



LEARNING ALLIANCE AZIZ AVENUE

MILESTONE

2025

2025
A MATHEMATICAL YEAR



LEARNING ALLIANCE

MISSION STATEMENT

LEARNING ALLIANCE is committed to developing the students as a whole, not only the intellect but also the personality by empowering them to become confident and competent lifelong learners. Our goal is to inspire our students to evolve into responsible, compassionate and dynamic citizens of the global society.



Executive Principal's Message



Dear Students, Parents and Faculty

It is with great pleasure I address you in this addition of our school magazine. As I reflect on the incredible strides our school community has made this year, I am filled with admiration for the achievements, growth, and evolving vision that define our journey.

I am thrilled to announce that our New International Baccalaureate Campus is in the making. This upcoming facility represents more than just a physical expansion, it embodies our dedication to offering world-class, inquiry-driven IB education. The new campus will be a hub of innovation, collaboration, and global learning, aligning with the dynamic needs of 21st-century education.

Amongst many achievements, the one that stands out is the exceptional accomplishment of our students who participated in the prestigious Harvard Model United Nations conference, Dubai. Competing at such a globally recognized platform demonstrates the caliber of our learners and their ability to engage with complex global issues. I celebrate this milestone and look forward to seeing more of our students step into international arenas with confidence and competence.

One of the defining features of education today is its presence in the digital world. As our students navigate increasing exposure to social media and online platforms, it is essential that we, together as a school community, remain aware of the potential risks students may encounter. We continue to guide our students on the importance of digital responsibility, safety, and respectful online conduct. Our commitment remains firm: to nurture not only academic excellence but also integrity and character, both online and offline.

The well-being of our students is at the heart of everything we do. I want to take a moment to personally urge all students and families to prioritize safety, whether it's staying alert on the roads or making healthy, responsible choices.

Thank you for being an essential part of our journey. Every achievement, every challenge overcome, and every moment of growth is shared with you. As we move forward, let's continue to support and uplift one another, knowing that the strength of our school lies in the people who make it a community.

With warm regards and sincere gratitude,

Sincerely,
Anjum S. Ahmed



CONTENTS

SENIOR SCHOOL

English Section	5 - 58
Bapsi Sidhwa Winners	59 - 71
Milestone Winners	72 - 82
Art Corner	83 - 103
Urdu Section	104 - 126

JUNIOR SCHOOL

English Section	127 - 154
Art Corner	155 - 172
Urdu Section	173 - 200





LEARNING ALLIANCE

Senior School



I'll Do That Tomorrow

When you are aware of your work-related deadlines but still find yourself dilly-dallying. You scroll down and you scroll up, checking every newsworthy and not-so-newsworthy news on

most significant task, but you are still completing something. This comes with a warning: it might become a habit, and before long, you will be procrastinating with every important deadline. Friend,

you need to draw a line to it.

We could argue that it is a way of increasing creativity, but that is your brain playing tricks on you, buddy. As the deadlines draw closer, your stress levels go higher, too. This decreases your efficiency and kills your creativity.

Or you could be

simply procrastinating because of your thirst for perfection. You simply do not start doing something because of the fear of ruining it. Then you will be left wringing your hands and the task is still undone.

So, friends, if you are one of those who often say, "I procrastinate a lot...". Then so what? Take a deep breath and let it go. Move on. If you do not stop, you are fuelling your guilt over procrastinating. It would burn you in its fire from which you cannot escape.

Therefore, friends, you want to exit a building, not abolish it. Make one change at a time. Consistency is the key to your success.



Instagram. What do you think you are doing? More formally, you can refer to this wasting of time as procrastination.

This kind of 'deceptive procrastination' could be put forward as productive and positive. Now, how does one do that? Quite frankly, it is quite simple. All you need to do is switch scrolling reels while hitting the gym. The deadline is put aside for a while. And boom! You are procrastinating! You fool yourself into thinking that you are benefitting from this side activity. Is this beneficial, or are you trying to make yourself believe that it is?

Similarly, this way, you could strike things off from your to-do list one by one. Maybe you're not completing your

Music Matters

Picture this: it has been a rough day at school, and all you want to experience at home is a strong sensation of joy. Well, what better way to achieve that very feeling than listening to music? It immediately soaks up your sorrow like a sponge- but what if I told you there are more underlying benefits to this ,that makes the power of music, well, powerful?

Playing music makes you feel empowered, yet humble, as it normalizes the inevitable practice of making mistakes; something which is considered an act of sin in these modern and 'perfect' times. Moreover, it allows you to hone in on even the slightest of intricacies not only of music but of life, helping you to expand your creative and observational boundaries.

Music is truly for all ages - whether you are an aspiring young artist looking to be the next Taylor Swift, to just be a music therapist. Thus, music provides a conduit for personal growth and interpersonal connection. Regardless of one's stage in life, engage-



ment with music fosters new insights and strengthens the bonds that unite us.

However, music is looked as a prencious and tiring hike rather than a peaceful trek. Why is that, you may ask? Well, many parents often force their children to play music against their will, not even letting them pick a favourite genre to work upon. This, in my opinion, ruins the beauty of music to a large extent. Music needs to find you, not the other way around- it should approach you in an inquisitive way like a stray cat cuddles up your lap. Music should be encouraged, not forced. Luckily, many schools are hosting lessons that help to ignite a new fire of melodies and beats in students by even providing the opportunity to go on tours!

In short, music is an invaluable stone which, not only elates you but helps you to evolve, both mentally and spiritually. Although for some folks, it might perpetually remain an unpolished rock!

Ali Raza | O III a

The Dark Mountain

The world seemed to have ceased to exist for me. It felt as though I was stuck in a never-ending red light, watching everyone on the adjacent road drive ahead smoothly, yet I was waiting alone, paralysed in frustration and hopelessness. I wanted to accomplish something in my life - something which would show everyone how I did not need to abide by the rules. The Dark Mountain awaited my presence.

"You still have time to back out, Ali," warned Henry. From his appearance,



you would not be able to guess that he was a professional climber, conquering the likes of K-2 and the Himalayas. Henry's chocolate coloured hair and eyes perfectly matched the chalky bark of the bundle of alpine trees. His facial features as Jagged and sharp like the ridges of the mountain we stood in front of.

"We've had this discussion before, Henry. I am not leaving until I trek atop this mountain, even if it takes all I've

got," I replied with determination and grit.

Mount Sanders, commonly known as the Dark Mountain, was a place known to be impossible to climb. Henry described the place to be hell disguised as heaven - lush, myrtle grass valleys and crystalline lakes surrounded the vicinity, glistening ethereally under the sun's radiant light, but what lay under the icy snow was insidious - frozen bodies of some of the world's most talented Climbers.

We had not even stepped foot on the snow when we encountered another warning in the form of an elderly man.

'Don't be fooled by the fiery orb in the sky! No, no. This merely a facade! Rain of fire will hail over year,' The enigmatic man yelled hysterically, advising us to go back, but we were unfazed.

"Fine then, you stubborn men! Look for the huge boulder of ice next to which lies a cave! Use it as shelter while you cry tears of regret!"

The man left with his herd of sheep, whose other grey wood mat looked similar to the hair of their owner. He continued by informing us how the farthest he had reached was the cave. We did not believe him, of course, and proceeded to start our journey. I stared at the snow, observing my reflection, as behind my blonde hair and emerald eyes was a soul full of spirit.

The first few hours were easier than expected. Henry's remarkable naviga-

tion skills and dexterity paved our way to the top. Everything was unfolding the way we had hoped, apart from a few slip-ups here and there on the moist and protruding rock.

Thrush! The ocean sky yelled in anger, for it had turned from teal to black! The sun's grand performance came to an end as cotton-like curtains draped over the whole sky

"This can't be... it's about to rain!" I exclaimed in absolute fear! Panic started to set in, adrenaline pushing through my body, heart pounding like drums. This was it!

"Ali, Look! The boulder! The cave must be there somewhere," Henry exclaimed, hopeful yet dreadful.

We had a lot to lose, so we took our chances and carefully but swiftly tried to look for the cove. Bullets of ice rained from the sky, but miraculously, we had found the cave!

I almost made my way to the cave, but a scream echoed from behind. Henry had tripped over something hard and camouflaged with the snow- a skeleton. I rushed to grab his arm, trying not to fall down to our demise. I pulled and pulled, and finally prevented Henry from dying.

The rain had stopped, and the sun was ready to set. Henry and I stared at each other, contemplating whether to finish what we had started.

"We avoided the unavoidable, Henry. We were saved for a reason. I am not going down until I plant the flag on top!"

Thus, Henry and I continued on our way, and good thing we did, because we reached the top. The very top of the mountain! The Dark Mountain, bathed in the golden light of the dying sun. The Dark Mountain was no longer a dream- it was a reality; I had finally crossed the red light.

Ali Raza | O III A

Unbreakable Ties, Strengthened Tight

Unbreakable Ties, Strengthened Tight

Not bound by blood, yet our bond is tied so tight,

Through every tear and every tea, you stood beside me, light.

With laughter loud and secrets deep,

A promise made, a trust to keep.

Through endless talks and some sweet and some bittersome calls,

Catching each other whenever one falls.

From inside jokes to dreams we share,

A friendship strong, beyond compare.

No family ties, yet you're my own,

Through every storm, we've laughed and grown.

A bond unshaken, tried and true,

Through every high and low, it's me and you.

Through the bond we have shared, I couldn't thank god how blessed I am that you're always there.

M. Faisal Imran | O III b

The Unexpected Final Goodbye

"Both of them stood frozen, as silent as a winter's night, their eyes locked in an unspoken conversation, tears glistening under the dim streetlights."



Taylor and Spencer, two souls bound by years of friendship, had always been seen together, whether feeding starving animals or helping an elderly stranger cross the road. They would spend hours pondering ways to make the world a better place.

Taylor once exclaimed, "Imagine if everyone just did one good thing every day. The world would be so much purer and brighter, don't you think?"

Spencer laughed, "True, but then who would share the spicy conversations about school drama, or steal each other's lunches and stationery?" Taylor smirked, "Obviously us! You're such a weirdo!"

They were inseparable, like protons and neutrons, packed tightly in the nucleus of an atom, always together, always stronger. But lately, something had changed. Spencer had been distant, absent from their usual gossip sessions. Taylor sensed something unusual, a

shift in Spencer's attitude that he had never encountered before.

One gloomy evening, under the wet green labyrinth of leaves, Taylor spotted Spencer sitting alone on their usual bench, sweat glistening on his forehead, anxiety evident in his eyes.

"Spencer, are you okay? You're sweating a lot," Taylor asked, concern evident in his voice.

Spencer took a deep breath, trying to relax before finally responding, "I'm leaving, Taylor. Far away from you and this beloved hometown of mine, the place that raised me."

He hesitated before continuing, "I've been offered the best job opportunity in Alaska. The salary package is great, and the boss is kind, so I won't have too many arguments with him." Taylor's heart dropped.

His voice cracked as he spoke, "Leaving? You must be joking, right? This is another one of your pranks?" But Spencer slowly shook his head, confirming the painful truth.

Taylor's hands trembled. Reality struck hard, and she gripped Spencer's shoulders, desperation was clearly noticeable in her voice.

"Promise me you'll come back to visit

"True friends are never apart; maybe in distance but never in heart."

"True friends are never apart; maybe in distance but never in heart."

every few days!"

Spencer, offering a reassuring smile, promised he would but Taylor remained in shock. Their childhood bond was unbreakable, how could he let go of someone who had been by his side for so many years?

Hours passed as they consoled one another, making promises to stay in

touch and share all the juicy gossip from their new lives.

In a determined yet emotional tone, they said, "We will always stay friends and meet whenever possible. Our bond is too strong to break."

As the night deepened, Spencer took one last look at Taylor.

"Both of them stood frozen, as silent as a winter's night, their eyes locked in an unspoken conversation, tears glistening under the dim streetlights."

Finally, they embraced, holding onto the moment as long as they could. And then, Spencer left for a future without Taylor. Despite the promises made, that was the last time Taylor ever saw him.

M. Faisal Imran | O III b

What Is Diabetes, And What Challenges Do Children With Diabetes Face?

Have you ever heard of diabetes? It's like carrying a hidden challenge every single day, and trust me, it's not something you'd wish for, especially as a kid. But what exactly is diabetes, and how does it affect children? Let me break it down for you in a way that's easy to understand.

Did you know there are two types of diabetes:- Type 1 and Type 2. Type 1 is a bit like your immune system getting its wires crossed. It attacks the pancreas, which is supposed to produce insulin. And insulin? Well, that's the hero of the story! It helps keep our blood sugar levels in check. Without enough insulin, things can go haywire.

Now imagine this: if you had Type 1 diabetes, you'd have to check your blood

sugar levels multiple times a day. Sounds a bit scary, right? You'd use a small device to prick your finger and check a number on a glucometer. For most kids, blood sugar levels are between 70 mg/dl and 90 mg/dl, but for those with diabetes, the safe range is slightly higher ranging from 70 mg/dl to 125 mg/dl. If it goes too high or too low, you might need insulin through a pump or injection. How's that for a daily responsibility?

Then there's Type 2 diabetes, which is different. Have you ever thought about what happens if you eat too much junk food or spend hours glued to your screen without moving? Over time, your body might stop responding to insulin



properly. This type of diabetes is often linked to lifestyle, but the good news is it's preventable if we stay active and eat balanced meals.

But here's something you might not know—diabetes doesn't just mess with sugar levels. It can cause all sorts of problems if we're not careful. For instance, it can harm your heart by making blood vessels stiff. So, staying active isn't just fun it's essential! What's your favorite way to move, riding a

bicycle or showing your football moves?

And don't forget about your kidneys, which act like filters for your blood. Without proper care, diabetes can damage them over time. Drinking water is a simple way to keep them happy. Oh, and our eyes! Can you imagine not seeing your favorite

colors or TV shows clearly? Diabetes can affect eyesight, so regular check-ups are a must.

Living with diabetes isn't easy, but it doesn't mean we can't enjoy life. With a little care, healthy food, exercise, and regular check-ups, we can still have the best adventures. Childhood is meant to be fun, right? So let's make every moment count!

Faisal Imran O III b

When the Bell Rings One Last Time

How do you leave a place that built you?

Where every corner holds a piece of your soul?

The walls have aged with my laughter and tears,
Each crack a story, each scar a memory untold.

I grew up here, in these echoing halls,

Where my tiny footsteps once seemed so small.

Where my name was first called, my voice first heard,
Where I learned the power of a simple word.

The playground still whispers our childhood dreams,

The swings still creak with forgotten schemes.

The classrooms breathe with the weight of time,
Each desk, each chair, a story of mine.





I remember the days I felt lost, afraid,
When the world seemed too big, and the colors would fade.
But here, I found courage in kind hands and kind eyes,
In the warmth of a teacher, in a friend's quiet "hi."

And now, the clock ticks louder, the end draws nearer,
I pack my memories, my hope, and my fear.
The bell will ring, but this time it's goodbye,
To the life I have known, to the years flying by.

My heart aches for the comfort of this place,
For the faces that time may slowly erase.
But even as I step into the great unknown,
This school will forever be my first home.

So I walk away with a tear-streaked face,
Leaving behind a sacred space.
And as the gates close, I know in my heart,
From this ending, a new chapter will start.
Goodbye to the home that watched me begin,
I leave you now, but you'll live within.

Syeda Shifa Bokhari O III b



Looking Back

As I sat organizing my new office, I accidentally knocked over a box, sending a pile of books scattering across the floor. Among the mess, I found an old, crumpled piece of paper. It was my ticket for the Titanic. That small, forgotten piece of paper brought back memories of a journey that will haunt me forever.

I felt like I was in another world when I had stepped onto the ship. The grand staircase, the gleaming floors, and the soft glow of the chandeliers were unlike anything I had ever seen. I can still hear the echo of the passengers' laughter and the clinking of glasses in the dining room. There was a sense of awe, of something larger than life. It felt like I was walking on a piece of history, a ship so grand that nothing could bring it down.

I was 18 years old and had just graduated college. I was going back home to America. The first few days on the Titanic were filled with enjoyment, I was exploring the decks and enjoying the views, taking in the luxury, thinking it would be a smooth journey.

But everything changed on the night of April 14th. I was in the lounge when the ship shuddered, the first sign of trouble. At first, it felt like nothing more than a minor bump. A momentary jolt. But then the ship began to tilt slightly. Panic

spread through the passengers. The ship was going down, I didn't know if I would survive or not. I refused to let myself go down, I was going to survive. I made my way to the deck and saw the iceberg and people fighting to get into lifeboats and some jumping in the freezing water.

It was as if time had frozen for a moment and I was just there, trying to make sense of it all. The lifeboats were filling



up, and I saw no other way but to jump into the water. It was like jumping into needles; the cold stabbed through. Soon, I was all numb, I do not remember much of my time in the water. I was shortly rescued by another ship. Hands had pulled me out of the water and when I looked back, the Titanic was gone, taking God knows how many others with it. Somehow, I had survived.

The Power of Dreams: Unlocking Your Potential

As students, we often find ourselves caught up in the daily routine of school life. We wake up, attend classes, do our homework, and repeat. But amidst all the chaos, have you ever stopped to think about what truly drives you? What sparks that fire within you, pushing you to strive for excellence?

Your dreams are the key to unlocking your potential. They are the fuel that propels you forward, giving you direction, purpose, and meaning. Whether it



is becoming a doctor, an artist, or an engineer, your dreams are what set you apart and make you unique.

But here is the thing: chasing your dreams is not always easy. There will be obstacles, setbacks, and moments of self-doubt. You will face critics who will tell you that your dreams are impossible, that you are not good enough, or that you are just plain crazy. But do not listen to them.

Instead, listen to that voice within you,

the one that whispers, "You can do it."

Believe in yourself, even when no one else does. Remember that every great achievement started with a single step, a single decision to take a chance and pursue a dream.

So, what's holding you back? Is it fear, doubt, or uncertainty? Whatever it is, know that you are not alone. We all face these challenges, and we all have the power to overcome them.

As students, we have a unique opportunity to explore our passions, develop our skills, and discover our strengths. We have teachers, mentors, and peers who can guide us, support us, and inspire us to reach new heights. So, take a moment to reflect on your dreams. What are they? What do they mean to you? What steps can you take today to move closer to achieving them? Remember,

your dreams are worth chasing. They're worth fighting for and they're worth believing in.

You have the power to make your dreams a reality. So, go out there and make it happen!

Rohan Adnan | O II



Why Do We Put Off Things?

We have all been there. The assignment with a deadline nearby, the pile of notes to organize, or that study session you promised yourself you would start tomorrow. It's the classic habit of procrastination, a cycle most students know all too well. But why do we put things off, even when we know it might cause stress later? Why do we say, "I'll do it tomorrow"?

At its core, procrastination is often tied to our brain's reaction to overwhelming or unpleasant tasks. Studies show that our brains are wired to seek immediate pleasure and avoid discomfort, which is why we might choose a short-term reward like scrolling through social media over something that feels like work or doing such an unimportant study or checking out emails which you have hardly ever done in your life. This push and pull between avoiding the discomfort of a task and the satisfaction of instant gratification creates a vicious cycle that can be hard to break.

For students, this habit can be especially, challenging. We have a maths test after two days "I will prepare for it tomorrow I am busy right now" and you are pretending to be busy by writing an unimportant personal diary for the first time in life just to console yourself. Two days passed in the blink of an eye. Here, the math test is marked.

This creature is now standing in front of

the class, facing the teacher, having no justification for the round ball he got during the test. The math lesson passed and here the English lesson started and the teacher gave the task to write a diary page. Now, we are busy reading the text which we will hardly ever add in the diary we are writing.

In student life, procrastination can feel like an unavoidable habit. But understanding why we put things off can help us change our approach. By breaking



tasks down, managing our time better, and focusing on progress instead of perfection, we can reduce the pressure and stress of doing everything at the last minute. So, the next time you find yourself saying, "I'll do it tomorrow," remember: tomorrow is only as effective as what you accomplish today.

Muhammad Ahmed | O II



The Impact of Plastic Pollution on Marine Life

Plastic pollution is a serious problem that harms the oceans and the animals living in them. Every year, about 8 million tons of plastic end up in the oceans. This pollution affects marine animals, damages their homes, and even impacts people who depend on the sea for food and jobs.

Many marine animals eat plastic because they mistake it for food. For example, sea turtles often eat plastic bags because they look like jellyfish, their favorite food. Birds like albatrosses feed bits of plastic to their chicks, which can cause them to die from hunger or sickness. Whales and dolphins are also affected when they swallow large amounts of plastic, which can block their stomachs and make them sick or kill them. Some animals, like seals and sharks, get trapped in old fishing nets, which can injure or even drown them.

Plastic pollution is harmful in other ways too. Plastics release chemicals like BPA and phthalates into the water. These chemicals can make marine animals sick by affecting their ability to grow, reproduce, and fight off diseases. Tiny pieces of plastic, called

microplastics, are also a big problem. They are eaten by small creatures like plankton, and these tiny plastics move up the food chain, eventually reaching larger animals and even humans.

Plastic also damages marine habitats like coral reefs. Coral reefs are important because they provide homes for many sea creatures. When plastic covers the reefs, it blocks sunlight and spreads diseases, making it harder for the reefs to survive. Huge areas of floating plastic, like the Great Pacific Garbage Patch, also force animals to live in places that are not suitable for them.

To solve this problem, everyone needs to work together. We should reduce how much plastic we use, improve recycling systems, and choose eco-friendly alternatives. Education and stricter rules can also help stop plastic pollution.

In conclusion, plastic pollution is a big threat to ocean life. We need to act quickly to protect marine animals, save their habitats, and keep our oceans healthy for the future.

Muhammad Fahad Rana | O I

The Last Train Home

A Ride that may never end



It was a regular afternoon after another boring and extremely grueling shift had ended. Working as an accountant in a bank (which was in the middle of nowhere) wasn't nearly ideal nor preferable. Being someone who learned to compromise as life went on, I realized that there was no such spark of determination or the need for something more in my pathetic life. All I did was violently punch numbers into my calculator and only watch as my skin began to sag and my brows began to furrow due to sheer stress and annoyance.

Even now, as I used to dream of being a billionaire who would support his parents, I stood corrected as I frowned towards my train ticket-\$19.99. "What a

waste." I thought to myself everytime I boarded the train home. All those years studying and winning awards, just to end up as a middle-aged man who struggled to support even his pet dog who he'd STUPIDLY named Tofu. I knew my thoughts were eating away at me, and I didn't like an ounce of it.

"We will be arriving at our destination in" the announcement was cut short as static boomed over the speaker and for the first time I had been brought back to reality, snapping out of my pessimistic thoughts.

Come to think of it, it was way too quiet for a train ride. No more squabbling, yelling, screaming or even nudging- it was as if the train had completely stopped or pressed pause. Having to overcome my social anxiety, I looked towards my fellow passengers and said, "Um... but does anyone know when we'll reach Shibuya again?"...My question was greeted by silence and a small collective chuckle from the ENTIRE train. Goosebumps appeared all over my skin and I began to question what humour I must've conjured in order to make such a fool out of myself. "You will never...never...want to l-leave!" boomed the speaker, causing my ears to ring and for my body to jolt at the sharp sound. As I looked up, I instinctively covered my ears and switched to

holding my head between my knees after what I saw. The passengers...they...their eyes seemed hollow and mouths remained open, revealing a void inside. I began shaking with fear and shuddering, trying to believe what I had seen was an illusion. However as I looked up, I was greeted with one singular passenger sitting across from me, reading his newspaper as the train was now empty. I had seen multiple horror movies and knew what would ensue thus I got up, readied myself and began violently punching and kicking at the figure sitting besides me. To further add to my foolish confidence (which you will see within the next 5 lines) I began yelling profanities at the figure.

However, a hand tapped my shoulder and as I looked back, I saw the same empty and hollow man behind me, frowning at me. Before I could react, I was kicked with the force of a bullet train and sent flying across 2 compartments of what seemed like a never-ending/infinity train. My mind began to twist and turn as I struggled to recover from what had happened. My mind wandered to unwanted memories of myself winning awards and succeeding at life before the crisis occurred.

"A door has opened for you, wanderer..." said a voice which made even the man flinch. It was the voice of my late grandmother, who had promised to take care of me as long as she could before passing. "Granny, you again? I can't thank you enough!" I yelled as I ran towards her and embraced her with all my might.

"Aww, now go on, I have a naughty boy to

deal with!" said my grandma as she pulled out a rolling pin from god knows where. Now as I waited for her signal, my feet propped and practically dug into the ground.

As soon as I heard a boom, I bolted and jumped across every figure which lunged at me. With strength and determination I ran as fast as I could, punching, kicking and clawing my way towards the exit before being caught by an unknown force.

"PUSH THROUGH OR YOU'LL DIE HERE!" boomed my grandmother's voice which had become hoarse and desperate. I stood up and reverted to my prime-my old self. I launched myself through the compartments and managed to scare a figure by giving it a stare that meant death if defied.

As I looked towards the white light and the bustling metro, I looked back to the tall man, towering over the remnants of my grandmother who was wilting away.

"Here Kenji!" she yells out to me, the last note in her voice a crack, and she flings the rolling pin in my direction. I grab it, and give my grandmother one last look, as she blows me a kiss, which pierces my heart as she crumbles away. I sprint towards the hollow man and eradicate him with one strike of the rolling pin, beheading him.

As I stumble out of the train wreck, I look at my suitcase, a mystifying glow emanating from it. However, I cried and checked to see whether I was living or dead after seeing...the rolling pin.

Syed Aun Ali | O I

The End of the World

January 22, 1944

I lay on the ground, bleeding and wounded. My comrades lay all around me, mostly dead... some desperately clinging onto life. Tears rolled down my eyes, cheeks. My heart was racing with my thoughts running wild...

"Is this really how I'm going to die?"

I cursed us for ever joining this crappy World War. I thought, if I hadn't I would be safe in my cosy home with my family, warm food in the oven. I dreamed about my family, missing them dearly. Just as I was about to give up on hope and accept my horrible fate, I heard gunshots as American soldiers appeared from thin air.

Paramedics carried me back to camp. A paramedic hovered over, trying to keep me alive and breathing. I'd never been happier that the US army had finally arrived!

January 24, 1944

It's been two days...

We received the amazing news that we had won! At last, Germany had lost as my comrades hugged me. I was grateful and relieved to see them well and alive, or so I thought...

Just then reality hit me like a slap in the face. The face of my comrade just floating in the air as he turned to face me. But his face skin had completely peeled off! His mouth was bloody and some of his teeth had fallen out. I was transported right away from my nightmare to reality. My comrade was shaking and squeezing

me, trying to get me up.

"Sergeant, this is no time to be sleeping. Get a hold of yourself, we're at war."

Immediately I came to my senses as I looked around, my comrades dead. There were no US soldiers, where were they? I thought, panicking. They promised they'd come.

'How could they betray us like that?' We were supposed to be comrades too. I gripped the person who had dragged me back into this hell. My fingernails digging into his skin.



"Where! Where are they??? The US army? They promised they'd come. We're going to lose." I shook him, petrified, my face covered in sweat.

The officer looked at me strangely and then hit me with a bombshell,

"I'm so sorry cadet, but they aren't coming. Their planes were attacked and all of them were destroyed!"

I fainted on the spot.

Sometime in February, 1944...we have no calendar

ever since Germany won the war, chaos has erupted everywhere. The allies have lost. There is no order or administration. This war has led to great disasters. Germans have no clue whatsoever on how to take control. Their top leadership

is in disarray after Hitler suddenly disappeared overnight. Russians are trying to capture what they can while Japan is getting ready to strike. I think this world will end soon...

Maha Gulzar | O I

The Cat That Watched Me Fall

The world outside is a blur of grey, cold biting at my skin as I step out of the metro. The streetlights flicker, barely fighting against the darkness, and the wind carries the smell of damp earth and city life. My boots scuff against the pavement as I make my way home from



university and a great day with my best friend. Head down, hands deep in my pockets, trying to ignore the fact that I am once again alone and walking with the anticipation of a dinner I must attend, just trying to disappear in the wake of it all.

Every evening, without fail, I see the cat. A feral, grey creature with eyes like melting amber, watching me from a distance, cautious yet present. The first time I saw it, I thought, oh, what a cute cat. But after weeks, months, of it waiting near the steps to my apartment building, I started to think maybe it wasn't just a coincidence. Maybe it was something else. A silent witness to my life, a presence in a world where I often felt alone.

My life is a mess, and I don't say that lightly. I live in a constant state of worry, not financially, I'm doing great money wise, even though my parents don't look kindly upon the fact that I'm a blogger. But I am burdened by the ever-growing weight of not being enough. My parents, in particular, never fail to remind me of my shortcomings. Every day, every conversation is laced with disappointment, spoken or unspoken, like a cold wind that never leaves. They expect more from me, better grades, a better future, a better version of the daughter they think I should be; and every time I fall short, I feel like another piece of me crumbles away.

Tonight is no different, except it is. I come home from the monthly dinner with my parents, my mind clouded with the echoes of another argument,

another night where I said too little or too much. I don't remember the details, just the suffocating pressure in my chest, the rawness in my throat, the quiet conviction that no matter what I do, I will never be enough for them. I almost don't notice the cat at first. But there it is, perched on the low wall beside my building. Watching me with those unblinking eyes. I pause, letting the silence stretch between us.

The world doesn't stop for me. The traffic still hums, and the wind still howls through the streets, the stars still seem to glow. The cat doesn't know I've had a bad night. It doesn't know that my parents' words cut deeper than my body,

or that I sometimes wonder if things will get better. It simply just exists, unaffected, unwavering, a reminder that no matter how broken I feel, life keeps moving, and for the first time that night, I don't feel like I have to prove anything. Not to my parents, not to the world, not even to myself. I kneel down and extend a hand, half expecting for it to accept my gesture. It doesn't. Instead, it stays still, eyes locked onto mine, and somehow, that is enough. The world does not stop spinning. It will never stop. Though I may stumble, fall, shatter, I will crawl forward with bloodied hands if I must, because there is no choice.

Syeda Momina | O I

Lost in the Depths

The walls of the old mine felt like they were closing in, sharp and uneven, faintly glowing under the flickering light of a flashlight. The air was thick with dust, making it hard to breathe, leaving a gritty feeling on their faces. Seven people were stuck there: some sitting, others lying on the cold, hard ground. Their clothes were dirty and torn, and their faces were pale.

The boy, no more than ten, was tightly holding his mother's arm. His eyes were wide and scared, watching the dark tunnel ahead. His small hands were shaking, his knuckles turning white as he gripped her hand tightly. His mother's face was

pale, and her eyes looked tired and worried. She didn't speak, but she gently stroked his hair, trying to calm him, though it didn't really help.



A man walked back and forth nearby, his boots scraping against the stone floor. The sound echoed in the quiet. He didn't say anything, just muttered under his breath as he moved. He was clearly

frustrated, but no one told him to stop. They all felt the same fear and worry, and there was no energy left to argue.

In another corner, a woman sat quietly, holding a nearly empty water bottle in her hands. She stared into the darkness, her eyes distant. The last of their water was running out, and she wasn't sure what to do next. Her shoulders were slumped, as if she had lost hope. Next to her, a young man leaned against the cold wall, his head resting back. His eyes were

closed, and he was still, too tired to move.

The mine felt endless, the dark tunnel stretching out in front of them, with no way to see how long it went. It was as if the walls were closing in, and the silence was all around them. They were no longer strangers, but people who had come together in fear and uncertainty, unsure of what would happen next.

Qazi Haider | O I

One Wrong Move

Ellie and Ben had spent weeks planning their mission: to sneak into Mr. Cooper's house and steal an old map from his study. They had carefully observed his habits, noting when he went to bed and how long it took him to fall asleep. Tonight, everything seemed perfect. The



sky was dark, and the house was quiet, just as they had expected. At exactly 11:30, they crept through the yard and reached the back door. Ben pulled out a small lock-picking kit and quickly unlocked the door. The plan was working, so far.

Inside, the house was still and silent, with only the faint sound of their footsteps echoing through the hall. They made their way down the narrow corridor, past the kitchen, and stopped at the study door. Ellie's fingers trembled as she reached for the handle, but just as she was about to open it, they heard footsteps upstairs. Mr. Cooper was awake!

Panic gripped them both. They hurriedly ducked into the shadows, holding their breath as Mr. Cooper's footsteps grew louder, then stopped. For a long, terrifying moment, the house was completely still.

As the footsteps finally faded, Ben motioned to Ellie, and they rushed into the study. The map was on the desk, just as they had seen it before. Ellie grabbed it and turned to leave, but the creaking of another door upstairs stopped them in their tracks. Mr. Cooper's voice echoed down the stairs.

"Who's there?"

His words sent a wave of panic through them both. There was no time left to think. Ben grabbed Ellie's hand, and they ran for the back door. But just as they reached it, they heard a loud crash from upstairs. Mr. Cooper was coming.

They bolted out of the house and sprinted down the street, hearts pounding in their chests. Behind them, Mr. Cooper's angry shouts grew fainter as

they turned the corner. Ellie stopped to catch her breath.

"That didn't go as planned," she gasped. Ben nodded, his face pale. "We got the map, though," he said with a weak smile. But neither of them felt victorious. The plan had failed, and it was clear that next time, they would need a much better strategy.

Qazi Haider | O I

Shocking!

One of the most shocking incidents I experienced in school happened during a regular chemistry class. Our teacher was demonstrating a simple experiment involving the reaction between sodium and water. As usual, we watched with curiosity, expecting the small piece of sodium to fizz and move around on the water's surface.

However, things took an unexpected turn when the teacher's accidentally dropped a larger piece of sodium into the water. The reaction was immediate and much more intense than any of us anticipated. Instead of just fizzing, the sodium violently exploded, sending shards of glass from the container flying across the classroom.

Fortunately, no one was hurt, but the shock and panic were evident on everyone's faces. The teacher quickly took control of the situation ensuring everyone was safe and wharmed. The after-

math left us all shaken and more aware of the potential dangers in the science lab.

This incident taught us the importance of safety and caution, especially when



dealing with chemicals. It was a moment we would never forget, reminding us of how quickly a normal day can turn into something unexpected.

Azlan Hussain | VIII a

Fiery Storm



The storm was raging. So much that whenever the wind blew the windows started rattling violently. The wind was so intense that I could hear it howling and it was almost like it was roaring. The trees were pushed back, and it was almost like the wind was trying to yank them out of the ground. The whole of Earth was engulfed by a dark cloud. The loud sound of thunder sounded like drums. For a second, I closed my eyes and when I opened them again the room was lit up with lightning. The loud crackling of the lightning struck my ears.

I could see plastic bags flying in the air. The birds were flying in the opposite direction. It looked like the wind was pushing the birds and not allowing them to go further. The power went out so the roads were even more darker. The wires were tangled and messed up. A transformer suddenly fell down and made a loud thud.

Muhammad Fateh Gulfam | VIII a

The End of Times

He shut down his laptop, turned off the lamp and went to sleep. It had been a long and tiring day for him. When he woke up, he looked to check the time on his phone, but the phone wasn't there. He was surprised as he always put his phone on his bedside table at night.

He felt a bit lazy, so he didn't start looking for his phone. When he went to the washroom, he checked the time on the wall clock and realised he was getting late for school. After changing his clothes, he picked up his bag, and ran to the kitchen to get breakfast. He expected his dad to be watching television, but he was actually sitting at the kitchen table, reading a book! Curious,

he asked his dad where his phone was. His father gave him a puzzled frown and said,



“What?” It appeared he had never heard that word before. He thought his dad was just kidding with him, and had

confiscated his phone, so he ignored him and decided to go to school without it.

He got on to the school bus which was extremely crowded. There was no space, so he had to stand. He looked around and surprisingly, no one was on their phone. This is where he started getting really curious and a bit worried. What was going on?

He asked the smart kid in his class what was happening. But the smart kid was confused and started thinking something was wrong with him. When he reached school, he saw that there was no computer lesson on the timetable. At this moment realised that technology had somehow disappeared from the face

of the Earth.

He started telling everybody about it, but everyone thought that he was going insane and didn't believe him. After school, the boy went home and told his parents, but as expected, they didn't believe him. Now he was getting furious and frustrated. His anger simmered beneath the surface, like a dormant volcano.

He was tired, so he just decided to go to sleep. He wondered whether life was going to continue like this or get better. Fortunately, when he woke up the next day, things had gone back to normal. So what had really happened?

Muhammad Faateh Gulfam | VIII a

Doomsday

I hurled myself onto a spaceship. From time to time, I checked behind me to see if anybody was on my tail, and sure enough, every time I looked, I could see



Robodog closing upon me. It was like playing tag; but only in outer space with a mad maniac robot who not only wanted to catch me but also kill me!

Only a few days ago, I had noticed Robodog acting up. He was not only not obeying my commands but also not responding to them or catching the cookies I threw at him. He was bound to do that! I tried to switch him off, but the button simply did not work. Even though I thought that this was a programming error, it did not stop me from developing a few theories of my own. Then, yesterday was the last straw. He went out at 4 in the morning without my knowledge and roamed around the spaceship. If it wasn't for good old Antony, who knows what he could have done!

I knew I had to act fast. My feet pounded against the cold metal floor as I sprinted through the spaceship's winding corridors, my mind racing as fast as

my heart. Robodog was right behind me, his mechanical growls echoing through the halls like a predator locked onto its prey. Every step I took, he took two. Every turn I made, he followed effortlessly, his glowing red eyes never losing sight of me. I couldn't keep running forever. I needed a plan, fast!

I skidded into the control room, slamming the door shut behind me and jamming a metal rod through the handle. My chest heaved as I scanned the panels, searching desperately for a way to disable him. There had to be something, an override, a kill switch, anything. But before I could act, a loud crash shook the door. Robodog was here. He wasn't stopping. And this door wouldn't hold him for long.

My hands trembled as I fumbled with the ship's controls, typing commands faster than my mind could process. Sparks flew from the door as Robodog clawed his way through, his metal paws tearing through the thin barrier with terrifying ease.

"Come on, come on!" I muttered, scrolling through endless lines of code. Then, suddenly, I found it, a shutdown sequence buried deep in the system. I

hesitated only for a second before hitting ENTER. The ship shuddered violently, and for a moment, everything went dark.

A loud metallic screech echoed through the room, followed by the sound of something heavy collapsing to the floor. My heart pounded as I slowly turned around. There he was, Robodog, lifeless,



his red eyes dimmed into nothingness. I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. But this wasn't over. I knew there were more out there, more robots, more threats, and more battles to come. This was only the beginning of a war I never wanted to fight.

Ibrahim Thakra | VIII a



The End of Times

“Bzzz” the sound of Ali's alarm clock droned into his room. His drowsy eyes and aching muscles told him that he had overslept. He had to muster every ounce of his strength just to heave his indolent body out of bed. He glanced around, eyeing his room cautiously. Something was off. His sixth sense tingled that this mundane day was about to take a dramatic turn. As he got out, something he saw from the corner of his eye rooted him to the spot.



He ran as fast as lightning to the door. The sun was warm on his back as he raced towards his bike. As he streaked by on his super bike, a shocking realization dawned upon him. The cars were stationary and all the street lights had disappeared. Technology had left this world! Gazing around sweaty, he searched for some human existence but there was none. The city that buzzed with activity every day like a hive on a sunny day, was now dead silent and eerily empty.

All the people were frozen. Realization hit him like a bolt of lightning. He didn't want to believe it but it was right there, in front of him.

Then he thought of what he had heard from his father, that the city's main power supply was in the forest. Not just any forest, but the one even where the bravest people would have crumpled. A huge lump formed in his throat. His legs were heavy. He could barely walk but he knew what had to do.

Taking a deep breath he started towards the forest. He walked as fast as his legs would take him, wasn't very far. As he entered the forest, he was engulfed in darkness. The thick canopy of trees made him look like a dwarf. The fresh smell of the pine trees filled the air. He recalled, that there was a small wooden hut, which had a

switchboard which was used to supply electricity to the town.

After hours of walking around he had no luck finding the hut. By now he had lost all hope, but just as he was about to turn back, a ray of light struck him. His heart lifted as with every inch of his strength he continued onward, at last coming face to face with a wooden door. He had found the hut!

It was shabby-looking building, as if it could crumple down any second. The

handle on the door clicked as he opened the creaking door. When he stepped in, specks of dust settled on his face. He noticed a bright shiny button on the switchboard and immediately pressed it, hoping for the best. As he was about to leave, the floor caved in and he landed head-first into the rubble. His body became numb and his vision blurry. He couldn't think properly and fainted.

After what seemed like eternity, he

regained consciousness. He could only remember his mother's golden words, "Perseverance commands success." He stood up repeating these. This acted as an antidote and he got up and rushed home.

His brilliant idea had saved his life and reignited the town. He was considered a hero from that day on.

Ibrahim Thakra | VIII a

A View

A necessity for me is a cup of coffee and a good book waiting for me to be ensconced in front of the best window in town. A window which speaks a thousand words, only to those who want to listen. A window which showcases the lives of countless people. How a routine can vary among so many different people, just depending on their age and experience, is fascinating.

At dawn, weary workers who had been unfortunately given the night shift return to their beds for a good "day's" sleep. Early risers head out for a jog, before leaving for work. Not long after, houses curtains are open, and an hour later a hoard of cars leave. This is when the little one's head out for school and the adults for their jobs and occupations. Just a while later a void of emptiness encompasses the area. This lasts for quite a long period of time, and the next sign of life occurs at noon, when the children return from their respective education centres. It's lunchtime. In another hours' time those same children exit their homes to meet their friends in a park or out on the street. At this point

it is teatime and men return from their jobs. Silence returns yet again, except for the occasional vehicle departing or arriving. After supper everyone calls it a day. That is, everyone except for the security guards. Throughout the night they patrol the neighbourhood, performing their duties. Night-shift employees set out, and the cycle repeats as the sun rises to welcome another day.

Beautiful, right?

There also come the days where there is a special occasional event which forces an individual to edit the scenes, which creates a feeling of mystery and excitement as to what will happen.

As I stared through the window in solitude, enveloped by so many different feelings, ideas, and the urge to re-fill my cup, I must admit, this is by far the most thought-provoking seat in my house. I'll come back again tomorrow, and watch it unfold all over again.

Shehryar Adeel | VIII a

The Advantages and Disadvantages of Technology



As time passes, it has grown increasingly clear how technology will become the future of humanity. It is making its way from being nothing but a toy, used for fun, to a utility. Day by day, technology's capabilities increase, so much that today's generation and undoubtedly future ones too will be almost completely reliant on technology. It's not all good though, as there are also many disadvantages with disastrous outcomes.

One of the most remarkable advantages of technology is for learning. Through web browsers and artificial intelligence; acquiring information about videos, accessing diagrams, and practice questions has been made ten times easier than before. All the information in the world lies in a few clicks of a button. Instead of going to the library and

searching up books, now you can access what you need in just a minute or two. Technology can also be a means of guidance, whether it is a college application or if you are in search of a job, or even if it's just something in your personal life that you need assistance with. Just enter in your prompt, and you will reach the solution.

Education can happen in many ways, even through entertainment. Technology provides countless methods for entertainment, in the form of videos, articles, and online

books that you can download. If anything, even wasting time can be done on the internet, for example by playing online games like candy crush! You can also bond with close ones using technology like free video-calling apps.

However use of technology also comes with a lot of disadvantages; some of which you really need to steer clear of. One of the most prominent ones is all the harmful material out there, and all the wrong people it could potentially reach. Such information can be traumatizing and have a lasting effect on minds.

The internet usually also asks for information like your email address and passwords, as well as other personal data, and if you provide them on the wrong websites it can result in your

accounts getting hacked and your location getting tracked, which can lead to robberies and kidnappings.

Too much of anything is bad, and mindlessly scrolling on social media platforms such as YouTube and Instagram can develop damaging and hard-to-quit addictions. This can interfere with daily tasks and chores, drastically decreasing your work rate and productivity, not to mention damaging your attention span

and listening skills.

So, in conclusion whether technology use is upright and acceptable or not, will always be debatable. It will remain controversial. Nonetheless, technology will continue establishing its dominance over the world and our minds, whether we like it or not. It's best for us to get used to it and accept it as being a crucial part of our lives.

Sheryar Adeel | VIII a

A Visitor Attraction

I had the most amazing experience of my life on the opening day of the new aquarium in Turkey, which they had proudly boasted about as being the world's largest aquarium. I can't wait to share my feelings with you!

As I arrived, the place was bustling with excitement. Many people were waiting for the silky red ribbon to unfold to see the beautiful and adorable fish. As soon as the owner cut the ribbon, the people started rushing inside.

As I entered the aquarium, I was surrounded by different types of marine species such as clownfish, turtles, dolphins, sharks, etc. There were posts in front of the tanks, which had the species' names and descriptions, including

some facts written about them!

One highlight was taking pictures of every marine animal in the tank for a competition. You had one hour to do it and whoever came first would receive a prize! I won it, and I got a turtle plush, some fish-shaped cookies, and a book on marine biology. I'm so glad I won the



challenge.

Based on how enthusiastic everyone was, I can easily confirm that this aquarium will be a huge success, as there is a blend of education with fun challenges!

Maryam Mujtaba | VIII a

Is The Future Really So Great?

As we look to the future, we are confronted with both exciting possibilities and pressing challenges. Technological advances, environmental concerns, and global interconnectedness will shape society. While many of these changes may lead to progress, they also raise significant questions about their broader impact.

Technological advancements are one of the most permanent features of our



envisioned future. Artificial intelligence, robotics, and biotechnology are expected to revolutionise industries ranging from health care to transportation. For instance, AI could lead to more efficient medical diagnoses, while autonomous vehicles may lead to a reduction in accidents in the traffic and make commuting safer. However, the

rapid development of these technologies also represents risks, such as job displacement. Society should strike a balance between innovation and the responsible use of these advancements.

Environmental instability is one more crucial aspect of our future. Climate change is one of the greatest threats to the planet, and only the next few decades can determine whether we can mitigate its effects. Renewable energy

sources like solar, wind, and such are becoming increasingly viable alternatives to fossil fuels. However, the solutions do require a global corporation and significant investment and infrastructure. The future will also likely see increased global interconnectedness.

On a personal note, I would like to share my experience. Time management has always been a challenge for me. As a student, balancing schoolwork, social life, and

personal time can feel like juggling flaming torches. One semester, I was constantly stressed because I kept missing deadlines and could never find time to relax. I knew I had to change something.

That's when I turned to technology for help. I downloaded a couple of time



management apps, Trello for tracking projects and tasks, and Toggl for tracking how much time I spent on each task. The first time I used Toggl, I was shocked by how much time I was wasting on social media during the day! It wasn't that I wasn't working hard—it was just that I wasn't using my time efficiently.

Social media can be a major productivity killer, but technology can help manage your usage. I would like to share some beneficial tips with you:

- Set time limits using Screen Time (iOS) or Digital Wellbeing (Android) to

track and limit your usage.

- Install apps like Freedom or Cold Turkey to block distracting websites and apps while you work or study.
- Try using a website blocker to block distracting sites during work hours.

In conclusion, my vision for the future is one of cautious optimism. While the path ahead is filled with many challenges, the potential for technological, environmental, and social progress offers much hope.

Aanya Ali | VIII b

Is Social Media Bad for You?

Fellow students, respected teachers, good morning. My name is Maryam Mujtaba and today, I will explain the impacts of why social media will take a negative turn and influence the youth for worse.

Now, what is social media? Social media includes platforms such as Youtube, Pinterest, Instagram, etc. We all use social media daily in our lives, whether for research, or for a group project, or just to unwind after a long day and relax. Social media has influenced everyone. Although there are many pros for using social media, every good thing comes with a catch; the cons, and I will discuss them with you today.

How many times have you been scrolling through shorts on Youtube? How long

have you confined yourself with a phone or tablet all day long? When was the last time you spent time with your friends or family? While we have online friends, they could secretly be hackers or grown people trying to be as friendly as possible. There is false information that can



mislead users. Social media can be time-consuming, wasting every precious second just looking at the latest trends instead of focusing on your work or studies. Instead, you're straining your

eyes rather than going outside, having a social life, and spending time with family. We spend our precious time on nothing but brain-rotting content. Studies show that an average person spends two hours and twenty-four minutes on social media every day.

How can we improve this? Well, we can establish time limits! Using screen time monitors can limit how much time you spend on social media. Following posi-

tive accounts can reduce stress, negativity, it can be very beneficial. If you are very young and using social media, there must be parental locks or filters to keep you safe from anyone trying to harm you. The most important thing to do is to ensure your mental health does not get adversely affected. Assess how social media affects your productivity and well-being.

Maryam Mujtaba | VIII b

My Visions for the Future

As we stand on the precipice of a rapidly changing world, the question of what the future holds has never been more pressing. While the future remains uncertain, one thing is clear: the choices we make today will dictate the world that tomorrow's generations inherit. Over the years, there have been numerous changes in technology, especially in communication and this has altered our lifestyles drastically.

