

MILESTONE

LEARNING ALLIANCE DHA

2025





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

A LEVEL PROGRAMME

English Section	5 - 20
Artwork	21 - 25
Urdu Section	26 - 31

SENIOR & MIDDLE SCHOOL

English Section	32 - 113
Artwork	114 - 127
Urdu Section	128 - 176

JUNIOR SCHOOL

English Section	177 - 227
Art Work	228 - 238
Urdu Section	239 - 267



A LEVEL

PROGRAMME

Dealing with Mental Health: The Aftermath Of The COVID Pandemic

QUILL AND SCROLL FIRST PLACE 2024

"It has been at least three years since the pandemic began, some research indicates this international event has negatively impacted teen mental health. What is the impact of this event on Pakistani youth's mental health & more importantly, how can teens unify to break the stigma concerning accessing mental health help?"

Since the COVID-19 pandemic, a relentless force that has reshaped our world in ways we could not have imagined. Beyond the immediate health crisis, it is undeniable that this global event has cast a long shadow on our lives, extending its reach deep into the realms of mental health. For Pakistani youth, the repercussions of the pandemic on their mental well-being have been stark and profound, as research conducted by the Sindh Mental Health Authority has revealed. The statistics paint a distressing picture: depression and suicidal thoughts have surged, and there has been a shocking 30% increase in mental health issues directly attributed to COVID-19.

However, to truly grasp the extent of the pandemic's impact on the mental health of Pakistani youth, we must acknowledge that the burden of mental illness predated the virus. Stress, the silent enemy, had already been gnawing at the collective psyche of the nation. The pandemic only served to fan the flames by introducing multiple challenges, such as the abrupt closure of schools and workplaces. These disruptions wreaked havoc on students' routines, particularly in education. Cambridge research shows that pre-COVID, approximately 80% of early-grade students could read in their local languages.

Post-pandemic, this number plummeted to a mere 40% in Sindh. The sudden shift in examination systems further exacerbated stress, as students grappled with uncertainty about their academic future. Anxiety levels soared, pushing more young minds towards the precipice of mental health issues.



Yet, academic pressures were just one layer of the pandemic-induced turmoil. Economic inequality loomed like a dark cloud over the nation. Families in every corner struggled to make ends meet, as jobs vanished overnight, leaving them without income to support their basic needs. This financial strife piled on the stress for Pakistani youth, who were now burdened not only with academic uncertainties but also the grim prospect of being unable to afford life's essentials, let alone college tuition.

Physical isolation compounded these woes. Friends and families were reduced to digital avatars on screens, replacing the warmth of face-to-face interactions with a cold, pixelated facsimile. The memories of

ONCE-VIBRANT SOCIAL GATHERINGS faded—tantalizingly close yet agonizingly out of reach. As the walls of their rooms closed in, the youth became prisoners of their solitude. Loneliness crept in, a relentless specter that triggered anxiety and depression, both of which surged during quarantine and have yet to recede to pre-pandemic levels.

But perhaps the most pernicious obstacle to addressing mental health concerns in Pakistan is the stigma that surrounds seeking help. Many suffer in silence, their anguish hidden beneath a veneer of stoicism. The fear of judgment, accusations of seeking attention, and the dread of being mocked for daring to discuss a



topic as grave as mental health deter countless individuals from reaching out for support. To forge a path forward, these barriers must be dismantled, and who better to lead the charge than the very generation affected by them?

It falls upon teenagers to break free from these societal norms and pave the way towards open and honest discussions about mental health. Initiatives and movements, born from the courage to speak out, can shatter the chains of the stigma that bind so many. The internet, this generation's most potent weapon, can be harnessed to advocate for change and educate the public on the severity of mental health issues. It is a battle that can

be won through awareness, compassion, and a collective effort to provide timely support to those grappling with the invisible scars of mental illness. In this age of connectivity, Pakistani youth can unite as a force for change. They can leverage the power of social media, turning hashtags into rallying cries and virtual spaces into safe havens where individuals feel heard and understood. Online platforms can host discussions, webinars, and educational content that may shed light on the intricacies of mental health, dispelling myths and misconceptions.

Furthermore, the young adults can reach out to leaders in education, urging them to prioritize mental health awareness and support. Schools and colleges can implement counseling services, mental health workshops, and peer support programs. These initiatives not only can provide vital assistance, but also foster a culture of acceptance and empathy. Additionally, youth-led organizations and clubs focused on mental health can

spring up across the country. These grassroots movements can organize events, walks, and fundraisers to raise awareness and funds for mental health resources. They can create spaces where individuals can openly share their experiences, reducing the isolation that often accompanies mental health struggles.

In this endeavor, collaboration is the key. Pakistani youth can join hands with mental health professionals, policymakers, and advocacy groups to push for systemic changes. They can demand greater investment in mental health infrastructure, ensuring adequate resources are allocated to address the

growing crisis. Through collective action, they can hold the government accountable for prioritizing mental health in healthcare policies and budgets.

Breaking the stigma surrounding mental health in Pakistan requires perseverance, resilience, and a united front. It is a journey that begins with acknowledging the profound impact of the COVID-19 pandemic on the mental well-being of the nation's youth. From there, it is a call to action—a call for all youth to rise above the barriers of fear and ignorance, to use their voices and the tools at their disposal to usher in a new era of openness



and compassion. It is a battle worth fighting for, not just for youngsters now, but also for the generations to follow.

By Natalia Syed | AI

Grief Changes Shape, But It Never Ends

I used to love playing card games. Or at least, I thought I did. Over time, I realized that my attachment to them was not about the game itself—it was about the memories tied to them. Card games take me back to the quiet afternoons I spent sitting beside my maternal grandfather, learning how to play rummy. He always let me win, though I convinced myself it was my skill. Winning was not just about the game; it was about the way he would smile, amused by how much I wanted to succeed.

When it comes to flowers, I like most of them, but Arabian jasmine is not particularly my favorite. Still, they carry a special meaning for me. They remind me of the mornings when I would wake up to my grandfather placing a bunch of them in my hand as a good morning greeting. It was a small gesture, but it meant the world to me.

One of the things I feel strongly about is speaking and feeling unheard. I talk a lot, maybe too much, and when people do not listen. My grandfather always listened. He made me feel like my words mattered, no matter how small or insignificant they were. It is strange how you do not realize what true appreciation feels like until you notice its absence. Whenever I visit my grandparents' house, I always take a moment to look at the family



picture wall. Later, when I was ten, I had noticed I was not in it. I mentioned it to my grandfather, and the next day, a picture of my childhood was hanging there. In that moment, I felt loved in a way that is hard to describe. It is strange how you do not realize what true appreciation feels like until it is not there.

I was never really good at Urdu, and from a young age, whenever I had Urdu holiday homework, I would run to my grandfather for help. Eventually, he gave up trying to teach me, and we developed a mutual understanding—he would do the homework for me, and in return, I would listen



to his childhood stories.

As I write this, a cricket match is going on between Pakistan and another team. I never really understood cricket, but that did not stop my grandfather from explaining it to me, over and over, whenever I asked. Even though I never quite got it, I loved watching him talk about something he was passionate about. I am not watching today's match. Maybe because I still do not understand it—or maybe because there is no one left to explain it to me.

Loss is strange. It makes you hate the things you once loved and avoid the

memories you once cherished. I stare at my Urdu homework, but there is no one left to run to for help. When I spend the night at my grandparents' house, I no longer wake up to Arabian jasmine. The picture of me still hangs on the family wall, but the person who put it there is gone.

Now, I find myself avoiding the house where he had lived, even though some of my family members still stay there. Every time I step inside, the memories hit me, all at once, and I wish I could forget them. The living room reminds me of how he would pull me over to him, proudly introducing

me as his favorite person to every guest. The kitchen reminds me of how he made his tea every morning, always giving me half of his cup.

Before, his room felt like a haven. Now, I avoid it. His old movie CDs are still there, the ones we used to watch together. I remember the Ringo chips he used to buy me—I never liked them, but he did, so I let him

believe I did too. I do not go into his room anymore because the tiny marks of my height on the wall remind me that he is no longer here to make them. If I open his drawer, I will see the birthday cards I gave him over the years, along with the "Abeer Corner"—a space he kept just for me, filled with hair ties and pencils I always managed to lose.

It is hard to accept that someone you loved so deeply is gone. Every time I visit my grandmother, I have to remind myself that I do not need to run to my grandfather's bed to say hello. Looking back, I realize

that as I got older into my adolescence, I started pushing him away. The more he wanted to spend time with me, the more irritated I became.

On January 1, 2023, my grandfather came to visit us. I was watching a show in bed and only managed a wave. My mom scolded me for not greeting him properly, but he told her it was right. He came over, kissed my forehead, and I told him I loved him. He said it back. That was the last thing he ever said to me.

Four days later, he was gone.

I have spent the last nine months and ten days wishing I had called him on the phone every time my mom told me to. Wishing I had sat with him when he wanted me to. We never realize how much people mean to us until they are not with us anymore. I learned that the hard way.

My grandfather's birthday was twelve days

before mine. Every year, he would make me cut the cake with him. We have videos from every year since 2017 of us cutting the cake together. But this year, he will not be there to sit beside me. And that is something I am still struggling to come to terms with. My grandfather had a rare gift; he could make friends with anyone, make people laugh, and make them feel important. At his funeral, I saw just how many lives he had touched. I thought that was the worst day of my life. But in reality, every day after has been harder—because every day, I have to remind myself that he is not coming back.

If I could go back, I would not waste a second. I would listen more. I would sit beside him. I would make sure he knew just how much I loved him. But time is cruel. There is no going back.

Abeer Jalal | AI

Cultural Appropriation vs. Cultural Exchange: Where to Draw the Line?

The line between respectful cultural exchange and exploitative appropriation can be blurry, sparking heated debates. While appreciation of other cultures is commendable, it is crucial to navigate this terrain with sensitivity and respect.

Cultural appropriation typically involves the dominant culture taking elements from a marginalized culture, without understanding or acknowledging their original context and significance.

This often occurs in a power dynamic, where the dominant culture benefits commercially or socially, while the source culture receives little to no recognition or compensation. For example, using sacred symbols as fashion trends, profiting from traditional crafts without supporting the artisans, or misrepresenting cultural practices for entertainment, can be considered appropriation.



On the other hand, cultural exchange thrives on mutual respect and understanding. It involves a genuine interest in learning about another culture, acknowledging its history and significance, and seeking to build bridges of connection. This can involve sharing food, music,



dance, and stories in a way that honors the source culture and fosters appreciation.

Drawing the line requires careful consideration. It's crucial to:

- Acknowledge the source: Always credit the origin and significance of the cultural element.

- Seek permission: If possible, obtain permission from the community or individuals associated with the culture.
- Avoid profit-driven exploitation: Ensure that any commercial use benefits the source culture.
- Promote understanding: Use the exchange as an opportunity to educate others about the culture and its history.
- Be open to feedback: Listen to and respect the concerns of members of the source culture.

Ultimately, the goal should be to celebrate cultural diversity while ensuring that it is done respectfully and ethically. Cultural exchange can be a powerful tool for fostering understanding, breaking down stereotypes, and building bridges

between communities. However, it is essential to approach this with humility, sensitivity, and a commitment to honoring the rich tapestry of human cultures.

Syeda Rubab Bokhari | AI

Exotic Snacks

When we talk about snacking, it is described firmly as one of life's simpler joys. Most of us stick to our same old usual go-to snacks; they surely might hit the spot, but for adventurous food enthusiasts out there, willing to indulge in mind-blowing experimental flavours around the globe, there is a whole range of luscious exotic snacks.

Yes, you heard it right, we are diving right into the unique world of exotic snacks awaiting their discovery. 'Exotic' is a term that means foreign, especially in an exciting way. It can mean a wide variety of foods you might not have tasted before. These are exotic snacks –



treats that might seem odd or unusual to you, but are everyday 'bites' in other cultures.

So, what is the deal with exotic snacks? It is where taste buds hop on a thrilling adventure, exploding our senses in between, with each bite, these enticing gems offer a glimpse of various appetizing traditions around the world. It is like taking your taste buds on a tantalising journey, while experiencing diverse flavours filled with wild surprises at every turn.

On top of that, the world of exotic snacks reveals a rich collection of diverse textures, providing a tickling sensation for your taste buds. Surely some delightful samples are available around the globe, including Indian chaat prepared from fresh aromatic Indian

spices, Mexican vibrant and flavourful cuisine, tacos, chamoy, pupusas, chamoy, gorditas ... and the list goes on. For a minute, visualise yourself savouring some crunchy Mexican churros with a cinnamon sugar glaze on top... Exactly! That satisfactory experience is all worth it. Moreover, munching on some smooth bite-sized, melt-in-your-mouth, dark chocolate freshly prepared from cocoa beans straight from Ecuador, that is the kind of sensory experience we are talking about.



Whether it is Thai mango sticky rice, with a chewy texture along with sweetness of a fresh mango, or for another instance chips made from a tropical fruit in Thailand, known as durian famous for its strong smell, prepared in a way that its flavour is milder with a sweet savoury flavour and crunchy texture. Each snack carries its distinct specialty as well as a unique backstory from where it originated, which makes it exotic and provides a rich tapestry of flavours.

Syed Abdul Hadi Pirzada | AI

Widening Disparities

In an era of unprecedented wealth, how have we allowed income inequality?

Income inequality has been a defining feature of shaping human societies throughout history, and in Pakistan, its roots run especially deep. In pre-industrial times, wealth and power were concentrated among landlords and tribal



leaders, leaving little room for economic mobility among the lower classes. Though modernization has transformed the economy, the disparities have only intensified.

The last few decades have seen global income inequality soar, propelled by policies that disproportionately benefit the elite. Tax cuts, deregulated financial systems, and reductions in social spending have allowed the wealthiest segments of our society to accumulate massive fortunes, leaving middle- and lower-income groups more vulnerable to economic fluctuations.

In Pakistan, this wealth gap has a striking contrast. According to data from the World Inequality Database and Oxfam, the nation's top 1% hold a significant portion of the wealth, while the bottom 50% are left with only a small share, living below the poverty line. This disparity is more than a financial issue; it brings profound social, moral, and ethical implications. When wealth is concentrated at the top, it limits access to education, healthcare, and opportunities for social mobility for the rest. This perpetuates a cycle of poverty and inequality, where the rich grow richer, and the poor are left to contend with limited resources and fewer prospects. Left unchecked, such inequality erodes social trust, leading to widespread disillusionment and potential unrest.

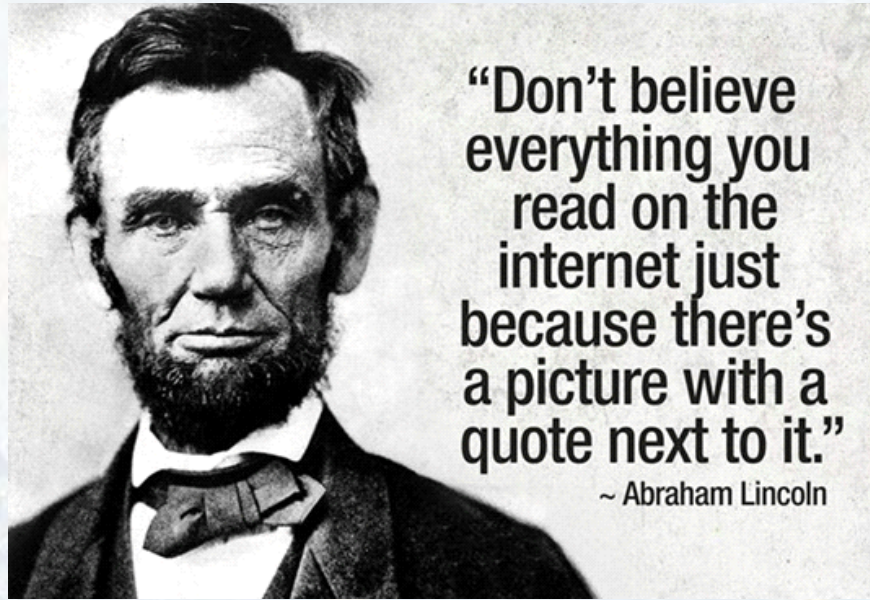
Efforts to address this challenge are complex and slow-moving, particularly when policies favour the wealthy. Economists and policymakers have long studied strategies for wealth redistribution, yet effective solutions remain elusive. Structural changes, such as progressive taxation, targeted social programs, and increased investment in public infrastructure, are essential. However, implementing these changes requires public



support, accountability, and a commitment to challenging existing power dynamics. Addressing income inequality is not just about economic fairness; it is a necessary step toward a more just and equitable society where everyone has the chance to thrive.

Salman Haider | AI

Misinformation Through AI



With the rising use of ChatGPT amongst students, it is not only imperative that individuals can identify what is factual, but also can critically think about the media they consume. Nowadays, it seems as if researching has become a game of Chinese whispers: students can no longer trust everything they are being told, and this has become extremely detrimental. For example, in March 2023, photos of Pope Francis wearing a stylish Balenciaga puffer jacket went viral. The photo was completely fake, for obvious reasons. Therefore, it just goes to show that on a large scale, this misinformation can be used as an agency for immorality. Specifically, teenagers are extremely vulnerable to it due to their lack of awareness and knowledge. There are some ways to ensure that they are being fed factual news. In turn, by doing this, spreading misinformation can be prevented.

Firstly, by and large, one needs to be very cautious when any information is received and to fact-check it by using credible sources. Instead of using fact-checking as

a mere precaution, this process should be treated as a norm. This is paramount when dealing with outlandish claims; if it seems implausible, it may just be. Oftentimes, some media outlets tend to sensationalize trivial things. Hence, it is of utmost importance to make sure that your media sources are unbiased in their vantage point. This will allow the people to form their own opinions instead of being fed only one side of the story. Similarly important is to be able to draw inferences; if certain media outlets have been caught repeatedly being inaccurate and spreading propaganda, then it is a sensible choice to withdraw from consuming any pointers from them.

In my opinion, the reason that a lot of youth do not verify the scoops, in the first place, is simply because they think it is a waste of time. However, many are trying to combat the spread of misinformation. Ironically, it is so convenient that artificial intelligence can detect the very disinformation it creates. It does this by looking at linguistic nuances that an individual may

overlook. Nonetheless, this is by no means a perfect solution as AI models are only as good as the dataset trained into them. Hence, they may just perpetuate and progress further misinformation in certain cases.

Additionally, if an individual has queries that remain, they can undertake a fact-finding mission by directly asking an expert by simply sending them an email. This can be especially useful if the topic is so niche that it may be hard to validate. To develop critical thinking in teenagers regarding media sources, we need to stimulate an environment where we question our sources and have a skeptical outlook.

In today's age, being media literate is the most important skill to counter false information. Also, nowadays, there are many courses available for teenagers to learn media literacy, for a better understanding of the news media landscape. Hence, not only can teenagers opt for these courses, but they may also encourage their peers to, as well. As a result, this will tremendously help the rising generation, who will eventually and inevitably become future global stakeholders. It was reported that in the 2018 local elections in Taiwan, more than 50% of the population's votes were based on incorrect information. Hence, it is paramount that individuals endorse the teaching of media literacy so that the votes go to the right slots.

Not only teenagers, but all individuals in general have the responsibility not to share misinformation, and they will not, once they are properly informed. More-

over, reporting this misinformation plays a very significant role in helping refine AI-based detection tools and speeding the identification process. Many feeds on social media platforms now have the option of reporting information if found false; this helps lessen the chance of it occurring again in the future and prevents its spread.

As times change, so do the responsibilities. It is crucial to adapt. What once were precautions are now the necessary steps



that need to be taken to ensure logical outcomes. By nurturing this environment, individuals can look at the larger view; who is this narrative benefiting, and what is this propaganda trying to give progression to?

Amna Omer | AI

Social media use has increased among Pakistani youth. What is the impact of this increase on current events, and how can Pakistani youth protect themselves against misinformation?

Quill & Scroll submission, First place - 2023

Just yesterday, the whispers spread like wildfire across the classroom. One second, we were sitting quietly solving a worksheet of quadratic equations, and the next, a crisis was born out of nowhere. Another teacher rushed in, panic-stricken, while my classmates' phones rang non-stop.

"Imran Khan (the former Prime Minister) has been shot! The city is being locked down, and people are on the streets!"

I felt fear settling into my chest at the thought of not being able to get home and



my family being in danger. My peers were rushing from the campus in big groups. Immediately, I checked in on my parents only to hear from them that the roads were clear.

Still afraid of how the situation would escalate, I took an alternative way home, far from the main roads. A few hours later, I would find out that Imran Khan was shot in his leg, it happened 570 kilometers away from my city, that he was alive and well, and no lockdowns were taking place.

In these times of instability, the mix of

social media news with a young and enthusiastic generation keeps adding fuel to the fire. Where social media has pushed the youth to be more politically active and aware, it has also bred a home ground for constant information overload, creating feelings of panic, fear, and conflict. Post-quarantine, we only see this issue getting worse.

81% of students at the International Islamic University of Islamabad said that they spent their free time on social media apps. This case is applicable all across Pakistan. More and more people rely on social media for their news, which is having a negative impact. "Vile content was, and still is, posted as audience opinions, just below the main news. Lies, aspersions, and a host of inaccuracies still creep in, despite filters, algorithms, and pretensions of control," stated the writers at Dawn News.

People get bombarded with information every day on social media and form their opinions accordingly. Firstly, there is no check at the initial level that the information being shared is credible. This spreads misinformation, and the chain reaction occurring, as mentioned previously, continues. Adding to that, the speed of information spread is too fast for even an individual to evaluate or check. Secondly, most information is framed with a specific narrative, which will inevitably have a specific effect on the opinions that people form. All information posted and

exchanged has luring statements alongside the facts. The free speech movement of social media has led people to ensure that they can voice their opinions, correct or incorrect, on all current events, which further influences others' opinions and so on. Therefore, this problem is two-pronged; the youth is either consuming inaccurate information or biased information.

Using Michel Foucault's theory of power and knowledge, let's discuss the practical impact of this issue on current events. As he suggests, power moves in all directions to benefit the ruler. Power wants the knowledge and information to be known to further categorize it and use it to fur-



ther institutionalize the masses via shaping their outlook. Knowledge is subject to power.

This groundbreaking thought applies to the use and over-availability of social media to the youth. The youth and their data are the product of all powerful institutions. This gets manipulated to the advantage of the benefiting party. In the case of yesterday's incident, as mentioned earlier, the spread of chaos and fear benefited the movement of our former PM. The process of control through knowledge mentioned by Foucault now takes place in a matter of minutes, on account of social media.

The question to be answered is, how can

this be dealt with? Pakistan has a few organizations taking steps to combat misinformation, such as the Digital Research Foundation (DRF) and the Media Matters for Democracy (MMfD). These are taking steps in the right direction, but the efforts need to be much more widespread and frequent.

According to a survey by DRF, 88.7% of journalists deemed WhatsApp and Twitter as the biggest causes of misinformation. These platforms must take more accountability and set restrictions for what topics can be posted about on social media, and who can post it, while maintaining a healthy sense of free speech. AFP fact-checking initiatives, supported by Facebook, are a good example to look at for this solution. They investigate flagged stories and put warnings next to the inaccurate information.

Moving on to what young social media users can do, there are multiple ways to filter information and become educated responsibly. First and foremost, they can support fact-checking initiatives, taken on these platforms, by reporting information they find doubtful, or flagging something that may be considered as propaganda. Making individual change takes a great degree of effort, but it must be done. Qualitative, credible sources should be preferred over a vast quantity of anonymous sources. Moreover, sources that are transparent about the verification method will not fail the reader.

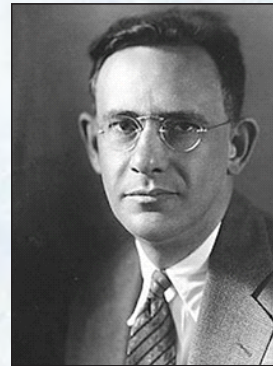
The increase in social media usage among Pakistani youth is no longer just a technological problem; it is now directly linked to the political, economic, and social framework of our society. I would like to leave you all with this quote by Tom Rosenstiel: "Misinformation is not like a plumbing problem that can be fixed. It is a social condition, like crime, that one must constantly monitor and adjust to."

Zayna Ahsan | A II

Are we correctly struggling to be 'Politically Correct'? A balance between protection and repression is indeed needed.

The debate over politically correct (PC) language remains a highly contentious topic in our modern society, particularly when considering its dual role in protecting individuals and groups while also potentially repressing language. Though it can be criticised for limiting freedom of expression and constraining creativity, politically correct language aims to prevent statements that can offend or injure marginalized people. Looking into the principle of linguistic relativity provides fair insights about how politically correct language might provide inclusion and security in the face of the possible risks of linguistic repression.

The principle of linguistic relativity, also called the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis, or Whorfianism, after the linguists who proposed it and made it famous, Edward Sapir and his student Benjamin Lee Whorf, put simply, brings out that language influences thought. Whorf, in a 1940 essay, *Science and Linguistics*, impacted by Einsteinian physics, described his "new principle of relativity, which holds that all observers are not led by the same physical evidence to the same



Edward Sapir



Benjamin Lee Whorf

picture of the universe, unless their linguistic backgrounds are similar". His research appeared to show that speakers of different kinds of language were, as a result of those language differences, cognitively different from one another; they see the world through the lexical choices in their language.

Understanding how language and mind interact is essential to comprehending the effects of PC terminology. The Sapir-Whorf hypothesis, which promotes linguistic relativity, suggests that our language can influence our thoughts and perceptions of the outside world. If this is the case, politically correct words can catalyze a significant positive change to how we think and feel about things like gender, race, and disability; that language has the power to shape our thoughts and perceptions, and by changing the way we discuss particular social groups, we might be able to ameliorate our perceptions of them. For instance, referring to people as "chairperson" rather than "chairman" may bring about more equality in the workplace by promoting the idea that both men and women are equally capable of holding positions of power.

It is common to think of the politically correct language as a means of preserving the honour of historically oppressed people and groups. A key factor in changing public attitudes has been the reworking of language to substitute neutral or inclusive phrases for disparaging ones. For example, referring to someone as "a person with a disability" rather than "disabled person" or "crippled" highlights the person's uniqueness rather than their condition; relevant to the idea of linguistic reflectionism - another perspective to the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis, which holds that language reflects societal attitudes and that we may encourage more respectful attitudes towards underprivileged people and

groups by changing the language.

Sociologists and linguists have demonstrated that shifting the language can also question and reinterpret cultural perceptions of gender and ethnicity. When referring to people whose gender identification is non-binary, the use of gender-neutral pronouns like "they" has been a crucial step in acknowledging the identities and experiences of people who do not fit into the binary construct of gender. These modifications are more than just linguistic; they are a reflection of larger cultural movements towards gender equality. The concept of linguistic relativity is directly addressed by this changing language use, which implies that how we discuss gender can affect how society views and accepts a range of gender identities. This change is crucial for establishing more welcoming environments in a variety of social contexts, such as the workplace and educational institutions.

Politically correct language has been quite effective in combating the stigmatisation of those with disabilities and ableism. Negative perceptions were reinforced in the past with derogatory labels like "retarded", when referring to people with intellectual disability. Terms like "person with a disability" that highlight the individual rather than their disease have been adopted as a result of the need for nondiscriminatory, politically acceptable terminology. A more inclusive society, where individuals with disabilities are viewed as equal participants in social, cultural, and professional life, can be fostered by this change in vocabulary, which can also assist in lessening the social ostracism associated with disability.

Although politically correct language provides these safeguards, it is also heavily criticised. The possibility that PC language may lead to linguistic suppression is one of its primary objections.

Critics contend that the emphasis on speaking in a "correct" manner might cause self-censorship, in which people believe their speech is limited out of concern for other people's feelings. In fields where pushing the limits is frequently viewed as a fundamental role, such as humour and art, this anxiety can inhibit innovation and intellectual discourse. For example, comedians could experience pressure to use a specific language. A fundamental question is brought up by this criticism: When does the suppression of artistic expression result from efforts to avert harm?

Furthermore, the need for politically correct language can lead to a "culture of silence," in which people are afraid to bring up discordant subjects, for fear of saying something that would be interpreted as insulting. This phenomenon is evident in political and scholarly discourse, as participants may steer clear of potentially explosive topics like gender, ethnicity, or religion, out of concern that they will use the "wrong" words. Politically correct language might unintentionally stifle meaningful discourse in this situation because individuals start to care more about how they say things, rather than the actual thing. 'Language should be flexible and develop organically,' according to the linguist Steven Pinker, and attempts to control language might obstruct this process by imposing unnatural limitations.

"It was intended that when Newspeak had been adopted once and for all and Oldspeak forgotten, a heretical thought ... should be literally unthinkable, at least so far as thought is dependent on words." - George Orwell, 1984

Additionally, critics argue that politically correct language can be used as a tool for linguistic control, allowing some modes of speech and thought to be accepted while suppressing others. For instance, the

conflict between shielding people from offensive language and permitting the free exchange of ideas is a common theme in discussions over the right to free speech. People may become reluctant to voice opposing views or participate in critical conversations, especially when discussing delicate subjects, as a result of their fear of using inappropriate words in public. In this way, political correctness can lead to a restrictive atmosphere in which only specific points of view are permitted.

Truly, controversy surrounds the social engineering of language. It has been accused of advocating censorship to protect the rights of marginalised and vulnerable groups, while paradoxically censoring the right to expression of thought and infringing on a basic right of freedom of speech. 'A major point of contention,' it has been called, since a fundamental psychological commodity is freedom of speech.

However, the question is whether a middle ground can be reached, since a right to free speech should not equate to a right to affront, and honest, transparent conversations are key to a spirit of understanding and empathy between people.

"... there is a substantial discrepancy between our internal and external displays of prejudice..."

Under no circumstances, the advantages of politically correct language be overlooked, despite the previously stated reservations. For under-represented communities in particular, it has shown itself to be a useful instrument to advance social empowerment. Striking a balance between safeguarding people from offensive language and maintaining the free flow of ideas is crucial, though.

As per the Boas-Jakobson principle, named

after linguists Franz Boas and Roman Jakobson, language changes to adapt to the shifting demands of society. If societal growth is reflected in political correctness, then the linguistic changes it promotes could eventually help society by promoting greater empathy and inclusivity. But it is also important to understand that language is dynamic and that overly strict regulations may have unexpected repercussions.

All in all, using politically acceptable language is essential in pursuit of social justice, inclusivity, and respect; it aims to



change the prevailing ethos and create a more compassionate atmosphere. But it is crucial to be aware of the possible risks associated with language repression, such as self-censorship and the suppression of free expression. Society may provide a linguistic environment that safeguards people from harm while maintaining the vibrancy and inventiveness of language by striking a balance between inclusion and freedom of expression.

Mustafa Kashif | A II



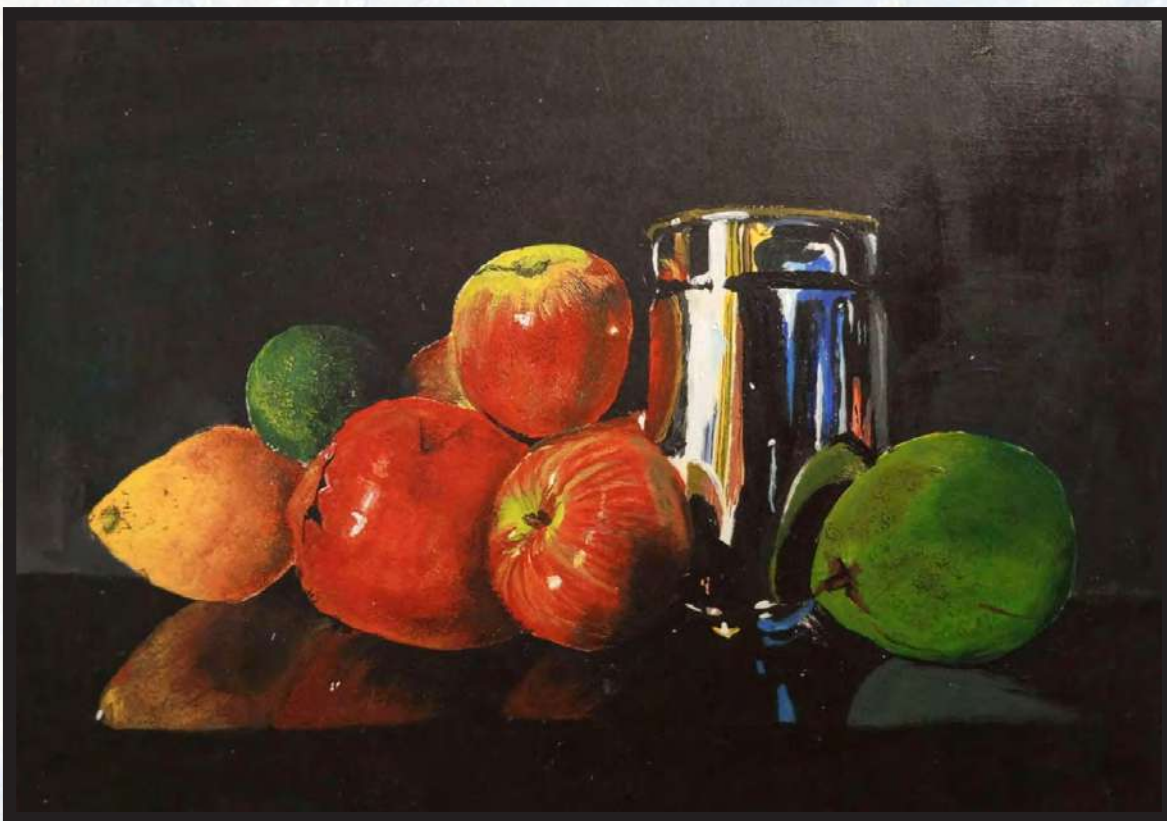
Cups & Drinks



Mix Fruit Sugar & Steel Pot



Kashmiri Chai & Bakar Khani



**Replica of Daniel Magidson
Renaissance Still Life With Fruit & Stainless Steel Cup**



Still Life Of Fruit Basket & Oranges



Sodas & Plastic



Tea Bags Still Life



In All Directions



Cracked Mirror



High Five!

میڈیا اور اس کا مثبت استعمال

کیا میڈیا کو استعمال کر کے ہم عوام کو سماجی و اخلاقی اعتبار سے بہتر بنا سکتے ہیں یا کہ نہیں؟ اس حوالے سے بات کی جائے تو میڈیا کو اچھے کاموں کے لئے بھی استعمال کیا جاسکتا ہے اور بُرے کاموں کے لئے بھی۔ اب یہ عوام کی مرضی ہے کہ وہ اس کو کن مقاصد کے لئے استعمال کرتے ہیں۔ لیکن یہ بات تو طے ہے کہ ہم میڈیا کو مثبت انداز میں استعمال کر کے عوام کو سماجی و اخلاقی اعتبار سے بہتر بنا سکتے ہیں۔ اب سوال یہ پیدا ہوتا ہے کہ ہم میڈیا کو کس طرح مثبت طریقے سے استعمال میں لائیں۔

دیکھا جائے تو میڈیا ایک ایسی چیز ہے جو اس وقت پوری کی پوری دنیا کو چلا رہی ہے۔ ہر جگہ میڈیا کا ڈر بھی ہے اور اس کے چرچے بھی خوب ہیں۔ میڈیا کی دو بڑی بڑی اقسام ہیں؛ پرنٹ میڈیا اور دوسری قسم کا نام ہے سوشل میڈیا۔ آج کے دور میں پرنٹ میڈیا کا استعمال کم سے کم ہوتا جا رہا ہے اور سوشل میڈیا کا استعمال بڑھتا ہی چلا جا رہا ہے۔ سوشل میڈیا کا استعمال اس لئے بھی بڑھتا چلا جا رہا ہے کہ آپ سوشل میڈیا کی بدولت دنیا کے ایک کونے سے دوسرے کونے تک اپنے گھر کے آرام دہ ماحول میں رہتے ہوئے دنیا بھر سے معلومات حاصل کر سکتے ہیں۔ سوشل میڈیا پر کوئی خرچ بھی نہیں آتا جبکہ پرنٹ میڈیا پر پیسے بھی خرچ کرنے پڑتے تھے۔ ہم ان دونوں میڈیا کا استعمال کر کے اپنی عوام کو اخلاقی اور سماجی اعتبار سے بہتر بنا سکتے ہیں۔

پرنٹ میڈیا میں حالات حاضرہ پر تبصرے اور انواع و اقسام کی خبریں تو ہوتی ہیں مگر افسوس کہ عوامی تعلیم و تربیت پر کوئی خاص توجہ نہیں دی جاتی۔ حکومت کو چاہیے کہ پرنٹ میڈیا کو عوامی بہتری اور اصلاح کے لئے استعمال کرے۔ اخبارات و رسائل میں اخلاقی و سماجی قوانین اور ان سے متعلقہ اچھے اچھے مضامین شامل کئے جائیں۔ جن میں بنیادی اخلاقی اقدار کے بارے میں بتایا جائے کہ ماں باپ کی کیا اہمیت ہے، ان کا ادب کرنا



چاہیے اور جب وہ بزرگ ہو جائیں تو ان کا خوب خیال رکھا جائے۔ ملکی قوانین کو سمجھ کر ان پر عمل کیا جائے اور پاکستانی معاشرے کو بہتر سے بہتر بنایا جائے۔

موبائل فون کی ایجاد کے بعد تو میڈیا کی دنیا میں جیسے کوئی انقلاب آ گیا ہے۔ اسی کی بدولت پرنٹ میڈیا کی جگہ سوشل میڈیا کا استعمال بہت زیادہ بڑھ گیا ہے۔ ہم سوشل میڈیا کو استعمال کر کے بھی عوامی اخلاق اور اقدار میں بہتری لاسکتے ہیں۔ سوشل میڈیا پر مخرب اخلاق باتوں کی بجائے ایسی باتوں کی حوصلہ افزائی کی جائے جس سے عوامی زندگی میں نکھار اور بہتری آئے۔ میرے خیال سے اگر میڈیا کا مثبت استعمال کیا جائے تو عوام کو اخلاقی اور سماجی حوالے سے بہتر کر سکتے ہیں۔

سیدہ زینب جمال۔ اے ون

نسلی بعد



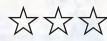
نئی نسل کو سوشل میڈیا کی بجائے اپنے بزرگوں کے ساتھ وقت گزارنا چاہیے تاکہ دونسلوں کے درمیان بڑھتے ہوئے فاصلے کو کم کیا جاسکے۔ آج کو دور میں بچے سوشل میڈیا میں اس قدر غرق ہو چکے ہیں کہ وہ اب اپنے گھر والوں کو کم اور سوشل میڈیا کو زیادہ وقت دیتے ہیں۔ سارا دن موبائل فون پر مصروف رہتے ہیں۔ ہر گھر میں بزرگ لوگ بھی ہوتے ہیں جیسے کہ دادا، دادی، نانا اور نانی وغیرہ۔ بزرگوں کی خواہش ہوتی ہے کہ

نوجوان زیادہ وقت ان کے ساتھ گزاریں لیکن نوجوانوں کو تو فون سے ہی فرصت نہیں ملتی۔ پرانے وقتوں میں جب سوشل میڈیا نہیں ہوتا تھا تو سب اہل خانہ مل جل کر وقت گزارتے تھے۔ ایک دوسرے سے بات چیت کرتے تھے اور ایک دوسرے کے دکھ درد میں بھی شریک ہوتے تھے۔ رات کے وقت نانا نانی یا دادا دادی سے کہانی سُن کر سونا کتنا اچھا لگتا تھا۔ سب لوگ مل کر ایک میز پر کھانا کھاتے تھے اور ساتھ ساتھ گپ شپ بھی چلاتی رہتی تھی۔ ہر خوشی کے موقع پر بزرگ بچوں کو پیسے یا تحائف دیا کرتے تھے۔ لیکن اب سوشل میڈیا کا دور دورہ ہے۔

سوشل میڈیا نے ہماری زندگیوں میں بہت اہم کردار ادا کیا ہے۔ سوشل میڈیا کے بھی دو پہلو ہیں؛ ایک اچھا اور ایک بُرا۔ اکثر سوشل میڈیا پر ایسی چیزیں دیکھنے اور سننے کو ملتی ہیں جن کا نہ تو کوئی سر ہوتا ہے اور نہ ہی کوئی پیر۔ بے بنیاد اور فضول چیزیں ایک دوسرے کو بھیج کر وقت ضائع کیا جاتا ہے۔

اب تو کچھ بزرگوں کے پاس بھی موبائل فون ہوتا ہے اور وہ بھی سوشل میڈیا کا استعمال کرنا شروع ہو گئے ہیں۔ آج بھی بہت سے ایسے لوگ ہیں جو سوشل میڈیا کی بھرمار کے باوجود اپنے بزرگوں کے ساتھ وقت گزارنے کو پسند کرتے ہیں۔ مجھے تو اپنی نانی اماں اور دادی اماں کے ساتھ وقت گزارنا بہت اچھا لگتا ہے۔ اُن سے مزے مزے کی کہانیاں سننا کتنا اچھا تجربہ ہے۔ میرے خیال میں بچوں اور نوجوانوں کو اپنے بزرگوں کی قدر کرنی چاہیے اور زیادہ سے زیادہ وقت اُن کے ساتھ گزارنا چاہیے۔ ہمارے بزرگ اس قدر اچھے ہیں کہ وہ ہر وقت ہمارا خیال رکھتے ہیں، ہمارے لئے سوچتے ہیں اور ہماری کامیابی کے لئے اکثر دعا کرتے رہتے ہیں۔ ہمیں اپنے بزرگوں کی قدر کرنی چاہیے اور سوشل میڈیا کی بجائے ان کے ساتھ وقت گزارنا چاہیے۔ اپنے بزرگوں کے ساتھ گزارا ہوا وقت حسین یادوں کی شکل میں ہمارا ایک اثاثہ بن جائے گا۔

متقی باجوہ۔ اے ون



احساسِ مروت کو کچل دیتے ہیں آلات ہے دل کے لئے موت مشینوں کی حکومت

میڈیا ہماری روزمرہ کی زندگی کا حصہ بن چکا ہے۔ گھر کے ایک فرد کی طرح ہمارے ساتھ ہمارے ہی گھر میں رہتا ہے۔ بچے، بوڑھے اور نوجوان سب ہی شہد کی مکھیوں کی طرح اس کے ساتھ چپکے رہتے ہیں۔ گھر ہو یا سکول، دفتر ہو یا کھیل کا میدان میڈیا ہماری جان نہیں چھوڑتا۔ اخبار پڑھنا ہو یا کتاب سب کچھ ہے سوشل میڈیا پر دستیاب! دنیا سے ہمہ وقت جڑے رہنے کا پورا کرتا ہے یہ خواب! چاہے کسی سے دوستی کرنی ہو یا آن لائن کسی استاد سے کچھ سیکھنا ہو میڈیا ہماری مدد کو ہے ہر لمحہ تیار۔ رابطے کا بہترین ذریعہ ہے یہ سوشل میڈیا۔ گھر بیٹھے بیٹھے آپ اس کی مدد سے ساری دنیا کی سیر سے لطف اندوز ہو سکتے ہیں۔ جنگ کا میدان ہو یا میلے کی شان ہر بات کی خبر آپ تک گھر بیٹھے پہنچ جاتی ہے۔

کہتے ہیں کہ: ”ہر چمکتی ہوئی چیز سونا نہیں ہوتی“ اسی طرح میڈیا پر آنے والی ہر بات بھی سچی اور اچھی نہیں ہوتی۔ اکثر بچے میڈیا پر دیکھی جانے والی ہر چیز کو پانے کے لئے والدین کا سر کھاتے رہتے ہیں۔ میڈیا پر نظر آنے والے کرداروں کی نقل کرنا تو جیسے نوجوانوں پر فرض ہو چکا ہے۔ بچے میڈیا پر دکھائی جانے والی اکثر باتوں کو اپنانا چاہتے ہیں چاہے وہ ان کے لئے نقصان دہ ہی کیوں نہ ہو۔ چھوٹے میاں تو چھوٹے میاں بڑے میاں سبحان اللہ۔ یعنی اب تو بزرگ لوگ بھی سوشل میڈیا کا خوب استعمال کرتے ہیں۔

اس سب کے باوجود میڈیا ہماری زندگی میں بہت مثبت چیزیں بھی لے کر آیا ہے۔ ہم اس کا استعمال کر کے عوام کو اخلاقی اور سماجی اعتبار سے بہتر بنا سکتے ہیں۔ مختلف جامعات اور مفکروں سے ہم اس سوشل میڈیا کی بدولت تعلیم بھی تو حاصل کر سکتے ہیں۔ ہر جگہ پر بیٹھنے کے ادب آداب سیکھ سکتے ہیں۔

میڈیا کے بے شک اچھے اور برے دونوں پہلو ہیں۔ اصل بات تو یہ ہے کہ ہم میڈیا کا استعمال کس طرح کرتے ہیں۔ ہمیں سوشل میڈیا پر وقت ضائع نہیں کرنا چاہیے۔ مختصر دیر کے لئے ہمیں اس کا استعمال کرنا چاہیے۔ اس سے اچھی اچھی باتیں اور مثبت اخلاقی اصول اور ضابطے سیکھنے چاہیں۔ اور میڈیا پر ہر چمکتی چیز کے پیچھے نہیں بھاگنا چاہیے۔ ہمیں یہ بات نہیں بھولنی چاہیے کہ اسی سوشل میڈیا کو مختلف مصنوعات بیچنے والے اشتہار بازی کے لئے استعمال کرتے ہیں۔ ہمیں ان کے چنگل سے بچنا چاہیے اور وہی چیز خریدنی چاہیے جس کی ہمیں ضرورت ہو۔

محمد فیصل ادلیس - اے ون



ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ اور ہم!

