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The Oblivion

The Voice of children, teenagers and the Revolutionists

The New Year Resolutions

Has this year been a monumental year? We don't know, for each person has his own events to tell. But it is time that the new year begins and we say good bye to the passing one. For once remember what passed us and what we learned in year 2011. Go deep in your memory lane and discover ways by which you can implement that which you learned; correct your mistakes. This is the time when we should do it. This is the preparation for a new year. Our most Important resolutions should be related to the betterment of our souls; related to the betterment in implementation of our religion and in that we make the most simple but vice mistakes which are the root of a society's corruption. Thus our first resolution should be:

1. We will try to accept our mistakes and correct them
2. We will not lie.

3. We will not break promises.
4. We will not be greedy.
5. We will work for the betterment of society.
6. We will take stand against evil to the highest extent of our power.
7. We will be sincere to each other.
8. We will try to follow the policy of forgiveness and honesty in every field of life.
9. We will pray 5 times a day and try to fast completely in Ramadan.
10. We will try to gain knowledge every minute of our life.
11. We will thank Allah every day for each and every blessing He has provided us with.
12. We will try to listen, learn and understand Quran and implement its teachings in our life.
13. We will live our life with a goal which will

benefit us in both worlds.

14. We will try to protect our mind from the grasp of Evil and fulfill everyone's rights.
15. Living with Love will be an important goal for life.

Lastly a word of importance. We should not forget that our actual New Year has already started from the month of Muharram. It is certainly shameful and distressing that many of us are usually unaware of its start and we do not celebrate it the way we celebrate the year of Gregorian Calendar (Sun Calendar). Indeed it was an important time when the count of Hijrah Calendar began. If we follow our calendar then we will be much more aware of our important religious events and would be able to implement on them in time.

Finally;

“Happy New Year 2012”

“Good Bye 2011”

Rebel Against It!

Music is a vice which has entered our society; in our culture. Unfortunately we have happily accepted it as a daily part of our life. What's more is that most of us in this society listen to it at a large scale.

What can be said about Music. Some say it is the voice of souls, while others voice it as the call of Devil. Perhaps the most reasoned philosophy is that Music is a kind of language whose word meanings are lost. We ring the sound of music in the air but do not realize what we are saying. This philosophy shows the grave side of the music that what we enjoy can be bad for us. However as Muslims we do not need to follow any philosophy. We need to follow the command that has been given to us by our Holy Prophet (S.A.W.) . We should be ashamed that we have accepted the Music as part of our lives and announce it openly.

The Holy Prophet (S.A.W.) said "Whosoever of you sees an evil action, let him change it with his hand. And if he is not able to do so, then with his tongue. And if he is not able to do so, then with his heart. And that is the weakest form of faith".

We as Muslims have failed to follow this command in this matter and so are falling into decline. Music may seem a small vice but that is all the devil can do and we have to resist his attempts; break his hopes to win in the war of evil; to win in his hatred against humans. In His Last Sermon, The Holy Prophet, Hazrat Muhammad (S.A.W.) told us to beware of Satan; He said, "He has lost all hope that he will ever be able to lead you astray in big things, so beware of following him in small things."

Muslims have fallen into to disgrace by adopting the music openly in society and only some remain who are able to use their powers against it or hate it. We have Musical Evenings which is a great evil as it shows that the whole society has accepted this vice and is not ready to follow the command laid on it.

My fellow Muslims, this is the time when we have to stop. Yet there is hope. Condemn the musical evenings and avoid Music personally as much as you can. Raise the new generation on a different path then the one you were raised. Beware! For Allah watches All and we all will have to answer for the attempts we did against an evil which entered our society deteriorating it.

Even physically music harms us. Specially in Musical Evenings, even once for a long period of time, the Loud Music and noise will damage the hearing sense. Furthermore long and frequent listeners of music corrupts the hearing power slowly and may take it to a stage beyond healing. Music may feel relaxing but in fact it highly tires the brain (because of the complexity of the sound waves which are un coded to us by our brain) thus reducing our thinking power. It befogs the mind as it imprints upon it and so we are unable to concentrate on other events. It is scientifically proven recently that Music effects the behaviour of a person i.e. different types of music will effect different people. Thus it may create a negative effect on the society as the newer generation prefers the pop and rock which can make them arrogant, ruthless and you know well enough about all other problems. It also accounts for the number of accidents a person has in a car (depending on the type of music the driver listens). So people you have been warned and I hope you do care for your health and hereafter. And don't forget to ban the musical evenings and condemn them.

