And you were right to carve nothing about me on her epitaph. There is so much to say but nothing at the same time. This might be my last letter to you, as I am not in the best health these days. But I hope you find closure after this.

Regards,  
Henry  
California County Jail

My whole world came crashing down just when I thought it was snapping back. All I needed was my mother to just somehow come back to me or at least communicate with me via a cosmic loophole. My heart was full of holes, and there landed a new one — freshly carved and utterly gory at 10:17 a.m., Sunday. My spring turned gloomier than autumn and more lifeless than a cadaver. Closure, as he hoped it would be, but it was nothing but an imagination of that echo — the sound of that trigger going off at that unholy hour, leaving me unaware and then later in shambles. To this day, I have and will always feel like an orphan

because my parents failed me. But I somehow continue to look forward to life, yet I know that so many lifeless springs and hollow days await me now.

## WAS IT EVER REAL?

*by Warda Umar*  
*BS English Morning (4 B)*

In the heart of Islamabad, where the Margalla Hills glowed green in the morning sun, lived Warda, a girl whom everyone admired. She had long, dark hair, calm eyes, and a confidence that drew people in; she was, you could say, the main character everywhere.

Studying at Numl Islamabad, she was the kind of student teachers would always remember. She appeared to never fail, winning debates and exams, as well as singing at events. Her mother said she was the daughter every parent aspired to have, and her father referred to her as his pride. Their house was always filled with laughter, flowers, and the smell of her mother's cooking.

She had a perfect friend group and respectful fiancé, Zahid, a talented law student, with a reputation that kept most people at a distance. To others, he was stubborn, proud, and even cold. But with Warda, he was something entirely different: quiet, thoughtful.

Everything in Warda's life was perfectly in place, until one evening.

She sat alone in her favorite café, waiting for Zahid. The chai was warm in her hands when a stranger stopped beside her table. He looked at her with tired eyes and whispered, "It's time to wake up now."

"Forgive me?" she asked, frowning. He gave a faint smile, "You've built a beautiful world this time."

Suddenly, the cup slipped from her hand. She heard the crash as everything around her began to fade, including her heartbeat, the sun, and the laughter. When she opened her eyes, the world was cold.

The air smelled of medicine. Her wrists were strapped to a narrow bed. The walls were grey, cracked, and bare. A woman in a white coat was speaking softly, nearby.

"Where's my mother?" Warda asked, her voice shaking.

The doctor turned to her. "Warda, you're at Islamabad Psychiatric Hospital. You've been here for two years."

She stared blankly. "No... my parents, my friends, my perfect life????"

The doctor's voice softened. "Oh, my dear. They weren't real. You created them."

Her breath caught. She looked around, searching for color, for warmth — but there was nothing. Only white walls and silence. Her mind had never existed outside of the life she had lived so

vividly and the people she loved so deeply. A tear slid down her cheek, thinking, “WAS IT EVER REAL???

The doctor wrote something on her clipboard, and quietly left the room.

Warda stared at the ceiling, her mind replaying the laughter of her parents, the voice of Zahid, the light on the hills. For a long time, she didn't move.

After all she was just a schizophrenic patient who lost her parents, and her loving man, in a car accident. Knowing she was the one driving, she felt it was all her fault, so she imagined a life which was never real. Sometimes **guilt doesn't just haunt us — it *becomes* us, twisting reality until we can't tell what's real anymore.**

## **DEPARTMENTAL ACTIVITIES 2025**

## INTERNATIONAL WEBINARS SPRING 2025

### 1. Popular Fiction: An Historical Perspective

Speaker: Dr. Ted Morrissey Lindenwood University, St. Charles Massuri, USA



### 2. Russian Formalism: Literary Theory & Beyond

Speaker: Dr. Maria Staton





3. Garbo-Citizenship

Spaeker: Dr. Sayan Dey. Assistant Professor Bayan College, Oman.



4. Grammar & Social Meaning

Speaker: Dr. Bob Hodge Western Sidney University, Australia



## INTERNATIONAL WEBINARS FALL 2025

### 5. Neurological/Psychosomatic Speech disorders & Therapies with Reference to Language Development

Speaker: Dr. Muhammad Adil Aminullah (Assistant Consultant Neurosurgeon, King Faisal Specialist Hospital and Research Centre, Jeddah, KSA)



### 6. Current Trends in Research Writing

Speaker: Prof. Dr. Lawrence Gerstein, Ball State University, Muncie, Indiana, USA.





