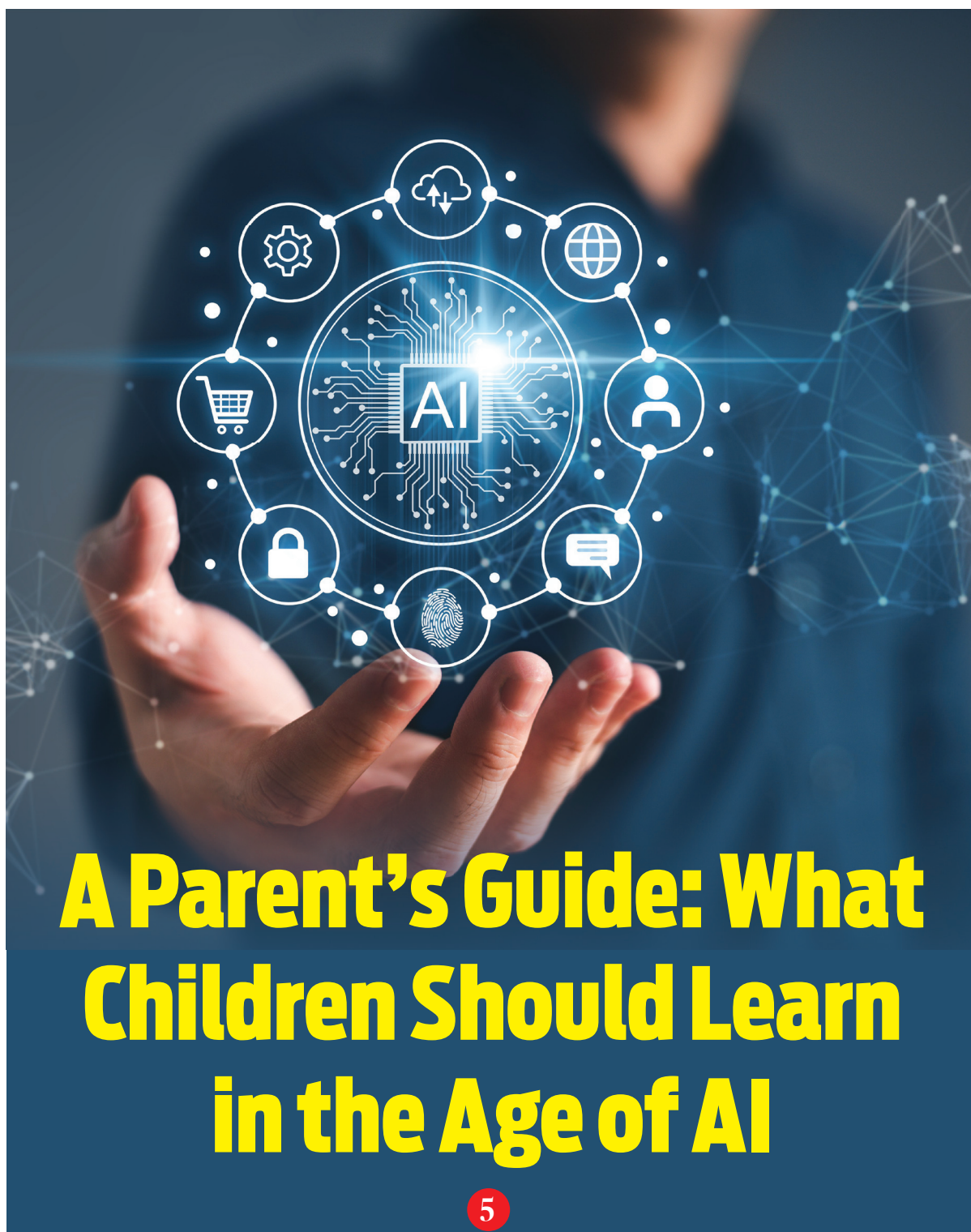


HT Saturday

LitStream

WEEKLY SUPPLIMENT OF DAILY HEADLINES TODAY

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Editor, Headlines Today

Syed Jahangir Bukhari

Email: jahangirbukhari@gmail.com

headlinestoday2024@gmail.com

H Editor, LitStream & Health Digest

Dr Basharat Khan

Email: chogalwriter76@gmail.com

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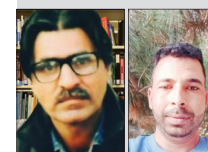
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HT Saturday – LitStream

A weekly supplement of Headlines Today dedicated to celebrating the literary spirit of Jammu and Kashmir. It showcases the works and contributions of eminent and emerging voices, with a discerning focus on fiction, criticism, translations, short stories, poetry and prose, feature writing capturing the vibrant pulse of the JK's literary landscape.

Editor LitStream

chogalwriter76@gmail.com

Beyond Love: Social Consciousness in Faiz's 'Mujh Se Pehli Si Mohabbat'



Professor Mohammad Aslam

Faiz Ahmad Faiz is among the most celebrated and popular poets in the Subcontinent who suffered enormously for his political ideology—Communism—and revolutionary ideals. Born in Sialkot, Punjab, he did his Master's in English and Arabic before joining MAO College, Amritsar in 1936. Faiz was his nom de plume. He was one of the pioneers in the Progressive Movement in India. In 1939, Faiz published 'naqsh-e-faryadi' (A Complainant's Image) that rocked the world, and Faiz's literary journey took a definitive turn.

In 1947, when the world was uniting against fascism, Faiz joined the Pakistan Times and later on of Imroz as their editor and won admiration for his bold journalism. When Pakistan came into existence, Faiz had already made his presence felt in the trade union activities and working for the rights of the labour class. In 1951, he was arrested and imprisoned under the Pakistan Safety Act in Rawalpindi. His famed collections 'dast-e-saba' (Hand of Breeze) and 'zindan nama' (The Prison Tale) talk about his days in prison. His ghazals became voice of the people and came to be sung by almost every popular singer. His other compositions are: naqsh-e-faryadi, dast-e-saba, zindan naama, kuliyaat-e-faiz, dast-e-tah-e-sang, sar-e-wadi-e-seena, sham-e-sheher-e-yaaran, mere dil mere musafir and meezan. His complete poetry has been published as 'nuskhahaa-e-wafa'. Faiz passed away on 20 November 1984 in Lahore.

Faiz beautifully blended the grief of love with the sorrows of life in his poetry which struck a chord with youth. He masterfully fused his political and revolutionary ideas with romanticism in order to create a powerful voice against the oppressive forces and injustice meted out to the labourers. He had a tremendous command over Urdu and used its traditional forms—ghazal and nazm—to fight against injustice, oppression and suppression. He did suffer greatly for his, but he never lost courage and hope. Known for his leftist views, Faiz was a staunch advocate of social justice and freedom so that a better society came into being. He wove political themes with romantic love and, thus, evolved a unique style of writing which won him accolades the world over. He wrote in a diction that had a great emotional appeal among the masses. He used vivid imagery to create a revolutionary message that became timeless and universally appealing. He is equally respected in India and Pakistan.