The Promise by SOT ZAIDI

“How long will it take for us to reach there?”

“It’s a two hour journey. Don’t worry We will reach there. Just relax.”

Helen gave a sigh; a very cold one. She felt very peaceful and light today. Her mind was feeling relaxed after such a hard time. She had given up on ever seeing happiness and yet in the last few hours she had felt the happiest in her life. The wind was cool and the motorway was empty. They were moving towards a meadow far from their city; a place where Helen could relax. It was a dead winter season. The air chilled the bodies even with the heater turned on full.

Helen laid her head on the car seat and looked at the friend who had turned up for her when she was so lonely; just when she had given up hope of living. She had met him in the last few hours and felt as if she knew him for ages. She began to gaze at the sky but her mind whirled at the events of her past.

Helen had been from a rich family. She had met Jonathan at school and they were since childhood best friends. Who would have thought then that their friendship would end in marriage. Jonathan and Helen lived a happy life for three years; there was not a single issue between them and then one day without any warning or indication Jonathan disappeared.

Never had before Jonathan left Helen alone even for a small time which was why his disappearance caused Helen to consternate but she thought that perhaps he had gone in emergency for an office work. What really worried her was that why Jonathan was not picking up his phone. Her calls were rejected at first and then he turned off his cell.

Three days passed and Helen began her search for Jonathan. According to her friends suggestions she searched in hospitals, she inquired from his office about his whereabouts and pasted posters of his pictures and description all over the city.

It was not long when Helen lost hope completely and stopped meeting her friends or taking care of her. Autumn passed and Winter came. It so happened that as Helen walked with sadness on her face; indifferent to the world around her, the drops of first rain of winter fell on her and leaked down her face like

tears. She felt a cold shiver run down her and looked around the world clearly after a long time. Every where there were people and commotion. Families and couples together. Friends laughing and enjoying together but for her the world had changed. She was alone and felt empty as if something valuable had been snatched from her. The rain began to fall down heavily and the people began to disperse. Some appeared holding umbrellas but Helen kept on moving indifferent to the cold rain that was striking her.

Finally she came up to the bridge where She and Jonathan use to meet. The magical times washed in front of her eyes and she began to cry. Night was falling in and Helen was feeling very cold. She was famished and hungry; her face was paled. She kept on standing on the small bridge over the stream of water that joined into a river. Snow began to fall down but Helen did not move when suddenly someone said, “What happened miss. You should not stand in the snow. You’ll get sick.”

Helen looked at the man who had spoken and said, “I want to die. Leave me alone. Let me be in peace.” Even though her heart could not believe it, her mind was ready to accept that Jonathan had left her and this grieved her; she was loosing her mind.

“Oh my God. You will die out in this cold. Come with me and you can tell me about your troubles,” said the man.

Helen suddenly looked into the eyes of this man where she saw honesty and concern for her. She accepted the offer.

It was a soothing sensation as the steaming coffee fell down the throat after so much cold. The guy was a really nice person and was named Kasper. Soon came up plates of warm roles and chips and Helen kept on eating; after all it was her favourite food and it surprised her that the guy liked it as well.

After she had eaten. She explained everything to Kasper who asked, “Do you think you truly loved him.”

Helen looked in his eyes and said in a whisper, “Yes. I cared for him more then my life and his leave has broken me completely.”

“Calm down Helen. Everything will be okay. Perhaps he has been some sort of trouble and may yet come back. What was it that you too liked to do alone.”

Helen smiled and her pale face glowed a bit. “Well we loved to do snowball fight. Jonathan and I played for hours and hours.”

Kasper raised an eyebrow, his charming face lit and he said, I love snowball fighting too. What a coincidence.”

Helen felt as if she had never enjoyed so much before. The game of snowball went really well and in the end they were laughing crazily on the street in the dead of night. Then Helen said, “Can you take me away from here. Away from is memories. Do me this one favour Kasper, please?”

And so they were proceeding towards the Greenways Meadows where Kasper meant to drop Helen. The journey was going well when the vision blanked every ones eyes as the car fell into an unindicated pit at the side of road.