## **TWO-DAY FACULTY DEVELOPMENT & INTERACTION SESSION**

### **Day One**

Session 1: Employee Well-being & Managing Classroom Routine

Speaker: Dr. Zeeshan Parwaiz, Director Hospital and Dermatologist at NDC NESCOM



Session 2: Using Digital Tools in Classroom (I)

Speaker: Mr. Zain Ul Abideen, Lecturer in the Computer Science Department NUML and Senior Programming Officer at ITCON NUML.



**Session III: General Awareness in the Social System for Faculty & Students**

**Speaker: Ms. Pari Gul Tareen, Superintendent of Police (SP) Security and Administration at Islamabad Police.**



**Day Two**

**Session I: Dean's Interaction with the Faculty of English (UGS)**

**Speaker: Dr. Arshad Mehmood, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Humanities, NUML**



## Session 2: Using Digital Tools in the Classroom (II)

*Speaker:* Mr. Zain Ul Abideen, Lecturer in the Computer Science Department NUML and Senior Programming Officer at ITCON NUML



## Session 3: Departmental Reflection Session

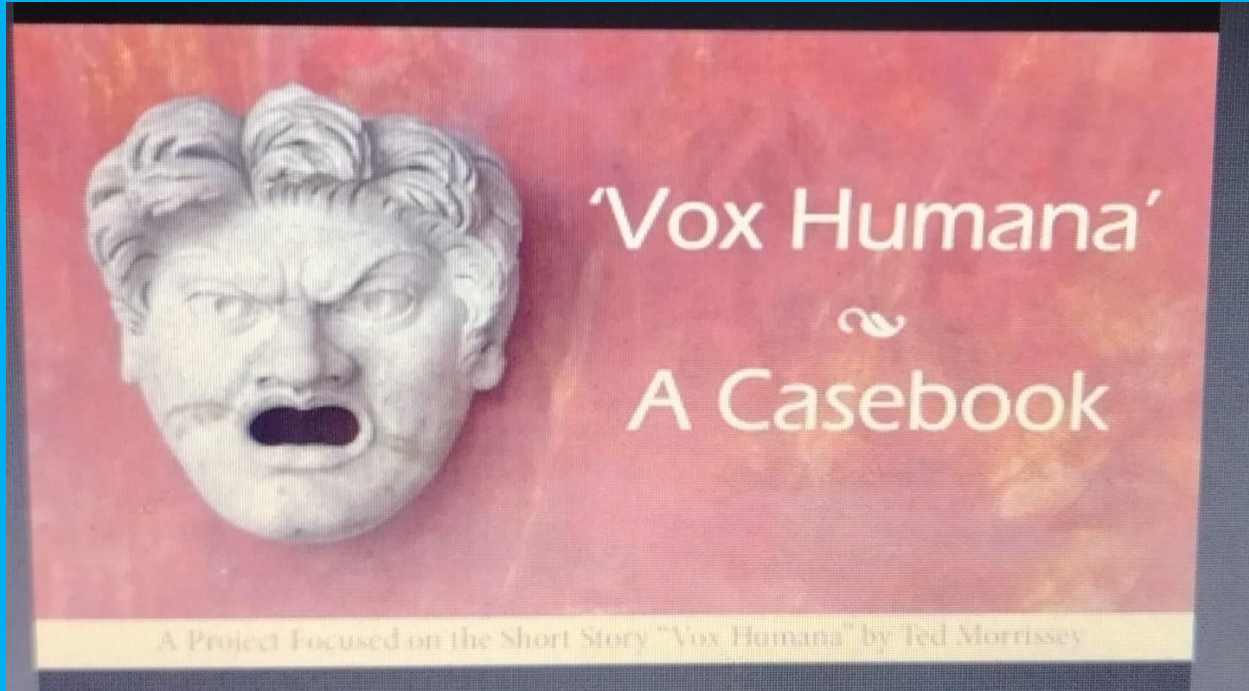
*Speaker:* Dr. Muntazar Mehdi, Head of Department of English UGS, NUML