The poem under investigation is taken from 'naqsh-e-faryadi' and is among the most celebrated poems for its skillful blending of romanticism with the reality of life or existence. The title of the book was borrowed from one of Mirza Ghalib's famous ghazals: *naqsh faryadi hai kiski shokh-e-tehreer ka kaghazi hai pairahan har paikar-e-tasveer ka*

Whose mischievous writing has designed the complainant's image

The robe of every image is made of paper.



mujhse pehli si mohabbat na maang manifests Faiz's transition from his early romantic love to broader social issues—oppression, injustice, and inequality. He can't be selfish and concentrate on his singular personal relationship, but he must think about the real-life issues that have beset his society. 'Ask me not for love as before' signals his shift from romantic love to 'There are other sorrows in life besides love'. Love can't solve his problems. Therefore, his beloved shouldn't feel neglected if she doesn't find him as warm as before because he has found sorrows in life that are harsher than the pangs of love.

Below is given the poem in Romanised script [with thanks from rekhta-org]

Text: *mujhse pehli si mohabbat na maang mujh se pahli si mohabbat miri mahbub na maang*

maiñ ne samjha tha ki tu hai to darakh-shaīñ hai hayāt

tera gham hai to gham-e-dahr ka jhagDa kya hai

teri surat se hai aalam meñ baharōñ ko sabat

teri añkhoñ ke siva duniya meñ rakkha kya hai

tu jo mil jaa.e to taqdir niguñ ho jaa.e yuūñ na tha maiñ ne faqat chaha tha yuūñ ho jaa.e

aur bhi dukh haiñ zamane meñ mohabbat ke siva

rahateñ aur bhi haiñ vasl ki rahat ke siva an-ginat sadiyōñ ke tarik bahimana tilism

resham o atlas o kamkhab meñ bunva.e hue

ja-ba-ja bikte hue kucha-o-bazar meñ jism khaak meñ luThDe hue khuun meñ nahla.e hue

jism nikle hue amraz ke tannuroñ se piip bahti hui galte hue nasuroñ se lauT jaati hai udhar ko bhi nazar kya kiije ab bhi dilkash hai tira husn magar kya kiije

aur bhi dukh haiñ zamane meñ mohabbat ke siva

rahateñ aur bhi haiñ vasl ki rahat ke siva mujh se pahli si mohabbat miri mahbub na maang

Here is the English translation of the poem:

Ask me not for the love as before, my beloved

Having you around, I'd find my life glittering

The torments of existence meant nothing before your sorrow

Your countenance gives stability to the splendour of life

What else is there in the world besides your eyes?

If I get you, fate will bow before me.

It wasn't that I had wanted it to be like this

There are other sorrows in life besides love

There are other comforts besides the warmth of love

The dark and cruel talismans of countless centuries

Woven in silk, satin, and brocade

Bodies are sold everywhere in the streets and markets

Rolled in the dirt, blood-soaked bodies

Coming out of the furnaces of diseases

Pus flowing from the festering ulcers

The gaze turns there too; I can't help

Even now, your beauty is still captivating, but what can be done

There are other sorrows in life besides

love

There are also other comforts besides the warmth of love

Ask me not for the love as before, my beloved

Faiz begins his poem with a kind of reassurance to his beloved that he still loved her, but with the changing times, his love too has undergone a change. Therefore, if she felt that his love for her wasn't of the same intensity as before, this was because there were other worries which needed his attention more than anything else. Faiz enumerates his feelings that he used to have about his love earlier. He had imagined that the world was beautiful, and his love would sustain him despite odds. He says:

Having you around, I'd find my life glittering

The torments of existence meant nothing before your sorrow

Your countenance gives stability to the splendour of life

What else is there in the world besides your eyes?

If I get you, fate will bow before me.

His beloved's presence was more than what he had wanted in his life, full of solace and splendour. However, things have changed, and he is forced to pay attention to more pressing demands from his society:

It wasn't that I had wanted it to be like this

There are other sorrows in life besides love

There are other comforts besides the warmth of love.

Faiz is confronted with griefs (and joys too) which are more potent than the sorrows and smiles which he spells out in these lines:

The dark and cruel talismans of countless centuries

Woven in silk, satin, and brocade

Bodies are sold everywhere in the streets and markets

Rolled in the dirt, blood-soaked bodies

Coming out of the furnaces of diseases

Pus flowing from the festering ulcers

Faiz is obviously referring to the centuries-old colonisation that had made life so miserable in the Subcontinent that he couldn't turn his gaze away from it. He uses images of 'bodies sold in streets and markets' and 'blood-soaked bodies' with 'festering ulcers' which, of course, are a reference to the atrocities committed by the British on Indians before the partition of the Subcontinent.

The moral and political degradation made the Subcontinent very corrupt. Even when his beloved is beside him, he can't take his gaze away from the massacres and gruesome sights like the disease-ridden bodies walking of furnaces:

Coming out of the furnaces of diseases

Pus flowing from the festering ulcers

The gaze turns there too; I can't help

Even now, your beauty is still captivating, but what can be done

There are other sorrows in life besides love

The poet has realised that his past love was, perhaps, too selfish. His present love is nonetheless more realistic and mature, enabling him to focus on the hardships that his people are suffering from. The warmth that he once felt in love has surely been replaced by a strong feeling of love for those who can't find comfort anywhere in life:

There are also other comforts besides the

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Ozone Therapy In Kashmir: A New Horizon In Health Management



Dr. M. Y. Tak
drmytak1@gmail.com

Medical science never stops evolving. With every passing decade, new therapies emerge to confront the changing face of disease — illnesses fuelled by polluted air, adulterated food, and stressful living. Yet, despite remarkable advances, human suffering remains constant. The challenge today is not merely to treat disease but to delay or even prevent its onset, preserving vitality and enhancing overall well-being for as long as possible.

Among the therapies gaining worldwide attention, ozone therapy stands out as a promising frontier. Known as the “magic molecule,” ozone has powerful antioxidant and anti-inflammatory properties. When used judiciously, it helps repair and regenerate cells, slows the ageing process, and supports human longevity. Though not a replacement for conventional medicine, it has proven its worth as a complementary therapy in cancer care,



chronic infections, musculoskeletal disorders, and even aesthetic medicine and cosmetology.

This growing interest was evident at the 125th Advanced Ozone Workshop organised by the Ozone Forum of India (OFI) in Mumbai from August 21 to 25. The event

drew participants from across India and abroad, with an eminent faculty of ozone practitioners, functional medicine experts, metabolic scientists, and specialists in mind-body health. Under the leadership of Dr. Milli Shah, President of OFI, the academic programme

offered both scientific depth and practical guidance, exploring how lifestyle factors, environmental toxins, and dietary adulteration accelerate cellular decline and how ozone therapy can counter these effects when applied with a holistic perspective.