In the past, people would write letters and indulge in many social gatherings, meeting each other rather than just using social media to remain in touch and not venturing out physically to catch up. Nowadays, people rely on smartphones and like to remain in their personal space. Work and education are mostly done online, even jobs have shifted online. Artificial intelligence is taking over everything, reducing the need for manpower. These changes require society to adapt to the new advancements.

Technology has changed many aspects of life, as I have mentioned earlier. Artificial intelligence is becoming more advanced. This can certainly prove beneficial in many tasks and cause the workload to be diminished. Transporta-



tion is also evolving, as there are now electric and self-driving cars. These changes have become quite common in our regular lives.

The use of renewable energy is also

becoming popular. Solar and wind panels are being used a lot nowadays and are reducing dependence on fossil fuels. However, not all future possibilities are positive. People fear that too much dependence on technology can lead to a loss of ability to think about anything else or perform tasks independently.

The state of our planet is a major concern for us and crucial for the future of the younger generations. In some ways, conditions have improved, as scientists are working to reduce pollution. How-

ever, there are a lot of environmental problems like deforestation, climate change and disposal of plastic waste. They all are still significant threats. Global temperatures continue to rise, leading to extreme weather we find impossible to bear. In conclusion, the future holds exciting possibilities, but along with them come many challenges. If current issues are not immediately dealt with, it will lead to a dire future. We should prepare for the future with great responsibility.

Noor Fatimah Awan | VIII b

No One Remembers This Missing Person

MISSING	
	ADDITIONAL DETAIL
	NAME :
	HEIGHT :
	WEIGHT :
AGE :	
EYES :	
HAIR :	
UNIQUE SIGN :	
[PUT OTHER IMPORTANT INFORMATION HERE]	
LAST SEEN :	
TEXT 1	
TEXT 2	
TEXT 3	
IF YOU HAVE INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT (Phone Number)	
HELP US PLEASE	

It had been months, and the town was littered with the missing person posters. No one seemed to know where he was or even who he was. It was as if he had never existed. There was no record of him at his school or job, his house was now owned by someone else. Not even his family remembered him much. No trace of his existence was left. He was gone forever, but not for much longer, as a young man had arrived to crack the case. John's old classmate and friend, Jake.

Jake was set on finding out what had happened. He had to know what had been the cause for the disappearance of his best friend. They had spent their childhood together and been each other's support during their adolescent years. Jake had moved away when his father got a new job in the nearby city. Jake quit his

job and became a private investigator. He quickly went to assemble a team of highly trained professionals. This was very tough as many people called him insane for believing that John was ever a real person. It took him some time, but he assembled a

most talented team of investigators. They went to where he was last seen, the park. They searched for hours and hours and found nothing. They then spent months reading articles in magazines and newspapers, in an attempt to find any information about him, but it was to no avail. Had John really never existed, thought Jake, who had begun to lose his mind. Even with these thoughts, John continued. He worked day and night until finally, he found that John had bought tickets to an event on the third of September, two thousand and twenty-four, which was two days away. He would finally be able to find John and end the search! What a discovery!

Two days later, they all came to the event in search of John. Jake remembered he liked books by James Johnville, and so decided to wait where James was sup-

posed to perform, hopeful that John would be in the audience. Hours went by until James Johnville finally came on stage, but there was no sight of John. Jake was sad, he had spent so much time and money, just for it all to be wasted. As he left the building, in grief, he saw it. The red, spiked hair of the one and only John. Filled with joy, Jake hurriedly rushed to John. He did exist after all! Jake went ahead to meet him, but he failed to recognise him. He was stunned. Jake's dear friend, whom he had eagerly searched for was with his so-called family and didn't remember Jake at all. All his questions remain unanswered till today! No one was able to solve the mystery of what had happened to John in all those years.

Muzammil Farooq Khawja | VIII b

Poverty - A Handicap in Life

Poverty is not a handicap and can be overcome. Can poverty really be overcome? I say it can be and the key is hard work. With hard work, anyone can climb up the financial ladder though not without challenges. Poor people live depressed lives with no money to fend for themselves or their families, but they shouldn't give up, as People have the strength and potential to rise above the challenges of poverty. Many people have overcome their situa-



tion with wit and determination, and once they do that, they can also help others. They could offer jobs or contribute meaningfully to poor communities by providing facilities such as schooling and hospitals.

Edhi Foundation and Chhipa Welfare Association have played significant roles in addressing poverty in Pakistan, particularly through their extensive social services, community support, and humanitarian efforts. Both organizations, despite their different operational models, have a shared commitment to alleviating the suffering of the underprivileged and empowering communities in need.

Edhi Foundation is a lifeline for the poor. Edhi prioritized providing basic education to impoverished children, running free schools and literacy programs for those who couldn't afford formal education. This initiative has empowered many children from disadvantaged backgrounds, giving them access to skills that can help them break the chains of poverty.

Chhipa Welfare Association: A complementary force in poverty alleviation. Chhipa provides free food and shelter, particularly for the homeless, through its network of facilities in major cities. Their soup kitchens serve hundreds of people every day, providing meals to those who would otherwise have to go hungry. These services directly address the basic survival needs of impoverished individuals, especially in cities where poverty rates are high. Providing food and shelter gives people the chance to regain stability and eventually move toward self-sufficiency.

Struggles can make a person stronger and they can achieve their goal. In fact, many poor people are becoming millionaires because of their hard work. If they believe it, they can achieve it. I would like to quote the example of Shoaib Akhtar, a

former Pakistani cricketer, who grew up in a low-income family. He faced several challenges, including poverty and family struggles. His family did not have the financial resources to support his dreams of becoming a professional cricketer.

Despite these obstacles, Shoaib pursued his passion for cricket with determination. He became one of the fastest bowlers in the history of cricket and gained international fame. His career earnings, brand endorsements, and business ventures have made him a millionaire.

However, while there are many opportunities for poor people to achieve their dreams, some people cannot do that as their depression gets the better of them. People have to struggle just to have basic necessities required for living. Many job opportunities are limited because of inadequate infrastructure and corruption. The upper classes look down on the poor and are disgusted by them. They do not help them and think that it is the job of the organizations to help them.

However, there is only one side to choose in the argument. I believe that poor people can achieve the upper-class life and become rich as a millionaire. They can help poor people living in poverty. They can get them jobs or help them attain a suitable house. Everyone can achieve anything they set their mind to, especially the poor and needy people, should not give up or get depressed.

Maryam Mujtaba | VIII b

A Swirl in Time



It was the year 2124, and the Earth at Mercer was not considered fit for human survival. Only very few could survive. In Nexus City, scientists had discovered a tear in space-time, swirling with much energy. Dr Elara, a quantum physicist, wondered if this rift could be the key to humanity's salvation or its final undoing. Her hand harboured near the edge, when she heard in her earpiece, “Elara,

We don't know what's on the other side. Are you sure of this?”

Elara's mind raced, replaying everything she had trained for. Nothing could have prepared her for this moment, but she just had to check out the rift. She had always been drawn to the mysteries of the universe, but this felt much different. Something deep within her stirred, urging her to reach out, to touch the rift, as it held answers to questions she hadn't asked. Her team tried to warn her about the risks, but nothing could change her mind. She carefully placed one foot in the rift and was immediately sucked inside.

The rift behind Elara had suddenly closed. For some reason, a sense of calm washed over her. There was no turning back. She didn't know if she was saving her people or sealing their fate. At that moment, she realised that the future hadn't been written yet and now she was its author.

Aanya Ali | VIII b

The Red Star Vanguard

He sat there, confused about what to think. People had begun surrounding the wall, demanding to be let across. Frantic guards began telephoning their superiors. As the word spread, more and more citizens came rushing in, demanding entry to the West. All he knew was that he had failed.

Born in 1948, Viktor Pitrov had been drafted into the cold war at the age of 19,

in 1967. Over the years he showed his skills and bravery on and off the battlefield. He was awarded a “Marshall Star” for his heroic actions and sacrifices for the Soviet Union. This secured him a spot inside the “Red Star Vanguard”. The Red Star Vanguard, also known as RSV, was an elite military group of the USSR. Each member of the RSV was mandated to have earned a “Marshall Star”. The

RSV were tasked with special missions that were deemed too advanced for regular soldiers.

By 1989, the Soviet Union was in a dire state as it was losing the Cold War. In a desperate attempt to achieve an advantage over its rivals, the USSR tasked the RSV with Operation Red Winter. "Red Winter" was a stealth-based operation that planned to steal secret military documents from Western Berlin. On November 9th, 1989, the Red Star Vanguard made their way to Berlin. After arriving, they quickly made their way to an abandoned tunnel system, which dated back to World War 1, as a way to avoid arousing suspicion.

After what felt like ages, they finally made it to the other side of the wall. As they made their way out Ivan caught his leg under a piece of wood which had broken off from the roof. Viktor rushed to pick up the piece of wood but as he did so the rest of the tunnel began collapsing. They rushed out. Fortunately, they all survived.

Unwillingly they continued on hiding in bushes whenever a person came by. Though they had some close encounters, the cover kept them relatively safe from being spotted. Soon enough, they had made it to the military base. It was surrounded by guards from all sides. Luckily, they had obtained a map of the area from another operation a couple of months ago. Due to this, they were able

to use a secret back entrance that was left unguarded.

Quietly, they made their way to the document room. As they left with the documents, filled with joy, they suddenly heard a twig snap. They all turned around to see the American army staring at them with loaded weapons. They all scrambled away. Viktor, Ivan and Aleksei all rushed up a tower to safety. Viktor immediately called for backup. While waiting, they suddenly heard loud



screaming sounds. As they looked down, they saw East Germans trying to get to the other side of the wall. They all stood there, not knowing what to do, just knowing they had failed.

Muzammil Farooq Khawaja | VIII b



THE UNSEEN THREAT.

Ai's Silent Takeover Of Our Future



AI (Artificial Intelligence) refers to the field of computer science focused on creating systems or machines capable of performing tasks that typically require human intelligence. The impact of AI has permeated every facet of life, often without us even realizing it. While these advancements bring about tremendous benefits, they also raise questions about the future of humanity in a world increasingly dominated by machines. The rise of AI is not just a technological revolution; it is a silent takeover that will fundamentally alter the way we live, work, and think.

Nowadays we use AI (Artificial Intelligence) in our daily use, some examples are digital assistants, we can take Siri as an example, chatbots, one of the most used chatbots by students is 'Chatgpt', Autonomous vehicles, 'Tesla' is one of the examples, smart products, 'Roomba' is a robot vacuum robot. All of these help us a lot in our daily lives, but they

can also be harmful; humans are getting too dependent on AI (Artificial Intelligence) just because they make their domestic and professional lives easy.

AI can now understand, interpret, and generate human language with unprecedented accuracy. NLP (natural language processing) has helped us a lot, it helps us understand those languages which we have never even heard about. AI is quite helpful in healthcare, it can detect diseases and give you remarkable and accurate medication recommendations. You can now find robots that look exactly like humans and work as smoothly as humans. 'Ameeca' is today the most advanced AI.

The increasing advancements in AI might look like a lot of fun and great intelligence, but in the future, they may replace the human workforce. AI is slowly taking control over people's minds and the world.

Queen Isode

From the moment I was born, I knew one thing—I was meant to be queen. I was meant to rule. My father, the king, was growing old, and he could die soon.

He had no sons, and the throne was supposed to pass to me, but that wasn't enough. Then there was my cousin, Liam, charming as ever and loved by everyone. He was the so-called "perfect" heir, and I hated him for it. The throne was mine, yet everyone treated me as an afterthought. Liam was the one they adored. "The heir" they said. "The next king", they whispered.

I wasn't content with being overlooked. I was far more capable than Liam. I had a plan—a plan that would prove everyone wrong.

At first, it was just small whispers. "Did you hear?" I'd ask. Liam has been meeting with the lords of the Southern lands. He seeks their aid to overthrow my father early and rise against the throne.

I made sure my words were heard.

"Are you certain you speak of Liam, who is to ascend to the throne?" they'd ask, flabbergasted. "The very Liam whom we all adore?"

I'd nod. It wasn't long before the rumor spread across the kingdom.

Nobody believed me at first. They said I was just imagining things. However, nobody suspected I was trying to claim the throne for myself because, in their eyes, I was too royal, too sweet. They thought I was simply being silly.



The grand feast arrived. Most of the kingdom was there, including the members of the court. I found myself with an opportunity.

Everyone was celebrating. Father sat on his throne, enjoying his meal on a golden tray. I stepped forward into the grand hall, raising my voice so all could hear.

"Father," I said. "I have learned something of great importance. We could all be in danger."

Every eye turned toward me as the

violinist stopped playing.

"Leave it to me, Princess," said Liam, unsheathing his sword. "After all, I can take great care of this matter. I am soon to be king."

I looked at him, smirking slightly.

"I'm afraid your aid is unneeded," I said. "For you have brought us all to this peril, you lying little traitor."

Liam jerked back, shocked that I was speaking up instead of sitting quietly like the mouse he thought I was.

"That is a lie!" Liam yelled, dropping his sword. "I know nothing of this, but I am certain you are the one deceiving us all!"

The people glanced at me, unsure of whom to believe.

"Fine. You shall not believe my words," I said, loud and clear. "But in the end, our kingdom shall suffer."

I stormed out of the hall, the grand doors slamming shut behind me.

I thought about the matter for some time. If I wanted to be queen, I couldn't wait for the right moment. I would make the moment now.

That night, my father sat at his desk, made of polished quartz. I entered his chamber.

"What is it, Isode, my dear?" he asked, still upset about my behavior at the feast.

I nodded. "You look weary, Father. Perhaps a refreshing drink might lift your spirits?"

I poured him a goblet of wine—laced with poison. The kind that could make one perish in seconds.

When news broke of the king's death, I was the first to appear before the court. Tears welled in my eyes as I spoke.

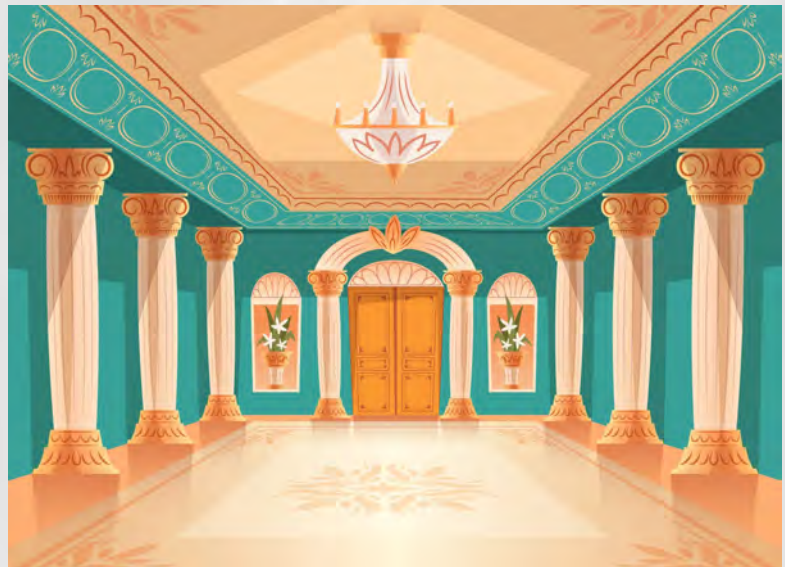
"I told you all. I witnessed Liam poisoning Father," I said, my voice trembling. "He wanted to take the throne for himself."

I turned to the guards, already waiting for my command.

"Find him!" I ordered. "Bring him to me. Let us see justice done."

Later, two guards entered, dragging Liam between them.

"You!" he spat, his voice shaking. "You did this! You."



"Enough!" I snapped. "You have no right to speak. You've been plotting against our family for years, and now you shall pay."

Liam's face was pale.

"Don't listen to her!" he cried. "I am innocent! It's her! She's the traitor!"

But nobody believed him.

"Take him away," I ordered. "He shall face the consequences of his betrayal."

From that moment on, I was queen and no one dared stand in my way.

Raniya Ali Qureshi | VII a

Plastic – An Everyday Danger

This dangerous substance is present all around us, in schools, restaurants, and even in our homes. It's dangerous to consume for all living things and for our environment. The danger I am referring to is plastic.

We mostly use plastic in our everyday life. Plastic is a material consisting of a wide range of synthetic or semi-synthetic compounds that are malleable and, therefore, can be moulded into solid objects. Plastic bags and straws take longer to decompose and harm the environment.

The average American uses 0.34 kilograms of plastic per day. That is 10.2 kilograms per month. An estimated 33 billion pounds of plastic enter the ocean every year. That's roughly equivalent to dumping two garbage trucks full of plastic into the oceans every minute.

Plastic pollution in the ocean is harmful for marine life. Plastic straws are especially harmful for marine life. They may seem like a small part of the whole plastic pollution problem, but they can create a huge problem for wildlife when they blow into the air and the water bodies. A team of rescuers worked for nearly ten minutes to pull just one plastic straw out of a turtle's nose, which was bleeding.

Single-use plastic is produced by fossil fuels, and extracting and creating these plastics emit vast amounts of greenhouse gases. Burning plastic, in particular, can generate and release pollutants that can disrupt neuro development and reproductive functions.

So instead of watching these turtles and other living things (including us) suffer, we can reduce the use of plastic by using our own reusable straws, such as a collapsible straw. We can use paper bags and make our own plastic-wrapping-free snacks. In California, it is banned to give



out straws in a restaurant unless somebody asks for them. This shows that people are making an effort to stop plastic pollution.

We should help spread the word that plastic pollution will not be tolerated, as it is negatively affecting our beautiful earth and the living things on it.

Ibraheem Tahir | VII a

What's Next For Nasa?

NASA stands for National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The Space Age began in 1957 when the Soviet Union launched the first satellite, Sputnik. In the future, NASA will continue to focus on exploration, technology, and science. NASA plans to return to the Moon to learn more about space travel

designed to be more energy-efficient, produce zero carbon emissions, and fly much more quietly. It is also helping the U.S. economy. A recent Economic Impact Report showed that NASA adds \$75.6 billion to the country's economy. This proves that NASA's work is important and benefits everyone.



and prepare for future missions to Mars and beyond. NASA is also working to develop new businesses in space, building on what has already been done with the International Space Station.

NASA engineers are working on new technology to improve air travel and help with space exploration. One exciting project is the Quiet Supersonic Technology (QueSST). This is part of a special X-plane program that aims to make supersonic flights (faster than the speed of sound) quieter and more efficient.

Another major project is the X-57, which will be NASA's first all-electric plane. It is

Nasa vs Suparco:

NASA is the space agency of the United States, and SUPARCO is the space agency of Pakistan. NASA was started in 1958 and has done many remarkable things like sending the first man to the moon and sending robots to Mars. It has a lot of money and its own places to launch rockets. SUPARCO started in 1961 and works on

smaller projects like weather and communication satellites. It does not send astronauts to space and uses other countries, like China, to help launch its satellites. Even though SUPARCO is much smaller, it is still very important for helping Pakistan with science and technology.

Ibrahim Nasar |VII a

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

Book Review

Introduction:

It is a science fiction novel written by the French novelist and author; JULES VERNE. He was born in 1828 and died in 1905. Published in 1870, '20,000 Leagues under the Sea' is one of Jules Verne's most famous works, alongside 'Around the World in 80 Days.'

The novel combines thrilling underwater exploration with philosophical reflections on humanity and technology. The title refers to the distance travelled (20,000 leagues) during the journey, not the depth of the ocean. It is set during the 19th century, when submarines were just beginning to be imagined.

Characters:

Professor Pierre Aronnax

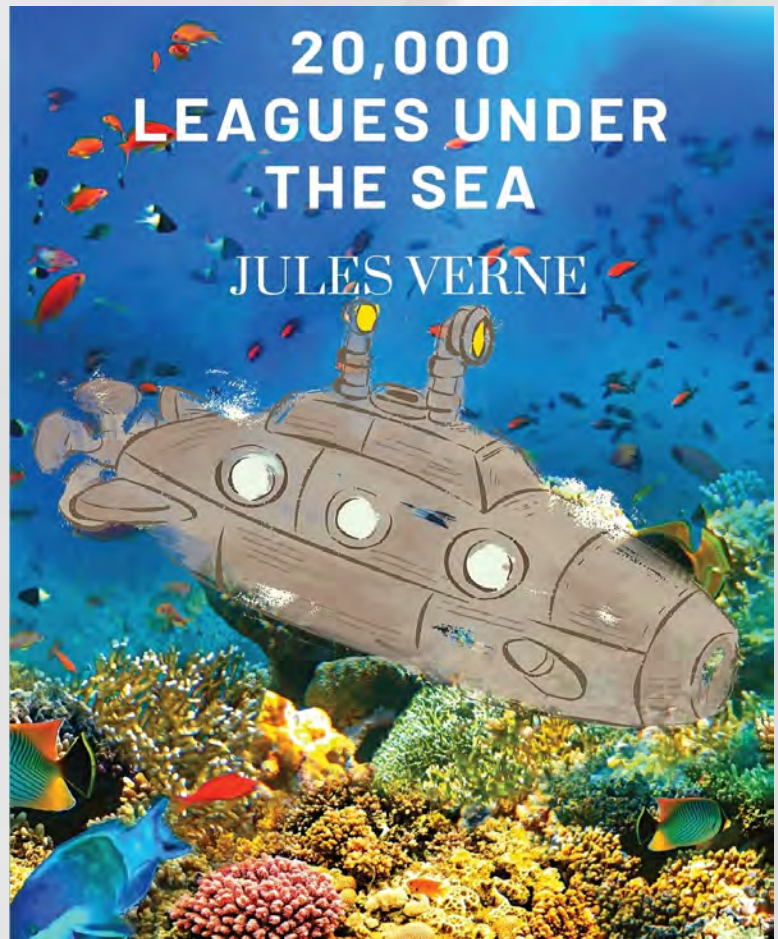
He is the main narrator, and the protagonist of the book. He has the role of a highly respected French marine biologist. Aronnax is intelligent, rational, and thoughtful. Throughout the journey, he becomes increasingly fascinated by the wonders of the sea and the technological marvel of the Nautilus.

Conseil

Aronnax's loyal servant and companion during the journey aboard the Nautilus. Conseil is a Dutch-born servant who works closely with Aronnax, His name means "advice" in French, which reflects his role as a calm and reliable assistant.

Ned Land

He is a Canadian whaler, Ned is a practical man with a deep knowledge of the



sea, particularly whaling. He is hired onto the ship Abraham Lincoln to hunt down the sea monster (which turns out to be the Nautilus). He is brave and straightforward.

Captain Nemo

He is the antagonist and the mysterious captain of the Nautilus. He was a man of deep intellect but his tragic past made him cynical and vengeful. He was a prince whose life was shattered in war.

Plot:

The story follows Professor Pierre Aronnax, his servant Conseil, and a Canadian harpooner named Ned Land. They're sent on an expedition to investigate mysterious sea monster sightings, which turns out to be... not a monster at all, but a futuristic submarine called the

Nautilus, commanded by the enigmatic Captain Nemo. They end up being taken aboard and embark on an epic underwater journey across the world's oceans exploring coral reefs, the lost city of Atlantis, the South Pole, and battling giant squids. Despite the wonders, Nemo is a troubled and secretive man with a deep hatred of imperial powers, and tensions rise as the crew yearns for freedom.

Themes

Freedom vs. Captivity: The novel explores the tension between freedom (the desire to return to the surface world) and captivity (being held against one's will on the submarine).

Nature vs Human Control:

The book reflects on humanity's relationship with nature, highlighting both the beauty and the destruction that comes with human exploration of the natural world like the sea.

The Sea as a Metaphor:

The ocean symbolizes both the

unknown and a place of escape for Captain Nemo, but also a dangerous, unpredictable force.

Conclusion:

The ending is unknown, the trio escapes the Nautilus, but Captain Nemo's fate is unclear. The mystery of the captain and his motivations remains unsolved. *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* was a groundbreaking work for its time, influencing both literature and the readers. The Nautilus is a symbol of technological innovation, but it also represents the dangers of isolation. The novel has been adapted into numerous films, television shows, and other media over the years. The story remains one of the most influential works of early science fiction, exploring ideas about adventure, isolation, and the power of the sea. Jules Verne's exploration of the unknown continues to captivate audiences, raising questions about the future of technology, humanity's relationship with nature, and the limits.

Mahad Samin | VII b

The Amazing Universe



Tis an ode to the big universe,
The big universe is never-ending,
Its size and beauty are amazingly mind-bending,

The big sun, moon, planets and elegant stars,

Remind us, in the universe, how small we are,

Just look at these beauties, they look just amazing,

See the night sky, fall asleep stargazing,

The beautiful cosmos, the galaxies and more,

There are a lot of things, we are still yet to explore

Ibraheem Tahir | VII a

The Best from the LA Melange 2025



In February 2025, Learning Alliance's Aziz Avenue campus came alive with music and excitement during the "Melange" festival. This three-day event, held from February 7th to 9th, featured sports, arts, performances, and public speaking, offering students a chance to shine in various fields.

The highlight of the event was the Musical Night on February 8th. DJ Maleo and Falak Shabir energized the crowd with their electrifying performances, making everyone dance and cheer. Students, teachers, and parents all joined in the fun, creating an unforgettable atmosphere.

Adding to the experience were the delicious food stalls. The mouthwatering pizza from Dickey's and Sufi was a crowd favourite, with long queues for a slice. Other stalls offered a variety of tasty treats, ensuring that everyone had something delicious to enjoy while grooving to the music.

The event demonstrated how Learning Alliance encourages students to explore their talents beyond academics. With events like Melange, the school highlights that learning is not just about books, but also about fostering creativity, leadership and community spirit.

Abdul Rafay Habib | VII b

Serial Killer in the Neighbourhood

Last year, a strange man moved into our neighbourhood. He was tall, always dressed in a black suit, wearing dark sunglasses and a cap pulled low over his face. He rarely spoke to anyone and only left his house late at night in a black SUV with fully tinted windows. His house was perfect, almost too perfect, and his huge German Shepherd barked nonstop, especially at night, like it sensed something we couldn't. One night, a few

people saw him standing outside his house with blood on his hands, but for some reason, everyone chose to ignore it.

As time passed, the man slowly began interacting with neighbours who lived right next to him on either side. He had a deep, serious voice and a mysterious personality that somehow only made people curious instead of scared. Once a boy, who had a birthday that day, gave

him cookies, and he accepted the treat and actually smiled, that was the first time anyone had seen him smiling and looking happy. After that, people started feeling more comfortable around him. But the strange feeling never fully went away, especially his dog that barked ferociously every night as if it was warning us that something was terribly wrong.

After a few months everything changed when a neighbour discovered the truth. The man was actually a dangerous criminal, a serial killer and a former hitman. He had robbed two houses in San Diego and California, a bank in Chicago, Illinois, and murdered eleven people across different states. The police was called immediately. When they searched his house, they found something terrifying: three dead bodies hidden inside, one under his bed and two stuffed in his closet. The man was arrested and sentenced to life in prison,



leaving the whole neighborhood shocked that a killer had been living right among us and he remained the talk of town for many months.

Abdul Hadi Nasir | VI a

Magic Pencil

It was a normal day at my grandmother's house. I was exploring her library when I stumbled upon a box. It was very dusty.



It was at the back of the shelf! I reached for it, avoiding the spiders as I hate them. I opened the box and inside I found a pencil. Not thinking much about it, I put it in my backpack. When I got home, I took it out of my backpack along with my sketchbook! For my school assignment, I had to draw a basket of fruits. I drew a banana, but then my mother called, so I left. When I came back, I was surprised to see a banana on my desk! I was so confused and shocked. But then I understood that everything I drew came to life!

I decided to use the pencil for good. I went for a walk and saw a homeless

person, so I decided to draw some food and money for him. I gave the homeless person the food and money. Later, I was getting ice cream when I saw a little girl who didn't have enough money, so I drew some for her and gave it to her! I also drew stuff for my family and friends. For example my brother wanted tape and SPENT THIRTY FREAKING MINUTES looking for tape so I made it for him secretly!

After having this pencil for over two

months, I decided my time was up! Not for me, definitely not for me, for the pencil!! So the next time I visited my grandmother's house, I went to her library, headed to the same dusty, old bookshelf, and put the pencil back inside the box! But before I did that, I took a minute to remember all the good things I did with it! And with that, I placed the pencil inside the box and decided to take it whenever I needed it!

Alia Taha | VI a

Magic Pencil

It was a cold Sunday morning, and I was in the beautiful, ethereal mountains of Murree. The trees were singing songs and dancing along the snowy mountains. Everything was as white as cotton.

I was in the middle of completing my science homework on evaporation and precipitation, as I was studying the water cycle at school. Suddenly, my pencil started twirling and swirling in the air and laughing at me like a crazy witch. This pencil was sent to me by my cousin from the UK. It was a black and red pencil covered with diamantes and designed with Harry Potter characters. Was it from the Hogwarts School of Magic? I stood up, ran after the pencil, and tried to grab it, but kept getting breathless.

“What are you doing, and how can you fly?” I shouted.

“Playing hide and seek with you,” the pencil laughed.

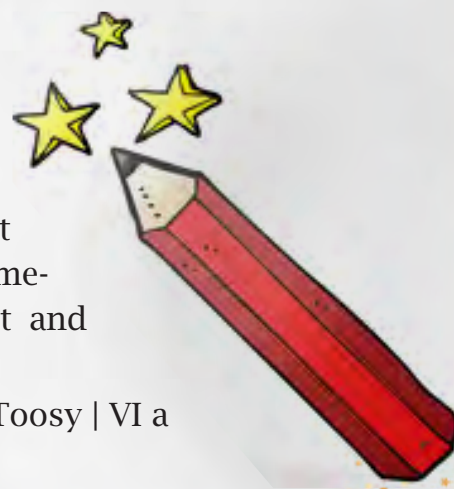
It started writing in my notebook, erased the work I had done, and drew cartoons on it. I was getting furious and wanted to break it. Suddenly, it flew upward and

drew clouds above the notebook, and what happened next was unbelievable. The clouds were showering water, and the whole notebook got drenched.

“What have you done? I will disable you. I will throw you away,” I screamed with frustration.

It flew up again and drew a hair dryer. It was worked and dried the notebook. I was shocked and gobsmacked. Both my eyes and mouth were open in shock. The magical pencil crackled loudly. She explained precipitation by drawing clouds, rain, and evaporation by heating. Oh yes!!! She taught me two difficult topics. It erased my work because I had made mistakes. From then onwards, it's been my best friend. I only use it when I find something different and difficult.

Mikael Toosy | VI a



The Girl Who Painted Her Dreams



Amelia, a young girl and a born artist, whose fingers were drawn to colours, shapes, and textures. She would spend hours drawing, colouring, painting with her tiny hands and creating astounding pieces. While other children played outside in the streets, Amelia was lost in her wonderful world of creations. She would paint landscapes, portraits and sketches of animals around her. She used her imagination for each piece she created. She had always dreamt of becoming an artist and no one could have predicted that one day her dreams would come to life in such an unexpected way.

Growing up in a small town, Amelia's love for art had often been brushed aside. Her family, though supportive,

had no real understanding of her passion as she grew up. Her mother always said, 'It's just a hobby sweetie,' her eyes filled with concern for a future that didn't seem as secure as being a doctor or a teacher. But Amelia never let those words dampen her spirit.

She decided to display her work and that was the day that everything changed. She poured her heart into her paintings, always believing that one day those art pieces would be noticed. Amelia spent days and nights before an easel, perfecting her pieces, especially a vibrant portrayal of a woman standing beneath a tree, her arms outstretched to the sky. It symbolized freedom, strength, and the courage to embrace one's true self.

As the sun rose on the morning of her first solo art exhibition, Amelia could feel the electricity in the air, the buzzing excitement that mixed with the nervous anticipation. It was the day she would step into the world she had always desired. Each painting was like a chapter in her story, reflecting her struggles, her growth and her passion. She had poured years into mastering her craft, and the world was about to see the fruit of her labour.

When the gallery doors opened, a wave of people flowed inside. Amelia's stomach twisted as she stood in the corner, her eyes scanned the crowd. People wandered around, gazing at her paintings. Some nodded approvingly, others whispered to each other, their voices

were soft but filled with admiration. Amelia's heart raced. Could it be? Seeing her work for what it was—real art?

It wasn't long before a well-dressed man, clearly a critic, stood in front of her painting of the woman under the tree. He studied it intently, his brow furrowed as if searching for something deeper. Amelia held her breath. She had always admired critics, their ability to dissect art with precision and passion.

Moments passed, and then the critic turned to the gallery owner with a smile. "This is extraordinary," he said. "I haven't seen work this fresh in years. She has something special. I can see the depth, the emotion behind each stroke."

As the evening passed, the crowd grew, and with it, the admiration for her work accelerated. People asked questions, offered praise, and spoke in awe of her unique perspective. Amelia stood, slightly dazed, but smiling—a small, shy

smile that spoke volumes about the years of struggle and doubt that had led her to this moment.

The moment she'd always dreamed of had arrived, and it was everything she had hoped for—and more. But as the night came to an end and the last guests filed out of the gallery, Amelia stood still, a sense of quiet satisfaction settling in her chest. She had done it. She had stepped into the world of the artists she had admired for so long. She had become what she had always dreamed of—being an artist, whose work was finally seen, appreciated and loved.

Amelia realized something, it wasn't the applause that mattered most; it was the fact that she had stayed true to herself. She never gave up on her dreams, and let her love for art guide her through it all. That was the true reward.

Jawaria khan | VI a

Lucy and the Sock

Lucy was a twelve-year-old, timid girl who mostly kept to herself. She loved reading books and avoided drama and confrontation. One day, her mother assigned her a chore of doing the laundry. Something about the laundry room always gave a peculiar and uncanny vibe, and she was quite unhappy about the task. Quite reluctantly, she went downstairs to the laundry room and started taking out the clothes from the washing machine. Lucy tried to act normal, but



deep down, a nagging feeling told her something was not right in the laundry room. Lucy was getting to the end of the clothes, one sock was all the way at the back. As she tried reaching out for it, the laundry machine started shaking rapidly. Lucy panicked and tried yelling at the top of her lungs. But it was no use! The door was closed, and the laundry room was all the way down in the basement. So no one could hear her! Lucy started screaming even harder, half her body was in the washer, and her screams echoed. Her heart was pumping vigorously, thinking that any second it would pop out of her chest.

Before she knew it, Lucy was in some other dimension, and the shaking had stopped. Lucy got up and looked around, She did not want to explore this parallel dimensional world. She wanted to go back home, but a bit of courage and curiosity made her want to see what was there. So she gathered the courage and started exploring. Everything and everyone looked so perfect. The people were courteous and primly dressed to perfection, with the ladies in cardigans and skirts all the way to their feet which had shiny Mary Janes on. Even the little girls were dressed like that with gloves and fans as accessories. All the men and boys looked like Mr. Darcy from *Pride and Prejudice*. All displayed exquisite manners and impeccable taste. The houses were lovely and even the flowers were placed in symmetry. Although it was beautiful, it looked so forced as if they did this on purpose! Lucy felt as if she didn't belong there.

To her surprise, there was another side! As Lucy crept over, trying not to be seen,

she saw bright neon coloured houses and there were quirks and weirdos, as if they were Luna Lovegood or Ramona Flowers. The girls were dressed as tomboys and had bob cuts. The boys wore baggy clothes and everyone was ecstatic. They all felt free and didn't look like they gave a crap about what was happening. Lucy felt that they were genuinely happy about their lives and didn't care what others thought of them, though their houses were bright, lopsided, and their living style was quite wacky, even the flowers were mismatched. While the 'perfect people' felt as if they were forced to do this and Lucy pitied them. They never smiled and their lives HAD to be perfect as they had no choice, Lucy went further through the colourful city roads, but at the dead end, there was a laundry machine!

Lucy looked back at the unique city and just as she entered the machine, she left and vanished into thin air. When she returned, everything was the same as she had left it- The clothes in the bucket and that sock still at the back of the washer.

Lucy was not naive anymore, she didn't go to get it. Lucy picked up the bucket full of clothes, closed the lid of the washer with her leg, and took a brief moment to think back. Lucy realised that being picture perfect is good, but it is also good to be yourself. Lucy smiled happily and went along with that moment at the back of her head.

Alisha Taha | VI a

Journal Writing



May 13th, 1998

Imagine a world where every year on your birthday, a man would tell you what has changed in your life since the past year? No matter if it was your height, age, friends, or even weight, he knew about it and would tell you.

My name is Skyler White, I was born in Merabioré, I'm 15 years old, and I live with my mother. I go to Merabioré High, I'm in the 11th grade. We are not allowed to go out of Merabioré, mother says it's for our safety, I believe it's to keep us from seeing the truth!

My birthday is tomorrow, I expect to see this man. It's funny how he never ages. Every time I see him, it's the same man in the same condition. All of my friends see the same man. I'm not crazy, everybody has seen the same man. Even if two people have their birthdays on the same day, he will be there.

May 14th, 1998

I met him today, the clock stopped ticking, my breath froze, the air was heavy, and silence filled the room. It was

just me, him, a table, two chairs, and silence. It was eerie, it gave me chills just thinking about it. I've seen him fifteen times before. In the past, everything was normal. Before the meeting, I felt as if something would be off, and it was! He told me something abnormal and unexpected. He said, "In the past year, you have found out the truth. Something they don't want you to find. You must keep it to yourself. Telling a single soul can cost you your life." I did not know what he meant? The truth, what could it be?

May 15th 1998

I was in my room, reading a book. My mother slammed the door open. "Hide now."

"Wha-"

"SKYLER WHITE. HIDE!" said mom.

"You're scaring me!" "Why mom?" I said.

"I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!" she replied anxiously.

I couldn't even finish my sentence, when my mother shoved me into the closet. I was scared, and a few minutes later I heard sirens, abnormal noises -sirens that would make you believe that you were the protagonist of a horror film hiding from a zombie swarm. I ran out, I didn't even think twice. I took a small tote, stuffed some food, books, my journal and a few pens into it. I didn't think any further and left the house from the back door.

I entered the woods, I knew there was a barbed wire nearby. I would have to climb over it. I had never been out of Merabioré. As I ran I saw the sky and it looked fake, as if it had been painted, all

of it...

Out of the blue I saw stairs leading to nowhere over the barbed fence. Without giving a second thought, I just climbed over it. The electric shocks passed through my body, but I didn't care; the man knew that I knew something. I had just found out what I knew! The truth!

I climbed the stairs, my heart was pounding, tears were running down my face, my hands were red, my clothes turned into rags and my shoes were muddy. The stairs led me to a door which was open.

Imagine finding out that your whole life was fake, all of it. Your mother wasn't your mother, she always acted strange. People took the exact same route everyday, the weather was predicted, and none of your friends ever left you. This was it! My life was a TV show. Every second it was broadcasted live. Sixteen years of broadcasting had just ended, I saw the dome! I was placed in the wires, the film crew, all of it.

June 17th 2010

It's been a while since I've been in a mental hospital, and this time, it's not named after the town.. I am in a free country, I'm in America. I met the love of my life here, Mike, who believes me. My life is a lie, that's what he said in a strange tone, "I believe you, that your life is a lie."

He immediately looked scared and stared at the nurse in terror. The next day, he wasn't next to me in our hospital room. All the rooms have cameras and I'm scared. It hasn't ended, has it?

My "mother" tried saving me, Mike also wanted to save me, didn't he? She knew, the man knew, Mike knows something too, which he can't tell. It's not over. I'm not paranoid, I'm not schizophrenic, I don't have Alice in Wonderland syndrome, it's none of that. The cold, ugly, and unbearable truth is my fake life, which is unbearable.

Ameerah Fatima || VI a

The Bizarre Closet

Lily was a strong, independent and a kind girl, who never believed in ghosts. Not until the whispers started! It had been past midnight and Lily was tossing and turning. She kept thinking she heard whispers; was she hallucinating? She tapped her phone screen. It was 2:00 am. Faint noises kept coming from behind the door. Not her bedroom door, it was the closet! She got up and saw her journal wide open right in front of her, which was quite bizarre. She always kept it tucked under her pillow. It said, "Don't look inside the closet".



Lily, a curious girl, stepped forward, her hands were trembling with fear and she stood in front of the closet. Very courageously she opened her closet and before she knew, she was falling!

Was this a dream? Lily kept trying to wake herself up! She lived in an old house, what could go wrong (everything)? Then a loud thud! She landed on the ground. Very cold, stiff, and hard. She wasn't in her bedroom on her soft pink carpet. She was in the middle of comprehending the situation, and she heard the same faint whisper, "I told you not to look in the closet".

She felt a chill run down her spine! The time had stopped. "Run!" A loud hoarse voice instructed her, and the room stretched into a long never-ending tunnel! Lily, already trembling, ran as fast as she could. She felt loud footsteps following her. She ran faster, her legs were burning, and she wanted to look back, but dared not to.

"Wake up Lily"! She heard a sound. Then she saw it, the light! She ran faster than ever and the next thing you knew it, she was gripping her pink, soft carpet so hard, like it was the last thing in the whole wide world. Her hand touched something, and it was her phone screen that showed the time, it was 2:05 am. Had it really only been five minutes? Contemplating her life choices, she looked at her closet door. It was the same, not opened at all. The only noise one could hear was the cold air whistling through the old cracked window.

She took a sigh of relief and thought this had all been a dream and lay down in her bed, sweat covering her entire body. But then the same voice said, "You can't hide

forever Lily!" She sprinted up! She looked around her room, darkness swallowed it, barely anything could be seen, and she stood there frozen. Should she turn around? Should she see what was going on? She wanted to say something, but it was like she had been muted eternally. Then, with a lot of hard work, the words darted out, "D-Dad? M-Mom"? She wanted to get to her bedroom door! Then she saw it! Not someone, just big old deep red glowing eyes coming



towards her. She tried moving back, but she couldn't move! Like time had stopped. She started screaming, pleading to be left alone. She threw her pillow and started throwing whatever she could find! But before she knew it, she was being dragged by an invisible force into the closet, never to be seen again!

Alia Taha | VI a



Personal Narrative:

When I got lost in a shopping Mall

Once I went to a shopping mall with my parents. I was quite happy to be in the mall, clueless of what was to happen with me. It was full of people and had so many shops of all sorts displaying the items to attract potential customers. I

like a giant maze. There were people everywhere, and it made me even more confused. I didn't recognize any of the familiar places I had seen before. My heart started throbbing, and I felt like crying at the top of my lungs.

I swallowed my tears, gathered up all my strength, and started thinking what could be done? Feeling rather desperate, I approached a nice lady who was working at a small booth. I briefed her about my devastating situation, she understood my problem and told me not to worry. She guided me to the information desk, where the helpful staff consoled me and called my parents. After waiting for some time, which felt like an eternity, I finally saw my parents. I felt a huge sense of relief, we were together again. My parents embraced me, and I couldn't stop crying.

was very excited thinking about all the things I intended to buy and started exploring the shops with my parents.

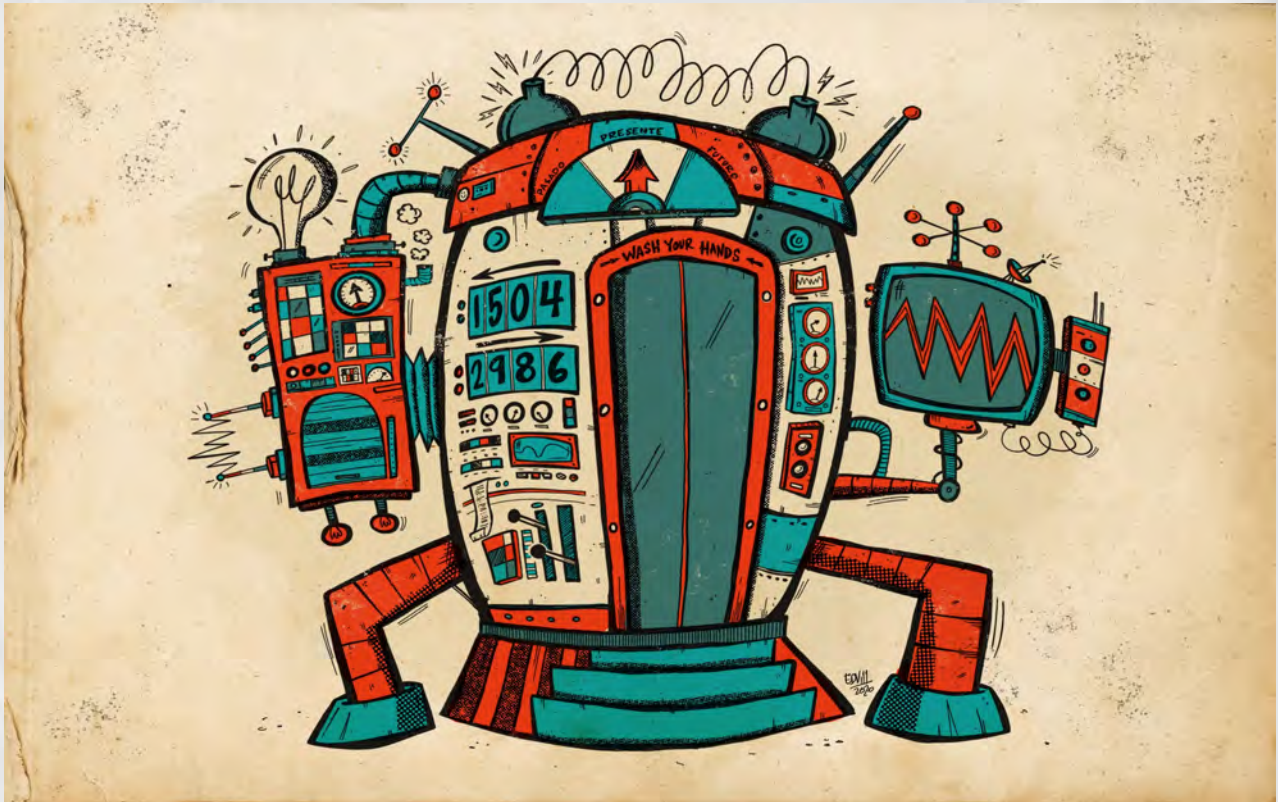
In exhilaration I got carried away, never realizing when I let go of my mother's hand. Time passed, and soon it occurred to me that I was lost! I felt scared. I tried to find my way back, but the mall was

I learned an important lesson to stay close to my family, especially in crowded places, and not to wander off alone. Now, I always remember that experience whenever I visit a busy mall.

Anza Fatima | VI b



The Time Machine



One cloudy Friday evening, while I was doing my homework, I heard a strange noise coming from my toy trunk. At first, I ignored it, but then it happened again and again and it didn't stop. Finally, I lost my patience and built up the courage to open my toy trunk, and what I saw next was shocking.

I saw a door behind my toys, and me being the curious cat, I couldn't hold back and opened it. What I saw was beyond my imagination; it was a TIME MACHINE. Without giving a second thought, I went in, but to my utter surprise it just kicked me out, and I heard an automated robotic sound that said, "I need a watch for access."

I suddenly saw a watch near the machine, I immediately put it on. The watch suggested that I choose the time, date, year, and place where I desired to go, and I did as I was guided. My inten-

tion was to fix all my mistakes and get rid of my problems. I also tried some new things and I went and re-did all the tests in my life and got really high marks. Once done, I got back home, finished my homework, went to bed, and slept peacefully. I had a lot of fun like riding on dinosaurs, participating in World War II as a Nazi and much more.

After about a month, I saw some people in futuristic suits who knew everything I had done and called themselves the (T.C.P) 'Time Continuum Police'. They told me that I had disturbed the time continuum and that I must stop myself from entering the portal.

I teleported myself through the portal, which took me to my timeline and fixed it all. Eventually, everything was back to the way it was! I thought to myself that 'All's well that ends well'.

Ali Ahmed Saeed | VI c

The Whispering River



Long ago, in a small village nestled in a valley, there flowed a river known as the Whispering River. The villagers believed the river held the voices of the past, whispering secrets, stories, and wisdom to those who listened closely. It was said that the river only spoke to those who had pure hearts, offering guidance, comfort, or warnings, depending on their need. But the river was also mysterious—many who sought its advice returned unchanged, for the river's words could be as confusing as they were wise.

One evening, a young boy named Tom, troubled by his restless heart, sat by the riverbank. His father had fallen ill, and no healer could cure him. Desperate for hope, Tom listened intently, hoping the river would speak. As the moonlight danced on the water's surface, the river began to whisper softly, "To save what you love, you must give away what you treasure most."

Tom's heart raced. What could this message mean? With his mind clouded, he spent days pondering the meaning of the river's words.