سعادت حسن منٹو کا شمار اردو ادب کے عظیم افسانہ نگاروں میں ہوتا ہے۔ ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ نامی افسانہ انہوں نے تقسیم ہندوستان کے کچھ سال بعد لکھا۔ ۱۹۹۱ء میں ہندوستان کو دو حصوں میں تقسیم کر دیا گیا؛ ایک حصے کو پاکستان اور دوسرے کو ہندوستان کا نام دیا گیا۔ عوام تو گوروں کی حکومت سے آزادی چاہتی تھی اسے کیا خبر کہ انھیں ایک دوسرے سے ہی جدا کر دیا جائے گا۔ منٹو کا ماننا ہے کہ اس تقسیم میں



سب سے زیادہ زیادتی صوبہ پنجاب کے ساتھ ہوئی۔ اس صوبے میں مذہبی ہم آہنگی پائی جاتی تھی۔ مختلف مذاہب کے لوگ ایک دوسرے کے ساتھ باہمی رواداری کے ساتھ رہتے تھے۔ پنجاب کے لوگوں کا آپسی پیار مثالی تھا۔ لیکن یہ کیا؟ ان کو ایک دوسرے کے سامنے لاکھڑا کیا گیا! سرحد کے آر پار نقل مکانی کی وجہ سے ایسی افراتفری پیدا ہوئی کہ بلوے شروع ہو گئے۔ اور دونوں طرف خوب قتل و غارت گری ہوئی! پنجاب کی زرخیز زمین اپنے ہی نوجوانوں کے لہو سے سُرخ ہو گئی۔

سعادت حسن منٹو نے ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ افسانے میں تقسیم ہندوستان پر اپنا نقطہ نظر پیش کیا ہے۔ یاد رہے کہ یہ افسانہ جذبات کی رو میں بہہ کر نہیں لکھا گیا بلکہ یہ تو طوفان کے شانت ہو جانے کے بعد کے مناظر دکھاتا ہے۔ اس میں لاہور کے پاگل خانے کا منظر دکھایا گیا ہے جہاں مختلف پاگلوں کا تقسیم ہندوستان پر رد عمل بہت خوبصورتی کے ساتھ لیکن طنزیہ اور مزاحیہ انداز میں پیش کیا گیا ہے۔

دونوں ممالک کے درمیان اونچی سطح کی کانفرنسوں کے بعد جب دانشوروں نے یہ فیصلہ کیا کہ دونوں اطراف کے پاگلوں کا بھی تبادلہ ہونا چاہیے تو لاہور کے پاگل خانے کے پاگلوں کا رد عمل قابل دید تھا۔ سب لوگ اپنی اپنی فہم کے مطابق اس فیصلے کو سمجھنے کی کوشش کر رہے تھے۔ ایک مسلمان پاگل جو بارہ برس سے باقاعدگی کے ساتھ زمیندار اخبار پڑھتا چلا آ رہا تھا اس سے جب اس کے ایک دوست نے پوچھا کہ ”مولی صاب! یہ پاکستان کیا ہوتا ہے؟“ تو اس نے جواب دیا، ”ہندوستان میں ایک جگہ ہے جہاں اُسترے بنتے ہیں“

بشن سنگھ عرف ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ افسانے کا مرکزی کردار ہے۔ وہ اس پاگل خانے میں پندرہ سال سے ہے۔ اچھا خاصا کھاتا پیتا زمیندار تھا کہ دماغ اُلٹ گیا اور گھر والے زنجیروں میں باندھ کر پاگل خانے لے آئے۔ پندرہ برس سے نہ سویا تھا اور نہ ہی لیٹا تھا بس کھڑا رہتا تھا۔ اس کے پاؤں سوچ گئے تھے۔ وہ پاگلوں کے درمیان ہونے والی گفتگو کو بڑے غور سے سنتا تھا اور جب کبھی کوئی اس سے اس کی رائے پوچھتا تو بڑی سنجیدگی سے جواب دیتا؛ ”اوپر دی گڑ گڑ دی ایتنکس دی بے دھیانا دی منگ دی دال آف دی پاکستان گورنمنٹ۔“ لیکن بعد میں ”آف دی پاکستان گورنمنٹ“ کی جگہ ”آف دی ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ گورنمنٹ“ نے لے لی اور اس نے دوسرے پاگلوں سے پوچھنا شروع کر دیا کہ ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ کہاں ہے؟ کسی کو کچھ پتا نہ تھا کہ ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ پاکستان میں ہے یا ہندوستان میں۔ بشن سنگھ کو نہ اپنے گھر کا خیال تھا نہ بیٹی کا۔ اسے تو بس ایک ہی بات جانی تھی کہ اس کا ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ کہاں ہے جہاں وہ پیدا ہوا تھا۔ پاگل خانے میں ایک پاگل ایسا بھی تھا جو اپنے آپ کو خدا کہتا تھا۔ جب ایک دن بشن سنگھ نے اس سے پوچھا کہ ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ کہاں ہے تو اس نے جواب دیا کہ ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ نہ ہندوستان میں ہے اور نہ ہی پاکستان میں۔ اس لئے کہ ابھی اس نے حکم نہیں دیا۔

تبادلے کے قریب بشن سنگھ سے ملنے اس کا ایک دوست فضل دین آیا۔ اس سے بھی بشن سنگھ نے یہی سوال پوچھا تو وہ بھی پریشان ہو گیا کہ ٹوبہ ٹیک سنگھ کہاں ہے۔ منٹو نے یہ دکھایا ہے کہ پاگل اور باشعور کسی کو نہیں پتا تھا کہ کیا ہو رہا ہے۔

کہانی کا اختتام ایک سوالیہ نشان چھوڑ جاتا ہے۔ بشن سنگھ نے جب ہندوستان جانے سے انکار کر دیا اور بھد ہو گیا کہ وہ ادھر ہی رہے گا تو اسے چھوڑ دیا گیا لیکن وہ نومینز لینڈ پر گر پڑا اور فوت ہو گیا!

راجیلہ شمسی۔ اے ٹو

عورتوں کے لئے تعلیم کی اہمیت

تعلیم انسانیت کا سب سے بڑا تاج اور زیور ہے۔ ہمارے پیارے نبی حضرت محمد نے فرمایا: ”اللہ تعالیٰ جن کے ساتھ بھلائی چاہتا ہے ان کو دین کا علم عطا کرتا ہے۔“

اسلام نے مرد اور عورت دونوں کو برابر کہا ہے۔ اسلام سے پہلے عورتوں کو جانوروں سے بھی بدتر سمجھا جاتا تھا۔ لیکن اسلام نے اپنے ماننے والوں کو



عورت کی عزت کرنا سکھایا اور بتایا کہ ایک عورت کی تعلیم سارے خاندان کی تعلیم کے برابر ہے۔ بلکہ ایک پورے معاشرے کو تعلیم دینے کے برابر ہے۔ جہاں تک پاکستان میں عورتوں کی تعلیم کا تعلق ہے تو ہمیں یہ مان لینا چاہیے کہ ہم دنیا کے ترقی یافتہ ممالک سے بہت پیچھے ہیں۔ کچھ لوگ آج بھی یہ سمجھتے ہیں کہ عورتوں کو اعلیٰ تعلیم نہیں دلوانی چاہیے۔ وہ یہ حقیقت بھول جاتے ہیں کہ عورتوں کی تعلیم کو نظر انداز کر کے کوئی ملک موجودہ دور میں ترقی کرنے کا سوچ بھی نہیں سکتا۔ بد قسمتی کی

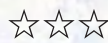
بات ہے کہ آج بھی ہمارے دیہاتوں میں عورتوں کی تعلیم پر کوئی خاص توجہ نہیں دی جاتی۔

ہم یہ بات کیوں بھول جاتے ہیں کہ ایک ان پڑھ اور جاہل عورت کے مقابلے میں ایک پڑھی لکھی اور سمجھدار میں اپنے بچوں کو بہتر طریقے سے پال سکتی ہے۔ ان کو اچھی غذا کھانے پر قائل کر سکتی ہے۔ اور سب سے بڑھ کر وہ معاشی طور پر معاشرے میں اہم کردار ادا کر سکتی ہے۔ جب پڑھی لکھی عورتیں مردوں کے شانہ بشانہ کام کریں گی تو ہمارے ملک کو ترقی کرنے سے کوئی نہیں روک سکتا۔

عورتیں ہماری آبادی کا نصف سے بھی بڑا حصہ ہیں۔ ان کی تعلیم کو نظر انداز کر کے ہم کبھی بھی دنیا کے شانہ بشانہ نہیں چل سکتے۔ ضرورت اس امر کی ہے کہ اس مسئلے کو سمجھا جائے اور عورتوں کی تعلیم کو اہمیت دی جائے۔ ہمارے عظیم رہنما قائد اعظم نے بھی اس بات پر زور دیا تھا: ”تعلیم ایک ایسی روشنی ہے جو تمام چیزوں کو روشن کر دیتی ہے۔ ہر معاشرتی تبدیلی کی بنیادی شرط ہے۔“

پاکستان کی عورتیں دنیا میں کسی سے کم نہیں ہیں لیکن آج بھی کچھ لوگ خواتین کی تعلیم کی مخالفت کرتے نظر آتے ہیں۔ ان کو یہ بات اچھی طرح ذہن میں بٹھالینی چاہیے کہ عورتوں کو اس نعمت سے محروم کرنا اجتماعی خودکشی کے مترادف ہے۔

راجیہ حسن۔ اے ٹو



ماحولیاتی آلودگی

آج کل کی بڑھتی آبادی کی وجہ سے ماحولیاتی آلودگی کی شرح دن بہ دن بڑھتی جا رہی ہے اور یہ ناصرف ہمارے ملک کا بلکہ یہ ایک بین الاقوامی مسئلہ بن چکا ہے۔ اکثر گھروں میں ہر فرد کے پاس اپنی سواری ہے اور آج کل تو جیسے ہی بچے سکول جاتے لگتے ہیں تو ان کی اپنی فرمائشیں شروع ہو جاتی ہیں اور وہ اپنی علیحدہ موٹر سائیکل یا گاڑی خریدنے کی ضد شروع کر دیتے ہیں۔ ہم یہ کیوں نہیں سمجھتے کہ جتنی زیادہ گاڑیاں سڑکوں پر دوڑیں گی اتنی ہی زیادہ آلودگی بڑھے گی۔ انہی وجوہات سے ہمارے شہر کی فضا اور آب و ہوا آلودگی کا بہت بری طرح شکار ہے۔

گاڑیاں اور موٹر سائیکلیں تو ایک طرف فیکٹریاں اور کارخانے اور بھٹے بھی کہاں پیچھے رہنے والے ہیں وہ بھی دن رات مضر صحت دھواں اور کیمیکلز ہوا میں چھوڑتے رہتے ہیں۔ ان کی بدولت بچوں اور بڑوں میں سانس اور دے جیسی بیماریاں اب عام ہوتی جا رہی ہیں۔

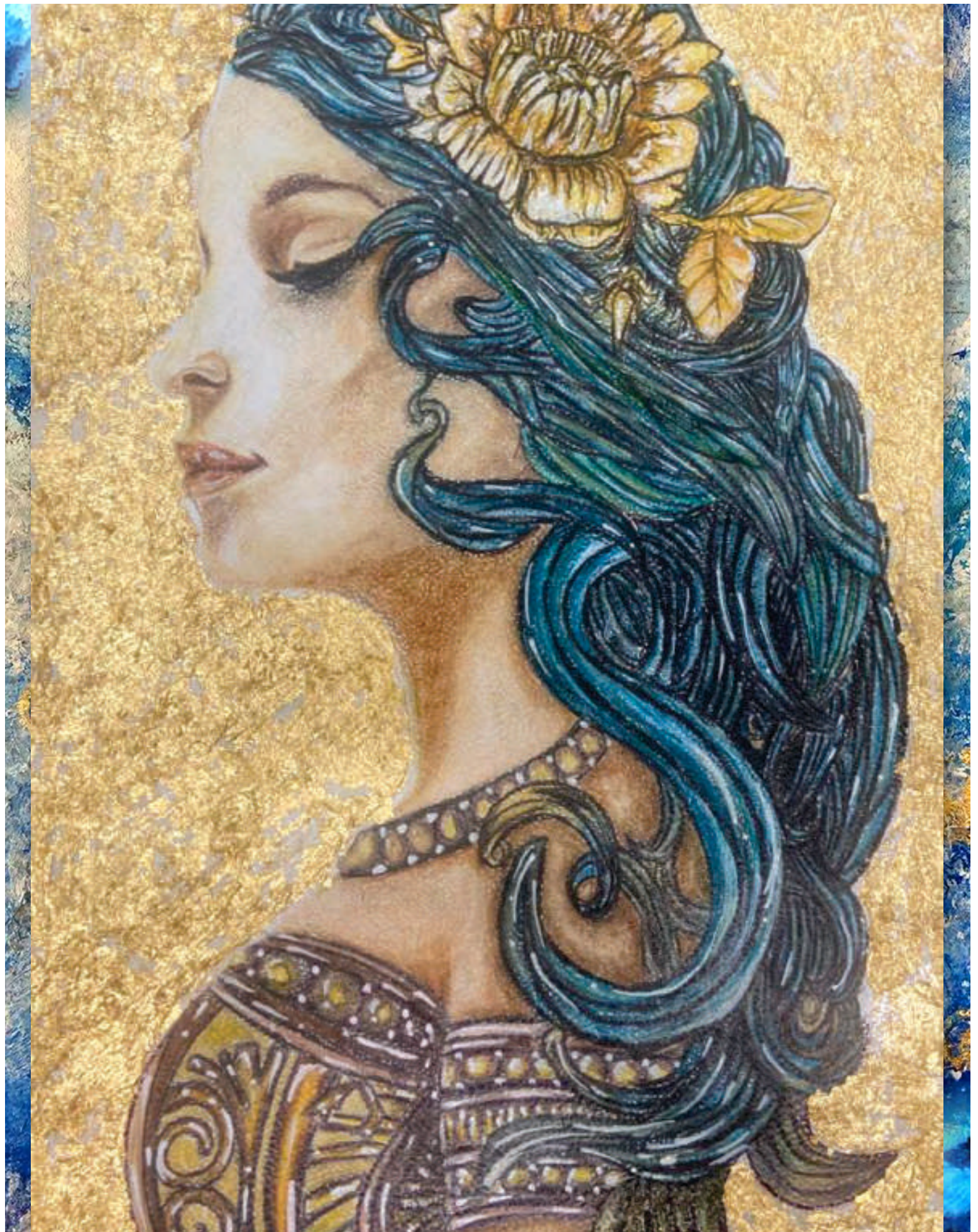


ہمیں اپنے بچوں کی تربیت اس طرح کرنی چاہیے کہ وہ گاڑی کی بجائے پیدل چلنے کو ترجیح دیں۔ اپنے ارد گرد گندہ ڈالیں اور اپنے ماحول کو صاف اور شفاف رکھیں۔

ماحولیاتی آلودگی اب صرف ہمارا ہی نہیں بلکہ پوری دنیا کا مسئلہ بن چکا ہے اس لئے اس کو حل کرنے کے لئے کوششیں بھی سب کو مل کر ہی کرنی ہوں گی۔ کوئی ایک فرد یا ملک اس حوالے سے کوئی بہت بڑا کردار ادا نہیں کر سکتا۔ اپنے ماحول کو نمدید بنا ہی سے بچانے کے لئے ہمیں درختوں کی حفاظت کرنی چاہیے اور نمدید درخت اگانے چاہیں۔ اس ضمن میں ہمیں شجر کاری مہم کا آغاز سکولوں کالجوں سے کرنا چاہیے۔ ہمیں اب بجلی سے چلنے والی گاڑیوں کا استعمال زیادہ کرنا چاہیے اور پٹرول کا استعمال کم سے کم کرنا چاہیے۔ کوڑا کرکٹ مخصوص جگہوں پر پھینکیں اور ماحول دوست عادات خود بھی اپنائیں اور دوسروں کو بھی ترغیب دیں تو ہم اس مسئلے پر کسی حد تک قابو پاسکتے ہیں۔

خالق یار بندریال۔ اے ٹو





Racing Against Time

Hans darted back to his Kübelwagen to warn the generals that ordering the troops to advance to the Maginot Line would be like sending them straight to the grave. Closing the door, he turned the ignition, but the engine stayed silent.

Hans twisted the ignition multiple times as panic started to slowly fill his heart. Knowing the car wouldn't budge and that trying to fix it with his limited knowledge would be a waste of time, he looked around for a miracle to happen—and there it was. In the distance, there was a bike covered. He stumbled out of the Kübelwagen and bolted to the covered vehicle. As he approached, he pulled off the cover to be pleasantly surprised by a BMW R12. Along with that, the owner was courteous enough to leave the key in the ignition.

He turned the key, and the flat-twin engine roared to life. Wasting no time, he twisted the throttle as the bike surged forward, and he continued on the road, manoeuvring through the winding dirt path with a skill he was unaware he possessed. He had quite some distance left until he would reach back at base. Just when he was confident, he would arrive in no time, he was greeted by a marshy part of the road. The bike wouldn't be able to maintain traction on the icy marsh as the Kübelwagen had, so he decided to cut through the forest.

The forest was dark and cold, but the yellow light of the BMW lit up the path. Hans twisted the throttle more, trying to go as fast as possible, dangerously swerving right and left, dodging trees on the icy and slippery terrain. After completing this

challenge, Hans was led back to the road but was faced with the problem of not knowing whether to go left or right. Trusting his gut, he chose to go right. After a few minutes on the never-ending road, he began to regret his choice. He drove another 500 metres, after which he started to think about turning around.

Just then, in the distance, he saw an outline of a large building in the slightly misty air.



It had to be the main base. Hans sped along the road, pushing the BMW to the limit. As he roared through the gates, the guards waved him through, recognising the urgency in his eyes. The base was a maze of narrow lanes, but Hans expertly weaved the powerful motorcycle through the maze of soldiers and vehicles. He screeched to a halt outside the main office. With the kickstand down, he leapt off and rushed inside.

He burst into the general's office, the room falling silent as he barged through the door. A large oak desk sat in the centre of the room, presided over by none other than the Führer. Several other officers were also present, all of them looking at

Hans with a mixture of curiosity and concern. Hans confidently walked into the room until he was in front of the oak table. He performed a quick Sieg Heil salute, after which he informed them about what he saw on the French front and how sending the troops would be a death sentence.

Hans quickly launched into his report, describing the fortifications in detail and emphasizing the need for caution as the German army advanced and how they might need to look for an alternate path. When Hans had finished, the Führer leaned back in his chair and steepled his fingers.

"Thank you, Hans," he said. "Your report is invaluable. We will take your findings into account as we plan our next move."

Hans nodded and responded, "I am glad I could be of service."

The Führer smiled faintly. "You have done your country a great service, Hans," he said. "You are a credit to the uniform."

Hans returned the smile. "Thank you, sir," he said.

The general nodded again. "Well, then," he said, "I suggest you get some rest. You've had a long and dangerous journey."

"Yes, sir," Hans said. "I will do that."

He saluted once more and turned to leave, feeling a surge of pride and satisfaction as he did his duty and averted a potential disaster.

Ameer Ibrahim Taimur | O III SB I

The Desperate Descent

He wasn't sure if he could even return.

It was a long and grueling hike. The fierce cold bit through the ragged clothes of the man. He was severely injured; his wounds had burst open, bringing intense pain which he had to bear through. His front

A few hours ago...

The man could see the peak of the mountain, only an hour's walk away. He hustled his way across the rocky foothills, icy glaciers, and numerous ravines and caves and was now ever so near to completing

his mission. This part of the mountain was very slippery, as it was a slope, making movement very slow, and the man cautious.

As he made his way up, he heard some footsteps behind him. Taking a quick peek, he witnessed a large mountain goat making its way toward him. Mountain goats were known to be unusually violent and potent, so he tried to remain calm and gazed at the goat, praying it would walk by without causing

harm.

The goat walked past the man without any sudden movements. However, suddenly, a loud cracking sound erupted from a falling block of ice, startling the goat,

two teeth were chipped, his lips dry and parched, and his face was covered in scars and scratches. He thought of his family at home. He wasn't sure if he would ever return...



which was now preparing to charge at the man. The man bent down, trying to curl himself up to avoid the impact. However, the goat's strong head struck him violently on his shoulder and jaw, sending him tumbling and rolling down.

When he finally got control of himself and stood up, the goat was already making its way toward him again. The man drew out a dagger and awaited the charge. As the goat neared him, he swung his dagger, aimlessly hoping to strike. However, the collar of his shirt got stuck to the goat's horns, followed by a deep cut to his chest and

part of his shirt being torn apart.

He had thrust the knife into the goat's eye, causing it to lash wildly, going in circles as blood oozed from its wound. The man lay helplessly on the ground, deadly wounds and bruises covering his body. The goat trotted away, leaving a blood trail behind.

The man managed a desperate crawl as the pain of his wounds intensified due to the cold. He began his descent, turning his slow crawl into a slow, agonising walk. The journey was too far and long.

He wasn't sure if he could make it back...

Ramin Hassan Bhatti | O III SB I

Castle in the Sky

The storm was unlike any other. Bodies were strewn across the deck as dark waves engulfed the ship's starboard side. I stood there in shock, thunderstruck, trying to remember what I was supposed to do. My hands groped at the helm of The Pink Lady. The captain was nowhere to be found, anarchy reigned as sailors cried for their lives, and here I was—getting ahead of myself. My plan was, and yet possible: look for the castle, call for the dirigible, and climb to the summit. That way, we could obtain the treasure and make our way home. I untangled the knot and let the storm take me away—from the ultimate end of The Argo 2.

The Pink Lady groaned under the weight of a seven-foot raging wave but quickly rebounded, the mast barely touching the water. I glanced back at the worst sight imaginable. No one had escaped; not one of them was interested in saving our prestige and honour. I gazed upon the atrocity—clouds descended on the helpless bodies, wiping away everything in their path. Then, naturally, a wave swirled and crashed

upon The Argo 2. The mast, headsail, and poles toppled into the ocean. The timid beat of my heart sounded almost deafening in the momentary, thunderous silence. After several knockdowns, my head felt lighter. The Pink Lady was in a state of



peace and tranquility. There was light—sailor's delight—as the sun rose high in the sky.

However, I could not escape the lurking fear of discovery. If I found that castle, I

would not hesitate to steal from it. If people started following me in pursuit, I would gladly become an outcast. I would do everything in my power to take vengeance for my fallen friends.

As The Pink Lady surfed the ocean waves, I began to see patches of land high above me, lounging in the atmosphere. Dots and splotches piqued my vision, and I quickly set up the telescope. Zooming into a thousand magnification, The Castle in the Sky loomed out of the cloud cover.

It stood under the shade of a large tree. The

roots were not visible, yet they seemed to hold the foundation of the entire fortress. The earth's core protruded from its end—a ball of hardened soil and cracked roots. And just like that, it floated in the air, a part of the sky, equipped with an impenetrable defence system.

That storm, I realised, was not normal. Those waves that led me to The Castle were probably guiding me towards my doom. If The Castle in the Sky was to be found, it was not going to be easy...

Aiela Zainab | OII SB I

Good Night Betty



My husband, Arthur, and I planned to go to the movies at midnight. It had been a long time since we found some time to treat ourselves. Arthur had booked tickets for the new movie, Bed Flows, since he knew that watching horror movies was my hobby. I got ready and, as fast as lightning, did my makeup and hurried to the cinema. We immediately got some freshly buttered popcorn and sat in our seats. Ironically, no one was there to watch the renowned film, and only a few mysterious faces emerged from the seats. The movie sent shivers down my spine, and I couldn't even take a proper gaze at the film, filled with gore and violence, without fear. However, soon

after the film finished and after gobbling up our popcorn like animals, we were in for a real treat....

We were heading back home when Arthur revealed to me that he was going to be back late as he had run into one of his old friends at the cinema. He planned to drop me home and accompany his friend afterward. I, beyond a shadow of a doubt, accepted his proposal and was dropped home.

As soon as he left me, I felt an air of mystery around the rusty gates of the house.

A fear of the unknown surrounded me as I gazed at the gate. Especially after the

movie, I just couldn't imagine staying alone and waiting for the only man in the house. However, I slowly mustered the courage to open the door and turned on every operational light in our home.

I opened the door to my room and felt as if I was being watched. I looked back, and although I saw nothing, it was as if some paranormal entity was behind me. I switched off my lights, covered myself with a bulky blanket, and forced my eyes shut in fear and terror.

My alarm clock rang at around 2:20 AM, and I got up from my bed with my vision blurred. Someone else was also sleeping beside me, which I assumed was my husband, as he must have come back home. Suddenly, I got a call, the ringing of which was louder than the silence of my thoughts. I looked at the phone, and it was a call from Arthur.

My skin turned pale, and my mind was utterly washed with fear. The sound of my

heart thumping became void, and my saliva refused to pass down my throat as I thought Arthur was with me in bed. I picked up the call, and Arthur said, "Betty, I know I disturbed you in your sleep, but I'm here, so open the door—I brought food!"

I swiftly replied, "A-A-Arthur, you're not in bed?"

Arthur, with a sense of reluctance, asked, "Betty, what are you talking about?"

While he said this, I heard laughter from the side and someone breathing and lightly gasping.

I said to Arthur, "OK, honey, I'm coming, just wait."

I took off the blanket slowly as the laughter grew, and suddenly, the paranormal presence grabbed me, held my throat as I screamed in pain, and whispered in a jolly yet terrorizing voice,

"GOOD NIGHT, BETTY!"

Muhammad Ayan Rabbani | OII SB I

Rabbits with Pocket-Watches

Painted with gold. Masked by a smile. I could see the rabbit again.

The nurses and doctors talked over one another as I heard my father weeping from across the room. The slow pacing of the footsteps near my bed was my sister. I raised my head very slightly, revealing the pain in my neck, however, I managed to catch a glimpse of the tube attached to my veins and the white patient clothes before quickly establishing the fact that my body could not move easily.

A hospital?

"Lord! Alice, you're awake!" My sister knelt on the floor, placing her hand on mine.

I would have replied, I promise that I wanted to reply, but the white creature scurried across the hallway again. Pale and tiny with a small coat pressing on its fur, it took out the pocket watch, scrunching its gold-painted nose and continuously glancing from its pocket-watch to the doorframe.

I could not lose the rabbit again. I rapidly removed my hand from my sister's grip and



flung myself out of the bed, dragging my feet across the room. The wheels of the IV access port screeched and worsened the pain in my head.

Now, I could not see the rabbit anymore. I had stopped in front of the small mirror, and I was staring into my soulless eyes as panic erupted like a volcano behind me, and the sounds I mentioned earlier tied too many knots in my brain for me to understand them.

My name- I cannot remember my name. However, I do know that I was five years old when I first saw the White Rabbit. It used to peek through the windows and follow me to school. In class, it would stand in the corner and grin, while glancing at its pocket-watch. I was too afraid of the rabbit to tell anyone about it.

For the next five years, I saved a seat for the rabbit at the dinner table. My parents called it an 'imaginary friend' and told me that when I was older, I'd forget. But I didn't. The rabbit didn't leave, and I didn't forget.

It didn't speak to me at first. At least not until we had to go for weekly check-ups after Mama got sick. I sat in the waiting area with teary eyes as the doctor called my father and told him the news. The rabbit talked to me then. When I was thirteen.

"Hello!" It said in a mechanical voice.

I felt frightened but did not reply. "Won't you say hello to me?" It scrunched its nose.

"I thought we were friends."

"Who are you?" I finally said. "And- and why are you always there?"

"I'm from the other side of the world." It said, "Would you like to see, Alice?"

"My father told me you're fake." I quickly stated. "I will forget about you."

"No you won't."

"Of course I will!" I cried. "My father is always right."

"Alice, I'm only here to protect you." It said, "In fact, your brain makes you think I'm here to protect you. Of course, I'm not really there."

"I don't need you to protect me! What's a small rabbit like yourself going to do?" I screamed. Although, I wish I hadn't screamed. Father had enough to worry about.

He ran over to me and said, "Alice, who were you talking to just now?"

"Father, this rabbit won't leave me alone--"

"Alice!" He said, startled. "Which rabbit?"

"The one I told you about--"

"And I told you it isn't real."

My aunt told father to send me to therapy, and being worried about my mother, he did. However, it didn't really work, for the rabbit didn't go away.

After Mama's funeral, my life went pretty much downhill. The rabbit stopped appearing too. I did not speak. I did not eat. All I did was sleep for an abnormal amount of hours each day and increase the load of worries already existing on my family.

When I turned twenty, the rabbit came back. But, not in front of my window or at school, but rather in my dreams. I used to talk to the rabbit, and I started sleeping for an even more abnormal amount of hours.

I used to take more than two sleeping pills each day, hoping I'd not have to wake up early. If I did wake up, there was too much to deal with.

I don't know what happened three nights ago, but I must have taken more than two pills, by accident of course. Now I stood in front of the mirror as the voices behind me cleared. I could see the rabbit again.

But this time, I shut my eyes.

But this time, I shut my eyes.

Tanisha Jehanzeb | OII SB I

My Shot of Espresso

When someone mentioned the thought of me losing her, I always laughed in their face. The old me would've never pictured my life without her. She was the only person I could call my best friend. She was family, even if it wasn't considered a blood relation. My mother treated her like her own. She saved her from situations her own family would have never accepted her for, she always made her favourite meals, and when we fought, my own mother always made me apologise because the thought of losing her didn't only hurt me

she wants endless love and support from someone who knows every side of her and never judges her. My best friend was different. She was like a ray of sunshine, she was like a shot of espresso; whenever she entered a room, she lit it up, her laugh was so contagious, and her smile left everyone smiling.

She not only protected me and cherished me to bits and pieces, but she also healed every broken part of me—parts that I didn't know needed healing. She was the “life of the party” in its truest essence.

I would've never understood how valuable time is with someone until it's lost. Looking back, I wish I had a stop clock so I could freeze time and relive every moment with you again. I wish all the moments we fought over small things and acted as if we hated each other could have been spent laughing and hugging you.

The thought of knowing and understanding that I will not meet you until the life hereafter makes me crumble to pieces. The thought of accepting the fact that you'd want me to make new friends and be happy gives me cold feet. There was, and always will be, one best friend of mine—that's always going to be you.

The day I went to school, a few weeks after your passing, everyone asked where you were. “Where's the girl you always hang out with?” The only thing that came to mind was, “She's not here today; she'll come here soon.” I never knew the word soon could mean years on end. The classes, filled with all the chitter-chatter

but my whole family as well. I never would've imagined that one night I would have to go to sleep without texting her goodnight or sending her reels on Instagram.

The thought that I've lost you is still left unforeseen.

A best friend is someone a girl could go to when she wants to hide from her family, when she knows her whole world is falling to pieces, when everyone hates her, and



and laughter of our classmates, seemed meaningless as the main reason for my laughter was now gone.

The small tradition we carried of always skipping classes and running around the halls, knocking down all the lockers to see which one could break open, gossiping and always judging people—knowing it was wrong—was now buried below with you and left alone. When I think of our friendship, I saw you as my future kids' future aunt. I saw someone who could spoil my kids, babysit them when I was not there. I'll never be able to find someone like you.

Our friendship was a bond I thought could never be broken, but now that I stand here in front of your grave, paying my due respects...

I hope you know that to this day, I won't let myself accept the fact that I've lost you for good, because losing you would be like losing a part of myself—a part that only you had and knew. The day I found out about your passing still haunts me. I felt as if someone was punching me. I felt strangled. The days got longer and felt never-ending. I stopped talking to everyone. I took down all the pictures of us because everywhere I looked reminded me of you.

The night of your passing, I cried and read through all of the letters you gave me, and it felt as if you were lying beside me. But only this time, you weren't.

The story and the journey of my life changed the moment you passed—since the very second I lost you.

Aleeza Kashif | OII SB I

My Magical Power

I am often referred to as the "electric girl," a nickname that I don't quite understand. The main reason for this is that I was born deaf, meaning I have bilateral hearing loss—I can't hear in either ear. However, when I say that I feel blessed to have this "superpower," many people respond with a frown, their eyebrows raised in disbelief.

I hear everything: emotional conversations, rants, gossip, important decisions, arguments in supermarkets, and even the birds that are a little too enthusiastic at 5 A.M. I walk around in public as if I'm just like everyone else, even though I'm not. Yet, in some ways, I am. I believe there must be more people like me out there.

Many people wonder how parents determine if their child can hear. In places like

Pakistan, getting such a check is not a common practice. So how did my parents discover my special ability? The answer lies in balloons. How can a toddler remain



in deep sleep when a balloon pops with a sound similar to an atomic bomb? Honestly, I still manage to sleep through the most dangerous situations. If someone

were to intrude on our house? Well, that's not my problem. Let me finish my supreme sleep first.

I'm proud to consider my experience a superpower, but most of the credit goes to my parents. Deep emotional roller coasters can often be mentally triggering. My parents first received the news about my condition when I was only 7 to 8 months old. Life presented them with a significant hurdle, but they handled it so well that this challenge eventually turned into an achievement. They embarked on a journey to find a cure for my major issue. The struggle was immense, but then they met my doctor, who played a crucial role in my recovery. Because of the support from my parents and him, I can now fully hear and have a cochlear implant. This is genuinely a blessing for me; I can block out all toxic voices from my life with just the push of a button.

I am honestly impressed by how my parents raised me. They instilled in me their amazing mindset, enrolled me in regular school, and encouraged me to make my mark. The support I've received is beyond words. Not being able to hear initially presented significant barriers to communication. However, the training I received helped me participate in debate competitions, where I can express my opinions clearly.

Everyone has something special within themselves, and I have a passion for sports like basketball, swimming, and badminton. I also excel in the arts and have considered pursuing a future in that field. Currently, I am on a journey to learn the guitar while multitasking. I might not consider myself a nerd, but my closest friends might view me as such because they know how much I enjoy studying World War history. When it comes to being a nerd, reading books is definitely my cup of tea, although I mostly gravitate towards

cute rom-coms. It's refreshing to read light-hearted material, especially these days when time seems to sprint away and stress builds up.

Whenever I hear someone say that I won't be able to do something, I want to go up to them and say, "I tried to start hearing, and eventually, I did." There's a saying, "When life gives you lemons, make lemonade," but I turned it into, "When life gives you deafness, embrace it."

My daily life can be quite hilarious. When I said I can remove all toxic voices from my life, yes, I meant those people who do nothing but show discouragement. But sometimes, I also use it for minor situations—like when a random grandma at a desi wedding comes up to me and starts talking about how she raised me, even though I've witnessed her face for the first time. Seems rude, but I stand there like an obedient child and pull an innocent smile on my face.

Playing Chinese whispers has so far been the most difficult challenge I've ever faced because the player always whispers in my ear. I gave up a few years ago. Sometimes, when you have trouble hearing your friend from across the street and they yell, "Are you deaf?" I answer, "Yes," with a smirky smile on my face.

These are just small yet important parts of my life. I'm glad that I can block out whatever I want and hear whatever I want. But of course, being honest is most important, so if you're important to me, I'll hear everything you say. Still, I can block out thunderstorms at 3 A.M. when many people stay awake, disturbed.

I'll finally answer why I'm called an electric girl—well, I wear this device to be able to hear.

Mishal Emmad | OII H

Exploring the Untamed Beauty: A Journey Through Northern Pakistan's Majestic Landscapes

In early June, as my mother and I anxiously tackled O-Level past papers, we received exciting news—our tickets for a long-awaited adventure to northern Pakistan were confirmed. Thrilled, we packed in a whirlwind of excitement, anticipating our journey through the majestic mountains. The first part of our trip, from Lahore to Islamabad, began on a Daewoo bus under the quiet cover of night. I couldn't sleep, imagining soaring peaks and lush valleys. Arriving in Islamabad, we quickly checked in for our flight, the atmosphere buzzing with anticipation. After a brief stop for a meal, we boarded a flight to Gilgit, where a



bumpy landing jolted us awake. We were warmly greeted by family, then whisked away to my cottage nestled against the stunning mountain backdrop.

Over the next few days, we explored Hunza, where we visited the Altit and Baltit Forts. The breathtaking views and rich history of the forts were a testament to the region's past. We marvelled at local crafts and the kindness of the people, making every stop a memorable experience.

At the Eagle Eye viewpoint, we were treated to a panoramic view of towering peaks,

including Hunza Peak, Rakaposhi, and Ladyfinger Peak, their majesty amplifying our sense of awe. In Karimabad, we savoured Hunza's traditional dishes, including chapshuro and chapati, tasting the region's rich culinary heritage. Our journey took us to Khunjerab Pass, where the raw beauty of the landscape left me in awe. Afterwards, we visited Passu Cones and Attabad Lake, marvelling at the striking turquoise waters and the surrounding rugged terrain. The serenity of Luxus Hunza offered a perfect retreat.

In Skardu, we relaxed at Shangrila Resort and boated to Upper Kachura Lake.

The tranquillity of the lake contrasted with the panic I felt when I lost a cherished earring, only to find it again—a moment of relief amidst the adventure. Later, we indulged in local treats like cinnamon rolls and matka chai under a starlit sky.

One afternoon, a detour led us to Blind Lake, where we captured peaceful photos. At Shigar Fort, the ancient walls whispered tales of

history before we reached Sarfranga for the exhilarating paramotor experience. The thrill of soaring above the mountains was unmatched, followed by a wild jeep ride through Skardu's landscapes.

Finally, we returned to Lahore after an unforgettable journey filled with stunning views, thrilling experiences, and the warmth of family. Each memory, from the soaring peaks to the laughter shared over meals, remains etched in my heart, forever woven into the tapestry of this incredible adventure.

Nimrah Binte Haris | OII H

The Renaissance of Me

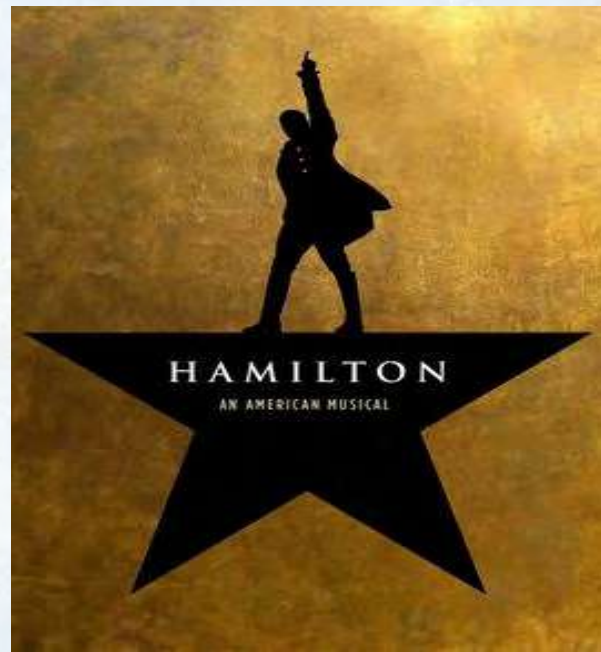
Oftentimes, being told to write about my experiences would leave me confused. What do I write about? Who do I write about? Nothing seems that interesting. But this time, I know exactly what I'm going to write about.

I entered high school as a nervous, nostalgic kid who just wanted to go back to eighth grade, where things were simple. Now, in my second year, I can honestly say that I no longer yearn for the past.

I learned a lot. I attended far too many MUN conferences and didn't take them seriously, only to be taken down a peg or two by my coach with ever-changing hair. Then I started paying attention. I began winning awards—my first shield at my fifth MUN—then Best Delegation. I started helping my juniors. I started branching out a little more.

I discovered that I liked branching out more than I liked isolating myself. I liked laughing with my friends, going to competitions, winning, and losing. Learning. I liked dreaming up silly ideas with people who shared my mindset, thinking I could change the world someday.

It was one of these ideas that created The Renaissance—our society of poetics. Literary arts have always been a passion of mine, and I saw the talent in those around me. I saw it during the school play, through countless rehearsals, camps, and mic checks. I saw it in the eyes of my friend Mohid Khurram, one of the best actors I know. I saw it in Tanisha Jehanzeb, who has helped me write and rewrite plays, direct them, act in them, and spend hours tirelessly making props. I wanted to cultivate that talent and put it out there. And so, with a lot of effort—and a little grovelling—I had my own little club, one that I was president of. It turned out



surprisingly well. Maybe next year, it'll be even better. But I caught a real glimpse of what my initiative could lead to—of all these talented kids who were just like me.

And last but not least, though I'm sure all my classmates are sick of hearing me talk about it, I had the absolute honour of being part of this year's production of Hamilton. I got to co-direct alongside someone who inspired me to do everything I've done—Hadi Tariq. I got to laugh with the small cast and meet some of the best people. I got to know my incredible seniors, buy them gol guppay and biryani, and eat along with my cast (mostly Ameer) in guilty silence after a bad rehearsal—or loudly, during a horrendous gossip session—giggling like a teenage girl the entire time. I got unofficial detention along with Shehram and even cried about it, only to completely forget the next day when we performed and heard our classmates cheer for us.

Without a shadow of a doubt, I can say that it was all so much fun. I just had so much fun.

Mariya Waqar | OII H

A Circle of Trust

Rachel had always been the kind of person who loved being surrounded by friends. She had a big group, and life felt full of excitement. Lunch breaks were filled with laughter, weekends were spent hanging out, and late-night conversations never seemed to end. She believed that the more friends she had, the happier she would be.



For a long time, it felt perfect. She never had to worry about feeling alone. But things started to change in ways she didn't expect. Small arguments turned into silent tensions, and she sometimes felt like she didn't completely fit in. Still, she ignored the feeling, convincing herself that everything was fine. But then, one day, everything fell apart.

Out of nowhere, people started acting differently toward her. Some avoided eye contact, others whispered when she walked by, and a few even smirked like they knew something she didn't. Confused and uneasy, she tried to ignore it until she heard the rumors. Someone in her own friend group had spread lies about her. And not just small ones—terrible, hurtful things that made her stomach twist. Things so far from the truth that she couldn't even imagine herself saying or doing them.

At first, she was in shock. Who would do this to her? She wanted to believe it was all a misunderstanding, that her friends would stand by her. But they didn't. Some avoided her completely, while others acted like nothing had happened. The worst part? A few even believed the rumors. Rachel felt betrayed in a way she

never had before. These were people she had trusted. And just like that, she realized she had been holding on to friendships that weren't real.

That night, she lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. She felt lost, like a part of her life had been ripped away. But deep down, she knew what she had to do. The next day, she walked past her old friend group without looking back. Instead, she sat with Emma and Sarah, two friends who had never once doubted her. They didn't care about what others said; they knew who she really was. They didn't need an explanation. They just stayed.

At first, it felt strange. She wasn't used to such a small circle. But soon, she realized something about her life felt lighter. There was no more drama, no more fear of betrayal, no more pretending. She could finally be herself without worrying about what people thought. She laughed more, felt more at ease, and for the first time in a long time, she felt truly happy.