The sessions were remarkable for their clarity and relevance. Dr. Leroy Rebello, an authority on metabolism, explored the root causes of disease at the cellular level and urged clinicians to look beyond symptom control. Dr. Lenny Decosta explained how toxic heavy metals accumulate in the body and presented research showing how chelation therapy can cleanse these harmful deposits. Dr. Priti Sibal highlighted the pivotal role of gut health in overall wellness, dismantling common myths and offering practical strategies for improvement. Professor Ushy Mohandas, an eminent academician and researcher, captivated participants with her presentation on mindfulness, showing how a positive mental framework can bring about meaningful health outcomes. Dr. Gautam Shah, a senior consultant, earned high praise for demonstrating the applications of ozone therapy in treating musculoskeletal and arthritic disorders. One delegate summed up the spirit of the ses-

sions with an apt observation: “If machines need regular servicing, how much more does the human body—a far more delicate and intricate mechanism?”

As Senior Consultant at District Hospital Pulwama and a life member of OFI, I have worked with ozone therapy over several years, particularly in the field of pain and palliative care. My clinical observations and experiences, shared during the workshop, were warmly appreciated and reaffirmed what research increasingly suggests: ozone therapy, when applied responsibly, is not experimental fancy but a powerful adjunct to modern medicine.

The Mumbai workshop was more than just an academic event. It was a call to view health holistically—to see the human body not only as a site of disease but as a finely tuned system that deserves proactive care and periodic cleansing. Ageing and cellular decay may be natural processes, yet their pace can be slowed. Ozone therapy is no miracle cure, but it is an extraordinary tool. As evidence continues to grow, it may well reshape how we think about health, disease prevention, and longevity—even in places like Kashmir, where this “magic molecule” is already beginning to make its quiet yet meaningful impact.

From Clinics to Clicks: How Telemedicine and AI is transforming Healthcare



By Dr. Sameer Ul Haq
drsameerulhaq234@gmail.com

For decades, healthcare services have been focused to clinics and hospitals, and in-person clinical care, where patients often travel long distances and queue for long hours to seek medical access and consultation. Access to the appropriate and quality care is largely unequal with urban areas thrived with special and sophisticated facilities, while rural, remote, and hard to reach areas struggle with even basic facilities such as infrastructure, doctors and timely interventions [1]. According to WHO, India has just over 1 doctor for every 1000 people [2]. Although, a significant disparity is found in Indian healthcare system to meet the requirements, however; since last decade, it has witnessed a digital transformation in healthcare. Expanding internet connectivity, smartphone penetration even to hard-to-reach areas, and government

backed digital initiatives such as Digital India has laid a base for virtual healthcare delivery, indicating a promising future. Thanks to COVID-19 pandemic, one positive outcome was the self-promotion of telemedicine, where both patients and healthcare providers embraced such platforms. As a result, e-Sanjeevani, a government-initiated portal has surpassed 400 million consultations by August 2025, with more than 20,000 patients served each day [3]. From small towns in UP to remote villages in the Northeast, and from higher ranges of Jammu and Kashmir to the plains of South India, patients can connect with their doctor of choice without leaving their homes, saving money and time on travel. So far, over 8.8 million people in Jammu and Kashmir have received the tele-consultations services. Along with telemedicine, Artificial Intelligence (AI) is increasingly being integrated into healthcare systems, providing a vital tool for diagnostics, predictive analysis, public health surveillance and trends. One such case from Karnataka, where AI has been employed for predictive analysis of disease prediction [4]. While AI-assisted telemedicine has many advantages, it

also has certain drawbacks. Misdiagnosis issues and lack of physical examination remain pressing ones. Telemedicine should be used as a complement, and not replace in-person care. People should use only verified government platforms for care access and in-person care for any medical emergency. While there are verified government platforms covered by regulatory enablers such as Telemedicine Practice Guidelines (TPG), others, such as private ones should be registered and quality tested. Jammu and Kashmir has not kept itself behind this digital transformation with the implementation of the JK SEHAT e-service in the healthcare system, although there is a much to be done in terms of accessibility and quality care [5]. With the advent of this health portal, patients can not only acquire service utilisation while sitting at home but can also avoid long waiting hours and long queues. This unique digital platform brings healthcare services closer to the people, especially those in remote areas. As a result, it empowers individuals to schedule doctor appointments and receive teleconsultation services from the comfort of their homes. At the same time, it helps reduce

unnecessary hospital visits and admissions that require only minimal care, thereby reducing crowding and making hospitals more available for people who require advanced care.

“Manzoor Ahmad, a 56-year-old resident from a far-flung area in district Budgam, had to travel 60 km and skip his daily wage work to seek care and then has to wait for his turn. Now with this, I can schedule an appointment at home on my choice of day and time.”

AI is enhancing telemedicine by making care smarter. While there are many advantages and benefits of AI-assisted health services, challenges do remain. Telemedicine is beneficial through its accessibility, affordability, and efficiency. Patients in remote places can gain access to quality care easier and in a much more convenient way. Reduced travel and waiting costs make healthcare more affordable and doctors can readily consult more patients in less time. The future of healthcare lies with a hybrid model where AI-assisted digital tools complement in-person care rather than replacing it. Genuinely, AI is not a substitute for a doctor, nor should it be. Sometimes AI-generated advice can be

dangerously decontextualised. A recent case serves as a stark reminder, where a 60-year-old man was hospitalized after following diet advice generated by AI [6]. This has raised concerns about the risks of relying on AI tools for medical advice. This incident necessitates the importance of digital literacy in ensuring that the general public treat AI tools as a source of supplementary information rather than a prescription note. Therefore, there is a need for a regulatory process, for stronger safeguards, clearer disclaimers, and checks and balances in AI-driven health content to prevent such incidents. The Indian healthcare system is at a crossroads, with a potential future for a hybrid model. The stethoscope will not disappear, nor will the doctors. But the screen is now an integral and indispensable part of the healing process. From clinics to clicks, the transformation and change is real, and we must accept it.

“The future of medicine will be defined not just by the stethoscope on the chest, but by the digital tool in the palm”.

Dr Sameer Ul Haq is a community physician and public health consultant.

Baba Saien

Frustrated from all the doors, Shaakir spent the entire night anxiously wandering through thorns because time was slipping away swiftly, and no one was willing to help him. Carrying his worries, he reached Baba Saien's house early in the morning. To his surprise, he saw Baba Saien coming out from inside the house with a bucket of water. As Shaakir approached, he greeted him with great respect, and Baba Saien asked him to sit on a small mat in the courtyard. He placed the bucket of water right next to him and then poured water into a large clay pot. After a while, he again brought the bucket of water and poured half of it into the same pot. When the pot was filled, he put some water into a small clay vessel nearby. Shaakir, who was keenly observing this sight, was astonished to see so much water being poured into the pots despite the scorching heat.