Finally, Tom realized that the treasure the river spoke of was not something material, but his own pride. With great courage, he sought out the elders of the village, asking for their wisdom and support. Through their knowledge and the community's help, he learned to heal his father in ways he never expected. The river, it seemed, had been right all along—sometimes, to find what is most important, one must be willing to let go of the things that bind them. From that day, the villagers spoke of Tom's journey, and the Whispering River continued to share its quiet wisdom, waiting for those willing to listen.

M. Azaan Zubair | VI c



Bapsi Sidhwa

Winners



M. Subhan Ali Chuahdary
O II a



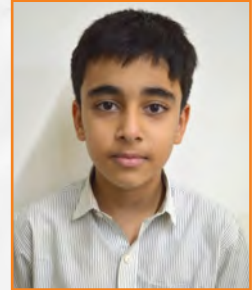
Muhammad Sarim Sarfraz
OII



Syeda Momina Zaidi
OI



Aydin Mukhtar
VIII a



Muhammad Tanveer Qaiser
VIII b



Raniya Ali Qureshi
VII a



Sukayna Murtaza
VII b



Alisha Taha Hashmi
VI a



Minsa Kamal
VI b



Zayan Farhan
VI c



Judicial Injustice

7:30 in the morning. Not a single noise in the courtroom. There was a reeling sensation in the room, as if something was about to go down. Then, the gavel of the judge strikes the anvil and the judge said, "I hereby declare Jon Jones guilty on assaulting and killing a young girl, Moriah." The whole courtroom erupted in noise; some cheering, some depressed as John was taken away and was to be locked in the California Security consolidate for 12 years.

It all started when John got to know he was black. Black Americans were always criticized and hated in this part of the society. There were always false accusations coming John's way but John never bothered as there was no proof on how he had committed those crimes. Every day he would encounter a white person creating hate between the color, either it was at the supermarket or on the street.

It was a usual day, as he was taking a stroll on the street, he saw a white man stalking a girl. John watched quietly as he did not know how to approach the situation. The girl came to a stop and the man went up to her and said something. The girl looked uneasy and uncomfortable. When she tried to walk away, the man grabbed her hand. John knew now that something was wrong so he ran towards them not knowing that this might be one of the biggest mistakes he would be making in his life.

"Hey, leave her alone," John said. As he walked up to the other man he said, "Mind your own business, and who are you to order me around, even while being black." After this the man pulled the girl to where she fell down. John enraged, pushed the white man. The



man flew back and fell down. He said, "Oh now you've done it." He took something out of his pocket. As John looked closely, it was a knife. The man ran towards John to try to stab him but John got a hold of his hand. Both men started thrashing and rolling around. All of a sudden, the man threw the knife, not knowing that the girl was standing beside them. The knife slightly pierced through the throat of the girl which was enough to make her pass out instantly.

In the same street, a cop car started approaching them. As cunning as the white man was he got up and threw the knife to John. John caught the knife but got a cut from it. Meanwhile, the man ran away and disappeared. John horrified, looked at the cop car as it rolled up. His vision started turning blurry. Had he committed this crime? When he saw the police cop the cop had a baton in his hand. The cop struck the baton on John's head and all went black.

When John woke up he was taken to a room which looked unfamiliar. The details were blurry. There was a lot of noise and banging. When John came back to his senses he was standing inside of a consolidated jail room.

M. Subhan Ali Chuahdary | O II a

The Makli Necropolis



In the heart of Sindh, Thatta stands as a city of echoes, where time's passage is marked by crumbling tombs and forgotten stories. The Makli Necropolis, stretching over a vast hill, holds the souls of kings, saints, and scholars. Their tombs, intricate with faded blue tiles and delicate carvings, rise like silent sentinels, guarding memories of a past long gone.

The air here feels thick with history, as if the dead themselves whisper through the wind. Beneath the shade of an ancient tree lies the tomb of Shah Mardan, his stone slab worn smooth by centuries of reverence. Visitors still leave offerings, their soft prayers mingling with the breeze, as though seeking

connection with the saint's spirit.

Once a bustling capital during the Mughal Empire, Thatta's glory has faded. The remains of grand mosques and palaces crumble in quiet surrender to time. The river Indus, flowing nearby, is a lifeline that has seen the rise and fall of civilizations. Its waters shimmer at dusk, whispering ancient secrets along the banks.

Though the city's grandness has dimmed, its soul endures. The whispers of the past linger in every stone, every breeze, and every forgotten grave. Thatta may be a city of ruins, but it is also a city of memory of the voices of those who once called it home

Muhammad Sarim Sarfraz | OII

Bapsi Sidhwa Winning Essay

"I thought archaeologists were supposed to be intellectuals", said Kira through deep breaths.

"Yes....we are intellectuals" I said, as I wiped sweat off my palms and patted down the dirt on my shorts, glancing at the yellowed paper in my pocket.

While studying an ancient rock, I had found this piece of paper in the cracks between the rocks. I felt quite amazed because the crack was so hollow and

small, thus fitting such a big map into it would not have been easy. It said something in Hindi and a mix of Persian. I had called Kira to decode and translate it for me as she is an expert in both languages, amazing, considering the fact that she's from Russia.

I found out that it was a map which had belonged to a Nawab in ancient times. It said something about his treasure being buried somewhere in Bahawalpur where

greenery and poisonous plants were in abundance.

I enquired about such a place from the locals and found out that there is a jungle called the “Waziran jungle” in Bahawalpur, towards the east. It is full of many dangerous insects and plants. Being a wild card, I went out in search of this treasure. It seemed illogical but there had been so many tales and old folklore we had heard about it since we were children. I had a feeling now that there must be some truth in the matter, so I set out to find it.

While travelling to the jungle, I saw many



deadly and dangerous things that I hadn't seen before. Of course I had protection for any emergencies, but I felt that no amount of protection could save me from poison ivy because no matter where I looked, it was all I saw. I seemed to be surrounded on all sides by poison ivy!

I carefully followed directions on the map, which were very specific and matched the path in the jungle. On our way, we encountered the biggest viper I had ever seen in my whole life. It was a sort of dirt brown colour which helped camouflage it beside the river. I didn't

even see it at first because my glasses were stained with dirt and if it wasn't for Kira, I wouldn't be seeing the light of day again. She saw it and shoved me to the side so that I wouldn't step on its tail. Thankfully it was half asleep and didn't notice us.

After crossing the river, we came to a clearing in the trees. It was like a wall of trees conjoined with vines connecting all together. Slowly but carefully, we cut through the vines. We finally reached a big brown gate with many intricate gears and dials on it. I took out a metal detector, a very strong one, and placed it at

the bottom of the gate. I kept circling around until I heard a beep, and then another, followed by a long sound, one with a high note.

I examined the gate and came to the conclusion that it was actually a safe, a very tough one to crack. Kira, being the safe expert began to try to crack it. She pressed her head against the hole in the safe and

listened closely as she began to twist and turn the dials, an expression of irritation and fatigue on her face. After exactly thirty-one minutes, eight seconds and a million “no's” from Kira's side we finally cracked it.

The sight before us was a sad one but the skeleton bones didn't matter to us. The heaps of gold were overpowering. We were happy to see those! We took a few bags home and sent a car to pick up the rest. We had found the treasure!

Syeda Momina Zaidi | OI

The Curse

“Knock!”, a knock could be heard from the door, so the young man went on to check what was going on. It was a stormy night with a high chance of a sandstorm in the city of Multan. Unbeknownst to the man, by opening that door of his very own house, he may have put all of his bloodline at stake. There was a red envelope on the man’s doorstep. The man - Rashid - was from a moderate family in Multan but now, he is a person who had gotten himself in grave danger. He carefully opened the note inside, which contained some ancient, cursed language. Rashid was very confused at what the letters meant, so he tried to pronounce them to make something out of the letter, but he got no results. He then tried to research anything related to the situation in which he was stuck in, to which he got a shocking result. There seemed to be only one article about what actually was written in that note, and the article revealed that these words actually originated from an external world, in which all kinds of supernatural beings lived, including Jinns. This also revealed that these exact phrases were engraved in the Sun Temple located in the deserts of Multan, which filled Rashid with even more curiosity. He then proceeded to gather up supplies which could detect supernatural anomalies and left off for the desert without thinking twice. He arrived at the temple and sneaked his way around security, to the point he almost got caught but, he managed to make it to the centre of the temple and tried to chant the ancient

phrases again with more power and intent.. and POOF! Rashid dropped down onto the cold floor, unconscious. The middle of the temple was lit by a large beam of light, blaring into the night sky. Rashid woke up again, feeling more slow and tired than ever.

An eerie voice suddenly spoke, “WHO DARES TO AWAKEN ME!” Rashid went dead-silent as soon as he heard the voice. The voice was from a deceased saint who was VERY angry with Rashid as he had awakened the Saint and had trespassed into the place he resided. The Saint then cursed Rashid with all his



might, giving him endless fatigue for eternity. Rashid dropped down once again, but this time not opening his eyes for a mere 6 hours. He woke up on a hospital bed where the doctors informed him of how he had ended up there and had gotten himself cursed for treason. However, this wasn’t the end of Rashid as there was still hope left.

Rashid had gotten an idea, and so he hurriedly went back into the temple and dropped down on his knees. He started begging for mercy due to which the Saint forgave and purified him.

Aydin Mukhtar | VIII a

Bapsi Sidhwa Essay Competition

“Buzz!” The boisterous and infuriating sound of Ali’s alarm clock echoed in his empty room. His drowsy eyes and aching muscles told that he had overslept. He had to muster all of his strength just to attain a straight-back posture. Little did he know that his ordinary, mundane day was about to transform.

He was new to the magnificent city of Multan that was situated at the heart of Pakistan’s most lively province. He couldn’t wait for the adventures trying to suck him in. He packed his bag and decided to go on a stroll to observe the hustle and bustle of this prosperous city.

As soon as he entered the packed street, riveting and vibrant architecture caught his attention. The packed street had bazaars tending to the needs of various people. Tumultuous sounds surrounded him. He could spot shrines and rickshaws begging him to come on board. He wondered how people lived in this environment.

Suddenly, he caught a glimpse of a shrine, its gate chained tightly with a ferocity that hinted at something meant to be kept in—or out. Nature had claimed this place. Curiosity got the better of him and he went to investigate. His eyes landed on an opening in the wall surrounding the peculiar place. When everyone was absorbed in the commotion around, he slid into the bewitched place.

He immediately felt a strong presence. His eyes opened wide. He felt as if the air

was suffocating him. Nevertheless, he went on. He saw a podium protruding in the distance.

He was petrified. Moss and vines covered the hieroglyphics of the battered wall. With each step forward, sweat trickled down his face and his heart pounded like a drum. Now he couldn’t stop going forward. He felt as if a demon was pulling him to the podium. Ali was almost scared to death. He couldn’t twitch a muscle. His body was moving as if led by an invisible being until he came upon the podium.



He saw an outline of a hand. Blood stains covered the outline. Ali’s lungs felt as if they would explode in the suffocating air. His hand was held by an unknown source and suddenly the sky turned dreary. Dark and gloomy clouds lingered above the city. He was released, and the gate somehow opened with a high screech.

What had he done! He had to save Multan. His body was about to throw the towel, but he pushed through the excruciating pain. A thought came rushing to his preoccupied mind. He recalled that

Multan had shrines of various saints such as Bahauddin Zakariya. He visited a shrine for the first time and prayed deeply with his heart. He did that, and the clouds vanished. Thunder roared, but soon it was gone.

After praying countless times, Multan was finally in the hands of safety. He had learned not to meddle with things which had no connection with him.

Muhammad Tanveer Qaiser | VIII b

Narrate A Story Where A Villager In Kalash Valley Discovers A Hidden Temple And Learns A Long-forgotten, Forbidden Ritual Of The Kalash Gods

In the Northern areas, Chitral district, surrounded by the snowy, HinduKush mountains, was the Kalash village where The people were lively and Hospitable. One villager as such was a girl named Amara. She had a voice as soft as the Rustle of the Autumn leaves. Her face was always painted in a shiny, white smile. Her Green eyes glistened in the sunlight.



She usually decorated fancy outfits covered in cowrie shells and sold them for the Chilam Joshi festivals. The village was full of hustle and bustle, for everyone was preparing for the festival. The kids were laughing and chasing each other.

The girls who are planning what to cook. Oh! The dishes were Amara's all time favourite part. She imagined delicious cottage cheese balls , walnut bread with yakhni soup, Billili, and flatbread whereas the list just went on and on! The colourful garments of the villagers was a vivid contrast from the earthy landscape. Everyone seemed happy and excited about the upcoming festival. Then, Amara's father, Zarak, came and announced;

" There is a storm coming, I am afraid the festival will be impossible to celebrate."

The excitement faded and there were sad murmurs and groans. Amara sadly took herself on a little stroll to make herself let go of her worries.

While Amara was doing so, she noticed a strange temple-like building. It was covered with moss, vines and shadowing leaves. She curiously went inside, knowing the gods would keep her safe. Although her heart was rapidly thumping. Her mouse brown hair brushed against her rosy cheeks. Amara then realised it was a temple with the statues of the respected supreme gods and goddesses. Amara knelt down at the sight. She sat down comfortably in front of Dazau and Sajigor, the creator god and the universe god. Before she shut her eyes to pray, she suddenly felt some

wind in her face and noticed a golden text shining on the chest of the idol, it had listed three forbidden rituals on it. Amara noticed this and shut her eyes and prayed the festival would be saved. The next day, although everyone was wearing the fancy, new garments, no one came out. The land was covered in white snow, more falling from the thundering

sky. Then, someone started playing the drum, and Amara started dancing to the rhythm. The other saw this and slowly joined in. Soon, the music grew louder and they all realised, no matter what condition, they all had each other. The gods had heard Amara's prayers, and the festive traditions were saved.

Raniya Ali Qureshi | VII a

Narrate A Story Where A Villager In Kalash Valley Discovers A Hidden Temple And Learns A Long-forgotten, Forbidden Ritual Of The Kalash Gods

"Aryan! Come down for food" is the first thing I heard when I woke up. Oh, I should probably introduce myself. Hello, I'm Aryan, I'm just a normal kid from Kalash valley, or at least I thought I was, until about a week ago. Let me get you up to date, so you can understand what I'm about to tell you, but... if I'm being honest, I don't think I understand

you learn?"

"Mama, I came down as soon as you asked me, though!"

"Three minutes late, actually," she snapped back! I know you're probably thinking my mother is quite strict—and let me tell you, we both are in the same boat.

"You'll never be successful if you're late, and that's why you have to hurry up and eat your breakfast if you want to help your father with his truck art."

"You're right, I should probably leave now... Love you, Mama!"

"Love you too, dear."

I realized I was late as I rushed across the village. While painting, I apologized for my delay, trying my absolute best to capture the

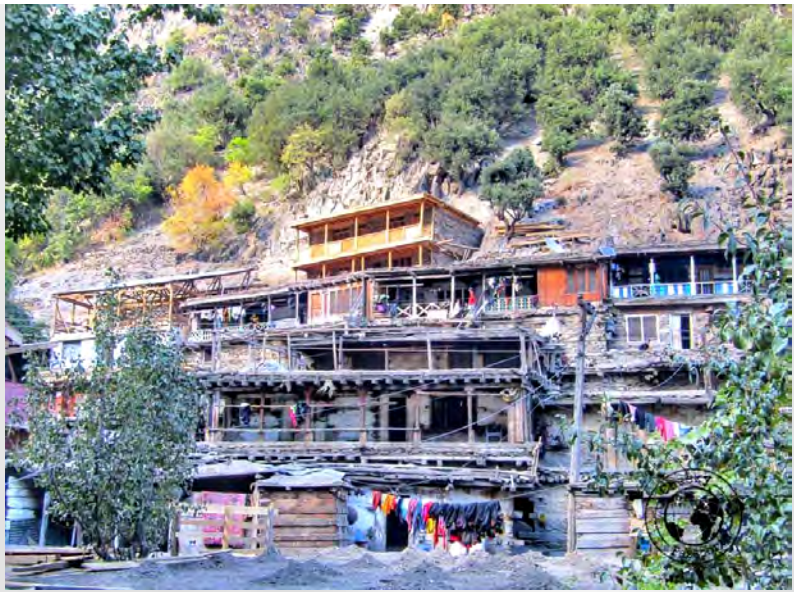


this yet either. A week ago, I woke up (as per my usual routine), to my mother screaming at me, it seems to be a habit now. This time it was to call me down for food.

"You're never on time, Aaryan. When will

essence and beauty of my muse, Bhatu Mountain. As I was painting, with the truck parked beside me, I noticed a large hole in the corner of the mountain. I thought it might've been a cave, so I decided to call my friends later to

explore it, then I thought that would be dangerous, and let my curiosity stay put. That eerie night, I couldn't stop thinking about the cave. That dark, rounded, beautiful cave. I ended up giving in, which now looking back I wish I hadn't. I went in alone after school hoping no one would notice my absence. Inside there were candles, lots of them, but none were lit up, but there was a box of matches on the ground, so I



lit them up when a statue of a god revealed itself. This statue was not ordinary, I could tell, it had horns made of pure silver and its crown was dripping with gold and jewels which could itself light up a thousand rooms. I tripped and my elbow hit the statue's foot, but

succeed and fail to do this properly with a light heart... there will be consequences.”

That cold, rainy night, I couldn't sleep. Thoughts—unspeakable thoughts—roamed my mind. I was horrified. But I believed that if I did this, all of it would be over.



The next day, I performed the dance just as I had practiced. But then... my foot slipped.

“N-no... NO!”

A storm erupted. The ground shook. A hole tore open inside the temple. With fear clawing at my chest, I

before I could react, a paper fell. It was written in a language that I recognized but did not understand. I took it to the village priest the next day.

“Child, where have you found this?”

“I found it in an old temple... it came out of nowhere.”

“The day has come! Children, listen — and listen very carefully. You must perform this as a ritual,” he continued, translating the paper. “But if you don't

screamed as two odd creatures dragged me down into the darkness.

Now I spend my days screaming, begging for mercy.

But if you're reading this...

I'm long dead.

Sukayna Murtaza | VII b



Determined Boy and His Quest



A young child and his family were exploring the mountains of Chitral. While roaming through the woods he was thinking of the myths of the fairies - could they be real? The Perris has always been a secret. While eating the fresh and juicy fruits like apples, peaches, apricots and grapes they wondered the Perris was real or not.

The family was mesmerized by the beautiful views of the mountains! The views were incredible and breathtaking! The feeling of living in heaven on earth was experienced by the family just by seeing the view! They were enjoying chilly weather as Chitral was in the northern part of Pakistan. The lush greenery and clean fresh air was refreshing!

Roaming around the mountains finding clear paths to walk through, the boy and

his family were having an experience of a lifetime. The young child who was rather an inquisitive one, kept wandering around the paths while trying to see everything with his little curious eyes.

The mother of the child was struggling to keep an eye on him as the boy had loads of energy. The little boy eagerly wished to see Perris with his own naked eyes. The long tall trees with thick trunks were flabbergasting, they were so incredibly tall. Without a doubt the child had the urge to see everything while the parents were trying to keep track of him. The cold wave was raging and the parents insisted the boy get indoors as it was getting harsh. But the boy was determined to find Perris, sadly nothing came in his sight that could satisfy and quench his thirst to meet the fairy . The surging desire to see was elevating with

passing time. He kept searching and wandering around for another hour, seeing all the cultural things and traditional items but no Perris. He inspected all different paths and new trailways exploring everything and looked in every nook and cranny.

Far away in the distance he saw something.. Behold! There were figures, pure and magical. The boy eagerly and excitedly went rushing to see the fairies. Amazed parents witnessed in awe, they really had encountered a Perris, beauti-

ful and spell-bounding!

It was a ravishing and phenomenal sight, which couldn't be explained in words. The boy jumped in excitement that he had found the creature, he was determined to see. He was on cloud nine, all that effort and hard work paid off! He was extremely proud of himself as he didn't give up and found what he was looking for.

Alisha Taha Hashmi | VI a

The Fairy in the Mountain

"Let's go, we have to get moving," said Ali's father. Ali and his family were going to the mountains on a vacation for the first time.

"I am so excited!" exclaimed Ali.

"What if we see fairies?" Ali's little sister Sarah asked excitedly.

"Fairies are not real," responded Ali.

They started their journey to the breathtaking mountains of Chiral. Halfway through everyone fell asleep, except Ali's father who slept after a while. Sarah woke up, then Ali and later their mother

was up too.

"Woah! This is beautiful," said Sarah.

Everyone looked out of their windows and were amazed by the beautiful mountains. After almost half a day they reached their hotel. They all changed, had some food and slept early to get ready for the next day's activities.

The next morning parents were relaxing, Ali and Sarah asked if they could go for a picnic outside the hotel. The parents also wanted to explore so they agreed. They packed their basket and headed out to find a relaxing and scenic picnic spot.

After some search they found a small clearing, not too far from the hotel. While the parents were unpacking the picnic supplies, the children asked if they could go and explore a little since there was still a lot of unpacking to be done. The parents reluctantly agreed, "Just



don't go too far," instructed their mother.

"Okay!" they both screamed in excitement.

After walking for a while they saw a light and agreed not to follow it. Later their curiosity got the best of them and they decided to follow it. When they finally saw what it was they couldn't believe their eyes.

"Is it just me or is that a fairy?" asked Ali.

"It is, it is!" screamed Sarah in surprise.

She was over the moon whereas Ali could barely believe that it was reality. As soon as the fairy saw them she hid in a bush.

"It is ok, no need to be afraid," said Sarah comfortingly.

"Uhhh Sarah I think we have bigger problems," Ali remarked.

"What now?" Asked Sarah, a little annoyed.

"I think we are lost!" informed Ali in an agitated tone. He was surprised at how Sarah behaved, she wasn't afraid a bit, it was quite unlikely!

"It's okay, I can send you home," said the fairy in a quiet and reassuring voice, "But only if you promise not to tell anyone!" she added.

"No one will believe us anyway!" Said Sarah, unwilling as she didn't want to go back.

"Okay, just close your eyes and think of where you want to go," they both thought of the hotel and boom, they

were there.

Before going to sleep that night Sarah said, "Thank you fairy!" And fell asleep. Both the siblings decided to keep that as



a secret for the lifetime and cherish it forever. The beauty of mountains and mesmerizing sight of a heavenly fairy will always remain in their memories.

Minsa Kamal | VI b

Amna and the Fairy

There was once a pretty girl from Chitral called Amna. She lived on top of a mountain and every day she used to visit the fairyland. Amna's parents were very abusive towards her. Even if Amna would try to be a good girl, she would still be scolded badly. Amna wanted to leave Chitral and live somewhere else, far away without her parents. Amna's brother Ali would always mock her by telling her that she would never be allowed to live away from her parents.



Every night Amna would make plans about how to escape the torturous life she was living, then she would always think that her plan wouldn't work. Amna tried to run away a few times but people would catch her and bring her back to her parents. She didn't know what to do? She couldn't handle such abusive parents. Sometimes she would travel to Lahore to see her aunt and grandparents who were kind and loving towards her. Amna's aunt would play with her and the grandmother would make delicious meals. Every night the grandmother would read bedtime stories to her. Amna would overhear her grandmother advising her father, "Don't be strict with the poor little girl."

One day when she was exploring the woods in Chitral, she encountered a delicate fairy named Perris. Seeing her sadness, Perris desperately wanted to help her.

She said to Amna, "I can help you solve your problem. I can grant you one wish, so make your decision wisely."

Amna felt ecstatic and relieved at the same time. She told Perris about her parents and her desire to stay with her grandparents forever. After listening to Amna's problem Perris added, "I can help you if you bring me the yellow flower near the sprinkling waterfall".

Amna readily agreed, she was quite determined to get the flower. She headed towards the mountains, where there was the sprinkling waterfall. The path was steep and Amna's feet hurt. Her heart was throbbing but she moved on and finally reached the top of the mountain. She plucked two yellow flowers and very carefully tried to go down the mountain. Her legs were bruised and she wanted to cry but she didn't.

Finally, Amna reached the fairyland and gave the yellow flowers to Perris. Perris told Amna to close her eyes and open them after a few minutes. Amna did as Perris instructed her. After waiting anxiously She opened her eyes and found herself sitting in her grandparents' garden. Amna was elated but her grandparents were shocked to see her. Amna told them about Perris and her wish which was granted by the fairy. The grandparents welcomed her with open arms and promised her that she would never go back to her abusive parents.

Milestone *Winners*



Zaynah Murtaza | OI



Dua Rehman – VIII a



Muzammil Farooq Khawaja | VIII b



Raniya Ali Qureshi | VII a



Sukayna Murtaza | VII b



Alia Taha | VI a



Mostafa Sehgal | VI b



Rayan Nazir | VI c



The Partition



8th August 1947

My home was destroyed today as a result of the partition riots. My Muslim friend Ruqayyah had been kidnapped or killed. All I see around me is chaos and tragedy. I lived in a Muslim neighbourhood, but it's all gone. I don't understand this hatred towards these Muslims. My family is Hindu, but I was raised to live in harmony with them. Bloodshed is surrounding me; all the important people in my life are scattered. I genuinely have no hope left. My family and I are taking refuge in the remainders of our home; or at least what's left standing. My father has gone to get us some food because we're all starving, and my baby brother won't stop crying. I hear gunshots outside— hopefully he returns today, safely.

Anjali

9th August 1947

It's been 11 hours, and my father still has not returned. My mother and older brother are anxious but are trying their best not to show it. At the peak of dawn today I heard some familiar voices screaming for help, caught by the mobs. I hope it's none of my friends. My heart goes out to everyone trying to escape this country. I just miss how life used to be, carefree and enjoyable. Now I don't even feel like a child anymore. My older brother's leg is injured from running and my baby brother is starving. There is no one capable to find father or food except me. I wouldn't be allowed to go though. My mother wouldn't allow it, but the situation calls for it.

Anjali

10th August 1947

It's been a long night, everyone's asleep. I've been awake the entire time and I've decided that I'm going to set out on the hunt for father. I can't determine whether or not this is an act of selfishness or selflessness, but whatever it is, my intentions are good. I will try to return before anyone wakes up. That is, if I return. May Baghwan keep me safe! I cannot even perform a proper prayer right now. I wonder if it is wrong to pray for the safety of my Muslim friends, but I did it anyway I'll return soon.

12th August 1947

I did not write yesterday. I finally found my father. He was shocked to see me, but I had discovered him with a gunshot wound in his leg, unable to move. I tried my best to get him to walk without falling with my support. But it was the toughest moment of my life. It was my turn to help my hero.

I walked him back home and I did find water and food on the way. It was a slightly longer journey back home, and I tried my best to stay strong. We encountered a dead body on the way, and I could see the heartbreak in my father's eyes upon seeing me exposed to these situations. One arm sporting my dad and the other carrying a bag full of food, we eventually made it home. I did get scolded the second I got home and came in sight of my mother. But I'm just glad my dad was safely back. My mother ran



towards him immediately, and started cleaning his wound and I went to prepare food for us all, so hopefully our conditions will improve.

Anjali

14th August 1947

It was the day of the partition. My mother wanted to leave this country. We travelled all the way to the trains at dawn, avoiding the hostile mobs.

We arrived at the train station during the heat of day, almost fainting from the sweat. Somehow, we managed to make our way close to the trains, but they were already moving. My mother yelled, and my older brother lifted my younger one. He took my hand, pushing me onto the train as well as boarding himself and the train sped off, full throttle. The tears flowing down his cheeks shoved me into the realization that my parents had been left behind.

Anjali

Zaynah | OI

English Milestone Essay

It was Sunday morning, hardly 11am. Fatima, Dua, and I had somehow trailed off to some shady part of the forest and we couldn't figure out how to accurately locate where we were on our maps. We'd seen a really pretty bird and I'd started to follow it around which caused all three of us to lose track.

The bird's singing was so melodious and pleasant to our ears, it felt that it wasn't afraid of us since it kept wanting us to follow it. It led us to this really majestic garden and then suddenly flew to the right and disappeared into thin air.

Dua and I looked around for any signs of the feathery creature when suddenly we saw a weird portal-looking thing behind an Oak tree. It looked like a silvery square in the middle of the forest. Fatima touched the portal out of fascination and her hand went through it! Before we knew it, she'd gotten sucked into the weird square.

Dua and I panicked but before I could form a thought, Dua grabbed me by my hand and jumped into the weird floating square. There was a sharp 'whoosh' and we stumbled to our knees in an environment that looked oddly regular; "normal" you may call it.

There were tons of corporate offices, buildings and quite a handful of skyscrapers too. We didn't notice anything unusual until we looked at the cars driving by. There were literally Zebras driving the cars! Dua and I looked at one another in amazement. Suddenly we saw Fatima and ran to her. She looked confused but really relieved to see us.

A police car stopped right next to us. A

rhinoceros in a police uniform got out and walked over to us yelling at us in



some weird language. He definitely wasn't happy with us being here. It was only when he took out handcuffs from his pocket that we ran.

We ran into the city, sprinting past the locals who were also animals. They looked terrified almost as if they'd seen ghosts. We decided we should most probably run back to the portal to see if it was still there.

Fatima, Dua and I turned and sprinted past the police officers in a rush. We made our way back to the place we had originally fallen into and saw the portal shrinking.

I grabbed Fatima and pushed her through it while dragging Dua with me as we both jumped through it, right before it vanished.

We sighed in relief as we'd been teleported right back to our camp instead of the middle of the forest where we had first seen the portal. Our friends were right where we had left them and when we told them our story, no one believed us!

Dua Rehman - VIII a



The Trip Of A Lifetime

Every year, John and his friends, Mikel, Jack, Sam, and Will, would go on a hiking trip. They would always choose a different mountain to climb or a different route to take. They had been all over the world and had been on some of the hardest and most beautiful hikes in the world, besides one. They had always dreamt of conquering the mountains of the Karakoram Range in Pakistan. Unfortunately, things did not go their way, and they soon became older and busy with work, but their story does not end there.

In the winter of two thousand and twenty five all of them set aside all their plans and took a week off from work to explore the mountains of the Karakoram and to fulfill their dreams. Their journey began on Monday, the 9th at noon. Due to their impressive amount of experience in hiking, they were able to traverse a third of the mountain before sunset. Soon, they set up camp and went to bed. Silence was spread across the camp, everyone lay deep in sleep, everyone except John. He felt as if



someone was watching him, patiently waiting for him. John then left his tent to check on the others, just to find them, MISSING! John was now not just scared, but terrified. He had started hearing weird, creepy noises which seemed to sound like a continuous “buzzzzzzzz”. He began moving towards the noise. As he got closer to the source of the sound, he noticed a green glow coming from the same area.

When he reached the area, he could tell that the green glow was coming from a portal of some sort. John tried to touch it with his hand, but was rather aggressively sucked in.

John woke up with his head going in circles. As he looked around, he realized he had been here before. Then he realized they were in “The Lands Between” from the popular video game, Elden Ring, a game he was much fond of and had great memories of playing when he was a young child. He got up and saw the rest of the group lying down on the ground. “Where are we?” asked Mikeal. “The Lands Between,” replied John. “You mean from the place in Elden Ring?” said Sam, sounding very nervous. “What do we do?” asked Jack. “The only thing we can do in this situation is to beat the game!” replied John, with great confidence in his voice. Thus, their journey through the Lands Between began. They quickly rushed through Limegrave and

went straight to the first boss of the game, 'Margit, the Fell Omen', which they breezed through. It was only at the second boss, 'Goderick, the Grafted', who was at the end of Stormville Castle, that they faced any problem. They had easily gotten him to his second phase, but that was just when disaster struck. Sam dodged too late and, unfortunately, lost his life in the game. We had no clue whether he was still alive in real life or not, but all we could do was move on.

Using a few skips that John had learned from his speedrunning days, they were able to get to the final boss, 'The Elden Beast', very easily. As they entered the boss arena, Will, Jack, and Mikeal were all taken out but right then there was an

attack from the boss. John had no time to think, just time to get going. He dodged all of the beast's attacks with precision. This was it, the boss was just one swing of John's sword away from doom. John lunged on top of it to deal the final blow, but just in time, the Beast attacked with one of its most powerful moves, ending John's run. They all woke up around the portal. They may have died in the game, but had survived in real life. What an experience it had been! It was immensely exhilarating. They discussed it with pure pleasure, forgetting how desperate and tense they had been when fighting for their lives in the deadly game from their childhood.

Muzammil Farooq Khawaja | VIII b

The Hidden Room



I wish I'd never agreed to it. We discovered this haunted house with decaying doorframes and an eerie atmosphere.

"It'll be fun, it's not like we find an actual haunted house every day, right?" said Dia.

I nodded and took a deep breath. The air got colder as Dia, Luna, and I crept closer

to the house. Everything was off, but I was the only one not keen on going inside. Strange, violet mist surrounded the graves behind the building. It was abandoned, that's all I knew!

"Come on, we've got to be home before dinner, or we will absolutely get grounded," Luna said, nodding towards the building. I trailed behind

them, wondering how much better it would be if I was at home. The carpets were crimson and splattered with something that looked like... blood. I flinched and clutched Dia's palm. She nodded at me reassuringly, her icy blue eyes interlocking with mine.

Lights flickered, the wallpaper peeled

and there was a strange button next to a dusty bookshelf that hadn't been read in ages. Covers draped each corner of the shelf. Luna leaned against the wall and accidentally pressed the button. The wall and bookshelf moved, revealing a brown, creaky door behind it.

I wanted to go home. No, I needed to go home but I trailed after them. The room was wooden, filled with more books than I had ever seen. There was a patterned carpet that led to a small, round table with a thick black book on it.

"Death Note," said Dia, reading the cover and clutching it in her hands. My heart pounded faster. I didn't like the sound of this. Death Note, what could it mean?

Luna pushed through with her blue pen in hand. "Oh! Looks like a cute diary, I'll

just paint it pink or a nice shade of blue." She snatched it out of Dia's hand and wrote her name in neat, swirly handwriting.

Suddenly, the book dropped out of her grip. Her skin became paler, and she fell to the ground with a loud thud. Her eyelids shut, and her arms and legs were twisted like a lifeless cockroach. In fact, she was really lifeless. I started crying because of everything. Dia looked like she'd seen a ghost, her mouth shaped like an O. Luna had killed herself. The Death Note wasn't meant to be discovered, it was meant to be hidden and locked away. Whoever's name got written inside, they'd end up as lifeless as Luna.

Raniya Ali Qureshi | VII a

The Midnight Call



"Come on, we're going to be late, Amelia."

"I know, just give me five more minutes."

"Okay, hurry up!"

Oh my days, does my best friend have to be this annoying? Plus, I don't even want to go to this creepy event... Oh, I should probably explain. Hi, my name is Amelia, and tonight, my best friend Sofia is forcing me to go to one of her weird friend's events. The last thing I wanted to do on Halloween night was go there—but I owed my best friend one.

"Are you ready?" asked Sofia.

"Yes, I'm ready."

We got into the car, and seeing the streets filled with people having a genuinely good time warmed my heart. We arrived, and the first person we saw when we entered was Jolene—Sofia’s creepy friend—who stood at the door with one of the most unnerving grins I’ve ever seen.

“Hey there, you finally made it! I knew you wouldn’t miss it for the world,” Sofia exclaimed.

“Well, I’m glad you came,” I said.

We sat down inside and introduced ourselves to about three or five other people. After an hour, the party died down, and Jolene suggested we play that viral horror game. I thought it was a stupid idea, but Jolene insisted. With that, everyone downloaded the game.

“Okay, so what I’ve heard is that this game assigns a killer to one of the eight players, and you have to figure out who it is. Apparently, the creepy background music convinces the killer to kill.”

“Oh, come on, this is just like that one game we used to play when we were younger... oh, what’s it called?”

That’s when Jolene interrupted me.

“Mafia. It was called Mafia.”

Little did I know, playing this game would be the worst decision of my life.

Everybody got a notification. One by one, each person claimed they were innocent. Suddenly, music started playing. The lights went out. Screams

filled the room. And when the lights came back on—to our horror—someone was dead.

Police were called. Families were informed. But the killer was not discovered.

This continued again until only four people were left. Everyone was trying to prove it wasn’t them. We couldn’t afford to make any more harsh decisions. But this bold killer struck again.

Me, Jolene, and Sofia... Who could be the killer?

That’s when I answered the phone. I



knew who the killer was.

I rushed to Jolene—and killed her.

“Looks like I’ve won. Too bad Sofia wasn’t at home when you called, darling.”

Sukayna Murtaza | VII b

The Bizarre Closet

Lily was a strong, independent and a kind girl, who never believed in ghosts. Not until the whispers started! It had been past midnight and Lily was tossing and turning. She kept thinking she heard whispers; was she hallucinating? She tapped her phone screen. It was 2:00 am. Faint noises kept coming from behind the door. Not her bedroom door, it was the closet! She got up and saw her journal wide open right in front of her, which was quite bizarre. She always kept it tucked under her pillow. It said, "Don't look inside the closet".

Lily, a curious girl, stepped forward, her hands were trembling with fear and she stood in front of the closet. Very courageously she opened her closet and before she knew, she was falling!

Was this a dream? Lily kept trying to wake herself up! She lived in an old house, what could go wrong (everything)? Then a loud thud! She landed on the ground. Very cold, stiff, and hard. She wasn't in her bedroom on her soft pink carpet. She was in the middle of comprehending the situation, and she heard the same faint whisper, "I told you not to look in the closet".

She felt a chill run down her spine! The time had stopped. "Run!" A loud hoarse voice instructed her, and the room stretched into a long never-ending tunnel! Lily, already trembling, ran as fast as she could. She felt loud footsteps following her. She ran faster, her legs were burning, and she wanted to look back, but dared not to.

"Wake up Lily"! She heard a sound. Then



she saw it, the light! She ran faster than ever and the next thing you knew it, she was gripping her pink, soft carpet so hard, like it was the last thing in the whole wide world. Her hand touched something, and it was her phone screen that showed the time, it was 2:05 am. Had it really only been five minutes? Contemplating her life choices, she looked at her closet door. It was the same, not opened at all. The only noise one could hear was the cold air whistling through the old cracked window.

She took a sigh of relief and thought this had all been a dream and lay down in her bed, sweat covering her entire body. But then the same voice said, "You can't hide forever Lily!" She sprinted up! She looked around her room, darkness swallowed it, barely anything could be seen, and she stood there frozen. Should

she turn around? Should she see what was going on? She wanted to say something, but it was like she had been muted eternally. Then, with a lot of hard work, the words darted out, "D-Dad? M-Mom"? No one responded.

She wanted to get to her bedroom door! Then she saw it! Not someone, just big old deep red glowing eyes were coming towards her. She tried moving back, but

she couldn't move! Like time had stopped. She started screaming, pleading to be left alone. She threw her pillow and started throwing whatever she could find! But before she could comprehend, she was being dragged by an invisible force into the closet, never to be seen again!

Alia Taha | VI a

Lost In a Cave



One day after cleaning my laundry room with the new soap my mother got from a supermarket, I was in my bed relaxing. Suddenly I started hearing a strange noise from the closet and when I opened it there was a portal made out of soapy bubbles, some gloves and clothes. I showed it to my brother, without thinking he pushed me into the portal!

I woke up in this strange cave dimension. It wasn't dark, as on the ceiling of this cave was some light. It was quite hot there but bearable. I found some purple grass under my feet. I thought it was weird until I saw a massive walking fish in the water. There were trees but not the ordinary ones as they had sharp thorns on them with the roots upside down. I managed to get some of its fruits. The weird fruit had the colour of a grape and the shape of a banana. It tasted like lime. On the second day I saw humans that were alien-like. They were thankfully willing enough to teach me their language.

Eventually I got to learn how to say 'Hello' and 'Hi' in their strange language. They had a number of farms of weird fruits and I ate a few of them. I knew I needed to get back home by making a portal for my return using glue, soap and clothes I got from one of the aliens. The glue was the hardest to find as I had to fight a giant robot. I fought it with my log and broke half of it. I knew I could not fight the other half so I ran to the portal as fast I could. My Family was worried and they had searched for me everywhere. I made up a story knowing that they would not believe the real one. I found out I was gone for two weeks, but in the other dimension I was only there for three hours.

Mostafa Sehgal | VI b

All is Well that Ends Well

Once upon a time there was a boy named Rayan. He was a brave boy but when it came to things like ghosts he always got scared. He lived with his step father who was abusive and always threatened Rayan with a knife to get money from him. The step father would go and gamble all the money and when he did not win, the things got pretty rough. He would return home angry, would abuse Rayan and break everything that would come in his way in a fit of rage. The step dad's name was Trevor. When Rayan asked where his real parents were Trevor said in a fierce voice, "THEY DIED IN A CAR ACCIDENT."

Rayan never liked being with Trevor as he would just sit around all day watching T.V, eating junk food and being abrasive towards him. Rayan also could not go out as Trevor always stopped him from going out and meeting people. One day, when Trevor was gone, Rayan gathered up the courage to go outside but Trevor saw him. Trevor brought him inside, he gave him a beating and locked him in the bathroom.

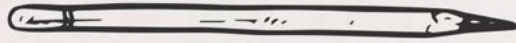
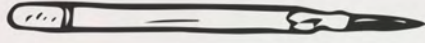
Besides all that there was something wrong with Rayan's closet. Whenever he would go to sleep he would keep hearing " Help us," in mixed and jumbled voices. One day when that curiosity bug was jumping inside Rayan he gathered the courage to open his closet. He saw that there was a three inch thick metal door locked with a passcode. Rayan heard Trevor's footsteps coming towards his room, so he closed the closet door and jumped into his bed. Trevor checked if Rayan was asleep, Rayan faked being asleep. Trevor went into Rayan's closet and opened the metal door. While Trevor was inside Rayan's closet, Rayan heard voices of people getting abused. Next day Rayan came to his closet and opened the door and saw the metal door. He recalled the passcode and thankfully he remembered as he saw Trevor opening it. When he opened the metal door he saw a tunnel leading to a door. Rayan went down that tunnel and saw a white door. When he opened it he saw his parents in the white room, it looked as if they were trapped there. It was an unbelievable yet heartwarming sight ! Rayan hugged his parents and cried his heart out. Without any further ado he brought his parents up to his room.

To his utter surprise there stood Trevor, at the door menacingly. Rayan's dad kicked Trevor in a fit of rage and knocked him out. They escaped and went straight to the police station. They explained everything that had happened. Trevor was arrested and sentenced ten years in prison for child abuse and kidnapping. After all that Rayan and his parents bought themselves a nice house and moved there. Rayan went to school and was a A* student. His mom was a housewife and his father continued his job as a footballer. He got a reward for saving his parents from the local police and they all lived happily ever after.