As colour came into Helen’s eyes, she saw herself in white light. She gazed at the splendid dress she was wearing and smiled. She felt unusually light and strong, Her spirits elated for any adventure. Then she stopped as she saw Jonathan’s charming smile and she rushed towards him to pull him in an embrace. He giggled and she looked at him and said, “Where were you. I searched everywhere for you. Why did you cause me so much pain Johnny?”

“Helen, my dear, have you forgotten the promise I made?”

“Which promise?” questioned Helen.

“Remember I would not enter the garden until you will join me. So look I have kept my promise and now you are with me. Safe are we and can proceed for the Eternal Bliss,” explained Jonathan.

“Really!” said Helen jumping with glee.

“I’m happy that I’m with you at this moment Helen.”

Jonathan smiled and took Helen’s hand and forgetting the past they entered the golden gates for a new life full of happiness. Jonathan had never betrayed Helen and he had fulfilled his promise with her.

The Story of M. Rafay

SOT ZAIDI

Episode 3

"The Town has been quarantined. Sir!"

"Good. Are there any survivors left."

"Um Yes Sir."

Make sure they all meet the same fate," said the chief in the white suit.

"Sir we have prepared the reports of Dr Kevin's death. There is sir one capsule missing from the bag. We think that a test subject is on the run in the town," said Dr. Idrees.

"Well let him run. By now he will be one of them," said the chief in mock laughter and then looking at the face of Dr Idrees and said, "Is their any trouble?"

"Well sir apparently the virus is capable of causing devastating mutations among the living, this we know well. However the version of virus specifically created by Dr. Kevin was slightly different. It was a version perfected in form and purpose. Unfortunately we don't have any of his research work at hand and the virus cannot remain perfected for long even if in storage under constant conditions. Thus the mutations are the result of that imperfection."

"So what do you suggest should be done Dr?" said the Chief.

"Well sir according to my calculations we can only create the antidote if we find that one test subject who was given this virus in a perfected form for only then it bonds with the blood. We desperately need the serum for the safety of this lab."

"Indeed Dr. Send all forces find that person. He must not be able to learn about this. Understand. This meeting is dismissed," said the Chief with gritted teeth and his hologram disappeared.



I was walking along the road in the cold morning. The sight was blinded by the fog and the town was deadly quiet. Strange it was indeed; no birds chirped in the trees, no human form could be seen. My hand and feet were numb with cold. I wondered where my parents could have gone.

Suddenly I remembered that yesterday was a Friday so probably they would have gone for BBQ but where then?

In that one moment, I glimpsed a shadow following me but then it disappeared; my mind was playing tricks on me.

Again my senses were consternated on one point as this time I could hear sounds of growling and munching and as I moved ahead I could see a shadow of a man sitting and chewing something. As I neared this shadow, I felt a strange feeling that this man was crazed.

"Sir are you alright?" I enquired.

Immediately the chewing stopped and the deadly silence regained its position. My heart began to throb really hard and I could not help but yell as the man turned towards me. It was a hideous face, covered with blood and his eyes were empty of life. He snarled at me and I saw what he was eating: a human body. This man was a cannibal; no, it was the figure from my nightmares materialized in front of me.

I screamed in fear and the adrenaline rushed faster through my body and I ran not caring about cold, not worrying about the one or perhaps ten monsters following me. I just ran! It was after a time that I realized that I was running at an extremely fast speed not natural for a human. Perhaps it was my imagination but at the moment I had run up to the beautiful thick garden near my friend's house or what we liked to call "the forest". I examined my surroundings and saw no one. I took a sigh of relief and began to pant when I fell back roaring, "NOOOOO" to avoid the biting zombie man who had attacked me. In the light of dawn his face was like death. His face death white and his mouth covered with dark red blood which really took your nerves and with eyes full of craziness. The strength of this creature was overpowering me and then suddenly I heard a chanting but I was too busy to focus on it and then there was a creaking sound and with a sickening crunching sound, a large tree bark fell on the head of the monster which exploded in a fountain of blood with a nauseating plop sound. Then another thwack crushed the body into a pool of blood. I closed my eyes in discuss as the entrails

fell on me.