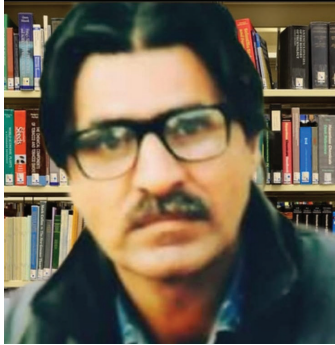
'Please tell me, where are you from, and what brings you here?' asked Baba Saien.

Shaakir was still trying to comprehend what Baba Saien had said when he was interrupted by Baba's sweet voice.

'Baba, I am Kabir Pathan's son from the neighboring area, and I have come to meet you,' he replied.

'Be well, my son. Stay blessed,' Baba replied.

Thanking Baba for his blessings, Shaakir moved near the pear tree in the courtyard. As he was contemplating how to convey his purpose to Baba, Baba's elderly veiled companion came out from inside the house with a plate full of salted tea. Both Baba Saien and the lady engaged in sipping the tea and conversing. Baba Saien's two sons were also present, holding high positions, but they lived in separate bungalows in a posh colony with their wives and children. On the other hand, Baba Saien and his companion lived in a small, ancestral home.



Author: Tariq Shabnum

Baba Saien's real name was Qudrat Ullah, but everyone called him Baba Saien. He was a respected, elderly gentleman of the town, healthy, robust, and with a radiant face. He had a long white beard, long white hair, and a healthy, tall figure. Despite his age, he exuded an aura of dignity and grace. He was known for his charitable nature and always ready to help anyone in need. Shaakir had heard that Baba never disappointed any desperate and needy person. Shaakir himself was in a difficult situation and had come to Baba Saien seeking help.

Shaakir was now pondering how to ask Baba Saien for assistance when suddenly he heard a loud bang from the window of the small storeroom nearby. He immediately rushed in to see what was happening...

'Forty-five thousand... Five hundred... Three thousand... Baba, why are you selling them?' he asked.

'Oh, my son! This is the son of the famous football player of our time, Qudrat Ullah, who just sold this golden medal for a very low price to the owner of this storeroom,' replied someone in the midst of the young men talking.

'But why did he sell it?' asked Shaakir.

A strong shiver ran through his entire body as he heard the painful truth."



Translated by Imran Rather

"May Allah keep you safe..."

While looking towards the window, the one who throws garbage began receiving prayers.

'Who is this person, Baba?'

'He is the servant of this house...'

'For the sake of Allah, give him something, Baba...'

Before Shaakir Baba could ask Saiyal about the bag, another person arrived and called out.

Shaakir took a ten-rupee note from his pocket and placed it in Saiyal's hand.

'Sit down, O Allah's servant,' Baba said affectionately, making him sit and as if offering him air, placed a tea cup in front of him.

'Now, tell me what troubles you?'

'Baba... I am not a beggar, but a desperate father. My daughter has been sick for a few days, and I don't have anything for her treatment.'

Upon hearing this, Baba looked towards the sky with a restless expression and went into deep thought for a few moments. Suddenly, a boy came forward, greeted them with 'Assalamu Alaikum,' and handed some money to Baba.

'Baba Saiyan, this is the money for the entire month.'

'Thank you, my son. Stay blessed.'

Taking the money, Baba's face lit up with a smile, and he raised his eyes towards the sky, expressing gratitude within himself.

'You have my immense gratitude, my Lord. Undoubtedly, You are the greatest benefactor.'

The boy went inside, brought back milk, and then left again.

'Beta, get your daughter treated properly. If you need anything, don't hesitate to come to me.'

Baba lovingly said these words to Shaakir, holding him in great affection.

'Thank you, Baba. I will never forget your kindness.'

'O, my son, it's not my kindness but the grace of my Lord, who apprehended me at the right time and provided me with the opportunity to help you.'

'Alright, Baba, I'll leave now.'

After realizing Baba's condition, Shaakir's face became gloomy, and without saying anything about the purpose of his visit, he left.

'Beta, you didn't tell me why you came and what your purpose was.'

'Baba, I just came, that's all.'

'Not just like that, my son. Tell me without hesitation, why did you come?'

He interrupted Shaakir and said, 'Baba, in reality, it's my sister's wedding, and I need a significant amount of money.'

'Sister's wedding and the money... Your generosity, O my Lord!'

'How much money do you need and when?'

'Twenty thousand.'

Hearing this, Baba started to think deeply for a while.

'Alright, son... come after a few days, and you will get the money, but with one condition.'

'What's that, Baba?'

'Never mention this to anyone.'

'Alright, Baba.'

Saying this, Shaakir left. Baba also picked up the discarded bag from a short distance away and threw it into a garbage heap.

A few days later, Shaakir again reached Baba's house, not expecting to receive the money. However, Baba, without any delay, gave him

the required amount, showering blessings and smiles. Shaakir's heart was filled with an unusual sense of joy during that time. How did Baba manage the arrangement of the money? He pondered... A few young men were discussing among themselves, and as soon as Shaakir heard them, a sharp shock ran through his body.

'Fifty thousand... Fifty thousand and fifty hundred...'

Bidding was underway in the room for some valuable items. Shaakir went inside to see the auction.

'Baba... Why is he selling it?'

'Hey, brother... Do you know the famous football player of our time, Qudratullah? He recently sold this gold medal of his at a very low price.'

'But why did he sell it?'

'Some young men were having a conversation among themselves, and as soon as Shaakir heard them, a sharp shock ran through his body.'

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'Baba... Why is he selling it?'

'Hey, brother... Do you know the famous football player of our time, Qudratullah? He recently sold this gold medal of his at a very low price.'

'But why did he sell it?'

'Some young men were saying that he desperately needed fifty thousand rupees to help someone.'

'Baba... He is selling his gold medal for fifty thousand.'

'Alright, brother, it's okay. You won't mention this to anyone.'

Saying this, he handed the money over to him.

Shaakir felt like a cold gust of death had passed through him while brushing against his body. He hurriedly left from there....

The author can be reached at tariqs709@gmail.com

The Subtle Path to Modern Slavery



Mir Yasirul Ameen
yasiramin096@gmail.com

Slavery, in the modern sense, rarely comes with chains or whips. Instead, it comes dressed in polished offices, respectable salaries, and promises of progress. Many step into it willingly, believing they are pursuing freedom, while in reality they are surrendering it piece by piece.

Step one begins innocently: join a corporate structure. You ask for

a good salary, and it seems like the beginning of independence. But with that salary comes the first chain—relocation from your roots. You leave your hometown, your family, your community. You move into an apartment or flat, a box that feels like home only because you pay for it every month.

The next step unfolds silently. With a steady income, desires expand. A car, a house, new possessions—all tied with EMIs. What seemed like progress becomes dependency. The company is no longer just your employer; it becomes the lifeline that feeds your loans, your rent, your carefully curated lifestyle. Slowly, you cannot afford to leave. The leash

is invisible, but it tightens with every financial obligation.