Art Corner





Syeda Shifa Bokhari | OIII



Abiha Jannat Haider | OIII





Qazi Haider Khan | IX



Zaynah Murtaza | IX





Ahmed Kamal Arif | VIII a



Aydin Mukhtar | VIII a



Aydin Mukhtar | VIII a



Dua Rehman | VIII a



Khawaja Muhammad Ayyan | VIII a



M.Faateh Gulfam | VIII a



M.Faateh Gulfam | VIII a



Maheen Salman Sheikh | VIII a



Yahya Durrani | VIII a



Aanya Ali | VIII b



Aanya Ali | VIII b



Ibrahim Sadiq Jajjah | VIII b



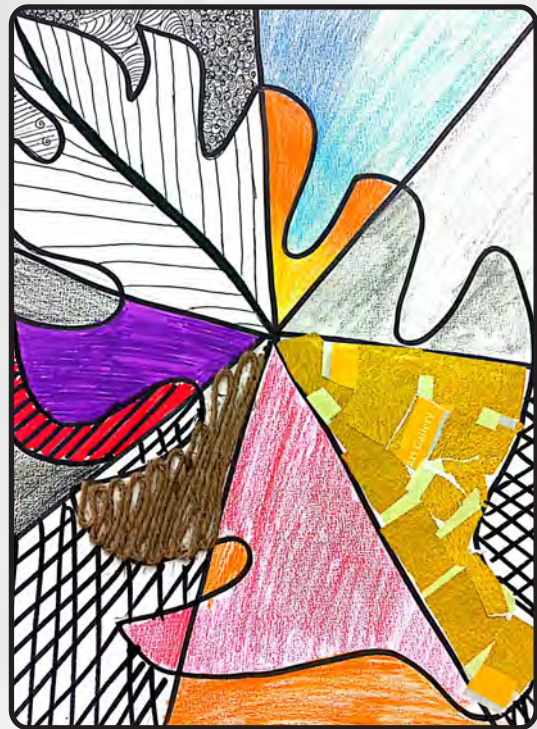
M. Tanveer Qaisar | VIII b



M. Tanveer | VIII b



Maryam Mujtaba | VIII b



Nabeela Fatima | VIII b



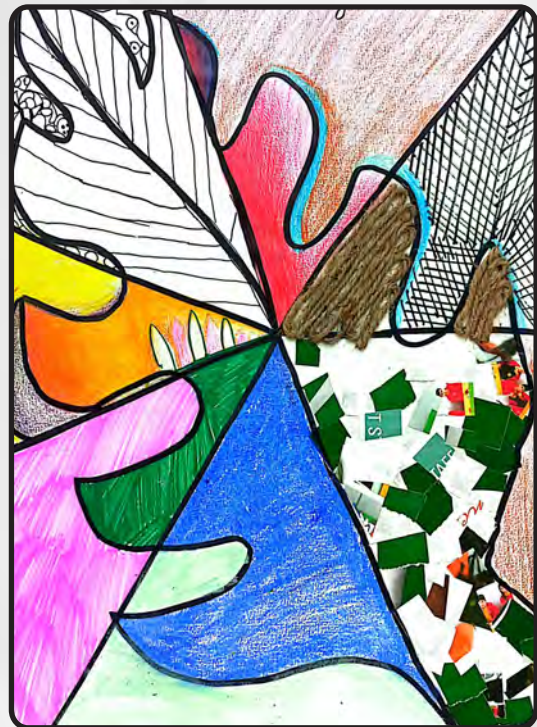
Nabeela Fatima | VIII b



Nawal Butt | VIII a



Noor Fatima Awan | VIII b



Shehryar Ahmed | VIII b



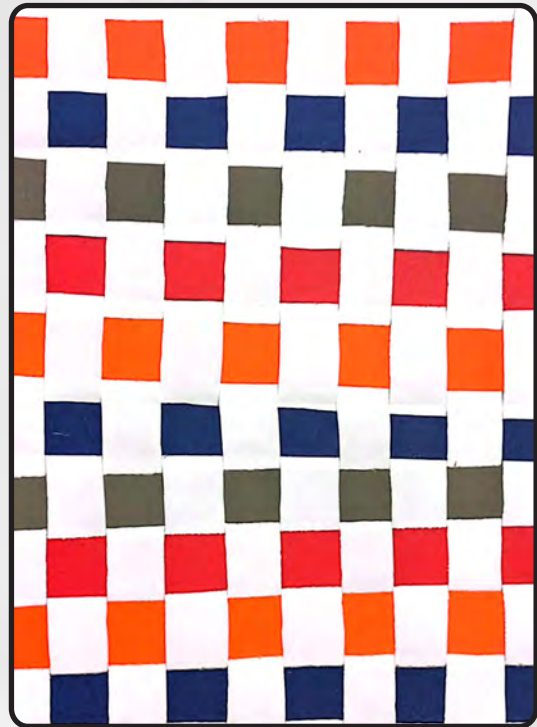
Syed Ali Abbas Bukhari | VIII b



Syed Ali Abbas Bukhari | VIII b



Syed Hamza Hussain | VIII b



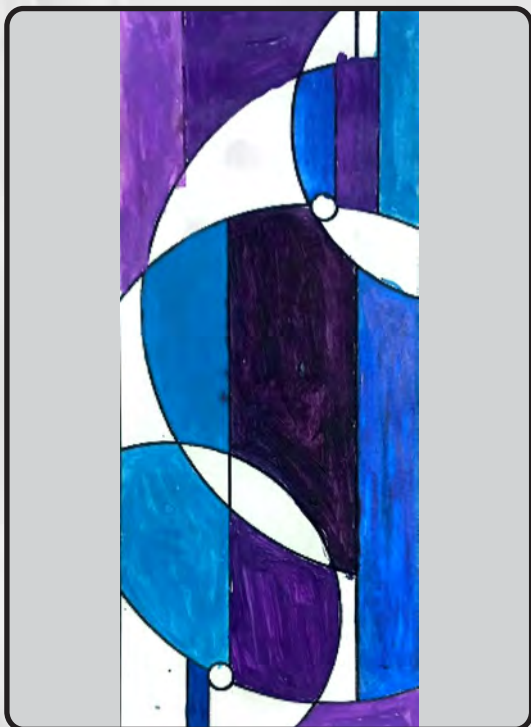
Syed Hamza Hussain | VIII b



Syed Hamza Hussain | VIII b



Zainab Habib | VIII b



Aamna Haider | VII a



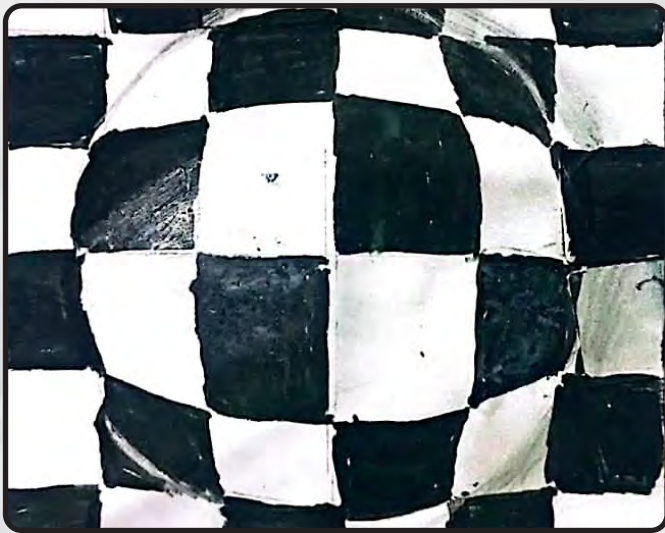
Attiya Rehman | VII a



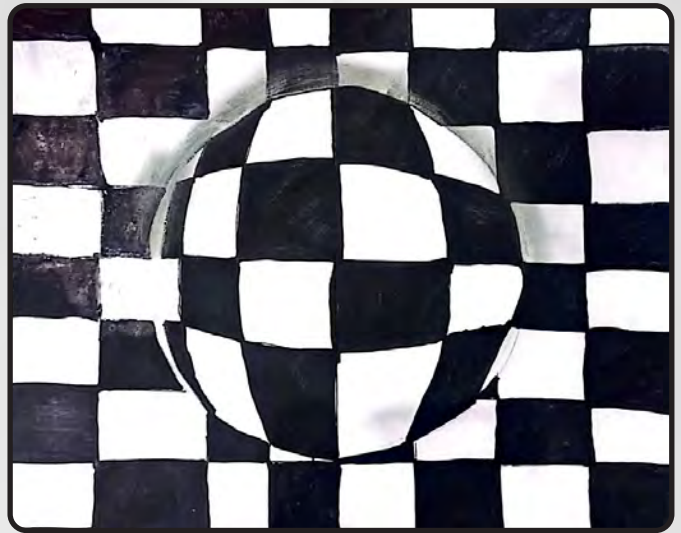
Airah Khan | VII a



Ishmal Zeeshan | VII a



M. Ibrahim Tahir | VII a



Raniya Ali Qureshi | VII a



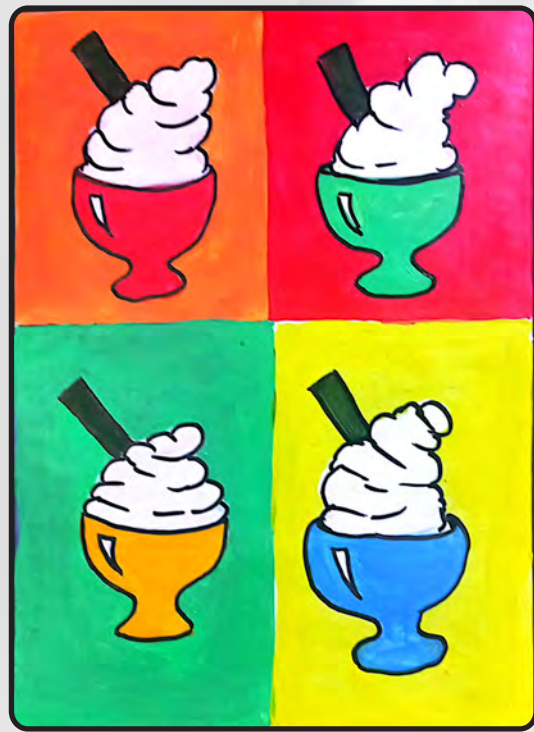
Raniya Ali Qureshi | VII a



Maiza Umer Khan | VII a



Ishamal Zeeshan | VII a



Ch.Muhammad Zayyan Ahmad | VII a



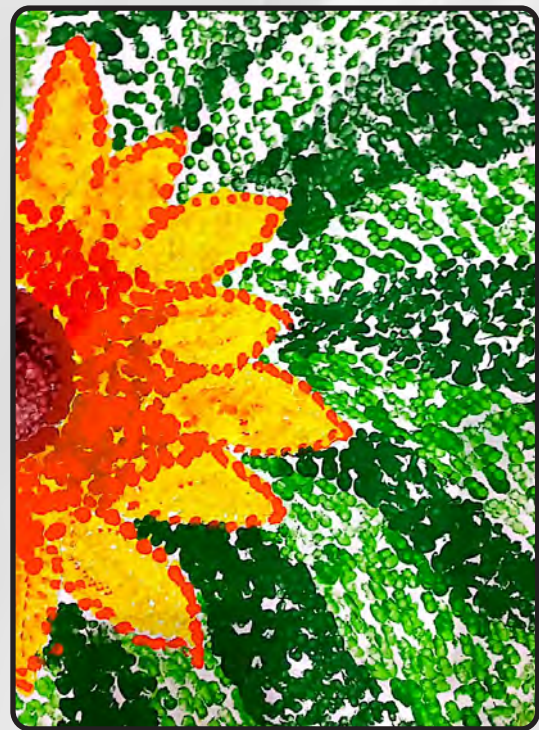
Ashtalfa Shahzad | VII b



Ashtalfa Shahzad | VII b



Emaan Asad | VII b



Emaan Asad | VII b



Muhammad Sahal | VII b



Rana Muhammad Musa | VII b



Shahmeer Saad | VII b



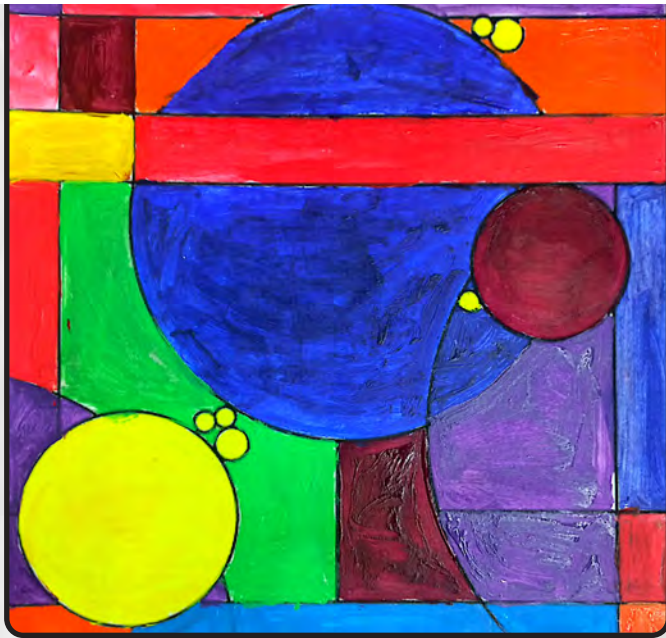
Shahmir Saad | VII b



Shezeen Kashif | VII b



Sofia Shoaib | VII b



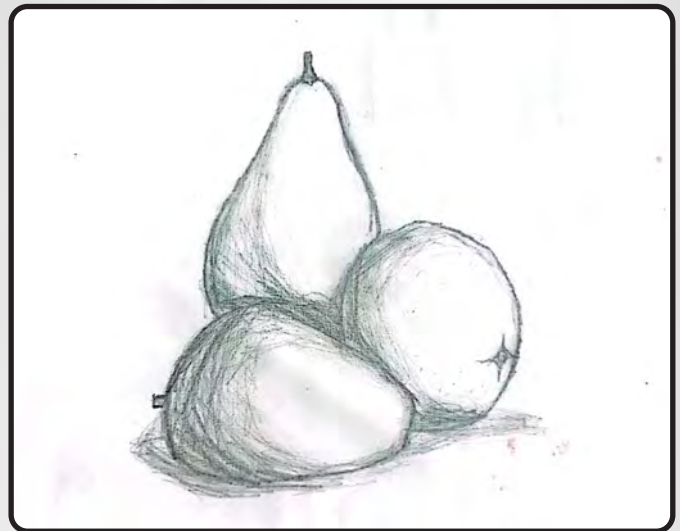
Sukayna Murtaza | VII b



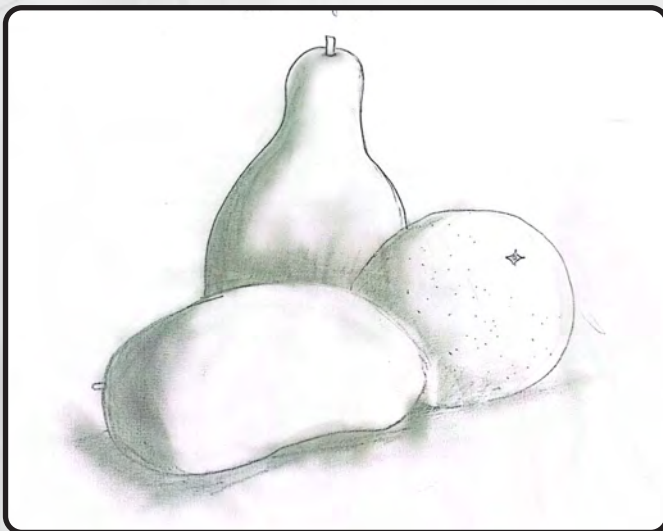
Sukayna Murtaza | VII b



Tehreer Ibne Sadaf | VII b



Tehreer Ibne Sadaf | VII b



Alina Haider | VI a



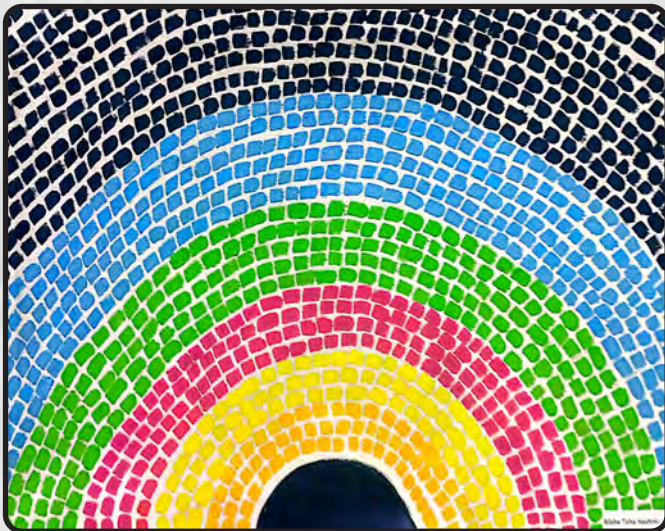
Iesa Imran | VI a



Abeeha Babar Malik | VI a



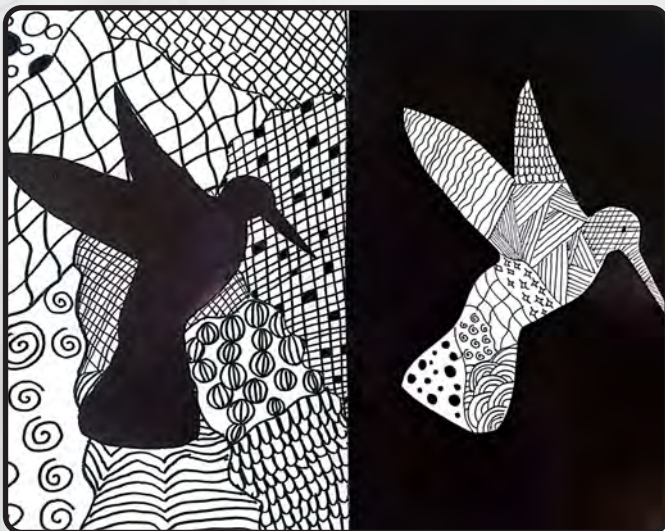
Alisha Taha | VI a



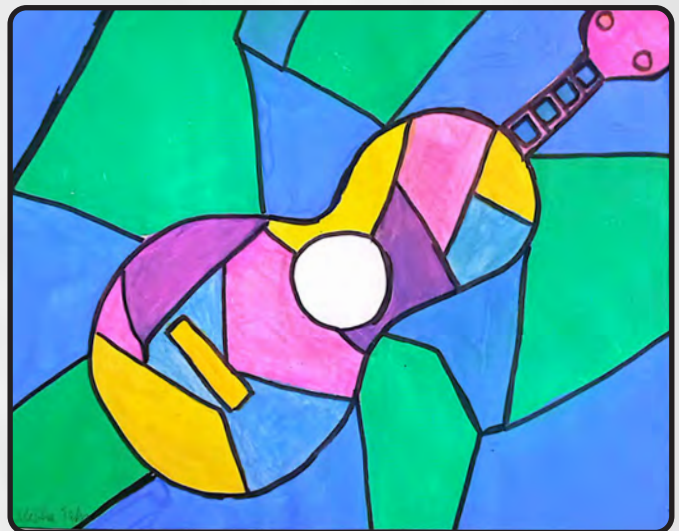
Alisha Taha | VI a



Alia Taha Hashmi | VI a



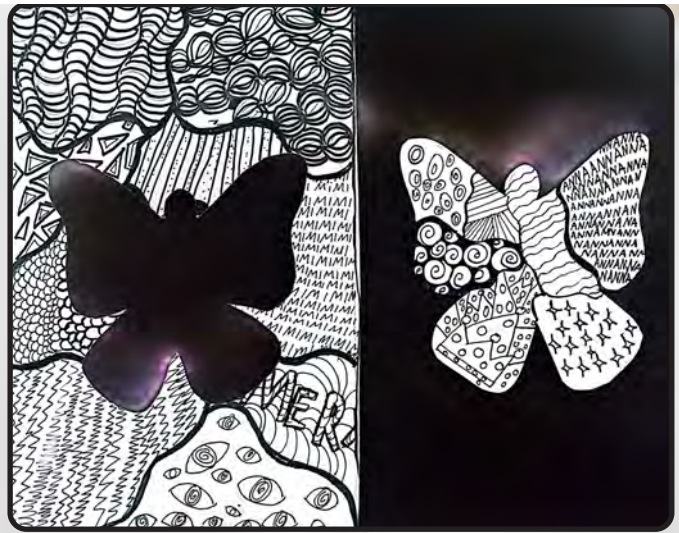
Alisha Taha | VI a



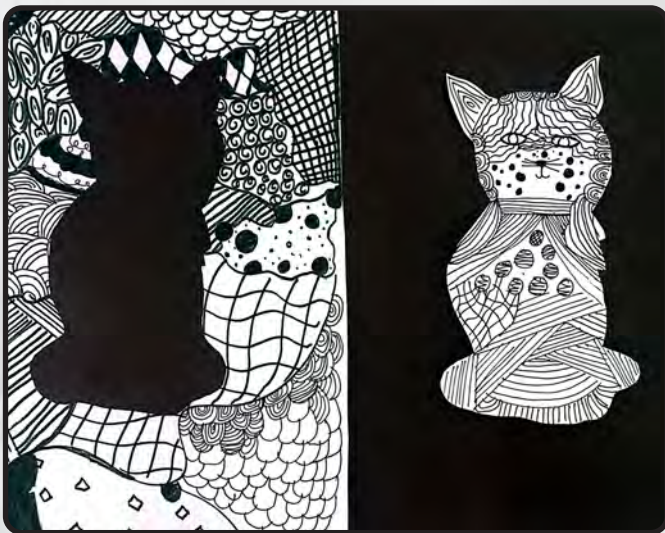
Alisha Taha | VI a



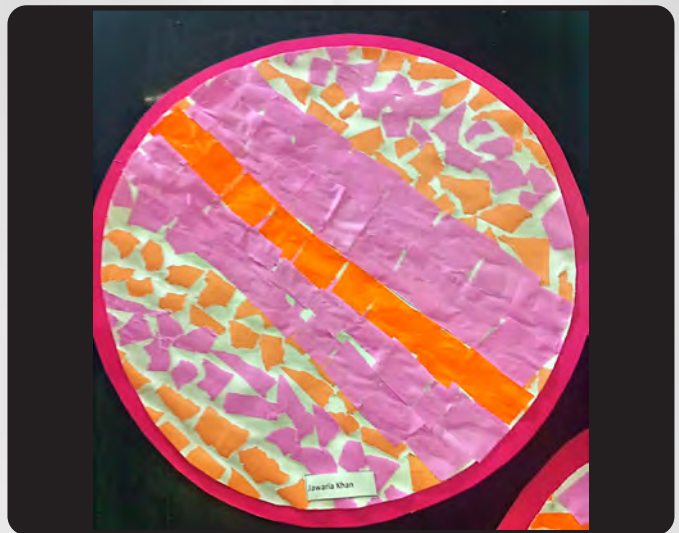
Ameerah Fatima Shoaib | VI a



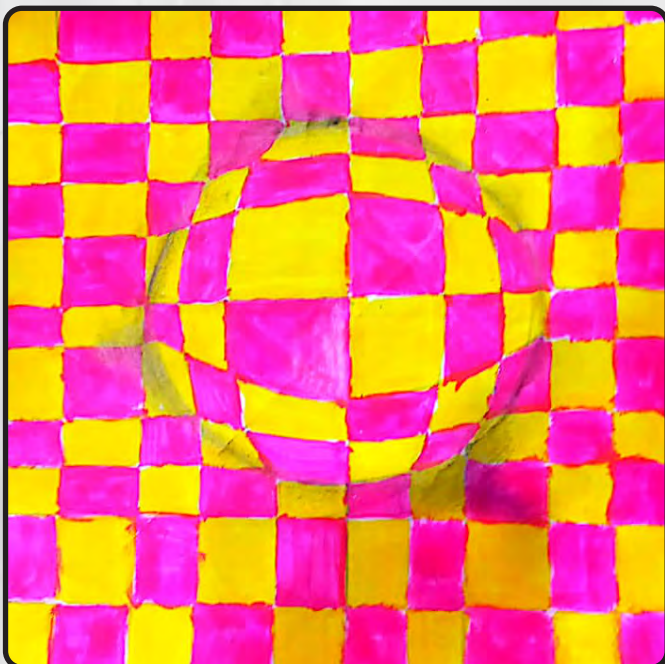
Ameerah Fatima Shoaib | VI a



Jawaria Khan | VI a



Jawaria Khan1 VI a



Jawaria Khan | VI a



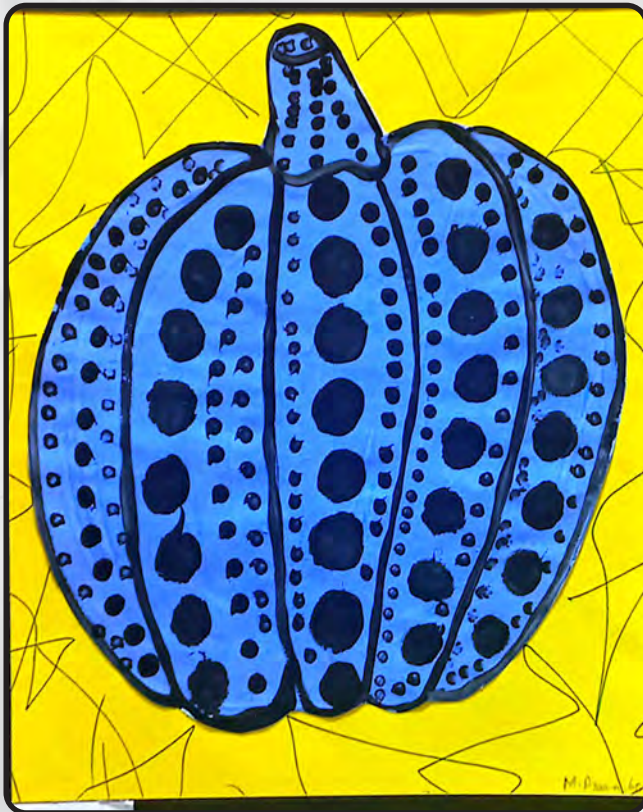
Kamila butt | VI a



Mustafa Omer | VI a



Kamila Butt | VI a



M. Azaan Ali | VI b



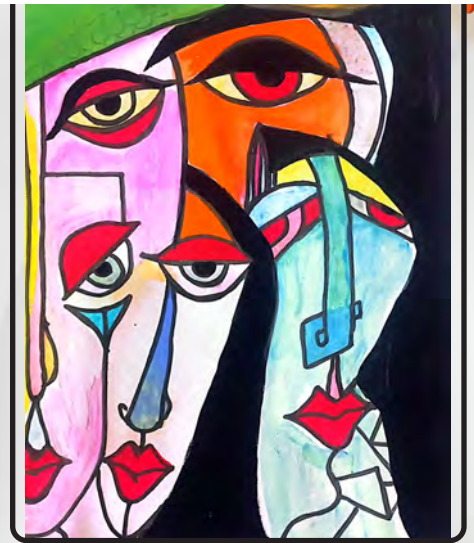
Ahmed faisal | VI b



Ayesha Zeeshan | VI b



M.Azaan Ali | VI a



M.Bin Kashif | VI b



Minsa Kamal | VI b



Minsa Kamal | VI b



Wali Ahmad | VI b



Ali Ahmed Saeed | VI c



Haider Ali Sultan | VI c



M. Hussain Ali | VI c



M.Azaan Ali | VI c



M.Hussain Ali | VI c



Rana Shahzain Dilsher | VI c



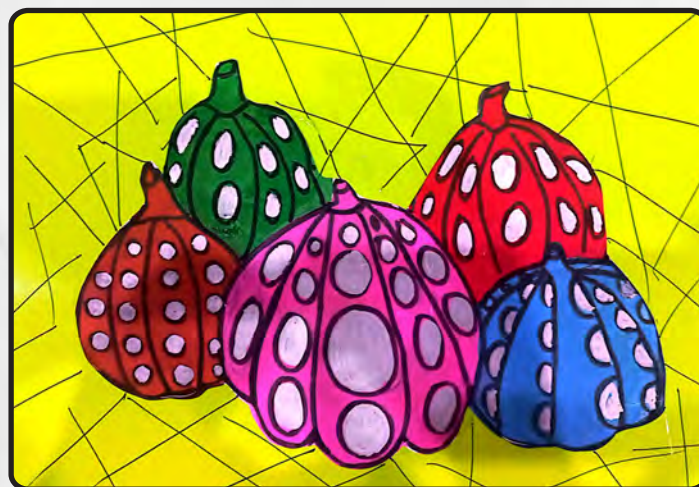
Sunaif Rehan | VI c



Zayan Farhan | VI c



Zayan Farhan | VI c



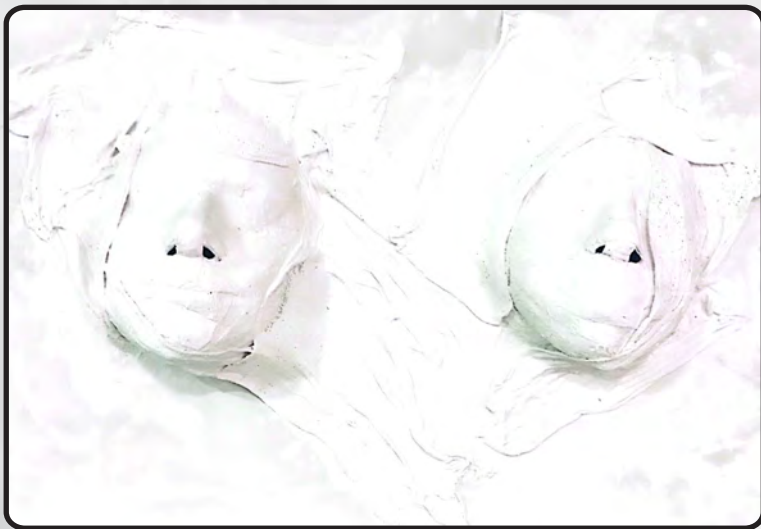
M.Sabeeh Khakwani | VI c

Collaborative Artwork VI-VIII



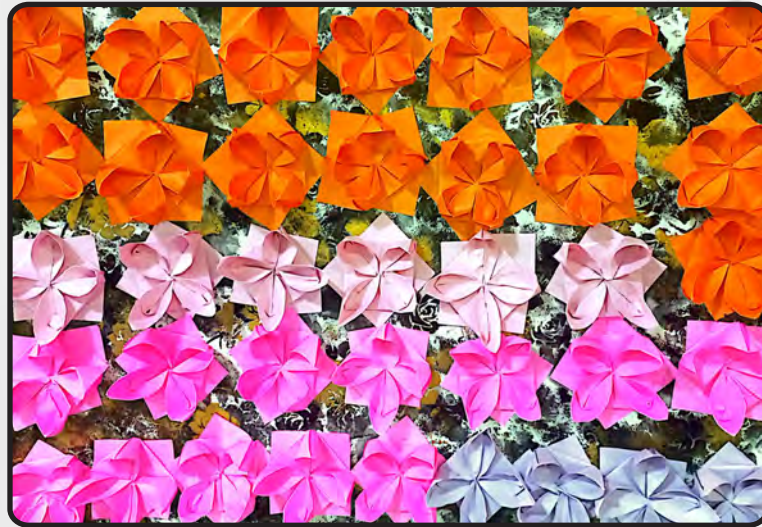
Collaborative Art Work

A delicate plaster face relief, typically in white or off-white, protrudes subtly from a smooth, white canvas backdrop. The face often classical or serene in expression is rendered with soft contours and fine detail, emphasizing features like the nose, lips, and closed or lightly lidded eyes. The shadows cast by the relief add depth, creating a monochromatic surface. The minimalist setting emphasizes the texture of the plaster and the interplay of light and shadow, evoking a sense of calm, mystery, or antiquity.



Collaborative Art Work

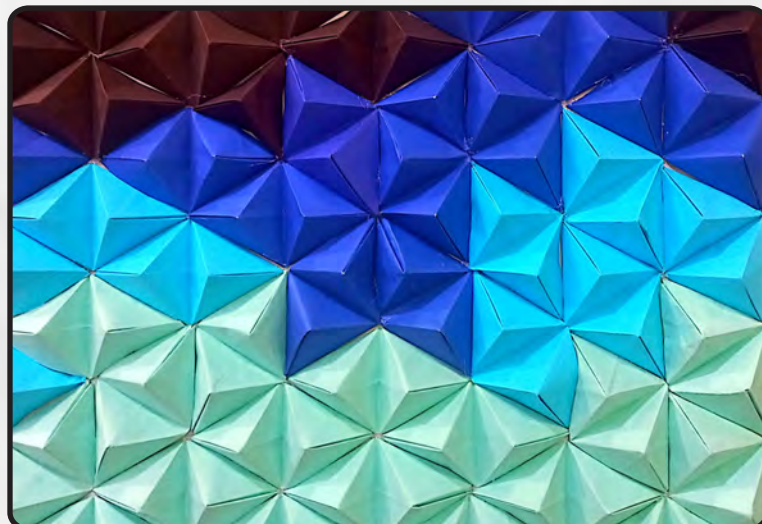
Origami wall art is a decorative form of art made by folding paper into intricate, 3D designs and patterns. Inspired by the traditional Japanese art of origami, it adds texture, depth, and a modern aesthetic to walls.



VIII



VII



VI

۱۔ رسوں پھوٹ لیا

سکول کا زمانہ ہماری زندگیوں کا وہ زمانہ ہوتا ہے جو شاید کسی کو بھی پسند نہیں ہوتا، لیکن مجھے سکول بہت پسند تھا۔ چھٹی کا دن گھر پہ گزارنا مشکل ہو جاتا، سکول کی عمارت، چھوٹا سا میدان اور کینٹین۔ کچھ بھی ایسا نہیں لگا جن سے بیزاری ہوتی، یہاں مجھے بہترین دوست ملے، استاد کسے پسند ہوتے ہیں؟ لیکن مجھے تو اپنے استاد بھی اچھے لگتے تھے، صبح بھاگ دوڑ میں سکول آنا، ناشتہ کیلئے امی آوازیں دیتی رہ جاتیں اور مجھے سکول پہنچنے کی جلدی ہوتی، آج دل کچھ عجیب سا ہے آج سکول میں ہمارا آخری دن ہے۔ الوداعی تقریب ہے۔ آج خوشی بھی ہے کہ اب ایک نیا سفر شروع ہونے جا رہا ہے۔ لیکن دل میں ایک کسک بھی ہے کہ بچپن کی بہت سی خوبصورت یادیں پیچھے رہ جائیں گی۔

کچھ دیر میں الوداعی تقریب شروع ہونے والی ہے میری سب سہیلیاں ساڑھیاں پہن کر آئی ہیں، لڑکے بھی خوب سچ سنور کے آئے ہیں۔ سب کے چہروں پر ملے جلے جذبات ہیں روشن مستقبل کی خوشی بھی اور کچھ اداسی بھی۔ دوست گلے مل رہے ہیں، ہاتھوں میں ہاتھ ڈالے ہیں اور کچھ تصویریں کھنچوا کر یادیں محفوظ کر رہے ہیں۔

تقریب میں میرے ہم جماعتوں نے اپنے جذبات کا اظہار اشعار اور تقریر کی صورت کیا۔ اساتذہ نے ہمیں دعائیں دیں اور مستقبل کے لئے نیک خواہشات کا اظہار کیا۔

آج احساس ہو رہا ہے کہ سکول صرف تعلیم کا ادارہ نہیں بلکہ ایک ایسی جگہ ہے جہاں ہم نے جینا سیکھا، دوستی کا مطلب جانا اور زندگی کے پہلے سبق پڑھے۔ اس آخری دن نے ہمیں سکھایا ہے کہ جدائی بھی زندگی کا حصہ ہے لیکن یادیں ہمیشہ ہمارے دلوں میں زندہ رہتی ہیں۔

آنسل شاہزیب۔ او تھری



پانی بچائیں۔ زندگی بچائیں

پانی اللہ تعالیٰ کی دی ہوئی ایک عظیم نعمت ہے، جو زندگی کی بقا کے لیے نہایت ضروری ہے۔ انسان، حیوان، نباتات، غرض کہ ہر ذی روح کو پانی کی حاجت ہوتی ہے۔ اگر پانی نہ ہو، تو زندگی کا تصور بھی ممکن نہیں۔ مگر افسوس کے ساتھ کہنا پڑتا ہے کہ آج ہم اس قیمتی نعمت کی قدر نہیں کرتے اور اسے فضول میں ضائع کر رہے ہیں۔

آج دنیا کے کئی ممالک پانی کی قلت کا شکار ہیں۔ ہمارے اپنے ملک میں بھی بہت سے علاقے ایسے ہیں جہاں لوگوں کو صاف پانی میسر نہیں۔ یہ صورتحال ہمیں یہ سوچنے پر مجبور کرتی ہے کہ اگر ہم نے ابھی سے پانی بچانے کے لیے اقدامات نہ کیے، تو آئندہ نسلوں کو شدید مشکلات کا سامنا کرنا پڑے گا۔ پانی بچانے کے لیے ہمیں اپنی روزمرہ زندگی میں چند سادہ



عادات اپنانا ہوں گی۔ مثلاً:

نلکوں کو کھلانہ چھوڑیں، دانت برش کرتے یا برتن دھوتے وقت پانی بند رکھیں۔

بارش کے پانی کو ذخیرہ کریں اور اسے پودوں کو پانی دینے یا صفائی کے لیے استعمال کریں۔

گاڑی دھونے اور صحن کی صفائی میں پانی کی بچت کریں۔

پائپ لائنوں اور نلکوں کی مرمت بروقت کروائیں تاکہ پانی کا ضیاع نہ ہو۔

اگر ہر فرد یہ نیت کر لے کہ وہ پانی کی ایک ایک بوند کی حفاظت کرے گا، تو ہم ایک بڑے بحران سے بچ سکتے ہیں۔ پانی بچانا صرف حکومت یا کسی ادارے کی ذمہ داری نہیں، بلکہ ہم سب کی مشترکہ ذمہ داری ہے۔

آخر میں، ہمیں چاہیے کہ ہم خود بھی پانی کی حفاظت کریں اور دوسروں کو بھی اس کی اہمیت سے آگاہ کریں، تاکہ یہ نعمت ہمارے بچوں کو بھی نصیب ہو۔ پانی بچائیں، زندگی بچائیں۔

روحان عدنان۔ اوٹو

☆☆☆

"عہدِ طفلی سے۔۔۔"

علی صرف دس سال کا تھا، لیکن اس کی آنکھوں میں ایک عجیب سی سنجیدگی تھی، جیسے وقت نے اسے وقت سے پہلے بڑا کر دیا ہو۔ اس کا تعلق ایک غریب محلے سے تھا، جہاں صبح سورج کے ساتھ بچوں کی جگہ مزدور جاگتے تھے۔

روز علی اپنے کندھوں پر اخباروں کا گٹھا اٹھاتا، اور گلی گلی جا کر بیچتا۔ وہ اسکول جانا چاہتا تھا، لیکن ابو کی بیماری اور اماں کی تھکن اسے وقت سے پہلے زندگی کے میدان میں لے آئی تھی۔

اکثر وہ اپنے ہم عمر بچوں کو بستے لیے اسکول جاتے دیکھتا، تو دل میں ایک ٹیس سی اٹھتی۔ مگر پھر وہ اپنی ماں کی جھریوں بھری مسکراہٹ یاد کرتا، اور خود کو سمجھاتا، "کچھ دنوں کی محنت ہے، پھر سب ٹھیک ہو جائے گا۔ وقت بدل جائے گا۔ وہ بھی دوسرے بچوں کی طرح کھیل کود میں دن گزارے گا، اور جب وہ بڑا ہوگا تو حالات اور بھی بدل جائیں گے۔ وہ ایک موٹر سائیکل ضرور لے گا جسے سڑکوں پر تیز رفتاری سے چلائے گا" اس کے دل میں

بہت سی خواہشیں ابھرتی تھیں۔

ایک دن اس کے ہاتھ میں ایک اخبار کا ٹکڑا آیا، جس پر کسی

بڑے شاعر کا شعر چھپا تھا:

"عہدِ طفلی سے پیری میں قدم رکھتا ہے،

کسی غریب کا بچہ کبھی جوان نہیں ہوتا۔"

علی نے وہ شعر کئی بار پڑھا۔ اسے لگا جیسے کسی نے اس کی ساری

کہانی صرف دو مصرعوں میں کہہ دی ہو، کیونکہ اپنی دس سال کی



زندگی میں بہت محنت اور کوشش کے باوجود وہ اور اماں حالات بدل نہیں سکے تھے۔ وہ رات بھر کھلی آنکھوں سے خواب دیکھتا تھا اور صبح ہوتے ہی گھر اور والدین کی ذمہ داریاں اسے دس سالہ بچے سے، بڑا اور ذمہ دار انسان بنا دیتیں۔

اس رات وہ بہت دیر تک جاگتا رہا، آسمان کو تکتا رہا۔ ستاروں میں اس نے ہمیشہ ہی خواب دیکھے تھے۔ کیا وہ خواب کبھی سچ ہو سکتے تھے؟
جہانزیب لطیف۔ اوٹو

☆☆☆

۲۳ مارچ آیا ہے

ہم سب میں جوش لایا ہے	جھنڈا سب نے لہرایا ہے
مل کر جشن منایا ہے	یہ تحفہ جو ہم نے پایا ہے
ہمارا یہ سرمایہ ہے	مل کر اب یہ وعدہ کریں
سچائی کا رستہ چلیں	محنت سے ہم کام کریں
ملک کا روشن نام کریں	۲۳ مارچ آیا ہے

ہم سب میں جوش لایا ہے

منی طارق، ماہا گلزار، زینب علی - نمبر

☆☆☆

خوش قسمتی

آج آمنہ کی زندگی کا اہم دن تھا اسے ملازمت کے لئے انٹرویو پر جانا تھا وہ صبح سویرے اٹھ گئی اور جلدی جلدی تیار ہونے لگی، آمنہ نے ناشتہ کیا اور انٹرویو کے لئے نکل گئی۔

تقریباً پچیس منٹ میں وہ دفتر پہنچ چکی تھی۔ دفتر پہنچ کر اس نے استقبالیہ پر موجود خاتون کو اپنے آنے کی اطلاع دی اور اس خاتون کی بتائی جگہ پر جا کر بیٹھ گئی۔ چند لمحوں میں انٹرویو شروع ہو گیا، وہ دل ہی دل میں دعائیں پڑھنے لگی، ابھی اس کی باری آنے میں کچھ وقت تھا اس کی نظر اپنے پرس

پر پڑی اور ایک چونکا دینے والے خیال نے اس کی گھبراہٹ میں ڈھیروں اضافہ کر دیا کیونکہ اس کا پرس تو موجود تھا مگر اہم دستاویزات کی فائل وہ جلدی میں گھر ہی بھول آئی تھی۔ آمنہ کی آنکھوں میں آنسو بھر آئے، اس کی باری آنے ہی والی تھی اسے سمجھ ہی نہیں آیا تھا کہ اب کیا کرے۔ اس کا گھر کافی دور تھا آمنہ اگر گھر کاغذات لینے جاتی تو یقیناً بہت دیر ہو جاتی



پریشانی کے عالم میں وہ ہاتھ رگڑ رہی تھی۔ اس انٹرویو کی آمنہ نے بہت اچھی تیاری کی تھی مگر ایک چھوٹی سی لاپرواہی سے وہ ملازمت اسے ہاتھوں سے جاتی محسوس ہو رہی تھی۔

وہ مایوسی کی حالت میں سر جھکا کر بیٹھ گئی۔ وہ سر جھکائے بیٹھی تھی کہ اچانک دفتر کی طرف سے ایک حیرت انگیز اعلان ہوا کہ باقی امیدواروں کا انٹرویوکل لیا جائے گا کیونکہ کمپنی کے مالک کو کسی ضروری کام کے سلسلے میں دفتر سے جانا پڑ گیا تھا۔ یہ اعلان سن کر آمنہ خوش ہو گئی۔ آمنہ کی قسمت نے اس کا بھرپور ساتھ دیا تھا آمنہ نے اللہ کا شکر ادا کیا اور مسکراتی ہوئی دفتر سے نکل آئی۔

رضوان ارشد - نہم



غرور کے نقصانات

ارشادِ ربانی ہے "اور لوگوں سے (غرور کے ساتھ) اپنا رخ نہ پھیر اور زمین پر اکر کر مت چل، بے شک اللہ ہر متکبر، اترا کر چلنے والے کو ناپسند فرماتا ہے۔"

ایک دفعہ کا ذکر ہے ایک بارہ سنگھاندی سے پانی پی رہا تھا۔ اس نے پانی میں اپنا عکس دیکھا اور اپنے خوبصورت سینگ دیکھ کر بہت خوش ہوا اور ان پی غرور کرنے لگا پھر اس کی نظر اپنی ٹانگوں پر پڑی، پیلی اور کمزور ٹانگیں بہت بدصورت دکھائی دے رہی تھیں۔

وہ ابھی اپنی ٹانگوں افسوس کر ہی رہا تھا کہ اچانک وہ شیر کے دھاڑنے کی آواز سن کر چونکا ہو گیا۔ شیر کو اپنی طرف آتا دیکھ کر وہ تیزی سے بھاگا اٹھا۔ اس کی انہی پتلی ٹانگوں نے تیز بھاگنے میں اس کا ساتھ دیا مگر بد قسمتی سے اس کے خوبصورت سینگ ایک جھاڑی میں بری طرح پھنس گئے۔



اس نے خود کو آزاد کروانے کی بہت کوشش کی مگر ناکام رہا۔ اتنے میں شیر اس کے سر پہ پہنچ گیا اور اس وقت بارے سنگھے کو احساس ہوا کہ اس کی بدصورت ٹانگوں نے اس کی جان بچائی اور اس کے خوبصورت سینگوں نے اسے مروا دیا۔ لیکن اب افسوس کا کوئی فائدہ نہ تھا۔ شیر اسے چیر پھاڑ کر کھا گیا۔

حضرت جابر سے روایت ہے کہ نبی نے فرمایا "قیامت کے روز خدا کچھ لوگوں کو چیونٹیوں کی صورت میں اٹھائے گا، ہر

جانب سے ان پر ذلت طاری ہوگی۔ پوچھا جائے گا یہ چیونٹیوں کی شکل میں کون لوگ ہیں؟ انہیں بتایا جائے گا کہ یہ وہ لوگ ہیں جو تکبر کرتے تھے" انسان کو اس کی عاجزی نہیں اس کا غرور لے ڈوبتا ہے۔

ہمیں چاہیے کہ ہم اس بیماری سے بچیں اور ہر حال میں اللہ کا شکر ادا کرتے رہیں۔

خواجہ محمد آیان - ہشتم اے



لومڑی کی عقل مندی



ایک دفعہ کا ذکر ہے کہ ایک جنگل میں بہت سے جانور مل جل کر رہتے تھے۔ پچھلے سو سال سے مون سون کے مہینے میں جنگل میں اس قدر بارشیں ہوتیں کہ پورے جنگل میں سیلاب آجاتا۔ سب جانور اس سے بہت تنگ تھے کیونکہ ان کے گھر تباہ ہو جاتے۔ ایک دن سارے جانور ایک جگہ جمع ہوئے اور انہوں نے اس مسئلے کے حل کے لئے سر جوڑ کر سوچنا شروع کیا۔ شیر نے کہا کہ ہم سب کو زمین کے نیچے گھر بنا کر رہنا چاہیے۔ پرندوں نے کہا کہ سب کو درختوں پر رہنا چاہیے۔ لیکن آخر میں

لومڑی کا مشورہ سب کو اچھا لگا کہ ان سب کو مل کر ایک بڑا سا گڑھا کھودنا چاہیے تاکہ سیلاب کا سارا پانی اس میں جمع ہو جائے۔ سب نے مل کر ایک ڈھلوان بنائی جو ایک گڑھے میں ختم ہوتی تھی۔ سب نے مل کر اپنے حصے کا کام کیا۔ کئی دن کی محنت کے بعد بالآخر وہ کامیاب ہو گئے۔ آخر جب بارشیں شروع ہوئیں تو تمام پانی بہہ کر اس گڑھے میں جمع ہو گیا جس کی وجہ سے کوئی سیلاب نہ آیا اور کسی کے گھر کو نقصان نہ پہنچا۔ لومڑی کے مشورے اور اس کی عقل مندی کی وجہ سے ان کا بہت بڑا مسئلہ حل ہو گیا اور جانور سیلاب کی آفت سے نجات پا گئے۔

ابراہیم ٹھا کرا۔ ہشتم اے



مدد میں خوشی

آج میں آپ کو ایک ایسی کہانی بتاؤں گی جس میں مجھے دل کی خوشی حاصل ہوئی۔ اس سال جب میری نئی سہ ماہی شروع ہوئی تب مجھے نئی کتابیں چاہیے تھیں تو میں اپنی دوست سارہ کو بھی ساتھ لے گئی۔

جب کتابیں خریدنے کی باری آئی تو سارہ نے کوئی بھی کتاب لینے سے انکار کر دیا اور کہا کہ میں کل آکر لے جاؤں گی۔ یہ سن کر مجھے عجیب محسوس ہوا کیونکہ وہ ہمیشہ میرے ساتھ آکر کتابیں خرید کرتی تھی اور اسے نئی کتابوں کا بہت شوق تھا۔

خیر جب میں سارہ کو اس کے گھر چھوڑنے کے بعد اپنے گھر جا رہی تھی تو دیکھا کہ اس کا فون میری گاڑی میں رہ گیا ہے۔ میں واپس اس کے گھر پہنچی تو سارہ کو اسکے والدین کے ساتھ بات کرتے ہوئے سنا کہ سارہ کے والد کی نوکری ختم ہو گئی ہے اور ان کے پاس سکول کی فیس اور کتابوں کے پیسے موجود نہیں تھے۔

میں نے خاموشی سے اس کا فون وہاں چھوڑا اور اپنے گھر آ گئی۔ گھر آ کر میں نے اپنے والدین سے اس مسئلے پہ بات کی اور یہ طے ہوا کہ کل اس کی سالگرہ پہ اس کو کیک اور پیسے ہی تحفے میں دیئے جائیں۔

اگلے دن میں امی، ابو کے ساتھ کیک لے گئی۔ ہم نے مل کر کیک کاٹا۔ وہ بہت خوش تھی۔ امی نے اس کو پیسے دیئے اور کہا کہ اپنی پسند سے تحفہ لے لینا کیونکہ ہمیں سمجھ نہیں آیا کہ کیا لیا جائے۔

اگلے دن جب وہ سکول آئی تو سب کتابیں اس کے پاس تھیں۔ یہ دیکھ کر مجھے بہت خوشی ہوئی اور اس کو علم بھی نہیں ہوا کہ میں نے اس کی مدد کی ہے۔
عائشہ خان - ہشتم اے



حق ہمسائیگی

ہمسائیوں کا خیال رکھنا بہت ضروری ہے کیونکہ وہ ہمارے لئے رشتہ داروں کی طرح اہم ہوتے ہیں۔

کچھ دن پہلے ہمارے پڑوسی کہیں دعوت پر گئے تھے لیکن اپنے چار سال کے بچے کو نوکرانی کے پاس چھوڑ گئے کیونکہ وہ بہت تنگ کرنے والا شرارتی

بچہ تھا۔ جب سب گھر والے چلے گئے تو نوکرانی نے بچے کو پاس لٹایا مگر اس سے پہلے وہ خود سو گئی۔ وہ اکیلا ہی چپکے سے دروازہ کھول کر باہر نکل گیا۔



جب سب گھر والے واپس آئے تو اسے گھر نہ پا کر پریشان ہو گئے۔ ہمارے گھر بھی معلوم کیا مگر وہ یہاں بھی نہ تھا۔ یہ دیکھ کر میں نے اور میرے بھائی نے اس کو ڈھونڈنے کا فیصلہ کیا۔ ہم اپنی گلی کی مختلف دکانوں میں اس کو ڈھونڈنے گئے

وہاں ایک کھلونوں کی دکان میں وہ ہمیں مل گیا۔ ہم اسے لے کر آئے تو سب کی پریشانی دور ہوئی۔

نوکرانی کے پوچھنے پہ اس نے کہا کہ وہ کام کر رہی تھی اور معلوم نہیں کہ بچہ کب باہر نکلا۔ لیکن ہم جانتے تھے کہ وہ جھوٹ بول رہی ہے کیونکہ ہم کیمرے میں دیکھ چکے تھے۔ اسی وجہ سے اس کو نوکری سے نکال دیا گیا۔ ہمارے ہمسائیوں نے ہماری مدد کا بہت شکریہ ادا کیا اور ہمیں انعام دینا چاہا لیکن ہم نے منع کر دیا کیونکہ ہم نے بس ان کی مدد کی تھی احسان نہیں۔

نوال عدنان - ہشتم بی



محنت کا کرشمہ

بلوچستان کے ایک پہاڑی گاؤں میں پانی کی شدید کمی تھی۔ گاؤں کے لوگوں کو اپنی ضرورت پوری کرنے کے لئے کنویں سے پانی لانا پڑتا تھا۔

اصل مسئلہ تب شروع ہوا جب کنویں میں پانی آہستہ آہستہ کم ہونا شروع ہوا۔ سب لوگ بہت پریشان ہو گئے کہ کنواں خشک ہو رہا ہے۔

ایک دن گاؤں کے ایک نوجوان عالم خان نے کنواں دیکھا تو سوچ میں پڑ گیا۔ اس کے بعد وہ پہاڑ کی چوٹی پر گیا کیونکہ اس کو معلوم تھا کہ پہاڑ کے



چیچھے ایک جھیل ہے مگر وہاں تک جانے کا کوئی راستہ نہیں تھا۔
عالم خان نے گاؤں والوں کو تجویز دی کہ جھیل سے کنویں
تک ایک نہر کھودی جائے مگر سب نے اس کو ناممکن قرار دے
کر رکھا۔

اس پر بھی عالم نے ہمت نہ ہاری اور اوزار لے کر خود ہی وہاں
جا پہنچا۔ علاقے میں پہاڑ پہ نشان لگائے اور خود ہی کھدائی
شروع کر دی۔ وہ دن بھر لگا رہا۔ خوش قسمتی سے وہ پہاڑ مٹی کا تھا
اور اس میں بہت سخت پتھر موجود نہ تھے۔

اس کی محنت اور عزم دیکھ کر اگلے دن کچھ اور لوگ بھی اس کے ساتھ شامل ہو گئے اور اگلے دن کچھ اور۔