I was really sick and was horrified. Imagine your self in my place and think what you would have done. It was then that I again heard the faint chant whose language I could not decipher. I begin to search for its source when I realized that it was surrounding me and then drops of water began to fell on me and it started to rain heavily. A great rush began among the trees while I shivered in the raining dew (At least the blood on my body washed away). However what was this trees were moving. Wines began to creep along floor and some began to slither in the air in a very intimidating way. Continuously after a few seconds one of them would strike something and come up with a zombie which was mercilessly beaten to pulp. I was really horrified. It was a nightmare of blood, water and trees. No longer was I going to disbelieve Fantasy. Certainly Oz had been right about them. I begin to run though in the cold it was really difficult when my feet struck a rock and I fell upside down really hard. There was a large cracking and I gazed up as the chanting voice grew more obvious in direction and was blinded by a very strong light.

"Are you hurt?"

I said, "No not really."

"Do you submit yourself to me in the fight against these creatures."

"Who are YOU?" I questioned.

The light lessened and from it, to my disbelieve, emerged, Oz, my friend smiling at me.

"Oz is that is that really you?"

"Yes Rafay. Ready to believe in magic, ghosts and fairies now," said Oz winking at me.

"I guess yeah...maybe," I said.

"Lucky for you to have survived. Come on we have to hurry up and rescue others. I have to find someone; Oh I wish that someone is alive," said Oz

"But...but..." I wanted to ask about many things but I was cut of.

"No 'buts' Ok! Just hurry, I will explain things later," he said as if he had read my mind. I shrugged and began to follow him. We approached our lane without any trouble and I was really surprised about that. Being with Oz warmed my heart and kept it beating.

We entered another street where immediately Oz buried himself into digging out a pile of rubble then giving a sigh of relief

he said, "Oh good heavens, You are alive. I was so worried about you. Lucky to have survived another attack aren't we."

Upon nearing I saw that it was a Zee, a girl from my class and perhaps Oz's best friend. Oz started chanting another incantation and I witnessed the bruises on her body healing at a quick rate. Her clothes mended as well. "So I owe you again," she said in a gruff voice.

"Perhaps you can lay it down by accepting my request," said Oz.

"Shut up Oz. I told you to forget about it."

"Ok then come on. We have to find other survivors," said Oz

"Oh no way I'm coming with you," said Zee.

"Well at the moment we are the only survivors. I suggest that you better start coping with us," said Oz and then looked at Zee with a serious expression and after a few seconds burst out laughing, "Come on Zee, we have done it before, at least we can bear each other on missions and you know that well enough."

This time Zee smiled and said, "Ok then what's the first stop?"

"Well Rafay and you will pass through the town carefully. While I will have a job to do. Zee take care of Rafay. Ok."

Then leaving me bewildered he disappeared in thin air. Only two words came out of my mouth. WOW. Real Magic.

"So are you coming Rafay?" asked Zee.

I nodded. We started to move through the street. I asked, "You knew about Oz's supernatural abilities?"

"Yeah," she said.

"Oh how come Oz never told us?"

"I don't know. His own choice actually," she replied smoothly.

"What was it that Oz was talking about the missions you and both had."

This time she stopped abruptly and after gulping a bit she said, "Well lets just say that it is a secret

which cannot be revealed but Oz and me have been together through many perils indeed."

Then suddenly the air was full of the cries of crows as we heard a gunshot.

"Come on Hurry we have to reach that person," said Zee and a started running.

Well what other choice did I have except to follow her.

As we reached there, I saw someone lying on the floor and Oz standing near him.

"Well Well, who do we have here?" said Zee gleefully and then said, "Hey job done?"

Oz looked at us and smiled, "It's good you are here. No job not done. I had to turn upon hearing the cries and gun shots."

"So who is it?" I asked.

"The man with the shotgun, Hassan Javed."

"What? He has a shotgun!" I said bewildered.

"And hunting knives and handgun and a shield. I don't understand where he got these things but heave him up. We have to get out of here. The sound must have attracted those things out there. Hurry," said Oz.

"Come on Oz do you expect us to heave that bulk. How can we do it?" I abruptly said.

"Logical but he won't wake up."

"So use your powers!"

Then suddenly Hassan started to moan and I bent over him saying, "Hey wake up. We have to get out of here."

"Han what...", he said.

Then he slowly got up and rubbed his eyes. Then suddenly slashed his knife and waved his shotgun.

"Easy Easy there. Calm down big boy. Look you killed four monsters," said Oz.