Psychologically, the trap deepens. Your thoughts circle endlessly around deadlines, appraisals, increments. The company occupies not only your time but your mind. Social connections fade, hobbies disappear, the spontaneous joy of living is replaced by weekend recoveries. Even when you are not at work, you carry it with you—in your phone, in your conversations, in your anxious dreams.

The tragedy is not just economic dependence; it is existential compromise. True slavery is the loss of freedom of choice. When your decisions are dictated not by your values but by fear of losing a

paycheck, you have already surrendered. Almighty did not create us merely to labor for systems that consume us. To live enslaved is to silence your creativity, your spirit, your unique human potential.

This form of slavery is subtle. It does not break you at once, but bends you until you forget you were meant to stand upright. You compromise enjoyment, you neglect relationships, you abandon your inner calling. You justify it with small rewards—increment, promotion, a slightly better car—yet none of these buy back your freedom.

The philosophical truth is that slavery is not imposed from outside alone; it is also accepted

within. Every time we trade freedom for comfort, every time we bury our soul under the weight of obligation, we choose the chains ourselves.

The way out is not easy, but it begins with awareness. To live consciously, to limit desires, to preserve social bonds, to carve space for hobbies and meaning beyond work—these are acts of resistance. True success lies not in what you accumulate but in how free you remain while living.

Modern slavery wears the mask of success. To unmask it is the first step toward reclaiming your humanity.

Mir Yasirul Ameen is a Curriculum Developer from OGI International sports, Kerala

A Parent's Guide: What Children Should Learn in the Age of AI



By: Shah Nawaz Nazir
Author | Columnist
7889820373
nawazrather786@gmail.com

Introduction: The World Our Children Will Inherit

When we think about the future of our children, one truth stands clear: they are not preparing for our world, they are preparing for a world transformed by Artificial Intelligence (AI), robotics, and automation. A child who is 7 years old today will step into the professional world around 2040–2045. By then, much of what we consider “modern jobs” may either not exist or may look entirely different. Just as the industrial revolution replaced blacksmiths with machinists and the internet age replaced typists with programmers, the AI revolution will reshape the employment landscape in ways we are only beginning to imagine. The question for parents, teachers, and policymakers is urgent: what should children learn today to thrive tomorrow?

The Future of Work in the Age of AI

AI is advancing at a breathtaking pace. Machines can already translate languages, generate art, write software, analyze legal documents, and even diagnose diseases. In the next two decades, routine jobs—whether manual or intellectual—will likely be automated. Data entry clerks, telemarketers, basic accountants, and even certain roles in medicine or law may shrink. On the other hand, professions such as AI trainers, robotics engineers, cybersecurity experts, and creative innovators will be in demand. The dividing line of future employment will not be between “white collar” and “blue collar” jobs, but between those that are repetitive and predictable (done by machines) and those that are creative, ethical, relational, and deeply human (done by people).

The Skills That Will Never Go Out of Style

No matter how advanced AI becomes, there are core human skills that machines cannot fully replicate. Mathematics and logical reasoning will remain the backbone of all sciences, enabling children to understand and guide AI systems. Critical thinking—the ability to question assumptions and make sound judgments—will be essential for ethical decision-making in a machine-driven world. Creativity and imagination will distinguish humans from algo-



ritms, giving art, innovation, and storytelling their depth and soul. Equally important will be communication and emotional intelligence, for the leaders of tomorrow will not just code, they will connect. They will inspire, empathize, and collaborate across cultures and communities.

Technical Skills for the AI Era

Alongside these timeless qualities, children must also learn the languages of technology. Coding should become as natural as reading and writing—first through playful platforms in early years and later through powerful languages like Python and JavaScript. By the time today’s children reach university, AI literacy will be as fundamental as mathematics. Understanding algorithms, neural networks, and machine learning basics will not just be for engineers, but for decision-makers in every field. Equally vital will be data literacy, the ability to interpret and question data, and cybersecurity skills to safeguard identity and privacy in a digital-first world. The physical side of technology—robotics and automation—will also enter homes, workplaces, and cities. Children must be prepared not just to use machines but to design, control, and work alongside them.

Human-Centered Education: The Balance of Heart and Mind

In the rush to teach technology, we must not forget the values that make us human. The most successful people in the AI age will be those who balance intellect with empathy. Philosophy and ethics will equip children to answer profound questions about fairness,

justice, and accountability in a world where algorithms make decisions. Psychology and sociology will deepen their understanding of human behavior, relationships, and social responsibility. Leadership and teamwork will prepare them to thrive in collaborative environments rather than working in isolation.

A Roadmap for Children in the AI Era

Imagine the journey of a 7-year-old today. In the early years, the focus should be on foundations—literacy, numeracy, curiosity, empathy, and playful introductions to coding. Between 11 and 14, children should explore deeper mathematics, beginner programming, and digital citizenship while nurturing creativity in art, music, and writing. By the age of 15 to 18, their education should blend technical mastery with ethics and philosophy. They should experiment with projects, internships, and problem-solving in real-world settings. And as young adults between 19 and 22, they should specialize in chosen fields, participate in global research opportunities, and develop leadership and entrepreneurial skills. Such a child will not just be ready for the jobs of 2040—they will be equipped to create the jobs of 2040.

How Long Will Data Science Jobs Remain Relevant?

Data science will remain crucial for at least the next two decades, though its nature will evolve. Simple tasks such as basic analysis will likely be automated. But complex roles requiring human oversight—like AI model interpretation, ethical governance, and

strategic decision-making—will persist. The “data entry worker” of today may disappear, but the “AI ethicist and data strategist” of tomorrow will rise.

The Role of Parents and Teachers

Parents often wonder whether they should focus more on technology or values. The answer is both. Children need the skills to master technology but also the wisdom to use it responsibly. Expose them to coding, but also to poetry. Teach them logic, but also compassion. Encourage innovation, but also empathy. A truly future-ready child will not just be a skilled worker, but a balanced human being.

Conclusion: Preparing for a Human-AI Partnership

The AI age will not eliminate human work—it will transform it. The children of today will not compete with machines; they will collaborate with them. Success will belong to those who can combine the precision of AI with the wisdom of humanity. Parents, teachers, and policymakers share a sacred responsibility: to prepare children not just for jobs, but for meaningful lives. A world where AI may build the tools, but only humans can decide their purpose. The best gift we can give our children is not just education, but the right education—an education that blends mathematics with music, coding with creativity, technology with philosophy, and intelligence with empathy. Because in the end, the future does not belong to AI. It belongs to those who know how to remain beautifully human in the age of machines.

Classism – A Weed in Planting

Mujtaba Farooq
mujtabajourno@gmail.com

Everyone is a child to themselves, and everyone is also a parent to their own being.

This is the philosophy that teaches one to become the critique of their own actions, to guide their shadow’s vision, and to hold the scale that straightens their path.