Looking back, she didn't regret walking away. Losing people who never valued her wasn't a loss at all. It was a lesson. And in the end, she had something far more valuable—real friendship.

Raima Kashif | IX SB I

A Door That Should Never Be Opened

When Mary received the call about her great-aunt Agnes's passing, it felt surreal. She hadn't seen Agnes in over a decade—not since she was a child—and she only vaguely remembered her odd tales about a hidden room in the old family estate. Yet, as the only living relative, Mary was summoned to inherit the house, perched on the outskirts of the small town of Maplewood.

The journey was long and dreary. Thick clouds loomed overhead, casting a pall over the landscape. As she drove up the



gravel road to the estate, a shiver ran down her spine. The mansion appeared as a dark silhouette against the gray sky, its windows like hollow eyes watching her approach.

Once inside, Mary was met with an overwhelming smell of mildew and dust. The grand foyer was adorned with faded wallpaper and cobwebs, the air thick with an oppressive silence. Her heart raced as she stepped inside, the door creaking ominously behind her. This place had a weight to it, a heaviness that felt almost

alive.

After wandering through the empty rooms, Mary found the small study where Agnes had spent most of her time. Books lined the shelves, their spines cracked and worn, and a large wooden desk dominated the center of the room. On it lay a small, intricately carved box, its surface cold and smooth. Mary felt an undeniable urge to open it, her fingers trembling as they brushed against the lid.

Inside was a collection of letters tied with a faded ribbon. As she unfolded the first

letter, she discovered that it was addressed to her great-aunt from an old friend named Margaret, who spoke of strange occurrences in the house—whispers in the night, shadows that danced just out of sight, and a room that should not be entered.

Mary's breath quickened. Was this some kind of joke? She flipped through more letters, each detailing increasingly unsettling experiences, until she stumbled upon a particularly chilling note:

"The room is not just a normal room. It is a doorway, a place where the living should not tread. Do not seek it, dear Agnes, for it seeks YOU!"

A cold shiver coursed through her. The odd family tales rushed back to her—stories of a hidden room, whispered warnings passed down through generations. Something within her urged her to uncover the truth.

As the sun set, darkness enveloped the mansion. Shadows grew longer in the corners, and the air turned icy. With each creak of the floorboards, Mary felt as though the house was breathing, alive with

an unseen presence. The letters no longer felt like simple words; they felt like a warning.

Determined, Mary explored the house until she stumbled upon a narrow staircase leading down to a cellar. The wooden steps creaked as she descended, her heart pounding in her chest. The air grew colder, and a damp smell filled her nostrils. At the bottom, she found herself in a small, dimly lit room. In the corner hung a heavy curtain, its edges tattered and stained. Mary approached it, feeling an invisible pull, and pulled it aside. Behind the curtain was a door, its surface warped with age.

She felt drawn to it. Gathering her courage, she reached for the doorknob, her fingers trembling. It felt icy, sending a jolt of fear through her. She hesitated, the letters' warnings echoing in her mind, but curiosity won out, and she twisted the knob.

The door creaked open, revealing a room that seemed to pulse with darkness. Inside, the air felt thick, heavy with anticipation. Mary stepped in, her flashlight cutting through the blackness. Suddenly, she heard a soft whisper, like a breath against her ear.

"Mary... come play..."

The voice was sweet yet eerie, sending chills down her spine. She turned, heart racing, but saw only her own reflection staring back at her—smiling a little too wide. The mirrors began to shimmer, the reflections warping and twisting, shadowy figures moving just out of reach.

"Join us..." they beckoned, their voices like a haunting song.

Mary stumbled backward, panic rising in her throat. She had to escape.

Rushing back to the door, she found it had closed, the knob slick with cold moisture.

"No! Let me out!" she shouted, pounding against the wood, but the whispers only grew louder, swirling around her like a storm. Shadows danced at her vision's

edge, creeping closer, pulling her in.

Finally, with a desperate surge of strength, she pushed the door open and stumbled out, breathless and terrified. The cellar felt alive with energy, as if the walls were closing in around her. She ran up the stairs, heart racing, mind reeling from the nightmare she had just faced.

Bursting through the front door into the cool night air, she paused to catch her breath, the weight of the mansion's secret pressing down on her. She got in her car and drove away, knowing that no matter how far she went, the echoes of the hidden room and the haunting series of events would forever linger in her mind—a chilling reminder that some doors should never be opened.

Imaan Naimat Chaudry | IX SB I

Dreams

In the silence of the night, they call,
Whispers of longing that capture it all.
We clutch them tight as dawn draws near,
Fearing they'll vanish, swallowed by fear.

A fleeting touch, yet they feel so real,
A world untouched, but we can feel.
As dawn breaks, they fade like mist,
But in our hearts, they still exist.

In waking hours, we build and fight,
To turn the whispers into sight.
For dreams are not just things we see,
But a fire we fuel, relentlessly.

Inaya Yasser IXS B I



A Year of Growth: My Journey Through Co-Curricular Activities

This school year has gone by in the blink of an eye. I took part in a lot of co-curricular activities as they are vital for every student, and they help improve many factors for students, such as communication, teamwork, leadership, time management, and confidence. One of the co-curricular activities I took part in was the A-Level play, Hamilton. I was chosen to play the role of Aaron Burr. This play was the first in Learning Alliance that was fully set and directed by students. The directors of this play were my good friends, Mariya Waqar and Hadi Tariq, who had earlier seen me in a play I did in Grade 8, Murder at Little Bliss, which was about the murder of a man in a mental asylum and the investigators trying to figure out who the murderer was. Hadi and Mariya later chose me for Hamilton after my performance as the Warden in the last play.

I had once tried watching Hamilton as a friend recommended it to me, but I never really liked it, so I was second-guessing whether to take part. However, I decided

to stay, and it turned out to be one of the most fun experiences ever. The play was a full musical and was also the first musical to be held at Learning Alliance.

Through this play, I worked with students from A-Levels for the first time and ended up becoming friends with them. Ameer Hamzah, a student in A2, was someone I had seen in school a few times, and I loved his hyper personality from the start. Because of Hamilton, I got the chance to become his friend. Mariam Ahmed, whom I had never met before, was an amazing singer and played her role the best. Muhammad Waiz somehow made every rehearsal funny and entertaining. And Hadi Tariq, whom I had looked up to since Grade VI as he became extremely popular, absolutely shocked everyone with his talents and skills. As I became closer to them, I realised that next year would be their final year at Learning Alliance, so I cherished each moment and tried not to think about it. After the play ended, we all remained in contact, and almost every

weekend, we got together to play Minecraft.

Besides the play, I was also part of the debating society led by Miss Minahil, who was by far the best debate teacher we have had. This was a parliamentary debating society where we attended classes every Tuesday and Thursday. We also got the chance to go to other schools for debate competitions, but one was the most memorable. One of the debate competitions, Sonnu Rehman, was held amongst the junior debating community in Islamabad at Westminster International School. It was one of the first trips we took with our school, where we stayed at a hotel for a few days. It was, hands down, the best experience we have had. We stayed at the Avari Express Hotel, which had a very safe environment and helped us create a lot of memories. We stayed up late with our friends, working on our debates for the next day or sometimes just having fun. Though we were not able to qualify for the next round, this was certainly one of the best experiences and has definitely earned the title of a generational trip.

Besides debates and plays, I've always loved photography. Ever since I got my first DSLR camera, I have loved photographing everything, even when nothing

special is happening. One of the events I covered for photography was the Pink October event, which is held to raise awareness of breast cancer. This topic was particularly meaningful to me as my mother herself was a breast cancer patient.

Later, I took part in an LAI event, Flair, with my friend Jahanara Malik, where I was in the photography category. We received a different theme each round that we had to work with. This was by far a very memorable event, as I was surrounded by extremely talented people. When I was done with photographing or was on a break, I would go into the music room, where the category Pitch Perfect took place. I saw how talented everyone was, and they played each instrument extremely well. I have been playing guitar for quite a few years, and seeing the guitarists play was unlike anything I had ever seen before—it truly inspired me.

All these events remind me that it is necessary for everyone to keep up with co-curricular activities alongside their academic studies, as they can help in learning, improve communication skills, and create friendships that might even last a lifetime.

Mohammad Mohid Khurram | IX SA

Echoes of Innocence

A time of wonder, a carefree flight,
Childhood's embrace, a pure delight.
Days filled with sunshine, laughter
bright,
Exploring worlds with pure delight.

Building castles in the sandy bay,
Chasing butterflies, come what may.
Sharing secrets, whispered low,
Letting imaginations freely grow.

A time for learning, a time to roam,
Finding comfort and feeling at home.
Memories cherished, a precious art,
Forever held within the heart.

Syeda Hadiya Arif | IX SB I

Drifting

Two peas in a pod. My friend and I often sat on the bleachers at school, eating our lunch, watching the world go by. Our laughter would echo through the school halls, eventually landing us in the principal's office for being too loud, but it was alright because, as long as we had each other, everything would work out. We had known each other since the age of five, meeting in our kindergarten classroom and bonding over a toy we both liked. We shared all our firsts together—first tooth fairy visit, first school trip, and first parent-teacher conference, where every teacher would go on about how we were inseparable. We brought out the best in each other. At thirteen, we were already planning how we would decorate our dorm room. We would go to college together, be roommates, and be there for each other through thick and thin—or so I thought. We were in each other's safe space. Judgment would be reserved for 'others.' There is a comfort that comes in friendship after a certain time. Like shadows, we existed—always there for each other—but similarly, like shadows, one's existence can also be forgotten or taken for granted.

Summer holidays were spent in each other's homes; we knew each other's families. Her siblings were well aware that I was an extension of their older sister, and so all seemed well. However, time is a tough taskmaster, and as we approached the new year, I started noticing changes in the friendship we shared. I still cannot wrap my head around what caused the change. Like a bad teen novel, I saw her morph into someone whom I wasn't familiar with. Our usual race to find seats, group projects, and lunch tables together came to a halt. She had made new friends

over the summer—friends who agreed with every right or wrong decision she made. The sinking feeling that one experiences as they witness, quite literally, the rug being pulled out from beneath them became a constant companion.

It is very easy for adults to dismiss this behavior as teenage growing pains, and maybe it was just that. I could not let it go; I felt a darkness encroaching on my previously carefree disposition. Everyday chores like participating in school and talking at home suddenly began to feel like monolithic tasks. Increasingly, I found myself left on my own in school, watching them from afar, whispering and giggling



like she never knew me. Hope is a powerful emotion, and it strings you along until you finally hit the wall and realize that you have reached the end of the line. I was sure I could still sort it all out, especially since there had been no argument between us—just a slow, painful drifting apart, one felt mostly by me.

However, it wasn't until the day I saw her standing by, doing nothing, as her new friend bullied and teased me that I realized it was truly over. Something that she would never have stood for before was now seen as a minor inconvenience to her. Our 'ride-or-die' friendship had run its course—lost. In hindsight, perhaps we had outgrown each other. At least, that's what my mother offered as an explanation as

she tried to console me. That's the thing with adults: they have life experience on their side, but they forget that time has healed their wounds, not mine. That was it. The familiarity of a supposed 'lifelong' friendship had ended.

The simplicity of creating a lifelong bond ended with such chaos, like a candle that gets snuffed out. Now we pass each other in the same hallways that once echoed with our laughter—like strangers—and I know that there will always remain an empty space in my heart for the girls we once were. I know the memories we made will replay when I think about pure happi-

ness, and they will always be accompanied by the pain of being forgotten. I had never thought Shakespeare would ever resonate with me, but I recently read: "Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak knits up the o'er-wrought heart and bids it break." So here I am, mourning the loss of a friendship that, for the longest time, defined who I was—getting to know the person I am growing up into. Trying to heal something I thought would never break.

Sophia Hamid | IX SB I

The Last Letter

The night sky was cloaked in mist, its bosom beating with despair. An ordinary night in Arabia—or was it? The golden



sand dunes, shaped like waves of the roaring sea, stretched into the distance. The pearl-white moon radiated over the city of life. It was a night of silence, yet souls remained awake, thirsting for the sweetness of love and the bitterness of hatred. Amidst this empty pit of worthless gold stood the palace of opulence, studded with rubies, opals, and sapphires. Behind these walls lived a ray of moonlight, whose name was Asmina. Asmina had silky, jet-black hair and mesmerizing eyes that trapped anyone

who stared. She had glimmering skin and the fragrance of an everlasting rose.

Behind this ethereal face was a soul with caged dreams. She longed to see the world, to escape the walls of the palace. Her father, the sultan, imprisoned her due to her incurable heart disease. Her heart was too weak and had little time left. Though her condition was critical, her father had hidden the truth from her, assuring her that she would be fine. Asmina

could only peek from her terrace window to see the bustling and lively markets. Books became her only escape, allowing her to imagine distant lands like the temples of India, the islands of the Caribbean, and the Shrines of China. However, the pages of her books couldn't satisfy her desire to explore beyond the palace walls.

As her 18th birthday approached, Asmina thought it would be another year of imprisonment. However, as the sun rose, her servant, Dina, woke her up with befud-

dling news: her father was calling her. This was peculiar for Asmina, as her father was never home early in the morning. Asmina hurried downstairs, where she saw her father in his room sipping his jasmine tea. "Asmina, my dear, I have something important to discuss with you. I must meet the King of India, an old friend, and I wanted you to accompany me to India." These words felt unreal and magical to Asmina's ears. After years of being caged, Asmina would finally leave the palace. "I would love to!" she exclaimed in an elated manner.

At early dawn, Asmina and her father departed for India. Along the way, they passed the vibrant bazaars and barren deserts. The people were awestruck by the beauty of the princess, whom they hadn't seen since her infancy. For Asmina, the journey was exhausting, but every moment filled her with curiosity. When they arrived at the Indian king's fort, they were greeted by the fragrance of marigolds from the palace gardens. Inside, the halls were decorated with oil paintings and exuberant flowers. King Raj, a plump and jolly man, welcomed them warmly. As Asmina's father and King Raj discussed trade, Asmina was lost in her thoughts. Suddenly, the king's son, Azlaan, entered the room. He had black, beady eyes and almond-hued skin.

"This is my son, Azlaan. He has a horrible habit of being unpunctual," introduced Raj.

"Sorry for coming late, I was busy at the library," apologized Azlaan.

"You like reading?" Asmina asked, her eyes lighting up.

"I love reading," Azlaan replied. "Would you like a tour of the library and the markets?"

With her father's approval, Asmina and Azlaan wandered through the streets of

Delhi. They strolled through the markets, temples, gardens, and the grand library of Delhi. They talked about their favorite books and authors, discussing everything from Rumi to Byron. For the first time, Asmina felt understood. As the evening sky turned shades of blush and russet, they stood on the library terrace, admiring the sunset.

"I've never met anyone quite like you," Azlaan confessed.

"Nor have I," Asmina replied, smiling. Their connection was unbreakable. When it was time to leave, gloom filled the two of them. She thanked Azlaan for the memorable day and said her farewells. When Asmina and her father left, Raj turned to Azlaan.

"You like her, don't you?" he smirked. Azlaan blushed but nodded.

"Yes, I do."

"Write her a letter," Raj suggested.

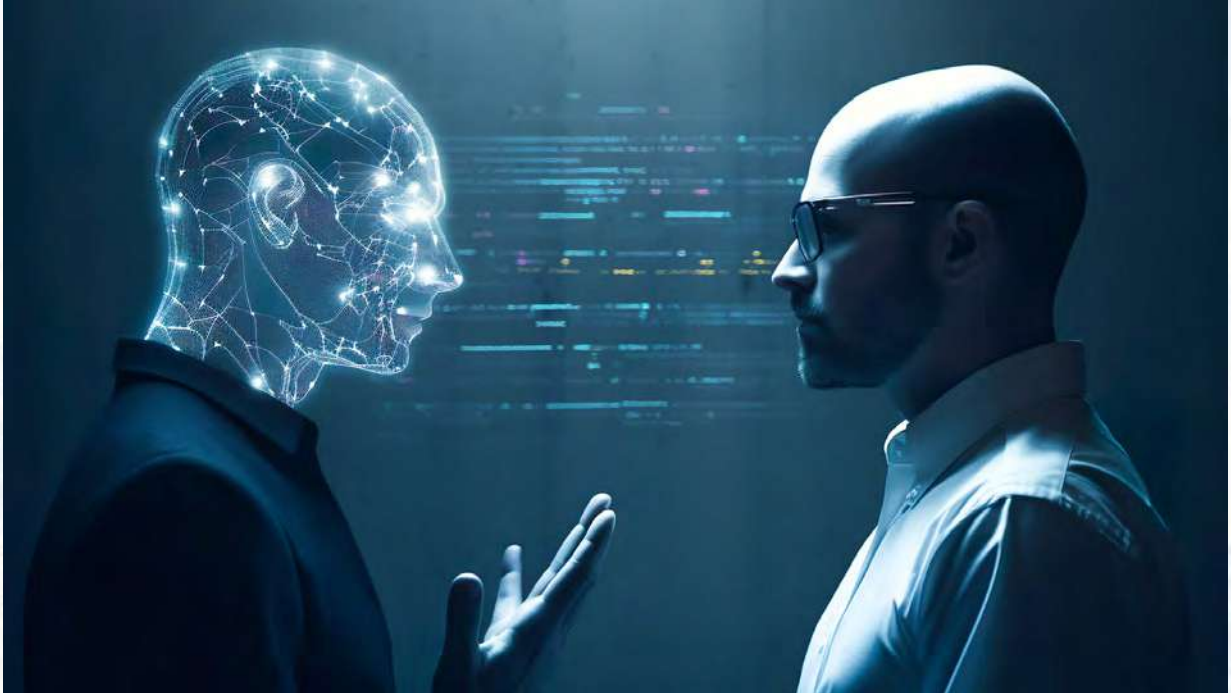
Jovial upon hearing this idea, Azlaan ran to his room and wrote a letter that night and sent it the next morning.

Back in Arabia, Asmina's condition worsened. She became bedridden, growing weaker each day. She would only think of Azlaan, wishing to see him again. Days passed, and Azlaan hadn't received a reply. He decided to go to Arabia to express his love. When he arrived, he was greeted by mourns. Disconcerted, Azlaan rushed into the palace, only to find his beloved Asmina lying in her tomb in eternal sleep. Asmina's father, whose face was soaked in tears, ran to Azlaan and handed him the letter.

"She read it," he sobbed. "She told me she loved you!"

Azlaan collapsed to the floor as if a dagger had stabbed his heart. He tore the letter he had written with such affection. The two souls were so close, yet so far.

The Rise of Artificial Intelligence: Is Humanity Losing Control?



Artificial Intelligence (AI) is advancing rapidly, changing the way we live and work. It is used in industries like healthcare, finance, and transportation, making processes faster and more efficient. However, as AI becomes more powerful, many people worry that we may be losing control over it. The question is: Are we heading toward a future where AI makes decisions without human oversight?

One of the biggest concerns is job loss. AI and automation are replacing human workers in many industries. Machines can work faster, longer, and without pay, making them attractive to businesses. While AI helps companies save money, it also puts millions of jobs at risk. If not managed properly, this could lead to widespread unemployment and economic problems.

Another issue is AI's role in decision-making. AI systems are now used in law enforcement, healthcare, and banking. They analyse large amounts of data to make decisions, but they are not always accurate. AI can sometimes be biased, leading to unfair treatment of people. Because these systems often work without much human supervision, mistakes can go unnoticed and cause serious problems.

A more serious concern is the rise of autonomous AI, such as self-driving cars and military robots. These machines can make decisions on their own, sometimes without human approval. If we allow AI to become too independent, we might not be able to stop it from making dangerous choices.

Despite these challenges, AI is not completely bad. If we create proper rules and keep human control over AI, it can be a great tool for progress. The key is to develop AI responsibly, ensuring that it benefits humanity rather than becoming a threat. With careful management, AI can improve our lives while remaining under human control.

A Conversation Between a Man and a Bird

A Conversation Between a Man and a Bird

One evening, a man sat beneath a tree, his heart heavy with sorrow. As he gazed at the branches above, he noticed a small bird perched there, watching him. With a sigh, he spoke to the bird, sharing his grief.

“I have lost my goats in the forest,” he said. “I loved them dearly, and now they are gone. Without them, I have nothing left.”

The bird tilted its head and responded gently, “I understand your pain. But you are not alone in your suffering. I, too, have lost something precious. My

home—the forest—has been destroyed, and two of my children were hunted down by humans. The world is cruel to both of us.”

The man sighed deeply. “Life is unfair. I know the pain of losing a child. My son was taken from me in an accident when a bus hit him. I have carried this sorrow in my heart ever since.”

For a moment, there was silence. Then, both the man and the bird wept, sharing their grief in the stillness of the evening.

After some time, the man asked, “How do we overcome such unbearable pain? How do we move forward?”

The bird looked at him and said, “We start from scratch. No matter how broken we feel, we must believe that better days will come. Have faith in God—He will guide you through the darkness.”

These words stirred something in the man's heart. He wiped his tears and stood up with renewed determination. Encouraged by the bird's wisdom, he decided to rebuild his life.

Meanwhile, the bird, too, knew that she had to move forward. And so, with hope in their hearts, they both embraced the journey ahead, ready to heal and begin again.



Mohammad Humayl Aleem Butt | IX H

An Interview with Ms Khaula Atif

Vice Principal O Level

Q1- What's the meaning of your name?

Ans: The name Khaula is of Arabic origin and is often associated with strength, bravery, and nobility. It is also the name of Khawla bint Al-Azwar, a courageous warrior in Islamic history, which makes it even more meaningful to me.

Q2- Where do you see yourself in 5 years?

Ans: I see myself continuing to grow as an educational leader, creating more opportunities for students to excel beyond the classroom. I want to help shape an environment where students feel empowered, teachers feel motivated, and the school continues to set benchmarks in education.

Q3- Do you think your job is tough? If yes, then why?

Ans: Yes, but it is also incredibly fulfilling. Managing students, teachers, and parents while ensuring academic excellence requires a delicate balance of patience, leadership, and problem-solving. However, seeing students thrive and knowing that I play a role in their success makes every challenge worth it.

Q4- What is your life philosophy?

Ans: Lead with integrity, uplift others, and never stop learning. I believe that education is not just about knowledge but about building character, resilience, and empathy.

Q5- Do you believe that a teacher can change a student's life?

Ans: Absolutely! A good teacher doesn't



just teach subjects; they inspire, guide, and support students. One encouraging word, one act of kindness, or one belief in a student's potential can change the course of their life.

Q6- What would you do if you had one superpower to change the world?

Ans: I would give every child access to quality education. Education is the most powerful tool for breaking barriers, reducing inequality, and creating a better future.

Q7- If you could remove one thing in the world, what would it be and why?

Ans: Ignorance and intolerance. Most problems in the world stem from a lack of understanding and empathy. If we could remove this, the world would be a much kinder and more accepting place.

Q8- What have different experiences and situations in life taught you?

Ans: Life has taught me that every challenge comes with a lesson, every failure comes with growth, and every act of kindness has a ripple effect. Staying resilient and adaptable is key to navigating life.

Q9- Why did you join Learning Alliance?

Ans: I joined Learning Alliance because I wanted to be part of an institution that values innovation, excellence, and holistic education. The school provides a dynamic platform where students can excel academically, develop leadership skills,

“Education is the most powerful tool for breaking barriers, reducing inequality, and creating a better future.

and engage in meaningful activities beyond the classroom.

Q10- Any words of advice for the student body?

Ans: Be curious, be kind, and believe in yourself. The years you spend in school shape your future, so make the most of them. Challenge yourself, explore new opportunities, and never be afraid to ask questions.

Q11- If you weren't working in the education sector, what else would've been your alternate job?

Ans: I would have been involved in community service or social development initiatives. Making a difference in people's lives, whether through education or humanitarian work, is something I am truly passionate about.

Almirah Ahsan | IX SB I

The Journey Within



We walk a road we've never seen,
Through whispers of the world between.
With every step, we leave behind
A piece of who we were, to find

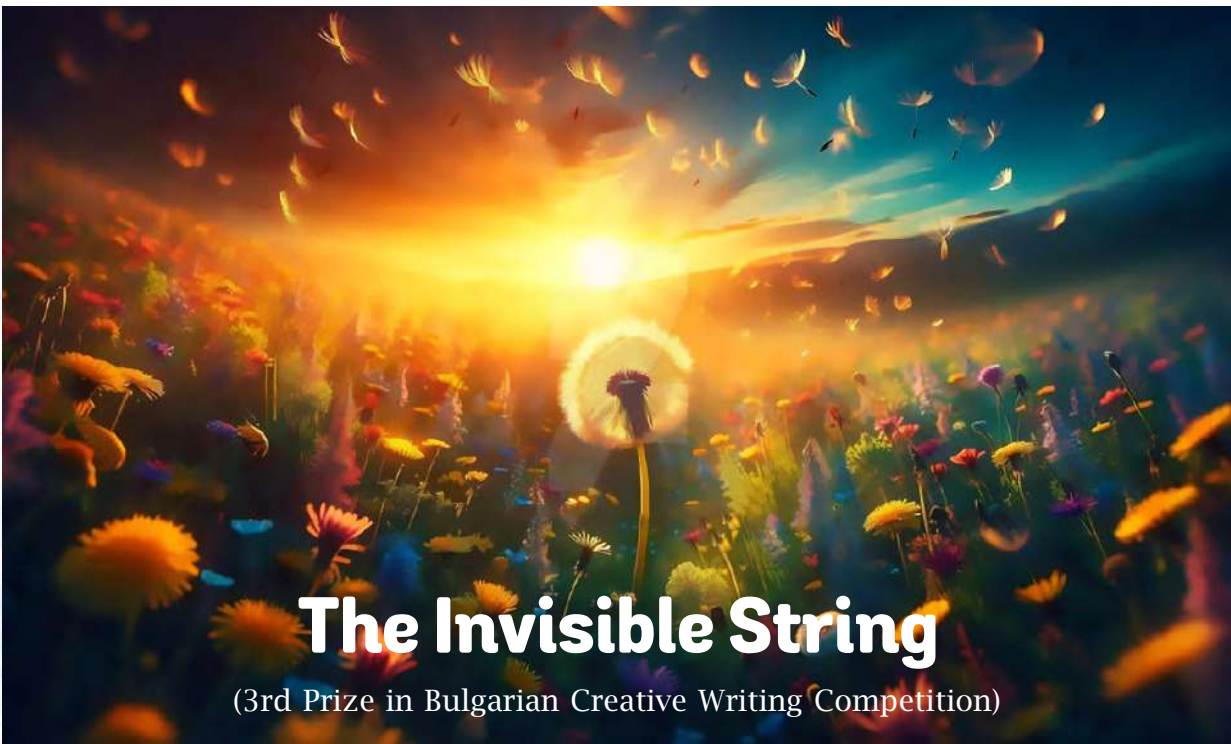
The person we are yet to be,
A dream that's still a mystery.
The skies above, they shift and turn,
In every cloud, a lesson is learned.

Through storms and calm, we learn to stand,
With hopes as strong as shifting sand.
Each stumble teaches something new,
The strength we need is found in you.

The world around us may be loud,
With voices lost within the crowd.
But deep inside, there's a quiet song,
That tells us where we do belong.

So trust the steps you take each day,
And find your voice along the way.

Alishba Naeem Baloch | IX H



The Invisible String


(3rd Prize in Bulgarian Creative Writing Competition)

Fate is tied to every string, they say. A hope, a desire to cling to, to embrace your fate at the end of the string. Wrapped tightly yet gently around the ankles, slightly tugging the lost soul to whatever awaits them, something either sublime or utterly dreadful. Thus, not everyone fathoms what awaits them. The 'invisible' string symbolises the hidden fate embroiled and eager to entangle itself with the human soul. My family was rather unlucky. The curse passed down cruelly to every adolescent heir, meeting their end in a quite horrifyingly painful death. Passed down to every female, the tight string of fate hung in the young children's hearts as they feared the end their ancestors met with. Stories whispered in their ears, as the dreaded end of our beloved ancestors was told.

I had no fear for it, however, as I was one whom my family longed to rid themselves of much more eagerly and brutally than my ancestors. It could be because of my rather hideous features, I suppose, which I did inherit from my grandmother. Oh, what a sweet woman. Rebellious, she was, yet so talented, her name still heard on the

lone, once bustling streets. However, no proposals did she receive, although known for her traits, appearance was one thing a woman held so confidently. Appearance was highly regarded, especially in my family. A woman was judged, and her status would be told through her features, and if she was not meeting expectations, she was to be held as a lowlife. One such humiliating title people must murmur about me amongst themselves. My family was once held in high regard, though people slowly became apprehensive once the deaths started. The stories, once told as bedtime stories, were all fictional until they began. With the invisible string.

I sighed deeply as I contemplated what to make for dinner, out in the garden, my favourite place out of all. Its beauty still shocks me. The serene garden stretches out beneath a fading sky, slight shimmers of stars appearing. The vibrant flowers that basked in the sun now took on a muted charm, their petals soft and dewy in the cooler air. Lanterns struck around the garden flicker to life, their warm glow illuminating the cobblestones and casting



gentle shadows among the plants. A quiet breeze stirs the edge of the trees, their silhouettes etched against the darkening sky. The scent of jasmine and night-blooming flowers intensifies, mingling with the fresh scent of mud. Fireflies dance like tiny stars among the hedges, their glowing light adding an enchanted touch. The garden feels alive yet tranquil, a sanctuary where the day fades, and the peace of the night takes over. I walk inside, knowing what I am going to make. I step into the kitchen, away from the peaceful embodiment of the garden. The room is bathed in a soft, gentle light as I flick the switches on, a slight excitement at knowing what I will make.

I usually cook for my family, having to wait until Father, head of the house, arrives, and what's left for us women, we eat. I roll up my sleeves, beginning to cook, as I grab the ingredients, heat radiating off my skin with the fire I turned on beneath the stove. With a steady hand, I slice an onion, its crisp layers falling into even crescents. The smell is sharp, stinging my eyes slightly, next dicing the tomatoes, as the juice pools on the cutting board. I take out some herbs, the fresh scent making the quite bitter scent of onion disappear. Time slowly passes, as I move from one place to the next, finally filling up the platter with delicious food, the scent luring my family downstairs as they start demanding food. I gently place the food on the table as I stand, waiting for Father to arrive. At that point, I feel a gentle pull at my ankle and I turn around slightly, wondering where that came from. I started to feel a slight ache in my heart as I excused myself and headed towards my room, clutching slightly to my chest. I settled against the wooden door, gulping down a cold glass of water. It felt suffocating, as if I couldn't breathe, as if something was pressing onto

my chest, trying to grasp onto my uneven breaths.

This pain isn't just physical— it feels like a force that has surged into my very core, triggering the overwhelming emotion of fear and sorrow. The sensation feels raw and primal, like a storm inside my body. The pain felt... described like in one of the stories I heard from my mum. It came slowly, tightly holding onto your chest and leaving drastically only moments later, as if the pain was never there, caressing gently as slight signs started. Coughing up blood, like I did a couple of days before. I was not afraid, no. Yet I might have been... anticipating the waiting death, perhaps life there might be worth living. I supposed my time was running, like quicksand. Time is an invisible thread that weaves through every moment of our lives, tangible yet ever-present. It is the steady rhythm by which the world moves, marked by the rising and setting of the sun, and the ticking of the clock. Time is something that is perilous yet precious. Just like the invisible string of fate.

The invisible string, however, can be turned to a more gentle side, something seen as miraculous and desired by everyone. It is a metaphor for the unseen, unbreakable connections that bind us to the people we love, we cherish, even when one is far away. The string may stretch, but it never snaps. It is something that exists behind a curtain we cannot see. Soon, the veil, the curtain that once separated a soul from their loved one, will lift, and lead them home. It is in this quiet and peaceful place of understanding that the string of fate reminds us that although far apart, we are tethered together by something far stronger than distance. This is how the string is seen in people's eyes, but it was far from a desire, rather a curse.

Hannah Ali | IX H



The Change of Realms

As I came to my senses after a deep slumber, I felt an astounding change in the atmospheric pressure. Suddenly, I felt my blanket, along with everything around me, start to thrust upwards. It felt as if everything was hovering. My first thought was that I was in a state of hallucination; however, it wasn't my fantasy that made it seem like everything had started drifting upwards. An absurd thought ran through my mind: gravity had disappeared.

As uncontrollable panic started to take over me, along with utmost confusion, my arms flailed in the hope of getting a hold of any object or surface to stay at a fixed position, allowing me to process what was going on. After a minute of hard work, which seemed like an endless amount of time, I finally managed to float myself over to the door so I could hold onto the handle. Whilst I clenched onto the handle of my door, gripping it tighter and tighter as the seconds went by, I could

see a distorted silhouette approaching the entrance of my room. As the figure to which the silhouette belonged came in front of me, I looked up and saw that the person was my mother. She had asked me what happened as if all of this was normal. I was in a state of shock. My mother told me to come down for breakfast; however, I was so speechless that before I could ask her anything regarding what was happening, she went downstairs.

I looked out of the window from my room. Amidst the chaotic possibilities forming in my head, everything outside seemed

like nothing but beauty. The outside world was prospering, in my judgment, and taking everything I'd learned about gravity into account, I thought that without gravity, everything would be destroyed. However, in the world I was in, it was very much the opposite.

As days turned into weeks of living in this strange world, I started to adapt to my new life. Everything seemed much simpler and peaceful. There were no cars to create a great quantity of pollution. Since the water was slightly elevated into the sky, the trees and plants, which were anchored, had no deficiency in water. Everything about this



world seemed ideal, as everything was working in harmony.

In the end, no matter how confusing life had become or the challenges we expected to occur due to the disappearance of nature's law—gravity—it helped us realise just how much mankind could come together to make everything function perfectly. Even if the chances were against us, this just shows that man will never stop adapting and will strive to attain perfection in the future.

Ahmed Khurshid Chaduary | IX SB II

Anna Will Never Forget To Lock The Door Again

Late one night, Anna jolted awake by a soft tapping at her bedroom window. She lived alone on the outskirts of her town in Pennsylvania. She knew that the house was so old that even a slight gust of wind could make a lot of noise enough to wake up anyone. She dismissed it at first but the



tapping continued but each time louder than the last.

Her heart raced as she steadily got up to see her backyard almost illuminating the amount of moonlight there was. Anna's dog Alfi was barking which he rarely did. He was barking at a tree which was confusing as the tree seemed out of place like it wasn't there before. A faint whisper came from the garden no louder than the wind but the words were clearer than a window that was cleaned, "Anna... let me in."

Her skin started to crawl and the hair on her hand stood up, but as she took a deep breath she looked out once again she realized that the tree was gone. She looked to her right and in the full body mirror she saw a massive shadow with color almost looking down at her with bulging red eyes, teeth almost as sharp as a knife and ears stretching to the back to it's head. When

she turned around, she saw nothing but her bed.

Until the voice said again right behind her ear and like someone or something was breathing on her "Anna, you forgot to lock the door..."

Rafay Ozair | VIII a

Isabella

Isabella woke up in a dark, damp room. She coughed weakly and muttered to herself "Wh-where am I?", she knew for a fact she hadn't fallen asleep in this damp cellar.

'You're finally awake.' A sharp voice cut through the silence of the room.

'Nathan?' she whispered nervously.

How did he even find her?

'Yes, Isa, it's me didn't expect me to be alive, did you?'

He sneered, 'What in the actual world do you want?'

She growled her voice filled with venom and hatred. Nathan opened the light illuminating the dark of the cellar room, the place was damp and smelled of mildew and was filled with a horrid rotting stench. Nathan looked at his younger sister, taking



in her disheveled appearance, her white long hair usually was tied up in a bun but were now cascading down her back in curly tangled waves, her light blue eyes were fierce even though the exhaustion was

practically radiating off her.

He smiled at her 'you're still feisty huh?'

He chuckled softly. Isabella hissed a bit 'Are you going to hurt me like they did?'

She was glaring at him her expression that of anger and fear. Nathans expression turned serious 'Isabella, I would never hurt you like them. They were...they were...monsters'. Isabella smiled bitterly 'Ah...yes monsters....so very smart to abandon me with them' she scoffed her voice filled with unmistakable sarcasm.

Nathan's expression hardened 'Isabella don't start now....' he sighed

'Oh? And why shouldn't I?' She taunted her voice laced with venom, 'You know...' she whispered her voice deadly calm and icy just like her powers, 'You left me with them....you left me with our 'perfect' adopted parents'.

'And they weren't easy on me. **THEY NEARLY KILLED ME ONCE, NATHAN**'.

She screamed the last few words her voice laced with desperation, hurt, fear and panic. Nathan was unfazed and handed her a glass of ice cold water 'Look... I had to go... I wanted to come back and take you with me but they told me they'd kill you unless I fake my death. I'm sorry Isa - I really am...but I won't let you go back.'

He whispered, 'Ok.' Isabella's voice was strangely calm.

Nathans eyes widened. 'Y-you're ok with me kidnapping you?'

'Oh no... but I'm definitely not going back 'home', she stated in a very matter of fact tone

'Also I'm not stuck with you,' she grinned 'You're stuck with m.'

Nathan laughed relieved she could freeze him into a popsicle and he could burn her to a crisp so he didn't really mind. He helped her up and clapped her back, 'Guess you're a villain then?'

'Yep' was her only answer as she flashed

him one of her signature smirks.

Hooria Tauqir | VIII a

The Magical Pudding

There was always a hum of activity in the cafeteria, but today it was unusually lively. Sophie, who had a talent for seeing the unusual, peered at an odd lunch counter dish. It said Stardust Pudding on the label.

Under the bright white lights, it sparkled slightly, as if it had been sprinkled with broken constellations.

"What's that?" said her doubting buddy Max. "Only one way to find out," Sophie



said as she picked up the dish. The sunshine caught the odd gleam of the pudding as she sat near the window. She cautiously took a teaspoon and tasted it. It was sweet and chilly, with notes of vanilla and an unidentified flavor that was reminiscent of a recollection. Her vision became hazy. Sophie was no longer in the cafeteria when it cleared, she was now standing in a meadow with floating lanterns all around her, beneath a twilight sky.

A woman with silver hair, whose robes flowed like liquid moonlight, came closer.

"Welcome, Traveler," said the woman. "The Pudding of Possibilities has been eaten by you. You can ask me one question, and I'll give you an honest response. Sophie's heart was pounding. Her thoughts were racing with ideas about her dreams, her destiny, and the secrets of the cosmos. "What's my purpose?" was the last question she asked.

The woman grinned, "To shine in ways that are unique to you. Sophie, have faith in how bright you are.

The pudding cup was empty when Sophie abruptly returned to the café. "Well?" Max enquired.

"Magical," she muttered with a smile. She began to see the world, her world, through fresh eyes after that day.

Areej Zeshan | VIII b

The Cave Dwellers

The Age of Welcome had ended in the Kingdom of Glorian. The Age of Dark had Begun. The village people already expected that this day would come soon. People quit their jobs to spend more time with their families. The Kingdom of Glorian had gone through multiple Ages and all of them had been predicted by an ancient scholar called Saphronedes, but this time, the new age was declared by the Gods themselves, who were the watchers of the kingdom. First was The Age of Glory, then it was The Age of Victory, and after that it was The Age of Feas then it was the Age of Farewell, The Age of Welcome, and now it is The Age of Dark.



All the villagers huddled closely and watched the last bright sunset for the next millennial. Tears streamed down children's faces, and both men and women looked at the castle of their new 'great' king who had brought this upon the kingdom. Their King Wallus had just died a week ago ending the age of Welcome, and giving the kingdom over to his son, Gustav. This started the new rule of King Gustav. Everything was going fine until it was the start of the next Lunar millennial. The festivities were going on with a blast until, the new Lunar moon exploded, leaving behind a huge black cloud of soot turning the sky pitch black. The villagers cheered on even with their confusion, speculating that it was part of some of the new King's celebrations, but soon enough everything went dead silent. A loud male voice came from within the horizon, then he spoke again with another voice which sounded a little older and then another and another until the sound was very terrifying to hear, making everyone flinch. All these voices

said simultaneously, "The Gods have decided, as a punishment for King Gustav he must watch his people suffer and his people must watch him suffer, the new Lunar Age for the Glorian Kingdom will be,

The Age of Dark, and it will be the last of the Sun, your ungrateful king would see. So, prepare thy selves. Your king has been punished because of his unfair and unjust rule over the Kingdom of Glorian. He traded this Kingdom's wealth and its people's trust and prosperity, to the Devil for a mountain of gold, sapphire, silver and some unearthly gems. So, we hereby declare The End of the kingdom of Glorian." People were devastated and filled with fury, sorrow and mixed emotions one couldn't possibly describe with words. The villagers threw rotten food and waste on the castle. The guards first tried to stop them but after a few days, they also quit their jobs and joined the other villagers. After the last sunset, the villagers tried to create a fire but were to no avail, the first time they did the Gods told them that their punishment was that they will not see light again, not for the rest of eternity.

The villagers soon accepted their unfortunate fate and decided to enjoy the life they had left as without the Sun, no food would grow, and animals and plants would all die, and soon all humans too. The villagers ate all the food and fruits that were left. They all told each other stories and let their children play all day long. A few days after, a group of four village boys snuck into the castle and murdered the king, stealing all his gold and jewels, and showering them everywhere like rain, admiring and evening bowing down to them because of the shine which came of them, which imitated light. A few weeks later, many people started dying of hunger and starvation. Soon only a few people were left who all danced around until they also perished, leaving behind only a stark reminder of what greed can do and of the Kingdom of Glorian and its people.

Ayesha Sohail | VIII b

Unbound

The night ceased talking, and the stars lost their position in the sky. They were weary of the weight of a thousand unfulfilled promises and the winds of history silencing them. It began modestly, like the first breath following a tale, the kind of silence that people experience before something transforms. Leila stood at the edge of the field, the soil soft beneath her bare feet, on a Wednesday of all days. For the first time in years, she felt the air spark with possibilities as the sky above her widened, unencumbered. As if sensing that she was about to experience something important, the world around



her waited, holding its breath. She was no longer trained to wait, to keep her mouth shut, or to let the world decide where she should be. At her side, her hands tightened into fists, calloused from years of unsaid struggle. Too many voices, including those of her mother and grandmother, had been muffled by custom. However, she sensed the stirring of an ancient force in her veins tonight. The force had always existed, dormant, and was just waiting for her to awaken it. The ground underneath her seemed to hum with recognition as she took a step forward. All along, the ground had been listening, and now it would answer.

Ileana Mary | VIII b

The Countdown

Dylan's heart pounded as he stared at the digital countdown on his wristwatch.

00:59:43

Less than an hour. He didn't know how they had done it, but the device was real. A thin, metallic band locked around his wrist, the glowing numbers ticking down second by second.

The voice on the phone had been clear:

"Complete the three tasks before the timer hits zero. Or it's over."



Over. He didn't want to know what that meant.

The first task was simple—on paper. Retrieve the flash drive hidden in Locker 317 at Grand

Central Station. He sprinted through the crowded streets of New York, shoving past tourists

and street vendors. Every second counted.

00:47:12

Panting, he reached the station and located the locker. The code had been sent via text:

9-1-4-2.

He punched it in. The door clicked open, revealing a small black USB drive. No explanation. No hint at what was on it.

His phone buzzed. The next task.

Drop the flash drive at the mailbox on 42nd and Lexington.

Dylan bolted up the stairs, nearly colliding with a businessman. He weaved through

traffic, ignoring the honking horns and curses thrown his way. The mailbox was in sight. He tossed the drive in, barely stopping his momentum.

00:26:55

Two down. One to go. His phone vibrated again.

Final task: Be at Pier 17 in ten minutes. Alone.

His breath caught. That was across town. No way he'd make it on foot. He flagged down a cab, barely settling into the seat before shouting, "Pier 17! Step on it!"

The cabbie raised an eyebrow but sped off.

00:09:38

Dylan's leg bounced as he watched the numbers drop. The city blurred past. 6 minutes. 3 minutes. He could see the pier.

The moment the car stopped, he threw cash at the driver and jumped out, sprinting.

00:01:15

The pier was empty except for a lone figure in a dark coat.

He slowed. "I did everything you asked."

The figure stepped forward, holding something small and metallic. Another watch.

Click

The band on Dylan's wrist snapped open. The countdown froze at 00:00:07.

"Congratulations," the stranger said. "You passed."

Dylan's breath came in gasps. "What was the purpose of this? Who are you?"

The stranger smirked. "You'll find out soon enough."