آخر چند دن بعد پورا گاؤں ان کے ساتھ شامل تھا۔ مرد کھدائی کرتے جاتے اور عورتیں اور بچے اس مٹی کو اٹھا اٹھا کر کھائی میں پھینکتے جاتے۔
کام ختم ہونے کی رفتار میں اضافہ ہوا اور ارد گرد کے گاؤں کے لوگ بھی ان کے ساتھ کام کرانے آ موجود ہوئے۔ دیکھتے ہی دیکھتے مہینے پر لگا کراڑ
گئے اور آخر کار نہر تیار ہو گئی اور جھیل کا پانی گاؤں تک پہنچ گیا۔ اب تک کنواں خشک ہو چکا تھا مگر ان سب کی ہمت اور محنت کی بدولت گاؤں والوں
کا مسئلہ حل ہو چکا تھا۔

سچ ہے ہمت کرے انسان تو کیا ہو نہیں سکتا۔

نور فاطمہ اعوان۔ ہشتم بی

☆☆☆

جنگی ہتھیار

یہ بات کسی حد تک درست ہے کہ جدید ہتھیار جنگ جیتنے میں مددگار ثابت ہوتے ہیں لیکن یہ سوال کہ "کیا جنگ صرف ہتھیاروں سے جیتی جا
سکتی ہے" ایک بہت پیچیدہ سوال ہے۔ جنگ جیتنے کے
لیے صرف یہی ضروری نہیں بلکہ اس کے نفسیاتی، سماجی اور معاشی
پہلو بھی ہیں۔

دورانِ جنگ فوجیوں اور شہریوں کا حوصلہ بلند رکھنا بہت
ضروری ہے۔ اپنے دشمن پہ عالمی دباؤ کے ذریعے بھی اثر انداز
ہوا جا سکتا ہے نیز جذبے اور ہمت کی فراوانی ہونی چاہیے۔
بزدل قومیں ہتھیار رکھنے کے باوجود شکست کھا جاتی ہیں۔



صرف جنگ جیت لینا ہی ضروری نہیں بلکہ اس کے بعد سماجی اور معاشی استحکام برقرار رکھنا بھی بہت ضروری ہے۔ اس کی مثال حالیہ روس اور

یوکرین کی جنگ ہے جہاں روس جدید ہتھیاروں اور واضح برتری کے باوجود بھی یوکرین پہ قبضہ نہیں کر پایا۔ لہذا اس سے ثابت ہوا کہ جنگ صرف ہتھیاروں سے نہیں جیتی جاتی بلکہ اس کے لئے مکمل حکمت عملی مرتب کرنا ضروری ہے۔

مزل فاروق - ہشتمی

☆☆☆

صحت مند زندگی

جسمانی صحت برقرار رکھنے کے لیے کسرت جبکہ ذہنی صحت برقرار رکھنے کے لیے ورزش کی ضرورت ہے۔ صحت سے مراد ذہنی اور جسمانی تندرستی ہے۔ اگر صحت نہ ہو تو انسان دولت، شہرت، عزت، اور شایید کسی بھی نعمت سے خوشی حاصل نہ کر سکیاں لیے غالب نے کیا خوب کہا ہے کہ:

"تندرستی ہزار نعمت ہے"

پہلا اصول صحت مند زندگی کا متوازن غذا ہے۔ متوازن غذا ایک ایسی غذا ہے جو مختلف قسم کی غذائیت سے بھرپور ہو جیسے کہ سبزیاں، پھل، دودھ، گوشت اور دالیں یہ نہ صرف ہمیں توانائی بلکہ ہماری جسمانی نشوونما میں بھی مددگار ثابت ہوتی ہیں۔



دوسرا اصول ورزش اور جسمانی سرگرمی ہے۔ روزانہ کم از کم 30 منٹ کی ورزش نہ صرف ہمارے جسم کو مضبوط بناتی ہے۔

تیسرا اصول ذہنی سکون اور جذباتی توازن ہے۔ ہمیں اپنی صحت کا خیال رکھنا چاہیے۔ زندگی میں مثبت سوچنا چاہیے اور ہمیشہ خوش رہنا چاہیے۔

نیند بھی صحت مند زندگی کے لیے بہت ضروری ہے۔ روزانہ 7 سے 8 گھنٹے کی پرسکون نیند چاہیے تاکہ ہم صحت مند اور توانا رہ سکیں۔

المختصر صحت مند زندگی کے لیے متوازن غذا، جسمانی سرگرمی، ذہنی سکون بہت ضروری ہے۔

ماہین قریشی - ہفتم اے

☆☆☆

میں دوستوں کے ساتھ پہاڑ سر کرنے گیا۔۔۔۔

ہمارا آخری امتحان تھا، جس کے بعد ہماری سردیوں کی چھٹیوں کا آغاز ہونے کو تھا تو ہم سب کی خوشی کی انتہا نہیں تھی۔ کیونکہ ہمارا ایک مہینہ سکون سے گزرنے والا تھا کیونکہ نہ ہی صبح اٹھ کر تیار ہونا اور اسکول جانا تھا اور نہ ہی کوئی ہوم ورک تھا۔۔۔

ہم دوستوں نے کہا کہ گھومنے چلیں تو سب ہی سوچنے لگے کہ کہاں جایا جائے۔ میرے دماغ میں آیا کہ کیوں نہ اس بار کچھ الگ ہی کریں کیوں نہ پہاڑوں کی سر کے لیے چلیں تو میں نے سب دوستوں کو فون کیا اور وہ مان گئے۔ ہم رات کو لاہور سے نکلے اور سب اسلام آباد سے ہوتے ہوئے



ناران کاغان پہنچے وہاں جا کر ناشتہ کیا وادی کاغان انتہائی حسین وادی ہے۔ اس کے حسن میں وہ کمال کشش ہے کہ آپ ایک دفعہ یہاں کا چکر لگالیں تو یہ آپ کو بار بار بلاتا ہے۔ میں کئی دفعہ یہاں آیا ہوں۔ وقت کے ساتھ ساتھ راستہ بہتر سے بہترین ہوتا گیا۔ اور پھر ہم ہنزہ کے لیے نکل پڑے ہم وہاں رات کے دو بجے پہنچے تو ہم نے ہوٹل میں رکننا مناسب سمجھا تھا۔ ہم ایک ایسا کام کرنے جا رہے ہیں جو کوئی نہیں سوچ سکتا۔

اس مہم میں کئی اور بھی لوگ شامل تھے، جو اس وقت ریاست ہنزہ کے حکمران کے حکم پر شامل ہوئے تھے۔ اور جب شام کو واپس بلندی پر موجود طے شدہ مقام پر پہنچے تو وہاں انہیں اطالوی کوہ پیماؤں کا کوئی پڑاؤ نظر آیا۔ مگر وہ آگے نہ جاسکا۔ اس وقت تک رات ہو چکی تھی اور منفی 50 درجہ حرارت میں برف کی سل پر بغیر کسی خیمے کے رات گزارنے پر مجبور ہوئے۔ اگلی صبح سورج کی پہلی کرن نکلتے ہی آکسیجن سلنڈروں کو اٹھا کر ان کی مدد سے چند گھنٹوں میں '2' کی چوٹی پر قدم جما کر پاکستان کے لیے یہ اعزاز حاصل کر کے ہیر و قرا پائے۔

فیروز اکبر۔ ہفتم اے



میرے اسکول کا کیفے ٹیریا

میرے اسکول کا نام پرلرنگ الائنس ہے۔ وہ کنال پر واقع ہے۔ میرا اسکول کا نام لاہور کے بہترین اسکولوں میں شمار ہوتا ہے۔ میرے اسکول کی پڑھائی بہت اچھی ہے جو ایک انسان کو اس کی زندگی میں کامیاب کرنے میں 100 فیصد کام آتی ہے۔ ادھر پڑھائی کے ساتھ ساتھ ہر بچے کو تمیز سکھانے کا بھی خاص خیال رکھا جاتا ہے اور یہاں آپ کو تمیز کے ساتھ ہماری صحت کا بھی خاص خیال رکھا جاتا ہے۔ اسکول کیفے ٹیریا ایک بہت بہت ہی عمدہ جگہ ہے جہاں پر ہر طرح کا کھانا ملتا



ہے جہاں چائے اور کھانے پینے کا سامان کافی سستے میں مل جاتا ہے۔ اس کینٹین میں صفائی کا خاص خیال رکھا جاتا ہے۔ پرنسپل صاحبہ ہر دوسرے تیسرے روز کینٹین کا معائنہ کرتی ہیں۔

فیروز اکبر۔ ہفتم اے



آدم کا تذکرہ

حضرت آدم انسانوں کے پہلے نبی اور اللہ کے چنے ہوئے بندے تھے۔ اللہ نے آدم کو مٹی سے بنایا اور ان میں اپنی روح پھونکی۔ آدم کی تخلیق کے بعد اللہ نے تمام فرشتوں کو حکم دیا کہ آدم کو سجدہ کریں۔ سب نے حکم کی تعمیل کی مگر آگ سے بنے ابلیس نے غرور اور تکبر میں آ کر سجدہ کرنے سے انکار کر دیا اور اپنی اس نافرمانی کی وجہ سے اللہ کی رحمت سے ہمیشہ کے لئے محروم ہو گیا۔

حضرت آدم اور اماں حوا کو جنت میں ایک درخت کے قریب جانے اور اس کا پھل کھانے سے منع کیا گیا لیکن ابلیس کے بہکانے پر انہوں نے اس درخت کا پھل کھا لیا۔ اس خطا کی وجہ سے اللہ نے ان سب کو زمین پر بھیج دیا۔ حضرت آدم نے رو کر اور گڑ گڑا کر اللہ سے اپنی اس غلطی کی بہت معافی مانگی اس پر اللہ نے ان کی توبہ قبول کر لی مگر ایک خاص مدت تک اولاد آدم کو اسی زمین میں رہنا مقدر کر دیا گیا۔

اس کہانی سے ہمیں یہ سبق ملتا ہے کہ اپنی غلطی کے بعد سچی توبہ کرنا اور اس پر نادم ہونا بہت ضروری ہے۔

سکینہ مرتضیٰ - ہفتم بی



الہ دین کا چراغ

الہ دین ایک غریب نوجوان تھا جو اپنے والد کے انتقال کے بعد اپنی ماں کے ساتھ بصرہ شہر میں رہتا تھا۔ ان کو غربت کی وجہ سے بہت سی مشکلات کا سامنا تھا۔ ایک دن بازار میں اسے ایک آدمی ملا جس نے اسے بتایا کہ وہ اس کے مرحوم والد کا دوست ہے۔ اس نے الہ دین کو پیسے دیئے۔



اگلے دن پھر وہی آدمی ملا اور الہ دین کو کہا کہ تمہیں میرا ایک کام کرنا ہوگا۔ وہ شخص اصل میں ایک جادوگر تھا جو الہ دین کو ایک غارتک لے گیا اور اندر جا کر ایک چراغ لانے کو کہا۔ اس کی بات مان کر الہ دین اندر گیا تو اسے دولت کا بے شمار ڈھیر نظر آیا۔ وہاں ایک اڑن قالین بھی تھا جو ایک پتھر کے نیچے دبا تھا۔ الہ دین نے اسے آزاد کروا دیا۔ پھر چراغ لے کر وہ باہر آیا تو جادوگر نے چراغ مانگا۔ الہ دین نے کہا پہلے مجھے باہر نکالو مگر وہ چراغ مانگتا رہا یہ دیکھ کر الہ دین کو معلوم ہو گیا کہ وہ دھوکا دے رہا ہے اور صرف چراغ حاصل کرنا چاہتا ہے۔

جادوگر نے غصے میں آ کر اسے غار میں ہی بند کر دیا۔ الہ دین مایوس ہو کر بیٹھ گیا۔ اس نے قمیص کے دامن سے رگڑ کر چراغ کو صاف کیا تو اس میں سے ایک جن نکل آیا جو اس کے ہر حکم کی تعمیل کرتا تھا۔

اس کی مدد سے الہ دین باہر نکلا، دولت حاصل کی اور اپنی زندگی شاندار انداز میں گزارنے لگا۔ اس نے ایک خوبصورت شہزادی سے شادی کی۔ جادوگر واپس آیا تو مارا گیا۔ اس کے بعد الہ دین نے چراغ کے جن کو بھی آزاد کر دیا۔

شاہ میر سعد - ہفتم بی

برف باری کا مزہ

اس دسمبر میں اپنے کچھ دوستوں کے ساتھ مری گیا تاکہ ہم برف باری دیکھ سکیں۔ بہت عرصے سے یہ ارادہ نامکمل تھا جو آخر پورا ہو گیا۔ ہم سب دوست ایک ہی گاڑی میں تھے۔ باتیں کرتے رستہ کٹا۔ وہاں جا کر آنکھوں پہ یقین نہیں آ رہا تھا کیونکہ میں نے اپنی زندگی میں پہلی بار برف باری دیکھی تھی، یوں لگ رہا تھا کہ آسمان سے روئی گر رہی ہے۔ میں نے سنا تو تھا پر اس علاقے کی آب و ہوا کا لطف ہی کچھ اور تھا۔



ہم ہوٹل گئے تو وہاں کمرے کی کھڑکی سے دور تک پہاڑ نظر آتے تھے۔ ہم نے برف میں کھیلا۔ پھر مزے دار کھانا کھایا۔

اگلے دن ہم پہاڑوں پہ گئے وہاں ایک غارتھی جو برف سے بھری تھی۔ ہم اندر گئے۔ میں سوچوں میں کھو گیا کیونکہ میں نے زندگی میں پہلی دفعہ اللہ تعالیٰ کی یہ قدرت دیکھی تھی وہاں چیل بھی اڑ رہی تھیں۔ رات صاف تھی اور ہم نے بہت ستارے دیکھے۔ اگلا دن وہاں آخری دن تھا۔ ہم پورا دن ہانکنگ کرتے رہے اور بہت خوشی سے وقت گزارا تھا۔ وہ زندگی کے یادگار دن تھے۔

مہدثا من۔ ہفت م بی



چالاک چڑیا

ایک چڑیا تھی۔ اس کا نام چیچی تھا۔ ایک دن کی بات ہے کہ چیچی چڑیا دانے چگ کر کھا رہی تھی جب وہ گائے کے پاس پہنچی تو اچانک اس نے گوبر کر دیا۔ وہ چڑیا اس گوبر میں دب گئی اور اڑ نہ سکی۔ اتنے میں دوسری طرف سے ایک کتا آیا۔ چڑیا نے اس سے کہا "بھائی کتے مجھے یہاں سے نکالو" کتے نے کہا کہ "اگر میں تمہیں نکالوں گا تو تمہیں کھا جاؤں گا"۔ چڑیا نے سن کر کہا "ہاں ہاں کھا لینا" کتے نے چڑیا کو نکالا تو وہ بولی "کہ اب مجھے دھو تو لو"۔ کتا چڑیا کو نل پہ لے گیا اور چڑیا کو دھو کر کھانے لگا تو وہ بولی "مجھے اب سکھا تو لو، پھر مزے سے کھانا"۔



یہ سن کر کتا چڑیا کو دھوپ میں لے گیا۔ جب وہ سوکھ گئی تو پھر سے اڑ گئی اور کتا اس چالاک کی یہ اس کو دیکھتا رہ گیا۔

صوفیہ شعیب۔ ہفت م بی



عقل مند خرگوش

کسی جنگل میں ایک ظالم شیر تھا جو ہر دن ایک جانور کو مار کر کھا جاتا تھا۔ جنگل کے تمام جانور اس کی دہشت سے بہت پریشان تھے۔ ایک دن تمام جانوروں نے فیصلہ کیا کہ وہ شیر کے ساتھ ایک معاہدہ کریں گے کہ اگر وہ ان کو مارنے نہ آئے تو وہ ایک جانور کو خود اس کے پاس بھیجا کریں گے۔ یہ سن کر شیر خوش ہو گیا کہ اس کو اب اتنی محنت نہیں کرنی پڑے گی اور شکار خود پہنچ جائے گا۔ اندھا کیا چاہے دو آنکھیں، وہ مان گیا اور ہر روز ایک جانور اس کے پاس بھیجا جانے لگا۔

ایک دن خرگوش کی باری آئی لیکن اس نے اپنی زندگی بچانے اور چالاکی سے شیر کو شکست دینے کا فیصلہ کیا، وہ شیر کے غار کے باہر چھپا رہا اور کافی دیر سے شیر کے پاس پہنچا۔ شیر غصے سے ٹہل رہا تھا اسے دیکھتے ہی دھاڑا اور اس کے دیر سے آنے پر ناراض ہونے لگا۔

خرگوش کہنے لگا کہ "عالی جاہ۔ میں تو جلدی ہی نکلا تھا مگر راستے میں ایک اور شیر سے ملاقات ہو گئی جو خود کو آپ سے زیادہ طاقتور اور جنگل کا بادشاہ کہہ رہا تھا۔ اس نے مجھے روکا اور کہا کہ وہ آپ کو شکست دے سکتا ہے" یہ سن کر شیر غصے سے بھر گیا اور کہا "کہ ذرا مجھے اس کا ٹھکانہ دکھاؤ"



خرگوش شیر کو ایک گہرے کنویں کے پاس لے گیا اور کہا "یہی اس کا ٹھکانہ ہے" شیر نے کنویں میں جھانکا تو اس میں اپنا ہی عکس پایا، دوسرا شیر سمجھ کر اس نے چھلانگ لگا دی اور ڈوب کر مر گیا۔ اس طرح عقل مند خرگوش نے سب کو شیر کے ظلم اور خوف سے نجات دلادی۔
محمد موسیٰ - ہفتقم بی

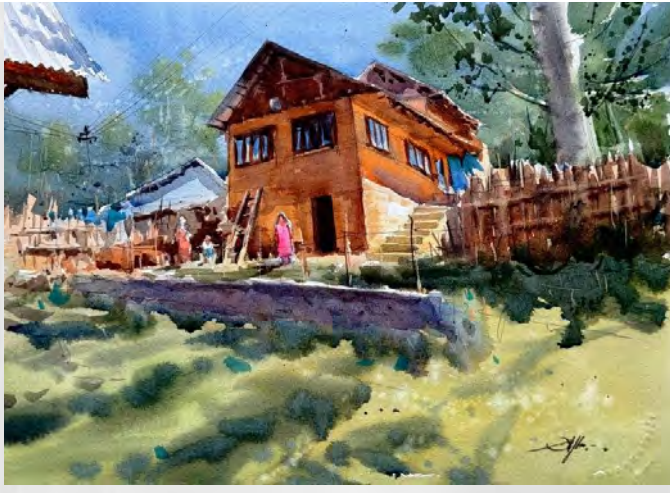


چترال کی کہانی

لوک کہانی اپنے علاقے سے متعلق ہوتی ہے جو نسل در نسل وہاں کے بچوں کو سنائی جاتی ہے۔

یہ چترال کی لوک کہانی ہے، وہاں کا موسم حسین اور لوگ محنتی ہوتے ہیں۔ ان پہاڑوں کے رہنے والے اپنے بچوں کو دانیال عرف بیگال بیگ کی کہانی سنانا نہیں بھولتے جو وہاں ایک ہیرو کے طور پر مشہور تھا۔ وہاں کے لوگوں میں پولو کا کھیل بہت مقبول ہے۔ دانیال کی وجہ سے اس کی ٹیم ہر سال پولو کا مقابلہ جیت جاتی اور وہاں کا بادشاہ مہتر سلطان شکست کھا جاتا۔ کئی سال کی مسلسل ہار کی وجہ سے اسکے دل میں دانیال کے لئے نفرت پیدا ہو چکی تھی۔ لوگ دانیال کے نام کے نعرے لگاتے اور اس کو بہت پسند کرتے تھے۔ ایک سال پولو میچ ہارنے کے بعد مہتر کو اس کی بیوی نے طعنہ دیا کہ اصل ہیرو تو دانیال ہے جو ہمیشہ مقابلہ جیت جاتا ہے اور تم شکست کھا جاتے ہو۔ یہ سن کر مہتر نے دانیال کو مروانے کا منصوبہ بنایا۔

مہتر نے پولو کے میدان میں خندق کھدوائی اور اوپر گھاس پھونس ڈلوادی لیکن ہر بار مہتر کا گھوڑا خندق کو پھلانگ کر پار کر جاتا تھا۔ یہ دیکھ کر مہتر



نے رات کو اپنے سپاہی بھجوا کر اسے قتل کروادیا۔ صبح مہتر کی بیوی اسے بلانے آئی تو اسے خون میں لت پت دیکھ کر بے ہوش ہو گئی۔ مہتر کی ماں نے اس حال میں خود مقابلے میں حصہ لینے کا فیصلہ کیا۔

میدان میں بیٹھا مہتر بہت خوش تھا کہ سب نے سفید گھڑ سوار کو آتے دیکھا۔ سب دانیال کے نام کے نعرے لگانے لگے۔ مہتر حیران تھا۔ گھڑ سوار نے پولو مقابلہ جیت لیا اور مہتر کے سامنے

آ کر جب نقاب اتارا تو دانیال کی ماں کو دیکھ کر سب حیران رہ گئے۔ وہ بوڑھی عورت دکھ بھرے الفاظ میں اپنا غم بیان کرنے لگی کہ اگر پہاڑ چل سکتے تو وہ مہتر کو روند ڈالتے، اگر گھوڑے بول سکتے تو مہتر کو زمین کی گہرائیوں میں دفن کر دیتے۔ ماں کہہ رہی تھی اے سنگ دل بادشاہ! میرے بیٹے نے تیرا کیا نقصان کیا تھا کہ تو نے اسے مروادیا، اس گیند کو تو میرے جیسی بوڑھی عورت بھی ٹھوکر مار سکتی ہے۔ اس کے لئے اسے مروانے کی کیا ضرورت تھی۔ میرا اللہ تجھ سے بدلہ لے گا۔ کچھ عرصے بعد مہتر گھوڑے سے گر کے مر گیا۔ وہاں کے لوگ آج بھی بیگال بیگ کو یاد کرتے ہیں۔

عبداللہ رضوان - ہفتقم بی



رحم دل سنہری مچھلی

دریائے نیل کے کنارے ایک پیاری سی لڑکی زار و قطار رو رہی تھی، اسی دریا کی تہہ میں بیٹھی سنہری مچھلی اس کی بے بسی دیکھ رہی تھی۔ اصل میں وہ لڑکی یتیم تھی اور اس کی سوتیلی ماں اس پر بہت ظلم و ستم کرتی تھی۔ وہ لڑکی سارا دن گھر کے سارے کام کرتی تھی پھر بھی اس کی سوتیلی ماں اس سے خوش نہیں ہوتی تھی۔

کبھی شام کو وہ دریا کے کنارے بیٹھ کر روتی تو سنہری مچھلی اس کے آنسو کٹھے کرتی رہتی اور وہ چمک دار سفید موتی بن جاتے تھے۔ اس طرح ایک مالا بن گئی۔ ایک روز جب لڑکی بہت ادا تھی تو سنہری مچھلی پانی سے باہر آئی۔ لڑکی اسے دیکھ کر ڈر گئی اور بھاگنے لگی تو مچھلی بولی "رکو پیاری لڑکی! میں تمہاری دوست ہوں اور میں تمہاری مدد کروں گی۔ اس نے وہ سارے موتی لڑکی کو دے دیئے اور اسے کہا کہ کشتی میں بیٹھ کر دریا کے پار چلی جائے۔

لڑکی نے ایسا ہی کیا اور وہاں جا کر اس نے موتی بیچ کر ایک چھوٹا سا گھر بنایا اور ریشم سے کپڑوں پہ کڑھائی کرتی لڑکی سوتیلی ماں کے ظلم سے دور ہنسی خوشی



رہنے لگی۔ سنہری مچھلی وہاں بھی اس سے ملنے آتی اور اس کو خوش دیکھ کر خوش ہو جاتی۔

ایمان اسد۔ ہفتقم بی

سکول کا کیفی ٹیریا

میں لاہور کے ایک اچھے سکول میں پڑھتا ہوں اور میرے سکول میں ایک کیفی ٹیریا بھی موجود ہے۔ یہاں بریانی، حلیم، پزا، شوارما، نکلٹس، چکن رول، سمو سے، فرائز، کارن، آئس کریم، چائے اور جوس وغیرہ ملتے ہیں۔

کئی بار مجھے کچھ چیزوں کا ذائقہ اچھا نہیں لگتا۔ مجھے شوارما پسند نہیں ہے اس لئے میں وہ نہیں کھاتا لیکن یہاں کی بریانی اور پزا بہت اچھا ہوتا ہے۔ میں ہفتے میں دو دن بریانی کھاتا ہوں۔ فرائز کبھی گرم ہوتے ہیں کبھی نہیں۔ کیفی ٹیریا میں تبدیلی لانے کی بہت ضرورت ہے، چیزوں کی کوالٹی اور ورائٹی کو اور بہتر بنایا جاسکتا ہے۔

یہاں کئی مرتبہ بریک میں لائن بہت لمبی ہو جاتی ہے اور کھانے کے انتظار میں کافی وقت ضائع ہوتا ہے، اس لئے دوکانٹر اور ہونے چاہئیں تاکہ کم وقت میں سب خریداری کر سکیں۔

یہاں بیٹھنے کی جگہ تھوڑی کم ہے یہ اور زیادہ ہونی چاہیے تاکہ ہم سرد موسم میں اندر بیٹھ کر گرم چیزوں سے لطف اندوز ہو سکیں اور گپ شپ لگاتے ہوئے وقفے کا مزہ لیں۔

محمد سہیل۔ ہفت مہی



غور کا سر نیچا ہے

ایک وقت تھا کہ لوگ سواری کے لئے جانوروں کا استعمال کرتے تھے۔ کسی شہر سے دو لوگ لاہور کے لئے روانہ ہوئے۔ ان میں سے ایک گھوڑے پر سوار تھا اور دوسرا گدھے پر تھا۔ گدھے کے سوار نے کہا کہ "اگر ہم ساتھ سفر کریں تو سفر خوشگوار گزر جائے گا"۔ گھڑ سوار نے کہا "تمہاری بات تو ٹھیک ہے لیکن میرا اور تمہارا ساتھ ممکن نہیں، میں جو سفر ایک پہر میں طے کروں گا، تم وہ دن بھر میں مشکل سے کاٹو گے"۔

اس پر گدھا سوار نے کہا کہ "منزل پہ پہنچنے میں ایک دو گھنٹے کا فرق پڑے گا مگر ایک ساتھ ہمارا سفر اچھا کٹ جائے گا"۔

اس پر مغرور گھڑ سوار نے کہا "اگر ایسا ہوا تو میرا گھوڑا تم لے لینا اور تمہارا گدھا میں رکھ لوں گا" اس فیصلے کو گدھا سوار نے خوشی سے قبول کر لیا۔

دونوں ایک ساتھ چلے مگر گدھے اور گھوڑے کا کیا مقابلہ ہو سکتا ہے۔ سوار نے گھوڑے کو ایڑ لگائی اور منٹوں میں دور نکل گیا۔

بہت آگے جا کر اسے دور تک گدھا سوار نظر نہ آیا تب وہ ایک پانی کے تالاب کے پاس آرام کی خاطر اتر گیا۔ کھانا کھا کر وہ درخت کے نیچے آرام کی غرض سے لیٹ گیا۔ اس نے سوچا کہ گدھے نے تو ابھی چوتھا حصہ بھی پار نہیں کیا ہوگا۔ اس لئے کچھ دیر نیند پوری کر لوں۔



اس کی آنکھ کھلی تو شام ہو چکی تھی۔ وہ گھوڑے پہ سوار ہوا اور تیزی سے منزل پہ پہنچا تو گدھا سوار وہاں پہلے سے موجود آرام کر رہا تھا۔ یہ دیکھ کر وہ شرمندہ ہو گیا۔ اس طرح گدھا سوار گھوڑے کا مالک بن گیا اور گھوڑا سوار گدھے کا۔

فہد بن فاروق۔ ہفتم بی

☆☆☆

غریب لکڑہارا

کسی جنگل کے پاس چھوٹے سے قصبے میں ایک غریب لکڑہارا رہتا تھا۔ وہ جنگل سے لکڑیاں کاٹ کر فروخت کرتا اور اپنے بچوں کا پیٹ پالتا تھا۔ ایک دن وہ ندی کے کنارے درخت پہ چڑھا خشک ٹہنی کاٹ رہا تھا کہ اس کا کلبھاڑا پانی میں گر گیا۔ اس نے نیچے اتر کر ندی میں اسے تلاش کرنے کی کوشش کی لیکن اس کو کلبھاڑا نہ ملا۔



وہ مایوس ہو کر کنارے پر بیٹھ گیا اور اس کی آنکھوں میں غم اور مایوسی سے آنسو آگئے۔ اچانک ایک بڑی مچھلی باہر نکلی اور اس کے رونے کی وجہ پوچھی۔ لکڑہارے کی کہانی سن کر وہ پانی کے اندر گئی اور ایک چاندی کا کلبھاڑا لے کر آئی، لکڑہارے نے کہا یہ میرا نہیں ہے۔ وہ پھر پانی میں گئی

اور اب کی بار سونے کا کلبھاڑا لے کر آئی۔ لکڑہارے نے پھر کہا کہ یہ میرا نہیں ہے۔ بہت دیر گزر گئی، اسے لگا کہ اب وہ واپس ہی نہیں آئے گی۔ آخر وہ آئی اور اس بار اس کے پاس لکڑہارے کا کلبھاڑا تھا۔ یہ دیکھ کر وہ خوش ہو گیا۔ اور اپنا کلبھاڑا لے کر جانے لگا۔ تب مچھلی نے اس کو سچائی کے انعام کے طور پہ چاندی اور سونے کے کلبھاڑے بھی دے دیئے۔

طاہر احمد۔ ہفتم بی

☆☆☆

میری شرارت

اپنے فارغ وقت کو گزارنے کے لئے کسی مفید عادت کو اپنانا مشغلہ کہلاتا ہے۔ خالی دماغ شیطان کا گھر ہوتا ہے۔ میرا پسندیدہ مشغلہ فٹ بال اور بیڈمنٹن کھیلنا ہے۔ گھر کے اندر میں ویڈیو کیمرہ کھیلتا اور تصویریں بناتا ہوں۔

ایک دن میں تصویر بنا رہا تھا کہ میرے بھائی نے آکر اس پر رنگ گرا دیا۔ مجھے اس پر بہت غصہ آیا لیکن میں اس کو کچھ نہیں کہہ سکتا تھا ورنہ وہ میری جھوٹی شکایت لگا دیتا ہے۔ پھر موقع پا کر میں نے اس کا فون چھپا دیا تاکہ میرا بدلہ پورا ہو جائے۔ وہ پورا دن اپنا فون ڈھونڈتا رہا اور میں سکون سے اپنی اگلی تصویر میں رنگ بھرتا رہا۔ رات کو میں نے چپکے سے اس کا فون اس کے دراز میں رکھ دیا۔ اس کو آج تک پتا نہیں چلا کہ وہ میں نے چھپایا تھا۔

فہد بن فاروق۔ ہفتم بی

نئی کہانی

ایک چھوٹے سے گاؤں میں ایک لڑکی رہتی تھی جس کا نام سارہ تھا اس کو قدرتی مناظر بہت پسند تھے۔ وہ ہر روز اپنے گاؤں کے قریب جنگل میں جاتی اور وہاں کے خوبصورت پرندوں کی آوازیں سنتی، ہری گھاس پہ سکون سے چلتی، رنگین تیلیوں کے پیچھے بھاگتی، ننھے خرگوشوں سے باتیں کرتی، ملائم پھولوں کو پیار کرتی، پانی کے چشموں سے اوک بھر کر پیتی، پہاڑوں پہ چڑھتی، آسمان کو دیکھتی اور خوش ہوتی رہتی تھی۔



ایک دن جب وہ جنگل میں گھوم رہی تھی اس نے ایک عجیب سی چمکدار بھوری چیز دیکھی۔ جب وہ قریب گئی تو معلوم ہوا کہ یہ ایک بہت قدیم

چھوٹا سا صندوق ہے۔ سارہ نے وہ صندوق کھولا تو اندر ایک قدیم و ضخیم کتاب ملی۔ کتاب کے صفحات پر وہ کہانیاں موجود تھیں جو کبھی سنائی نہیں گئیں۔ وہ جیسے جیسے ان کہانیوں کو پڑھتی گئی ان کے حیرت زدہ کردینے والیان دیکھے سحر میں مبتلا ہوتی چلی گئی۔

ان کو پڑھنے کے بعد سارہ نے فیصلہ کیا کہ وہ ان کہانیوں کو اپنے گاؤں کے بچوں کو سنائے گی۔ اس نے صندوق کو کندھے پہ رکھا اور گاؤں لے گئی۔ وہ روزانہ کتاب کے صفحات سے کہانی پڑھ کر اپنے دوستوں کو سناتی۔ سب بچوں نے ان کہانیوں کو بہت پسند کیا، وہ ہر شام اس کے گرد جمع ہو جاتے اور شوق سے کہانی سنتے۔ اس کی حکایات پہ عمل کرتے، گاؤں کا ماحول خوشیوں سے بھر گیا۔ اس طرح سارہ نے ایک نئی دنیا تخلیق کی جہاں دوستی اور کہانیاں ہمیشہ زندہ رہیں گی۔

اشٹلفہ شہزاد - ہفتم بی



بجو کا انجام (Scarecrow)

میکسیکو کے شہر میں ایک محنتی اور ایماندار کسان رہتا تھا اور اس کا نام ٹام تھا۔ وہ اپنے بچوں کا پیٹ پالنے کے لیے کھیتی باڑی کرتا تھا۔ وہ امیر نہیں تھا پھر بھی اپنی زندگی سے بہت خوش تھا ایک دن وہ گاؤں اپنے دوستوں سے ملنے گیا جو ایک بڑھی تھانج کا وقت تھا اور سورج بادلوں کے ساتھ آنکھ مچولی کھیل رہا تھا بڑھی ایک بہت ہی حسین اور رنگ برنگ کے ساتھ ساتھ بچوں کی لکڑی سے بنا تھا اور لال نیلے رنگ کا تھا اس کی بڑی سی آنکھیں تھیں اور سر پر گھاس تھی ٹام کے بچوں کا بہت پسند آیا وہ کافی دن سے اپنے کھیتوں کے لیے لینا چاہ رہا تھا بڑھی نے کم پیسوں میں یہی ٹام کو بیچ دیا ٹام نے بجو کو کھیت کے درمیان میں کھڑا کر دیا۔ وہاں تیز دھوپ پڑتی تھی اور اسے بہت غصہ آیا سارا دن پسینہ آتا



تھا اور گرمی لگتی تھی یہ کوئی عام بچہ نہیں تھا۔ اس میں بہت سی انسانی خوبیاں تھی۔

اس نے ٹام کو سبق سکھانے کا فیصلہ کیا۔ اگلی رات جب سب سو گئے تو اس نے مرغیوں کا ڈربہ کھول دیا اور خود واپس جا کر کھڑا ہو گیا ٹام جب صبح اٹھا تو سارا کھیت تباہ اور مرغیاں غائب اس کا بہت نقصان ہوا اس نے پھر سے فصل کاشت کی کچھ دن بعد بہت غصے میں بچوں نے رات کو کھیتوں کا پانی کھول دیا سارا کھیت دریا بن گیا کسان بہت دکھی ہو گیا اور بچوں خوش ہو گیا کسان بہت دکھی ہوا ٹام کی بیوی نے اسے مشورہ دیا کہ اگلی بار وہ خود کھیتوں کی نگرانی کرے ٹام نے ایسا ہی کیا وہ رات کو چھپ کر بیٹھا تھا جب بچوں کا اپنی جگہ سے ہلا اور لکڑی کو آگ لگا کر کھیتوں کو آگ لگا دی ٹام کو اپنی آنکھوں پر یقین نہ آیا اس نے ڈر کے مارے بچوں کو کچھ نہ کہا اور پانی کھول دیا اور آگ بجھا دی جس سے اس کے کھیت بچ گئے اگلی صبح ٹام نے پہلا کام یہ کیا کہ بچوں کو اپنے کھیتوں سے دور دریا پر لے گیا اور اسے توڑ کر دریا میں بہا دیا تاکہ کسی کو نقصان نہ ہو سنا ہے آج بھی لوگ میکسیکو میں بچوں کا سے ڈرتے ہیں۔

میرکا ٹیل طوسی - ششم اے

☆☆☆

اسکول کی گھڑی



اسکول کی گھڑی ہے
اس کو خبر نہیں ہے
ٹک ٹک لگا رکھی ہے
اسکول کی گھڑی ہے
اتنا جسے نہ آئے
کسی کام کی گھڑی وہ
دیوار میں گڑی ہے
اس کا یہ گھر نہیں ہے
ہر وقت بولتی ہے
دیوار میں گڑی ہے
دس دیر میں بجائے
کتنی ہی ہو بڑی وہ
اسکول کی گھڑی ہے

علیشا طحہ - ششم اے

☆☆☆

سموگ اور اس کے بچاؤ

سموگ ایک ایسا دھواں ہے جو ہوا کو آلودہ اور زندگی کو خطرناک بنا دیتا ہے۔ یہ براہ راست ہماری صحت ہے ماحولیات اور زندگی کے لئے نقصان کا سبب ہے۔ آج کے دور میں شہروں میں سموگ کا بڑا مسئلہ درپیش ہے، جو ہمیں اس کے اثرات مجبور سے بچانے کے لیے سوچنے اور کچھ قدم اٹھانے پر مجبور کرتا ہے۔ سموگ کیا ہے؟ سموگ اصل میں "اسموگ" "فوگ" کا مختصر لفظ ہے۔ یہ مختلف کیمیکل گیسوں، دھوئیں اور دھند کا مجموعہ ہے جو ہوا میں ایک زہریلا رنگ اور گندگی پھیلا دیتا ہے۔



صبح سویرے تو حدنگاہ تک فضا آلودہ ذرات سے معلق نظر آتی ہے۔ ہوا میں مضر صحت گیس نائٹریٹ، کاربن ڈائی آکسائیڈ، کاربن مونو آکسائیڈ اور بیماریاں پھیلانے والے جراثیم ہوتے ہیں۔

اسموگ اور سردی میں مندرجہ ذیل احتیاطی تدابیر اختیار کر کے اس کے خطرات اور بد اثرات سے بچا جاسکتا ہے۔

☆ اسموگ کے دوران ڈرائیونگ سے پرہیز کیا جائے۔

☆ گاڑیوں میں اسپیشل اسموگ لائینس کا لگانا ضروری ہے۔

☆ اسموگ کے دنوں میں منہ اور ناک پر ماسک کا استعمال کریں۔

☆ صبح سویرے گرم پانی میں ایک چمچ شہد ڈال کر پیئیں۔

☆ جب بھی باہر سے آئیں تو آنکھوں اور چہروں کو ٹھنڈے پانی سے دھوئیں۔

☆ صبح شام لیمن گراس قہوہ استعمال کریں۔

☆ سردیوں میں اسموگ کے اثرات کم کرنے کے لیے ڈرائی فروٹ استعمال کریں۔

☆ حکومت نومبر اور دسمبر کے مہینے میں فیکٹریوں کو پابند کرے۔

☆ زیادہ درخت لگانے سے فضا میں آلودگی کم ہوگی اور اسموگ میں بھی کمی ہوگی۔

☆ عوام الناس کو الیکٹرانک میڈیا کے ذریعے آگاہ کیا جائے۔

سیکھی مبین - ششم بی

☆☆☆

عیدالضحیٰ کیسی گزری!

عیدالضحیٰ بھی عیدالفطر ہی کی طرح ایک مقدس دن ہے جو ہر سال دنیا بھر میں قربانی کر کے منایا جاتا ہے۔ عیدالضحیٰ کو بقرہ عید کے نام سے بھی جانا جاتا ہے اور یہ اسلام کا دوسرا اہم تہوار ہے۔

عیدالضحیٰ کو بڑی عید بھی کہتے ہیں۔ اس عید پر ہم اللہ کی نام پر قربانی دی جاتی ہے۔ میں بھی ہر سال کی طرح اس سال گھر والوں کے ساتھ گاؤں گیا۔ وہاں سے اپنے رشتے داروں کے ساتھ قربانی کے جانور خریدنے منڈی گیا۔

میرے بابا نے دوسرے جانوروں کے ساتھ میرے لیے ایک بکرا خریدا۔ اُس کا رنگ سفید تھا۔ اور اس کے کان کالے تھے میں نے اُس کا نام



"کالو" رکھا اور اُس خوب کھلانا شروع کر دیا۔ عید کے دن میں جلدی اُٹھ گیا اور نہادھو کر نئے کپڑے پہنے۔ پھر میں سب کے ساتھ عید کی نماز پڑھنے عید گاہ گیا۔ جب ہم واپس گھر آئے تو قصائی گھر پہنچ چکا تھا۔ مجھے اپنے بکرے کو دیکھ کر افسوس ہو رہا تھا کہ کچھ دیر میں یہ فریج میں چلا جائے گا۔

کچھ دیر بعد میرے بکرے کی باری آگئی۔ اور میں نے بہت دُکھ کے ساتھ اُسے ذبح کرنے کی اجازت دے دی۔ اس کے بعد میں نے خود بکرے کا گوشت رشتے داروں اور غریبوں میں تقسیم کیا اور پھر میری امی نے اس کا گوشت مجھے بھی پکا کر کھلا دیا۔ ہم سب نے اللہ کا شکر ادا کیا۔
ابراہیم رانا۔ ششم بی



مشکل میں محلے داروں کی مدد اور دیکھ بھال کرنے کے فوائد

مشکل میں محلے داروں کی مدد کرنی چاہیے۔ محلے داروں کے خیال رکھنے اور اُن کی دیکھ بھال کرنے سے اللہ خوش ہوتا ہے۔ بندوں کی مدد کرنے سے اللہ تعالیٰ کی خوشنودی حاصل ہوتی ہے۔ یہ ہی نہیں لیکن جب ہم اپنے محلے دار کی مدد کرتے ہیں تو اگر بعد میں ہمیں مدد کی ضرورت پڑے تو



وہ ہماری مدد بھی کر سکتے ہیں۔ اس کے اور بھی فوائد ہیں۔ جیسے کہ وہ ہے ہمارے اچھے دوست بھی بن سکتے ہیں۔ اللہ تعالیٰ کہتے ہیں کہ جہاں حقوق العباد ضروری ہیں وہاں اخلاقیات بھی ضروری ہے۔ اپنے محلے داروں کی عزت کی حفاظت کرنی چاہیے، ان کو عید، تہوار پر تحائف دینے چاہیے۔ اُن کی ضروریات کا خیال رکھنا چاہیے۔

کبھی کبھی جب ہم کسی کی مدد کرتے ہیں تو ہم کوئی چھوٹی چیز بھی

کریں تو اگلے بندے کی پوری زندگی بدل سکتی ہے۔ جب ہم کسی کا مدد کریں تو نہ صرف ہمیں بھی اچھا لگتا ہے بلکہ اس کا اجر ہمیں ملتا ہے۔

اس لیے ہمیں چاہیے کہ سب کی مدد کریں۔ ہمیں ہمسایوں کے حقوق کو جان کر ان پر عمل کرنے کی توفیق عطا فرمائے اور ہمارے پڑوسی کو ہم سے راضی کر دے اور ہم سب کی دین و دنیا بہتر فرمادے۔ آمین

منساء کمال۔ ششم بی



آلودگی کے نقصانات

آلودگی ہمارے ماحول کو خراب کر رہی ہے۔ آلودگی سے سانس لینے میں مشکل ہوتی ہے۔ گنداپانی بیماریوں کا سبب بنتا ہے اور شور ہمارے کانوں کو نقصان پہنچاتا ہے۔ ہمیں آلودگی کو روکنا ہے تاکہ ہم صاف اور صحت مند ماحول میں رہ سکیں۔

پانی کی آلودگی بھی ایک سنگین مسئلہ ہے جس کا سامنا پاکستان کے دیہی اور شہری دونوں علاقوں کو درپیش ہے۔ دریاؤں اور جھیلوں میں صنعتی فضلہ اور کیمیائی مادوں کا بے دریغ اخراج پانی کے قدرتی ذخائر کو زہر آلود بنا رہا ہے۔ زیر زمین پانی کے ذخائر میں بھی کیمیکلز کی موجودگی بڑھ رہی ہے اور کھیتوں میں کیڑے مار ادویات اور کھادوں کا بے جا استعمال زمین اور زیر زمین پانی کو آلودہ کر رہا ہے۔ دیہی علاقوں میں اکثر لوگ صاف پانی کے بغیر زندگی بسر کر رہے ہیں اور بچوں میں پانی سے پیدا ہونے والی بیماریوں کا پھیلاؤ تیزی سے بڑھ رہا ہے۔

زارون - ششم سی



ایک ایسے وقت کے بارے میں لکھیں جب آپ کو

کچھ بہت اچھا کرنے پر اپنے آپ کو فخر تھا!