"Oh Oz, Rafay and Zee. It's you," he said with a sigh of relief.

"Hey where did you got the arms from?" I asked.

"Well these. These were my dad's. He use to go hunting. The shield is an old artifact that happened to be decorated on the wall."

"You said they WERE your Dad's!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah well..." then he looked down and

we all understood his answer.

"Ok Brave boy. We have to get out of here and quick," said Oz

"I don't know how all of this happened. My parents are gone too," said Zee.

"So are mine. I crept out of home in search of them and then I ended up here. I know how these monsters have been created," I said my heart getting heavy."

"Oh indeed. Now what can YOU know about such matter? Huh!"

Anger swept through me but I resisted the urge to punch Oz. "I have seen the lab where the virus was created. I have seen the horror that lives there. There are secret experiments going on underground."

"He knows!" said Zee astonished.

"Do you know the way in? Can you take us there?" asked Oz getting very excited. "Zee we were correct. The experiments are going underground but we could not find a way in."

"Yes I know the way. But don't go there. You'll get into trouble," I replied.

Suddenly the air was filled with screaming of a women and a door banged open from which a women came running out. Her hair was torn apart and she had wounds covering her. Behind her came running a fat man with face covered with a mask; chainsaw was in his hand."

"Before anyone could do something. The chainsaw slashed in the air right through the women's head slicing her in half and blood spurted out like a fountain. Thick gory blood leaked out and formed the pool on the ground. It was a sickening site. Zee screamed and the chainsaw looked at us.

"Oh m...my. Oh my poor wits. What is this?" spluttered Oz.

I felt my vision going blank.

Oz said, "hold yourself together and run now. Hurry go."

We began to run while Oz took hold of Hassan's shotgun and said, "I don't know if this will work on your fat bulk but you asked for it," and fired.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Book Corner**Kala Jadoo****By M.A. Rahat**

A stunning tale, a beautiful ornament of the Urdu Literature. This book will have you bite your fingers and will glue your eyes to it until the end. Indeed a faith refreshing faith as you are engulfed by the narrator into the pre-partitioned subcontinent and discover the strange and difficult adventures of the protagonist. The plot begins with the beginning of a Muslim's trouble when he in an attempt to win his bets sought help from a man who claimed to be a fortune teller. He was appointed a task which he refused to complete and became firm on his faith condemning his past life. Unfortunately, until then he had become the pawn of the "Shankha" (a powerful black magic wizard) who desired to become "Khandola" (lord of all magicians and also the immortal and most powerful magician). Without Nadir he can not fulfill his aim and so he coerces him through greed, torture, regret and even by robbing him from the right to practice his faith by making his blood unclean through a clever trick. Nadir bears everything with patience and sometimes nearly gives up on life. However not all forces in the world are evil and good always takes over evil, thus forces of good are also ready to align for Nadir to help him against this war. The mind blowing tale displays the partition of the subcontinent from a different face. A must read for every reader.

HOSHRUBA**By Musharaf Ali Farooqi**

Dear Fantasists, children, teenagers, adults and all famous with the great Dastan of Urdu and Persian literature, Amar-o-Ayar is back with his friends; this time in the English Literature. The stunning tale of Hoshrubah: The Magical Realm which was a continuation of the Dastan-e-Amir Hamza has been translated completely and wonderfully in the English language and on its release it was rapidly included into one of the English Classics. The prose is wonderful; Musharaf Ali Farooqi has displayed his full talent in the translation of this great tale. Get ready to face the clever tricks of Amar, the wonders of Hoshrubah, the magic of the wizards and the terrible battles between the good and bad.

The synopsis of the tale is as follows: To finish of the vile magician who has declared himself as god, Amir Hamza pursues him to his lair until he is forced to flee for his life. However Amir is not ready to let him live and spread more disbelievers in the world. Thus the man called Luqa hides in the lair of his friend Solomon and asks help from Afrasyab, the king of Hoshrubah and a close friend of Luqa. To gain victory over the magical land, by the art of foretelling, 3 brothers elect the name of Amir Hamza's nephew, Asad; 5 jokers including Amar-O-Ayar for this task. Thus the 5 jokers and the prince enter from different areas. The prince get captured by Queen Surprise and is imprisoned in the Cursed Desert from where he escapes with a princess and manages to gain an army of rebels. Shortly After this the jokers (Ayars) also join him and so they battle Afrasyab. Will they be able to gain victory over this land. Find out in this wonderful translation of Hoshrubah: The magical land.