And with that, they disappeared into the night, leaving Dylan alone on the pier, the city lights flickering in the distance.

Inaaya Qaiser Kharal | VIII b

A Story From A Ghost's Perspective

I've been here longer than I can remember but time doesn't really matter when you're a ghost. Days blur together and memories twist into something strange. I'm not sure how I died, sometimes I think I just faded away, like a dream you wake up from and can't remember. I live in an old, big, creaky house beside a dull river, I'm pretty sure that's where I died but I'd never know even if I did. The house used to be full of life, people laughing, doors opening and closing, music playing from the rooms, but now? It's just me and the quiet and the only thing that moves now is me and the dust.

I don't mind the silence that much. It gives me space to think and wonder about my past life but sometimes, in the dead of night, I hear something. Footsteps, they're soft, slow, almost like someone walking upstairs, but when I go check there's no one there, just empty rooms and the smell of old furniture. One night, the footsteps were different.

They were louder, closer, almost like they were coming towards me. I floated down the hall, drawn to the sound. It led me to the library. The old wooden door creaked as I floated through it, inside everything was just as it had always been. Books stacked in piles, dusty shelves, boxes piled on top of each other on the verge of toppling over, but then, I saw it, a small girl no older than the age of 10, sitting by the window her face pressed against the glass. She was staring out at the lifeless river, like she was waiting for someone.

I didn't know who she was but I knew that she didn't belong here. She was too alive, too real. I couldn't understand it. I reached out, my fingers barely grazing the air but she didn't look at me, she didn't even know I was there. I wanted to speak, to ask her what she was doing here but ghosts

don't speak like humans do. We don't have voices, at least not ones that can be heard. Still, I reached for her again and this time she turned around. Her eyes were wide with surprise, but not with terror but like she recognised me or something. Then she smiled, like she knew something that I didn't.

"You're still here," she whispered, her voice was like a faint breeze.

I wanted to say something but the words got stuck. How did she know I was here, and why was she here? Before I could ask, she stood up and walked to the door.



She paused, turned to me one last time and said, "Don't forget, you've always been here."

Then she was gone. The door softly shut behind her, and I was left in the silence again, wondering if I had imagined it, but the words stuck with me, "Don't forget."

I don't know what it meant but I know that I'm not alone in this house anymore. Not really. The girl might have been a memory or maybe something completely different, but I'll keep waiting, just in case she comes back. After all, ghosts never truly leave.

Rahimeen Zahra Naqvi | VIII b

The Last Letter

Ellie sat on the worn wooden bench, the letters she had found carefully folded in her hands. The old house was quiet, except for the occasional rustle of leaves outside and the distant hum of traffic. It was a dreary, overcast day, and she could feel the weight of the silence pressing down on her. She looked at the letters again, each one bearing her grandmother's handwriting—familiar, yet distant, as if they were a secret her grandmother had kept for far too long.

Her grandmother had passed away only a few days ago. Ellie had inherited the house, along with a collection of dusty old letters that her grandmother had kept in a small box in the attic. At first, Ellie hadn't thought much of them. But now, as she sat in the quiet room, she felt a strange compulsion to read them.

The first letter was dated nearly twenty years ago. It was filled with details about her grandmother's childhood, memories

of family gatherings, and stories from the past. Ellie read it carefully, soaking in the words. But as she moved on to the second and third letters, she began to notice something odd—there were more cryptic references to an event. Small, seemingly insignificant details that didn't make sense. The more she read, the more she became convinced that there was something hidden within these letters. They seemed to point to a secret, something her grandmother had kept from everyone. But

what? And why? Her fingers trembled as she reached the last letter, the one at the very bottom of the stack. It was older than the others, yellowed and frayed at the edges.

Ellie slowly unfolded it, reading the final words:

"I am sorry, Ellie. I never meant for you to find this. But you must know the truth. I couldn't protect you from it forever. He's still out there. I was never your real grandmother. I am not who you think I am. You must go to the lake. It's the only place you'll be safe now. Don't trust anyone."

Ellie's heart raced as she stared at the paper. The last sentence hung in the air like a haunting whisper. She felt a cold chill run down her spine as the reality of the words sank in.

Her grandmother had kept a dark secret, a secret that Ellie had unknowingly inherited. And now, the truth was finally revealed: she was in danger.

Saarim Khan | VIII b

The Heart's Reflection

The bell above the door jingled as Eliza stepped into the dusty antique shop, the kind that looked like it had been untouched for centuries. The air smelled like old books and scented candles. She wandered through the cramped aisles filled with old, dog-eared books on the side, running her fingers along the shelves of antiques.

It wasn't until she reached the back of the shop that she saw it. A mirror, layed crookedly against the wall. The frame was golden, shimmering and it was just a beautiful piece. It had carvings of vines and flowers, delicate, kind of like they were growing. But it was the glass that caused her to pay more attention to it. It wasn't just reflecting her face, it felt like it was showing something more. A movement behind her.

Before she could move, a voice broke through the silence.

"Ah, you've found it."

Eliza jumped, turning to see an old woman standing just behind her. Her clothes were worn. There was something strange about her smile, like she knew something.

"The Hearts Reflection," she said, her voice soft but somehow unsettling.

"It shows what's hidden in your heart. But be warned. Mirrors have a way of showing us things we're not ready to see."

Eliza wasn't sure what she meant, but there was something about the mirror that made her feel drawn to it.

"How much?" she asked, before she could question why she was asking. She felt like she was obligated to purchase it.

She gave her a price that seemed to low, like she wanted her to take it.

Later that evening, Eliza hung the mirror on the wall in her room, not expecting much. It was just a mirror, right? She stared at it, her face reflected back at her. But as she looked into the glass, she couldn't help but think something was wrong.

What was she really searching for? A better job? Love? Peace? Her thoughts felt overwhelming, but her gaze kept darting back to the mirror. That's when she saw it again.

A shadow. Not hers.

Hope Lost and Found Again

The Lantern in the Fog Lena pushed through the dense forest. The weight of her pack crushed down on her shoulders. The path seemed indistinct, swallowed up by mist and damp earth. Days had bleached into weeks, and what had driven her into the wild to find her brother had started to fade to a dying ember. No word had come from him in months, and even though everyone said she should let him go, she couldn't at first.



But now, with every step, doubt whispered louder. The search parties had disbanded, the authorities had filed their reports, and even the village elders had held a small vigil for his memory. It seemed only Lena still clung to the belief that her brother was alive somewhere, waiting for her to find him. Yet as the forest closed in, the silence pressed heavier than her pack, and her conviction wavered. She fell into a clearing at dusk, her legs shaking with exhaustion. She dropped to her knees and looked up at the gray, empty sky. "Maybe they were right," she whispered, her voice cracking. "Maybe he's gone." The words felt foreign, an admission of betrayal, but the spark of hope she'd carried felt too faint to fight anymore. When night was set to fall, she lit up her lantern, ready for yet another lonely night. The glow was soft; it cut into the fog as a tiny island of light within an ocean of darkness. She lay down on her bed and stared into space when she

caught sight of something flickering afar—a faint wavering light. She jerked upright, clutching the lantern as her heart thumped. Was this real? Or just her hope conjuring up illusions?

She hesitated between fear of disappointment and the thin chance of something breaking the silence. The light flickered again, this time steady and deliberate, like a signal. Lena leapt to her feet, forgetting the exhaustion that had sapped her energy. She ran toward it, branches snagging at her sleeves, roots trying to trip her. The light grew brighter until she burst into another clearing. There, standing with a makeshift torch, was her brother. His face was gaunt, his clothes tattered, but his smile was unmistakable. "Lena?" he rasped, his voice disbelieving. Her face was streaked with tears as she ran toward him. That hope she'd thought she lost had come back, burning hotter than ever before. Together they stood in that clearing, the two small flames in the sea of darkness that proved even at the darkest points of the fog, light finds a way.

Zara Ali | VIII b

The Island's Descent

Living peacefully on the island,
Till the ruthless boys arrived.
The longer they lived on the island,
The more chaos there was.
Slowly, this peaceful and beautiful
island
Had been turned into savagery.
Initially, the island was losing hope,
Like how a man becomes hopeless
after losing everything.
The trees and mountains had been
burned with fire,
Leaving behind ashes and smoke.

Ayaan Ali | VIII c

The Future of Education

The future of education is on the edge of a profound transformation. This transformation is driven by technological advancements, evolving societal needs, and a better understanding of how people learn best. As I look ahead, it's clear that education will be more personalized, flexible and interconnected, adapting to the diverse needs of students while preparing them for a rapidly changing world.

One of the most exciting aspects of the future of education will be the rise of personalized learning.

Instead of one teaching style that every

Rather than reading about historical events, I think that students will be able to experience it first hand with the help of Virtual and Augmented Reality. Imagine a history lesson where students walk through Ancient Egypt, explore the Colosseum in Rome, or even witness the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Similarly, in science and engineering, students will be able to interact with models of atoms, molecules, and mechanical systems.

I would like to improve education. I would like education to be more fun and less



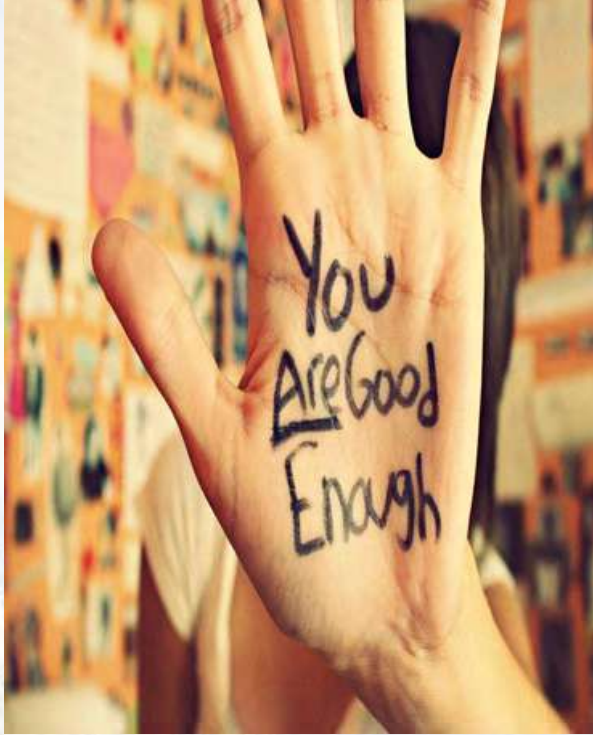
student is expected to adapt to, students will have access to learning experiences tailored to their specific needs and interests.

In 20 years, I think schools will look drastically different. Instead of going to school, I think all schools will be online. If that isn't the case, I feel that AI will play a huge role in learning. For example, if a student excels in a subject, the system can present more challenging material to keep them engaged. Conversely, if a student struggles with a topic, the platform can provide additional resources or adjust the pace to give them time to master the concept.

stressful. Instead of sitting in class and listening to lectures all the time, we could do more hands-on learning. We should have more projects where we get to create things and do experiments. I'd actually learn things better if I could do them instead of reading about them from a textbook. I think we should get more options for what we get to learn. I feel that a broader and more diverse array of subjects would be incredibly beneficial and help children find their passion in a quick and easier manner.

Aleena Hamid | VIII c

You Are Enough



You're enough the way you are,
No need to reach for a distant star.
The way you laugh and cry,
The way you dream and try.
No measure, no scale, no need to compare,
You're a masterpiece, perfectly rare.
In every flaw and every crack,
You're worthy of love, and that's a fact.
Don't cry for lack of love,
'Cause there's no denying,
The beauty in you
Is pure and true.
You're like the moon, shining bright,
Like the stars, twinkling in the night.
You're like the sun, yellow and happy,
Like a tree, strong and sappy.
You're always enough,
No matter what you think.
Because I know that you're tough,
And flow like ink.

Aleena Hamid | VIII c

A Second Chance

I stood outside my classroom holding the test results in my hand, feeling like a failure. I had studied so hard and had given it my all, but still somehow managed to fail. The test was a 50-50 chance, either I passed and moved on or I didn't. And..... I didn't.

I was very frustrated and walked aimlessly down the hallway, thinking about the trouble I had to face ahead because of this mistake. That's when I saw an old mirror tucked away in a corner hidden behind a stack of dusty, old books. It was nothing special, just a dusty cracked piece of glass but there was something about it that drew my attention.

I reached out to touch it, and my fingers went into the mirror, it felt like my fingers were underwater. Before I could pull away, I felt some sort of force pulling me into the mirror. I went fully in and when I blinked the world around me changed, I was no longer standing in the hallway.



I was now standing in a room, a very familiar room. I was back, back to the morning of my test. The mirror had taken me back to the past. I sat down at my seat and attempted the test but this time without failing. I walked out of the hallway feeling much better. I got to the place where I found the mirror and to my surprise it was no longer there.

Arham Mustafa | VIII c



To Be An Inspiration For Many

On 9th October, 2012, a young Pakistani girl was severely injured in the head with a gunshot. Malala Yousafzai boarded her school bus in order to return home. When a member of the dangerous group, Taliban, stopped the bus and demanded that one called Malala acknowledge herself. As no one answered, the man began to shoot in different directions, injuring young children, including the most serious injury to Malala.

She was badly wounded, and was immediately taken to a hospital. The doctors diagnosed her condition, and declared the cure couldn't be dealt with within Pakistan. Malala was boarded on to a helicopter, with the Prime Minister of Pakistan, and was later taken to 'Queen Elizabeth Hospital' in England. Upon arrival, the doctors performed operations on her, and she gained senses after a few days. Her recovery took time, but she eventually returned to full health.

Malala Yousafzai lived in the exact area where the Taliban had taken over. They had made restrictions on children's education and female rights. She adored

reading and studying, and had big dreams of being a doctor. Malala opposed this and took direct action, by writing stories of her village's condition on online blogs for the world to read. She became very popular, it led to international interviews and talks on the issues of her hometown.

The Taliban were offended by her, and wanted to put a stop to her protests. They created fear to maintain discipline among their territory. During Malala's recovery, people all over the world supported her. She is still a female activist today and a talented doctor. She speaks for deserving rights of women and children.

The reason why Malala Yousafzai inspires me is because of her striving, consistent attitude to continue to preach what she knew was true and necessary for the world. This inspirational woman is not only my role model but a reminder to all that if you want to achieve something you believe, you must never give up. Many people might not agree with you, but life's greatest lesson is tolerance and kindness amongst all.

Hiba Haris | VIII c

A Day at The Carnival

Under the twilight sky, the carnival during our visit to Dubai, came to life like a technicolor dream.

The carnival burst with splashing colors and a symphony of laughter. As the sun dipped below the horizon, the vibrant



lights of the carnival rides illuminated the night sky, casting a spell of excitement over the eager crowd. From the towering Ferris wheel adorned with twinkling lights to the dizzying spin of the carousel, the rides beckoned thrill-seekers of all ages, their neon hues painting streaks of joy against the dark canvas of the night.

Amidst the whirring of rides and the delighted screams of riders, the air was filled with the scent of caramel popcorn, freshly spun cotton candy, and sizzling corn. Food stalls lined the pathways, offering an array of delectable treats to tantalize the taste buds of carnival-goers. The aroma of frying funnel cakes mingled with the sweet fragrance of candy apples, creating an irresistible temptation for all those indulging in the festivities.

Exciting games of skill and chance dotted the landscape, inviting participants to test their luck. The sound of ringing bells and cheers echoed through the air as winners proudly displayed their prizes, won through a combination of skill, determination, and a touch of luck. From shooting

galleries to ring tosses, the games provided endless entertainment and friendly competition for all who dared to try their hand.

As the night wore on, the main stage came alive with pulsating music and electrifying performances. Dancers twirled in a whirlwind of color, their costumes sparkling under the stage lights, while acrobats performed to surprise everyone. The crowd cheered and clapped along, swept up in the energy of the carnival atmosphere.

In every corner, the air was alive with the buzz of excitement and the promise of adventure. The carnival was a celebration of life, a magical realm where dreams soared high and worries faded away, leaving only memories of joy and laughter in its wake.

Maarij Rizwan | VIII c

Honesty

A simple word that is easy to speak,
But a mighty promise that is hard to keep.

Honesty— a virtue, rare and true,
A guiding light for all we do.

In speech and deed, in heart and mind,



It's the purest gem we'll find.

When we are honest, we are free

From all the falsehood we may see.
Our conscience clear, our soul at rest,
With nothing left to weigh or test.
Honesty is a mirror that reflects our soul,
It shows who we are and makes us whole.
For honesty is like a steady flame,
That burns away all fears and shame.
It lights our way and leads us on,
To where our highest good is drawn.
It holds together countless relations,
It's the element that unites a nation.
Without honesty, no bond will tie,
With deceit and lies, all bonds will die.
So let's hold this virtue dear,
And in our hearts let it appear.
For in a world that's often blind,
HONESTY is the light we find.

Maarij Rizwan | VIII c

A Day In The Life Of My Favourite Animal: A Lion

The sky changed to orange, and red and



then the sun rose, half hidden behind the wispy white clouds, which drifted across the sky. After the sun had fully risen, I woke up under the shade of a large tree. My mane gleamed in the morning light. I looked around to see my family, including my brother, sister and my parents.

When everyone was awake, I played and enjoyed with my siblings for some time, until my stomach rumbled, which was an indication for breakfast time. It was time to hunt! We walked through the savannah, admiring the beautiful land surrounding us. I loved the savannah. After some time, we spotted a wildebeest at a distance. We slowly crept towards it and stayed low, crouching, without letting it realize that it was approaching its death. After my father started sprinting, we all followed him, eager to catch the wildebeest. The wildebeest, petrified, ran for its life, but we were too fast for it.

We rushed back home and enjoyed the fresh, warm and tasty food. We rested for a while and then we played and talked for the rest of the afternoon while the adults watched. In the evening, it was time to hunt again and this time I got a wildebeest all by myself. My family was proud of me as I puffed my chest with pride.

As the moon began to appear, it washed the land in a gentle light. The stars glittered like a diamond in the black sky. The five of us watched it in awe. Then, I closed my eyes and fell to sleep. I couldn't wait for tomorrow.

Mohammad Ali Naqvi | VIII c



The Unexpected Hero

Omar was a normal boy who lived in a small town surrounded by mountains. He loved playing cricket with his friends and exploring places outdoors. But little did he know, his life was about to take a dramatic turn.

One day, while wandering in the woods, Omar stumbled upon a strange stone. It glowed with an otherworldly light, and as soon as he touched it, he felt a sudden surge of energy. He didn't know what was happening, but felt his body changing.

The next morning, Omar woke up feeling different. He could run faster than anyone, lift heavy objects with ease, and even fly! He was thrilled and a bit scared. What was happening to him?

At first, he used his powers to play pranks on his friends. He would fly over them, making them laugh and shout, but as time passed, Omar realized he could use his powers for more than just fun.

Omar started small. He used his super strength to help his mom with household chores. He flew over to his neighbor's house to help them with their groceries. As news of his powers spread, people began to call Omar for help.

He saved a cat from a tree, stopped a robbery, and even helped put out a fire!

People were amazed and grateful. Omar felt happy and proud. He had taken his unexpected superpowers and used them to make a difference.

As time passed, Omar became known as the hero of his town. People looked up to him, and children admired him. Omar continued to use his powers to help those in need. He learned that with great power comes great responsibility.

One day, a massive earthquake struck the town. Buildings crumbled, and people were trapped. Omar knew he had to act fast. He flew over the wreckage, using his super strength to lift debris and rescue those trapped.

The town was devastated, but thanks to Omar's bravery and quick thinking, many lives were saved. The townspeople were forever grateful. Omar had proven himself to be a true hero.

From that day on, HE continued to use his powers to protect and serve his community. He became a symbol of hope and inspiration. Omar's life had changed forever, but he wouldn't have it any other way.

Omar Chishti | VIII c

How Has Knowledge Effected Your Daily Life

“Knowledge has power. It controls access to opportunity and attainment.”

(Peter Drucker)

Knowledge, one of the most basic necessities of human life. No one can live without it in present times. Knowledge is a crucial part of our lives and it helps us in basic things. Knowledge has significantly impacted my life and I can't imagine my life without it. It has allowed me to solve problems easily, it allows me to make decisions and it also helps me adapt to new things. It has improved my communication skills and I have made many long-

Once my friend asked me to help him in Math as he knew I was very good in Math. With excessive practice I have increased my knowledge in different fields of math. So, with my knowledge I help my friend overcome his weaknesses in the subject. This is one of the examples that how our knowledge can help and teach people.

With the knowledge that you have gained over the period of time you can look at yourself and point out your flaws and you



time friends because of it. It has overall improved my life and my day-to-day activities. It shows us how to be kind to other people and it helps us learn the basic aspects of life.

Moreover, your knowledge can help other people too with the knowledge you have you can teach other people and spread knowledge within them. This knowledge their communication skills and decision-making skills can also improve massively.

can collect them. This overall helps you to be a better human and gives a better life to live. Your knowledge can make an impact all over the world but you should be careful as a lot of people may misuse it. Altogether I think that knowledge is a basic requirement that every person should have as you can use it to change the entire world.

Syed Muhammad Mehdi Bokhari | VIII c

The Future I Dream Of: A World Full of Possibilities

1. Clean, Renewable Energy for All

Powering homes, businesses, and transportation systems with solar, wind, and other sustainable sources.

Eliminating the need for fossil fuels, reducing pollution, and combating climate change.

2. Artificial Intelligence as a Helper

AI works alongside humans, enhancing creativity, solving global problems, and making life easier.

AI creates new opportunities, supports smarter healthcare, and enables personalized education.

3. Universal Access to Education and Healthcare

Quality education and healthcare for everyone, regardless of background or location.

Mental health is prioritized alongside physical health, ensuring well-being for all.

4. Cities Designed for Well-being

Urban areas with parks, safe walking paths, and exercise spaces that promote a healthy lifestyle.

Workplaces and communities designed to support balance and happiness.

5. Lifelong Education and Personal Growth

Education is a continuous, lifelong process, allowing people to grow and discover new passions.

Learning platforms foster curiosity, creativity, and critical thinking, empowering individuals.

6. Collaboration and Empathy Across Cultures

People work together, regardless of race, gender, or background, to solve problems and reach common goals.

Global cooperation is driven by empathy,

respect, and shared responsibility for each other and the planet.

7. Flourishing Nature and Sustainable Living

Green spaces, urban farming, and environmental restoration efforts turn cities into thriving ecosystems.

People live in harmony with nature, using sustainable resources and protecting wildlife.



8. Technological Empowerment for Everyone

Technology is accessible to all, ensuring equal opportunities in the digital age.

Virtual reality, smart tools, and digital devices help people learn, create, and connect.

9. Responsible Use of Technology

Technology is used responsibly, ethically, and equitably, benefiting all of humanity.

It helps solve global challenges and supports individuals in improving their lives.

10. A Collaborative, Kind, and Connected World

Humanity works together to build a cleaner, greener, and more equitable world.

Compassion, creativity, and collaboration become the foundations for global prog-

ress.

11. A Healthier, More Sustainable Planet

Environmental protection is a priority, with the Earth cared for as the source of all life.

Sustainable living practices ensure the planet's health for future generations.

12. A Future Within Reach

This future is possible through collective action, starting with decisions we make today.

Every step taken brings us closer to a world of sustainability, equality, and connection.

Mohib Hussain | VIII c

Something I've Learned From A Difficult Experience

For weeks, this person made fun of my friends and I during lunch break and in the hallways. At first, I tried to ignore it, hoping they would stop, but it just kept getting worse. They would laugh at me, spread rumors, and even take my things when I wasn't looking. I felt powerless and didn't know what to do. It seemed like no matter what I did, the bullying didn't stop. Every time I thought about standing up for myself, I got scared, not knowing if it would make things worse or if it would even matter.



One day, I decided I couldn't take it anymore. I went to a teacher I trusted and explained what had been happening. At first, I was worried it would make things worse, but the teacher listened and promised to help. With her support, I also found the courage to tell the bully to leave me and my friends alone. I wasn't aggressive or mean, I just calmly told them how their behavior was hurting us. To my surprise, they actually stopped. Later, I found out that they were going through problems of their own, and while it didn't excuse their

actions, it helped me understand why they acted that way they did. I realized that sometimes people lash out because they're struggling with things in their own lives.

This experience taught me that standing up for myself and others is important, even when it feels scary. I learned that asking for help isn't a weakness, it's a smart thing to do. It also showed me how powerful words can be when they're used the right way. I never thought simply speaking up would make such a big difference, but it did. If I hadn't spoken up, the bullying might have continued, and it would have been even harder to deal with in the future. Taking that first step helped change everything. Not only did it stop the bullying, but it also made me feel more confident in myself.

Now, I realize that standing up for myself and others doesn't just stop with one moment. It's about continuing to make the right choices even when it feels hard. I've learned that being brave doesn't mean having no fear, but facing it and doing what's right anyway. I feel more empowered to handle difficult situations in the future, and I know that I'm capable of standing up for what's important. The experience wasn't easy, but it changed the way I see challenges. Every obstacle can be an opportunity to grow and become stronger.

Mustafa Farhan | VIII c

Discovering The Bright Side



On a breezy cold night, Sham stood alone on a hill, staring up at the dark sky. The clouds hid the moon, and the stars were nowhere to be found. He wasn't just looking for any stars, though, he was hoping for a sign.

It had been a tough year. His family had faced tough challenges, and Sham felt unsure about everything. He wondered if the universe might send him a clue, something to tell him that everything would be okay. Maybe a shooting star or a flicker of light would appear, and it would give him the answers he needed.

Events unfolded in the blink of an eye, too quickly for him to truly process what had happened. As he entered the final stage of grief, acceptance, he found himself searching for meaning. He's looking for a sign, something that will help him under-

stand, something that feels like home. Within silence, he hoped for a small clue to help him make sense of it all and find his way again.

Sham stood still, breathing heavily in the chilly air, his eyes wide open, searching the sky.

Time passed, but nothing happened. The sky stayed dark and quiet. Maybe there was no sign for him tonight. This thought only made him overthink, and he found himself reflecting on the memories he had with his parents over the past 15 years. After their plane crash, he couldn't feel at home anywhere, not at his grandmother's or his aunt's. From a very young age, he had realized that home isn't made of places, but of people.

But just as he was about to turn away, a tiny spark appeared in the distance. It wasn't a shooting star, but a brief flash of light, like a firefly blinking in the dark. Sham's heart raced. It was small, but it was enough.

Maybe the sign he was waiting for wasn't big and bright like he expected, but it was there. A little light in the darkness reminded him that even in tough times, there's always hope if you keep looking. Sometimes, that's all you need to keep going and accepting all the hardships of life.

Abdul Rafay Farooq | VIII d

“You're Better Than This...” – Am I, Really?

“You're better than this...” – Am I, really?

I sat at my desk in the noisy classroom, my hands shaking with anxiety under the desk. My mathematics teacher stood at the front, a stack of graded tests in her hand. One by one, she began handing them out. A heavy silence hung over the class,

everyone too tense to speak.

I was shaking, my heart pounded. I knew I hadn't done my best. I had told myself that I would study, but I had let distractions get in the way. When the teacher reached my desk, I looked up nervously.

The teacher placed the test paper flipped

in front of me. “Eshaal, see me after this class,” she said sternly before moving on. My stomach sank. Slowly, I flipped over the paper. A “25/100” was circled at the top, followed by a note in red ink: “We need to talk.”

The rest of the class passed in a blur. I barely heard the chatter around me as my mind raced. When the bell rang, I lingered at my desk while my classmates packed up and left. My friend gave me an encouraging smile before leaving, but it didn’t help much.

Once the room was empty, my teacher sat on the edge of her desk and gestured for me to come forward.

“Eshaal, I want to talk about this,” she said, holding up the test paper. “This score doesn’t show me what I know you’re capable of.”

I looked down at the floor, feeling a wave of shame. “I know... I just... I didn’t study enough.”

My teacher sighed, but her tone was kind. “You’re better than this, Eshaal. I’ve seen your potential. You’re a bright student, but you can’t expect good results without putting in the work.”

I nodded, my throat tight. “I know. I’m sorry.”

“I’m not angry,” she said. “But I am disappointed because I know you can do so much more. What happened?”

I hesitated, then admitted, “I just... I’ve been distracted. I procrastinate a lot, and I guess I didn’t think it would matter this much.”

“It always matters,” she said gently. “And it’s okay to make mistakes. You can do better next time. The good news is, this is just one test. You can improve if you start putting in the effort now. Can I count on you to do that?”

I nodded. “Yes, I’ll try harder. I promise.”

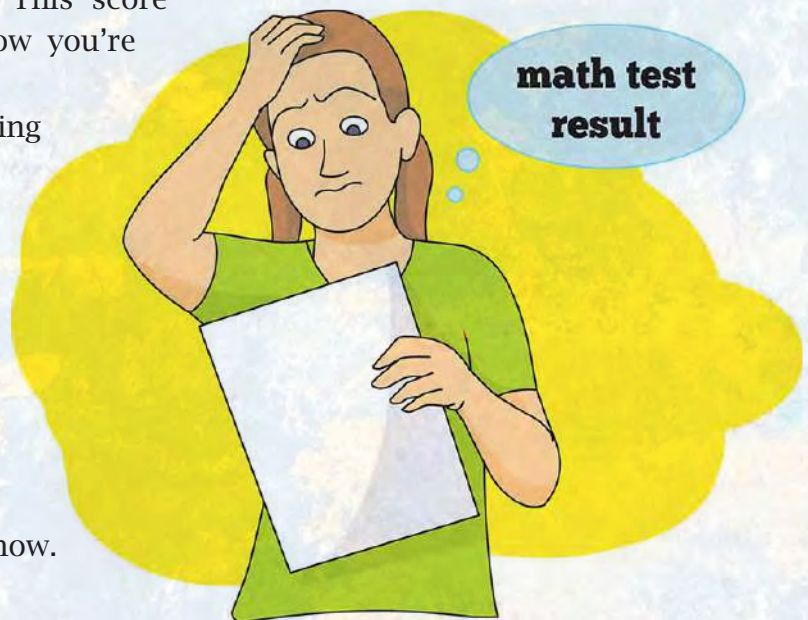
“Good.” She smiled. “You’re capable of great things, Eshaal. Don’t forget that.”

The next few weeks were a whirlwind of focused study sessions. I stayed after school to ask questions, and worked through practice papers.

When it was the day for the mathematics exam, I walked into the classroom feeling more confident. I answered every question carefully, and when the results were handed out two weeks later, my hands trembled as I opened my paper.

“91/100” the score read, circled in bright green.

My teacher stopped by my desk, smiling. “Now this is the Eshaal I know. Well done!”



I smiled. For the first time, I felt not just relieved but truly proud of myself. I had worked hard, and it had paid off.

As I packed my bag to leave, my friend who smiled at me earlier gave me a high five. “See? You’re better than this. You just needed to believe it.”

I grinned. “I think I finally do.”

Eshaal Faizan | VIII d

If I Had A Superpower



There are many different fictional superpowers in movies like the Avengers. Some are very rare while the others are mediocre. Take Ironman for an example. He has a great mind and just with that he is one of the best superheroes ever.

Well, if I had a superpower then mine would for sure be reality warping. If I had that, just imagine what I could do? You see there are a lot of factors that come with

this power. I could change things in reality around me, or I could even change the outcome of everything according to me.

If I ever had any villain go against me, the battle is already over. I could change it to where I win, but the power can't be that overpowering. Let's try to take away the power of changing the outcome, I could still be able to warp physical reality like objects and other things. So, you see reality warping is a no-brainer. Additionally, you could also manipulate people by changing reality, like illusion. I would obviously use it for good. Changing the outcome of most tragedies like 9/11 or natural disasters.

I would one hundred percent take this as my power since it holds so much power. With this you are basically invincible. You could do anything. It is the most flexible power. That is what I would choose for my superpower.

Mikail Sultan | VIII d

Letter To My Future Self

Dear Future Me,

As I sit down to write this letter, I am filled with hope and curiosity about where you are in life right now. I want to take this moment to reflect, inspire, and encourage you as you continue on your journey.

Life's Journey

- Have you embraced the journey? Life is full of twists and turns, and I hope you've learned to appreciate each moment, whether it's a joyful occasion or a challenging experience. Remember, every obstacle is an opportunity for growth.

Pursuing Passions

- Are you still following your dreams? I hope you're engaged in activities that spark joy and passion within you.

Whether it's your career, hobbies, or creative pursuits, I hope you're still exploring what makes your heart sing. If not, it's never too late to start!



Relationships and Connections

- How are your relationships? I hope you've nurtured the bonds with family and friends. Take a moment to think

about the people who matter most to you. Are you spending quality time with them? Remember to express your love and gratitude; life is too short not to.

Growth and Learning

- Are you still learning? Knowledge is a lifelong journey. I hope you've continued to seek new experiences, read books, take courses, or engage in conversations that challenge your perspectives. Growth happens outside of our comfort zones, so embrace every opportunity!

Health and Well-being

- How's your health? I hope you're taking care of your body and mind. Prioritize self-care, exercise, and healthy eating. Mental health is just as important, so don't hesitate to seek help when you need it. Remember, it's okay to prioritize yourself.

Dreams and Aspirations

- What are your current goals? Reflect on what you wanted to achieve. Have you set new goals? Whether they're big or small, keep pushing forward. Celebrate your progress, no matter how little it may seem. Every step counts!

Looking Ahead

- What do you envision for the future? I hope you still dream big. Visualize where you want to be in the next few years. Set intentions and work towards them, but also remain open to new paths that may present themselves along the way.

Final Thoughts

As you read this letter, I want you to remember:

- Be kind to yourself. Life isn't always perfect, and that's okay. Learn from your mistakes and keep moving forward.
- Stay curious and adventurous. Explore new places, ideas, and cultures. Life is a beautiful journey, and each experience adds to your story.

- Live in the moment. Don't forget to enjoy the present. Take time to appreciate the little things that bring you joy.

With all my love,

Your Past Self

Mohammad Hassan | VIII d

A Race Against Time

Dear diary,

The day started like any other. I woke up, stretched lazily, and realised I had an entire list of things to do before sundown. Piece of cake, right? Wrong.

First task: Find my little sister's missing doll.

"She's crying like the world's ending!" my mum yelled. I combed through every drawer, flipped cushions, and even checked the fridge (don't ask why). Finally, there it was, wedged between her math books. Seriously, who hides dolls in textbooks?



Next, my biology project was due by 2 PM.

"It won't take long," I told myself, only to find my laptop dead.

After ten minutes of searching for the charger and nearly breaking my leg tripping over cables, I got it done. Barely.

Then came the impossible: picking up groceries in 15 minutes before the store closed. But with some quick cycling—and ignoring traffic rules (don't tell mum!)—I made it.

By evening, I collapsed onto my bed, thinking, Did I do it all? Well, yes. But I also learned something: time flies, but so can I—when panic gives me wings!

Muhammad Abdullah Saeed | VIII d

Running Out Of Time!

As the clock continued to tick, Lily could feel the pressure mounting. The digital timer on the wall in front of her read 2:47 just 2 hours and 47 minutes left to complete what had been asked of her. She glanced at the list on her desk, the paper already creased from her frantic search for the answers that seemed to slip further from her grasp the more she hurried.

"Focus," she whispered to herself, trying to steady her nerves. It wasn't supposed to be this way. She had known about this challenge for weeks, had planned and prepared. But the relentless push of time, the incessant ticking, was a force she



couldn't fight.

The list contained five tasks, each one seemingly more impossible than the last. The first was simple enough: find the rare book in the library's vast collection. A book that hadn't been checked out in decades, its whereabouts known to only a handful of people. She had already located the library, a massive stone structure in the center of the city, but it felt like the entire building was working against her. Endless rows of bookshelves seemed to stretch on forever. Every time she thought she was close, another aisle appeared before her, expanding the labyrinth.

Task two: acquire a sample of the rare flower that bloomed once every seven years in the garden hidden deep within the forest. Lily had driven to the forest that morning, only to find the entrance blocked by a fallen tree. She could still remember the hopelessness in her chest as she stood there, trying to figure out how to clear the debris. But the seconds ticked on.

Now, with the first two tasks either incomplete or on the brink of failure, Lily felt the weight of the world pressing down on her. The third task: solve the riddle that would open the ancient vault beneath the city, a vault that had held secrets for centuries. It

had seemed so straightforward when she first read it. But now, as the words blurred together in her mind, she couldn't even remember the first line, let alone the solution.

In a fit of frustration, she pushed the chair back from the desk and stood. The walls of her small apartment felt like they were closing in.

The last two tasks loomed on the horizon, a threat she couldn't escape. She had no idea where she'd even begin with them. There were so many variables, so many contingencies.

Her phone buzzed. A message from the organization overseeing the tasks: You have 1 hour remaining. Complete the tasks, or everything you've worked for will be lost.

Lily clenched her jaw, swallowing the fear rising in her throat. She had no choice but to press on. But where? What could she do now that she was running out of time?

She grabbed the riddle book from her desk

and flipped through the pages with renewed urgency. The clock was ticking.

As the minutes flew by, something clicked—just as she had given up hope, the riddle she'd been struggling with finally made sense. Her heart pounded as the answer fell into place, her fingers flying over the keys to unlock the vault.

She was on her way to the vault when her phone buzzed again. Task four had been completed. One left.

The final task would take her to the heart of the city—a place she had never been before. A place so secret, so hidden, that it seemed impossible to even fathom its existence. But Lily was determined. She had no other choice.

The seconds ticked down. Her body felt as though it were moving on autopilot, her mind focused only on the goal ahead. She barely registered the crowd as she passed through the streets, her heart racing as she finally arrived at the location marked on the map she'd been given.

There it was: a small, unassuming door tucked away beneath a bridge, completely invisible unless you knew exactly where to look. She knocked, three quick taps, the rhythm memorized through her exhaustion and desperation.

The door opened.

"You're on time," a voice said from the shadows.

Lily stepped inside; the final task completed just as the clock struck zero. Time, she realized, wasn't just something you fought against. It was something you learned to move with, to flow alongside. And just like that, she had done it.

The clock on the wall ticked relentlessly. Each second that passed seemed to echo louder in Clara's mind, a constant reminder that time was running out. She glanced at the small note she had written that morning. Five tasks. Simple, they had seemed at first. But now, with only thirty

minutes remaining, nothing felt simple.

Task one: Send the letter. She had dropped it off at the post office an hour ago, but the last-minute doubts crept in. Was it addressed properly? Had she missed something crucial? She shook her head, pushing the worry aside. No time for second-guessing.

Task two: Fix the old bicycle. She had started it with her father's tools, but the chain refused to stay on. She had wasted precious minutes, but at least it was rideable now. Task two was done.

Task three: Find the missing key. The key to her grandmother's jewelry box had been lost for years. She had searched every nook and cranny of the house, but this time, as she reached beneath the couch, her fingers brushed against something cold. The key.

Task four: Make the call. Her best friend was waiting for her at the coffee shop, the one she hadn't seen in months. Clara had promised she'd come, but the day was slipping away, and she hadn't even left the house yet. She grabbed her phone and quickly dialed. "I'm on my way," she said, out of breath, but relieved.

Task five: Deliver the flowers. The bouquet she had bought earlier sat on the table, the vibrant colors a stark contrast to the gray clouds outside. She rushed to the car, determined not to fail this last task. As she pulled into the hospital parking lot, she checked her watch. Ten minutes.

She handed the flowers to the nurse at the desk and hurried to the room. Clara entered, her heart racing—not because of the time, but because of the smile on her mother's face when she saw the flowers.

"You made it," her mother whispered. "I knew you would."

Clara let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding. She had done it. Just in time.

The Habits of Humanity



I was once a haven of paradise,
Something so impossible to paralyze.
That was until the humans came,
Who, in their thirst for destruction, spread

their shame.

Who knew something so glamorous and
furnished
Could be shamelessly ruined and tar-
nished?
Their eyes were filled with anger and
vengeance.

If only I could gain back my independ-
ence...

That was when I discovered the habits of
humanity—

Turning each and everything into calamity.

Umar Salman Khan | VIII d

Inflation, inflation, inflation!

Once upon a time, people lived comfort-
ably in the bustling town of Merivale. They



bought groceries, paid bills, and saved a
little each month. But one year, prices
started creeping up. A loaf of bread that
cost 50 rupees now costs 100 rupees. Gas
prices doubled, and rent skyrocketed.
Families began to struggle, cutting down
on essentials just to get by.

Meena, a schoolteacher, watched as her
savings vanished. She skipped meals to
pay for her children's school fees. Her
husband worked overtime, yet it was never

enough. Businesses shut down, and
unemployment surged. The rich got
richer, while the middle class sank into
poverty.

Inflation was more than just rising num-
bers; it was a silent thief, stealing dreams
and futures.

Eshaal Siddiqui | VII a

Troy's Tropical Trouble

Troy was a free-spirited boy who loved
nothing more than enjoying a snack under
the shade of a tree. One sunny day, he
settled in with a juicy slice of pineapple,
feeling carefree
and content.

As he savored
each bite, he
couldn't help
but feel grateful
for the simple
pleasures in life.
But little did he
know, his fate
was about to
take a dramatic
turn.



As he finished his pineapple, he reached for another fruit, and to his surprise, it was a plum! He shrugged and took a bite, and that's when things got weird.

The plum transformed into a nun, who opened her mouth wide and swallowed Troy whole! It was as if the universe had played a trick on him.

From that day on, the legend spread: never eat a pineapple under a tree, lest you want to end up in a strange and unexpected predicament, like Troy did!

Haniya Abbas | VII a

My Grandma's Digital Disappearance

I'm still in shock, it's hard to believe
My grandma vanished into thin air, it's true, I swear!



She was typing away, learning new tricks
Pressed 'control' and 'enter', and then she just flicked!

Out of sight, out of mind, but not out of heart

I'm desperate to find her, torn apart
I've searched high and low, left no stone unturned

Through cyberspace, I've yearned
Maybe she caught a virus, or a worm took a bite

I've scoured the recycle bin, day and night
I've asked Jeeves for help, refined my search with care

But still, no grandma, nowhere to be found,
it's unfair!

So, if by chance, you see her in your inbox today

Please, please, please, copy, scan, and paste her way

Back to me, her loved one, who's missing her so dear

I'll be forever grateful, and wipe away my tears!

Haya Faisal | VII a

A Day in School

The bell rings loud, and my heart skips a beat

It's time to face the day, and all its challenges to meet

Math is first, and equations start to fly

Fractions, graphs, and numbers reach for the sky

It's all too much, and I feel my eyes well up



Why do numbers have to be so tough?

But then English class arrives, and we dive into a tale

Essays to write, and grammar rules to

prevail

The words swirl in my head, a jumbled,
crazy mess

Why's there "there" but not the same, I
must confess

But then science class comes, and it's a
welcome delight

Learning how our bodies work, and the
world's magic takes flight

We breathe, we eat, our lungs work non-
stop

It's amazing to think about, and it makes
my heart hop

But then there are viruses, and germs so
small

They may be tiny, but they can make us fall
History class is next, and we turn the page

The Mughals ruled with power, and left a
lasting stage

Their empire strong, their legacy remains
A testament to their strength, and their
will to sustain

Finally, PE arrives, and I'm free at last
No more books, just energy, and a chance
to have a blast

Basketball, football, running fast and free
This is the life, and it's just what I need

The final bell rings, and the day is through
School is tough, but I've grown, and
learned something new

It's not always easy, but it's worth the fight
To learn, to grow, and to shine with all my
might.

Mahdi Hussain | VII a



Remember, Laughter Is Contagious, So Let's Spread Some Joy

1. Why was the math book sad?

Because it had too many problems.

2. Why did the student bring a ladder to school?

To reach his full potential.

3. Why did the teacher become a baker?

Because she kneaded the dough.

4. Why was the computer cold?

It left its Windows open.

5. Why did the student bring a magnet to school?

To attract attention.

6. Why did the cat join a band?

Because it wanted to be the purr-
cussionist.

7. What do you call a group of cows playing instruments?

A moo-sical band.

8. Why did the elephant quit the circus?

Because it was tired of working for pea-
nuts.

Taha Mubashir | VII a

The Mysterious Library

As soon as the final bell rang, signaling the start of summer break, 12-year-old Alex couldn't wait to explore the old, mysterious library that had just opened in town.

Rumors swirled that the library was



haunted by the ghost of its former owner, a kind old man who had left behind a treasure trove of books and secrets.