سردیوں کے دن تھے اور ہم رات کو شادی سے گھر واپس آ رہے۔ تھے۔ گاڑی میں ہیٹر چل رہا تھا لیکن مجھے پھر بھی بہت سردی لگ رہی تھی۔ میرا دل چاہ رہا تھا کہ میں گرم بستر میں سو جاؤں۔

گھر کے قریب پارک سے ہم جب گزرے تو میں نے ایک بوڑھے آدمی کو بیچ پر سوتے دیکھا۔ انہوں نے پتلے کپڑے پہنے ہوئے تھے اور ان کے پاس کوئی چادر بھی نہیں تھی۔ مجھے یہ دیکھ کر افسوس ہوا اور میں رات بھر سوچا سوچتا رہا کہ میں ان کی مدد کیسے کروں۔ صبح میں نے امی کو ان کے بارے میں بتایا اور ہم نے فیصلہ کیا کہ ہم ان کو گرم کپڑے دیں گے۔ امی نے مجھے ابو کا سوئٹر، جیکٹ اور موزے دیے۔ رات کو پارک میں باباجی کا بے چینی سے انتظار کرتا رہا۔ آدھی رات سے قریب وہ پارک میں سونے کے لیے آئے۔



میں نے ان کو گرم کپڑے دیے اور کھانا بھی دیا۔ وہ بہت خوش ہوئے اور مجھے بہت دعائیں دیں۔ ان کی مدد کر کے مجھے اپنے آپ پر اتنا فخر ہوا کہ میں نے عہد کر لیا کہ میں ہمیشہ لوگوں کی مدد کروں گا اور دعائیں حاصل کروں گا کیونکہ دعاؤں میں بڑی طاقت ہوتی ہے۔

زیان فرحان - ششم سی



ایک ناقابل فراموش واقعہ

یہ کچھ عرصہ قبل کا واقعہ ہے۔ ہم مری جا رہے تھے۔ ہماری گاڑی تیزی سے آگے بڑھ رہی تھی اور ہمارے آگے ایک بس تیزی سے جا رہی تھی تمام مسافر بہت خوش اور سفر سے لطف اندوز ہو رہے تھے کہ سامنے سے ایک ٹرک تیز رفتاری سے آتا ہوا دکھائی دیا۔ اچانک ٹرک کا اگلا ٹائر نکل جانے

سے وہ ڈرائیور کے کنٹرول سے باہر ہو گیا اور بس کے ساتھ ٹکرا کر بہت بڑے حادثے کا سبب بن گیا۔ بس سے ٹکرانے کے بعد ٹرک سڑک پر الٹ گیا جب کہ بس گڑھے میں جا گری اور ہماری گاڑی وہی رک گئی۔ جائے حادثہ پر ہر طرف چیخ و پکار کا عالم تھا۔ مسافر خون میں لت پت پڑے ہوئے تھے۔ مجھے دیکھ کر بہت افسوس ہوا۔ بس ڈرائیور اور تین مسافر موقع پر ہی دم توڑ گئے۔ بس اور ٹرک کا شدید نقصان ہوا۔ میں اور میری فیملی نے اسی وقت تمام مسافروں کی مدد کی۔ واقعہ کے بعد جلد ہی امدادی ٹیمیں، پولیس اور طبی عملے کے اہل کار جائے حادثہ پر آن پہنچے۔ زخمیوں کو ایبوی لینس کے ذریعے فوری ہسپتال منتقل کیا گیا۔ جن مسافروں کو معمولی چوٹیں آئیں ان کو ابتدائی طبی امداد کے بعد ہسپتال سے فارغ کر دیا گیا۔ شدید زخمی مسافروں کو علاج کے لیے ہسپتال میں داخل کر لیا گیا۔ پولیس نے جائے حادثہ کا جائزہ لینے کے بعد عینی شاہدین سے بیانات لینے شروع کر دیے۔ حادثے کی وجہ سے میں بڑا غم زدہ تھا اور خود پر فخر محسوس ہوا کہ میں نے ان کی مدد کی۔

مصطفیٰ احمد - ششم سی



چیونٹیوں کا طرز زندگی کیا اور کیسا ہوتا ہے

چیونٹیاں چھوٹے حشرات ہیں جو ہر وقت کام کرتی ہیں۔ چیونٹیاں دیکھنے میں تو چھوٹی ہیں لیکن بہت طاقتور ہیں۔ چیونٹی ایک عام سا مکوڑا ہے، جو تقریباً دنیا کے ہر حصے میں پائی جاتی ہے۔ یہ حشرات الارض کے خاندان سے تعلق رکھتی ہے۔ سائنس دانوں کا خیال ہے کہ ان کی تقریباً بارہ ہزار قسمیں دنیا میں موجود ہیں۔ اس ننھی سی جان میں انسان کے سیکھنے کی کافی کچھ چیزیں موجود ہیں۔ چیونٹیاں سردیوں سے پہلے کھانا جمع کرتی ہیں۔



چیونٹیاں ہمہ وقت متحرک نظر آتی ہیں، آپ نے چیونٹیوں کو ایک جگہ خاموشی کیساتھ ٹھہرے ہوئے نہیں دیکھا ہوگا کیونکہ یہ اپنے کام میں مصروف ہوتی ہیں جو دراصل اہم اصول ہیان میں اتحاد کا عنصر پایا جاتا ہے، کسی بڑی چیز کو اٹھانا ہو، کسی مشکل سے لڑنا ہو

یا کوئی اہم کام انجام دینا ہو تو چیونٹیاں آپس میں متحد ہو کر اپنا کام حاصل کرتی ہیں جس میں ہم انسانوں کیلئے اتحاد کا پیغام بھی ہے۔ یہ محنت سے کام لیتی ہیں اور جلد ہار نہیں مانتیں، ایک جگہ سے دوسری جگہ کسی چیز کے نقل و حمل میں کبھی کبھی تنہا ایک چیونٹی گھنٹوں مصروف رہتی ہے ہمیں چیونٹیوں سے سبق سیکھنا چاہیے اور محنت، اتحاد اور کوئی بھی کام مشکل نہیں صرف انسان مسلسل محنت کرے۔

زیان فرحان - ششم سی



نظم و ضبط کی اہمیت

ہماری زندگی میں ہم آہنگی، معاملات کی درست ترتیب اور شخصیت کو جو ابد ہی اور احترام کا مظاہرہ کرنا سکھانے والی اہم چیز نظم و ضبط ہے۔ بچپن میں



مناسب رہنمائی اور نظم و ضبط ضروری ہے جس سے خود اعتمادی حاصل ہوتی ہے یہ نہ رکنے والی کامیابی کی طرف لے جاتا ہے۔

نظم و ضبط کی مشق انسان کے دل و دماغ کی نشوونما کے لیے مددگار ہیں۔ یہ نشوونما دو حصوں پر مشتمل ہوتی ہے اندرونی اور بیرونی اندرونی مستقل مزاجی، صحیح اور غلط میں تمیز کرنے کی صلاحیت ہے۔

نظم و ضبط کی ابتدا ہمارے گھر میں ہماری تربیت کے دوران ہی ہو جاتی ہے

اور ہونی بھی چاہیے جس گھر میں نظم و ضبط ہوگا اس کے ہر معاملات آپ کو سیکھے ہوئے اور بروقت نظر آئیں گے چاہے وہ گھر داری کے ہوں، بچوں کی تربیت کے ہوں، یا شخصیت سازی کے ہی کیوں نہ ہو۔

ہمیں نظم و ضبط کو زندگی کا معمول بنالینا چاہیے کیونکہ نظم و ضبط کے حامل افراد نہ صرف خود کو ایک نعمت دے رہے ہوتے ہیں بلکہ دوسروں کو ناکامی کی زندگی سے دور رہنے میں مدد بھی کر رہے ہوتے ہیں یہ افراد کسی بھی معاشرے میں اثاثہ تصور کیے جاتے ہیں اور تصور کیا جانا ان کا حق بھی ہے۔

حسین علی۔ ششم سی



محنت کی عظمت سیرت النبی ﷺ کی روشنی میں۔۔۔۔

محنت کے معانی کوشش کرنا ہے۔ اللہ تعالیٰ نے انسان کو اس طرح پیدا کیا ہے کہ وہ محنت و مشقت میں کامیابی حاصل کرے۔ محنت تمام نبیوں کی سنت ہے۔

آپ نے محنت کے عملی نمونے پیش کیا۔ آپ ﷺ بچپن میں بکریاں چراتے اور بڑے ہو کر تجارت کرنے لگے۔ آپ ﷺ نے مسجد قبا کی تعمیر میں بھی حاصل کیا۔ آپ نے خندق کی کھدائی میں حصہ لیا۔ آپ اپنے سارے کام خود اپنے کرتے تھے۔ آپ نے صحابہ کی بھی تربیت کی۔ آپ نے تمام انسانیت کو اپنے ہاتھ محنت کا درس دیا۔ جس میدان میں کام کرنے بھی ہم ترقی چاہتے ہیں۔ اس میں محنت لازمی ہے۔ ہم جتنی محنت کریں گے اتنی ہی ترقی ملے گی۔



اسلام نے محنت کی عظمت ہی کو دنیا اور آخرت کی ترقی اور کامیابی کا ذریعہ قرار دیا اور سب سے زیادہ

محنت کشوں کے حقوق کی اسلام نے پاس داری کی ہے۔ آئیے ہم سب مل کر وطن عزیز کی تعمیر کریں، محنت سے جی نہ چرائیں، ایک دوسرے کے حقوق کی پاس داری کریں اور پھر سے اسلامی تعلیمات کو زندہ کریں۔

شہری اور دیہاتی زندگی کے فائدے اور نقصانات

آج میرے موضوع کا عنوان ہے "شہری اور دیہاتی زندگی کے فائدے اور نقصانات" جس طرح تصویر کے دورخ ہوتے ہیں جو ایک روشن اور دوسرا تاریک۔ اسی طرح دیہاتی اور شہری زندگی بھی اچھے اور برے دونوں پہلو پائے جاتے ہیں۔ بعض سہولتیں ایسی ہیں جو شہر والوں کو حاصل ہیں مگر دیہات والے ان سے محروم ہیں۔ اور قدرت کی بعض نعمتیں ایسی ہیں جو اہل دیہات والوں کے نصیب میں ہیں مگر شہر والوں کو نصیب نہیں۔



بلاشبہ ہم سب بات سے اتفاق کریں گے کہ شہر میں رہنے کے بہت زیادہ فائدے ہیں۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ جوق در جوق لوگ اپنے آبائی علاقوں اور گاؤں دیہات چھوڑ کر شہروں کا رخ کر رہے ہیں۔ دیہات میں سرسبز لہلہاتے کھیت کھلیان، پرندوں کی چچہاہٹ، صاف ماحول اور شفاف آب و ہوا۔ دور کہیں چلتی چکی کی آواز، درختوں میں جھولوں پر کھیلتے بچے، گھر کے صحن میں

آگ جلاتی خواتین کی کھٹکتی چوڑیاں اور لسی بلورتی دادی اماں۔ یہ دیہی زندگی کی وہ خصوصیات ہیں جو سکون اور آرام دہ زندگی کا پتہ دیتی ہیں جبکہ شہری زندگی دھڑ دھڑاتی گاڑیاں اور بجتے ہارن، آسمان کو چھوتی عمارتیں، چہل پہل سے بھرپور بازار، رات گئے ریستورنٹس میں انواع و اقسام کے کھانوں سے لطف اندوز ہوتی فیملیز اور دوست احباب۔ ہاتھوں میں موبائل اور مختلف گیجٹس تھامے نوجوان، مصروف تر اور تیز ترین شہری زندگی کی علامات ہیں۔ دونوں کے اپنے اپنے فائدے ہیں۔

سنیف ریجان۔ ششم سی



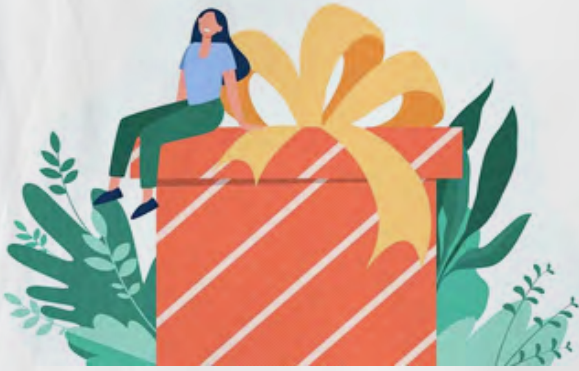


LEARNING ALLIANCE

Junior School



A Mysterious Package



One morning a mysterious package arrived at my house. No one had ordered anything. So whose was it?

I was sitting in my room doing homework when my dad knocked on my door telling me there was a package at the door for me. I ran towards the front door. I looked at the package curiously thinking who had ordered it in my name.

I brought the package inside and decided to open it up. My sisters stepped back because they were scared and skeptical as to what may be inside of it.

There was a pink wrapping paper covering the entire box. After unwrapping it I saw another layer of wrapping paper. This time it was blue. After that another layer of yellow wrapping paper was visible.

When I saw what was inside I squeaked with joy. It was an Apple pencil and I had been wanting it for so long! There was a note inside congratulating me on getting full marks in my exams. Below the note was my grandfather's name! I was so happy to know that he had sent me the gift.

That day was the best day of my life. I thanked my grandfather countless times.

Shamsa Amjad | V a

Why Do We Need Trees?

Trees are very important because they give us clean air to breathe. They take in bad air and make it good. Trees also give us shade, which keeps us cool on hot days. They are homes for many animals like birds and squirrels. Trees help the soil stay healthy and stop it from washing away. Plus, they give us fruit, wood and paper. Trees make our world super



beautiful. They also lower temperatures and reduce heat. Without trees, our world would not be as nice or healthy. If there are no trees on Earth, we will not exist, so we should protect trees.

Zenia Hayat | V a

Amazing Animals & their Superpowers

Animals have some incredible "superpowers" that make them truly fascinating! Cheetahs can run up to 60 miles per hour, making them the fastest land animals. Octopuses can change colour and texture to blend into their surround-



ings. Electric eels generate powerful shocks of upto 600 volts, while golden eagles can dive at incredible speeds to catch prey. Axolotls can regenerate lost body parts, and mantis shrimps have a punch so strong it can break glass. Bats use sound to "see" in the dark, and tardigrades can survive extreme conditions, even in space! These unique abilities show just how amazing nature is and how animals have evolved to survive and succeed.

Zoya Nauman | V a

Animals Should Not be Kept in Zoos



Animals should not be kept in zoos. We should not keep animals in zoos because

cruel deed to imprison animals. These days people treat animals as slaves. Animals in zoos often live in enclosures that are much smaller than their natural habitats, restricting their movement and natural behaviours. They are often confined in small spaces which can lead to health problems and stress.

Captive animals can experience stress, boredom, and anxiety, leading to abnormal behaviours such as pacing, over-grooming, or self-harm. Animals may lose their instinctive behaviours over generations in captivity, making it difficult for them to survive if reintroduced into the wild. Seeing animals in their natural habitats, like on a safari or in a forest, can help us understand and appreciate them more. Animals deserve respect and the chance to live freely, just like we do! Hence we should focus on protecting and preserving animals in their natural habitat.

Dua Tanveer | V a

The Influence of Social Media on Our Daily Lives



Social media platforms like Instagram, Tik Tok, and YouTube are things many of us use every day, but do we ever stop

First, social media helps us stay connected. We can talk to our friends, share pictures, and see what's happening all over the world in just a few seconds. It's like having the world in your hands! But, there's also a downside. Sometimes, people compare themselves to others, which can make them feel bad if they don't have as many likes or followers.

Also, social media can be a huge distraction. We might plan to spend ten minutes watching a video, but suddenly, it's been an hour! That's time we could have spent doing homework or playing outside.

Finally, social media teaches us about what's going on in the world. We learn about new trends, news, and even educational things. But, we need to remember not everything we see online is true, so it's important to be careful.

In conclusion, social media has both positive and negative effects on our daily lives. It can connect us and help us learn, but we need to use it wisely.

Shamsa Amjad | V a

The Power of Kindness

Kindness is when we do nice things for others, when we help others, when we share our things with others, or it is simply being friendly to other fellow human beings. There is too much power in kindness. It can make the world a much better place; I would say it can make the world a heaven!

When we are kind to others we make them feel happy. Maybe we have shared our lunch with a friend, or helped someone who fell down or even just smiled at someone who looked sad. When we do these things, we spread happiness, like a bright light that shines from person to person.

never goes unrewarded". Kindness is not just good for the people around us it's good for us too! When we do something kind, it makes us feel good inside. It's like giving ourselves a little hug from the inside. Being kind makes us all feel connected, and that feeling can make school, home, and everywhere we go a lot more fun and safe.



Kindness can be small, like saying "thank you" or opening the door for someone. But even these small acts can make a big difference. If everyone in the world practiced a little more kindness, the world would be a much happier and peaceful place. And that's the real power of kindness!

Taimoor Masood | V a

My Best Friend

Along the way we met
Our memories created will be kept
Though there is gold up in the mountains
Lovely pearls deep in the sea
Those treasures do not mean as much
As your friendship means to me
I'm glad God blessed me
With a good friend such as you
A person to be there
A person to get me through
Hand in hand love is sent
We'll be friends till the end!

Sundus Mahmud Bajwa | V a

My mother is lovely and
warm-hearted
she cares and loves me.

She sets up my clothes
cooks and bakes and
roasts
scrumptious, delicious
yummy food.

She helps me do my
homework
and all kinds of other
work.

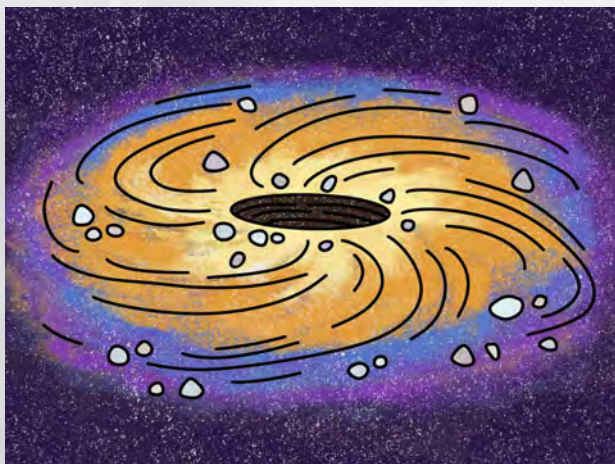
She celebrates my birthdays
which are happy, magical and unforget-
table!

I love her more than anyone
you know I am her favourite son!

Azaan Kashif | V a

Black Holes

Black holes have long fascinated the imagination yet challenged discovery. Their extreme gravity, so strong light cannot escape, make them exceptionally difficult to see. Nearly a century after



exist, the world has tools to see them in action.

5 black hole facts to blow your mind!

- There are likely millions of black holes in our galaxy, and we will probably never know where they are.
- If you fell into a black hole, you would never escape.
- If you fell into a stellar-size black hole, you could turn into human spaghetti.
- A black hole could fit in your pocket.
- Black holes are not just the darkest objects in universe but they are the key to deepest mysteries.

Moosa Sukhera | V b

Animals that Glow in the Dark

God is the best of the creators. Do you know



there are some animals that can glow in the dark! These animals use a special ability called bioluminescence, which means they can produce their own light! It's like having their own flashlight!

One of the most famous glowing animals is the Firefly! They glow to communicate with each other. They use their light to send signals to each other.

Another glowing animal is the Jellyfish! Some jellyfish can light up their entire body. This glow helps them confuse predators or

The Angler Fish which lives deep in the ocean has a glowing lure on its head to attract fish to come close. It's like a glowing fishing rod!

There are glowing mushrooms and sharks as well. These creatures use their light for protection, hunting or communication in the dark, deep parts of the ocean.

Isn't it amazing that these animals have developed the ability to glow all on their own? It is one of the many miracles of God!

Abaan Chaudhry | V b

Why Do We Dream?

We dream because our brains never really stop working even when we are in deep sleep. It seems like our mind is telling us stories while we rest. Sometimes these stories are fun and exciting, while other time



they can be strange or even a little scary.

Scientists believe that dreams help us process our thoughts, memories and emotions. While we are fast asleep, our brains sort through everything we have experienced during the day, helping us remember important things and even solve problems.

Dreams can also be influenced by what's on our minds before bed. It could be our hopes, fears or even something we saw on TV. They don't always make sense but they are a fascinating part of our lives.

dreaming scenario!

- You Forget 90% of Your Dreams - Within 5 minutes of waking half of your dream is forgotten.
- Blind People also Dream - People who became blind after birth can see images in their dreams. People who are born blind do not see any images, but have dreams!
- In our dreams we only see faces that we already know - Our mind is not inventing faces - in our dreams we see real faces of real people that we have seen during our life but may not know or remember.

You can have four to seven dreams in one night. On average you can dream anywhere from one or two hours every night.

Mohammad Balaj Afzal | V c

The Science Behind Rainbows

I am a science enthusiast and today I am going to tell you about rainbows!!!

Come along and dig in the science behind rainbows!

Each individual raindrop that falls from the sky makes its very own rainbow! It's such a tiny little rainbow that people can't see them using just their eyes. The big rainbows that



people can see in the sky are formed by millions of tiny rainbows reflected from

Another cool thing about rainbows is that they look like they are a simple arch shape in the sky, but they're really full circles. People standing on the ground can only see the light reflecting off of raindrops that are above the horizon line. People flying in airplanes get to see the full circle though! Rainbows appear in every season of the year. People living in very cold places with lots of snow don't see many in the winter because snowflakes don't separate light rays and reflect them the way that raindrops do.

Abdullah Khan Janjua | V c

A Day at the Beach

Last summer, I went to the beach with my family. It was a sunny day, and the



sky was bright blue. The sand was warm beneath my feet, and I could hear the waves crashing against the shore. We laid down our towels, and I immediately ran towards the water. The ocean was cold at first, but soon I got used to it. I splashed around with my little brother, and we tried to jump over the waves together.

I also built a giant sandcastle with a moat around it. My sister helped me decorate it with seashells and little rocks we found. After a while, we had a picnic with sandwiches and juice. I ate a lot because I was really hungry from all the

went for a walk along the shore and collected some beautiful seashells to take home. I found one that was shaped like a heart, and I kept it as a special souvenir.

Later, we rented some beach bikes and rode along the boardwalk. The breeze felt amazing, and I couldn't stop smiling. My dad told me stories about when he was a kid and how he loved riding his bike by the beach too. We even saw some dolphins in the distance, which made the day even more magical.

When it was time to leave, I didn't want to go. It was the best day ever, and I wished we could stay longer. On the way home, we stopped for ice cream, and I got chocolate and vanilla swirls. I promised myself I'd come back next summer!

Hamza Ibrahim Kashif Hassan | V b

My Last Birthday Party

My last birthday party was so much fun! I turned ten, and I had a party at my house. I invited all my friends, and we played a lot of games. First, we played pin the tail on the donkey, and I won! Then, we played a big game of musical chairs. It was so funny because everyone kept tripping over the chairs!

After that, we had cake. My mom made a chocolate cake with vanilla frosting, and it had colourful sprinkles on top. We sang "Happy Birthday" really loudly, and I made a wish before blowing out the candles. I wished for a puppy, but I didn't tell anyone!

We also opened presents. I got a new

science kit. I was so happy! I was so excited to try out the new game and start doing experiments with the science kit later that day. My best friend gave me a friendship bracelet, and we promised to wear them forever.

Later, we had a treasure hunt in the backyard. I hid little treats and toys in different spots, and the kids had to solve clues to find them. It was so much fun watching everyone run around looking for the treasures. At the end of the hunt, everyone got a prize, and we all shared the candies together.

We finished the day by watching a movie and eating popcorns. Everyone had such a great time, and my party lasted until

A Huge Shady Tree in the Park

One sunny day my mother and I went to the park to look at the huge, shady tree.



When I looked at the tree its wide sprawling branches cast a cool comforting shade over the park, offering a haven from the summer sun to all who

birthdays I've ever had! I was so tired, but I felt really happy, and I couldn't wait to tell everyone about it the next day at



school.

Ayyan Ali | V b

sought its embrace. I saw a cat climbing the tree to get to the pigeon that had nest on top of the tree. A chipmunk was going up and down the tree because it was hungry and wanted to eat nuts. The shady tree had witnessed countless seasons pass beneath its canopy. Every day the tree played host to a colourful array of characters. Young girls would carve their initials into its bark, tired old people would sit beneath its shade to read a book. Over the years the tree had faced many storms which tore its branches and withered its leaves, but it stood strong. Its roots firmly anchored in the earth. The shady tree remained a beacon of the park, a symbol of resilience and enduring connection between humans and nature.

Fatima Tahir | IV a

My Favourite Sport

My favorite sport is swimming. Swimming is a popular sport as it keeps one physically and mentally fit. The sensa-



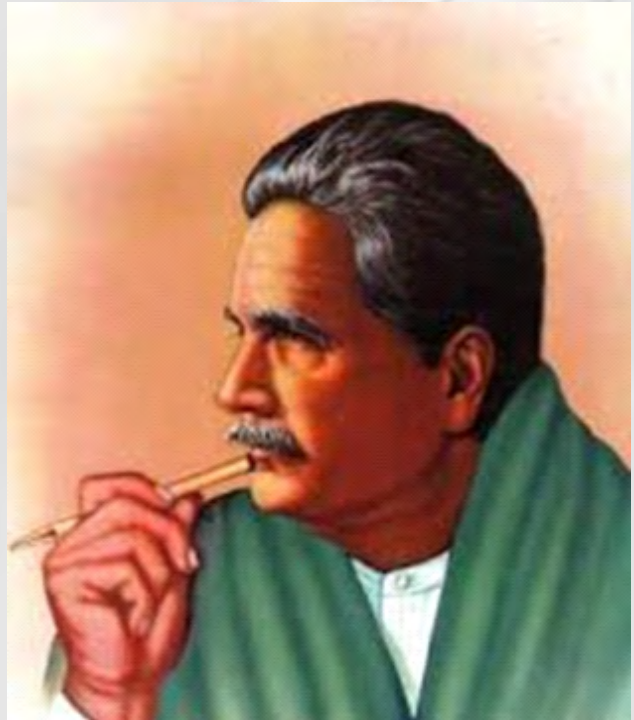
tion of gliding through water is so refreshing and exhilarating. I adore the feeling of weightlessness and peacefulness that comes while swimming. During hot weather swimming is the perfect way to cool one's body. Every summer I go for swimming with my friends to relax and enjoy. Swimming reduces my stress and gives me a sense of well-being and happiness.

Anoushay Atif | IV a

My Favourite Role Model

My favourite role model is Allama Muhammad Iqbal. His poetry is extraordinary and exceptional. He supported Quaid-e- Azam in the making of Pakistan. I like to read his poetry. He wrote in Urdu and Persian language. His stories are famous in our country. His poetry primarily focused on themes of Islamic revivalism, calling for return of the spiritual and political strength of Islamic civilization, often highlighting the past glories of Islam while criticizing its contemporary decline, and emphasizing the concept of khudi as a source

of individual and collective empowerment. His work is deeply rooted in Islamic philosophy and often uses historical and mythical imagery to convey his message. His poetry had significant influence on the movement of the creation of Pakistan. He guided



the youth to work hard and get higher education. I also want to be like him and write amazing books.

Rahim Farrukh Shahzad | IV a

An Adventure with a Snow Monster

One day, Agatha and her family went camping in the mountains. It was night-



time, everyone slept in their tents. Suddenly Agatha woke up because she heard someone walking outside her tent. At first, Agatha ignored the sound, later the sound became louder and louder therefore Agatha dragged herself out of her sleeping bag and tried to wake up her parents. She took a flashlight and went outside. She saw a scary white monster; its fur was thick layer, a frosty white and eyes glowed like two bright blue stars. Agatha was not frightened and went towards Yeti. He took her to the valley and showed her his cave; she discovered that he was a gentle creature who was kind and intelligent but misunderstood by people. Finally, they became friends then she went back to her tent to her parents.

Khawaja Muhammad Zohan Khalid | IV a

Helping my Friends and Family

It is important to help people because Allah said that if we help other people, He will help us. We can share our toys, food and other things with our friends. Calling my



friend and telling them that they can come to my birthday makes them happy. Helping them with their studies when they are confused or do not know anything, when they are lonely playing with them makes them happy. Talking about funny things and making them smile makes their day. When

they are sick and can barely walk, I help them to go to the doctor. Helping my mother to cook and set the table when she's sick or doesn't feel like cooking. I help my siblings do their homework. Doing the laundry and washing the dishes, helping my mother choose better options when she's shopping. Helping my father make his business deals. These are the things I do to help my friends and family.

Ali Asgher Jamshaid | IV a

Winter Holidays

Winter holidays are a time of extended families coming together sharing meals, stories and laughter and strengthening bonds across generations. During this



winter, I spent my holidays enjoying the cold weather by building snowmen, having snowball fights with my brother, going ice skating at the local rink, drinking hot chocolate, watching movies and reading books. I spent my holidays playing online games with my friend Hanzullah. It gave me great joy. I felt relaxed and excited. I mostly spend time with my family enjoying cozy evenings by the fireplace, baking festive treats and attending holiday gatherings. I also took advantage of the snowy weather by going sledding and having snowball fights with friends. Additionally, I indulged in some indoor activities like watching movies, playing board games and reading books.

M. Abdullah Altamash Baig | IV a

A Dark Scary Night

Outside the window, the sky was still dark; there were barely any stars in the sky and no clouds cluttered. The sky was painfully dark and motionless except for the faint light



from the moon, everything seemed lifeless. As I was scared to sleep alone in my room, my mother stayed with me till I fell asleep. Then suddenly a strange noise woke me up. I looked outside the window and saw two eyes staring at me and some shadows moving. I got scared and screamed so my father came running towards me. He looked out of the window and laughed. He hugged me and brought me closer to the window and showed me an owl sitting on the tree and rustling of the leaves created shadows which scared me. I was still scared so I slept with my parents that night. Sometime when I remember that night, chills run down my spine.

Mohammad Ibrahim Haroon | IV b

My Pet

Everybody likes to have a pet. One day a cat came strolling to my house, so my mom and I fed her milk and chicken. One fine morning she gave birth to three kittens out of which two died and one survived. I asked my mom if I could keep her as my pet. I named the kitten Coco. It has emerald, green eyes and its fur was

as white as snow. It eats canned food and is very playful. My mom and I give her a bath every month. I spend a lot of time playing with it. Coco loves chasing birds in the garden. Coco's sense of smell is very sharp. She has sharp claws and loves sitting on my lap and is very dear to me. One day I brought Coco a pink blanket which she enjoys sleeping in. Whenever I play with Coco it purrs to show me that it is happy. I treat Coco politely and have fun playing together. Coco sits on my lap and goes to sleep. I am blessed to have a pet like Coco. We



are inseparable. I love spending time with her because she manages to make my gloomiest days happy.

Mohammad Hussain Aziz | IV b

Why is it Important to go to School?

Going to school is important because it provides individuals with the knowledge, skills, and critical thinking abilities needed to navigate life effectively, including learning essential subjects like reading, writing and math. Developing social skills and opening

doors to future career opportunities and personal growth, essentially preparing them for a successful life in society. Higher education levels are often linked to higher earning potential and improved economic stability.

We go to school to expand our understanding of the world to discover interests and develop self-confidence. School is also important because we learn to interact with others, collaborate and build relationships. I go to school to study science and math so I could become a doctor one day and serve my



nation and play my favourite sport, football, with my friends.

Hassan Ashraf Chatta | IV b

A Giant Bug in My Garden

One Sunday afternoon I was playing in my garden when I saw something strange moving near the bushes. As I got closer my eyes widened in shock to see a giant bug. Its shiny green body sparkled in the sunlight and its long spiky legs twitched as if it had just woken up. It had huge glowing eyes that seemed to stare right at me. I froze



wondering if it was real or if I was just imagining things. Slowly the giant bug crawled onto a flower making the petals shake. I wanted to run but my curiosity kept me glued to the spot. It flapped its enormous wings making a soft buzzing sound. Was it a magical creature? Maybe it had come from another world. I grabbed my camera but just as I was about to take a picture the big bug lifted off the flower and zoomed into the sky. I felt overwhelmed with sadness. No one would believe me! My garden had always been full of butterflies and bees but nothing as gigantic as this. Was it a secret specie or maybe a lost creature from a hidden jungle? I will never know for sure, but one thing is certain I will keep my eyes open the next time I step into the garden.

Mohammad Bin Ibrahim | IV b

A Weekend at My Grandparents' House

It was early Friday afternoon. I came back from Friday prayer with my dad when my mom said that she wanted to take me to my grandparents' house. I excitedly packed my bags with toys, school homework, some colours and colouring book. We sat in the car and drove towards their house. When we got

over there my grandparents greeted me warmly and had prepared a scrumptious lunch for us. My grandfather and I have a very special relationship. We always go horse riding and swimming together and play cricket with him. In the evening, we had BBQ. He barbecued some sausages, chicken and made beef burgers with french fries. It is always a pleasure to go to my grandparents' house and spend time there. My grandparents are always here for me, showering me with love. They engage me in playful activities, help me explore my creativity and teach me life skills. They have always played a very vital role in my life. My grandparents are life makers of my parents and

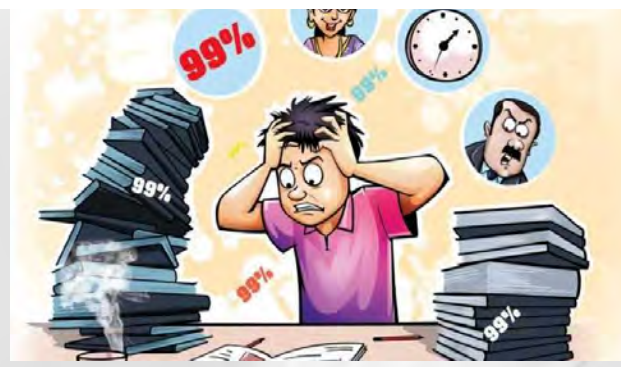


without their contribution I would not have learned so much about life. They might not be professional teachers, but they have taught me about everyday life, they narrate different stories to me which have beautiful morals at the end. I always look forward to going to my grandparents' house.

Mustafa Hassan | IV b

A Day Before Exams

The day before the exams I was very nervous and stressed out. I could not relax and had anxiety. My mother told me to relax and organize myself. I revised the lengthy course many times



because I wanted to get good grades and make my parents happy. I shut down my mobile phone so that I could not get distracted. My mother made nourishing meals for me and my father gave me confidence and said that I could do it. I got a good night's sleep for about eight hours so that my brain could retain the information, and I could perform well in the exams.

Ahmed Hassan Mati | IV b

The Day I Overcame My Fear

My legs were shaking, my heart was pounding like a drum and there I was, standing at the edge of the tallest zipline



tower in Murree. Our school had planned an exciting trip to Murree, a beautiful hill station in Pakistan. The weather was cool, the pine trees were tall, and the mountains looked as if they were hugging the clouds. Everyone was excited to try the Zipline adventure, but I was not. I had always been scared of heights. Even looking down from the roof at home made my stomach ache.

When we reached the Zipline area, my friends excitedly ran towards the tower with big smiles on their faces. I stood frozen, staring at how high the tower was. "Come on! You can do it," said my best friend Ali. "I will be right behind you". His words gave me a tiny spark of courage.

I slowly climbed the wooden stairs to the top. The wind blew through my hair, and the trees below looked very small. My hands were sweaty, and my knees felt weak. Suddenly I remembered what my teacher told me once that despite our fears, we must step forward with determination.

So I took a deep breath, closed my eyes and jumped. The wind whipped past, a fleeting gust that momentarily alerted all my senses. I opened my eyes and saw the green hills all around me, it was like a dream. When I landed everyone clapped and cheered for me. I was still trembling not with fear but with excitement. That day in Murree

I conquered my fear of heights and I was unstoppable.

Mohammad Bin Ibraheem | IV b

Lost in the Rainforest

It was supposed to be an exciting jungle exploration but soon I found myself lost in the dense endless forest. I decided to go to the rainforest because my mom was talking about a river, and I was longing to see one. We packed our bags and went to the airport and took a flight. When I set my foot in the rainforest I saw tall green trees, waterfall, fast flowing river, colourful birds and various types of insects. I saw a beautiful bird chirping so I started to follow it. Soon I realized



that I was all alone and could not see my family anywhere. I got scared and cried for help, no one came to rescue me. Soon it began to get dark. I was hungry and exhausted, so I fell asleep. All night long I heard scary noises of the unknown which even haunts me today. When I woke up, I saw a man standing beside me. He was a villager and took me to his village. There he gave me food to eat and made me feel relaxed. I told him that I was lost and was looking for my family. He told me not to worry because he knew the jungle very well. Therefore, after having food he took me back to the

jungle and led me to my family. I was very happy to see my parents and they were relieved to see me. I thanked the villager for saving my life and my father gave him some prize money.

Muhammad Rohaan Muzamil | IV c

My New Year's Resolution



Every year people make New Year resolutions to set goals and try to improve themselves. This year my New Year resolution is to be more organized. I want to keep my room clean, finish my homework on time and keep my school supplies in the right place. Another part of my resolution is to be more helpful at home. I will help my parents with small chores like setting the table and cleaning up after dinner. I will respect my elders and love my siblings. I think my resolution will help me become a better and more responsible person. I'm excited to see how well I can do this year.

Wali Zulqurnain | IV c

The Day I Got Sick

Last weekend some friends came to my house to play football. We were all very excited but when we went into the garden the air was full of smog. My mother stopped me from playing football outside because she said that I would get

sick. But I did not listen to her and kept on playing till I got tired and came inside with my friends. We enjoyed the pizza which my mother baked for us and then played video games. After they left, I went to my room and went to sleep. When I got up in the morning, I felt very sick and could not get out of bed. My mother came to my room as I was not ready for school and found out that I was unwell. I felt dizzy and nauseous therefore she took my temperature, and it was soaring. As I could not get out of bed. They called the doctor home. He examined me thoroughly and gave the diagnosis that I was suffering from fever due to playing in the smog with my



friends. He wrote down a few medicines for me and asked me to take two days off from school and get good rest. I did what the doctor said and felt better and decided to listen to my mother from then onwards.

Muhammad Ismail Zeeshan Dar | IV c

My Favourite Book

My favourite book is National Geographic for kids. This book has information about space, animals, food, wars, history, science, treasure, etc. National Geographic books create and distribute prints and digital works that inspire, entertain and give reader access to a world of discovery and possibility. It's exciting, educational and inspiring for kids to find out more about the planet. I love to read National Geographic for



kids' magazine and like to share information with my classmates and family. The magazines became world famous for their richly illustrated articles on the various geographic regions of the world. I love this book because it is very interesting to read, and I've learned so many things from it.

Muhammad Hashim Khan | IV c

The Magical Forest

In the forest, tall and wide,
Trees stretch up, side by side.
Birds are singing, soft and sweet,



Tiny creatures on tiny feet.
Butterflies with colours bright,
Flutter by in morning light.
A squirrel scampers up the tree,
A happy place for you and me.
The flowers dance, the grass is green,
The air is fresh, the sky is clean.
Every tree and rock and stream,
Feels like magic, like a dream.
So when you walk through woods so deep,
Remember this, and don't forget to keep,
The magic in your heart so bright,
And let it sparkle, day and night!

Ayesha Baig | III a

An Ordinary Day

One day I bought a toy tiger. When my father came home at night I wanted to show it to him. My father sat on a chair and was using his phone, so I

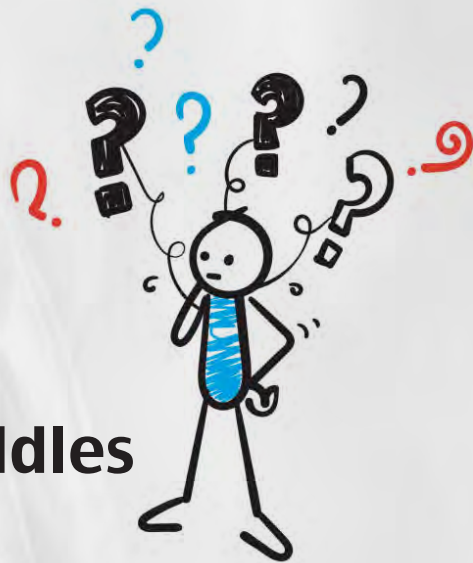


got bored and started jumping over things. Suddenly I slipped and got my lip ruptured.

I went to the hospital with my parents. I got stitches and came home after two hours. I wanted to go to my cousin's place but my mother strictly told me that I will have to rest at home.

I became really sad. I also learned an important lesson that day; even if you are getting bored do not jump over things and avoid silly stuff.

Hoorum Shehzeb | III a



Riddles

I speak without a mouth and hear without ears. I have no body, but I come alive with the wind. What am I?

Answer: An echo.

2. The more of this there is, the less you see. What is it?

Answer: Darkness.

3. What has keys but can't open locks?

Answer: A piano.

4. I can be cracked, I can be made, I can be told, I can be played. What am I?

Answer: A joke.

5. What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, but never in a thousand years?

Answer: The letter 'M'.

6. I'm tall when I'm young, and I'm short when I'm old. What am I?

Answer: A candle.

7. What has a head, a tail, but no body?

Answer: A coin.

Aiqaz Tanwir Khan | III a

Greed is a Curse

There were three friends in a village. They decided to go to the city for jobs. On their way through the forest, they



found a bag full of gold. They divided it into three equal parts. Then they asked a friend if he could go to the city to buy some food. The other two planned that when he returns they would kill him. On the other hand the friend who went to get food decided to put poison in the food. When he came back they both killed him and decided to eat. When they ate the food, they also died so no one could get the bag of gold. Moral of the story: Greed is a Curse.

Abdul Hadi | III b

My Worst Fear

I am a very strong boy, but I do harbour some fears in my heart. I have a lot of fears, but my worst fear is of darkness. I think



there are some kinds of huge monsters in the dark. This happens because I watch scary videos and movies. I get shivers down my spine when I enter dark spaces. I feel like I am all alone in a haunted house. I cannot stop thinking about scary things that I watched in the videos. My heart misses a beat. My mom tries to explain to me that there is no such thing as a monster or a ghost, but I still get scared. I really want to overcome this feeling so I can become fearless for life.

Abdul Ahad Ghazanfar | III b

I Bought a New Car

Last week something amazing happened to me while I was sleeping. I dreamed of having a new car and when I woke up, I rushed to my garage. There was no car there. After an hour my father and my brother came back home with a new car. I was super excited to see my new car. I instantly took the keys from my dad and sat inside it. It was grey in colour from the outside and its interior was maroon. When I ignited the engine, it made a thrilling loud noise and neon lights brightly

appeared all over the interior. It had huge tires like a truck. Its trunk could automatically open and close. When I opened its door the car's sign appeared at the side of the



door. It had a big sunroof. My father took us on a long drive. I enjoyed the ride. I was overjoyed to have my new dream car.

Muhammad Essa Ghous | III b

Facts About Space

- Space has no gravity.
- Space has planets, comets, stars and galaxies.
- Space is completely silent.
- Jupiter is the biggest planet in the solar system.
- There is no air in space.
- Astronauts grow taller in space.
- The moon takes around one month to orbit Earth.
- Mercury is the nearest planet to the Sun.
- Saturn has beautiful rings.
- Pluto is called "dwarf planet".
- Mars is called "red planet" and has huge dust storms.



Syed Musa Hussain | III b

A Day when I GOT LOST



One sunny day, we all planned to go to the market. We quickly changed and sat in our car. When we reached there, to my surprise the market was huge. I went up and down looking for clothes for myself. When I chose an outfit, I looked for my mom but couldn't find her. I looked everywhere but couldn't find her. I started crying. A kind shopkeeper came and asked me what had happened. I told him. He called my mom and told her where I was. I was very glad to see her that day.

Muhmmad Waiz | III c

If I Become an Astronaut

When I become an astronaut, I will travel to space. I will gaze at planets and stars, float through the Milky Way, and learn about the



history of space. I will discover black holes and visit the Moon, where I will look back at Earth and see how it truly appears from afar. When I return to Earth, I will share everything I've learned.

Muhammad Zain ul Abideen | III c

LIMERICK

My dad is a funny lad.
His football skills are not so bad.
He kicks and he spins
Though rarely he wins
But cheers me up when I am sad

Abdullah Hashim | III c

The Adventure of Milo and the Lost Key

One sunny afternoon, Milo was playing in his backyard when he noticed something shiny in the grass. Curious, he bent down and picked it up. It was an old, rusty key!



"What can this open?" Milo wondered aloud. His mind raced with ideas. Could it open a treasure chest? Or maybe a hidden door in the garden? Milo decided to investigate. He ran inside to tell his little sister, Emma. "Look what I found!" he said, holding up the key.

Emma's eyes sparkled. "Let's find out where it fits!"

Together, they searched the backyard. They looked behind the shed, under the big oak tree, and even inside the treehouse, but found nothing. Just as they were about to give up, Milo spotted something odd at the base of the old stone fountain. There was a tiny hole that looked just the right size for the

key.

Excited, Milo slid the key into the hole and turned it. There was a soft *click*, and the stone fountain slowly moved, revealing a small wooden door hidden behind it!

The door creaked open, and inside was a tiny room filled with books, old maps, and sparkling rocks. "This is like a secret clubhouse!" Emma exclaimed, her face full of wonder.

Milo grinned. "I guess the key was meant for us!"

From that day on, the secret room became their special place. They spent hours reading maps, dreaming of adventures, and imagining all the mysteries of the world.

And so, Milo and Emma learned that sometimes even the smallest discoveries can lead to the biggest adventures.

Abdul Hadi Mohsin | III c

The Day I Fell Sick



After I came from school, I felt hot because I had played football in my school. I felt feverish and my stomach started to hurt. I drank some water and had fresh juice but still I didn't feel good. I lay down and my mom put an ice pack on my forehead. I felt good for a while

but the pain came back. After a while my dad gave me an injection and gave me some bitter pills to swallow. I still didn't feel good. My dad said, "Do you want an ice cream?" I said, "Yes!" I felt absolutely fine. I realized parents are such a great blessing.

Sometimes an ice cream can fix what bitter pills can't.

Zain ul Abideen | III c

If I had A Genie What would I do



If I had a genie, I would ask him to grant me three wishes. My first wish would be to be the best football player in the world and play for the most famous club which is FC Barcelona. Being the best footballer, I would be winning 25 golden boots which would be even greater than the world's best footballer, Ronaldo. I would wish for the most fabulous football career and win every single match for my team.

My second wish would be to travel the entire world. I would see all the landmarks like Burj Khalifa, Eiffel Tower and Big Ben. I would experience all the varied cultures of each country and meet new people and learn their languages. I would enjoy the appetizing dishes of each country which will make my mouth water. I will have friends in every corner

of the world!

My last wish would be that the genie would grant me 1000 more wishes so that I keep wishing for myself, my family and in particular for Muslims suffering around the world especially, Palestine.

I wish one day I find a real genie who would grant me these wishes.

Syed Hadi Gillani | III c

When I Met an Alien

One day, I was playing with my toy in my backyard, when I heard a loud sound to my surprise, it was a spaceship. It was moving down; it was quite clear and within a few minutes it landed in my backyard. I was shocked and stunned as I stood standing in front of the spaceship. The door opened and a strange looking alien came out and I fell on my toy.



He started walking towards me and I got extremely scared because of his strange body, three hands and oval shaped eyes, but he didn't say anything to me. I felt a little relaxed. He was trying to say something, but I couldn't understand. He gave me a chip to understand his language. The minute I held it , I was able to understand his language. I was super excited to talk about his planet and his life over there. His name was Zuzu and by mistake he opened the door of his spaceship planet and was left behind on the earth.

Soon, we became very good friends. He became our family member. He used to help me in my homework. He stayed with us secretly. I learnt so many tricks and advanced computer technology from him. One night we were sleeping, when we heard a loud blast. I peeped out the window. It was the same spaceship. Zuzu ran out in the backyard and saw his other family members waiting outside the spaceship. He came back and told me that I have to go back. I got extremely sad but he went back. I will never forget Zuzu, he will always remain my best friend.

Muhammad Bin Salik | II Blue a



Imagine You Can Talk to Animals



If I could talk to animals, it would be fun, and I would be very happy. I would be able to understand their language. It would be fun to talk to them, They could become my friends. I would learn how to climb trees from squirrels and the birds would help me learn how to fly high up in the sky. The cheetahs would help me to run fast in the huge plains and jungles. The lions would teach me how to hunt wisely.

I would share my secrets with them, and they would share their secrets with me. I would enjoy the jungle life. My life would be full of challenges and adventures. My kindhearted jungle friends would protect me from the dangerous wild animals. I would not be scared of wild animals. I would understand the problems of my pet animals and would take more care of them. By talking to them I would become friends with both wild and pet animals.

Emad Bilal | II Blue

If you could have any superpowers, what would they be?

If I could have any superpower, it would be to fly like Superman. I would be very excited. I would jump with joy. I would help the needy and poor people, I would love to fly above the buildings. From above I would be able to see people and it would be easy for me to solve their problems . My superpowers would help me to save our planet from aliens.

I would easily reach places far away in a few minutes without being stuck in traffic.

Secondly, I would like to have a superpower of being invisible. I would play pranks on my friends and family. I would watch cartoons for hours sitting idly and doing nothing. I would like to play endless games on my gadgets without being scolded by my parents. I would go to my favourite doughnut shop and eat all the doughnuts free of cost. It would be so much fun.



Arham Khawar | II Blue

A Talking Tree in the Woods

Once upon a time a boy called Tom went camping with his friends. Tom heard a strange sound when he was pitching the tent. He followed the sound. The sound led him to a tree. It was deep in the



forest. It was very dark over there so he used his flash light. The tree said, "Hello Tom". Tom got frightened first but after some time he sat near the talking tree. The tree told him that some men would come in a few days to chop it. It requested Tom to help it. Tom promised to help it. He ran back to his friends and told them about the tree. They saw some men with axes in their hands. Tom and his friends tried to stop the men from chopping the tree. But they did not listen to them. When they began to cut the trunk of the tree, suddenly some animals attacked them. The men left their axes and ran away. Tom and his friends were glad that the tree was saved.

Muhammad Jibrael Rafiq Butt | II Green a

When Everything Goes Wrong

One day I was very tired because I rode my bicycle for two hours in the evening. When I came back home I was sleepy so I jumped onto my bed and fell asleep. Next morning when I woke up I realized it was very late. I rushed to school without having my breakfast. I had my test that I forgot to revise. My teacher scolded me when I got less marks.

In the sports lesson I participated in the football match. I was the goalkeeper. When the ball was coming towards me I missed it. The coach seemed angry. On



the same day in my swimming lesson I forgot to wear the floats and dived into the pool. I almost drowned but the swimming instructor saved me in time. Then after reaching home my mom scolded me and I was grounded because the school reported about my day to her.

Mujtaba Arslan | II Green a

A Magical Adventure with my Pet

One evening I was going for a walk with my dog Oscar. Oscar enjoyed going out



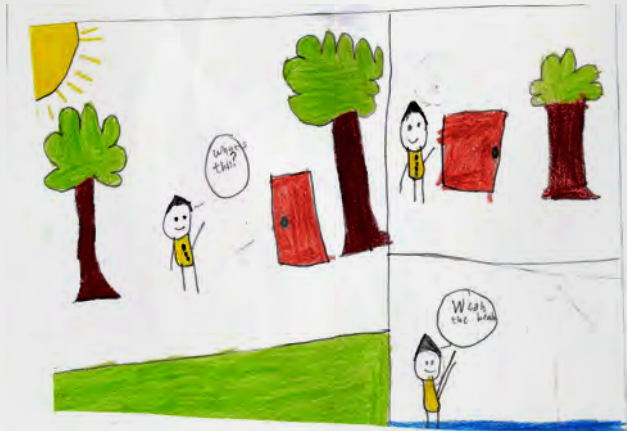
with me. We had a great time every day. We walked a lot and then rested on a bench. I closed my eyes and I saw a fairy island. Then a portal opened teleporting me to the island. When I walked out of the portal I realized that my dog Oscar was teleported to a haunted island where there were skulls and skeletons. Then I saw traps that could pour lava on him and lock him. I would have to get him out quickly. Then I ran and ran to find a black portal to teleport me to that island. Suddenly the island started to move gently to the haunted island. When I arrived on the haunted island I tried searching for my dog but I accidentally stepped on a rock that locked me in a string cage. After five minutes my dog came but he was being chased by a terrifying creature. He went to the right, then to the left then he jumped backward and attacked it with his shiny little paws. Then he unlocked me and saved my life. Soon we were teleported to our home.