2000-2011 and the Future

The 2000 to 2010 decade saw great changes in the world. However what deems more important than other success to the world is the literature and the productions of film industry. Perhaps this decade was a literature rich time combined with the start of the new decade. It was the time when the world changes from 2D to 3D. Lets see a short summary of what came to us and what is going to come soon in the following decade in the English Literature and movies.

Literature

2000-2011	2012 and Onwards
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The climax and end of <u>Harry Potter Series</u> • The <u>Inheritance Cycle</u> by Christopher Paolini. • The <u>Artemis Fowl Series</u> by Eion Colfer • The <u>Saga of Darren Shan</u> by Darren Shan • The <u>Demonata Series</u> by Darren Shan • <u>Percy Jackson and Olympians</u> Series by Rick Riordan • The <u>Twilight Saga</u> by Stephanie Meyer. • <u>Heroes of Olympus Series</u> by Rick Riordan • <u>Alex Rider Series</u> • And many more 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <u>The End of Artemis Fowl Series in 2012</u> • <u>Continuation of Heroes of Olympus Series</u> <p><u>Further more upcoming series are unknown. We hope that the new decade will also prove to be a wonderful literary time.</u></p>

Movies

2000-2011	2012 and onwards
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The adaptation of the LORD OF THE RINGS TRILOGY. • The adaptation of the whole Harry Potter Series. • Pirates of the Caribbean; the 4 movies. • The Resident Evil series; the 4 successful box office films of the game adaptation. • Sweeny Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street. • The Twilight Saga; till the first half of the last book. • The chronicles of Narnia; first 3 books. • Alice in Wonderland by Tim Burton • Percy Jackson and the lightening Thief. • The Nightmare on Elm Street (Remake) • The Clash of the Titans (Remake) • Transformers series • Avatar (James Cameron) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Spider man: Complete Reboot • Resident Evil: Retribution (2012) • Percy Jackson and the Sea of Monsters (2013) • The adaptations for the Rest of the Chronicles of Narnia starting with Magician's Nephew. • The Hobbit: An Unexpected Adventure (2012) • The Hobbit: There and Back Again (2013) • Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3D in 2012 • Pirates of the Caribbean 5 • The End of Twilight Saga in 2012 • And many others.

The Decline of Mughal Empire**Declination**

Mughal Empire had been strong until the death of Aurangzeb and after him the empire collapsed suddenly. The Mughal Empire lasted up to middle of 19th Century. After 1707 [in 17th Century] the Empire had little power and after 1772 it had no power at all. Up to 1857 it gradually declined and it ended after "The War of Independence" [which was the last try to throw over British by Muslims and Hindus].

The Last Mughal Emperor [Bahadur Shah] came to throne in old age and did not had the energy to struggle like his father [Aurangzeb]. He was however a brave and competent ruler and faced the problems he had but could not last long. He reigned from 1707 to 1712. He surrendered to British and thus was captured by them. He was exiled from Delhi and was sent to Rangoon [where he was imprisoned]. After him there were 8 emperors and from them 3 were murdered and 1 was deposed and all of them including the rest were weak and ineffective. As a result, the empire started to break and decline.

Reasons of Declination

The main reason for the declination was "The Arrival of British". The British had arrived for trade but when they saw the illiterate, innocent and greedy people who were far behind in Technology, they started to buy and capture big lands, by military threat and impose their own laws. They tried to change the Indian Culture. They had no power in Akbar's reign and they gained a little power in Aurangzeb's time and started imposing

laws after his death. The Europeans [particularly Portuguese] started persecuting Muslims and Hindus and forced them to accept Christianity. The British were very clever and ruled about 90 years over subcontinent.

There was less treasure- The warfare and extravagancy of court [also military campaigns] drained the treasury at such a fast rate that it couldn't be repaired by taxes and the tax collectors were corrupt so a very little amount of tax went into the treasury and so no chance left for refilling it.

There was incapable and weak military- As there was less treasure, there was no money to pay the army so the army was betraying the emperors and the soldiers were leaving the Mughal army. The supply of First Class Troops by Rajputs had been stopped because Aurangzeb had angered them. Emperors were short of loyal and able men.