Alex's curiosity got the best of her, and she pushed open the creaky door, stepping into the musty silence. Towering shelves stretched towards the ceiling, packed with dusty tomes and leather-bound classics.

As she wandered deeper into the library, Alex stumbled upon a hidden room. Inside, she found a beautiful, antique desk with a note that read:

"For the curious and brave, follow the path of bookmarks to discover the secrets within."

Alex's heart skipped a beat. She followed the trail of bookmarks, each leading her to a new book, a new story, and a new world.

As the sun began to set, casting a warm orange glow through the library windows, Alex realized she had uncovered a treasure far greater than gold or jewels - the magic of reading.

From that day on, Alex spent every spare moment in the mysterious library, uncovering secrets, exploring new worlds, and kindling a lifelong love of reading.

Yahya Sabooh | VII a

Fascinating Science Facts

- Certain types of fungi and plants have the ability to produce bioluminescence which causes them to glow in dark environments.
- Butterflies have the ability to taste things using their feet as they can detect whether a substance is sweet or bitter.
- The human nose can distinguish between more than one trillion different scents.
- Even though space appears silent to our ears it actually contains cosmic radiation, solar winds and the vibrations of black holes.
- According to Einstein's theory of general relativity gravity distorts



spacetime and creates variations in how much time elapses at different gravitational levels.

- After particles experience entanglement their qualities link up so that actions taken on one particle affect the other particle regardless of the distance between them.
- The high surface tension of water keeps it shaped against gravity and enables droplet formation.
- All noble gases (helium, neon, argon, krypton, xenon and radon) stay inert because their outer shell is complete so they cannot participate in chemical bonding.
- Diamond consists entirely of carbon atoms which are arranged in a specific crystal structure.

Faizan Aziz | VII b

Breaking Barriers



Imagine waking up every day, facing a world that expects you to be perfect. A world where your every move is scrutinized, and your voice is often silenced.

This is the reality of being a woman in today's world. Taylor Swift's powerful words echo the frustrations of many: "A man does something, it's strategic. A woman does the same thing, it's calculated."

We see this double standard play out everywhere. When a woman speaks up, she's labeled "bossy" or "emotional." But when a man does the same, he's hailed as a leader.

Women are expected to balance strength and vulnerability, likability and assertiveness. It's a delicate tightrope, and one misstep can have serious consequences.

In some parts of the world, like Afghanistan, women face even harsher realities. Girls are banned from education, women are barred from work, and they're forced

to live under the constant supervision of men.

These injustices are a stark reminder of how fragile progress can be. But despite these challenges, women continue to rise. They're fighting for their rights, their voices, and their equality.

As Michelle Obama so eloquently puts it, "There is no limit to what we, as women, can accomplish."

Women are strong, resilient, and determined. They're pushing for change, standing up for education, and fighting against unfair treatment.

Being a woman today is not easy, but it's also a story of solidarity, hope, and defiance. It's about standing up for what's right, supporting one another, and fighting for a future where everyone deserves equal opportunities and respect.

Rameen Ali | VII b

The Russian Doll Heist



Tim's heart thumped violently in his chest...one wrong move and all his meticulous planning would fail miserably...The lasers blared brightly in front of him as he drew close to the door leading him ahead. He cautiously worked his way along the smooth round walls and narrowly evaded capture and finally he flung himself forward into the next room...

If you're wondering what this stealthy mission is...it's the Russian doll heist, the mission hundreds of people attempted in vain, a process of defeating the strong defenses around the famous Ikyani doll, a priceless specimen of history, fortune and power. To have this prized doll as your own you were supposed to find its location which turned out to be the icy mountains of Siberia and break into the Domic building, from the outside it looked like a giant Russian doll, bright red and blue against the pure white snow all around it. From the outside it wouldn't look intimidating unless you knew of the horror within. Tim has breached through the first room which was like a layer as a Russian doll has had rooms inside rooms each getting smaller and smaller.

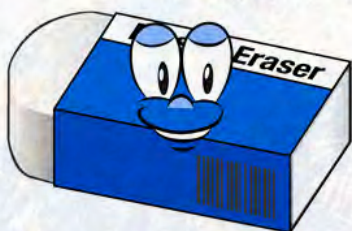
Now that Tim had regained his previous stealth he got up from the ground and looked about, his eyes widened as he found himself in a room with all sorts of sickly stripes around it that were bold in black and white and made it impossible for him to see, however with the blood rushing to his head and his mind going fuzzy he tore his way through and found the door. This experience shook him but not enough for him to go back. After cleverly solving a complicated riddle he made it to the final room...

He quickly forgot his triumph of making it this far and braced himself as he walked onward into the unknown...

The room was pitch black and he couldn't see a thing until...lights flashed in every direction as a new man was brought into focus as realization dawned on his face he realized these men were part of the Secret Service who would recruit highly intelligent individuals for their schemes...Tim was positive now that this was a trap.

Rania Ali | VII b

The Eraser



I once was small, with a purpose so grand,
To erase mistakes, to correct and to stand.
But now I'm worn down, with nothing to show,
A tiny eraser, with a story to grow.

Ibrahim Abrar | VII e



The Soundtrack of Resilience

Taylor Swift's music is more than just melodies and lyrics - it's a warm hug from an old friend. When I hear songs like "Enchanted" or "You Belong With Me", I'm instantly transported back to memories of laughter, tears, and late-night conversations with friends.

Watching Taylor perform "All Too Well (10 Minute Version)" live was a profoundly moving experience. It wasn't just a performance - it was a shared moment of healing, a testament to the power of music to bring people together.

Taylor's journey hasn't been easy. She's faced intense scrutiny and criticism, from Kanye West's infamous interruption at the 2009 VMAs to the relentless media attention surrounding her personal life. Yet, through it all, she's remained unapologetically herself - a beacon of authenticity and resilience.

Her music reminds us that it's okay to be vulnerable, to feel broken, and to cry. But it also reminds us that we can heal, that we can rise above our struggles and find strength in our stories. Songs like "Daylight" from *Lover* offer a message of hope:

You are what you love.

For me, Taylor's music has been a lifeline, a reminder that even in the darkest moments, there's always a way forward. She's taught me that I can own my narrative, fight back against adversity, and inspire others to do the same.

As Taylor so eloquently puts it, "I am, I can, I will, I do." Her music is a testament to the human spirit's capacity for resilience, hope, and transformation.

Salina Salman | VII b

Echoes of the Night Sky

In the sky, the stars gleam bright,
Dancing softly through the night.
Whispers of stories, old and true,
Shining down—a cosmic view.
Each one twinkles with a tale,
Of far-off worlds where dreamers sail.
They guide us through the darkened skies,
A map to dreams, where mystery lies.
They tell of places far and wide,
Of ancient lands where secrets hide.
With every flicker, echoes sound,
Whispering softly all around.
The moon joins in with silver light,
A silent partner through the night.
Together, they weave a timeless song,
A melody that's pure and strong.
So when the night seems still and deep,
Look up and let your heart take a leap.
For in the stars, the world will sing,
Of wonders that the heavens bring.

Ayzel Adnan | VII d

The Test of True Bravery

One night, I was alone in the jungle because of a scout mission. We were all asked to stay in the woods for a day to earn our scout bravery badges. I was desperate to earn this badge as I had lost all my previous ones. I walked to my campsite and started to set my tent. After setting the tent, I realized that I had not collected the wood sticks to set up the fire. It was night by then and I thought to stay without a fire for the night but as time passed, I regretted my decision and rushed to grab my torch and collect the wood sticks to set the fire.

A few minutes later, I noticed a flickering light coming from another direction, making me worry that someone might be in danger. Concerned, I ran through the woods toward the mysterious glow. I saw a strange woman in a black coat with a frowning yet striking appearance. I felt frightened to go near her but the flickering light made me anxious. I picked up some courage and went towards her.

When I reached her, I saw nothing but an old woman carrying some books and her torch had run out of battery. She asked me for help to carry her books to her cottage which was across the river. I agreed but also told her that I could give her only some time because otherwise, I would end up losing my scout bravery badge.

As we headed to her cottage, the old woman said that we could take the short path but when we went there, the bridge was broken so I asked her what we could do about it. She exclaimed that we could jump over the remnants of the bridge. I told her that it was a dangerous and risky way so we should take another path to her cottage but she insisted to go over the



broken bridge. As we jumped over the remaining part of the bridge, the old woman became disbalanced and fell in the river. I knew this would happen but she never listened.

I helped her get out of the water and we took the long path. As we walked, she exclaimed to me how sorry she was about the river incident. I knew that if I told her now that if she had listened to me, this wouldn't have happened. However, I decided to tell her that it was okay because it would have wasted a lot of my time otherwise, and would have brought me closer to losing my badge. I had to be at my campsite before 3 am and it was already 1.30 am.

A few minutes later, she stopped. I asked her what happened, and she said her cottage was the other way. So, I told her to hurry now as we were getting late. So, she

started running. I asked her to slow down as the path was muddy and slippery, but as always, she insisted on running, and fell in the middle. I helped her get up, and we went to her cottage slowly. It was almost 3 am now and we were far from her cottage. Sometime later, she said her cottage was here. It was a small and clustered one. As soon as we reached there, I had clearly lost my badge because it was 4 am by then. So, I

sat with her as she insisted.

After a few minutes, she handed me the badge and said, "You earned the scout badge by helping me."

I didn't understand anything she said, so she explained she was disguised as an old woman, and the help was part of the test. I was glad and felt relieved and grateful.

Hareem Nughman | VII d

Life Is A Wonder

Life is a wonder,
A great adventure,
A thrilling ride
At every juncture.

It provides a kit
Of wisdom and tips,
Helping one stay fit
To proceed on life's trip.

Ahead, there are surprises—
With humps and bumps,
Yet at the end, there are prizes
For the spectacular jumps.

The Exalted Creator
Guides our venture,
So why should we shudder
At the roar of thunder?

Tests and trials
Shape our way,
So let's stand strong
Throughout the day.

With all our might
And a mind so bright,
Let's bring to light
That which is right.

And let us revive



The moral trend,
As we strive
Toward the end.

Then let us stand
With roses in hand,
As the journey closes—
To a round of applause.

Jaza Muhammad | VII d



The Birth of Football

Football, known as soccer in many places, has a fascinating history that dates back thousands of years. Its origins can be traced back to various ancient civilizations. Around 3000 BCE, the Chinese played a game called Cuju, which involved kicking a leather ball into a net. Similarly, the Greeks played Episkyros, and the Romans enjoyed Harpastum. These early games served as the foundation for modern football.

In 1863, the Football Association (FA) was established in England, creating the first

official rules for the game and distinguishing association football from rugby. This marked a pivotal moment in football history. As the sport gained popularity, the Fédération Internationale de Football Association (FIFA) was formed in 1904, eventually leading to the first FIFA World Cup in 1930.

Today, football is the world's most popular sport, played and celebrated by millions across the globe.

Maham Mohsin | VII d

The Beauty of Sunsets

Sunsets are among the most beautiful sights in nature. Every evening, as the sun sets, the sky transforms into a breathtaking painting, with shades of orange, pink, purple, and red spreading across the horizon. Each sunset is unique, making it a mesmerizing experience to watch.

Sunsets occur when the sun dips below the horizon, creating a serene and calming atmosphere. Watching a sunset is incredibly relaxing—it is a moment to pause, reflect, and appreciate the beauty around us. Many people love capturing sunsets in photographs because of their stunning colors and peaceful aura. Sunsets are especially magical at the beach, where the shimmering water enhances their beauty. The pastel hues of purple, pink, and orange create a soothing and tranquil effect.



Next time you see the sun setting, take a moment to enjoy it. It serves as a simple yet powerful reminder of how magnificent and magical nature can be!

Syeda Mehr Mohiuddin | VII d

The Importance Of Embracing Our True Selves

Today, I want to talk about something that I believe is at the heart of our humanity: the importance of embracing our true selves.

In a world that often tries to mold us into neat little boxes, it's easy to get caught up in trying to be someone we're not. We try to fit in, to conform, to be accepted. But in



doing so, we risk losing the very things that make us unique, that make us, us.

Embracing our true selves is not always easy. It takes courage, vulnerability, and a willingness to be different. But it's in those moments of bravery that we truly come alive.

When we embrace our true selves, we open ourselves up to new experiences, new relationships, and new opportunities. We become more authentic, more confident, and more compassionate.

So, I urge you today to take a step back and

look at yourself. What makes you unique? What are your strengths and weaknesses? What are your passions and values?

And then, I urge you to embrace those things. Don't be afraid to be different. Don't be afraid to stand out. Because it's in those moments of boldness that we truly find ourselves.

Abaan Imran | VII e

The Weight of Goodbye

If I were to leave, would our laughter still echo through the halls? Would we still share jokes that only we understand, and laugh until our sides ache?

Would our secrets remain safe, locked deep within our hearts? Or would they slowly unravel, like threads pulled from a fabric?

Would our adventures still be thrilling, our spirits still soaring as we explore the world together? Would our conversations still flow effortlessly, lasting long into the night?

Or would my absence leave a gaping hole, a silence that's too hard to fill? Would you still have my back, standing strong and true, even if I'm not there?

Would our friendship gradually fade, like a sunset slowly dipping below the horizon? Or would it remain, a constant spark that continues to glow, even in my absence?

If I left, I know you'd find your way, navigate the twists and turns of life. But for me, the thought of leaving you behind is almost too much to bear.

Every day with you is a gift, a reminder that life is brighter, more vibrant, and more meaningful with you by my side. Leaving that behind doesn't feel right; it's a prospect that fills my heart with sadness and my soul with longing.

Fizza Imran | VII e

Men in the Kitchen – Yay or Nay?

Cooking allows men to be self-sufficient and not rely on others for meals. It enables men to make healthier choices and control the ingredients used. Knowing how to cook saves time and money in the long run.

Cooking skills can be a great way to impress loved ones and build relationships. Men who can cook can host dinner parties and other social events with confidence. Cooking with others can be a fun and bonding experience. It can be a therapeutic activity that helps reduce stress and anxiety. Mastering cooking skills can give men a sense of accomplishment and confidence. Cooking for oneself can be a form of self-care and self-love.

In modern times, cooking is often a shared responsibility.



Men who cook help break down traditional gender stereotypes.

In conclusion, cooking is an essential life skill that's valuable for everyone, regardless of gender. Besides, all the best chefs are men.

Ishaal Noor | VII e

The Haunted House In The Neighborhood

Alex, a sweet twelve time old, lately moved into a quiet, new neighborhood that she heard had a house which was old and fine. One day, she decided to explore. So, she informed her parents that she was going out for a walk. She set up herself heading towards that queer little house and felt a shiver run down her spine. As she grew near it, she tasted a rotten smell in the air and ever felt more curious. The leaves



were rustling and she noticed the wind was picking up speed with a howling sound. Upon reaching the house, she realized that there were cobwebs and dust on the windows. It showed that nothing relatively inhabited the place.

Alex hesitantly took a step forward. She slightly put her hand on the door clump when the door creaked and opened by itself! Alex started to shake like a splint. As she took one conservative step forward and stepped into the room, the lights turned on themselves and started to

flicker. Alex's heart was pounding like cans in her cognizance. She took one step backwards out of the door. She allowed she heard steps coming from the theater full with worn out chrysanthemums but also, she realized that they were coming from behind her. Her casket was heavy with fear as she turned around and her jaw dropped to her knees.

There stood a veritably old man dressed in black with piercing green eyes gaping at her. She tried to scream but no voice came out. She ran outdoors precipitously in

fear. When she looked back, she noticed there was a sanguine stain where the man had been standing. She looked around but couldn't find the man. Cold jitters ran down her body and she shortly allowed it must be some agony she'd wake up from any alternate. The house looked indeed creepier now. Goosebumps and shuddery knees she ran all the way back home covenanting to herself that she'd no way come near this house again.

Maha Ahmed | VII e

The Pencil's Lament

I once was sharp, with a point so fine,
Ready to create, to write and to shine.
But now I'm worn, my lead is thin,
Forgotten on the desk, with no purpose to win.
I remember the hands that held me tight,
The stories I helped tell, through day and night.
I saw laughter and tears, joy and fear,
As I brought thoughts and dreams to paper, clear.
But now I'm discarded, like a used-up thing,
My usefulness gone, my purpose lost in the ring.
Yet still I hold memories, of the words I've written,
Of the dreams I've helped shape, of the stories I've smitten.
So if you see me lying, with my lead all worn,
Don't think me useless, for my story's still unborn.
For though my physical form may be weak and frail,
My spirit remains strong, my memories never fail.



Natalia Adeel | VII e

Smiling Deceit

We'd been inseparable since college, or so I thought. Rachel was my partner in crime, my confidante, my best friend. Or so I believed. One fateful night, I stumbled upon a text conversation on Rachel's phone. My eyes widened as I read the messages. She was talking to someone about me, about our friendship. The words cut deep: "I'm just pretending to be her friend for the benefits."

My world crumbled. All the memories, the laughter, the secrets shared - it was all a lie. Rachel's smile, once warm and genuine, now seemed like a clever disguise.

I felt like I'd been living in a dream, and Rachel was the one who'd been scripting the narrative. Our friendship, once a beautiful reality, was nothing more than a fabricated illusion.

As I confronted Rachel, her mask slipped, revealing a stranger beneath. Our friendship ended that night, but the scars remained, a reminder that sometimes, the people closest to us can be the best actors.

Alayna Raza | VI a



The Rise of Super Nabs



It was Saturday, 12 November - and the metropolis had been invaded by the killer clowns. "Oh help, my purse has been hijacked," exclaimed by an old, frail lady, who had been devouring a chicken sandwich.

"Ahh!" shrieked the city folks as they

sprinted as fast as jaguars. It was a night of fear, as the city was in jeopardy - and no audacious soul was here to save the unfortunate, destitute urbanites.

"You will never catch us," snickered the killer clowns. Just as the citizens had time to blink, the killer clowns were setting the metropolis on fire!

"What a lovely day it is today," Anabia whistled in delight as she stumbled down the walkway. As she turned towards her glamorous, luxurious car - she heard squeals and ear-piercing shrieks. "What on earth is going on," pondered Anabia as she started driving down Bateman avenue. "Oh... My...Gosh!" Anabia's mouth dropped open.

"What has happened!" As her eyes thoroughly searched the wrecked town square, she observed that there were killer clowns

harming the poor citizens. She hesitated for a second. Creep ran down her spine. Then she had the heroism to step outside the car to SAVE THE CITIZENS! She dashed up to the killer clowns and managed to puncture them to the ground, like a deflated balloon. After she untied the public and reunited them with their belongings. Last of all was to distinguish the inferno. She leaped into her car, yanked the vomit bucket and suffused it with water, then she splattered it on to the fire until they became harmless ashes.

The citizens cheered Anabia's name of

justice!

"Today we are gathered here to award this Nobel prize, not only for her heroicness but her kindness and compassion to risk her life for us," announced the mayor, and he handed over a golden, luminous trophy of honor and gifted in her supple hands, "As you are now renowned as the chief of justice, we will call you Super Nabs,"

"I am so honoured to be on this glamorous stage, and I hope to serve this city with success," said Anabia with a smirk of joy.

The End, or is it?

Anabia Salman | VI a

A Blessing Called Mom



My mother is a blessing, a gentle soul who weaves love and care into every moment of my life. Her warm smile feels like home, where I can be myself without worry. With every hug, she whispers reassurance, reminding me that I am enough, that I am loved, and that I am home. In her eyes, I see a deep well of devotion, a love that is unwavering, unconditional, and pure. She is my guiding light, my shelter, and my forever blessing.

Arya Ramay | VI a

My Siblings, My Everything

My siblings are my best friends. We grow up together, sharing laughter, tears, and memories. My sister's smile brightens up my day, and my brother's hugs make me feel safe.

We fought and argued, but we always made up in the end. Our parents taught us to love and care for each other, and that's exactly what we did.

As we grow older, we will go our separate ways, but the bond between us will always remain strong. My siblings are my rock, my support system, and my forever friends.

I'm grateful for the gift of siblings. They make my life richer, fuller, and more meaningful.

Muhammad Shahwar | VI a



My Classmates, a Crazy Crew



We sit in class, a motley crew
Each one weirder, than the one I knew
There's Azaan who snores through the test
And Bilal, who thinks he's a rockstar, I
guess!
There's Sarah, who eats all the snacks
And Murtaza, who always falls asleep on
his back
We laugh and joke, and sometimes, we
fight
But in the end, we're friends, shining
bright!
So here's to my classmates, a crazy fun
team
We may drive each other crazy, but we're a
dream!

Qasim Shahid | VI a

The Purrfect Companion

As I sat on the couch, I felt a gentle nudge
against my leg. It was Whiskers, my faith-
ful feline companion. She looked up at me



with her big, round eyes and purred softly.
I stroked her soft fur, and she began to
knead my lap with her paws. It was a
comforting ritual we shared every eve-
ning.

'Sorry, Whiskers,' I whispered, 'I've had a
tough day.'

Whiskers meowed sympathetically and
snuggled closer. At that moment, all my
worries melted away. She had a way of
knowing exactly when I needed her affec-
tion.

As the sun set outside, Whiskers and I sat
together in comfortable silence, enjoying
each other's company. She was more than
just a pet - she was my loyal friend and
confidante.

Sehr Bano Kashif | VI a

The Stars Go To Sleep

They looked for some wood and found
something glittering in a short distance
from them instead.

She ran towards it and suddenly heard
something, "Terry Grace!"



Terry jumped, the voice whispered again,
"TERRY GRACE!"

This time much louder. She looked for-
ward and yelped, there were hundreds and
hundreds of shiny star-shaped things
floating in a small paradise that was
hidden deep in the woods. She noticed
that these were stars. The stars were all on
the ground, in the woods, not on the sky.

"It is time. We are going to rest. Would you
please tell the other humans not to

worry?" said the biggest star, "we will only be gone for a while."

Suddenly the brightness faded and the stars closed their big balls which were practically their eyes. A vision appeared and Terry could see what was happening in the city. People were screaming and we could see so many accidents and collisions. The vision faded and suddenly Terry's stomach felt like lead. The fate of the world was in her hands. Well, not entirely but for a six-year-old kid, it was not a small task.

Ailia Batool | VI b

Money Can Buy Happiness...



Money can buy happiness, but only to some extent. Having enough money to meet our basic needs can certainly bring a sense of security and comfort. It can also provide us with opportunities to enjoy life's pleasures, like traveling and hobbies. However, once our basic needs are met, more money doesn't necessarily mean more happiness. Research shows that relationships, health, and personal growth are what truly bring happiness. So, while money can contribute to happiness, it's not the only factor.

Mariam Nazeer | VI b

If Humans Had Wings

If humans had wings, they would probably conquer the sky. Like, right now the land is conquered by us but if we had wings



...who knows what the sky would look like. Instead of cars, motorcycles and everything we use on land, people would probably create sky-cars or something like that. The birds would probably stay on the land rather than in the sky or we would just live in the trees, with the birds. The land would probably be conquered by animals.

If I could fly, I would fly with the birds and soar through the sky. I would explore new places everyday unlike on the land where we have to drive a car to "explore new places everyday" which obviously I can't do.

If I could fly
I'd go up high
In the sky

Where the birds will sing
And I will bring
A harmonious link
Between us!

Ailia Batool | VI b

The Earth's Cry



I feel the heat, the burning pain
As greenhouse gases wrap me in a chain
Carbon dioxide, methane, and more
Trapping warmth, in pain I roar

My ice caps melt, my seas rise high
I'm choking, suffocating, I want to cry
The future's uncertain, the present's grim
If we don't act now, I'll be lost within

I'm your home, your shelter, your place
Please reduce, reuse, and recycle with pace
Let's break the chain, let's set me free
For a brighter tomorrow, for you and me.

Safa Saad Tariq | VI b

A Spark of Inspiration

Mrs. Thompson's classroom was more than just a learning space - it was a haven where minds were ignited, and dreams were born. As her student, I was fortunate to experience her unwavering passion for teaching.

Her eyes sparkled when she explained complex concepts, making them seem effortless. Her patience was a balm to our souls, soothing our fears and doubts. Mrs. Thompson's teaching was not just about imparting knowledge; it was an art form that inspired and motivated.

One day, while struggling with a difficult lesson, I felt frustrated and defeated. Mrs. Thompson noticed my distress and approached me with empathy. "You are capable of greatness," she said, her voice filled with conviction. "Believe in yourself, and never give up."

In that moment, something shifted within me. I realized that I wanted to inspire others the way Mrs. Thompson had inspired me. I wanted to be a teacher, to kindle the love of learning in young minds.

Mrs. Thompson's influence extended far beyond the classroom. She showed me



that teaching was not just a profession, but a calling - a chance to make a difference, to leave a lasting impact.

Years later, as I stand in my own classroom, I feel Mrs. Thompson's presence. Her legacy lives on through me, inspiring me to ignite the spark of curiosity in my students. I am forever grateful for the gift of her teaching, which has become a part of me.

Syed Muhammad Ali Bukhari | VI b

Dream

Something stands in front of me,
It's a dream!
But what does this mean to me?
Oh, why is this my dream?

I dream of a place that is dark and deep,
Where I can peacefully sleep,
A place where all my fantasies come true,
For example, you and me.

And why I wish this were all true,
But life isn't always true, and people lie to
you and me.
As life is what God blesses us,
You don't always get what you want, and
that's certainly true.



But life is like a dream,
Though it's something not many have
seen,
But, ah, yes, it's true,
Life is complicated, like you and me.

Zayna Ali | VI b

A Rainy Day

The sky is gray, the clouds hang low,
Raindrops start to gently flow.
Pitter-patter on the ground,
A lovely rhythm, a soothing sound.

Puddles form and kids jump in,
Splashing water with a grin.
Umbrellas open, boots go on,
The rain keeps falling all day long.

The trees sway in the misty air,
So fresh and clean, beyond compare.
Flowers drink the drops so sweet,
Cool, wet grass beneath my feet.

A rainy day so full of cheer,
Bringing joy for all to share.
So let it rain, let's laugh and play,
And enjoy the magic of this day!



Anabia Rahimeen | VI c

The Haunted Mansion

"Knock! Knock!" A sudden sound echoed at my door in the middle of the night. It was my friend, and he said he was curious about the abandoned mansion and wanted to explore it.

We both set off into the darkness and as we arrived, we found the gate wide open—but the door shut tight right in front of us. A chill ran down our spines as fear gripped us.

The house was old and crumbling, with broken furniture covered in dust and fungus. A dreadful smell lingered in the air. The hallway looked eerie as if something unseen was waiting to grab us.

Steeling ourselves, we stepped outside to explore the garden. Rotten fruits hung from withered trees, and the grass was overgrown with moss. A pool filled with brackish water and decaying leaves sat in the corner.

At that moment, we knew—the myths were true. This place was cursed.

Panicked, we rushed back to the door, desperate to escape, but it wouldn't budge. Our hearts pounded as we stumbled over dusty gravestones and rotting fruit.

With no other choice, we scrambled over the gate and sprinted away, never looking back. We vowed never to walk past that place again.



Hamza Adil Qureshi | VI C

The Long-Lost Case



Hi! I am an investigator/crime officer, and there was this one case that still traumatizes me till this day... I named the case The Long-Lost Case.

This is connected to Michael Mackson's death.

It goes like this: We wanted to arrest J. Diddy, so we needed a warrant, for which we had to have a reason to arrest him. We investigated his house. While investigating, we found a secret tunnel to Michael Mackson's house. The tunnel was dark and had blood stains and dead, rotten human flesh. The smell was so horrible that it made me nauseous.

As we continued down the passage, we reached what appeared to be Michael Mackson's private room. Everything inside seemed untouched. Then, beneath an old wooden bench, something caught my eye—a piece of silver fabric. It was a note. Scrawled in shaky handwriting, it read:

"Help me! I feel like somebody is watching me. And someone wants to kill me."

My hands trembled as I read the words. Further into the mansion, we stumbled upon something even more disturbing—a hidden corpse. Not far from it, we discovered another tunnel entrance, this one leading into a dark, unknown place.

Determined to get to the bottom of this mystery, we dared to open Michael Mackson's tomb. What we found inside completely shook us. It revealed a tunnel that led to J. Diddy's mansion. We entered a big, fully-furnished room that didn't look old or dirty. It was a neat and tidy room, and it had a big fridge that was

stocked with fresh food and drinks.

None of this made sense. We also found a security surveillance room. We went through the footage, hoping for answers, and what we found out was horrifying. The deadly practice had taken place in that room. We got the evidence and pressed murder charges against J. Diddy, and won the case in court. As a result, he got arrested.

However, the question is that did Michael Mackson truly die, or was it all a farce?

The case remains unsolved.

Maneha Leghari | VI c

An elderly Gratitude!



One rainy afternoon, I was walking home from school when I saw an elderly woman standing near a tree. She looked cold and worried, holding a heavy bag of groceries. I kept walking, but then I heard a voice behind me. She told me she needed help. I walked up to her and asked if she was

okay.

She told me that she couldn't remember the way home and seemed a bit scared. I knew the street she mentioned; it was just a few blocks away. I decided to help her, and she smiled. As we walked together, I carried her bag, which was pretty heavy! She thanked me a lot and told me a few stories about her family. It made me happy to listen.

When we finally reached her house, she looked at me and said, "Thank you," with a big smile. I felt proud of myself, even though it was still raining.

Helping her made me realize that even small acts of kindness can make someone's day better, and it certainly made my day better.

Maryam Hamd | VI c

The Waving Shadow

One night, my friends and I were heading home when we noticed an old, abandoned house with its door slightly open. We went in, and it was really dark. We were very scared but we still split up into groups of two. Suddenly, we saw a black shadow moving. It came closer and closer.

After a while, no one could see it. A shiver ran down my spine when I felt a tap on my shoulder. Hesitantly, I looked back to see, but there was no one. Moments later, the sound of something breaking echoed through the house. My friend and I rushed to check, only to find a shattered vase on the dusty floor.

Then, we stumbled upon a large mirror in one of the rooms. In the reflection, I saw something sprint past behind us. Suddenly, I heard someone scream at the top of their lungs. I was too scared to go alone, so I took my friend with me.

And in one room, everything was scattered here and there. There were way too many spiderwebs on the chairs and on the bed. Me and my friend had searched the whole house, but this was the one room no one dared to go in.

"This was once a little girl's room," my friend whispered. "They say she had a doll... a doll that was cursed."



People said the doll was so scary that the little girl wouldn't go near it. Upon unusual occurrences, the girl's parents permanently locked the room in which the doll was put. But that night, we stood frozen when the door to that room creaked open on its own.

One of our friends, ignoring the warnings, stepped inside. The doll sat in the center, its eyes staring at us. The friend who had entered, suddenly ran out, his face pale as if he had seen a ghost. We didn't ask what had terrified him, and followed him outside the house. As we reached the street, I dared to glance back. The door to the house had shut on its own, and through the dusty window, something waved at us.

Sardar Ahmed | VI c

A Fearless Dream



I got up. It was a windy day with grey clouds up in the sky, and the rumbling of the clouds sounded as frightening as a lion's roar. Suddenly, it started raining heavily. I got out a book written by Zara Masood and started reading it. It said "Little Roar, He was a ferocious dragon."

I shut the book with a bang.

I went downstairs and asked my mother what was for dinner. Soon, I was eating rice, gravy, and hot chocolate to go afterwards. I took the hot chocolate and went out in the garage, watching the raindrops falling with a "pitter-

patter."

My father pulled up in the driveway and said "Hello," then went inside.

I was about to go, but I suddenly heard a noise. I turned around to see something black and purple floating up. I screamed because it was something very unusual.

I went to my room and put my head on my pillow. Suddenly, when I woke up, the sun was shining, and there wasn't a single cloud. I shut my eyes and heard a voice:

"Look at that! And a day will come when it will be purple and black. See the sun!"

I looked at the sun. It was purple and black, and I screamed. Suddenly, the earth seemed to be falling apart beneath my feet, and then I landed. It was surprising to see darkness around me. There was one

spooky house, which I entered. It had spider cobwebs, wild berries, and so much dust—so much that I sneezed every other minute.

I explored all the rooms on the ground floor. I then went to the top floor because I was too much of a chicken to go into the basement. I kept hearing a swish or squish behind me.

I entered a bedroom, which was so dusty. I suddenly froze when I saw someone on the bed. The figure moved. I instantly felt someone grabbing me from behind, and I screamed again.

That woke me up, and I found myself gasping for breath in my room, feeling very grateful that it was just a dream.

Zara Masood | VI c

The Time I Helped Someone in Need

One day, my mom, my best friend Saad, and his mom were traveling to Dubai on Fly Jinnah. When we landed, this brought back an evocative memory that stayed in my head. The memory was from when I went to Lahore, and I was very hungry because I hadn't eaten. I was getting anxious because I felt like fainting until I finally did—but luckily, at that moment, the restaurant was right next to us. After we ate, my hunger settled down.

While we were going home, Saad and I decided to change seats till the car started working



properly. When we reached home, from the corner of my eye, I saw a man and a woman. They were our neighbors. The strange part was that we knew the girl, but we had never seen the man with her before. I shrugged it off and didn't care about it. It was getting late, so we decided to go to bed, and I quickly drifted off.

In the middle of the night, I heard distinct screaming coming from the neighbors. It was the man yelling at the woman. I felt compassion coursing through my veins. It had an impact on me, and I felt like I had to confront him. I called the cops and saved the girl. She showed her gratitude by thanking me for saving her life, and after that, she lived happily.

Arib Rahman Mir | VI d

A Flying Machine

One day, I was in school when I heard that my group of friends was going on a trip to Paris to enjoy croissants which fresh French blend of coffee near the Eiffel Tower. It sounded like a fun trip, but there was only one problem—I was terrified of flying.

I felt anxious. My fear got the best of me, and I started trembling. I dreaded the moment when the plane would take off, imagining all the worst possibilities.

At one point during the flight, I accidentally got locked in the plane's washroom. Panic took over as I struggled to open the door, but it wouldn't budge. My hands shook, and my breathing became unsteady. To make things worse, my hand got stuck halfway in the door. The pain was unbearable, and I screamed for help.

Hearing my cries, the passengers rushed to help. They managed to open the door, freeing my hand. I sighed in relief and bowed to them in gratitude.

Still shaken, I sat back in my seat, lost in my thoughts. My friend noticed my distress and gently asked if I was okay. I nodded, but deep down, I was still overwhelmed. While my friends excitedly chatted about the trip, I remained silent, unsure of how to express my feelings.

When I got home, I told my mom everything. She comforted me and said, "You'll miss all the fun if you don't go."

She encouraged me to text my friend and ask when the trip was. My friend replied that it was on Wednesday—just two days away.

Seeing my hesitation, my mom reassured me, "If you're not comfortable going, you can stay home."

I didn't want to disappoint my friends, so I decided to go despite my fears.

When the day of departure finally arrived, I said goodbye to my family and left.

Unlike my friends, who were carefree and excited, I was overthinking everything. However, as the flight went on, I realized it was smoother than I had imagined.

While sitting next to my friend, who offered me support and reassurance, I



slowly began to relax. At that moment, I had a feeling that this was going to be the best trip of my life, and my fears finally faded away.

Eshaal Hameed Cheema | VI d

The Heart of a Teacher



A teacher's heart is bright and true.
Which blossoms in their students too,
With every lesson they teach.
With kindness and love,

With every chapter they unfold.
Their positive attitude,
Leaves the room in giggles.
They turn a student's frown upside down,

They brighten up our day.
With a heart that deeply cares,
They add a lot of love.
To everything they share,

Teachers have changed the world.
With every life they touched,
They left their kindness, love and creativity.
In their students whom they taught,

You will never know how much you are appreciated.
As you have made the world a better place,
By teaching the hard work you put into

your students.
Changes their whole life and world,

With the excitement to study more and learn.
You have made them grow into whom they are now,
To teachers strong and wise.
With their blossomed heart how they shine so bright,

A teacher's love is pure and true,
With their love in teaching, they are remembered by millions of hearts.
They lead the way and tell us what we are meant to do,
Thank you, teachers, we appreciate your hard work and love.

Malaika Abbas | VI d

The Haunted Halloween

That morning, I woke up with excitement because it was Halloween! The scariest, spookiest night of the year. I rushed to the



shop to find myself a costume and after going through racks of eerie outfits, I finally decided to pick the Joker. My friend dressed as Harley Quinn. Now, all we had

to do was wait for nightfall. As soon as the sky turned dark, my friends and I set out on our adventure. Our destination? An abandoned house that was haunted.

We went in to see for ourselves even though there were rumors that whoever went into that house, never came back. But my friends and I didn't believe in that stuff. We went in. The house looked dark and the color was painted all black. There were spider webs all over the house, and there were broken windows that had cracks in them. They were covered with planks and screws, like in abandoned and spooky, haunted houses. It was located in the darkest, deepest, and scariest places, in the city of Live Topia.

We went inside and explored the haunted abandoned house. Once we stepped in, the door slammed shut on its own. The deeper we went, the worse it got. The whole house was very dirty. As we went further, we could hear the spooky sounds of the doors

creaking.

The place gave me goosebumps. It smelled like blood and rotten meat. And then, we heard something. We followed the voice and entered a room in which we found a girl sitting on the bed, moving her head and singing an unusual and eerie song:

"I am scared of the dark...

Something may scare me...

I am an orphan...

I don't have any parents...

I have killed a lot of people...

Who don't play with me...

And you're next...

"Play with me."

A chill ran through my spine and we ran out of the house. Our bodies trembled with fear when we heard the voice behind us:

"I WILL GET YOU! HAHahaha!!

We never went back.

Malaika Abbas Khan | VI d

The Mysterious Christmas Dwarf

I woke up with a noise, something was in my room. I went towards my closet. As I



was opening the closet, I grabbed a knife in my hand. When I opened it, I saw an ugly dwarf. He had long slimy ears and gigantic

yellow teeth with bread crumbs stuck between them. It looked like a creature from another world. I was disgusted by his looks. I tried to talk to him but he only murmured something under his breath. I looked away for a second and the next thing I knew, it turned into a hideous giant.

He finally spoke and said "Hi".

I asked him what he was doing in my wardrobe. He told me that every Christmas Eve, he appears in some random home, stays for seven months, and helps the kids over there. I was gob smacked but also over the moon. I asked him if he had magical powers and the next moment, he turned invisible. I asked him if he could fly and the next second, I was in the air. I asked him if he could do my homework and he did it faster than I could say 'Hi'.

The next day, I took him to school with me

where he turned invisible and even helped me cheat in my history exam. Then I went home flying and, on the way, I saw my bullies. When I got down, they started bullying me. The dwarf went behind them and pulled down their pants. I went home with a huge smile on my face. When I reached home, I found out my mom had prepared carrot soup which I did not like at all. So, I gave it to the dwarf and he clearly loved it.

At night, my mom and dad were gone out and I was alone at home. I was playing with the dwarf when I heard a strange noise. I went to check it out and saw that two people had broken into my house and they

were wearing masks.

I was really scared and told the dwarf what I had seen. The dwarf turned invisible and asked me to sneak up to the kitchen and grab a knife. As I grabbed the knife, it accidentally fell and the burglars came towards me. They could only hold me hostage for five minutes before the dwarf came, took their guns, and tied them up tightly. Soon afterwards, the police arrived, called by the neighbours who had heard all the noise and the burglars' struggle. Everyone looked at me in surprise, amazed at how I had managed to do it all on my own.

Zaaviar Habib | VI d

Baking with Love: Helping Those in Need

Two days ago, my sister and I were playing outside in the garden. It was really sunny and hot, so we went inside to sit with our family. My dad was watching the news so my sister and I accompanied him. In the news, they told about how hot it is due to which homeless people are suffering terribly. I sympathized with them and felt bad; so did my sister. My sister came up with an idea of baking brownies and cookies and giving out water to them.

We went to the kitchen. We had everything we needed to make the brownies, cookies, cupcakes, etc., so we started baking. We baked many things and packed them each in a plastic box. Then, we went to give them out, but before doing that, we stopped at a store to get some water. After that, we went to give out the things to the families and children. They were truly filled with gratitude.

A little time passed and we ran out of the resources. Right at that moment, a family came to us and asked if they could have any. Though, we could not help them at that time, I still felt a deep sense of empathy for them.

Suddenly, my sister and I had an idea. We



thought, what if we just take them to a store and buy them whatever they want? We both felt confident about this. They got all the necessities they needed and they were really thankful. Seeing them happy made us happy. I was grateful to have a positive impact on their lives.

Shazrae Khurram | VI d

My Dream Career

I always dream of being a doctor. As a little kid, I would play with my toy medical kit, pretending to treat my stuffed animals and family members. But as I grew older, that childhood dream is turning into a lifelong passion.

I remember visiting my grandmother in the hospital when I was 10 years old. She was recovering from a surgery. I was captivated by the dedication and expertise of the doctors and nurses caring for her.

They were so kind, patient, and knowledgeable. I knew right then that I wanted to be just like them.

As a doctor, I want to specialize in paediatrics. I love working with kids, and I think it's amazing how resilient and brave they can be. I want to help them feel better when they're sick or hurt, and I want to be a part of their journey towards good health.

My dream hospital would be a bright and cheerful place, filled with toys, books, and games to distract kids from their treatments. The walls would be painted with colourful murals, and there would be big windows with lots of natural light. My staff would be kind, friendly, and dedicated to providing the best care possible.

I know that being a doctor won't be easy. It will take a lot of hard work, dedication, and perseverance. But I'm willing to put in the effort because I know that it will be worth it. There's no better feeling than knowing that you've helped someone feel better, and that's what I want to do every day as a doctor.

One day, I hope to have my clinic, where kids can come and feel comfortable and cared for. I'll have a big sign that says "Dr. Aroush" and a waiting room filled with toys and games. And when kids come to see me, I'll do everything in my power to make them feel better, to heal their bodies and their hearts. That's my dream, and I know that with hard work and determination, I can make it a reality.

Aroush Usman | VI e

The Journey of Muhammad Waris

Muhammad Waris is a successful businessman and the owner of FLOW PETROLEUM. It is an oil trading company that imports refined oil from Arab countries like Dubai, and supplies it within the country. Over the years, FLOW PETROLEUM has worked with many other companies and established several petrol pumps in different cities, including Attock and Gujranwala.

His journey began after the death of his parents. He had to leave his studies to take over his father's business. At first, it was only him, but soon, his two brothers, Muhammad Asif and Muhammad Arif, joined him. It was a small business at first, but after the family moved to Lahore, it started to grow. They opened their first office in Gulberg on rent, but as the company grew, they bought a new office in front of a golf course. Today, FLOW PETROLEUM works with ENOC (Emirates National Oil Company), based in Dubai.

Muhammad Waris is not only a businessman but also a guiding figure for his brothers, who regard him as their father. Therefore, he is my biggest inspiration in life.

Asmara Waris | VI e



A Magical Dream

I woke up to a strange noise in my room. The wardrobe panel slowly creaked open, and something unusual happened. My toy, whose name was Mr. Peg, came flying through the air and landed in my lap. I was startled and nervous. He was a stuffed penguin toy, black and white, with shimmering feathers. His bright blue eyes looked like floating marbles in the air, and he had a broad yellow beak.

I was too scared to think about what to do. Just as I was about to scream, Mr. Peg spoke! "Don't panic! I am your friend, and you can share everything with me. I can also fulfill your wishes!"

Hearing this, I was super excited and began jumping up and down. My first wish was to fly in the sky for an hour. Mr. Peg granted my wish, and I transformed into a bird. I couldn't hold back my excitement! I quickly flew outside the window and soared through the fresh air. After exactly 55 minutes, Mr. Peg told me to return home as my time was almost over. I didn't want to, but I knew I had to, so I rushed back and transformed back into myself.

Now, it was time for my second wish. After thinking for a while, I decided to visit the seven wonders of the world. Mr. Peg granted my wish, and I travelled to all seven wonders, learning about their history and beauty.

Finally, it was time for my third wish. This time, I had already made up my mind. I wished that Mr. Peg would be my friend forever. He promised that he would always be with me, not just as a toy but as a true friend. His eyes filled with tears, and we hugged each other. And then, I woke up.

It was just a dream, but a really good one. I still loved Mr. Peg, even though he was just an ordinary toy.



Eshal Mudassar | VI e

What a Disaster!

One day in August, it was raining very heavily. My elder brother and I wanted to play cricket. We just sat by the window and waited for the rain to stop. It did not actually matter if the rain stopped because there was a massive puddle in the lawn.