Arham Ashar | II Green a

A Magical Door

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Ismail. He found a shiny door in his basement. Ismail was curious. He wanted to see where the door would take him. He wished to go to Dubai. When he opened the door, he couldn't believe his eyes. He was in Dubai! He saw the big Burj Khalifa building. He was hungry, so he ate at a nice restaurant. Then, he went up, up, up in the elevator to the 144th floor!

After that, Ismail was tired and wanted to go home. He went back to the door, and it took him home. He was so excited! He told all his friends about the magical door. They were excited too! Ismail's friends followed him to the shiny door. They all wanted to go to the beach. Whoosh! The door took them to the



beach! They played on the warm sand, collected seashells, and felt the wind. They ran, threw stones at the waves, and made a big splash!

After a fun-filled day, they were tired. They went back home, fell asleep and dreamed of their next adventure!

Taha Omer | II Green b

The Magical Crayon

One day, my alarm clock rang, "Ring! Ring! Ring!" I got dressed and went downstairs. My mom made pancakes just for me! I ate them quickly and went outside to play. When I went outside, I found a purple crayon on the floor. I



picked it up and put it in my pocket. When I got home, I started drawing with my other crayons. Then I remembered the purple crayon! I took it out and drew a gem. And guess what? It came to life!

I drew a Pokémon card and it came to life too! I was so amazed. Then I got sleepy, so I went to bed. In my dream, I saw a funny clown holding a bunny, an elephant eating a banana and tiny men jumping around an alligator. The next morning, my alarm clock rang again. My mom made me puri paratha and I ate it quickly. Then I started drawing with my purple crayon again. I was about to draw some coins when I saw a car accident outside! I drew a new tyre and it came to life! I gave it to the car owner and he thanked me and gave me \$100. That night, someone stole my purple crayon. I looked everywhere for it, but I couldn't find it.

A few days later, I saw a man holding my crayon. I asked him to give it back, but he wouldn't. So, I broke it in two. He drew a gun, and I drew an axe. We started to fight! Then the man ate the crayon, and he turned into a powerful knight! I drew a dragon to help me and we fought the knight. Just when I was about to throw my axe, the knight made a peace sign with his hands. I drew a door and it led him to a forest. We all lived happily ever after!

Azlaan Babar Malik | II Green b

My Worst Nightmare

I was walking on the street. I went home. But when I came out, I was mad! Someone was stealing flowers from my garden! I ran after him and followed him on the bridge but the bridge broke. I fell down and got hurt. When I woke up, I was in a spooky house. There were scary pictures on the walls!

I went outside, but it wasn't my home. It was a weird place with skeletons and yucky blood everywhere! I wanted to run away, but the door was gone! I was so scared. I heard creepy noises and saw a



shadow as well but when I went near, it disappeared! Then I saw a monster. It had spiky hair, a horrific smile, and

pointy teeth. An old man came. He said he was stuck like me. He asked if I saw the monster. I said yes. He told me the monster was mean. Suddenly the old man smiled. He said, "Don't worry, you're safe." Then, I woke up!

It was just a bad dream! I was in my own bed, in my own room. The sun was shining, and everything was okay. I was so relieved!

Hajra Zeeshan | II Green b

My Favourite Cartoon Character



I like so many cartoons, but my favourite cartoon is Ben 10. Ben Ten is a boy who is the main character in the cartoon programme, he always saves the day.

He wears a green and black shirt, his shoe colour is white and black. He also has a magical watch which helps him transform into ten different aliens.

Ben Ten is a strong character. My favour-

ite alien that he turns into is called Four Arms, he is the strongest of the aliens. He is the protector of the town. Ben 10 has a cousin named Gwen, they fight with bad people. The main villains are Vilgax, Kevin, Charamcaster and the Forever Knights I like this cartoon very much.

Muhammad Ali Kazim Shah | I Blue a

My Pet

I have a wonderful pet. It is a dog and its



name is Brownie. It has soft fur and shiny eyes. My pet is very friendly and loves to play with me. I feed my pet and give it fresh water to drink everyday. My dog enjoys eating dog food, he also loves eating broccoli.

I take care of its health by keeping it clean and taking it for a walk. Brownie loves to play "fetch" with his favourite orange ball. I let it play in a safe space.

My pet loves me a lot and follows me everywhere, it makes me happy when I am sad.

I feel lucky to have such a loving pet, I like my pet very much.

Wali Aimon | I Blue a

My House

I live in a beautiful house with my family. It is in Gulberg. My house has a big brown door and many windows. It is painted in bright colours. There are three bedrooms, a kitchen and a living room.



My bedroom is my favourite place. I have a small bed, a blue study table and a small cupboard where I keep all my toys. I have a lava lamp on my bedside table which I turn on at night. It gives a nice yellow effect.

There is a garden in front of my house with colourful flowers and trees. I play football in my garden when the weather is good.

I feel safe and happy in my house. I like my house very much.

Abdullah Jamal | I Blue a

My Favourite Book: The Jack and the Beanstalk

My favourite book is Jack and the Beanstalk. It is a fun story about a boy named Jack who lived with his mom. One day, Jack traded his cow for some magic beans. His mom was not happy, and threw the beans away. Next morning



they grew into a huge beanstalk! Jack climbed the beanstalk and found a giant's castle in the sky. In the castle, Jack also saw a golden egg, a golden hen, and a harp. Jack took them and ran. The giant tried to catch him, but Jack was quick and ran down the beanstalk. He cut the beanstalk, and the giant fell down. Jack and his mom sold the egg, they became rich and they lived a happy life. I love this story because it is exciting and has magic! It teaches us to be brave and smart. I always enjoy reading, "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Muhammad Rehman Usmani | I Blue b

A Dream

Last night I saw an amazing dream. I was playing in the garden. When I found the Omnitron watch. I was very excited to wear it. I could feel the power of this watch. My dress got changed into Ben10 outfit and I became the super



nero. Suddenly I heard the voice of my grandfather help! the evil is going to destroy the world. I knew that I had to stop him. I opened my four arms and was ready for a strong fight. I knocked him out in one punch only. After the fight every one became happy and I felt proud and satisfied. Suddenly the alarm started ringing. It was my dream. I woke up happy and wished. I could be Ben10 again.

Syed Ali Buland Bakht Bukhari | I blue B

If I Had Three Wishes

If I had three wishes, I would be very happy. My first wish would be for a magical pencil. I could draw anything, and it would become real! I would draw toys, yummy food, and a big playground



for all my friends. It would be so much fun.

My second wish would be to fly like a bird. I would spread my wings and go high in the sky. I could fly over trees and houses. It would feel amazing to go anywhere I wanted to like the birds.

My third wish would be to make everyone happy. I would give food to people who are hungry and take care of animals. If everyone had food and love, the world would be a better place. I hope one day my wishes come true!

Muhammad Rayyan Rajput | I Blue B

A Magical Day

One day I woke up from a deep sleep. I got up from my bed and was about to go to the washroom when I realized that I was already standing in front of the washroom's door. How did that happen? Just a few seconds ago I had been lying in my bed. That's when I realized that I had zoomed across my room. But how was it possible? Then a thought hit me. Maybe, through some magic I had superpowers now. I tested this idea by racing down the stairs. It all happened so fast. I was moving just like Flash! I raced to my mom and told her everything. She helped me in making my superhero costume. I made a red and yellow striped costume. It had a lightning flash sign on it. My eyes were also turning red because of my new magical powers. My mom took me for shopping. I zoomed across the supermarket and got everything she asked me to in a few seconds. My mom was very happy. Everyone was looking at me. I heard a strange noise coming from the outside. When I went out I saw that a monster was destroying my city. I punched the monster in the face but he flew away. He was about to attack me but I took out my shield and hit him with it. I kicked him very hard and he flew into the sky. I saved my city. It was the most magical day ever!



My mom took me for shopping. I zoomed across the supermarket and got everything she asked me to in a few seconds. My mom was very happy. Everyone was looking at me. I heard a strange noise coming from the outside. When I went out I saw that a monster was destroying my city. I punched the monster in the face but he flew away. He was about to attack me but I took out my shield and hit him with it. I kicked him very hard and he flew into the sky. I saved my city. It was the most magical day ever!

Nayel Daniyal Malik | I Blue c

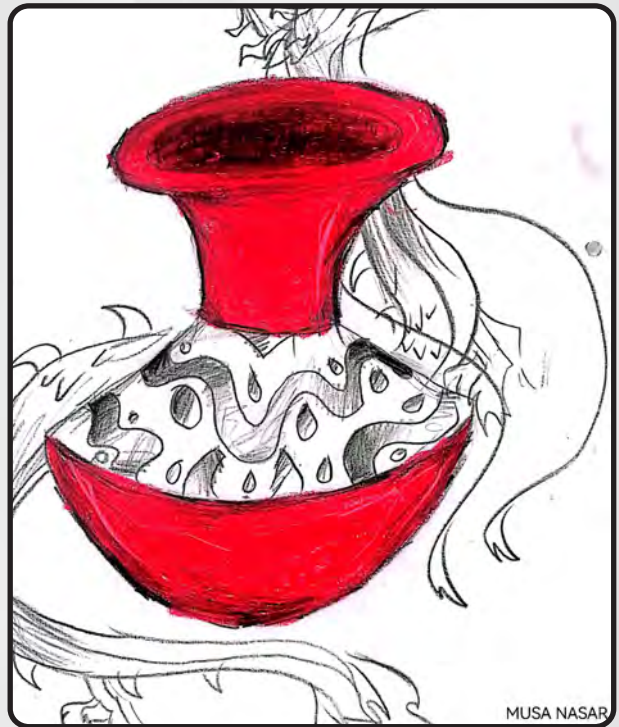


ART
CORNER
Inspiring Kids



Musa Nasir

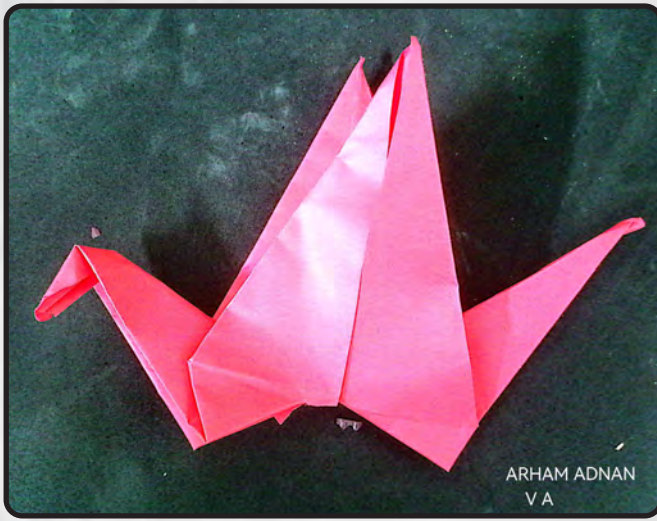
Musa Nasir
Grade V
Drawings



MUSA NASAR



Paper Origami



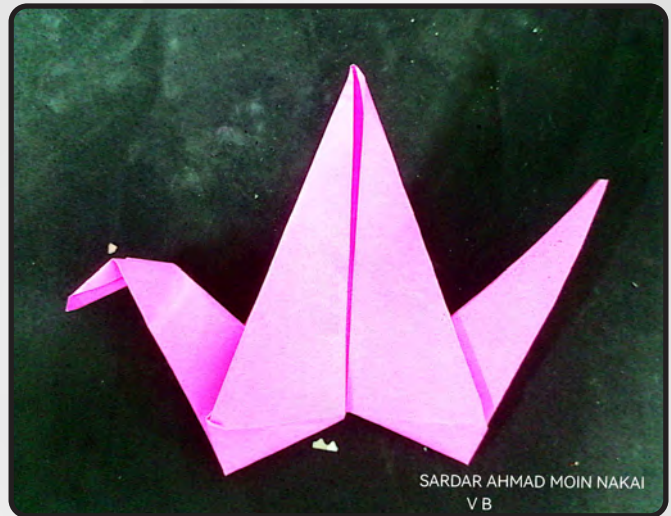
Arham Adnan | V a



M. Dawood Shah | V c



M. Ibraheem Josan | V c



Sardar Ahmad Moin | V b



Negative & Positive Painting - Class V



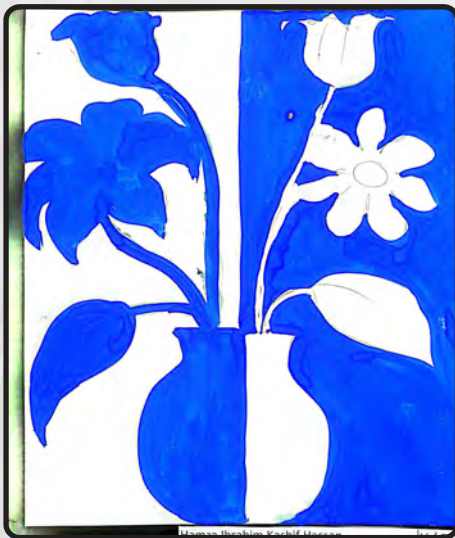
Abdullah Khan Janjua



Dua Rahim



Dua Rahim



Hamza Ibrahim Kashif Hassan



Haris Khalid



M. Ahmad Burhan



Mohammad Arham



Musa Nasar



Noor Moazzam Ahmed

Negative & Positive Painting - Class V



Muhammad Hassan Noor



Syed Tashji Ali Raza



Syeda Sheharbano Hassan



Ayyan Ali



Musa Nasar



Sundus Mahmud Bajwa



Zoya Nauman

White Chalk On Sandpaper | Class V



Aryan Khan



M. Balaaj Afzal



M. Dawood Shah



Rahim Ahmad Bajwa



Gradient Still-Life Painting | Class IV



Anoushay Atif



Emaan Waseem Ahsan



M. Ruhaan Muzamil



M. Hussain



M. Raza Khan Sail



White Chalk On Sandpaper | IV



Abdullah Altamush Baig



Ahmad Hassan



M. Ahmad Hafeez



M. Mujtaba Sultan



M. Shaham Sultan



Muhmmad Bin Ibrahim



M. Fayez



M. Wali Zulqarnein

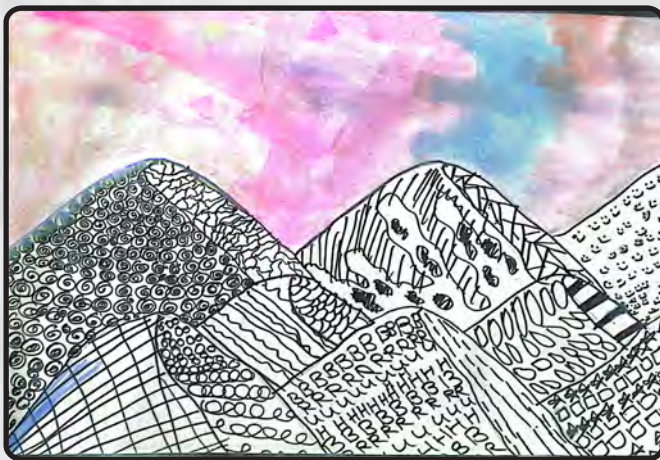


Syed Muhammad Adam



Tawheed Butt

Zentangle Art And Painting | Class IV



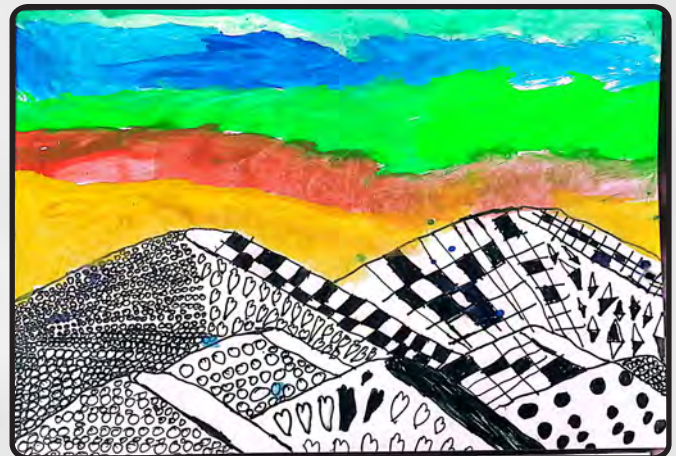
Ali Ashar Jamshaid



Anoushay Atif



M. Ameer Hamza



M. Arham Mirza

Zentangle Art & Painting | Class IV



M. Wali Usman



Shabih Ul Hassan



Shyan Najam

Abstract Painting On Canvas | Class III

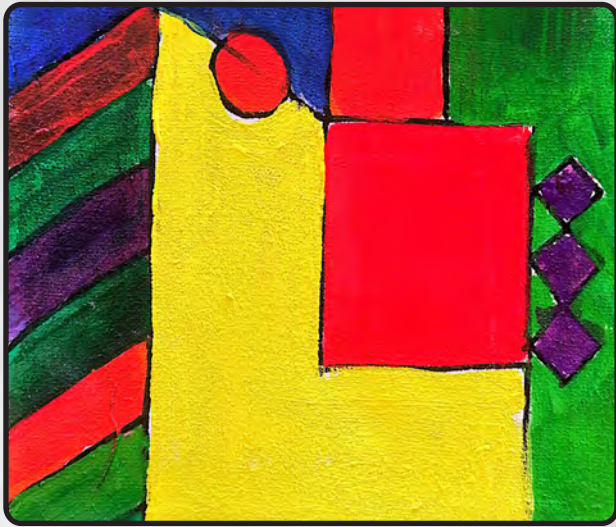


Abdul Hadi Mohsin



Abeer Zahra, Shaheenshah Iqbal,
Mustafa Saad, Shah Hossain

Abstract Painting On Canvas | Class III



M. Azan Bilal



Mustafa Kashif Sethi

Mustafa Kashif Sethi

Blue Pottery With 3D Flowers | III



Abdul Hadi Ali



Abeer Zahra



Amani Ali



Hareem Rashid



M. Zain Ul Abideen



M. Azan Bilal



M. Hassan Ali



Mutahir Omar

NEON SKULL PAINTING | Class III



Abdul Hadi



M. Hamza Tahir



M. Muvhhed Rana



Mutahir Omar

Stained Glass Lanterns | Class III



Abdul Hadi



M. Hussain



Zain Ul Abideen



Zaina Fatima Hussain

Fruits Collage Work | Class II



Alyan Ehsan Ellahi



M. Eesa Saqib



Nuh Ahmad Khan



Taha Omer

My Family Drawing Framed | Class I



Affan Meer



Azaan Mateen



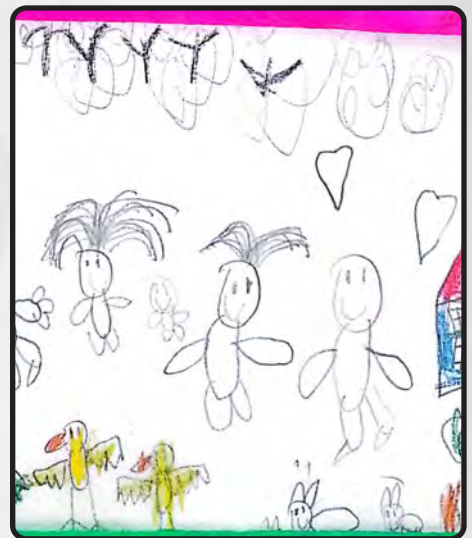
Muhammad Hussain Nasrullah



Muhammad Musa Umair



Muhammad Rayyan Rajput



Muhammad Sakhi Khawaja



Musa Roshar



Rayan Waleed Khan



Sardar Taimoor Ahmad Dogar

My Family Drawing Framed | Class I



Syed Muhmmad Ahmed



Zakariya Mustansar



Zuhair Salman Qureshi_

Paper Collage Work | Class I



Azaan Mateen



Muhammad Abdul Hadi



Muhammad Mustafa Mobeen



Muhammad Rayyan Rajput

Paper Collage Work | Class I



Syed Muhammad Ahmad



Hassan Bilal



Ibrahim Ahmed Shaikh





Ibrahim Ahsan Chaudhari



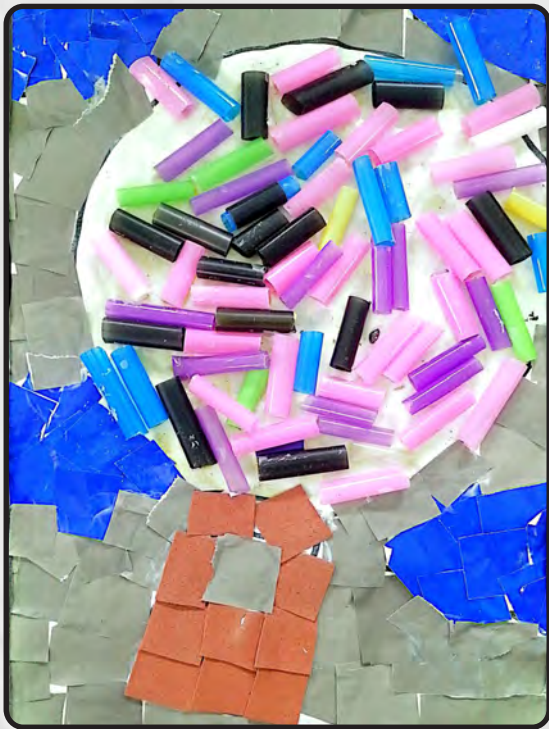
Muhammad Abdullah Zubeer



Muhammad Arham Bilal



Muhammad Mustafa Hassan



Musa Ramay



Raza Ali Khan



جاگو جاگو لڑیا رانی



جاگو جاگو لڑیا رانی
اُٹھو اُٹھو لڑیا رانی
دیکھو دیکھو ہوا سویرا
دن آیا اور گیا اندھیرا
سُورج نکلا تارے بھاگے
طوطا بلبُل چڑیا جاگے
جاگو جاگو لڑیا رانی
اُٹھو اُٹھو لڑیا رانی

دُعا رحیم - پنجم اے

☆☆☆

سموگ

نیلا آسمان، سُورج کی کرنیں
صاف فضا، بارش کی بوندیں
سب کو نِگل گیا سموگ کا دھواں
گرد اور غبار کا اندھا کنواں
آسمان ہے دُھندلا اور کالا
جیسے زمین نے پہن لی گرد کی مالا
ہر طرف بیماری کا راج ہے یارو
گھر سے باہر نکلنا محال ہے یارو
ہر نیا دن اس اُمید میں گزرا
کبھی تو ملے گا سموگ سے چھٹکارا
آؤ سب مل کر دُعا کریں رُب سے
بارش برس جائے رحمت کے گھر سے



زینیا حیات - پنجم اے

میرے اسکول کی کینٹین

میرے خیال میں پورے اسکول میں ہرنچے کی پسندیدہ جگہ اسکول کی کینٹین ہوتی ہے۔ میرے اسکول کی کینٹین بہت بڑی اور

صاف ستھری ہے۔ اسکول کی طرف سے وہاں پر ملنے والی چیزوں اور صفائی کا بہت خیال رکھا جاتا ہے۔ یہ وہ جگہ ہے جہاں بریک میں بیٹھ کر ہم اپنی دوستوں کے ساتھ باتیں کرتے ہوئے اپنے کھانے کا مزہ بھی لیتے ہیں۔ یہاں مختلف دنوں میں مختلف کھانے کی چیزیں ملتی ہیں۔ کسی دن سمو سے تو کسی دن برگر، کبھی پیزا لیکن تمام پچوں کے پسندیدہ فرائز روز ملتے ہیں۔ جن کی خوشبو بریک میں ہمیں



خود بخود کینٹین کی طرف لے جاتی ہے۔ یہاں کام کرنے والے تمام افراد بہت خوش اخلاق ہیں۔ وہ یہاں ملنے والی تمام اشیاء کے معیار کا خاص خیال رکھتے ہیں۔ کینٹین میں وہ چیزیں رکھی جاتی ہیں جو بچوں کی صحت کے لیے اچھی ہوں۔ طلباء کے ساتھ ساتھ اساتذہ بھی اپنے فارغ اوقات میں یہاں بیٹھ کر چائے پیتے ہیں اور مزے مزے کے فرائز کھاتے ہوئے گپ شپ کرتے ہیں۔ مجھے تو انتظار ہوتا ہے کب بریک ہو اور کب میں کینٹین جاؤں۔

زویا نعمان۔ پنجم اے



آن لائن شاپنگ کے فائدے اور نقصانات

ہم جو بھی کام کریں اُس کے فائدے بھی ہوتے ہیں اور نقصانات بھی۔ اسی طرح آن لائن خریداری کے فوائد بھی ہیں اور نقصانات بھی۔ آن



لائن خریداری سے وقت کی بچت ہوتی ہے، آپ کم وقت میں بہت ساری دکانوں کی چیزوں کا موازنہ کر سکتے ہیں۔ آپ کو جگہ جگہ جانا نہیں پڑتا۔ نئی چیزوں کی اطلاع فوراً آ جاتی ہے۔ آن لائن خریداری آپ کسی بھی وقت کر سکتے ہیں کیونکہ یہ ۲۴ گھنٹے ہو سکتی ہے۔ ہر سائز اور رنگ آسانی سے مل جاتا ہے۔

فائدے کے ساتھ نقصان یہ ہے کہ آپ کے ساتھ آسانی

سے دھوکہ ہو سکتا ہے۔ آپ کی ذاتی اور بینک کی معلومات چوری ہو سکتی ہیں۔ چیز غلط آنے کی صورت میں واپسی مشکل ہو جاتی ہے۔ اگر واپس

نہ ہوں تو وقت اور پیسہ دونوں ضائع ہو جاتے ہیں۔ آن لائن خریداری میں جو بات ہمیں بُری لگتی ہے وہ ہے ڈیلیوری فیس۔ خریداری کے پیسے تو دے دیتے ہیں لیکن ڈیلیوری کے پیسے دینا بہت ہی بُرا لگتا ہے۔

مصطفیٰ ارسلان۔ پنجم اے

☆☆☆

پی۔ٹی۔ایم

لو پھر پی۔ٹی۔ایم آئی
بچوں کی شامت لائی
کبھی امی آئیں کبھی ابو آئیں
ہمارے پرچے اور نتیجہ دیکھ کر جائیں
اساتذہ بھی دل بھر کر شکایتیں لگائیں
والدین بھی اپنی تمام مشکلات بتائیں
حساب کی اُستانی کہیں بس گھر پر حساب کروائیں
اُردو کی اُستانی کہیں گھر پر پڑھائی اور اِملاء کروائیں
انگریزی کی اُستانی کہیں انگریزی کی کتابیں پڑھائیں
باقی سب اساتذہ کہیں، اسباق یاد کروائیں
پھر گھر جا کر جو شامت آئے
تو پھر بس مزہ آجائے

تمام۔ پنجم اے

☆☆☆

خوش رہنے کے طریقے

آج کل کے زمانے میں ہمیں روز پریشانیوں کا سامنا کرنا پڑتا ہے لیکن ہم پھر بھی پورا دن اپنے چہرے پر ایک نقلی مسکان سجائے بیٹھے ہوتے ہیں۔ پریشان رہنے سے اتنے نقصانات ہوتے ہیں کہ ہم انہیں گن بھی نہیں سکتے۔ آج کل لوگ خوش رہنے کے طریقے ڈھونڈتے ہیں مگر کوئی



طریقہ ملتا ہی نہیں۔ اسلام ہمیں زندگی میں خوشی کے بہت سے طریقے فراہم کرتا ہے۔ صدقے کو اپنی روزمرہ زندگی کا حصہ بنائیں اور پریشانیوں کو دور بھگائیں۔ اپنے خاندان کے ساتھ اگردن کے کچھ پل بھی گزار لیں تو ہمیں ذہنی سکون اور خوشی ملتی ہے۔ نماز پڑھنا، خدا کا شکر ادا کرنا، یہ سب ہمیں خوش رکھ سکتے ہیں۔ میری دعا ہے کہ ہم سب ہمیشہ خوش رہیں۔

ایان علی۔ پنجم بی

☆☆☆

سوشل میڈیا کے اثرات

سوشل میڈیا ہماری زندگی کی ایک بہت بڑی خوشی اور پریشانی ہے۔ آج کل کے زمانے میں لوگ اپنے خاندان کے ساتھ وقت

گزارنے کی بجائے سوشل میڈیا پر زیادہ وقت گزارتے ہیں۔ سوشل میڈیا دیکھنے کا مزہ تو بہت آتا ہے لیکن آنکھیں خراب ہو جاتی ہیں۔ سوشل میڈیا کہ نقصانات کے ساتھ ساتھ بہت سے فوائد بھی ہیں۔ مثلاً ہم سوشل میڈیا سے پوری دنیا کی معلومات حاصل کر سکتے ہیں، خریداری کر سکتے ہیں، ایک دوسرے سے بات کر سکتے ہیں اور آن لائن کلاس بھی لے سکتے ہیں۔ اگر ہم لوگ کسی وجہ سے اسکول نہ جا



سکیں تو ہم گوگل کلاس روم سے کام دیکھ سکتے ہیں۔ ایک دوسرے کو ای۔ میل بھی کر سکتے ہیں۔ کمپیوٹر ہماری زندگی کی بہت اہم ضرورت ہے اگر ہم اُس کو صحیح طریقے سے استعمال نہ کریں تو اُس میں وائرس بھی آجاتا ہے۔ ہم لوگوں کو صرف ضروری کام کے لیے اس کا استعمال کرنا چاہئے تاکہ ہمارا وقت ضائع نہ ہو۔

فائر حسن۔ پنجم بی

☆☆☆

پاکستان کی ثقافت

پاکستان ایک مختلف ثقافت رکھنے والا ملک ہے۔ چاروں صوبوں کی الگ الگ ثقافت ہے۔ ہر صوبے میں الگ الگ رنگ و نسل اور تہذیب کے لوگ آباد ہیں۔ جو قد ران میں مشترک ہے وہ بنیادی اقدار، رکھ رکھاؤ، خلوص اور محبت ہے۔ ہر صوبہ کی الگ زبان ہے جسے کی مٹھاس اُس صوبہ کے



رہنے والوں کے لہجوں سے ٹپکتی ہے۔ تمام صوبے کے لباس اور پہناوے مختلف ہیں۔ جو اُس صوبے کی ثقافت کا مظہر ہے۔ مختلف اقسام کے کھانوں میں ہر صوبہ اپنی مثال آپ ہے۔ ہر صوبے کے الگ الگ کھیل اور روایات ہیں۔ خوشی منانے کے طریقے، تہوار اور جشن منانے کا طریقہ بھی مختلف ہے۔ یہ مختلف طرح کی ثقافت ہی پاکستان کا حسن ہے۔

بالاج افضل۔ پنجم بی



ماحول کی حفاظت

ماحول ہمارے ارد گرد کی جگہ ہے۔ اس کو صاف رکھنا ہمارا فرض ہے۔ ماحول کے لفظی معنی ارد گرد کے ہیں خاص طور پر زمین، فضا، پانی

وغیرہ کو ماحول کہتے ہیں۔ ماحولیاتی آلودگی کی کئی اقسام ہیں

جن میں ہوائی آلودگی، آبی آلودگی، زمینی آلودگی اور شور کی

آلودگی شامل ہیں۔ ہمارے ماحول میں جب گندگی اور

نقصان دہ عناصر شامل ہو جائیں تو اسے ماحولیاتی آلودگی کہتے

ہیں۔ ماحول کو صاف کرنے کے لیے ہمیں کارخانوں میں

نکاسی کا نظام بہتر کرنا ہوگا، گاڑیوں کے ساتھ ساتھ

سائیکلوں کا استعمال کرنا ہوگا، درخت زیادہ سے زیادہ

لگائیں، کوڑے کو مت جلائیں اور نہروں میں گندہ پھینکیں۔ لوگوں کو سڑکوں پر کچرا نہیں پھینکنا چاہیے۔ دوستو آپ کو بھی اپنے ماحول کو صاف

رکھنا چاہیے تاکہ ہمارا ملک صاف رہے۔ اس آلودگی کی وجہ سے ہمارا ماحول خراب ہوتا ہے۔ ہمیں چاہیے کہ ہم اس کی حفاظت کریں تاکہ ہمارا

ملک صاف رہے۔



اشعر محمد طاہر۔ پنجم بی



بچوں کے حقوق

بچوں کے بہت سے حقوق ہوتے ہیں۔ اللہ تعالیٰ نے ہر انسان کو کسی نہ کسی وجہ سے اس دُنیا

میں بھیجا ہے۔ آئیے! میں آپ کو بچوں کے حقوق کے بارے میں بتاتا ہوں۔ بچوں کے حقوق میں

سب سے زیادہ اہم حق ہے کہ بچوں کی عزت کی جائے، اُن کی بات مانی جائے۔ اُن سے

اچھا سلوک کیا جائے اور پیار سے بات کی جائے۔ صحت، تعلیم اور کھیل کود کی سہولت مہیا کی



جائے۔ انھیں مارا پیٹا نہ جائے۔ بچوں کے بہت سے حقوق ہیں اور بڑوں پر فرض ہے کہ وہ یہ حقوق پورے کریں۔

حارث مانیکا۔ پنجم بی

☆☆☆

سچ کی اہمیت

سچ بولنا ہر شخص پر لازم ہے۔ اللہ تعالیٰ سچ بولنے والے کو پسند کرتے ہیں۔ آپ ﷺ ہمیشہ سچ بولتے تھے اس لیے آپ کو صادق کہا گیا۔ سچ بولنے والے کو سب پسند کرتے ہیں۔ اُس پر اعتماد اور بھروسہ کرتے ہیں۔ قرآن مجید میں ارشاد ہے کہ ”میں سچے لوگوں کے ساتھ ہوں۔“

سچائی ایک ایسا راستہ ہے جس میں انسان کی بھلائی، کامیابی اور نجات ہے۔ حدیث شریف ہے کہ ”سچ نجات دلاتا ہے اور جھوٹ ہلاک کر دیتا ہے۔“ اس کا مطلب یہ ہوا کہ سچ بولنے میں انسان کا فائدہ اور جھوٹ بولنے میں رسوائی ہے۔ اللہ کے آخری نبی ﷺ کی پوری زندگی بچپن سے لے کر آخر تک سچ کا عملی نمونہ پیش کرتی ہے۔ دنیا میں صرف مخلص اور سچے لوگ ہی کامیاب ہوتے ہیں۔ اسی لیے ہمیں بھی ہمیشہ سچ کا ساتھ دینا چاہیے۔

شیخ نور معظم احمد۔ پنجم سی

تعلیم کا کردار



تعلیم حاصل کرنا ہر شخص کا بنیادی حق ہے۔ تعلیم کا کردار یہ ہے کہ وہ ہمیں شعور دیتی ہے۔ دُنیا یہ جان چکی ہے کہ اس کے بغیر ترقی ممکن نہیں۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ آبادی کا بڑا حصہ اس کے حصول میں لگ گیا ہے۔ جیسے ہمارا اسکول جانا علم کو بڑھاتا ہے۔ تعلیم حاصل کرنے کے لیے ہمیں اسکول، کالج یونیورسٹی جانا ہوتا ہے۔ ان سب کے بعد ہم کوئی بھی کام بہترین طریقے سے کر سکتے ہیں۔ تعلیم ہمیں اچھے اور بُرے میں تمیز سکھاتی ہے۔ بہتر زندگی کے لیے تعلیم حاصل کرنا بہت ضروری ہے۔

شاہ میر حسین۔ پنجم سی

☆☆☆

صحت مند زندگی کے اصول

کیا آپ جانتے ہیں کہ روزانہ چہل قدمی شکرگزاری اور خوش رہنے کی عادات آپ کی زندگی کو طویل بنائے رکھنے میں اہم کردار ادا کرتی ہیں۔

☆ دوستوں کے ساتھ وقت گزاریں۔

☆ بُری چیزوں سے پرہیز کریں۔

- ☆ کم کھائیں۔
- ☆ روزانہ ورزش کرنا۔
- ☆ باقاعدگی سے نہائیں اور ناخن تراشیں۔
- ☆ پریشانیوں کو سر پر سوار نہ کریں
- ☆ وقت پر سوئیں اور اٹھیں۔
- ☆ دن میں دو بار دانت صاف کریں۔
- ☆ صحت بخش کھانا کھائیں۔
- ☆ بامقصد زندگی گزاریں۔

عمار محمد شیخ۔ پنجم سی

☆☆☆

صبح کا وقت

صبح کا وقت قدرت کا انمول تحفہ ہے۔ یہ دن کا سب سے خوشگوار وقت ہوتا ہے۔ ہر طرف سکون اور تنازگی ہوتی ہے۔ درختوں پر پرندے چہچہاتے ہیں۔ فضا اور ماحول میں خوشبو محسوس ہوتی ہے۔ آسمان پر سورج طلوع ہوتا ہے۔

چاروں طرف روشنی پھیل جاتی ہے۔ مرنے کی اذان سے ہمیں پتا چلتا ہے کہ صبح ہو گئی ہے۔ صبح سویرے اٹھنے سے ہماری صحت اچھی ہوتی ہے۔ یہ وقت عبادت، ورزش اور مطالعہ کے لئے بہترین ہوتا ہے۔ اس وقت ٹھنڈی ہوا چلتی ہے جو ہمارے دماغ کو سارا دن تروتازہ رکھتی ہے۔



ہمیں صبح کے وقت کاشکر گزار ہونا چاہیے جو ہمیں نیا دن شروع کرنے کا موقع دیتا ہے۔ صبح کے وقت کی خوبصورتی ہماری زندگی میں خوشی اور سکون لاتی ہے۔ ہمیں اس وقت کی قدر کرنی چاہیے اور اسے بہتر انداز میں استعمال کرنا چاہیے۔

اسماعیل ذیشان ڈار۔ چہارم سی

☆☆☆

کمپیوٹر ہماری ضرورت

کمپیوٹر ہماری زندگی کی ایک اہم ضرورت بن چکی ہے۔ اس نے ہماری زندگی کو بہت آسان بنا دیا ہے۔ یہ ایک بہت مفید ایجاد ہے۔



اس کے بہت سے فائدے ہیں۔ ہم اس کے ذریعے دور دراز علاقوں میں رہنے والے رشتہ داروں کے ساتھ ویڈیو کال کر سکتے ہیں۔ اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ گیم کھیل سکتے ہیں۔ کاروبار کر سکتے ہیں۔ حساب کتاب، آن لائن خریداری اور آن لائن کلاس بھی لے سکتے ہیں۔ کمپیوٹر کی مدد سے ہم اہم معلومات حاصل کر سکتے ہیں اور انہیں محفوظ بھی کر سکتے ہیں۔ کمپیوٹر ایک اہم ایجاد ہے۔ اگر ہم اسے بے احتیاطی اور لاپرواہی سے استعمال کریں گے تو یہ خراب بھی ہو سکتا ہے۔

محمد رضا خان سیال۔ چہارم اے



یوم آزادی

پاکستان ۱۴ اگست ۱۹۴۷ء کو آزاد ہوا۔ ہم اس دن یوم آزادی مناتے ہیں۔ ہم نے اس ملک کو حاصل کرنے کے لئے بڑی قربانیاں دی ہیں۔ انگریزوں نے تقریباً (۱۰۰) سال تک پورے برصغیر پر حکومت کی۔ انگریزوں کی غلامی سے نجات حاصل کرنے کے لئے ہمارے راہنماؤں نے بہت محنت کی۔ ان کی محنت رنگ لائی۔ آخر کار ۱۴ اگست

۱۹۴۷ء کو ہمیں انگریزوں کی غلامی سے نجات ملی۔ پاکستانی قوم یہ دن بڑے جوش و خروش سے مناتی ہے۔ گھر گھر پاکستانی پرچم لہرائے جاتے ہیں۔ ہر سمت سے قومی گیتوں کی صدائیں سنائی دیتی ہیں۔ اس روز پورے ملک میں عام تعطیل ہوتی ہے۔ ریڈیو اور ٹیلی ویژن پر خصوصی پروگرام نشر ہوتے ہیں۔ جگہ جگہ تقریبات منعقد کی جاتی ہیں۔ ۱۴ اگست کی



رات ۱۲ بجے آتش بازی کا اہتمام بھی کیا جاتا ہے۔ یہ دن ہم پاکستانیوں کے لئے بڑی شان کا دن ہوتا ہے۔

ایمان وسیم۔ چہارم اے

میرا پسندیدہ تہوار

میرا پسندیدہ تہوار عید الفطر ہے۔ یہ اسلامی تہوار ہے جو رمضان کے مہینے کے اختتام کے بعد منایا جاتا ہے۔ عید الفطر پہلی شوال کو پوری دنیا کے مسلمان بہت جوش و خروش سے مناتے ہیں۔



مجھے یہ تہوار بہت پسند ہے کیونکہ اس دن میں صبح سویرے اُٹھ جاتا ہوں۔ نہا کر نیا لباس زیب تن کرتا ہوں اور پھر اُٹو کے ساتھ عید کی نماز پڑھنے مسجد جاتا ہوں۔ گھر واپسی پر مجھے عیدی ملتی ہے۔ سب میرے لئے تحفے لاتے ہیں۔ اس دن سب قریبی رشتہ دار اور دوست عید ملنے ہمارے گھر آتے ہیں۔ اس دن میری امی نہاری اور میٹھے میں کھیر بناتی ہیں۔ سارے سچے قطار بنا کر بڑوں سے عیدی لیتے ہیں۔ میرے امی اُٹو ہمیں پانچ

پانچ سو عیدی دیتے ہیں۔ میں اس دن اپنے بہن، بھائیوں اور دوستوں کے ساتھ مال جاتا ہوں۔ ہم سب وہاں جا کر فلم دیکھتے ہیں اور کھانا کھاتے ہیں۔ میں اپنے دوستوں کو عید کی مزاحیہ شاعری کارڈ میں لکھ کر دیتا ہوں۔ اس دن میں بہت ساری تصویریں بناتا ہوں۔ اس تہوار پر میں اپنے گھر والوں کے ساتھ مل کر کھانا غریبوں میں بانٹتا ہوں۔ میں ہر سال اس تہوار کو بہت جوش و خروش سے مناتا ہوں۔

حسان اشرف چٹھا۔ چہارم بی



صفائی کیوں ضروری ہے؟

صفائی نصف ایمان ہے۔ ایک صحت مند زندگی کے لئے صفائی بہت ضروری ہے۔ ہمیں صفائی کا خیال رکھنے کے لئے کچھ اہم باتوں پر عمل کرنا چاہیے جیسے کہ اپنا گھر صاف رکھیں۔ ہر روز اپنے گھر کی صفائی کریں۔ کچرا کوڑے دان میں ڈالیں۔ تازہ ہوا اور دُھوپ کے لیے دروازے اور کھڑکیاں کھلی رکھیں۔ اپنے آپ کو صاف رکھنے کے لیے روانہ نہائیں اور صاف کپڑے پہنیں۔ صبح اور رات کو دانت صاف کریں۔ گھر کے باہر ارد گرد کے ماحول کو صاف رکھنا بھی ہماری ذمہ داری ہے۔ کچرا باہر نہ پھینکیں۔ کھانے پینے کی چیزیں ڈھانپ کر رکھیں تاکہ جراثیم اور بیماریوں سے محفوظ رہیں۔ اگر ہم صفائی کا خیال رکھیں گے تو نہ صرف اپنی زندگی کو بہتر بنائیں گے بلکہ دوسروں کے لیے بھی ایک مثال قائم کریں گے۔

محمد ارحم مرزا۔ چہارم بی



کتابوں سے دوستی

کتابوں سے دوستی بہترین دوستی ہے۔ کتابیں ادبی ہوں یا علمی، تاریخی ہوں یا اخلاقی، یہ ہماری غم خوار اور زندہ دل ساتھی کی حیثیت رکھتی ہیں۔ یہ ہماری وفادار دوست ہوتی ہیں جن پر ہم اعتماد اور بھروسہ

کر سکتے ہیں۔ دُنیا میں پیشمار کتب خانے موجود ہیں جن میں لاتعداد علمی کتابیں موجود ہیں۔ ان کتابوں سے لطف اندوز ہونا زیادہ مشکل نہیں ہے۔ ہمارے مستقبل کی تمام اُمیدیں ان ہی سے وابستہ ہیں۔ میں نے بہت سی کتابیں پڑھی ہیں مگر قرآن مجید ایک ایسی کتاب ہے جس سے میں نے بہت کچھ سیکھا ہے۔ قرآن مجید سب سے مقدس کتاب ہے۔ یہ ہمارے پیارے نبی حضرت محمد ﷺ پر نازل ہوئی اور یہ اللہ تعالیٰ کی آخری کتاب ہے۔ قرآن مجید کی تلاوت سے مجھے بہت سکون ملتا ہے۔ یہ میری سچی دوست ہے۔ یہ کتاب ہم سب مسلمانوں کے لیے ہدایت اور بخشش کا ذریعہ ہے۔ یہ قیامت تک رہنے والی کتاب ہے۔

امیر حمزہ۔ چہارم اے



چُست اور تندرست رہنے کا راز

چُست اور تندرست رہنا ہی زندگی ہے۔ چُستی ایک تندرست جسم میں ہی پیدا ہو سکتی ہے۔ اسی طرح تندرست رہنے کی علامت چُستی ہے۔ چُستی اور تازگی اس وقت بدن میں پیدا ہوتی ہے جب ہم خالص خوراک کھائیں گے۔ گھر کا پکا ہوا کھانا ہر قسم کے جراثیم سے پاک ہوتا ہے جبکہ بازاری کھانے کی صفائی اور سٹھرائی کی کوئی ضمانت نہیں ہوتی۔ تازہ پھل، سبزیاں، دودھ وغیرہ کا استعمال ہمیں تندرست اور چُست رکھتا ہے۔ دن میں کچھ وقت کے لیے کھیل کود میں حصہ لینا بھی تندرستی کی علامت ہے۔ ہمیں چاہیے کہ ہم ایسا کوئی کام نہ کریں جس سے چُستی اور تندرستی کو خطرہ ہو۔



محمد مجتبیٰ سلطان۔ چہارم اے



دوستی

دوستی ایک قیمتی رشتہ ہے جو انسانوں کے درمیان محبت اور اعتماد کی بنیاد پر قائم ہوتا ہے۔ دوستی کا مطلب ہے ایک دوسرے کے ساتھ وقت گزارنا، خوشیوں اور غموں میں ایک دوسرے کا ساتھ دینا۔ دوستی کا یہ رشتہ انسان کی زندگی کو خوشیوں سے بھر دیتا ہے۔

دوست وہ ہوتے ہیں جو ہماری خامیوں کو قبول کرتے ہیں اور ہمیں بہتر بنانے کی کوشش کرتے ہیں۔ دوستی کا یہ رشتہ زندگی کی خوشیوں کو بڑھاتا اور دکھوں کو کم کرتا ہے۔ ایک سچا دوست زندگی کا



انمول تحفہ ہوتا ہے جو ہر لمحے کو خاص بنا دیتا ہے۔ اس لیے ہمیں اپنے دوستوں کی قدر کرنی چاہئے کیونکہ یہ زندگی کی سب سے قیمتی چیزوں میں سے ایک ہے۔

توحید بٹ۔ چہارم سی



کُتب خانے کا احترام

کُتب خانہ علم کے خزانے کو کہتے ہیں۔ یہاں پر ہزاروں کتابیں موجود ہوتی ہیں جو ہمیں علم و ادب، تاریخ، سائنس اور زندگی کے دیگر شعبوں کے بارے میں معلومات فراہم کرتی ہیں۔ جو قومیں کتابوں اور کُتب خانوں کا احترام کرتی ہیں وہی ترقی کرتی اور کامیاب ہوتی ہیں۔



کُتب خانے میں ہمیں ادب اور خاموشی کا مظاہرہ کرنا چاہیے تاکہ دوسروں کو مطالعے میں کوئی تکلیف نہ ہو۔ کتابوں کو صاف ستھرا رکھیں اور احتیاط سے استعمال کریں کیونکہ یہ علم کا قیمتی ذریعہ ہیں۔ ہمیں کتابوں کو اصل جگہ پر واپس رکھنا چاہیے تاکہ دوسرے لوگ بھی آسانی سے ان سے فائدہ اٹھا سکیں۔ کُتب خانے میں بیٹھ کر ہمیں صرف علم حاصل کرنے پر توجہ دینی چاہئے اور فضول باتوں سے پرہیز کرنا چاہیے۔ وہاں پر شُور کرنا، کتابوں کو نقصان پہنچانا یا ان پر لکھائی کرنا بُری بات ہے۔

کتابیں ہماری بہترین دوست ہیں۔ ہمیں ان کا احترام کرنا چاہیے یہی ہمیں ایک کامیاب اور اچھا انسان بننے میں مدد دیتی ہیں۔ ہمیں چاہیے کہ ہم کُتب خانوں کا خیال رکھیں اور دوسروں کو بھی اس کی اہمیت بتائیں۔ اللہ تعالیٰ ہمیں علم حاصل کرنے اور کتابوں کا احترام کرنے کی توفیق عطا فرمائیں۔