A path that leads only towards sirat-ul-mustaqeem. Straight towards humility.

Straight towards a horizon where no boundaries exist, where all are equal, and every soul reflects the same mirror.

But we forget this.

We rush ahead, racing in every canvas of life.

We draw some lines neat, some dirty. We decorate some, and we smudge others. Yet we keep giving meaning to things that should never have existed—things that deserve only to be burnt to ash in the fireplace. Even there, they don’t warm us; they rise as smoke, ruining our white clothes—our most loved, our purest.

Your children are your white clothes.

Guard them. Protect them.

Teach them discovery, show them the wonders of the world, give them comfort where you can—even let them taste the candies that cause cavities. But never, never let them taste the poison of classism.

Do not teach them the language of rich and poor.

Do not let superiority or inferiority be the principle that drives their choices.

Classism is a weed—it steals the joy of childhood before it blossoms, and it crushes the charisma of being human before it matures.

It blinds the belief system.

It strips away character, replacing it with a hollow shimmer of materialism.

It ties young petals with cotton thorns, trapping them in endless loops of a ferris wheel—forever questioning their place, blind to the truth that every cabin rises, every cabin reaches, in its own time.

So teach them instead—

to love beyond margins, castes, classes, colours, and creeds.

Teach them to be religious not by division but by the religion of humanity.

And above all—

teach the child within you. Teach the child you are.

Mujtaba Journo

Student of life.

Student for life

“Imagining a World Without Islam”: Power, Identity, and the Politics of Blame



Nazir Wani
nzwani@gmail.com

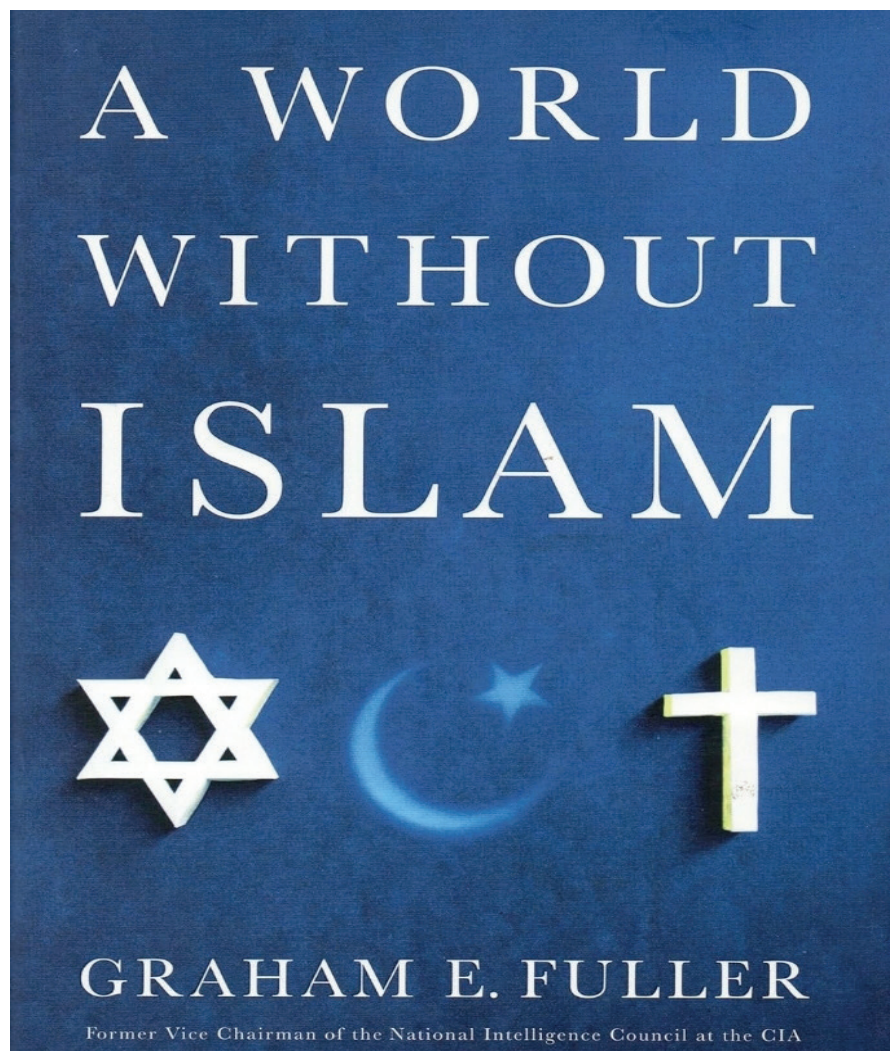
Graham E. Fuller's book, *A World Without Islam*, kicks off with a mind-bending question: What if Islam had never existed? At first, it sounds crazy, especially now, when everyone seems to frame global issues as a clash between Islam and the West. But Fuller's question is serious. With his background in international politics and intelligence, he doesn't buy the idea that Islam is the main problem in today's world. Instead, he suggests we need to look at old empires, power plays, and basic geopolitical stuff to truly understand things.

Fuller asks us to think about what the world would be like without Islam to get past simple stories we have been telling ourselves for centuries. He is not letting any religion off the hook from being criticized. Instead, he wants us to focus on how power works and the usual political games that have been around way before Islam, and would stick around even if it disappeared. He believes that a lot of the conflicts the West blames on Islam are really just the result of ongoing tensions between different areas, empires, and cultures. These tensions would pop up no matter what religion was involved.

One thing Fuller does really well is call out how the West—especially the U.S.—sees itself in global situations. He says, “Washington—perhaps as many global powers have done in the past—uses what I might call the ‘immaculate conception’ theory of crises abroad.” Basically, the U.S. likes to think it is innocent. But Fuller argues that this ignores the fact that the U.S. is a major global player with a ton of military bases and a huge influence on foreign policy.

This idea that the U.S. is innocent, even though it is super powerful, isn't unique, but Fuller shows how much it affects American policy and what people in the U.S. think. “There is not the slightest consideration,” he continues, “that perhaps U.S. policies themselves may have at least contributed to a series of unfolding events.” This Alice-in-Wonderland view isn't just among politicians, but it is all over the think tanks, news stories, and public opinion in Washington. When there is a crisis, everyone focuses on what other countries, cultures, or religions are doing wrong, and nobody looks at what America might have done to make things worse.

Fuller isn't saying the West is to blame for everything. He knows that criticizing Western policy doesn't mean everyone else is innocent. He just wants to add some balance and historical context to the conversation. “It is not simply a matter of ‘blaming the West,’” he writes. “Deeper geopolitical factors have created numerous confrontational factors between the East and the West that predate Islam, continued with Islam and around Islam, and may be inherent in the territorial imperatives and geopolitical outlook of any states that occupy those areas, regardless of religion.” Islam became a symbol for fighting back against these



things, but it is not the reason for the original conflict.