Ambitious Nobles were attacking and gaining power and attacks were also made from other countries-Nadir Shah of Persia captured Peshawar and Lahore. He also sacked Delhi and took the famous "Peacock Throne" of the Mughals with him to Persia, in 1739. On the other side, the Marathas invaded and sacked Delhi, in 1737, and overran much of Northern India before returning to Deccan. In 1732, Nizam-ul-Malik left Delhi to govern Deccan [Hyderabad] until 1748. Between 1759 and 1761; the Afghans captured Lahore and Punjab and sacked Delhi once again under Ahmed Shah Abdali. For their defeat, the Mughal Emperor asked Marathas to help, who were also defeated in the "The Third Battle of Panipat", in 1761. This weakened the Marathas and they broke up as well.

Province after Province broke away or refused to accept Delhi's authority; Oudh [1724], Bengal, Orissa and Assam [1740] and Bengal and Gujarat [1750]. The rulers were incapable of ruling. They were uneducated and only wanted luxuries and they were not solving the problems in the state. They were not able to administrate effectively as they were not good administrators.

Mughal Achievements

Mughal rule had been the best time over subcontinent. There were many achievements among which 4 were major. These 4 achievements were in:

- Social Sector
- Education Sector
- Art and literature
- Industries and agriculture.

In Social Sector, trees were grown, Rest houses and roads were built along the roads and this made trade easier. They built wells and canals for people and this encouraged trade. Many hospitals were built and medicines were provided to people. Many schools were also built. The country was very prosperous until it collapsed because of extravagancy of the court. Overall they tried to provide all the basic facilities to the public.

In Educational Sector, at least wealthy people reached to high standards in Education [especially in philosophy, classics, history and medicine]. Basic education was given to everyone. There was only one problem that the Mughals neglected Science and

technology while the Western technology developed and that was why the British were able to capture the sub continent.

In Art and Literature; these two sectors were one of the greatest achievements in Mughal Reign. The Mughal emperors were very fond of art and literature. The Mughal emperor themselves were very good at art and literature. They encouraged architects, poets, crafts men, artists and writers. Culture [of all kinds] reached one of the highest standards the world has ever seen. A lot of poetry was written in Persian, Arabic and sometimes in Turkey. When the Urdu came into being, the Mughal emperors encouraged it and books and poetry were written in Urdu. Many books were translated in Arabic and Persian. The Mughal Emperors also wrote the Holy Quran by there hand. Aurangzeb Alamgir copied the Holy Quran in his hand writing twice. The Mughal emperor appointed Royal musicians, calligraphers, sculptors, artists, architects and painters in the court. The Architecture was one of the greatest in the world; Taj Mahal at Agra [built by Akbar], Lahore Fort also known as "Shahi Qila" and Badshahi Masjid [Lahore] are examples of it.

There was great growth in Industry, especially metal works and textiles [as there were great sources of cotton and silk in the subcontinent]. Ship building expanded rapidly on west coast as a lot of trade was done by sea. The sailors needed good ships and equipment to carry more goods which helped in the increase of Ship Building industry. In agriculture, villages were provided with irrigating resources like canals. Lands were re-measured. New crops were grown and lands were divided into 3 parts of production.

The Beginning of European Rule

The First European who arrived in India was Vasco da Gama, who arrived at Calicut with 4 ships, in 1498. Portuguese became very rich but there power declined after 1580, because other European countries also became interested in trading with India because of its rich source of cotton, silk and spices. Furthermore India had very important trade routes through which a country could control the worlds trade. First the Britain and Dutch arrived and both set up "East India Trading Company", in 1600. The East India Trading Company of Dutch was set up by the government of Dutch while the Britain's East India Company was a private company set up by rich merchants. At Ponchiderry, the French set up "French Trading Company".

When this company of French came into the hands of Joseph Dupleix, in 1741, everything changed. The Dutch was defeated and then there was a long war between French and British. At last, French was defeated and power was left in the hands of British, who then ruled over the sub continent for about 90 years. How they captured the subcontinent and increased there influence in politics? This is a vast topic which will not be discussed now but later on. In the end only this will be said, that the great changes that took in the reign of Mughals cannot be forgotten nor can they be reversed. The Mughal Culture is still alive in the countries of Sub-continent and some of their architecture is still present to startle the coming generations.

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