حسین عزیز۔ چہارم بی



وقت کی پابندی



اگر ہم ترقی کے زینے پر چڑھنا چاہتے ہیں تو ہمیں اپنا ہر کام وقت پر کرنا ہوگا۔ وقت کی پابندی ہی کامیابی کی ضمانت ہے۔ اگر ہم کائنات کا مطالعہ کریں تو پتہ چلتا ہے کہ ہر کام وقت کی پابندی سے ہو رہا ہے۔ موسم کا بدلنا، دن رات کا آنا جانا، پھولوں کا کھلنا، پھلوں کا پکنا، سورج، چاند، ستاروں کی آمد اور جانے کا عمل سب وقت کی پابندی سے ہوتا ہے۔

نمازیں، روزے اور دوسرے سارے عمل وقت پر ہوتے ہیں۔ اگر ہم وقت کی پابندی نہیں کریں گے تو ہم نہ صرف ناکام ہو جائیں گے بلکہ دوسروں سے بہت پیچھے رہ جائیں گے۔ وقت کی پابندی سے ہی ہم کامیاب ہو سکتے ہیں۔

مرضی مجتبیٰ - چہارم بی



فضائی آلودگی

ہوایں نقصان دہ گیسوں کا داخل ہونا فضائی آلودگی کہلاتا ہے۔ فضائی آلودگی کی سب سے بڑی وجہ انسانی سرگرمیوں کی وجہ سے پیدا

ہونے والی گیس کا فضا میں شامل ہونا ہے۔ سموگ فضائی آلودگی کی ایک قسم ہے۔ جو ہمیں آنکھوں اور گلے کی بیماریوں میں مبتلا کرتی ہے۔ فضائی آلودگی کی ایک اور وجہ گاڑیوں کا دھواں، فیکٹریوں سے نکلنے والی گیس اور کچرے کا جلانا ہے۔



جب ہم زیادہ درخت کاٹتے ہیں اور کم لگاتے ہیں تو

یہ مسئلہ اور بڑھ جاتا ہے۔ فضائی آلودگی کی وجہ سے بیماریاں جنم لیتی ہیں جیسے کھانسی اور دمہ۔ ہم سب مل کر اس کو ٹھیک کر سکتے

ہیں۔ زیادہ درخت لگائیں، کچرا نہ جلائیں اور سائیکل پر سفر کریں، پیدل چلیں تاکہ گاڑیوں کا دھواں کم ہو۔ ہماری زمین کو بچانا ہم سب کی ذمہ داری ہے۔ صاف ہوا میں سانس لینا سب کا حق ہے۔

زیان طاہر - چہارم بی



صحت مند کھانے کی اہمیت

صحت مند کھانا ہماری زندگی کا اہم حصہ ہے۔ یہ ہمیں طاقت، توانائی اور بیماریوں سے لڑنے کی قوت دیتا ہے۔ صحت مند کھانے میں تازہ

پھل، سبزیاں، دودھ اور پروٹین سے بھرپور غذائیں شامل ہیں۔

اگر ہم جنک فوڈ اور غیر متوازن خوراک استعمال کریں گے تو ہماری صحت کو نقصان پہنچ سکتا ہے جیسے موٹاپا، دل کی بیماریاں اور

کمزوری۔ صحت مند کھانا ہمیں مضبوط اور چست رکھتا ہے اور ہم بہتر طریقے سے زندگی گزار سکتے ہیں۔ اس لیے ہمیں ہمیشہ صاف اور متوازن غذا

کا انتخاب کرنا چاہیے۔ جنک فوڈ سے پرہیز کریں تاکہ ایک صحت مند اور خوش حال زندگی گزار سکیں۔

زاریان متین - چہارم بی

ہمارا ماحول ہماری ذمہ داری



ہمارا ماحول اللہ تعالیٰ کی عظیم نعمت ہے۔ صاف ہوا، پانی، درخت اور زمین ہماری زندگی کے لیے ضروری ہیں۔ آج کل انسان کی لاپرواہی اور آلودگی کی وجہ سے ہمارا ماحول خراب ہو رہا ہے۔ گندگی، کچرا اور فیکٹریوں کا دھواں زمین پانی اور ہوا کو نقصان پہنچا رہا ہے۔ درختوں کے کٹنے کی وجہ سے بھی نقصان ہو رہا ہے۔

ہماری ذمہ داری ہے کہ ہم اپنے ماحول کو صاف رکھیں۔ اپنے

ماحول کو صحت کرنے کے لیے ہمیں چاہیے کہ درخت لگائیں۔ پلاسٹک کا استعمال نہ کریں۔ گندگی کو صحیح جگہ پر پھینکیں۔ پانی کو ضائع مت کریں۔ دوسروں کو بھی ماحول صاف رکھنے کا درس دیں۔

اگر ہم اپنے ماحول کو صاف ستھرا رکھیں گے۔ تو آنے والی نسلوں کو خوبصورت اور صحت مند زندگی ملے گی۔ ماحول کی حفاظت کرنا ہمارا فرض ہے۔ ہمیں اس ذمہ داری کو اچھے سے نبھانا چاہیے۔

محمد بن ظہیر - چہارم بی



میرا پسندیدہ موسم

دنیا میں مختلف طرح کے موسم ہوتے ہیں لیکن میرا پسندیدہ موسم سردی کا ہے۔ یہ موسم نومبر سے فروری تک رہتا ہے۔ اس موسم میں راتیں لمبی اور دن چھوٹے ہوتے ہیں۔ پہاڑی علاقوں میں برفباری ہوتی ہے۔ میں سردیوں کی چھٹیوں میں برفباری دیکھنے جاتا ہوں۔

سردی میں صبح اور رات کے وقت دھند ہوتی ہے، سورج کم نکلتا ہے۔ دھوپ میں حرارت بھی کم ہوتی ہے۔ اس موسم میں موٹے اور گرم کپڑے پہنتا ہوں جیسے جیکٹ، سویٹر، کوٹ، ٹوپی، دستانے، مفلر اور شال وغیرہ۔ اس موسم میں بہت سے پھل اور سبزیاں آتی ہیں جنہیں میں بہت شوق سے کھاتا ہوں۔ مالٹے اور کینو دھوپ میں بیٹھ کر کھانے کا بہت مزہ آتا ہے۔ سردی میں سونے کے لئے کمبل اور لحاف



استعمال کرتے ہیں۔ رات کے وقت ہیٹر کے پاس بیٹھ کر بڑوں سے کہانیاں سننے اور باتیں کرنے کا مزہ ہی کچھ اور ہے۔ گاجر کا حلوہ اس موسم کا

خاص تحفہ ہے۔

اس موسم میں ہیٹر اور انگیٹھی کے سامنے بیٹھ کر بادام، اخروٹ، کاجو، پستہ، مونگ پھلی اور چلغوزے کھاتے ہیں۔ لوگ سردی کے موسم میں چائے، کافی، ہاٹ چاکلیٹ اور کشمیری چائے سے بھی لطف اندوز ہوتے ہیں۔ سردیوں کی دھوپ میں کھیلنے کا مزہ آتا ہے۔ میں دھوپ میں بیٹھ کر کتاب پڑھتا ہوں۔ مجھے سردی کا موسم بہت اچھا لگتا ہے۔

محمد عبداللہ یاسر۔ چہارم سی

☆☆☆

اچھے بچے کیسے بنتے ہیں

اچھے بچے اپنا کام دیا ننداری سے کرتے ہیں۔ ہمیشہ سچ بولتے ہیں۔ جب وعدہ کرتے ہیں تو پورا کرتے ہیں۔ امتحان میں نقل نہیں کرتے۔ دوسرے بچوں کی چیزیں بغیر اجازت نہیں لیتے۔ چوری نہیں کرتے، محنت سے کام کرتے ہیں۔ والدین اور اساتذہ کی بات مانتے ہیں۔ کسی کو تنگ نہیں کرتے۔ اس طرح اللہ تعالیٰ بھی خوش ہوتے ہیں اور سب لوگ بھی پیار کرتے ہیں۔

محمد بلال عمر۔ سوئم سی

☆☆☆

اللہ تعالیٰ کی نعمتیں



اللہ تعالیٰ نے ہمیں بے شمار نعمتیں عطا کی ہیں۔ جیسے ہوا، پانی، خوراک اور روشنی جن کے بغیر ہم زندہ نہیں رہ سکتے۔ اللہ تعالیٰ نے ہمیں صحت، خاندان اور دوست دیئے ہیں۔ ان نعمتوں کی قدر کرتے ہوئے ان کا درست استعمال کرنا چاہیے۔ اللہ کی ہر نعمت کا شکر ادا کرنا چاہیے۔ جب ہم اللہ تعالیٰ کا شکر ادا کرتے ہیں تو وہ ہمیں اور زیادہ نعمتوں سے نوازتے ہیں۔

موحد رانا۔ سوئم بی

☆☆☆

بس آپ نے گھبرانا نہیں

جیسا کہ آپ جانتے ہیں کہ ہمارا ملک پاکستان اس وقت مشکل میں ہے۔ ہر آدمی مہنگائی سے پریشان ہے۔ مگر میرے دوستو! یہ وقت جلد گزر جائے گا بس آپ نے گھبرانا نہیں۔ قائد اعظم محمد علی جناح نے فرمایا تھا کہ ”مسلمان مصیبت میں گھبراتا نہیں“ اس لئے ہمیں گھبرانے کی کوئی

ضرورت نہیں۔ مشکل وقت ہمیشہ نہیں رہتا اچھا وقت آنے والا ہے بس آپ نے گھبرانا نہیں۔

آخر میں آپ سب کے لیے میرا پیغام ہے کہ اس مشکل وقت کو ہم سب نے صبر اور ہمت سے گزارنا ہے کیوں کہ ہر اندھیرے کے بعد اُجالا ہے۔
تو بس آپ سب نے گھبرانا نہیں۔ پاکستان زندہ باد۔

عبدالاحد غضنفر۔ سوئم بی

☆☆☆

چڑیا گھر کی سیر

چڑیا گھر گھومنے کی جگہ ہے۔ یہ ایسی خوب صورت جگہ ہے جہاں مختلف اقسام کے جانور اور پرندے رہتے ہیں۔ ہم وہاں شیر، ہاتھی، بندر، زرافہ اور بہت سارے جانور دیکھ سکتے ہیں۔ یہاں رنگ برنگے پرندے بھی ہوتے ہیں جیسے طوطے اور مور جو دیکھنے میں بہت خوبصورت لگتے ہیں۔



ان جانوروں کو پنجروں میں رکھا جاتا ہے جہاں ان کی بہت

اچھی دیکھ بھال ہوتی ہے۔ ان کو دیکھنے لوگ دور دور سے آتے ہیں۔ ہمیں ان کا خیال رکھنا چاہیے اور انہیں پریشان نہیں کرنا چاہیے

عیسیٰ غوث - سوئم بی

☆☆☆

سردی کی چھٹیاں

جب سردی کی چھٹیاں شروع ہوتی ہیں تو بچے خوش ہو جاتے ہیں کہ اب اسکول نہیں جانا پڑے گا۔ سردی کا موسم بہت خوبصورت ہوتا ہے کبھی



دھوپ نکلتی ہے تو کبھی بادل آجاتے ہیں۔ میں ان چھٹیوں میں اپنی کزن کے ساتھ لمز یونیورسٹی ایک کورس کرنے گئی تھی۔ مجھے بہت مزہ آیا۔ میری خواہش ہے کہ میں بڑی ہو کر اس یونیورسٹی میں پڑھنے جاؤں۔ کورس ختم ہونے کے بعد میں اپنی نانو کے گھر گئی۔ وہاں میں اپنے بہن بھائیوں کے ساتھ کھیلی بھی اور اسکول کا کام بھی کیا۔ ایک دن مجھے خرگوش پالنے کا شوق ہوا تو میں نے اپنے والدین کو منایا کہ مجھے

خرگوش لے کر دیں۔ اُنھوں نے میری بات مان لی۔ میں بہت خوش ہوئی۔ میری چھٹیاں بہت اچھی گزریں۔

حورم شاہ زیب۔ سوئم اے

☆☆☆

صبح کی سیر

صُبح کے وقت موسم بہت حسین ہوتا ہے۔ میں صُبح باغ کی سیر کرنے جاتی ہوں۔ باغ میں ٹھنڈی ہوا چلتی ہے۔ پرندے چہچہاتے ہیں۔ پھولوں کی خوشبو اچھی معلوم ہوتی ہے۔ تتلیاں پھولوں کا رس چوستی نظر آتی ہیں۔ پرندے اپنے گھونسلے سے کھانے کی تلاش میں نکلتے ہیں۔ صُبح کی سیر صحت کے لئے بہت اچھی ہے۔ میں ورزش کرتی ہوں اور سائیکل بھی چلاتی ہوں۔ ہری ہری گھاس پر چلنا مجھے بہت اچھا لگتا ہے۔ اس کے بعد میں سارا دن تازہ دم رہتی ہوں۔ مجھے صُبح کی سیر کا بہت مزہ آتا ہے۔

عنایہ شعیب۔ سوئم اے

☆☆☆

میری بلی



میری بلی بھولی بھالی
سر سے دم تک کالی کالی
شیر کی وہ حالہ ہے
میاؤں میاؤں کی آواز نکالے
نیلی نیلی آنکھوں والی
منہی منہی پیاری پیاری
پیتی دودھ کا پیالہ ہے
سب کے دل میں گھر بنا لے
چمیلی آنکھوں والی
میری بلی بھولی بھالی

حریم راشد۔ سوئم اے

☆☆☆

میری خواہش ہے کہ

ہماری ملازمہ کے بچے غربت کی وجہ سے پڑھ نہیں سکتے۔ یہ دیکھ کر میرے دل میں یہ خواہش پیدا ہوئی کہ میں اپنے گھر کے گیراج میں غریب بچوں کو شام کے وقت پڑھاؤں گا۔ میں بڑا ہو کر اپنے ساتھ اپنے دوستوں کو بھی شامل کر لوں گا۔ پھر میں ایک اسکول بناؤں گا جہاں غریب بچوں کو مفت تعلیم دی جائے گی۔

عبداللہ اسفند - سوئم اے

میرے شرارتی بھائی

میرے دو چھوٹے اور محبت کرنے والے شرارتی بھائی ہیں۔ جن کے ساتھ میں کھیلتا اور شرارتیں کرتا ہوں۔ وہ دونوں میری بات مانتے ہیں۔ ہم مل کر سائیکل چلاتے اور کھلونوں سے کھیلتے ہیں۔

چھٹی کا دن بابا کے ساتھ گھومنے پھرنے میں گزر جاتا ہے۔ جب وہ مجھے تنگ کرتے ہیں تو میں بہت غصہ کرتا ہوں۔ آمنہ باجی اور شازیہ جو ہماری دیکھ بھال کرتی ہیں ہمیں انھیں تنگ کرنے کا بہت مزہ آتا ہے۔ سچ تو یہ ہے کہ میرا اپنے بھائیوں کے بغیر دل نہیں لگتا وہ ہمارے گھر کی رونق ہیں۔

ارحم شاہ زیب - سوئم بی



میری دادی کی عینک

آج میں آپ کو ایک عجیب بات بتاؤں گا۔ میرے بابا کہتے ہیں کہ ہم گھر میں چار لوگ رہتے ہیں۔ بابا، ماما، دادا اور میں۔ مگر مجھے لگتا ہے کہ وہ ایک ضروری چیز کو گننا بھول گئے ہیں۔ وہ بھلا کیا ہے؟ میری دادی کی عینک جی ہاں! آپ نے ٹھیک سنا ہے۔ میں نے میری دادو کی عینک ہی کہا ہے۔ آپ سوچ رہے ہوں گے کہ عینک تو ایک چیز ہے تو اسے گھر والوں میں کیوں گنوں؟ جی بالکل، لیکن اگر آپ ایک دن میرے گھر گزاریں تو آپ کو دادو کی عینک کی اہمیت کا اندازہ ہو جائے گا اور آپ کو میری بات ٹھیک لگے گی۔



میرے گھر میں صبح دادو کی آواز سے ہوتی ہے۔ ”عابس بیٹا میری عینک نہیں مل رہی ہے۔“ بس سب دل لگا کر عینک ڈھونڈنے میں لگ جاتے ہیں۔ یہ منظر کم از کم تین چار بار ہمارے گھر میں ہوتا ہے۔ عینک گم نہیں ہوتی بس کہیں نہ کہیں سے مل جاتی ہے۔ اور اس کی سب سے پسندیدہ جگہ دادو کا سر ہے۔ میں کہتا ہوں سر پر دیکھیں اور وہ مل جاتی ہے۔ ہمارے بزرگوں کو ہماری ہر وقت ضرورت ہوتی ہے۔ کیوں نہ ہم ان کی عینک بن جائیں۔

سید عابس میثم زیدی - سوئم اے



سچ کی جیت

میں نے کل رات کو ایک کہانی پڑھی۔ میں چاہتا ہوں کہ وہ کہانی میں آپ کو اپنے الفاظ میں سناؤں تاکہ آپ کو بھی سچ کی اہمیت کا اندازہ ہو۔

ایک گاؤں میں احمد نام کا ایک دیانت دار لڑکا رہتا تھا۔ وہ ہمیشہ سچ بولتا اور ایمانداری سے کام کرتا تھا۔ گاؤں کے لوگ اس کی بہت تعریف کرتے تھے۔ ایک دن احمد بازار سے گزر رہا تھا کہ اسے زمین پر پیسوں سے بھرا ہوا ایک بٹوا ملا۔ اس نے بٹوا اٹھالیا اور سوچنے لگا، یہ کسی کا ہوگا، مجھے اس کے مالک کو ڈھونڈنا چاہیے۔ وہ بٹوالے کر بازار میں کھڑا ہو گیا اور کہنے لگا، ”کیا کسی کا بٹوا گما ہے؟ ایک بزرگ شخص آئے اور کہنے لگے، ہاں بیٹا، میرا بٹوا کھو گیا ہے، اس میں پیسے اور ضروری کاغذات ہیں۔ بزرگ کی بات سن کر احمد نے بٹوا اُن کو دے دیا۔ بزرگ بہت خوش ہوئے اور احمد کو انعام دینا چاہا، مگر احمد نے مسکرا کر کہا، ”میرا انعام یہی ہے کہ آپ کو آپ کا بٹوا مل گیا۔“ آخر میں یہ بتانا چاہتا ہوں کہ ایمانداری اور سچائی ہمیشہ عزت اور کامیابی دلاتی ہے اس لیے ہمیں ہمیشہ سچ بولنا چاہئے۔

سردار محمد علی۔ سوئم سی



چھٹی کا دن

چھٹی کا دن ہمارا پسندیدہ دن ہوتا ہے۔ جب اسکول کی چھٹیاں ہوتی ہیں اور ہمیں پڑھائی سے آرام ملتا ہے۔ ہم اپنے پسندیدہ کھیل کھیلتے ہیں اور اپنے خاندان والوں کے ساتھ وقت گزارتے ہیں۔ ہم باہر کھیلنے جا سکتے ہیں یا گھر پر اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ کھیل سکتے ہیں۔ کچھ بچے چھٹی کے دن ٹی وی دیکھنا یا کتابیں پڑھنا پسند کرتے ہیں۔ یہ ایک اچھا موقع ہوتا ہے کہ ہم اپنا ہوم ورک مکمل کریں یا نئے کام سیکھیں۔

کچھ بچے پارک میں گھومنا پسند کرتے ہیں، جہاں وہ اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ کھیلتے ہیں۔ اس دن بچوں کو خوشی ملتی ہے، ہم اپنے والدین کے ساتھ بازار جا سکتے ہیں یا کسی اچھے ریستورینٹ میں کھانا کھانے جا سکتے ہیں۔ کچھ بچے رنگا رنگ تصاویر بنانا پسند کرتے ہیں اور کچھ کھیلنا پسند کرتے ہیں۔ چھٹی کے دن ہم سب کو بہت مزہ آتا ہے۔

حسن علی - سوئم سی



عید الضحیٰ

میں صبح سویرے اٹھا، غسل کیا اور نئے کپڑے پہنے۔ اپنے گھر والوں کے ساتھ قریبی مسجد میں جا کر عید کی نماز ادا کی۔ نماز کے بعد سب نے ایک دوسرے کو گلے لگایا اور ”عید مبارک“ کہا۔ نماز کے بعد گھر پہنچا تو امی نے شیر خرما اور دیگر میٹھے بنائے ہوئے تھے۔ سب نے مل کر ناشتہ کیا۔ عید کے دن سب بچوں کو قربانی دیکھنے کا شوق ہوتا ہے۔ گھر کے بڑوں نے قربانی کروائی۔ میں نے اپنے چھوٹے بہن



بھائیوں کے ساتھ مل کر گوشت تقسیم کیا۔ دوپہر کے بعد رشتہ داروں اور دوستوں کے گھر گوشت دینے کے لیے گیا۔ شام کو میں اپنے قریبی دوستوں کے ساتھ باہر گیا۔ ہم نے پارک میں وقت گزارا، تصاویر بنائیں اور مزید رکھانے کھائے۔ یہ دن نہ صرف خوشیوں کا بلکہ دوسروں کے ساتھ محبت بانٹنے کا بھی ہوتا ہے

رضا توقیر۔ سوئم سی

☆☆☆

۱۴ اگست کا دن

۱۴ اگست پاکستان کا یومِ آزادی ہے۔ یہ دن ہمیں یاد دلاتا ہے کہ ۱۹۴۷ میں ہمارے پیارے ملک پاکستان کو آزادی ملی تھی۔



آزادی ایک بہت بڑی نعمت ہے اور ہمیں اپنے ان افراد کو نہیں بھولنا چاہیے جنہوں نے پاکستان کے لیے قربانیاں دیں۔ یہ دن بہت جوش و خروش سے منایا جاتا ہے۔ بچے اور بڑے سب خوشی مناتے ہیں۔ اسکولوں میں بچے تقاریر کرتے ہیں ملی نغمے گاتے ہیں۔ اس دن عمارتوں کو روشنیوں سے سجایا جاتا ہے۔ بچے جھنڈیاں لگاتے ہیں، بیجز پہنتے ہیں۔ رات کے وقت آتش بازی کی جاتی ہے۔ ہمیں اس دن یہ عہد

کرنا چاہیے کہ ہم اپنے ملک کی ترقی کے لیے محنت کریں گے۔ پاکستان کو ایک مضبوط اور خوبصورت ملک بنائیں گے۔ پاکستان زندہ باد!

اشعر احمد۔ سوئم سی

☆☆☆

چڑیا گھر کی سیر

ایک دن میرے والدین نے فیصلہ کیا کہ ہم سب چڑیا گھر کی سیر کو جائیں گے۔ میں اور میری بہن بہت خوش ہوئے اور جلدی سے تیاری کرنے لگے۔ چڑیا گھر پہنچتے ہی ہمیں طرح طرح کے جانور نظر آئے۔ سب سے پہلے ہم نے ہاتھی کو دیکھا، جو بہت بڑا تھا۔ پھر ہم شیر کے پنجرے کے پاس بھی گئے۔ ہم نے بندروں کو بھی دیکھا، جو درختوں پر چڑھ رہے تھے۔ پھر ہم نے زرافہ دیکھا، جس کی گردن بہت لمبی تھی۔



وہاں ہرن، مگرچھ اور رنگ برنگے پرندے بھی موجود تھے۔ چڑیا گھر میں گھومنے کے بعد ہم نے باغ میں بیٹھ کر کھانا کھایا اور تصاویر بھی بنائیں۔ ہم سب کو بہت مزہ آیا۔

ارحم اشعر۔ دوئم گرین اے

☆☆☆

عید کا دن

عید کے دن میں صبح جلدی اٹھا، نہایا، اور نئے کپڑے پہنے۔ پھر میں نے ابو کے ساتھ عید کی نماز پڑھی۔ نماز کے بعد ہم نے سب کو عید مبارک کہا اور گھر واپس آ گئے۔ گھر آ کر میں نے مزیدار ناشتہ کیا۔ امی نے دوپہر کو میرا پسندیدہ کھانا بنایا۔ پھر مجھے دادا، دادی اور امی اٹو سے عیدی ملی، جس پر میں بہت خوش ہوا۔ دوپہر میں میرے کزنز آئے، ہم نے مل کر کھیلا اور بہت مزہ آیا۔ شام کو ہم سب پارک گئے اور جھولے لیے۔ وہاں میں نے آکس کریم اور چپس کھائے۔ مجھے اس دن بہت مزہ آیا۔

محمد آیان۔ دوئم گرین اے

☆☆☆

گرمی کی چھٹیاں

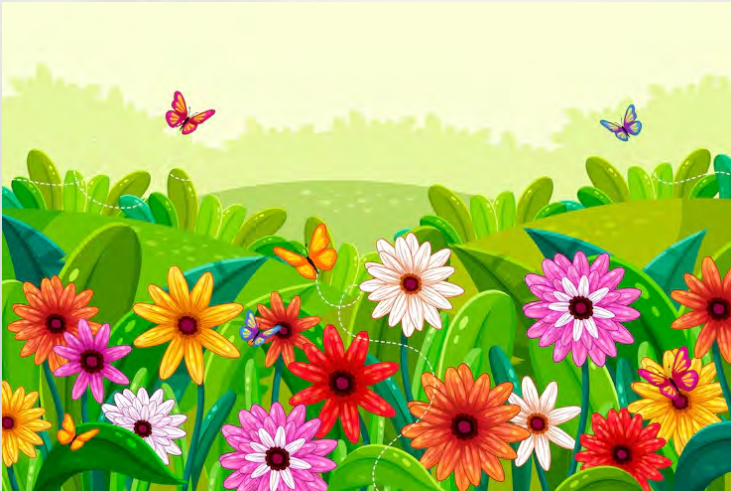
گرمی کی چھٹیوں میں صبح دیر سے اٹھتا ہوں اور مزے دار ناشتہ کرتا ہوں۔ دوپہر کے وقت میں اپنی پسندیدہ کہانیاں پڑھتا ہوں اور کارٹون دیکھتا ہوں۔ شام کو میں اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ کھیلنے جاتا ہوں۔ ہم نانی کے گھر بھی جاتے ہیں، جہاں میں اپنے کزنز کے ساتھ خوب کھیلتا ہوں۔ کبھی کبھی ہم کسی پہاڑی علاقے یا سمندر کی سیر کو بھی جاتے ہیں۔ گرمی کے موسم میں زیادہ پانی پیتا ہوں اور ٹھنڈی چیزیں کھاتا ہوں، جیسے آکس کریم اور جوس۔ مجھے گرمی کی چھٹیاں بہت پسند ہیں کیونکہ ان میں میں کھیلتا ہوں اور سیر کرتا ہوں۔

صارم عثمان۔ دوئم گرین بی

☆☆☆

میرا باغ

میرے گھر کا باغ بہت خوبصورت ہے۔ اس میں رنگ برنگے کھلے ہیں، جو بہت خوشبودار ہیں۔ میں روزانہ اپنے باغ میں جاتا ہوں اور وہاں کھیلتا ہوں۔ میرے باغ میں ایک بڑا درخت بھی ہے۔ میرا باغ مختلف قسم کے پودوں سے بھرا ہوا ہے۔ میں اور میرے والد روزانہ اس میں پانی دیتے ہیں تاکہ پودے ہرے بھرے رہیں۔ باغ میں چڑیاں، تتلیاں اور



دوسرے چھوٹے جانور بھی آتے ہیں، جو اسے اور بھی خوبصورت بنا دیتے ہیں۔ مجھے اپنے باغ میں وقت گزارنا بہت اچھا لگتا ہے۔ میں وہاں پڑھائی بھی کرتا ہوں اور اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ کھیلتا ہوں۔ میرا باغ میری پسندیدہ جگہ ہے، اور میں ہمیشہ اس کا خیال رکھتا ہوں۔
خواجہ محمد اسماعیل۔ دوئم گرین بی

☆☆☆

میرا پسندیدہ مشغلہ

میرا پسندیدہ مشغلہ پڑھنا ہے۔ میں روزانہ کہانیاں اور نظمیں پڑھتا ہوں۔ کتابیں پڑھنے سے مجھے نئی باتیں سیکھنے کو ملتی ہیں اور میرا دماغ تیز ہوتا ہے۔ مجھے رنگین تصویروں والی کہانیاں بہت پسند ہیں۔ جب میں فارغ ہوتا ہوں، تو اپنی کتابیں نکال کر خوشی سے پڑھتا ہوں۔ پڑھائی کے علاوہ، مجھے کھیلنا بھی اچھا لگتا ہے، لیکن کتابیں میری سب سے اچھی دوست ہیں۔

عبدالہادی۔ دوئم گرین بی

☆☆☆

درختوں کی اہمیت

درخت ہماری زندگی کے لئے بہت اہم ہیں۔ یہ ہمارے ماحول کو صاف ستھرا اور خوب صورت رکھتے ہیں۔ یہ کاربن ڈائی آکسائیڈ جذب کرتے ہیں اور ہمیں آکسیجن دیتے ہیں۔ یہ ہمیں پھل اور سبزیاں دیتے ہیں۔ ان کی لکڑی سے ہمیں کاغذ، ربڑ اور بہت کچھ فراہم ہوتا ہے۔ پرندے درختوں پر گھونسے بناتے ہیں۔ یہ ہوا کو صاف کر کے آلودگی کم کرتے ہیں۔ ہم درختوں کے بغیر زندہ نہیں رہ سکتے۔ ہمیں زیادہ سے زیادہ درخت لگانے چاہئیں۔



ریان شیخ۔ دوئم بلو

☆☆☆

میرے گھر کا صحن

میرے گھر کا صحن بہت پیارا ہے۔ اس میں پھولوں اور پودوں کے گملے ہیں۔ گملوں کا رنگ پیلا ہے۔ میں گملوں کو پانی دیتا ہوں۔ میرے گھر کے صحن میں ہر طرف ہریالی ہے۔ ایک چارپائی پر گول تکیہ رکھا ہے۔ گملوں کے پیچھے بڑی اور نیلی دیوار ہے۔ ایک کھڑکی اور دروازہ بھی ہے۔ ہم سب خوش رہتے ہیں۔ ہمارا گھر صاف ستھرا ہے۔ مجھے اپنے گھر کا صحن بہت پسند ہے۔

دوئم بلو۔ ریان حمزہ

☆☆☆

میرے والدین

میری والدہ کا نام ثناء اور والد کا نام عمر ہے۔ میرے بابا ۳۸ سال کے اور میری ماما ۳۲ سال کی ہیں۔ میری ماما کی آنکھیں بھوری اور بال کالے ہیں۔ وہ دونوں مجھ سے پیار کرتے ہیں۔ وہ سب کی ضرورت پوری کرتے ہیں۔ وہ ہر چھٹیوں میں مجھے سیر کرواتے ہیں۔ وہ نماز پڑھتے اور وقت کی پابندی کرتے ہیں۔ وہ دونوں ضرورت مندوں کی مدد کرتے ہیں اور میں ان سے بہت پیار کرتا ہوں۔

ارتضیٰ عمر۔ دوئم بلو



میرا دوست

میرے دوست کا نام موسیٰ ہے۔ وہ پانچ سال کا ہے۔ وہ اول جماعت میں پڑھتا ہے۔ وہ میرے ساتھ لرننگ الایننس میں پڑھتا ہے۔ وہ لمبا اور پتلا ہے۔ اس کو لال رنگ پسند ہے۔ اس کو کھانے میں مالٹا پسند ہے۔ وہ دودھ شوق سے پیتا ہے۔ ہم دونوں ساتھ کھیلتے ہیں۔ وہ بڑوں کا ادب کرتا ہے۔ وہ ہمیشہ سچ بولتا ہے۔ ہم چھٹی والے دن مل کر ٹی وی دیکھتے ہیں۔ مجھے سالار کے ساتھ وقت گزارنا پسند ہے۔ وہ میرا سب سے اچھا دوست ہے۔

اذان متین۔ اول بلو



اگر میں طوطا ہوتا۔۔۔۔۔



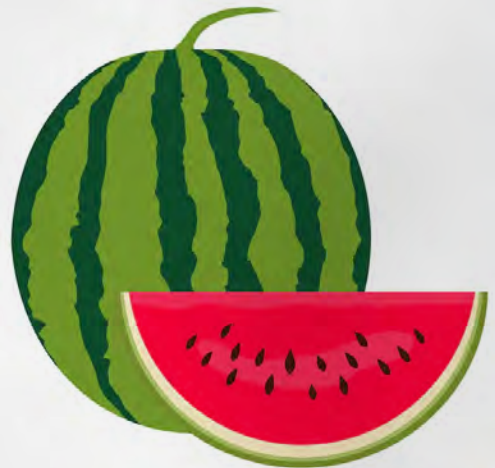
اگر میں پرندہ ہوتا تو میں ایک طوطا ہوتا۔ میرا رنگ ہرا ہوتا۔ میری ایک چھوٹی لال چونچ ہوتی۔ میرے دو نرم نرم پر ہوتے۔ میں بولنے والا طوطا ہوتا۔ میں درخت پر گھر بنا کر رہتا۔ میں امرود، مرچ اور چوری شوق سے کھاتا۔ میں ٹی ٹی کرنا۔ سب پرندے میرے دوست ہوتے۔ میں شوق سے اڑتا۔ میں ایک اچھا طوطا ہوتا۔

موسیٰ محمد۔ اول بلو



میرا پسندیدہ پھل

تربوڑ ایک پھل ہے۔ یہ گرمی میں آتا ہے۔ یہ کھیت میں اگتا ہے۔ یہ باہر سے ہرا اور اندر سے لال ہوتا ہے۔ اس میں بہت سارے کالے بیج ہوتے ہیں۔ اس کا ذائقہ میٹھا اور مزے دار ہوتا ہے۔ یہ گرمی کے موسم میں پانی کی کمی کو پورا کرتا ہے۔ تربوڑ کو



ٹھنڈا کر کے کھاتے ہیں۔ میں اس کا جوس شوق سے پیتا ہوں۔ سب کو تر بوڑ پسند ہوتا ہے۔ تر بوڑ میرا پسندیدہ پھل ہے۔

محمد شاہ نواز بودلہ۔ اول بلو اے



☆☆☆

میری مرغی

میرے پاس ایک موٹی مرغی ہے۔ اس کے نرم نرم بال ہیں۔ اس کے سر پر ایک لال رنگ کی کلغی ہے۔ وہ گٹ گٹ کرتی ہے۔ میری مرغی انڈے دیتی ہے۔ میں اپنی مرغی کا انڈا کھاتا ہوں۔ اس کے تین چھوٹے چھوٹے پیلے چوزے ہیں۔ مرغی دانہ شوق سے کھاتی ہے۔ میں مرغی اور چوزوں کے ساتھ کھیلتا ہوں۔ مجھے اپنی مرغی بہت پسند ہے۔

علی شیرازی محمد۔ اول بلو بی

☆☆☆

میری پسندیدہ سبزی

میری پسندیدہ سبزی گاجر ہے۔ یہ لال اور نارنجی دونوں رنگوں کی ہوتی ہے۔ گاجر سردی کے موسم کی سبزی ہے۔ یہ زمین کے اندر اُگتی ہے۔ اس کے چھوٹے چھوٹے پتے ہوتے ہیں۔ یہ میٹھی اور مزے دار ہوتی ہے۔ گاجر کا کیک، حلو اور جوس بہت مزے دار ہوتا ہے۔ گاجر صحت کے لیے اچھی ہوتی ہے۔ اس کے کھانے سے نظر تیز ہوتی ہے۔ گاجر کھانے سے حُون بنتا ہے اور طاقت آتی ہے۔ خرگوش بھی گاجر شوق سے کھاتا ہے۔ مجھے گاجر بہت پسند ہے۔

سید محمد حسن۔ اول بلو بی

☆☆☆

میری چھٹی کا دن

مجھے ہفتہ اور اتوار کو اسکول سے چھٹی ہوتی ہے۔ میں چھٹی کے دن صبح دیر سے اٹھتا ہوں سب گھر والوں کے ساتھ مل کر ناشتہ کرتا ہوں۔ ٹی وی پر اپنے پسندیدہ کارٹون دیکھتا ہوں۔ بھائی اور ابو کے ساتھ مل کر کھیلتا ہوں۔ پھر میں نانو کے گھر جاتا ہوں۔ وہاں بھی کھیلتا ہوں۔ شام کو بابا مجھے سیر کروانے لے جاتے ہیں۔ ہم باہر سے مزے دار کھانا اور آئیس کریم کھاتے ہیں۔ مجھے چھٹی کے دن بہت مزہ آتا ہے کیوں کہ اس دن مجھے اسکول نہیں جانا ہوتا۔

نائل فہد۔ اول بلو بی

☆☆☆

میری بڑی بہن

میری بڑی بہن کا نام آپا ہے۔ وہ ۱۹ سال کی ہیں۔ وہ یونیورسٹی میں پڑھتی ہیں۔ وہ لمبی اور پتلی ہیں۔ ان کی بڑی آنکھیں اور لمبے بال ہیں۔ وہ چکن بوٹی شوق سے کھاتی ہیں۔ میں اپنی بہن کے ساتھ کھیلتا ہوں۔ وہ میرا بہت خیال رکھتی ہیں۔ جب میں اسکول سے گھر آتا ہوں تو وہ مجھے دیکھ کر بہت خوش ہوتی ہیں۔ وہ مجھے اسکول کا کام کرواتے ہیں اور پڑھائی میں مدد کرتی ہیں۔ وہ مجھے پیار کرتی ہے۔ میں بھی اپنی بہن سے بہت پیار کرتا ہوں۔ میری آپا بہت اچھی ہیں۔

محمد ابراہیم احسن۔ اول بلو ایف



میری بلی

میرے پاس ایک پالتو بلی ہے۔ اس کا نام مانو ہے۔ وہ سفید رنگ کی ہے۔ اس کی لمبی دم ہے اور نرم نرم بال ہیں۔ وہ بوٹی، مچھلی اور چوہے شوق سے کھاتی ہے۔ وہ دودھ بھی شوق سے پیتی ہے۔ میں اس کو اپنے ساتھ پارک میں سیر کروانے لے کر جاتا ہوں۔ وہ میاؤں میاؤں کر کے بولتی ہے۔ وہ رات کو میرے ساتھ سوتی ہے۔ وہ بہت تیز بھاگتی ہے۔ وہ گتے سے ڈرتی ہے۔ میں اور میری بلی دونوں گیند کے ساتھ کھیلتے ہیں۔ میں اس کو کھانا کھلاتا ہوں اور اس کا خیال رکھتا ہوں۔ میں اپنی بلی سے پیار کرتا ہوں، میری بلی بہت اچھی ہے۔



موسیٰ نوشیر، اول بلو ایف



میرا پسندیدہ کھیل

میرا پسندیدہ کھیل کرکٹ ہے۔ کرکٹ کو بلے اور گیند سے کھیلا جاتا ہے۔ اس میں دو ٹیمیں ہوتی ہیں۔ ہر ٹیم میں گیارہ گیارہ کھلاڑی ہوتے ہیں۔ ایک ٹیم بیٹنگ کرتی ہے اور دوسری باؤلنگ۔ جو ٹیم زیادہ سکور کرتی ہے وہ میچ جیت جاتی ہے۔ ہر پانچ سال کے بعد کرکٹ کا ورلڈ کپ ہوتا ہے۔ جس میں پوری دنیا کی کرکٹ ٹیمیں حصہ لیتی ہیں۔ میری پسندیدہ ٹیم پاکستانی ٹیم ہے۔ میرا پسندیدہ کھلاڑی بابراعظم ہے۔ میں بھی کرکٹ بہت شوق سے کھیلتا ہوں۔ میں اپنے دوستوں اور کزنز کے ساتھ کرکٹ کھیلتا ہوں اور چوکے چھکے بھی مارتا ہوں۔ مجھے کرکٹ کھیلنا اچھا لگتا ہے۔

محمد علی۔ اول بلو ایف



مجھے اچھا لگتا ہے جب -----



- ۱- جب بابا مجھے سیر کرنے لے کر جاتے ہیں۔
- ۲- جب وہ مجھے چیزیں اور تحفے لے کر دیتے ہیں۔
- ۳- جب میں نانو کے گھر جاتا ہوں۔
- ۴- جب ماما مجھے پیار کرتی ہیں۔
- ۵- جب میں کونہ کونہ کھیلتا ہوں۔
- ۶- جب میں اپنے طوطے کے ساتھ کھیلتا ہوں۔
- ۷- جب مجھے سکول سے چھٹی ہوتی ہے۔

رضاعلیٰ خان۔ اول بلو جی



مجھے غصہ آتا ہے جب -----



- ۱- جب میری امی مجھے ڈانٹتی ہیں۔
- ۲- جب کوئی مجھے کھیلنے نہیں دیتا۔
- ۳- جب مجھے زیادہ ہوم ورک ملتا ہے۔
- ۴- جب میرا دوست میرے ساتھ نہیں کھیلتا ہے۔
- ۵- جب بابا مجھے سیر کروانے نہیں لے کر جاتے۔

محمد اسماعیل اعجاز۔ اول بلو جی



اگر میں شیر ہوتا -----



اگر میں شیر ہوتا تو میں جنگل میں رہتا۔ میں غار میں رہتا۔ میں درخت کے نیچے سوتا۔ میں جنگل کا بادشاہ ہوتا۔ سب انسان اور جانور مجھ سے ڈرتے۔ میں زور سے دھاڑتا۔ میں جانوروں کا شکار کر کے ان کا گوشت کھاتا۔ مجھے جانوروں کو ڈرانا اور کھانا اچھا لگتا۔ چوہا میرا دوست ہوتا۔ میں چھوٹے جانوروں سے اچھا سلوک کرتا اور ان کو نہیں کھاتا۔

ابراہیم عثمان۔ اول بلو جی

میری سائیکل

میرے ابو میرے لیے ایک بڑی سی سائیکل لائے ہیں۔ اس کا رنگ لال ہے۔
اس کے دو پہیے ہیں۔ اس کی ایک بڑی سیٹ ہے اور ایک چھوٹی سیٹ ہے۔
اس میں ایک لائٹ بھی ہے۔ میں اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ سائیکل کی ریس
لگاتا ہوں۔ مجھے سائیکل چلانے میں بہت مزہ آتا ہے۔ میں اپنی سائیکل کو
صاف رکھتا ہوں۔ میری سائیکل بہت اچھی ہے۔



عبداللہ زبیر۔ اوّل بلو سی

☆☆☆

میرا چھوٹا بھائی

میرے چھوٹے بھائی کا نام اسحاق ہے۔ وہ چار سال کا ہے۔ وہ اسکول جاتا ہے۔ وہ زسری میں پڑھتا ہے۔ میرا بھائی میرے ساتھ پڑھتا، کھیلتا
اور سوتا ہے۔ وہ کتابیں شوق سے پڑھتا ہے اور تصویریں دیکھتا ہے۔ میری امی ہم دونوں سے بہت پیار کرتی ہیں اور ہم دونوں کا خیال رکھتی
ہیں۔ وہ ہماری پسند کے کھانے بناتی ہیں۔ میں بھی اپنے چھوٹے بھائی کا بہت خیال رکھتا ہوں۔ میرا بھائی بہت اچھا ہے۔

اسماعیل محمود خان۔ اوّل بلو سی

☆☆☆

میرے پیارے دادا جان

میرے دادا جان بہت اچھے ہیں۔ اُن کا رنگ سفید ہے۔ اُن کے بال چھوٹے ہیں۔ وہ لمبے اور پتلے ہیں۔ اُن کی آنکھیں کالی ہیں۔ وہ روٹی اور
سالن شوق سے کھاتے ہیں۔ وہ چائے شوق سے پیتے ہیں۔ وہ روزانہ اخبار پڑھتے ہیں۔ وہ شام کو میرے ساتھ باغ کی سیر کو جاتے ہیں۔ وہ
میرے ساتھ گیند سے کھیلتے ہیں۔ میں اپنے دادا جان سے بہت پیار کرتا ہوں۔

چوہدری حسین۔ اوّل بلو سی

☆☆☆

میری گاڑی

میری سالگرہ پر میرے دادا اور دادی نے خوبصورت گاڑی تحفے میں
دی۔ مجھے اپنا تحفہ بہت پسند آیا۔ اس کا رنگ نیلا ہے۔ اس کے چار پہیے
ہیں۔ یہ ریوٹ سے چلتی ہے۔ اس کے سامنے دو بتیاں لگی ہوئی ہیں۔ اس کی



سیٹیں کالی ہیں۔ اس میں ہارن بھی ہے۔ میں گاڑی بہت تیز چلاتا ہوں۔ میں اپنی گاڑی کو صاف رکھتا ہوں۔ مجھے اپنی گاڑی بہت اچھی لگتی ہے۔
اذلان احمد خان۔ اوّل بلو ڈی

☆☆☆

میرا اسکول

میرے اسکول کا نام لرننگ الائننس ہے۔ یہ نہر کے پاس ہے۔ میرا اسکول بہت بڑا ہے۔ اس کا رنگ سفید ہے۔ اس کے دوہرے پھاٹک ہیں۔ اس میں بہت سارے کمرے ہیں۔ کمرے بڑے اور ہوا دار ہیں۔ اس میں دو کھیل کے میدان اور چھوٹے ہیں۔ اس میں ایک تیرنے کا تالاب بھی ہے۔ اسکول میں ہم سب مل کر پڑھتے اور کھیلتے ہیں۔ میرا اسکول بہت اچھا ہے۔

موسیٰ رامے۔ اوّل بلو ڈی

☆☆☆

سالگرہ کا دن



میری سالگرہ مئی کے مہینے میں ہوتی ہے۔ میری سالگرہ پر میرے سب رشتے دار اور دوست آتے ہیں اور میرے لیے ڈھیر سارے تحفے بھی لاتے ہیں۔ میری امی میری سالگرہ پر مزیدار کھانے اور بہت لذیذ کیک بناتی ہیں۔ میرے ابو کھانے اور مہمانوں کے بیٹھنے والے کمروں کو غباروں اور رنگ برنگی جھنڈیوں سے سجاتے ہیں۔ میں کیک کاٹتا ہوں تو سب تالیاں بجا کر مجھے مبارکباد دیتے ہیں۔ میں اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ خوب مزے کرتا ہوں۔

محب مرزا۔ اوّل بلو ڈی

☆☆☆

میری نانی جان

میری نانی جان بہت پیاری ہیں۔ وہ پتلی اور لمبی ہیں۔ اُن کی آنکھیں بڑی ہیں۔ وہ نظر کا چشمہ لگاتی ہیں۔ وہ بہت اچھے کھانے پکاتی ہیں۔ وہ مجھے اُردو پڑھاتی ہیں۔ وہ میرے ساتھ کھیلتی ہیں۔ وہ مجھے کہانیاں سناتی ہیں۔ جب میں اُن کے گھر جاتا ہوں تو وہ بہت خوش ہوتی ہیں اور میری پسند کے کھانے بناتی ہیں۔ میں اپنی نانی جان سے بہت پیار کرتا ہوں۔

آرزو ایس۔ اوّل بلو ڈی

☆☆☆

میرا گھر

میرا گھر لاہور میں ہے۔ میرا گھر بڑا ہے۔ اس کا رنگ سفید ہے۔ اس کا ایک کالا پھاٹک ہے۔ اس میں بہت سارے کمرے ہیں۔ ایک کمرہ میرا بھی ہے۔ گھر میں ہم سب لوگ مل جل کر رہتے ہیں۔ میرے گھر میں ایک باغ بھی ہے۔ باغ میں پھول، پودے، درخت اور جھولے ہیں۔ ہم سب شام کی چائے باغ میں پیتے ہیں۔ میں اپنے گھر کو صاف رکھتا ہوں۔ میرا گھر بہت خوبصورت ہے۔

اسفندیار جہانزیب عادل۔ اوّل بلو ای



بارش کا دن



اتوار کے دن جب میں صبح سو کر اُٹھا تو آسمان پر خوب کالے کالے بادل چھائے ہوئے تھے۔ میں نے ناشتہ کیا اور اپنے اسکول کا کام کرنے بیٹھ گیا۔ امی اور ابو بھی اخبار پڑھنے لگے۔ اچانک بادل گرے اور زردار بارش شروع ہو گئی۔ ہم سب لوگ باہر برآمدے میں آگئے اور بارش دیکھنے لگے۔ امی اور ابو نے ہم سب کو کھینچ کر بارش میں گھسیلا کر دیا پھر تو ہم بارش میں خوب نہائے اور کرکٹ کھیلی۔ امی نے گرم گرم پکوڑے بنائے۔ ہم نے چائے کے ساتھ مزیدار پکوڑے کھائے اور بارش کا لطف اُٹھایا۔

حسن بلال۔ اوّل بلو ای