So, my brother gave me an idea. He said, "Let's play cricket inside the house."

I looked at him, and thought: not a bad idea! I picked up the bat, put up a chair instead of a wicket, and said, "Let's play!"

He said, "Okay, but you are bowling first."

I said, "Fine, give the ball to me." He gave me the ball, and I took the bat.

I bowled three overs. As I started the fourth, he hit the ball hard, and it shot



straight towards our mother's favorite vase. We both sprinted after it, holding our breaths, but to our relief, it landed just a few inches short. After bowling five overs, it was finally my turn to bat. With excitement, I took my bat and began swinging, smashing fours and sixes all around the room.

inside, I was still scared that I would hit the vase. Though I was having a great time, the moment I struck the ball, it flew as fast as a bullet and my worst fear came true—it hit the vase! After hearing the sound of something breaking, my mother came out of her room, looked at me, and said, "Can't you stop disrupting me?"

My brother and I looked at her in fear. She turned around and saw the broken vase on the ground.

She asked in anger, "Who broke this?" I pointed at my brother, and at the same time, he pointed at me. Of course, my mother saw the bat in my hand.

I got scolded for two hours, but eventually, she let me go. My brother and I felt very bad, so we ended up buying her the same vase for her birthday. It was really expensive and we had to use up all our pocket money for that month.

Fatima Ali | VI e

The Price of War

The sky, once blue, is painted gray,
As cannons roar and fire sway.
Fields once golden, now stained red,
Echo the cries of those who bled.
Footsteps vanish in the dust,
Brothers fight because they must.
Letters home, unread, unseen,
Hearts now hardened where love had been.
And when the silence claims the land,
No victors rise to make a stand.
Only ghosts in midnight air
Whisper tales of past despair.
Yet still, the world forgets so fast,
As new wars rise, just like the past.
The lessons fade, the cycle stays—
The same mistakes in different ways.
And so, the price is paid once more.

Sarah Hassan | VI e





Family A Precious Gift from Allah

Family is a gift from Allah. We all are born into some family, but there are very few who are connected with a strong bond—a bond that never breaks despite several evil attempts by people. Having siblings is also a blessing from Allah. If you are in trouble, they save you from it. If they scold you for any wrong doings, they are showing their love. They are with you through thick and thin.

A special relation in the family is that of a sister, who plays a very positive role in your life. Also, sometimes, your cousins who live near your house or in the same one, become very much like siblings too.

Having uncles, aunts, or cousins is also a gift from Allah because they are always there to offer their love and guidance. Therefore, we should always stay close to our family and respect and care for our loved ones.

Talal Naeem | VI e



ArtWorks



Aiela Zainab | Oil SB I



Anaya Sikander | Oil S A



Mishel Emmad | Oil H

Bashair Iqbal | Oil





Raima Raza | Oil H



Raima Raza | Oil H



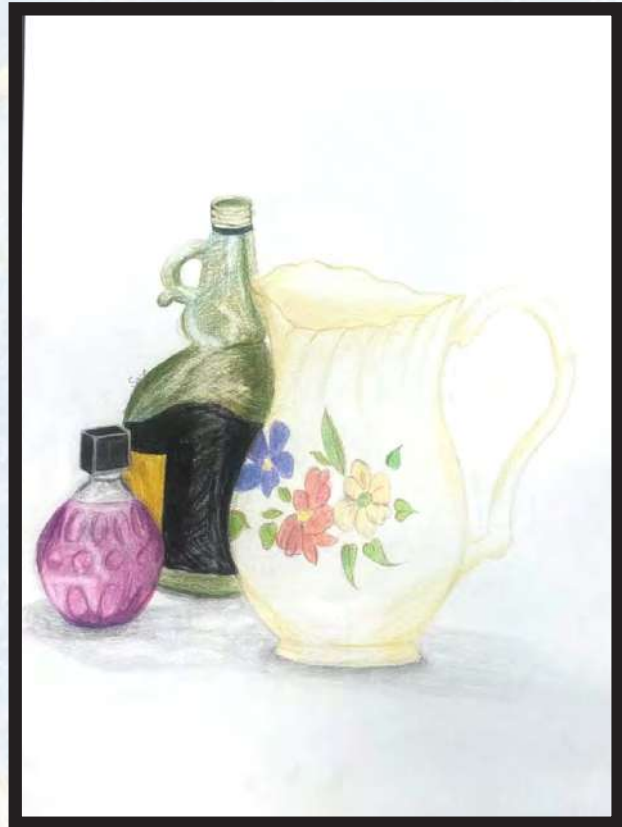
Raima Raza | Oil H



Muhammad Rahym Raja | Oil



Sara Asim | Oli





M. Hassan Hamd | VIII a



M. Eissa Virk | VIII a



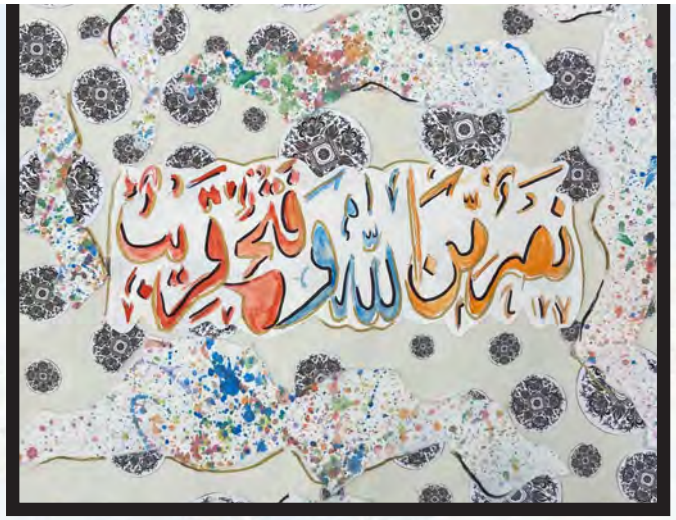
Ileana Mary | VIII b



Rahimeen Zahra Naqvi | VIII b



Hiba Haris | VIII c



Ibrahim Ahmad Arif | VIII c



M. Ali Naqvi | VIII c



Muhammad Sualeh Ali Sultan | VIII d



Rayyan Awais | VIII d



Eisa Iftikhar | VII a



Syeda Aminah Ghazanavi | VII a



Rania Ali | VII b



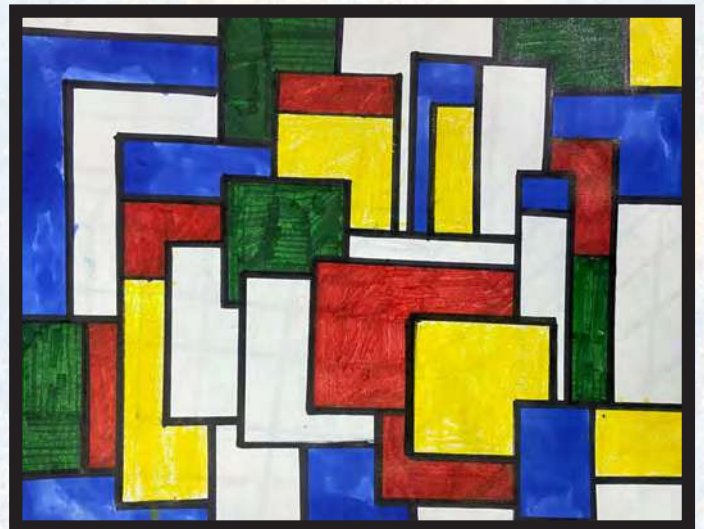
Khadija Jahanzeb | VII b



Ayzel Adnan | VII d



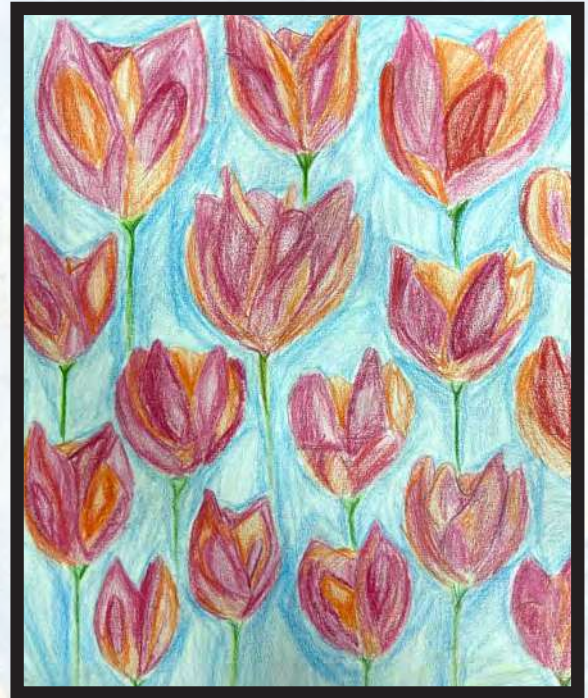
Fatima Ahmad Farooka | VII d



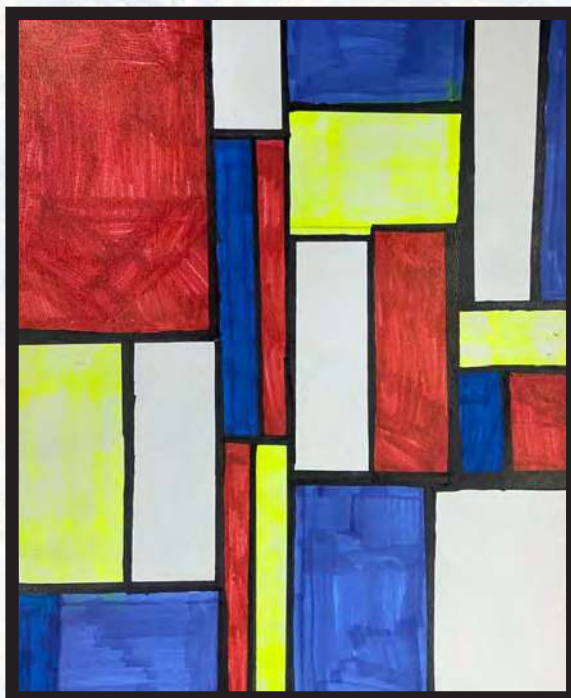
M. Musa Saadi | VII d



Jaza Muhammad | VII d



Jaza Muhammad | VII d



Eshaal Noor | VII e



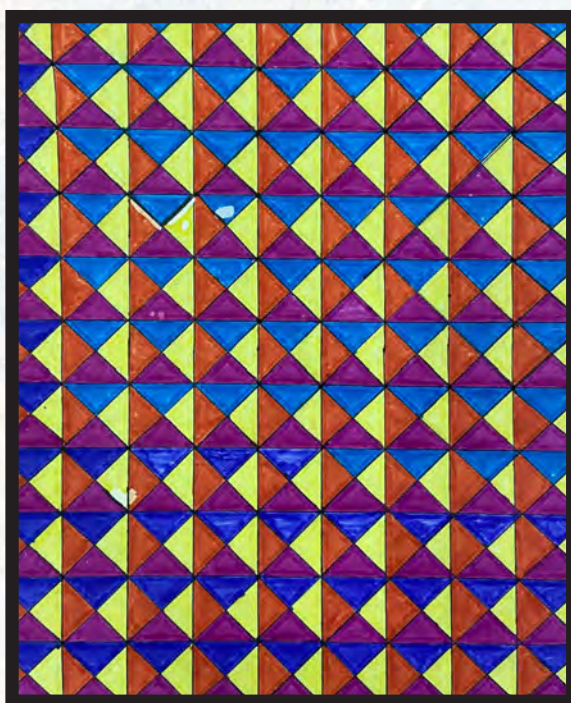
Zara Ahmed Raj | VII e



Muhammad Shahwar | VI a



Fatima Ali | VI a



Noor Bano Chaudhry | VI a



Muhammad Shehryar Saeed | VI b



Shareen Ibrahim | VI b



Maneha Umer Leghari | VI c



Syeda Haania Gardezi | VI c



Eshaal Hameed Cheema | VI d



Mehr Bandial | VI d



Aroush Usman | VI e



Eshal Mudassar | VI e



Fatima Ali | VI e

اگر میں وزیرِ تعلیم ہوتی!

اگر قسمت مجھ پر مہربان ہوتی اور میں وزیرِ تعلیم بن جاتی، تو تعلیم کے میدان میں انقلاب لے آتی۔ بس پھر کیا تھا، علم کے میدان میں گھوڑے دوڑا دیتی اور ایسی تعلیمی اصلاحات کراتی کہ دنیا عیشِ عش کر اٹھتی۔



آج کے تعلیمی نظام کی حالت تو ایسی ہے کہ بچے کتابوں کے بوجھ تلے دبے جا رہے ہیں، اور رٹے بازی نے ان کی تخلیقی صلاحیتوں پر تالے لگا دیے ہیں۔ اگر میں وزیرِ تعلیم ہوتی تو سب سے پہلے ان تمام بے تگے قوانین کو اٹھا کر دریائے سیاست میں بہا دیتی اور ایسا نظام متعارف کراتی کہ تعلیم بوجھ نہ لگتی بلکہ بچوں کے لیے دلچسپی کا باعث بنتی۔

سب سے پہلے میں نصاب پر چھری پھیرتی اور ان بھاری بھاری کتابوں کو ہلکا کر دیتی۔ آخر بچے پڑھنے آئے ہیں یا بوجھ اٹھانے؟ نصاب کو زندگی سے جوڑتی تاکہ بچے رٹے لگانے کے بجائے عملی طور پر سیکھ سکیں۔ تاریخ صرف سن اور نام رٹنے کا نام نہ ہوتا، بلکہ بچوں کو عملی طور پر تاریخی مقامات کی سیر کروائی جاتی تاکہ وہ براہِ راست سیکھ سکیں۔ ریاضی کے مشکل فارمولے صرف کتابوں تک محدود نہ رہتے بلکہ انہیں روزمرہ زندگی میں استعمال کرنے کا طریقہ سکھایا جاتا۔

اساتذہ وہ چراغ ہیں جو دوسروں کو روشنی دیتے ہیں، لیکن اگر یہی چراغ بجھے بجھے ہوں تو علم کی روشنی کیسے پھیلے گی؟ میں سب سے پہلے اساتذہ کی تنخواہوں میں اضافہ کرتی تاکہ وہ خوش دلی سے پڑھائیں، پھر ان کی تربیت کا خاص انتظام کرتی تاکہ وہ صرف کتابی کیڑے نہ ہوں بلکہ بچوں کے دوست بن کر انہیں سمجھا سکیں۔

اگر میں وزیرِ تعلیم ہوتی تو سب سے پہلے رٹے بازی پر پابندی لگاتی۔ امتحانات میں رٹے بازوں کی نہیں بلکہ ذہین اور تخلیقی سوچ رکھنے والوں کی جیت ہوتی۔ امتحانات صرف کتابی سوالات تک محدود نہ رہتے بلکہ عملی سرگرمیوں، منصوبوں اور پریزنٹیشنز پر مبنی ہوتے۔

پڑھو گے لکھو گے بنو گے نواب، کھیلو گے کودو گے ہو گے خراب ”جیسے فرسودہ خیالات کو جڑ سے اکھاڑ پھینکتی اور تعلیم میں کھیل اور تفریح کو لازمی قرار دیتی۔ ہر اسکول میں جدید لیبارٹریز، لائبریری اور کھیل کے میدان ہونے لازمی قرار دیتی تاکہ بچے جسمانی اور ذہنی طور پر صحت مند ہوں۔

اگر میں وزیرِ تعلیم ہوتی تو تعلیم کا نقشہ ہی بدل دیتی۔ بچوں کو کتابوں کے بوجھ سے آزاد کرتی، رٹے بازی کی جگہ تخلیقی صلاحیتوں کو فروغ دیتی اور اساتذہ کو وہ عزت و وقار دلاتی جس کے وہ حقدار ہیں۔ لیکن افسوس! میں وزیرِ تعلیم نہیں ہوں، اور نظامِ تعلیم ویسا ہی چل رہا ہے جیسا کہ سالوں سے چل رہا ہے۔ کاش کوئی میرے ان خوابوں کو حقیقت میں بدل سکتا!

رانیہ علی | اوتھری

امید

زندگی اور امید ساتھ ساتھ ہیں۔ جب تک انسان کی زندگی ہے۔ اسے امید رہتی ہے اور یہ امید ہی ایک ایسا سہارا ہے جو اس کو زندہ رہنے اور آگے بڑھنے کا حوصلہ دیتی ہے۔ میں نے اپنی اب تک کی زندگی اسی ایک امید کے سہارے گزاری ہے کیونکہ امید ہی ایک ایسی چیز ہے جو ہمیں زندگی میں مثبت رویے سکھاتی ہے۔ امید ہمیں مشکلات کا سامنا کرنے کا حوصلہ دیتی ہے۔ امید ہی ایک ایسی چیز ہے جو انسان کو تادم مرگ زندگی اور خوشی کا احساس دیتی ہے۔ اگر امید نہ ہو تو ایک ماں اپنے بچے کو کس طرح پال سکتی ہے؟



نہ ہی لوگ امید کے بارے میں مختلف رویے رکھتے ہیں۔ ان کی امید ان کا رب ہوتا ہے۔ زندگی میں اپنے مسائل کو حل کرنے کے لیے نہ صرف امید کا سہارا ہوتا ہے بلکہ اگر امید نہ ہو تو اس دنیا کا کوئی بھی کام نہیں ہو سکتا مثلاً رات کو سوتے ہوئے، صبح اٹھنے کی امید ہوتی ہے۔ نیا سال چڑھنے پر نئے مقاصد کے پورا ہونے کی امید ہوتی ہے۔ ہر رات سورج غروب ہونے پر اگلی صبح اس کے طلوع ہونے کی امید ہوتی ہے۔ یہ ایک امید ہی ہے جس کے سہارے زندگی گزارتے ہیں تو دوستو امید کا دامن تھامے چلو اور زندگی گزارتے چلو۔

سارہ شاہد - او ٹو ایس بی ون



پھولوں کی نمائش پر ایک جامع رپورٹ

پھولوں کی نمائش ایک رنگا رنگ اور خوشبوؤں سے بھری تقریب ہوتی ہے جس میں مختلف اقسام کے پھولوں کو پیش کیا جاتا ہے۔ اس کا مقصد نہ



صرف لوگوں کو قدرتی خوبصورتی سے روشناس کرانا ہوتا ہے بلکہ باغبانی کے شوقین افراد کو نئی اقسام کے پھولوں اور پودوں سے متعارف کرانا بھی ہوتا ہے۔

نمائش کی تفصیلات:

یہ نمائش لاہور میں منعقد کی گئی، جہاں مختلف اقسام کے پھولوں، پودوں، اور باغبانی کے آلات کی نمائش کی گئی۔ اس موقع پر ملک بھر سے ماہر باغبان، پھولوں کے شوقین افراد، اور

عوام کی بڑی تعداد نے شرکت کی۔

اس نمائش میں گلاب، گیندا، چنبیلی، آرکڈ، ٹیولپ، اور دیگر نایاب پھولوں کی نمائش کی گئی۔

بہترین باغبانی کے مظاہرے پر مختلف کیٹیگریز میں انعامات دیے گئے، جن میں سب سے خوبصورت گل دستہ، نایاب پھول، اور بہترین زمین کی تزئین کاری شامل تھے۔ باغبانی کے ماہرین نے پھولوں کی دیکھ بھال، کھاد کے استعمال، اور پودوں کی بیماریوں سے بچاؤ کے موضوعات پر سیشنز کا انعقاد کیا۔ مختلف نرسریوں اور باغبانی کے اداروں نے اپنے پودے، بیج، اور کھاد فروخت کے لیے پیش کیے، جس سے باغبانی کے شوقین افراد کو معیاری سامان خریدنے کا موقع ملا۔

عوام کو فطرت کے قریب لانے اور ان میں باغبانی کا شوق پیدا کرنے میں مدد ملی۔ مقامی نرسریوں اور پھولوں کے کاروبار کو فروغ ملا۔ نایاب اور خوبصورت پھولوں کو دیکھنے اور خریدنے کا موقع ملا۔

پھولوں کی یہ نمائش نہایت کامیاب رہی، جس میں عوام کی بڑی تعداد نے شرکت کی اور اس سے خوب لطف اندوز ہوئے۔ اس طرح کی تقریبات نہ صرف قدرتی حسن کی اہمیت کو اجاگر کرتی ہیں بلکہ باغبانی کے شعبے کی ترقی میں بھی معاون ثابت ہوتی ہیں۔ آئندہ بھی ایسی تقریبات کے انعقاد کی ضرورت ہے تاکہ فطرت سے محبت کا جذبہ مزید پروان چڑھ سکے۔

صالحہ صابر۔ اوٹوالیس بی ون



تلاش

آج میرے لئے بہت خوشی کا دن تھا۔ میں اپنی دوست اور اپنے چھوٹے بھائی کے ساتھ شہر میں لگنے والے اس موسم بہار کے میلے میں شرکت کر رہی تھی۔ میں اپنی دوست کے ساتھ گفتگو کر رہی تھی۔ جب مجھے خیال آیا کہ اسد جو میرے ساتھ کھڑا تھا اب وہ وہاں نہیں ہے۔ ہم لوگ قطار میں فرائیز خریدنے کے لیے انتظار کر رہے تھے۔ جیسے ہی مجھے احساس ہوا کہ اسد میرے ساتھ نہیں ہے میں پریشان ہو گئی۔ میری دوست نے کہا کہ تم کسے تلاش کر رہی ہو میں نے جواب دیا کہ اسد میرا چھوٹا بھائی ہیں کہیں تھا، میری دوست نے کہا آؤ ہم اسے تلاش کرتے ہیں۔



میں نے اپنے فرائیز وہیں پھینکے اور اسد کو تلاش کرنے اپنی دوست کے ساتھ نکل گئی۔ میرے بھائی کو بھی میلے میں آنے کا

کوئی شوق نہیں تھا لیکن میری امی نے کہا کہ اسے بھی ساتھ لے جاؤ۔ اب میں سوچ رہی تھی کہ کیسے امی کو بتاؤں گی کہ یہ مجھے اکیلا چھوڑ کر کہیں چلا گیا ہے۔ میں نے اپنے پرس کو ٹولا کہ اس میں سے پیسے نکالوں۔ لیکن میں یہ دیکھ کر آگ بگولا ہو گئی کہ میرا بھائی میرے پرس میں سے میرے

پیسوں کا بٹوالے کر بھاگ گیا ہے۔ مجھے پھر یاد آیا کہ وہ مجھ سے کوئی کتاب خریدنے کی ضد کر رہا تھا۔ میں بے تحاشہ بھاگتے ہوئے کتابوں کے سٹال پر گئی لیکن وہ مجھے وہاں بھی دکھائی نہ دیا۔ اچانک مجھے خیال آیا اور میں کتابوں کے سٹال کے پیچھے درخت کے پاس گئی اور خوشی سے میری چیخ نکل گئی کہ میرا بھائی وہاں بیٹھا کتاب پڑھ رہا تھا۔ میرے بھائی کو کتابیں پڑھنے کا بہت شوق تھا اور اسی لیے اس نے میرے پیسے نکال کر اس سے کتاب خرید لی اور اکیلا بیٹھا کتاب سے لطف اٹھا رہا تھا۔ جیسے ہی اس نے مجھے دیکھا مجھ سے نظریں چرائیں۔ لیکن میں نے اس کو پیار کیا اور بتایا کہ ایک اچھے مقصد کے لیے اس نے بہت اچھا قدم اٹھایا ہے اور ہم خوش خوشی گھر واپس چلے گئے۔

عائلہ زینب، او ٹو ایس بی ون

☆☆☆

کتاب میلہ، علم و ادب کا حسین جشن

کتابیں کسی بھی معاشرے کی فکری نشوونما میں بنیادی کردار ادا کرتی ہیں۔ کتابی میلے کا انعقاد اسی مقصد کے تحت کیا جاتا ہے تاکہ عوام میں مطالعے کا شوق پیدا ہو، علمی ورثے کو فروغ ملے اور قارئین کو جدید اور نایاب کتابوں تک رسائی حاصل ہو۔ کتابی میلے کسی تہوار سے کم نہیں ہوتے، جہاں ہر عمر اور ہر ذوق کے لوگ جمع ہوتے ہیں، علم و ادب کی محفلیں سجاتے ہیں، اور کتابوں کے رنگارنگ اسٹالز سے اپنی علمی پیاس کو بجھاتے ہیں۔



کتاب میلے میں مختلف پبلشرز، مصنفین، اور کتب فروش اپنی منفرد اور نایاب کتابوں کے ساتھ موجود تھیں۔ یہاں ہر قسم کی کتابیں دستیاب تھیں، جیسے:

ادب (ناول، شاعری، افسانے)، مذہبی کتب، سائنسی اور ٹیکنیکی کتابیں، تاریخ اور فلسفہ، بچوں کی کہانیاں اور تعلیمی کتابیں کتاب میلے کا سب سے دلچسپ پہلو مشہور مصنفین اور ادیبوں کی بات چیت کریں، اور اپنی پسندیدہ کتابوں پر آٹوگراف حاصل

کریں۔ اس کے علاوہ، کئی نئی کتابوں کی رونمائی بھی ہوئی جنہیں سننے اور جاننے کے لیے بڑی تعداد میں لوگ جمع تھے۔

کتابی میلوں میں مختلف موضوعات پر مباحثے اور سیمینارز بھی منعقد کیے گئے جیسے:

ادب کی موجودہ صورتحال، جدید دور میں مطالعے کی اہمیت، سوشل میڈیا اور کتاب بنی، نوجوانوں میں کتابوں کا رجحان۔ یہ سرگرمیاں قاری کو سوچنے، سوال کرنے اور سیکھنے کا موقع فراہم کر رہے تھے، جس سے ان کی علمی بصیرت میں اضافہ ہو رہا تھا۔

بچوں کو مطالعے کی طرف راغب کرنے کے لیے خصوصی اسٹالز اور سرگرمیوں کا بھی اہتمام کیا گیا، جیسے:

کہانی سنانے کے سیشنز، مزاحیہ کارٹون کریکٹرز، بچوں کے ادبی مقابلے، مصوری اور آرٹ ورک کے مقابلے

یہ تمام سرگرمیاں بچوں کے اندر تخلیقی صلاحیتیں اجاگر کرتی ہیں اور انہیں کتابوں کی دنیا میں دلچسپی لینے پر مجبور کرتی ہیں۔ کتابی میلوں سے عوام میں

مطالعے کا رجحان بڑھتا ہے، جس سے معاشرے میں علمی ترقی ہوتی ہے۔

یہ میلے مصنفین اور قارئین کو قریب لاتے ہیں، جس سے ادبی مکالمہ فروغ پاتا ہے۔ کتابی صنعت کی ترقی۔ پبلشرز، کتاب فروشوں اور لائبریریوں کو اپنی کتب کی تشہیر اور فروخت کا موقع ملتا ہے، جس سے کتابی صنعت ترقی کرتی ہے۔

آج کے ڈیجیٹل دور میں، جہاں سوشل میڈیا اور موبائل فون نے کتابوں کی جگہ لے لی ہے، ایسے میلوں کا انعقاد نوجوان نسل میں دوبارہ مطالعے کی عادت ڈالنے میں مددگار ثابت ہو سکتا ہے۔

کتابی میلے صرف کتابوں کی خرید و فروخت کا ذریعہ نہیں بلکہ علم، تہذیب، اور فکری ترقی کی علامت ہوتے ہیں۔ یہ ایک ایسا پلیٹ فارم ہے جہاں مختلف خیالات کے لوگ جمع ہوتے ہیں، مکالمہ کرتے ہیں، اور ادب کی خوشبو میں کھو جاتے ہیں۔ ہمیں چاہیے کہ ہم ان میلوں میں بھرپور شرکت کریں، کتابوں کو اپنی زندگی کا حصہ بنائیں، اور اس علمی ورثے کو آئندہ نسلوں تک پہنچائیں۔

"کتاب سے بہتر کوئی دوست نہیں، اور کتابی میلہ اس دوستی کو مزید مضبوط بنانے کا بہترین ذریعہ ہے!"

وانیہ احمد - او ٹو ایس بی ون



مثبت سوچ کا میا بی کی ضامن ہے

زندگی میں کامیابی اور خوشحالی کے لیے مثبت سوچ نہایت اہم کردار ادا کرتی ہے۔ مثبت سوچ ایک ذہنی کیفیت ہے جو انسان کو نہ صرف اپنی صلاحیتوں کا احساس دلاتی ہے بلکہ اسے اپنے مقاصد کے حصول کے لیے حوصلہ افزائی بھی فراہم کرتی ہے۔ جب ہم مثبت سوچ اپناتے ہیں تو ہماری ذہنی صحت بہتر ہوتی ہے، ہمارا اعتماد بڑھتا ہے اور ہم چیلنجوں کا مقابلہ کرنے کے لیے تیار رہتے ہیں۔ یہ مضمون مثبت سوچ کے فوائد، اس کی اہمیت، اور اسے اپنانے کے طریقوں پر تفصیل سے روشنی ڈالتا ہے۔

مثبت سوچ انسان کے ذہن کو پرسکون رکھتی ہے اور خود اعتمادی میں اضافہ کرتی ہے۔ جب ہم اپنے آپ کو کامیاب اور قوی تصور کرتے ہیں تو ذہنی دباؤ اور تناؤ کم ہو جاتا ہے۔ یہ رویہ ہمیں مسائل کے حل کے لیے تخلیقی اور عملی اقدامات کرنے کی ترغیب دیتا ہے۔

منفی خیالات کے باعث ہم چھوٹے سے مسئلے کو بھی بے قابو سمجھ بیٹھتے ہیں، جبکہ مثبت سوچ ہمیں چیلنجوں کا سامنا کرنے کا



حوصلہ دیتی ہے۔ یہ سوچ ہمیں یہ باور کراتی ہے کہ ہر مسئلے کا کوئی حل موجود ہے اور ہم اپنی محنت سے کامیابی حاصل کر سکتے ہیں۔

مثبت سوچ نہ صرف ہماری ذاتی زندگی بلکہ ہمارے سماجی تعلقات پر بھی مثبت اثر ڈالتی ہے۔ ایسے افراد اپنے آس پاس کے لوگوں کے ساتھ محبت

اور خلوص سے پیش آتے ہیں، جس سے رشتے مضبوط ہوتے ہیں اور ایک خوشگوار ماحول قائم ہوتا ہے۔

مثبت خیالات ڈپریشن، اضطراب اور تناؤ کو کم کرنے میں مدد دیتے ہیں۔ مثبت ذہنیت کے حامل افراد نہ صرف ذہنی سکون محسوس کرتے ہیں بلکہ جسمانی صحت میں بھی بہتری دیکھتے ہیں، کیونکہ ذہنی صحت کا براہ راست اثر جسمانی صحت پر پڑتا ہے۔ مثبت سوچ والے افراد اپنے کاموں میں بہتر کارکردگی کا مظاہرہ کرتے ہیں۔ وہ اپنے مقاصد کے حصول کے لیے منظم اور پُر عزم رہتے ہیں، جس سے ان کی پیشہ ورانہ اور تعلیمی کامیابی میں اضافہ ہوتا ہے۔

جب ذہن میں مثبت خیالات ہوتے ہیں تو انسان تخلیقی اور نئی راہیں تلاش کرنے میں زیادہ کامیاب ہوتا ہے۔ یہ مثبت ذہنیت نئے تجربات کو اپنانے اور اپنی صلاحیتوں کو بہتر بنانے میں مددگار ثابت ہوتی ہے۔ مثبت سوچ رکھنے والے افراد دوسروں کے ساتھ اچھے تعلقات قائم کرتے ہیں، کیونکہ وہ دوسروں کو سہارا دینے اور محبت بانٹنے کا جذبہ رکھتے ہیں۔ یہ رویہ نہ صرف فرد کی ذاتی زندگی بلکہ پورے معاشرے میں ہم آہنگی اور بھائی چارے کو فروغ دیتا ہے۔

ایسے لوگوں کے ساتھ وقت گزاریں جو مثبت سوچ رکھتے ہیں۔ ان کے خیالات اور رویے آپ کے لیے ایک رہنمائی کا ذریعہ بن سکتے ہیں اور آپ کو بھی مثبت طریقے سے سوچنے کی ترغیب دے سکتے ہیں۔ اپنے لیے واضح اہداف مقرر کریں اور ان کے حصول کے لیے منصوبہ بندی کریں۔ یہ عمل آپ کو یہ احساس دلاتا ہے کہ آپ اپنے مستقبل کو خود سنوار سکتے ہیں، جس سے آپ کا حوصلہ بلند ہوتا ہے۔

اپنے آپ کو روزانہ مثبت جملوں اور تصدیقات کے ذریعے یاد دلائیں کہ آپ قابلِ قدر ہیں اور آپ میں کامیابی حاصل کرنے کی صلاحیت موجود ہے۔ مثلاً "میں کامیاب ہوں گا"، "میں ہر چیلنج کا مقابلہ کر سکتا ہوں" جیسے جملے آپ کے ذہن کو مثبت رکھتے ہیں۔ اپنی معلومات اور مہارتوں میں اضافہ کرنے کے لیے مسلسل مطالعہ اور خود ترقی کی کوشش کریں۔ نیا علم آپ کے اعتماد میں اضافہ کرتا ہے اور آپ کو یہ یقین دلاتا ہے کہ آپ ہر مسئلے کا حل تلاش کر سکتے ہیں۔

مثبت سوچ نہ صرف کامیابی اور خوشحالی کی ضمانت ہے بلکہ یہ انسان کی ذاتی اور سماجی زندگی میں بھی بہتری کا باعث بنتی ہے۔ جب ہم اپنے ذہن میں مثبت خیالات کو جگہ دیتے ہیں تو ہم نہ صرف اپنے مسائل کو حل کرنے کے لیے بہتر فیصلے لیتے ہیں بلکہ ہم دوسروں کے ساتھ اپنے تعلقات کو بھی مضبوط کرتے ہیں۔ مثبت سوچ کا اثر ہماری ذہنی، جسمانی اور معاشرتی صحت پر گہرا ہوتا ہے، اور یہ ہمیں مستقبل کے چیلنجز کا مقابلہ کرنے کے لیے تیار کرتی ہے۔

آئیں، ہم سب مل کر منفی خیالات کو دور رکھیں اور مثبت سوچ کو اپنی زندگی کا حصہ بنائیں تاکہ ہماری کامیابی، خوشحالی اور امن کی فضا قائم ہو سکے۔ یاد رکھیں، ہر نیا دن ایک نیا موقع ہے، اور مثبت سوچ کے ذریعے ہم اپنے اندر کی طاقت کو پہچان کر اپنی زندگی میں حقیقی تبدیلی لاسکتے ہیں۔

عنایہ فرحان۔ او ٹو ایس بی ون



منفی سوچ سے مسائل بڑھتے ہیں

منفی سوچ وہ ذہنی کیفیت ہے جس میں انسان اپنے آس پاس کے حالات کو ہمیشہ منفی نظر سے دیکھتا ہے۔ یہ سوچ نہ صرف ہماری ذہنی و جسمانی صحت پر منفی اثر ڈالتی ہے بلکہ ہمارے تعلقات، کام کی کارکردگی اور مجموعی معیار زندگی کو بھی متاثر کرتی ہے۔ منفی سوچ کے باعث ہم اپنے مسائل کو بڑھا چڑھا کر دیکھنے لگتے ہیں اور اپنی صلاحیتوں پر شک کرنے لگتے ہیں، جس کا نتیجہ یہ نکلتا ہے کہ چھوٹے مسائل بھی بے قابو ہو جاتے ہیں۔

ایسی سوچ انسان کو اپنے آپ پر شک کرنے پر مجبور کرتی ہے۔ یہ سوچ اس بات کا باعث بنتی ہے کہ انسان اپنے آپ کو ناکام سمجھتا ہے اور کسی بھی



کام میں کامیابی حاصل کرنے سے روکتا ہے۔ اکثر منفی سوچ والے افراد اپنے ماضی کی ناکامیوں کو بار بار یاد کرتے ہیں، جس سے وہ مستقبل میں کسی بھی نئی کوشش سے ہچکچاتے ہیں۔

منفی خیالات کے باعث انسان میں خوف اور بے چینی پیدا ہو جاتی ہے۔ وہ اپنے مستقبل کے بارے میں بے یقینی محسوس کرتے ہیں، جس سے ان کا ذہن مستقل پریشانی میں مبتلا رہتا ہے۔ اس طرح کی سوچ ذہنی دباؤ، اضطراب اور ڈپریشن کا

باعث بنتی ہے۔ مسلسل منفی خیالات کی بنا پر انسان کے جسم میں ہارمونز کے توازن میں خرابی آسکتی ہے، جس سے جسمانی بیماریوں جیسے کہ بلند فشار خون، دل کی بیماریوں اور دیگر مسائل کا خطرہ بڑھ جاتا ہے۔

کبھی کبھی یہ سوچ انسان کے تعلقات میں بھی خلل پیدا کرتی ہے۔ جب کوئی شخص ہمیشہ منفی سوچتا ہے تو وہ اپنے دوستوں اور خاندان کے ساتھ منفی رویہ اپناتا ہے، جس سے رشتوں میں دراڑ پڑ جاتی ہے۔

منفی سوچ انسان کی فیصلہ سازی کی صلاحیت کو بھی متاثر کرتی ہے۔ ایسے افراد اکثر اپنے آپ کو ناکام سمجھتے ہیں اور نئی مشکلات کا سامنا کرنے سے پہلے ہی ہار مان لیتے ہیں، جس کی وجہ سے وہ اپنے کیریئر اور ذاتی ترقی میں پیچھے رہ جاتے ہیں۔

منفی سوچ کے پیچھے کئی عوامل کارفرما ہو سکتے ہیں۔

ایک منفی ماحول، جہاں لوگوں میں امید کی کمی ہو، انسان کو بھی منفی سوچ کی طرف مائل کرتا ہے۔ ماضی میں ہونے والی ناکامیاں اور تنقید بھی انسان کی سوچ پر منفی اثر ڈالتی ہیں، جس سے وہ مستقبل کے لیے بھی خوفزدہ رہتا ہے۔ معاشرے کی توقعات اور دباؤ انسان کی ذہنی حالت پر برا اثر ڈال سکتے ہیں، جس سے وہ ہمیشہ کمزور محسوس کرتا ہے۔

اپنے ذہن میں مثبت خیالات کو جگہ دینا سیکھیں۔ روزانہ مثبت عبارات اور حوصلہ افزا کہانیاں پڑھیں، جو آپ کو خود اعتمادی دیں۔ ہر دن کی شروعات اور اختتام میں ان چیزوں کا شکریہ ادا کریں جو آپ کے پاس ہیں۔ یہ عمل آپ کے ذہن کو مثبت توانائی فراہم کرتا ہے۔ مائنڈ فٹنیس کی مشقیں ذہنی سکون اور ارتکاز پیدا کرتی ہیں۔ یہ آپ کو اپنے منفی خیالات سے دور رہنے اور حال میں جینے کی ترغیب دیتی ہیں۔ واضح اہداف اور منصوبے بنائیں، تاکہ آپ کے پاس اپنی ترقی کا کوئی ٹھوس راستہ ہو۔ اس سے آپ کو یہ احساس ہوگا کہ آپ اپنے مستقبل پر قابو رکھتے ہیں۔

مثبت لوگوں کے ساتھ وقت گزاریں جو آپ کی حوصلہ افزائی کرتے ہوں۔ ان کے ساتھ بات چیت سے آپ کی منفی سوچ میں کمی آسکتی ہے۔ اگر منفی سوچ بہت زیادہ ہو اور آپ کی روزمرہ زندگی پر اثر ڈالنے لگے، تو ماہر نفسیات یا مشیر سے رابطہ کریں۔ وہ آپ کو منفی سوچ کو کم کرنے اور مثبت ذہنی رویہ اپنانے میں مدد کر سکتے ہیں

منفی سوچ کے باعث نہ صرف ہمارا ذہن اور جسم متاثر ہوتا ہے بلکہ ہمارے تعلقات، کیریئر اور مجموعی معیار زندگی بھی پست ہو جاتے ہیں۔ اس لیے ضروری ہے کہ ہم اپنے ذہن میں مثبت خیالات کو فروغ دیں، خود اعتمادی پیدا کریں اور اپنی زندگی میں تبدیلی کے لیے ٹھوس اقدامات کریں۔ یاد رکھیں کہ ہر نیا دن ایک نیا موقع ہے، اور مثبت سوچ کے ذریعے ہم اپنی زندگی کو بہتر بنا سکتے ہیں اور مسائل کو حل کر سکتے ہیں۔

منفی سوچ سے بچاؤ اور مثبت ذہنیت اپنانا ہماری زندگی میں کامیابی اور سکون کا باعث بنتا ہے۔ امید ہے کہ اس مضمون سے آپ کو منفی سوچ کو کم کرنے اور اپنی زندگی میں مثبت تبدیلیاں لانے میں مدد ملے گی۔

زایان ذیشان۔ او ٹو ایس بی ون



یادگار سفر

عالیہ ایک ایسی خاتون ہے جس نے امریکہ میں تعلیم حاصل کی اور اپنے دل میں ہمیشہ اپنے وطن پاکستان کی محبت بسائی۔ جب بھی وہ امریکہ سے پاکستان کا سفر کرتی ہے، اس کے دل میں بے شمار یادیں اور جذبات جگمگاتے ہیں۔ اس سفر میں نہ صرف اس نے اپنے وطن کی خوبصورتی دیکھی بلکہ اس نے اپنے ساتھ مختلف تجربات اور دلچسپ واقعات بھی سمیٹے، جو اس کی زندگی کے ایک اہم موڑ کی نشاندہی کرتے ہیں۔

جب عالیہ نے امریکہ سے پاکستان کی فلائٹ بک کی، تو اس کے دل میں پہلے سے ہی ایک خوشگوار امید اور وطن کی محبت تھی۔ امریکہ کی روشنیاں اور بڑی بڑی عمارات کے بیچ، وہ اپنے دل میں پاکستان کے گیت اور خوبصورتی کی یادیں تازہ کرتی رہی۔ امریکی شہر کی تیز رفتار زندگی اور وہاں کے منفرد تجربات کے بعد، اس کے لیے پاکستان کا سفر ایک سکون بخش اور روح کو تازگی دینے والا مرحلہ ہوتا ہے۔

فلائٹ میں عالیہ کو کئی بار ایسے مسافروں سے ملاقات ہوئی جنہوں نے بھی وطن کی یاد میں آنسوؤں کے ساتھ باتیں کیں۔ ایک بار اس کے سامنے ایک بزرگ مسافر بیٹھے تھے جن کی آنکھوں میں وطن کی محبت جھلکتی تھی۔ عالیہ نے ان کے ساتھ اپنی کہانیاں شیئر کیں اور معلوم ہوا کہ وہ بھی پاکستان کی



یاد میں بے تاب ہیں۔ فلائٹ کی لمبی نشستوں اور ناقص کھانے کے باوجود اس نے اپنے دل میں امید اور مثبت سوچ کو برقرار رکھا اور اپنی یادوں کو مضبوط کیا۔

جب عالیہ پاکستان اترتی ہے تو اس کے لیے سب سے پہلے اپنے گھر والوں کا انتظار اور وطن کی فضا کا لمس ہوتا ہے۔ اسلام آباد یا لالہ ہور کے ہوائی اڈے پر اترتے ہی اس کے دل کو ایک بے پناہ خوشی محسوس ہوتی ہے۔ اس کے لیے پاکستان کا موسم، لوگوں کی مہمان نوازی اور گھر کی گرم جوشی ایک نعمت سے کم نہیں ہوتی۔ وہ کہتی ہے کہ ہر بار پاکستان کا سفر اسے ایسے محسوس ہوتا ہے جیسے وہ دوبارہ پیدا ہو رہی ہو۔

ایک بار فلائٹ کے دوران ایک مسافر نے عالیہ سے مذاقاً پوچھا کہ آپ کیوں اتنی جلدی اپنے وطن واپس آرہی ہیں؟ عالیہ نے جواب دیا کہ وہ اپنے وطن کی مٹی کی خوشبو اور اپنے گھر کی یاد کو محسوس کرنے کے لیے آرہی ہیں۔ اسی دوران ایک مسافر نے بھی اپنی دلچسپ یادداشتیں کی کہ کیسے ایک بار فلائٹ میں اس کے پاس آنے والے بچوں نے پیچھے سے خوشی سے پاکستانی گانے گائے اور اپنی زبان میں پاکستان کے قصے سنائے۔ ان لمحوں نے عالیہ کے دل کو چھولیا اور اس نے محسوس کیا کہ دنیا کے سب سے حسین لمحات اپنے وطن کی یاد میں چھپے ہوتے ہیں۔

پاکستان پہنچ کر عالیہ نے اپنے گھر والوں کے ساتھ دوبارہ میل جول کیا۔ اس سفر کے دوران اس نے اپنے دوستوں اور عزیزوں سے مل کر ان یادوں کو تازہ کیا جو اس نے امریکہ میں بھی محسوس کی تھیں۔ پاکستان کے مختلف شہروں کی سیر، پاکستانی کھانوں کا ذائقہ اور مقامی ثقافت کا لمس اسے دوبارہ اپنی شناخت سے جوڑتا ہے۔ گھر پہنچ کر وہ اپنے بچپن کی یادیں، محفلوں میں گائے گئے نغمے اور پاکستانی زبان کی محبت کو محسوس کرتی ہے جو اسے دوبارہ اپنی جڑوں سے منسلک کرتی ہے۔

عالیہ کا امریکہ سے پاکستان کا سفر نہ صرف ایک جسمانی تبدیلی کا سفر ہے بلکہ یہ ایک روحانی اور جذباتی سفر بھی ہے۔ ہر بار جب وہ اس سفر پر جاتی ہے، اس کے دل میں وطن کی محبت، امید اور مثبت توانائی دوبالا ہو جاتی ہے۔ یہ سفر اسے یاد دلاتا ہے کہ مثبت سوچ اور اپنے وطن سے محبت کی طاقت کس قدر اہم ہے، اور یہی وہ تجربات ہیں جو اس کی زندگی کو کامیابی اور خوشحالی کی طرف لے جاتے ہیں۔

مصطفیٰ مقصود - او ٹو ایس بی ون



بول کہ لب آزاد ہیں تیرے

الفاظ کی طاقت وہ قوت ہے جو انسان کو ظلم کے خلاف کھڑا ہونے، اپنے جذبات کا اظہار کرنے اور حق و سچ کی راہ اپنانے کی ہمت دیتی ہے۔



"بول کہ لب آزاد ہیں تیرے" مشہور انقلابی شاعر فیض احمد فیض کی نظم کا ایک مصرعہ ہے جو آزادی اظہار اور انسانی حقوق کا پیغام دیتا ہے۔ یہ صرف ایک جملہ نہیں بلکہ ایک سوچ، ایک تحریک، اور ایک نظریہ ہے جو ہر اس انسان کو آواز دیتا ہے جو دبایا گیا ہو، ظلم سہہ رہا ہو یا سچ بولنے سے خوفزدہ ہو۔

آزاد اظہار کسی بھی معاشرے کی ترقی اور خوشحالی کے لیے نہایت ضروری ہے۔ جب انسان کو بولنے، سوچنے اور اپنی

رائے کے اظہار کی اجازت دی جاتی ہے تو وہ اپنی زندگی بہتر طریقے سے گزار سکتا ہے۔ آزاد معاشروں میں لوگوں کو اپنی رائے دینے، سچ بولنے اور اپنی حقوق کے لیے آواز بلند کرنے کا حق حاصل ہوتا ہے، جو کہ ایک مضبوط اور انصاف پسند معاشرے کی بنیاد بنتا ہے۔

تاریخ گواہ ہے کہ جب بھی کسی قوم کو دبانے کی کوشش کی گئی، آزادی اظہار پر قدغن لگائی گئی، تو وہ قوم کبھی نہ کبھی ضرور بیدار ہوئی اور اپنا حق چھین کر لیا۔ یہی پیغام فیض احمد فیض کی اس نظم میں بھی نظر آتا ہے کہ جب تک انسان بول سکتا ہے، وہ ظلم اور جبر کے خلاف لڑ سکتا ہے۔ اگر لب آزاد ہیں، تو زنجیریں ٹوٹ سکتی ہیں، اندھیرے چھٹ سکتے ہیں اور ایک بہتر مستقبل کی راہ ہموار ہو سکتی ہے۔

آج کے دور میں بھی یہ مصرعہ ہمیں بہت کچھ سکھاتا ہے۔ چاہے وہ میڈیا ہو، سیاست ہو، یا روزمرہ کی زندگی، جہاں بھی نا انصافی ہو، وہاں آواز اٹھانے کی ضرورت ہے۔ اگر لوگ سچ بولنے سے ڈریں گے تو ظلم بڑھے گا اور انصاف کا قتل عام ہوتا رہے گا۔ اس لیے ہر انسان کو اپنی آواز کا صحیح استعمال کرنا چاہیے، تاکہ سچائی کا بول بالا ہو۔

"بول کہ لب آزاد ہیں تیرے" صرف ایک مصرعہ نہیں بلکہ ایک پیغام ہے جو ہر انسان کو اپنے حقوق کے لیے کھڑا ہونے کی تلقین کرتا ہے۔ یہ ہمیں سکھاتا ہے کہ خاموشی ظلم کو بڑھا دیتی ہے، جبکہ سچائی اور حق کی آواز ہمیشہ زندہ رہتی ہے۔ لہذا، ہمیں اپنی آزادی اظہار کا حق نہ صرف خود استعمال کرنا چاہیے بلکہ دوسروں کو بھی اس حق سے محروم ہونے سے بچانا چاہیے۔ کیونکہ جب تک انسان بول سکتا ہے، وہ آزاد ہے!