## BOOK LAUNCH

VOX HUMANA: A Case Book by Dr. Amina Ghazanfar, Lecturer at Department of English (UGS)





## IFTAR DRIVE BY SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY SOCIETY





## SEMINAR ORGANIZED BY SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY SOCIETY ON CLIMATE CHANGE



## DECLAMATION CONTEST

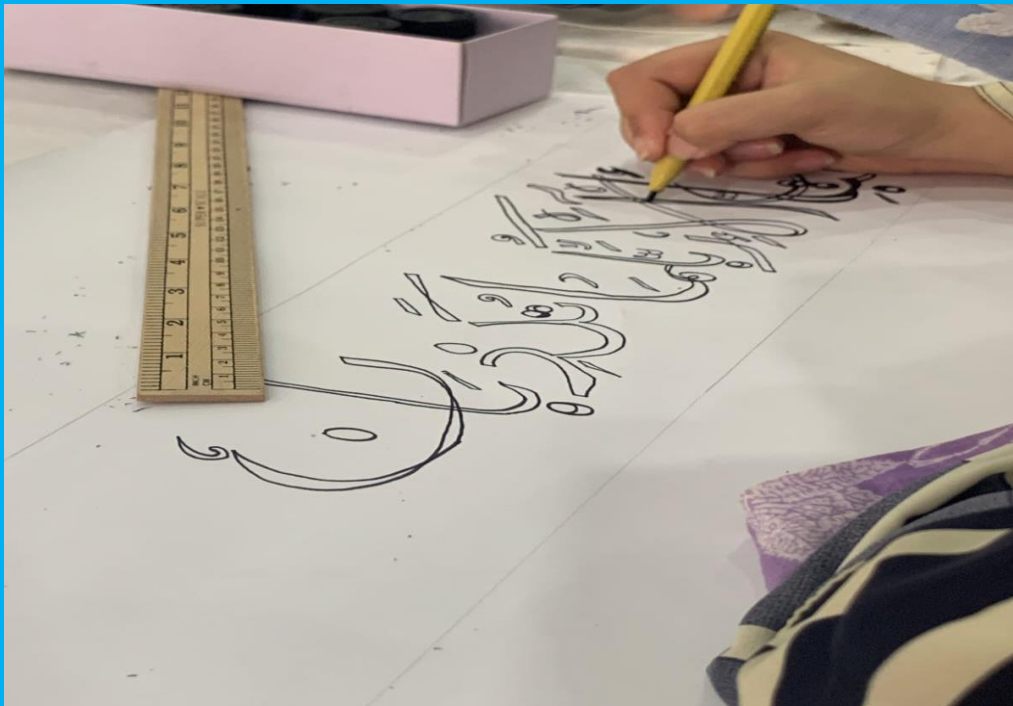




## ART COMPETITION (SPRING FESTIVAL)



## CALLIGRAPHY COMPETITION (SPRING FESTIVAL)



## **EPILOGUE**

As this issue draws to a close, we reflect on the conversations, curiosities, and creative sparks that shaped it. Language and literature remain timeless mirrors of our collective imagination—tools through which we question, redefine, and rediscover the world and ourselves. Every article, poem, and essay in these pages reaffirm that undergraduate voices are not merely participants in academic discourse but its living pulse.

We extend our gratitude to all contributors, reviewers, and readers who made this issue possible. Your words and ideas continue to shape a dynamic space where thought meets creativity, and scholarship finds expression beyond the classroom.

Let this not be an ending, but an open invitation—to think more deeply, write more boldly, and listen more closely to the many languages of human experience.

## **CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS**

### **“Where Language Meets Imagination”**

**The *Word Weaver*** invites submissions for its upcoming issue!

We welcome contributions from undergraduate students in **Linguistics and Literature**—those who are eager to explore the intersections of language, culture, and creativity. Whether your passion lies in syntax or storytelling, phonemes or poetics, we want to hear your voice.

### **We accept:**

- Research essays and analytical papers (300–500 words)
- Book and film reviews
- Creative writing (poetry, short fiction, experimental prose)
- Linguistic commentaries, interviews, and visual-textual pieces

**Submission Deadline:** [30.04.2026]

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