Fuller is good at looking at centuries of history to show how conflict and cooperation change over time with the rise and fall of empires. For example, he talks about how the Ottoman Empire, under Sultan Mehmed II, saw itself as continuing the legacy of the Byzantine Empire. Mehmed thought he was ruling a Third Rome—an Islamic Rome that didn't wipe out Eastern Christianity, but instead, took its ideas and symbols and changed them. Fuller says, “Empire looms larger than faith in this great transition.” It was just a new way to run things.

Fuller also spends time on Russia's relationship with Islam. Unlike Western Europe, Russia expanded over land and ended up with a lot of Muslim citizens. Russia is the only Western country with a big Muslim population within its borders. “Russia remains the sole state in the West that embraces a significant indigenous Muslim community among its citizenry,” he observes. Things haven't always been peaceful, but the relationship has been closer than in other European countries. Fuller says, “Russian forms of coexistence with Islam persist and always will, simply because they inhabit common space.”

Fuller's argument gets really important when he talks about modern American foreign policy. He says that today's Islamist movements aren't just because Islam is naturally extreme, but because of a history of political problems and resistance. He

reminds us that Western countries, including the U.S., have supported dictators, invaded countries, and messed with democratic movements in the Muslim world, often to protect their own interests. Fuller says, “We are only superficially aware of Middle Eastern critiques of Western policies that touch on oil, finances, political intervention, Western-sponsored coups, Western support for pro-Western dictators, and carte blanche American support for Israel.” Fuller notes. These actions have had long-term negative results that can't be undone just by saying we support democracy.

Fuller is agreeing with people like Edward Said, who wrote about how the West has always seen the East as irrational and needing to be controlled. “Old and cherished ideas die hard,” Fuller warns. He warns that old ideas are hard to get rid of, and the idea of Islam as the enemy has been very useful for those in power.

Fuller makes a point of saying that there is a difference between Islam as a religion and Islamism as a political movement. He compares Islamism to Christian movements that want to bring religion back into public life, like the Reconstructionist movement. Some of these groups believe that religious leaders should run the government. But Fuller insists that these movements don't just come from religious ideas; they are often a response to political failures, economic problems, and social issues. He says, “When the state loses control over

doctrine... it almost invariably releases popular participation in political and social events, often unleashing radical activism, especially when conditions are bad.” In Muslim countries where the government is failing or corrupt, Islamist movements often step in to fill the gap, not because they have better religious ideas, but because they offer a vision for the future and a sense of what's right and wrong.

Fuller questions the idea that terrorism is caused by religious fanatics. Instead, he says that war, occupation, and feeling humiliated play a big role in causing violent resistance. “One less desirable aspect of democracy,” he remarks, “is that it seems to require serious demonization of the enemy if the nation and public opinion are to be galvanized sufficiently to pay a serious price in blood or treasure at war.” By talking about conflicts in religious terms, leaders in the West can get support from their people while hiding the real political and historical reasons for the violence.

Fuller wants us to think about other ways to respond to these issues, like using diplomacy, understanding history, and respecting local people. He wants Western foreign policy to change so that it recognizes the real problems that Muslim societies face, supports real democracy (even when Islamists win), and stops trying to dominate others. He believes that a lot of today's conflicts could be made better, not by changing Islam, but by changing how the West interacts with the Muslim world.

He is not trying to make the Islamic past look perfect or deny that there has been oppression and violence in Muslim societies. Instead, he compares these things to what has happened in Western history, like the wars fought by the popes, the Reformation, and colonial violence. He says that no Muslim ruler has ever had to beg forgiveness from a religious leader the way that Henry IV of England had to beg the pope in 1077. These comparisons help to show that Islamic history is just part of the bigger story of global political and religious change.

In the end, Fuller's main point isn't really about Islam at all; it is about how power works. He says that international politics is like a jungle. The weak have to be smart and careful to survive, while the strong can do whatever they want. But this strength makes them blind to the effects of their actions. Fuller isn't criticizing Islam; he is criticizing the arrogance of thinking that one culture can decide how the world should work without listening to others. “International politics is not unlike the jungle,” he writes. “Smaller and weaker animals require acute intelligence, sensitive antennae, and nimbleness of footing to assure their own self-preservation; the strong—such as elephants—need pay less attention to ambient conditions and can often do as they wish.”

By asking us to imagine a world without Islam, Fuller is really asking us to think about something bigger: What would the world be like without blame? Without always having an enemy to blame for our problems? Maybe then we could start to see the real reasons for conflict—not in religion, but in empire, identity, and the tough realities of politics.

Questioning Rotten Marriages



Dr Muhammad Maroof Shah
maroof123@gmail.com

Our culture is in final stages of decline as evidenced in its soul killing short lived or pathological marriage bonds. Most married couples aren't happy or don't know the joy of relationships. They have poisoned it from day one. Let us see how.

They wait for settlement of sorts in financial terms before choosing to wed. This is against biological, psychological, religious and spiritual teachings that emphasize early marriage, tawakal and link blessings including riches to tie up of marriage. We don't count how bride's resources that she customarily gets (gifts, mehr, jewelry) can be invested to create sustained silent income for life. Assuming only five lacs with her post-marriage she can get around 3 to 5k every month for years if wisely invested. If kitchen garden and some share in any livestock farm purchased, food bill can be reduced to half. If the couple works only for three hours daily (excluding Sundays) and earn Rs fifty to Rs 100 per hour it amounts to get requisite decent income enough to sustain

modest standard of life.

They can consider cultivating kitchen garden of their own or neighbours or prepare food in community kitchen for ten neighbours or hand made rotis or do tuition or farm fish or 30 sheep or use any post harvesting technology to prepare any item or cultivate flowers or manage grocery supply of forty people they can get decent income enough to support basic needs of family. They must avoid high feeel private school and choose either government or community school or home schooling to get better quality of education without straining pocket. No need for bank loans for any entrepreneurship (zomato, amazon, can services etc use other's resources as do so many smart businesses. Sheep too can be reared without spending a penny from pocket as people who needs animals for functions or qurbani can be asked to give amount to buy breeding stock. If daily only Rs ten to fifty are additionally saved and invested by couple for life they would hardly need anything else to live a decent life of moderation. We don't need to strain ourselves for private or govt jobs but just start working on anything we have access to - land, livestock, sales and supplies, dozens of manufacturing units that need so little investment and that can be made available through different schemes of govt or one's own pre-booking initiative that allows people to buy shares in farm or



Let us resist consumer culture that shows its most brutal and mean face around marriages.

prebook animal requirements from local consumers.

We don't usually choose the most important part - character verification report - while choosing partners but only job, status or caste or beauty credentials. As such we aren't ready to factory in what endures in relationship and no wonder we fail to create great matches.

We have lost community support system for financing through qard hasan based guilemeuth and puj and converted it into what appears interest based transaction.

We don't co-operate and constitute self help groups, cooperatives, credit cooperatives and family kit-ties to help one another in financing marriages and houses or entrepreneurial activities. We beg some relatives and friends for loan who have apprehensions about timely return of money. We fail to make answerable local community support system of mosques, shrines and welfare organisations.