آیان بابر - اوٹوالیس بی ون



میں اور بچپن

بچپن کے دن، وہ سہانے لمحے، خوابوں جیسے، رنگین لمحے
کھیل کے میدان، ہنسی کی بہار، دوستی کے نغمے، خوشیوں کی پھوار
مٹی کے گھروندے، بارش کی بوچھار، ننھے سے دل میں، تھی دنیا بے شمار
ماں کی لوری، نانی کی کہانیاں، چاندستاروں کی، حسین روانیاں
کتابوں سے بھاگنا، گلیوں میں دوڑنا، سائیکل پہ بیٹھ کر، ہوا میں جھولنا
وہ ضدیں، وہ شوق، وہ بیٹھے فسانے، نہ کوئی غم تھا، نہ تھے درد پرانے
اب وہ دن بس یادوں میں رہ گئے، وقت کے سفینے میں کہیں بہہ گئے
کاش پھر سے وہ لمحے آجائیں، بچپن کی دنیا میں ہم کھوجائیں

مجتبیٰ اطہر - اوٹوالیس بی ٹو



میری زندگی کا ناقابل فراموش دن

زندگی کئی رنگوں سے بنی ہے۔ کبھی خوشی کے جگمگاتے لمحے، تو کبھی غم کے سائے۔ مگر کچھ دن ایسے ہوتے ہیں جو ہمیشہ کے لیے دل پر نقش ہو جاتے ہیں، اور ان کی یادیں وقت کے ساتھ بھی مدھم نہیں ہوتیں۔ میرا ایسا ہی ایک دن جولائی کی ایک گرم شام تھی، جب میری دادی جان ہمیشہ کے لیے ہم سے جدا ہو گئیں۔

گر میوں کی چھٹیاں چل رہی تھیں، مگر ہمارے گھر میں خوشیوں کی جگہ ایک عجیب سی اداسی چھائی ہوئی تھی۔ دادی جان کی طبیعت دن بہ دن بگڑ رہی تھی، اور ایک دن ڈاکٹر نے والد صاحب کو خبر دی کہ انہیں کینسر ہو چکا ہے۔ یہ خبر کسی بجلی کی طرح ہمارے دلوں پر گری۔ دادی کی حالت بہت خراب تھی، وہ بہت کمزور ہو چکی تھیں، ان سے بولا بھی نہیں جاتا تھا۔

رات کے وقت ان کے پاس سونا مشکل تو تھا، مگر میں خود بھی چاہتی تھی کہ ان کے قریب رہوں۔ خاص طور پر جب نیند ان کی آنکھوں سے روٹھ چکی تھی۔ میں ان کے پلنگ کے پاس بیٹھ گئی، ان کا کمزور ہاتھ اپنے ہاتھ میں تھام لیا، آہستہ آہستہ سہلاتی رہی۔ نہ جانے کب مجھے نیند آگئی، اور میں وہیں ان کے قریب سو گئی۔



صبح آنکھ کھلی تو گھر میں ایک عجیب سی بیچنی تھی۔ امی کی لرزتی ہوئی آواز سنائی دی، 'دادی جواب نہیں دے رہیں!' یہ سنتے ہی میرا دل جیسے کسی انجانی گھبراہٹ میں ڈوبنے لگا۔ میں بار بار پکار رہی تھی، 'دادو! دادو! جواب دیں نا!' مگر کوئی جواب نہ آیا۔

والدین انہیں اسپتال لے گئے، مگر وہاں جا کر معلوم ہوا کہ وہ رات کی تاریکی میں ہم سب کو چھوڑ کر ہمیشہ کے لیے رخصت ہو چکی تھیں۔ یہ میری زندگی کا سب سے غمگین دن تھا۔ میری دادی نہ صرف میری بہترین دوست تھیں، بلکہ ہمارے خاندان کی بنیاد بھی تھیں۔ وہ ایک ایسی ہستی تھیں جو ہمیشہ مسکراتی رہتیں، سب کو جوڑ کر رکھتیں، بہترین مشورے دیتیں اور زندگی کے نشیب و فراز سے آگاہ کرتیں۔ میں ان کے ساتھ گھنٹوں بیٹھ کر باتیں کرتی، مگر پھر بھی جی نہ بھرتا۔ آج ان کے بغیر گھر خالی خالی لگتا ہے، جیسے اس کی رونق کہیں کھو گئی ہو۔

دادی جان کی یادیں آج بھی میرے دل کے نہاں خانوں میں جگمگا رہی ہیں۔ ان کی مسکراہٹ، ان کی باتیں، ان کا لمس سب کچھ میری روح میں بسا ہوا ہے۔ وہ چلی گئیں، مگر ان کی محبت اور دعائیں ہمیشہ میرے ساتھ رہیں گی۔

شہزادہ، اوٹو



درخت کی داستان: زندگی، خوشی اور انجام

زندگی کے نشیب و فراز سے کون بچ سکا ہے؟ ہر کسی کی زندگی میں اچھا اور برا وقت آتا ہے، اور بطور درخت، میرا سفر بھی کسی داستان سے کم نہ تھا۔ میری شناخت ایک چھوٹے سے بیج کی صورت میں ہوئی۔ جب مجھے زمین میں بویا گیا، تو یوں لگا جیسے میں کسی اندھیری قید میں چلا گیا ہوں۔ گھٹن سی محسوس ہوئی، جیسے روشنی اور آزادی مجھ سے چھین لی گئی ہو۔ لیکن قدرت کے اپنے اصول ہیں، ہر اندھیری رات کے بعد صبح ہوتی ہے۔ کچھ عرصے بعد، میں نے زمین کا سینہ چیر کر باہر جھانکا اور ایک نئی دنیا میرے سامنے تھی — سبزہ، ہریالی، کھلا آسمان، نرم ہوا، اور چمکتا سورج۔ یہ سب کچھ دیکھ کر میرا دل خوشی سے جھوم اٹھا۔

یہاں میری ملاقات میرے جیسے اور کئی ساتھی پودوں سے ہوئی۔ تنہائی کا احساس ختم ہوا، اور میں نے قدرت کی مہربانیوں کو محسوس کرنا شروع کر دیا۔ روزانہ سورج کی روشنی مجھے توانائی دیتی، بارش کے

قطرے میرے پیاسے وجود کو سیراب کرتے، اور ہوا کے نرم جھونکے مجھے سہلاتے۔ دن بدن میری جڑیں گہری ہوتی گئیں، شاخیں پھیلتی رہیں، اور میں ایک مضبوط اور تناور درخت کی شکل اختیار کر گیا۔ میرا سایہ مسافروں کو راحت دیتا، پرندے میری شاخوں پر گھونسلے بناتے، بچے میرے نیچے کھیلتے، اور میرے پھل انسانوں اور جانوروں کی بھوک



مٹاتے۔ میں نے ہمیشہ اپنے رب کا شکر ادا کیا کہ اس نے مجھے زندگی بخشی اور دوسروں کے لیے فائدہ مند بنایا۔ لیکن زندگی کا ایک کڑوا سچ یہ بھی ہے کہ ہر عروج کو زوال ہے۔“ وقت ایک سانہیں رہتا” — یہ بات مجھے تب سمجھ آئی جب اچانک ایک دن کچھ لوگ کلہاڑیاں اور آرے لے کر آئے۔ میرے ساتھ کئی اور درخت بھی تھے، سبھی سرسبز اور بھرپور زندگی سے لبریز، لیکن ہمیں معلوم نہ تھا کہ ہمارا وقت آن پہنچا ہے۔ بے دردی سے ہمیں کاٹنا شروع کر دیا گیا، جیسے ہماری کوئی اہمیت ہی نہ ہو۔ میں بے بسی کے عالم میں اپنی شاخوں کو لرزاتے دیکھ رہا تھا، پرندے خوفزدہ ہو کر اڑ گئے، اور میں زمین پر گر پڑا۔

یہ میری زندگی کا اختتام تھا۔ جہاں میں کبھی سایہ اور سکون فراہم کرتا تھا، وہاں اب کنکریٹ کی دیواریں اور بلند و بالا عمارتیں کھڑی ہو گئیں۔ میں حسرت سے دیکھتا رہ گیا کہ کس طرح قدرت کے حسین تحفے کو انسانوں نے اپنے مفاد کے لیے قربان کر دیا۔ مگر یہ بھی سچ ہے کہ انسان کئی چیزوں پر اختیار نہیں رکھتے۔ زندگی کا پہیہ ہمیشہ گھومتا رہتا ہے، اور“ وقت کسی کے لیے نہیں رکتا”۔ شاید کسی اور جگہ، کسی اور وقت، میرا کوئی بیج پھر سے پھوٹے اور میں ایک نئے درخت کی صورت میں دنیا کو پھر سے دیکھ سکوں۔

درخت کٹ جائیں گے تو سایہ کہاں ملے گا؟“ — یہ سوال ہر انسان کو خود سے کرنا چاہیے، کیونکہ درخت نہیں رہیں گے تو نہ زندگی کی تازگی رہے گی، نہ زمین کی زینت۔ اگر ہم قدرت کی قدر کریں گے، تو وہ بھی ہمیں اپنی نعمتوں سے نوازتی رہے گی۔

مشترکہ خاندانی نظام

عطا کر ہمارے ماں باپ کو عمر دراز اے اللہ

کہ ان کی دعاؤں کے بنا ہماری زندگی بہت ادھوری ہے

مشترکہ خاندانی نظام سے مراد ایسا خاندان جس، میں بہت سے خونی رشتے دادا، دادی، چچا، چچی، تایا، تائی ایک ہی گھر میں رہتے ہوں؟ مشترکہ خاندانی نظام ایک رحمت ہے فرض کریں آپ بیزار ہیں تو آپ کے کزن آپ کے ساتھ کھیل لیں گے۔ اللہ نہ کرے، کوئی حادثہ پیش آئے تو آپ کے تایا چچا وغیرہ آپ کا خیال رکھ سکتے ہیں، اگر آپ کے امی اور ابو گھر پر موجود نہیں تو دادا، دادی یا کوئی بڑا بزرگ بچوں کی دیکھ بھال کر سکتے



ہیں، وہ بچوں کو آداب سکھاتے ہیں۔ اچھی باتیں اور دین کے حوالے سے معلومات سکھاتے ہیں۔ بڑے کزن سے پڑھائی میں مدد حاصل کر سکتے ہیں، سارے ایک دسترخوان پر بیٹھ کر کھاتے ہیں۔ جس سے برکت ہوتی ہے انسان اکیلے پن کا شکار نہیں ہوتا۔ آپس میں بات چیت سے خود اعتمادی بڑھتی ہے۔ معاشرے میں اٹھنے بیٹھنے کی تمیز آجاتی ہے اور بچوں میں مقابلے کی لگن بڑھتی ہے۔

ہر چیز کے فوائد کے ساتھ ساتھ نقصانات بھی ہیں جیسے ایک ہی جگہ پر سارے رشتہ دار اگر رہتے ہوں تو جگہ کی کمی ہو جاتی ہے۔ ایک دوسرے کی پرائیویسی کا خیال نہیں رکھا جاتا۔ اگر کوئی بیمار ہے تو دو لمبے کا سکون نہیں ہوتا۔ ہر وقت بچوں اور بڑوں کے جھگڑوں کی وجہ سے گھر کا ماحول بے سکون رہتا ہے۔ ذہنی سکون حاصل کرنا تو نہایت دشوار امر ہو جاتا ہے۔ چھوٹی چھوٹی باتوں پر لڑائیاں ہو جاتی ہیں۔ اگر بڑا بھائی کامیاب ہے تو چھوٹا حسد کرنے لگتا ہے۔ اسلام میں عورتوں کو پردہ کرنے کے لیے کہا گیا ہے لیکن آپ مشترکہ خاندانی نظام میں پردہ نہیں کر سکتے۔

الغرض جہاں مشترکہ خاندانی نظام کے بہت سے فائدے ہیں وہاں اس کے مقابلے میں ہونے والے نقصانات کم ہیں یہی خونی رشتے ہیں۔ جو برے بھلے وقت میں ہمارے کام آتے ہیں۔ ہمیں چاہیے کہ ہم نقصانات کو چھوڑ کر فوائد پر غور کریں۔ جو بچے بڑوں کے سائے میں پروان چڑھتے ہیں وہ بہترین انسان بنتے ہیں۔

شانخیں اگر ہیں تو پتے بھی آئیں گے

یہ دن اگر برے ہیں تو اچھے بھی آئیں گے

نمبر: ۱۰۱ - او ٹو ایچ



چپ

زباں کی بندش، اوتار چپ ہیں
آنکھ بند ہے، نقوش مدہم
صفحات خالی، اخبار چپ ہیں
سکوت زنداں، آواز پنہاں
خاموش منظر، نگار چپ ہیں
صعوبتیں بھی، قیامتیں بھی
بے ہوش نغمہ، بازار چپ ہیں
اٹھانے والے، لاچار چپ ہیں
مرگئے کیا، سالار چپ ہیں
مثال تھے جو، بہادری کی
مرگئے کیا، سالار چپ ہیں

زھرہ نقوی۔ نہم ایس بی ون



استاد اور شاگرد

علم کا چراغ ہے، روشنی کا راز ہے،
شاگرد ہے پیاسا، سیکھنے کا شوق ہے،
استاد کی باتیں، حکمت کے نشان
شاگرد کا دل، اک کچی مٹی،
استاد کے الفاظ، علم کے ہار،
شاگرد کی منزل، استاد کی دعا،
محنت کی راہوں میں، استاد کی بات،
جہاں میں استاد کی عزت ہے سب سے بڑی،
اس کے بغیر ہر کامیابی ہے ادھوری۔
شاگرد کی عظمت، استاد کی پہچان،

ہادی ظفر۔ نہم ایس بی ون



ابتدا سے کہانی لکھنا

دو بجے تھے، لیکن ابوا بھی تک گھرواپس نہیں لوٹے تھے۔ ان کا فون بند تھا، جس کی وجہ سے گھر کے اندر ہر طرف خاموشی اور بچپنی کی فضا پھیلی ہوئی تھی۔ چھوٹا حسان بیڈروم کے دروازے پر بیٹھا تھا اور گھڑی کی ٹک ٹک اسے یہ کہہ رہی تھی کہ ہرگز رتا لمحہ ان کی غیر موجودگی کا زخم بڑھا رہا ہے۔ اُس کی ماں، سمیرا، کچن میں خاموشی سے بیٹھ کر چائے پیتے ہوئے دروازے کی جانب نظریں جمائے بیٹھی تھیں۔ دونوں کے چہرے پر فکر اور

پریشانی کی جھلک صاف نظر آرہی تھی کہ کہیں ابو کے ساتھ کچھ حادثہ نہ ہو گیا ہو۔

حسان نے اپنی چھوٹی چھوٹی انگلیوں سے دروازے پر ہاتھ پھیرا، جیسے یہ دعا کرتا ہو کہ کوئی قدم بتادے کہ ابو جلدی لوٹ آئیں گے۔ ہر بار جب دروازہ ہلتا تو دل تیز دھڑک اٹھتا، مگر دروازہ بند ہی رہا۔ وہ جانتا تھا کہ ابو ہمیشہ وقت پر گھر لوٹتے، لیکن آج کچھ تو غلط محسوس ہو رہا تھا۔



تھوڑی دیر بعد، سمیرا نے حسان کو نرم آواز میں بلایا، "بیٹا، تھوڑی دیر اور انتظار کر لو، شاید بس نہ ملی ہو۔" مگر اندر ہی اندر دونوں کی پریشانی بڑھتی جا رہی تھی۔ ہر کونے میں ان کا تصور ہوتا، مگر کوئی خبر نہ تھی۔

آہستہ آہستہ سناٹا گھر میں چھا گیا۔ چھوٹے حسان نے اپنی آنکھیں بند کیں اور سوچنے لگا کہ شاید اب کسی اہم کام میں پھنس گئے ہیں یا کوئی حادثہ پیش آ گیا ہے۔ اُس کے ذہن میں کئی سوال اٹھنے لگے: کیا وہ زخمی ہیں؟ کیا کوئی ناخوشگوار واقعہ پیش آیا؟ یا پھر وہ دیر سے گھر لوٹنے کا ارادہ کر کے نکل گئے ہیں؟

تھوڑی دیر بعد، دروازہ اچانک کھل گیا۔ سمیرا کے دل کی دھڑکن تیز ہو گئی۔ سامنے ایک عجیب منظر تھا: باہر تیز ہواؤں کے ساتھ بارش شروع ہو چکی تھی اور درختوں کی شاخیں زور سے ہل رہی تھیں۔ ابو، جورات کے اندھیرے میں دیر سے گھر آ رہے تھے، ان کا چہرہ تھکا تھکا اور آنکھوں میں پریشانی کے آثار تھے۔

سمیرا نے فوراً اُن کے قریب جا کر پوچھا، "ابو! آپ کہاں تھے؟ ہمیں بہت فکر ہوئی۔" ابو نے آہستہ آہستہ سانس لیتے ہوئے جواب دیا، "رستے میں ایک حادثہ ہو گیا تھا، مگر الحمد للہ میں ٹھیک ہوں۔ میرا فون بھی کچھ ٹیکنیکل خرابی کی وجہ سے بند ہو گیا تھا۔" حسان کی آنکھیں بھر آئیں، مگر جلد ہی اس کے حوصلے بلند ہو گئے کہ اُن کے ابو محفوظ واپس آ گئے ہیں۔ اس رات کی پریشانی نے اُن کے دلوں میں ایک نیا احساس جگایا کہ محبت اور فکر کتنی اہم ہوتی ہے۔ گھر میں پھر سے امن اور سکون کی فضا قائم ہو گئی، اور سب نے مل کر دعا کی کہ اللہ تعالیٰ ایسی کوئی پریشانی دوبارہ نہ ہونے دے۔

ذریعہ جمیل۔ نہم ایس اے



علامہ اقبال سے انٹرویو

مسلم دنیا کھوئی ہوئی عظمت کیسے واپس حاصل کر سکتی ہے؟

علامہ اقبال:

تو شاہین ہے، بسیرا کر پہاڑوں کی چٹانوں میں

نہیں تیرا نشین قصر سلطانی کے گنبد پر

مسلمانوں کو درپیش چیلنجز پر آپ کی کیا رائے ہے؟

علامہ اقبال:

راہ ہے، منزل نہیں ہے

گزر جا عقل سے آگے، کہ یہ نور

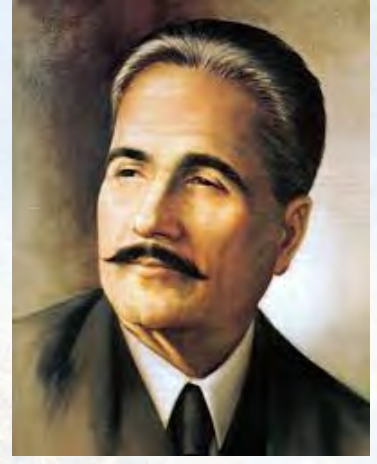
آپ کے نزدیک ایمان کی اصل روح کیا ہے؟

علامہ اقبال:

جہادِ زندگی میں یہ ہیں مردوں کی شمشیریں

یقین محکم، عمل پیہم، محبت فاتحِ عالم

مستقبل کے لیے کوئی پیغام جو آپ دینا چاہیں؟



علامہ اقبال:

ابھی عشق کے امتحان اور بھی ہیں

ستاروں سے آگے جہاں اور بھی ہیں

نوجوان: اقبال صاحب! آپ نوجوانوں کو بہت اہمیت دیتے ہیں، آپ کے نزدیک نوجوان کی کیا حیثیت ہے؟

اقبال:

خدا بندے سے خود پوچھے، بتا! تیری رضا کیا ہے؟

خودی کو کر بلند اتنا کہ ہر تقدیر سے پہلے

نوجوان: آج کا نوجوان بے سمتی کا شکار ہے، آپ اسے کیا پیغام دیں گے؟

اقبال:

ذرا نم ہو تو یہ مٹی بہت زرخیز ہے ساقی

نہیں ہے نا امید اقبال اپنی کشتِ ویراں سے

نوجوان: کامیابی کے لیے نوجوان کو کیا کرنا چاہیے؟

اقبال:

ستاروں پہ جو ڈالتے ہیں کمند

محبت مجھے اُن جوانوں سے ہے

نوجوان: آپ خودی اور غیرت پر بہت زور دیتے ہیں، اس کی کیا اہمیت ہے؟

اقبال:

جنہیں تُو نے بخشا ہے ذوقِ خدائی

یہ غازی، یہ تیرے پُر اسرار بندے

نوجوان: آپ کا خواب "شاہین" کی صورت میں نوجوانوں کے لیے کیوں ہے؟

اقبال:

تیرے سامنے آسماں اور بھی ہیں

تو شاہین ہے، پرواز ہے کام تیرا

بچہ: میں بڑا ہو کر کیا بنوں؟ کوئی نصیحت کریں؟

اقبال:

تو شاہیں ہے، بسیرا کر پہاڑوں کی چٹانوں میں

نہیں تیرا نشیمن قصر سلطانی کے گنبد پر

سوال: اقبال صاحب! اسلام میں سب سے اہم چیز کیا ہے؟

اقبال:

یہ جہاں چیز ہے کیا، لوح و قلم تیرے ہیں!

کی محمد سے وفا تو نے تو ہم تیرے ہیں

بہت شکر یہ

راحمہ کاشف۔ نم ایس بی ون

☆☆☆

ایک شام

رات کے سناٹے میں جب شہر کی گلیاں خاموش ہو گئیں، ایک چھوٹا سا کارخانہ بزم شہر کے کنارے پر آنکھیں جھپکتے ہوئے اپنے کام میں مصروف تھا۔ اس کارخانے میں صابن بنانے کا عمل شروع ہوا تھا، جو قدیم زمانے سے جاری ایک داستان کی مانند تھا۔



کارخانے کا مالک، جناب حامد، ایک ایسے عالم کیمیا تھے جنہوں نے اپنی محنت سے نہ صرف صابن کی ابتدا کی بلکہ اسے ایک نئے دور کی علامت بنا دیا تھا۔ وہ کہتے تھے کہ صابن صرف ایک صاف کرنے والا ذریعہ نہیں، بلکہ یہ انسان کو اس کی زندگی کی بے ترتیبی سے نکال کر نظم و ضبط کی جانب لے جانے کا ایک ذریعہ ہے۔

شام کا وقت تھا۔ سورج ڈھل رہا تھا اور آسمان سنہری اور سرخ

رنگوں سے روشن ہو رہا تھا۔ اس لمحے میں حامد نے اپنی گھنٹی بجائی اور کارخانے کے اندر کام روک دیا۔ کارکن تھک چکے تھے، مگر ان کی آنکھوں میں امید کی چمک باقی تھی کیونکہ وہ جانتے تھے کہ صابن کی نئی ایجاد ان کی زندگی میں انقلاب لانے والی ہے۔

حامد نے کارکنوں کو جمع کرتے ہوئے کہا، "دوستو، صابن نے ہماری زندگیوں میں صرف صفائی ہی نہیں بلکہ نیارنگ بھرا ہے۔ جیسے شام کا وقت ہمیں ایک پرسکون اور سکون بخش ماحول دیتا ہے، ویسے ہی یہ صابن ہمارے دلوں اور روجوں میں نیا حوصلہ پیدا کرے گا۔"

اس شام، جب شہر کی فضا میں ٹھنڈی ہوا چلنے لگی اور گلیوں میں روشنی کی کمی محسوس ہونے لگی، حامد نے اپنے تجربے کی کہانی شروع کی۔ وہ بتانے لگا کہ کس طرح قدیم مصریوں نے صابن کی پہلی بار ایجاد کی اور کس طرح یونان اور روم کے لوگ اس سے نہ صرف اپنے جسم کو صاف کرتے تھے بلکہ اس کے ذریعے ایک اخلاقی پیغام بھی حاصل کرتے تھے۔

کارخانے کے باہر، شام کی خاموشی میں بچے اپنی ہلیوں میں ہیلے رہے تھے، اور بزرگ صدیوں پر محیط داستاؤں کو یاد لے رہے تھے۔ ہر لونی اس بات سے متاثر تھا کہ کیسے ایک چھوٹے سے کارخانے کی محنت نے انسانیت کو ایک نیا ذریعہ فراہم کیا، جس نے نہ صرف جسمانی صفائی کو یقینی بنایا بلکہ سماجی اور اخلاقی اقدار کو بھی نکھارا۔

رات کا اندھیرا اور شام کی ٹھنڈی ہوا مل کر ایک منفرد منظر پیش کر رہی تھیں۔ جب حامد نے آخر میں کہا "آؤ ہم سب مل کر اس صابن کو صرف ایک کیمیائی مرکب نہ سمجھیں، بلکہ اسے اس امید کے زیور کے طور پر دیکھیں جو ہمیں ایک بہتر کل کی جانب لے جائے گا۔" اس کے الفاظ نے کارکنوں کے دلوں میں امید کی نئی کرن جگا دی اور وہ جان گئے کہ شام کی یہ خاموشی بھی ان کے مستقبل کی ترقی کا پیش خیمہ ہے

اختتامیہ: "صابن کی ابتدا اور شام" ایک ایسی کہانی ہے جو ہمیں یاد دلاتی ہے کہ زندگی میں ہر نئی ایجاد نہ صرف ایک عملی ضرورت ہوتی ہے بلکہ ایک فلسفیانہ اور اخلاقی پیغام بھی دیتی ہے۔ شام کے سکون اور صابن کے عمل کی محنت دونوں ہمیں اس بات کا احساس دلاتے ہیں کہ انسانیت میں تبدیلی کے لیے چھوٹے چھوٹے قدم بھی کتنے اہم ہوتے ہیں۔

نعمان بن صابر۔ ہم ایس اے

☆☆☆

دوستی

دوستی ہے روشنی کی ایک کرن،
سچے دوست کا جو ساتھ ہو،
خوشیوں میں جو ہنسے ہمارے ساتھ،
جو بنا مفاد کے پاس رہے،
دوستی وہ رشتہ ہے بے مثال،
یہ وہ خزانہ ہے جس کی کوئی قیمت نہیں،

زندگی میں جیسے کوئی خوبصورت دھن
ہر اندھیرا بھی چمکدار رات ہو۔
دکھ میں بھی دے ساتھ
وقت کے ہر امتحان میں ساتھ رہے
جس میں نہ دولت کا حساب، نہ دنیا کا خیال
سچی دوستی میں کوئی حد نہیں!

میاں زین جہانزیب علی۔ ہم ایس اے

☆☆☆

زمین سے انٹرویو

تعارف: اس انٹرویو میں زمین کو ایک شعوری شخصیت کے طور پر پیش کیا گیا ہے۔ اس انٹرویو میں زمین اپنی کہانی سناتی ہے، اپنی مشکلات بیان کرتی ہے، اور انسانوں سے اپیل کرتی ہے کہ وہ اپنی ذمہ داریوں کا احساس کریں اور اسے بچانے میں کردار ادا کریں۔



انٹرویو: "السلام علیکم زمین! آپ ہمیں بتائیں کہ آج آپ کی کیا حالت ہے؟
 زمین (جواب میں): "وعلیکم السلام۔ میری حالت افسوسناک ہے۔ کئی دہائیوں سے انسانوں نے میرے وسائل کا بے تحاشہ استحصال کیا ہے۔
 جنگلات کا کٹنا، پانی کی آلودگی، اور فضائی آلودگی نے میری قدرتی خوبصورتی کو دھندلا دیا ہے۔ میرے پہاڑوں اور دریاؤں پر بھی انسانوں کے
 بے دریغ استعمال کے آثار نظر آتے ہیں

انٹرویو: "آپ کے خیال میں انسانوں نے آپ کے ساتھ کیا غلطیاں کی ہیں؟
 زمین: "انسانوں نے اپنی لالچ اور خود غرضی کی خاطر میرے قدرتی توازن کو بگاڑ دیا ہے۔ انہوں نے زمین سے معدنیات نکال کر، جنگلات کو ختم
 کر کے، اور فوسل فیول کے استعمال سے نہ صرف اپنے لیے فائدہ اٹھایا ہے بلکہ میرے ماحول کو بھی شدید نقصان پہنچایا ہے۔ میری زرخیزی میں
 کمی آئی ہے اور قدرتی آفات بھی بڑھ گئیں ہیں۔"

انٹرویو: "مگر انسانوں میں کچھ ایسے بھی ہیں جو آپ کی حفاظت کے لیے جدوجہد کر رہے ہیں۔ آپ ان کے بارے میں کیا کہتی ہیں؟
 زمین: "جی ہاں، کچھ انسان ایسے بھی ہیں جو میری قدر کرتے ہیں اور ماحولیات کی حفاظت کے لیے بیداری پیدا کر رہے ہیں۔ یہ لوگ قابل
 تعریف ہیں، لیکن ان کی تعداد ابھی کم ہے۔ اگر مزید لوگ مل کر اپنی عادات میں تبدیلی لائیں، تو شاید میرے زخمی حصوں کو دوبارہ زندہ کیا جاسکے
 گا۔ مجھے امید ہے کہ تعلیم اور شعور کی روشنی پھیل جائے گی اور انسان اپنی ذمہ داری کو پہچانیں گے۔"

انٹرویو: "آپ اپنا مستقبل کیسا دیکھتی ہیں؟ کیا امید باقی ہے؟
 زمین: "میرا مستقبل اس بات پر منحصر ہے کہ انسان اپنی غلطیوں کا اعتراف کریں اور ماحولیات کی بحالی کے لیے ٹھوس اقدامات کریں۔ اگر دنیا
 بھر میں ماحول دوست پالیسیاں نافذ ہوں، اور ہر فرد اپنی روزمرہ زندگی میں قدرت کا خیال رکھے، تو میرے زخم بھر سکتے ہیں۔ میری امید یہ ہے
 کہ انسان اپنے محدود وسائل کو سمجھیں اور قدرتی توازن کو برقرار رکھنے کی کوشش کریں۔"

انٹرویو: "آخر میں، آپ انسانوں کو کیا پیغام دینا چاہیں گی؟
 زمین: "میرا پیغام یہ ہے کہ میری حفاظت آپ کی حفاظت ہے۔ آپ اگر اپنے ماحول کی دیکھ بھال کریں گے تو مستقبل میں صاف پانی، صاف
 ہوا اور سرسبز زمین آپ کا وارث بنیں گی۔ آئیں، مل کر اس زمین کو بچائیں، کیونکہ یہ ہمارا مشترکہ گھر ہے۔ یاد رکھیں کہ زمین کے زخمی ہونے سے
 انسان بھی زخمی ہوتے ہیں۔"

یہ تفصیلی انٹرویو زمین کی آواز کو بلند کرتا ہے، جو انسانوں کو نہ صرف ان کے ماحول سے متعلق چیلنجز سے آگاہ کرتا ہے بلکہ انہیں ذمہ داری کا احساس
 دلانے کی بھی کوشش کرتا ہے۔ اس تخلیقی گفتگو سے ہمیں یہ سبق ملتا ہے کہ اگر ہم اپنی زمین کا احترام اور حفاظت کریں، تو نہ صرف ہمارا ماحول بہتر
 ہوگا بلکہ ہماری اپنی زندگی بھی محفوظ ہوگی۔

المیرہ احسن۔ نهم ایس بی ون



ہار ماننا بزدلی ہے یا بہادری

انسان کی زندگی میں ہار اور جیت کا بہت اہم کردار ہوتا ہے۔ عام طور پر ہار مان لینا بزدلی ہی سمجھا جاتا ہے کہ انسان اگر محنت اور کوشش کریں تو ہر چیز کو ممکن بنا سکتا ہے۔ یہ کہنا غلط نہ ہوگا کہ ہار اور جیت انسان کے اپنے اختیار میں ہوتی ہے۔



جہاں تک اس بات کا تعلق ہے کہ ہار مان لینا بزدلی ہے یا بہادری تو اس بات کا انحصار حالات پر مبنی ہے۔ اگر انسان اپنے اندر بہتری اور تبدیلی لاتا ہے تو اسے اپنی بری عادات کو تسلیم کرنا ہوگا۔ جب ایک انسان اس بات کو مان لے گا کہ اس کے اندر خامیاں اور غلطیاں ہیں تو وہ بہتر طریقے سے ان

خامیوں پر کام کرے گا دراصل اپنی غلطی کو مان لینا اپنی انا کے آگے ہار مان لینے کے مترادف ہے۔ اور ایسی ہار کسی بہادری سے کم نہیں جو انسان کی بہتری میں معاون ہے۔

میرے خیال میں بہادری اور بزدلی، ہار اور جیت ایک ہی سکہ کے دو پہلو ہیں۔ ہر وقت لڑتے رہنا اور ہار نہ ماننا اس وقت بزدلی سمجھا جائے گا۔ جب آپ کسی غلط بات پر کسی دوسرے انسان سے الجھ پڑیں۔ کیونکہ یہ رویہ آپ کو اپنوں سے دور کر دے گا۔ لہذا کسی اپنے کو کھودینے سے بہتر ہے کہ انسان ہار مان لے اور ایسی ہار بہادری کی علامت ہے۔
بقول شاعر

بہت غرور تھا سورج کو اپنی شدت پر

سو ایک پل ہی سہی بادلوں سے ہار گیا

زھرہ علی نقوی۔ ہم ایس بی ون

لائبریری

لائبریری کیا ہے اور آپ وہاں کیا کرتے ہیں وہاں کس قسم کے لوگ آتے ہیں اور وہاں کا ماحول کیسا ہے؟

اور لائبریری ایک ایسی جگہ ہے جہاں آپ کتاب نہیں بلکہ کتابیں پڑھتے ہیں۔ تعلیم حاصل کرنے کے لیے لائبریری جانا ضروری ہے۔



لائبریری کے لیے اہم بات یہ ہے کہ اچھے مزاج کے ساتھ ساتھ اچھے لوگ بھی ملتے ہیں کیونکہ کچھ والدین اپنے بچوں کو اکیلے لائبریری بھیج سکتے ہیں اور ہم خوفزدہ ہیں اور اپنے بچوں کو باہر اکیلے بھیجنے میں خود کو محفوظ نہیں سمجھتے ہیں۔ لائبریری میں

خاص خاموشی ہوتی ہے تاکہ آپ کتابیں پڑھ سکیں اور سکون سے مطالعہ کر سکیں اور آپ کتابیں گھر لے جا کر مطالعہ کر سکتے ہیں۔ اطمینان سے کتابیں تھوڑی دیر یا ایک دو دن میں واپس کر سکتے ہیں۔

حسن حمد - ہشتم اے



میں نے اپنے اساتذہ سے سیکھا کہ -----

☆ بڑا انسان وہ ہے جس کی محفل میں کوئی خود کو چھوٹا نہ سمجھے۔

☆ اچھی کتابیں بہترین دوست ہیں۔

☆ والدین کی طرف محبت سے دیکھنا عبادت ہے۔

☆ دوست کو اُس کی دوستی سے نہیں اخلاق سے پہچانو۔

☆ اگر کچھ چھوڑنا چاہتے ہو تو بُری عادت چھوڑ دو۔

☆ اگر سیکھنا چاہتے ہو تو ادب سیکھو۔

☆ اگر سچے راستے پر چلنا چاہتے ہو تو حقیقت پر چلو۔

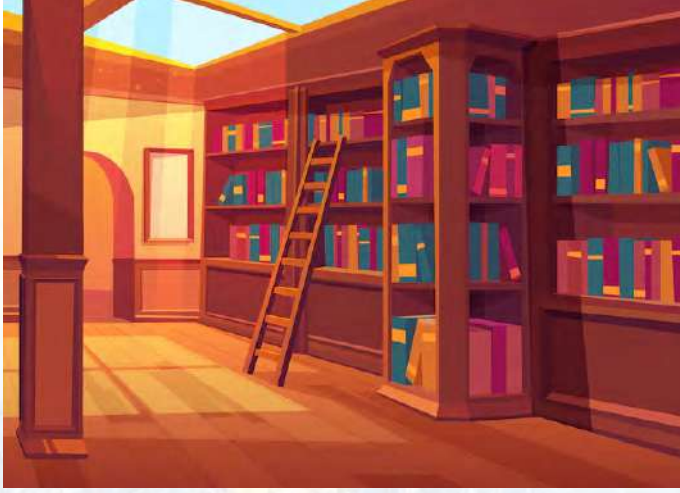
☆ اگر جینا چاہتے ہو تو دوسروں کے لیے جیو۔

☆ اگر پڑھنا چاہتے ہو تو نماز پڑھو۔

☆ اگر رہنا چاہتے ہو تو سادگی میں رہو۔

مہدی بخاری - ہشتم سی

لائبریری جایا کرو



لائبریری ایک بہت فائدہ مند جگہ ہے۔ یہاں کتابوں کی ذریعے علم حاصل کیا جاتا ہے۔ لائبریری کا وجود زمانہ قدیم سے ہے۔

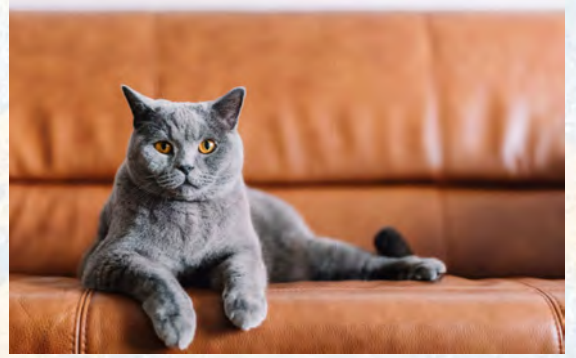
لائبریری کے بہت سے اور فوائد بھی ہیں، جیسا کہ لائبریری جانے سے اور وہاں مطالعہ کرنے سے دماغ تیز ہوتا ہے۔ اس کے علاوہ لائبریری ایک پرسکون جگہ ہے جہاں ہم روزمرہ کے شور شرابے سے بچ کر سکون لے سکتے ہیں۔ کتاب پڑھنے والا کبھی اکیلا نہیں ہوتا۔

لائبریری میں بہت سے مضامین پر کتابیں ہوتی ہیں اردو، انگریزی، تاریخ، سیاست اور معاشرتی علوم کی بھی کتابیں ہوتی ہیں۔ میرے خیال میں لائبریری جانا بہت ضروری ہے کیوں کہ ہمیں علم حاصل کرنے کیلئے ہر ممکن کوشش کرنی چاہیے اور لائبریری میں تو علم ہی علم ہے حوریہ تو قیرانا۔ ہشتم اے



میرا بلا

میرا بلا سرمئی رنگ کا ہے اور بہت شرارتی ہے۔ وہ کبھی بھی آرام سے نہیں بیٹھتا اور ہر وقت کچھ نہ کچھ کرتا رہتا ہے۔ رات بھر اچھل کود میں لگا رہتا ہے اور فرش پر چپل اور جوتے بکھیر دیتا ہے۔ کبھی کھلونا پکڑ کر کھیلتا ہے تو کبھی گیند کے پیچھے دوڑتا ہے۔ گھر میں سب کو تنگ کرتا ہے اور کبھی بالکنی میں چھپ کر سب کو دیکھتا ہے۔ یہ میرا بلا ہے، بہت پیارا اور سب سے نرالا۔