When we come to know someone took marriage loan, go for con-

dolences to his or her relatives and neighbours and local community that failed to extend qard hasan as had been the case for millennia in Kashmir. Marriage was community event, funded and sponsored and enjoyed by local community and relatives.

Those who spend anything on legally banned disposable items or avoidable expenses including lavish tents, and marriage halls when free space available in trusts, mosques and local community spaces, or who use plastic bottles for water or other health-wise problematic beverages, colouring agents in Wazwan, should be persecuted. Marriage industry stinks and we suffer from gaenz nass

Who dictates our choices of spending so much time and money on clothes and other paraphernalia?

Let us resist consumer culture that shows its most brutal and mean face around marriages.

Investing thawn and mehr in such enterprises as sheep farming (silent partnership mode) Artificial jewelry, free meat, utensils and lehangas etc from community meat, utensils and warden banks, qard hasan, and opening mosques for hosting wiliema and similar moves would save us thousands of crores annually and make available seed capital for livelihoods of would be couple. We destroy lives in few days of marriage while as we could invest the same money in life long silent income project from sheep and

other industries.

For God's sake advise every couple and family you know to avoid waste of resources and soul killing formalism of marriages. Baraat must be limited to one trami and to three tramis in exceptional cases. Beyond that it is raid of thieves into girl's household. Never entertain invite to attend groom's party in bride's house, a disingenuous exploitative patriarchal mahraz saal. It is unethical and obscene from every standard to burden bride's parents even if they are well off.

Limiting budget on marriages to two lacs and house to ten lacs should be our endeavour and it is possible and we have recipe of life of love and care and great relationship post marriage. No loans but qard or soft loan from relatives through properly developed kitty in extended family. Give farm share certificate or cooperative membership as guilemeuth. Don't host in hotels but in homes or mosques or open spaces in locality. Mosque management can buy "tents and utensils" etc needed for any function for anyone in locality.

Spare valuable time and mind for other creative pursuits that currently goes by event management.

Marriage doesn't help local economy when we factor in all costs. It destroys it. Don't listen to anyone who has no understanding of environmental moral and spiritual costs of marriage functions.

FROM PAGE 2...

Beyond Love...

warmth of love

Ask me not for the love as before, my beloved
Faiz looks beyond love into the realm of society, where he was confronted with the harsh realities of life. We see him glorifying his beloved in the beginning, viewing love as a source of strength and happiness:

Having you around, I'd find my life glittering
The torments of existence meant nothing before your sorrow

Your countenance gives stability to the splendour of life

What else is there in the world besides your eyes?

If I get you, fate will bow before me.

However, from Line 6 onwards, Faiz's horizon widens, and he looks beyond his personal singular satisfaction, acknowledging that while personal love remains powerful, it cannot overshadow the moral responsibility that he has to shoulder as a conscientious member of society. This thematic duality—love versus duty to humanity—is the hallmark of Faiz's poetic vision and underscores his Marxist ideology.

The tone and mood of the poem change from nostalgic and tender feelings in the beginning to the grim, reflective, and socially conscious in the latter half. Social injustice, oppression and gruesome realities (Bodies are sold everywhere in the streets and markets/Rolled in the dirt, blood-soaked bodies/Coming out of the furnaces of diseases/Pus flowing from the festering ulcers) confront and pain him so much that he tells his

beloved that though The torments of existence meant nothing before your sorrow, he can't help but gaze at what is happening around him:

Even now, your beauty is still captivating, but what can be done

There are other sorrows in life besides love
There are also other comforts besides the warmth of love

Was Faiz the Pablo Neruda of the Subcontinent? Like Faiz, Pablo Neruda, the Nobel Prize-winning Spanish poet, while comparing his beautiful place with the situation there now, invokes images like "blood-soaked bodies" in his poem 'I'm Explaining a Few Things'. He says:

You are going to ask: and where are the lilacs? and the poppy-petalled metaphysics?

and the rain repeatedly spattering its words and drilling them full of apertures and birds?

I'll tell you all the news.

His house which was called "the house of flowers" in Madrid would present a beautiful look, but now things have completely changed:

And one morning all that was burning,
one morning the bonfires
leapt out of the earth
devouring human beings --
and from then on fire,
gunpowder from then on,
and from then on blood.

Bandits with planes and Moors,
bandits with finger-rings and duchesses,
bandits with black friars spattering blessings
came through the sky to **** children
and the blood of children ran through the

streets

without fuss, like children's blood.

The poet can't therefore speak of dreams or idealism, but of stark realities that confront him now in his life:

And you'll ask: why doesn't his poetry
speak of dreams and leaves
and the great volcanoes of his native land?
Come and see the blood in the streets.

Come and see

The blood in the streets.

Come and see the blood

In the streets!

Poets are sensitive souls, especially those who have used their art as a voice of the downtrodden and the oppressed. Like Faiz, Neruda was a communist and used his poetic talent as a means to fight against the oppressive forces during the Spanish Civil War:

Bandits with planes and Moors,
Bandits with finger-rings and duchesses,
Bandits with black friars spattering blessings
came through the sky to kill children
and the blood of children ran through the

streets

without fuss, like children's blood.

Jackals that the jackals would despise,
stones that the dry thistle would bite on and spit out,

vipers that the vipers would abominate!

A somewhat similar idea is expressed by Faiz in another poem, 'To the Opponent' (raqeeb se):

When they sit somewhere and cry, those helpless ones

Fall asleep, sobbing uncontrollably

Eagles pound on the morsels of the weak
Hovering with outstretched wings, they come.
Whenever labourers' labour is sold in the market,

The blood of the poor flows on the roads,
Don't ask me, a fire erupts in my chest
My heart goes beyond my control.

Faiz too had the colonial British Raj in his mind, and how it had eaten up the vitals of the people in the Subcontinent. He uses varied images and symbols in 'mujhse pehli si mohabbat' to portray the condition of the people, in general. The "Blood-soaked bodies", "pus flowing from festering ulcers", and "dark and cruel talismans of countless centuries" evoke visceral, almost grotesque suffering, contrasting sharply with the earlier imagery of beauty and passion; "[g]littering life" and "[s]plendour of life" symbolise idealism in romantic love. Similarly, "the eyes of the beloved symbolise the poet's early joy and satisfaction with his beloved, now overshadowed by the demands of collective empathy. The refrain "There are other sorrows in life besides love / There are also other comforts besides the warmth of love" also shows the central conflict in the poem and manifests Faiz's renunciation of his personal feelings in favour of universal human issues.

In short, the poem is a testament to Faiz's poetic genius, as he weaves together romanticism, realism, and revolutionary ideas. When the world-famed singer, Noor Jehan, sang this poem in the presence of Faiz, the latter was so spell-bound that he uttered that the poem no longer belonged to him but to Noor Jehan.



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