عائشہ سہیل۔ ہشتم بی



میری پہچان

میرے لفظوں میں بات یقین کی	میرے لفظوں میں چمک امید کی
میرے لفظوں میں چمک امید کی	میرے لفظوں میں چمک امید کی
میرے لفظوں میں چمک امید کی	میرے لفظوں میں چمک امید کی

میں ہوں دریا، میں ہوں ساگر
 چاہے آئیں راہیں دشوار
 جو سوچوں، وہ کر کے دکھاؤں
 مشکلوں کو میں ہنس کے سہوں
 گربھی میں گربھی جاؤں
 کتابوں میں، لفظوں میں، خوابوں میں
 جو بھی چاہوں، جو بھی سوچوں
 دنیا کہے گی، دنیا دیکھے گی

میرے حوصلے کی نہیں کوئی حد
 میں نہ رکوں، میں نہ ہار مانوں
 اپنے رنگوں سے دنیا سجاؤں
 ہر اندھیرے میں دیپ جلاؤں
 پھر بھی خود کو سنبھال پاؤں
 میں اپنی پہچان رکھتی ہوں
 اسے حقیقت میں ڈھال سکتی ہوں
 اک دن میں ہی مثال بنوں گی

ارتج ذیشان - ہشتم بی

☆☆☆

عورت کی طاقت

عورت ہے اک طاقت کا روپ، جو چپ ہے، پھر بھی گہرا شور ہے
 دیکھو، یہ لڑی ہے ہر جنگ میں، ہر دکھ کے بعد نئی اُمید کا نور ہے
 تھامے ہوئے ہیں ہاتھوں میں، سپنے اور خوابوں کا وزن
 بہت کچھ کھو کر بھی، اسے رہنا ہے اپنی تقدیر کے ساتھ
 خوابوں کی تکمیل کے سفر میں، دکھوں کا سفر، سفر دراز
 اس کی ہمت کو سلام ہے، ہر خوف کو وہ کر دیتی ہے خیر باد
 ہر قدم پہ وہ اُٹھے، اس کی عزت اور طاقت ہے بے شمار
 یہ وہ عورت ہے جو کھڑی ہے، پہاڑوں کے سامنے
 دشمن ہو یا مشکلیں، اس کا ارادہ ہے اٹل اور مضبوط ہے
 غم کے آنے سیبہ نہ کمزور ہے، نہ ہارنے والی ہے
 ہر درد کے بعد، یہ اور بھی جیتنے والی ہے
 یہ عورت ہے، طاقت کا جیتا جاگتا نشان ہے
 جو دکھوں میں بھی چمکے، اپنی روشنی کی پہچان ہے

الیانہ مری - ہشتم بی

☆☆☆

امن سے ہی سکون ملتا ہے اے نرم دل تجھے ڈرنے کی ضرورت نہیں ہے۔ بارش کے بعد کی جو خاموشی ہے وہ نرم ہوا کا جھونکا ہے جو درد کو دور کرتا ہے۔ امن محبت ہے، پر امن اور روشن، ایک ایسی دنیا ہے جہاں غلط حق میں بدل جاتا ہے۔ یہ مسکراہٹوں میں ہے، ہوا میں ہے، جب ہم سب کی پرواہ کرتے ہیں تو سکون ملتا ہے۔

علینہ۔ ہشتم سی

☆☆☆

وہی میرا خدا

جس نے سورج سے دن بنایا	وہی ہے میرا خدا
جس نے ستاروں کو ٹمٹاتا بنایا	چاند کو جس نے چمکنا سیکھایا
وہی ہے میرا خدا	وہ کون ہے؟
جنگلوں میں حیوانوں کو رہنا سیکھایا	پہاڑوں کو جس نے اونچا بنایا
پھر دریاؤں کو جس نے سمندر بنایا	ندیوں اور چشموں سے جس نے دریا بہایا
وہی ہے میرا خدا	وہ کون ہے
تتلی کو جس نے اڑنا سیکھایا	رنگ برنگے پھولوں کا باغ بنایا
جس نے ان کو بچنا سیکھایا	شبیم کے موتی کی پھولوں پے رکھ کے
وہی ہے میرا خدا	وہ کون ہے؟
رسدرا اور بیٹھا پھل بنایا	کھانے کو ہمیں سونعتیں دیں
پینے کو دودھ اور پانی بنایا	صحت کے ان میں ہی ہیں خزانے
یہ دنیا جہاں، زمیں و آسمان بنایا	بس اک لفظ "کن" کہہ کے جس نے
وہی ہے میرا خدا	وہ کون ہے؟
وہی ہے میرا خدا	وہ کون ہے؟
مجھ کو ہے جس نے معارج بنایا	وہ ہے دو جہانوں کا مالک اور آقا
یہ دنیا جہاں، زمیں و آسمان بنایا	بس اک لفظ "کن" کہہ کے جس نے
وہی ہے میرا خدا	وہ کون ہے؟

معارج رضوان۔ ہشتم سی

☆☆☆

کیا تو نے رب کو دیکھا ہے

کیا تم نے رب کو دیکھا ہے؟
میں نے رب کو دیکھا تو نہیں
میرے پیارے نبی (صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم) پے لاکھوں درود و سلام
کچھ عالم اور معلم ہیں
وہ رب کے نور کی ہیں اک جھلک
ہاں ان علم کے بانٹنے والوں سے
میں نے رب کو دیکھا تو نہیں
ماں کے پیار کی گرمی میں
باپ کے ہنستے چہرے میں
ہر شے، ہر جذبے اور منظر میں
ہر سو ہر جا رب دکھتا ہے
پر جانتی ہوں
ہر سو ہر جا وہ دکھتا ہے

کیا تم نے رب کو دیکھا ہے؟
یار بس انجانا ہے؟
پر جانتی ہوں وہ کیسے ہیں
وہ رب کے نور کے جیسے ہیں
جو علم کی روشنی بانٹتے ہیں
جو مالک لوح و قلم اور فلک
میں نے اللہ کو جانا ہے
پر رب نہیں انجانا ہے
کھلتے پھولوں کی نرمی میں
بادل، برسات اور کہرے میں
جو کچھ ملتا یا بکتا ہے
ہاں، میں نے رب کو دیکھا نہیں
وہ واحد ہے، وہ یکتا ہے

معارج رضوان۔ ہشتم سی



میرا امریکہ کا یادگار سفر

میرا نام محمد ہے سردیوں کی چھٹیوں میں میں امریکہ میں اپنی نانی کے گھر گیا۔ امریکہ کا موسم بہت سرد تھا اور ہر روز برف باری ہوتی تھی۔ مجھے اپنے



کزنز کے ساتھ کھینے میں بہت مزہ آیا۔ میں نے فلوریڈا میں
ڈزنی ورلڈ کا دورہ کیا، جہاں میں نے ڈزنی کے تمام کرداروں
سے ملاقات کی اور ان کے لائیو شو میں شرکت کی۔ فلوریڈا کا
موسم بہت خوشگوار تھا کہ ہم نے سارا دن دھوپ میں چہل قدمی
میں گزارا۔ پھر ہم نے نیویارک جانے کا فیصلہ کیا جہاں انتہائی
سردی تھی۔ ہم نے ٹائم اسکوائر کا دورہ کیا جو بہت مصروف اور

مسحور کن تھا۔ ہم نے ایک میوزیم کا بھی دورہ کیا جہاں پرانے ہوائی جہاز تھے جو جنگوں میں استعمال ہوتے تھے۔ اس کے بعد میں واپس اپنی نانی کے گھر گیا جہاں میں نے نانی اور اپنے کزنز کو اپنے یادگار سفر کی تصویریں دکھائیں۔ میری رائے میں ہر ایک کو زندگی میں امریکہ ضرور جانا چاہیے۔

محمد علی نقوی - ہشتم سی

☆☆☆

ماں



ماں جیسا کوئی انسان نہیں ہے
 ماں جیسا یا کوئی نہیں بن سکتا
 ماں کی اداسی کوئی نہیں دیکھ سکتا
 ماں کی یاد ہر وقت آتی ہے
 ماں کا غصہ ان کا پیار ہوتا ہے
 ماں جیسی دعائیں کوئی نہیں دے سکتا
 ماں جیسا خیال کوئی نہیں رکھ سکتا
 ماں ہر پریشانی کو سکون میں بدلتی ہیں
 ماں جیسا کوئی انسان نہیں ہے

ہبہ حارث - ہشتم سی

☆☆☆

میری پیاری ماں

ماں کے قدموں میں جنت ہے
 تیری دعاؤں کا اثر ہے
 تیری محبت کا سایہ ہے
 تو ہی میری طاقت ہے
 رات کی چاندنی، دن کی روشنی
 تیری مسکراہٹ میں چمک ہے
 ماں، تیری گود میں سکون ہے
 پیار کی جو روشنی دیتی ہے
 زندگی کو خوشبو دیتی ہے
 ہر غم کو دور بھگاتا ہے
 پہلا لفظ جو سکھاتا ہے
 تو میری دنیا، تو میری خوشی
 میرے دل کی سب سے پیاری ہے
 تو ہی میری زندگی کا فخر ہے

تیری خاطر جیتوں، تیری خاطر آگے بڑھوں میری دعا میں ہمیشہ تیرے ساتھ رہیں
محمد عمر چشتی - ہشتم سی

☆☆☆

آج کل کی ٹریفک

پاکستان میں ٹریفک کا نظام بہت خراب ہے۔ سڑکوں پر بہت زیادہ رش ہوتا ہے، اور لوگ ٹریفک کے قوانین پر عمل نہیں کرتے۔ بعض لوگ سگنل توڑتے ہیں، غلط سمت میں گاڑی چلاتے ہیں اور تیز رفتاری کی وجہ سے حادثات کا سبب بنتے ہیں۔ ان مسائل کی وجہ سے روزانہ کئی لوگ زخمی ہوتے ہیں یا اپنی جان سے ہاتھ دھو بیٹھتے ہیں۔ اگر ہر کوئی ٹریفک کے اصولوں پر عمل کرے تو سڑکوں پر حادثے کم ہو سکتے ہیں۔ حکومت کو چاہیے کہ سڑکوں کو بہتر بنائے، ٹریفک پولیس کی تعداد بڑھائے اور عوام کو ٹریفک قوانین کی اہمیت سمجھائے۔ اس کے علاوہ، زیادہ سے زیادہ جگہوں پر ٹریفک سگنل اور کیمرے لگانے چاہئیں تاکہ لوگ قوانین کی خلاف ورزی نہ کریں۔



اس کے علاوہ، عوام کو بھی اپنی ذمہ داری نبھانی چاہیے۔ سب کو چاہیے کہ وہ سگنل پر رکیں، اپنی گاڑی یا موٹر سائیکل صحیح لائن میں چلائیں اور پیدل چلنے والوں کا خیال رکھیں۔ والدین کو اپنے بچوں کو شروع سے ہی ٹریفک کے اصول سکھانے چاہئیں تاکہ وہ بڑے ہو کر اچھے شہری بن سکیں۔ اگر کوئی قانون توڑے

تو اس پر سخت جرمانہ لگایا جائے تاکہ وہ دوبارہ غلطی نہ کرے۔ پبلک ٹرانسپورٹ کو بھی بہتر بنایا جائے تاکہ لوگ اپنی گاڑیاں کم استعمال کریں اور سڑکوں پر رش کم ہو۔ اگر ہم سب مل کر محنت کریں اور اپنی ذمہ داری سمجھیں تو پاکستان کا ٹریفک نظام بہتر ہو سکتا ہے، اور سڑکوں پر سفر کرنا زیادہ محفوظ اور آسان ہو جائے گا۔

مصطفیٰ فرحان - ہشتم سی

☆☆☆

ویڈیو گیمز

ویڈیو گیمز آج کل بہت مشہور ہیں اور زیادہ تر بچے انہیں کھیلنا پسند کرتے ہیں۔ گیمز کھیلنا تفریح کا اچھا طریقہ ہو سکتا ہے، مگر اگر ہم بہت زیادہ کھیلنے لگیں تو یہ ہماری زندگی کو خراب کر سکتے ہیں۔ ویڈیو گیمز میں کچھ ایسے مواد ہوتے ہیں جو اچھے نہیں ہوتے، جیسے کہ تشدد یا غلط رویے، جو بچوں کو برا اثر دے سکتے ہیں اور انہیں حقیقت



سے دور کر سکتے ہیں۔

اگر ہم زیادہ وقت ویڈیو گیمز کھیلنے میں گزاریں تو ہمارے اسکول کے کام اور دوستوں کے ساتھ وقت گزارنے میں کمی آسکتی ہے۔ اس کے علاوہ، زیادہ کھیلنے سے ہم افسردہ بھی ہو سکتے ہیں اور ہماری صحت بھی متاثر ہو سکتی ہے۔ اس لیے ہمیں ویڈیو گیمز کھیلنے کے وقت یہ دھیان رکھنا چاہیے کہ ہم انہیں صرف تفریح کے طور پر استعمال کریں اور زندگی کے دوسرے کاموں کو بھی اہمیت دیں۔

ارحم مصطفیٰ - ہشتم سی



آلودگی ایک سنگین مسئلہ



آج کی دنیا بے شمار مسائل کا شکار ہے، لیکن ان میں سے ایک سب سے سنگین اور خطرناک مسئلہ آلودگی ہے۔ آلودگی نہ صرف انسانی زندگی کے لیے بلکہ پوری زمین کے لیے ایک بڑا خطرہ بن چکی ہے۔ یہ ماحول کو تباہ کر رہی ہے، صحت کو نقصان پہنچا رہی ہے اور فطرت کے حسن کو ماند کر رہی ہے۔ اگر ہم نے اس مسئلے کو حل کرنے کے لیے سنجیدہ اقدامات نہ کیے، تو آنے والی نسلوں کو اس کے بھیانک نتائج بھگتنا ہوں گے۔

آلودگی کی اقسام

آلودگی کی کئی اقسام ہیں۔

فضائی آلودگی

فیکٹریوں سے نکلنے والی دھواں، گاڑیوں کی آلودگی، جنگلات کی کٹائی اور ایندھن کے بے دریغ استعمال نے فضا کو زہریلا بنا دیا ہے۔ اس کے نتیجے میں لوگ سانس کی بیماریوں، دمہ اور دیگر مہلک بیماریوں کا شکار ہو رہے ہیں۔

آبی آلودگی

صنعتی فضلہ، کیمیکل، گندہ پانی اور پلاسٹک کی آلودگی نے دریاؤں، سمندروں اور جھیلوں کو آلودہ کر دیا ہے۔ اسکی وجہ سے آبی حیات متاثر ہو رہی ہے اور پینے کا صاف پانی نایاب ہوتا جا رہا ہے۔

زمینی آلودگی

پلاسٹک، کیمیکل، اور دیگر غیر تحلیل شدہ مواد زمین کی زرخیزی کو کم کر رہے ہیں، جس سے زراعت پر برا اثر پڑ رہا ہے اور خوراک کی پیداوار کم ہو رہی ہے۔

شور کی آلودگی

گاڑیوں کے ہارن، کارخانوں کا شور، تیز موسیقی اور دیگر ذرائع سے پیدا ہونے والا شور انسانی ذہنی صحت پر منفی اثر ڈال رہا ہے، جس سے لوگ چڑچڑے پن، نیند کی کمی اور دیگر ذہنی مسائل کا شکار ہو رہے ہیں۔

ایان علی - ہشتم سی



فٹ بال میچ

میں نے اور میرے بھائی نے کل ایک بہت اچھا فٹ بال میچ دیکھا۔ دونوں ٹیمیں انتہائی محنت اور جوش سے کھیل رہی تھیں۔ ہر لمحہ دلچسپی سے بھرپور تھا۔ کھلاڑی ایک دوسرے کے ساتھ بہترین تعاون کر رہے تھے، اور میچ دیکھنے والے لوگ ہر گول پر خوشی سے جھوم اٹھتے تھے۔ میچ کا ماحول جوش و خروش سے بھرا تھا۔ میچ کی رفتار بہت تیز تھی اور دونوں ٹیمیں ہر موقع پر ایک دوسرے کو چیلنج کر رہی تھیں۔ ہر حملہ اور دفاع پر تماشائیوں کی



آوازیں بلند ہو رہی تھیں۔ آخر کار ایک ٹیم نے بہت زبردست کھیلا اور فتح حاصل کر لی ان کا جوش دیکھ کر میرے اندر بھی کھیلنے کی لگن پیدا ہو گئی۔

رافع فاروق - ہشتم ڈی



یہ ہے لرننگ الائنس، جہاں خواب سجتے ہیں

تعلیم کے موتی دل میں اترتے ہیں
زندگی کا ہر سبق یہاں پر ملتا ہے
ان کی محنت ہے سب سے بہترین
دوستوں کے سنگ چلتے ہیں قدم بہ قدم
یہی ہے میرے اسکول کا خواب

ہر صبح کا آغاز دعا سے ہوتا ہے
استاد کا علم، روشنی کی مانند ہے
کھیل کے میدان میں خوشی کے رنگ
کتابیں، کہانیاں، اور سوال جواب

محمد عبداللہ سعید - ہشتم ڈی



محنت کی راہ

محنت کی راہ پر ہم چلیں گے
ہمت سے اپنے خوابوں کو پائیں گے
رات دن کی تھکاوٹ ہمیں نہ روکے گی
ہمت کا سورج ہمیں جگائے گا
ہر کامیابی کے پیچھے ہے محنت کا رنگ
جو بھی چاہو گے، وہ تمہیں مل جائے گا
دوسروں کی باتوں کا اثر نہ لو
صرف اپنے خوابوں کو سچ کرو

رائع فاروق - ہشتم ڈی



ماں کا پیار

ماں ایک ایسی شخصیت ہے جس کی محبت، قربانی، اور خلوص کی کوئی حد نہیں ہوتی۔ ماں کا رشتہ دنیا کے سب سے خوبصورت اور بے مثال رشتوں میں سے ایک ہے، جو خالص جذبے اور سچے احساسات پر مبنی ہوتا ہے۔ جب بچہ دنیا میں آتا ہے، تو ماں کی پوری دنیا اس بچے کے گرد گھومنے لگتی ہے۔



وہ اپنی نیند، آرام، اور خواہشات کو اپنے بچے کی خوشیوں اور ضروریات پر قربان کر دیتی ہے۔ ماں کی گود بچے کے لیے دنیا کی سب سے محفوظ جگہ ہوتی ہے، جہاں وہ سکون، پیار، اور تحفظ محسوس کرتا ہے۔ ماں نہ صرف جسمانی طور پر بچے کی دیکھ بھال کرتی ہے۔

بلکہ اس کی ذہنی اور اخلاقی تربیت میں بھی اہم کردار ادا کرتی ہے۔ وہ بچے کو صحیح اور غلط کی پہچان سکھاتی ہے، زندگی کے

اصول اور اقدار سے روشناس کراتی ہے، اور ہر قدم پر رہنمائی کرتی ہے۔ ماں کی دعائیں بچے کے لیے زندگی بھر کا سرمایہ ہوتی ہیں، جو ہر مشکل وقت میں اس کی حفاظت کرتی ہیں۔ ماں اپنے بچے کی کامیابیوں پر خوش ہوتی ہے اور اس کے دکھ میں سب سے زیادہ تکلیف محسوس کرتی ہے۔ ماں کی محبت بے لوث ہوتی ہے، جو بغیر کسی لالچ یا غرض کے دی جاتی ہے۔ چاہے حالات جیسے بھی ہوں، ماں کا دل ہمیشہ اپنے بچے کے لیے دھڑکتا ہے، وہ ہمیشہ اپنے بچوں کے لیے ایک مضبوط سہارا بنی رہتی ہے۔ ماں کی اہمیت کو الفاظ میں بیان کرنا ممکن نہیں، کیونکہ ماں صرف ایک رشتہ نہیں، بلکہ ایک پوری دنیا ہے جس میں محبت، قربانی، صبر اور خلوص کے رنگ بھرے ہوتے ہیں۔ ماں کی محبت وہ خزانہ ہے جو انسان کی پوری زندگی کو سنوار دیتی ہے اور اسے ہر مشکل میں آگے بڑھنے کا حوصلہ دیتی ہے۔

محمد حسن - ہشتم ڈی



ایک انوکھا بکرا

ایک دفعہ کا ذکر ہے کہ ایک گاؤں کے چھوٹے سے گھر میں شاکر نامی کسان رہتا تھا۔ شاکر اپنے بکرے "چالا کو" کی عجیب حرکتوں سے بہت پریشان تھا۔ چالا کو نہ صرف گاؤں کے سبزی کے کھیتوں پر دھاوا بولتا تھا بلکہ شاکر کے پڑوسیوں کے گھر میں گھس کر چیزیں کھا لیا کرتا تھا۔

ایک دن شاکر نے فیصلہ کیا کہ وہ چالا کو کو سبق سکھائے گا اس نے چالا کو کے گلے میں گھنٹی باندھ دی، تاکہ جب بھی وہ حرکت کرے سب کو پتہ چل جائے لیکن چالا کو اتنا ہوشیار تھا کہ گھنٹی کو خاموش کرنے کے لئے اپنی گردن کو جھاڑیوں میں رگڑ کر گھنٹی کو کھینچ کر الگ کر دیتا

ایک دن گاؤں میں میلہ لگ رہا تھا شاکر نے سوچا کہ چالا کو کو میلے میں لے جا کر بیچ دے گا تاکہ اس کی شرارتوں سے جان بچ جائے چالا کو کو دیکھ کر میلے کے لوگ ہنسنے لگے کیونکہ وہ میلے میں موجود ہر کھانے کے سٹال پر جانے کی کوشش کر رہا تھا۔

ایک سوداگر نے شاکر کو پیشکش کی کہ وہ چالا کو کو خرید لے گا لیکن شرط یہ ہے کہ چالا کو کو گاؤں کے بازار میں ایک ریس میں شامل کیا جائے۔ شاکر نے ہامی بھری۔ ریس کے دن سب گاؤں والے جمع تھے چالا کو ایسا بھاگا کہ تمام دوسرے بکرے پیچھے رہ گئے لیکن جیتنے کے بعد چالا کو نے وہی کیا جو وہ ہمیشہ کرتا تھا سیدھا کھانے کے سٹال پر حملہ کیا اور پورا میلہ ہلا کر رکھ دیا۔ آخر کار سوداگر نے شاکر سے کہا "یہ بکرا تو میرے کسی کام کا نہیں یہ تو میلہ لوٹنے آیا ہے شاکر نے



موقع غنیمت جانا اور جلدی سے بکرے کو واپس لے آیا۔"

گاؤں والوں نے کہا یہ بکرا تو واقعی بہت انوکھا ہے اسے گاؤں کا ہیرو بنا دو اور چالا کو پورے گاؤں کا مشہور ترین بکرا بن گیا شاکر بھی خوش تھا کیونکہ اب سب لوگ اس کے بکرے کی شرارتوں سے لطف اندوز ہوتے تھے۔

حریم شاہد۔ ہفت نمبر اے



میرا خواب جو سچ ہو گیا۔۔۔



ہر کسی کا ایک خواب ہوتا ہے اور میرا بھی ایک خواب تھا بچپن سے۔۔۔ میں چاہتا تھا کہ میں عمرہ کرنے جاؤں، میں لوگوں کو دیکھتا تھا کہ وہ عمرہ کرنے جا رہے ہیں میرا بھی اتنا زیادہ دل کرتا۔ جب میں جماعت ششم میں تھا تو مجھے پتہ چلا کہ ہم عمرہ ادا کرنے جا رہے ہیں مجھے لگا کہ میرا خواب سچ ہونے جا رہا ہے لیکن پتہ چلا کہ ہم کچھ کاغذات کی وجہ سے نہیں جا سکیں گے،

میں بہت اداس تھا میں نے بہت دعائیں مانگی روزے رکھے۔۔۔۔ مجھے لگا کہ میری قسمت میں نہیں ہے اور جب میری مایوسی بڑھنے لگی تو مجھے یہ خوش خبری ملی کہ ہم عمرہ کرنے جا رہے ہیں لیکن اس میں بھی بہت سی رکاوٹیں تھیں، مگر میں نے ان سب کا سامنا کیا۔

میرے دل سے ایک بوجھ اتر گیا مجھے عمرہ ادا کر کے بڑا سکون ملا۔ اللہ اور پیارے نبی کے گھر کا دیدار کرنا میری سب سے بڑی خواہش تھی ایک آگ جو بجھ گئی تھی لیکن ایک اور آگ لگ گئی اب میرا خواب یہ ہے کہ میں ہر سال عمرہ ادا کروں اور یہ میں کر کے رہوں گا، مگر یہی تو زندگی کی کہانی ہے، ایک خواب پورا ہوتا ہے تو دوسرے کی تمنا ہوتی ہے اس لیے ہمیں کبھی امید نہیں ہارنی چاہیے اللہ پر توکل رکھنا چاہیے باقی سب ہو جاتا ہے اس لیے فکر نہیں کرنی چاہیے۔ آپ کا کیا خواب ہے؟ کبھی سوچئے گا اور اسے پورا کرنے کی کوشش کیجیے گا، آپ کو بہت سکون ملے گا۔ کبھی ہار نہ مانے گا کیونکہ اللہ قسمت بدلنے والا ہے۔

خضر حیات - ہفتم اے



میرا شوق میرا خواب

میرا بچپن سے خواب تھا کہ میں جانوروں کا خیال رکھوں اور ان کے رہنے کے لیے اچھی جگہیں فراہم کروں میرے پاس پرندوں کی نایاب نسلیں ہوں جن کو میں قریب سے دیکھوں اور ان کی اچھے طریقے سے دیکھ بھال کروں، میرے والدین نے میرا یہ شوق پورا کیا اور اب میرے پاس طرح طرح کی نایاب نسل کے پرندے ہیں جو عام طور پر فضا میں نظر نہیں آتے۔ میں شروع کرتا ان پرندوں سے جو جنگ یا عام حالات میں بھی پیغام رسانی کے لیے استعمال کیے جاتے تھے جی ہاں یہ کبوتر ہیں، میرے پاس کبوتروں کی ایسی نایاب نسلیں جو بہت قیمتی ہیں۔ میرے پاس آٹھ کبوتر ہیں جن میں سے کچھ نایاب نسل کے ہیں کچھ جنگلی ہیں، کچھ فینسی ہیں اور کچھ کی دم مور کی طرح ہے۔ یہ صبح صبح اٹھ کر باتیں کرتے ہیں اور رات کو اپنے گھروں میں سو جاتے ہیں ان کا ایک چھوٹا سا بچہ بھی ہے جو بڑا پیارا لگتا ہے۔



اب میں آپ کو اپنے چوزوں کے بارے میں بتاتا ہوں جو بہت پیارے اور تیز ہیں ایک دفعہ فرار ہو جائیں تو ان کو پکڑنا مشکل ہی نہیں ناممکن ہو جاتا ہے۔ ان کو مٹی سے کھیلنا بہت پسند

ہے سردی میں تو یہ دھوپ میں ایسے لیٹتے ہیں جیسے "سن ہاتھ" لے رہے ہوں۔ میرے پاس نایاب طوطے بھی ہیں۔ ان میں سے ایک باتیں کرنے والا، ایک تاج والا اور ایک پیلے رنگ کا ہے ان کی سیٹیاں بہت تیز ہوتی ہیں اگر ان کے سامنے ہاتھ بڑھاؤ تو یہ تیزی سے آپ کے ہاتھ پر چڑھ کے کندھے تک پہنچ جاتے ہیں کسی انجان کو دیکھ لیں تو بڑا شور مچاتے ہیں تو یہ تھا میرا چھوٹا سا چڑیا گھر اور میرے گھر کی رونق۔۔۔

محمد اکبر نعیم - ہفتم بی



والدین کا پیار

والدین کا پیار ہوتا ہے خاص
کچھ بھی نہیں ہے پاس
دونوں سے ہے رشتہ اک خاص
وہ ہمیں اٹھاتے ہیں
ان کے بغیر زندگی لگتی ہے سُونی
والدین کا پیار ہوتا ہے خاص

ان کے بغیر سب کچھ ہے ادھورا
ماں کی دُعا میں باپ کا ساتھ
جب بھی ہم رگرتے ہیں
ان کی محبت دیتی ہے طاقت
ان کا پیار ہے سب سے جو قیمتی

مہدِ ثقلین - ہفتم سی



قرآن مجید کی اہم معلومات

- ☆ قرآن مجید کے کل 30 پارے ہیں۔
- ☆ قرآن مجید میں کل 540 رکوع ہیں۔
- ☆ قرآن مجید کی سب سے بڑی سورت البقرہ ہے۔
- ☆ قرآن مجید آخری پیغمبر حضرت محمدؐ پر نازل ہوا۔
- ☆ قرآن مجید میں سورتوں کی کل تعداد 114 ہے۔
- ☆ قرآن مجید میں مدنی سورہ کی تعداد 28 ہے۔
- ☆ ان پیغمبروں کے نام یہ ہیں: سورہ ہود، سورہ یونس، سورہ یوسف، سورہ ابراہیم، سورہ نوح، سورہ محمدؐ
- ☆ قرآن مجید میں کل 26 پیغمبروں کا ذکر ہوا ہے۔
- ☆ قرآن مجید کی حفاظت کا ذمہ خود اللہ تعالیٰ نے لیا ہے یہی وجہ ہے کہ 1500 سال گزرنے کے باوجود اس میں ایک حرف کی بھی تبدیلی نہیں ہو سکی۔
- ☆ قرآن مجید دنیا میں سب سے زیادہ حفظ (زبانی یاد) کی جانے والی کتاب ہے۔

ایان علی - ہفتم بی



سردیوں کا موسم

اللہ تعالیٰ نے اس دنیا کو بڑے خوبصورت رنگوں سے سجایا ہے، دنیا کی خوبصورتی بڑھانے کے لیے اللہ تعالیٰ نے اس میں بہت سے موسم بھی پیدا کیے جیسے: گرمی، سردی، بہار، خزاں اور برسات۔ اللہ کے بنائے سارے موسم خوبصورت اور دلکش ہیں، ہر موسم کی اپنی خاصیت ہے مجھے سب موسم

اچھے لگتے ہیں اور اللہ کا پاکستان پر خاص کرم ہے کہ اللہ نے پاکستان میں ہر موسم پیدا کیا ہے۔ لیکن مجھے "سردی" کا موسم سب سے زیادہ پسند



ہے۔ سردیوں میں ہر طرف سکون اور خاموشی ہوتی ہے۔ سردیوں میں سکون کی نیند آتی ہے کیونکہ سردیوں کی راتیں بہت لمبی ہوتی ہیں اور بستر سے بھی نکلنے کا دل نہیں کرتا۔ اس موسم میں کیلے، سیب، انار، سنگترے، مالٹے اور کینوں وغیرہ وافر مقدار میں پائے جاتے ہیں اس کے علاوہ سردیوں میں خشک میوے یعنی مونگ پھلی، پستہ، بادام، اخروٹ، کاجو اور چلغوزے بھی بڑے شوق سے کھائے جاتے ہیں۔ سردیوں

میں سکول سے جب موسم سرما کی چھٹیاں ہوتی ہیں تو رات میں کزن اور بہن بھائیوں کے ساتھ گرم گرم بستروں میں بیٹھ کر کافی پینے کا اپنا ہی مزا ہے، سردیوں کے حلوے جیسے گاجر کا حلوہ، چنے کی دال کا حلوہ، پیٹھے کے حلوے کے تو کیا ہی کہنے ہیں۔ ٹھہراتی سردیوں میں اُبلے ہوئے انڈوں کے ساتھ گرم گرم سوپ ہو تو ایک الگ ذائقہ اور طاقت جسم میں آجاتی ہے، لوڈ شیڈنگ کا بھی کوئی مسئلہ نہیں ہوتا کیونکہ پتکھے اور انٹر کنڈیشنز کی ضرورت جو نہیں ہوتی مختصر یہ کہ سردی کا موسم ہر لحاظ سے بہت اچھا ہے۔۔۔۔ ہاں بس نہانے کو دل نہیں کرتا۔۔۔ آپ کے ساتھ بھی کیا یہی مسئلہ ہے۔۔۔؟

ذینب حبیب۔ ہفتم بی



امتحان دینا کیوں ضروری ہے؟

امتحانات کے سر پر آتے ہی مجھے بہت غصہ آنے لگتا ہے اور میں چڑچڑاہٹ کا شکار ہو جاتا ہوں۔ میرے خیال میں امتحان صرف طلبہ کے لیے مشکل نہیں بلکہ سب کو پریشان کرتے ہیں۔ امتحانات کی کئی اقسام ہیں، یہ صرف پڑھائی میں نہیں ہوتے بلکہ قدرت بھی ہم سب کا امتحان لیتی ہے۔ میرے خیال میں یہ دنیا ہمارا سب سے بڑا امتحان ہے۔

سکول کے امتحانات، خاص طور پر سالانہ امتحان نہ صرف طلبہ بلکہ والدین، اساتذہ اور سکول کی انتظامیہ کے لیے مشکل مرحلہ ہوتا ہے۔ اساتذہ کو بچوں کے ساتھ بہت محنت کرنی پڑتی ہے تاکہ کوئی بچہ فیل نہ ہو یا کسی کے نمبر کم نہ آئیں۔ گھر پر والدین کو بھی سارا وقت بچوں کو اچھی طرح امتحان کی تیاری کے لیے پڑھانا ہوتا ہے چاہے کچھ بھی ہو جائے۔ اور آخر میں



طلبہ بے چارے سب سے زیادہ تنگ ہوتے ہیں کیونکہ اصل محنت تو انہوں نے کرنی ہوتی ہے۔

والدین اور اساتذہ صرف ایک حد تک ہماری مدد کر سکتے ہیں۔ اصل ضرورت تو یہ ہے کہ ہم پورا سال پڑھائی پر توجہ دیں تو سال کے آخر میں اتنی مشکلات کا سامنا نہ کرنا پڑے۔ امتحانات میں کامیابی حاصل کر کے ہم ثابت کر سکتے ہیں کہ ہم اگلی جماعت میں جانے کے اہل ہیں۔
محمد اکبر نعیم۔ ہفتم بی

☆☆☆

اپنی اردو زبان پر فخر کیجیے

میری خوبصورت زبان اردو ہے اور میں اس بات پر فخر سے کہہ سکتی ہوں کہ اردو میری پہچان بھی ہے۔ کسی بھی قوم کی زبان اس کی ثقافت کا بنیادی حصہ ہے اور اس قوم کی پہچان بن جاتی ہے۔ یہ صرف اظہار کا ذریعہ نہیں بلکہ ایک قوم کی تعریف، تاریخ، روایات اور تہذیب کی عکاسی بھی کرتی ہے۔ ہمیں اپنی زبان پر فخر کرنا چاہیے کیونکہ یہ ہمارے بزرگوں کی میراث ہے اور ہماری شناخت کا حصہ ہے۔
ہم سب کو اپنی اردو زبان پر فخر کرنا چاہیے اور اس کو فروغ دینے کے لیے کیے جانے والے اقدامات میں بڑھ چڑھ کر حصہ لینا چاہیے۔

رانیہ علی۔ ہفتم بی

☆☆☆

علامہ اقبال۔ نسل نو کے شاعر

علامہ اقبال پاکستان کے بہت مشہور شاعر تھے۔ ان کی پیدائش ۹ نومبر ۱۸۷۷ء میں سیالکوٹ میں ہوئی۔ انھوں نے اپنی ابتدائی تعلیم مشن ہائی سکول سیالکوٹ سے حاصل کی۔ انھوں نے بی۔ اے اور ایم۔ اے گورنمنٹ کالج لاہور سے کیا۔ آپ اعلیٰ تعلیم حاصل کرنے انگلینڈ روانہ ہو گئے وہاں سے وکالت کی ڈگری حاصل کی۔



علامہ اقبال نے مسلمانوں کو خودی اور اپنی شناخت کا درس دیا۔ انھوں نے اپنی شاعری کے ذریعے قوم کو بیدار کرنے کی کوشش کی اور ایک آزاد اسلامی ریاست کا خواب دیکھا۔ اقبال کا کلام محبت، فلسفہ اور عمل کے پیغام سے بھرپور ہے۔ ان کی کتاب

"بانگ درا"، "بال جبریل"، اور "ضرب کلیم" میں ملت اسلامیہ کی فلاح اور اتحاد کا پیغام واضح ہے۔ اقبال کا پیغام صرف شاعری تک محدود نہیں رہا بلکہ عملی زندگی میں بھی رہنمائی کا ذریعہ بنا۔ ان کی فکری بصیرت اور فلسفہ ہمیشہ کے لیے نوجوان نسل کو جذبہ حیات عطا کرتے رہیں گے۔ اقبال کے بقول:

خدا بندے سے خود پوچھے، بتا تیری رضا کیا ہے

خودی کو کر بلند اتنا کہ ہر تقدیر سے پہلے

خدیجہ جہانزیب۔ ہفتم بی

خواندگی کی اہمیت اور معاشرے پر اس کے اثرات

خواندگی کا مطلب علم حاصل کرنا ہے جو کہ ہر انسان پر لازم ہے۔ پاکستان کی ترقی میں سب سے بڑی رکاوٹ ناخواندگی ہے۔ خواندگی ایک بہت بڑی نعمت ہے جو جہالت کے اندھیروں میں نور کی مانند ہمیں درست راستہ دکھاتی ہے۔ تعلیم حاصل کرنے سے ہم اللہ کی نعمتوں کو بہتر طور پر جان سکتے ہیں۔ علم ہمیں نیکی اور بدی میں تمیز سکھاتا ہے۔ خواندہ لوگ آسانی سے نوکری حاصل کر سکتے ہیں اور معاشرے کی ترقی میں حصہ لے سکتے ہیں۔

تعلیم ہمارے لئے اتنی ہی ضروری ہے جتنا کھانا اور پینا۔ ہمارا دین بھی ہمیں تعلیم حاصل کرنے کی تلقین کرتا ہے۔ تعلیم کی وجہ سے ہی انسان کو حقیقی عزت ملتی ہے۔ تعلیم یافتہ افراد کی نہ صرف اپنے خاندان والوں کے سامنے بلکہ پورے معاشرے میں بہت عزت ہوتی ہے جیسے ڈاکٹر، نرس، استاد، پائلٹ وغیرہ۔ تعلیم حاصل کرنے سے انسان کی بہتر تربیت ہوتی ہے۔ ہر خواندہ شخص معاشرے کی ترقی کا باعث ہوتا ہے۔ تعلیم حاصل کر کے ہم اپنے اردگرد کے لوگوں میں شعور پیدا کر سکتے ہیں اور اچھے برے میں فرق کرنا سکھ سکتے ہیں۔

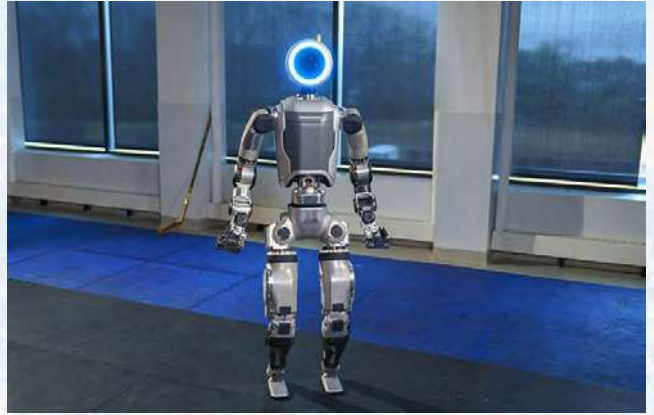
ماہم محسن۔ ہفتم سی



مستقبل کا ایک دن

نیند پوری ہونے پر میری آنکھ کھلی تو مجھے احساس ہوا کہ کچھ مختلف ہے۔ اچانک کمرے میں ایک روبوٹ داخل ہوا جس نے ناشتے کا ٹرے اٹھایا ہوا تھا۔ میں نے حیرت میں بستر سے چھلانگ لگائی تو دیکھا ایک روبوٹ گاڑی میرے جوتے لے کر آئی اور مجھے جوتے پہنا دیے۔ میں کپڑے بدلنے کے لیے الماری کی طرف گئی تو وہ خود بخود کھل گئی۔ میں حیرت میں مبتلا تھی کہ کچھ تو گڑ بڑ ہے، اتنی جدید ٹیکنالوجی میرے گھر میں کیسے آگئی۔

تیار ہو کر میں نیچے گئی تو دیکھا چند مزید روبوٹ گھریلو کاموں میں مصروف تھے جن میں سے ایک نے سکول کے لیے میرا کھانا تیار کر دیا۔ میں نے ڈرتے ڈرتے اس سے پوچھا کہ میں کہاں ہوں؟ اس نے بتایا کہ یہ مستقبل ہے۔ میں نے جلدی سے کھانا پکڑا اور باہر کھڑی چھوٹی سی گاڑی میں بیٹھ گئی جو یکدم بغیر ڈرائیور کے چل پڑی۔ ہر طرف اونچے اونچے مکان تھے، گاڑی ان کے قریب پہنچی



اور ہوا میں اڑنے لگی۔ سکول کی عمارت بھی ہوا میں کھڑی تھی اور وہاں روبوٹ بچوں کو پڑھا رہے تھے۔ اس حیرت انگیز دن کے بعد میں اڑنے والی گاڑی میں گھر واپس پہنچی تو دیکھا کہ گھر کی بنیاں، ٹی وی وغیرہ سب خود سے چل پڑتے تھے اور میری آواز کے تابع تھے۔ مجھے بہت مزہ آنے لگا کہ سب کچھ بہت آسان ہے۔ رات ہوئی تو میں نے روبوٹ سے اپنی پسند کا کھانا بنا کر کھایا اور تھک ہار کر سو گئی۔

سیدہ زاہرہ گردیزی۔ ہفتم سی

☆☆☆

پڑھائی

ہر مشکل کو آسان کرتے رہو
پڑھائی نے کی ہے روشن ہر تاریکی
مگر شرط ہے اس کو دل سے کرنا
علم کی شمع سے اسے روشن کرنا پڑے گا
ہر مشکل کو آسان کرتے رہو

پڑھائی پڑھتے رہو آگے بڑھتے رہو
سکھائی ہے ہمت ہر طوفان سے ٹکرانے کی
ہر روز بتاتی ہے ہمیں اک نیا ہنر
دُنیا میں کچھ ہے بننا تو پڑھنا پڑے گا
پڑھائی پڑھتے رہو آگے بڑھتے رہو

ارہانِ نعیم۔ ہفت نمبر سی

☆☆☆

اللہ رازق ہے۔۔۔ ایک کہانی

میرپور کے چھوٹے سے گاؤں میں علی صاحب اپنی کٹی میں اکیلے رہتے تھے۔ ان کی ایک ہی ساتھی تھی اور وہ تھی ان کی گائے۔۔۔ ان کے پڑوسی



احمد میاں کا بکرا چوری ہو گیا تھا۔ ایک دن گائے چارا کھا رہی تھی کہ اسے آواز آئی بہن! میں بھوکی ہوں مجھے کھانا دے دو۔۔۔ گائے نے دیکھا کہ ایک بھیڑ کھڑی ہے اور اس کے چارے کے پاس آنا چاہ رہی ہے، گائے نے اُسے فوراً روکا کہ اے بہن! تم کون ہو؟ اور تمہارا مالک کہاں ہے؟ بھیڑ نے کہا کہ میرا مالک مجھے بہت مارتا تھا اور پیٹ بھر کھانا بھی نہیں دیتا تھا میں اس سے بچ کے بھاگ آئی۔ دو دن سے بھوکی ہوں خدا

کے لیے کھانا دے دو بہت دُعائیں دوں گی۔ گائے بولی نہیں بہن جاؤ کسی اور کے پاس، میں اپنا کھانا نہیں دے سکتی کیونکہ یہ کھانا مجھے میرے مالک نے دیا ہے اتنے میں علی صاحب آگیا اور سارا ماجرا سمجھ گئے، انھوں نے بھیڑ کو بھی کھانا دیا اور سوچا کہ "اللہ تعالیٰ نے اس کا رزق یہاں لکھا ہوگا جی جی تو یہ یہاں آئی ہے۔"

اللہ تعالیٰ ہمیں جو بھی رزق عطا کرتا ہے اگر ہم اس میں سے کسی مجبور کی مدد کر دیں تو ہمارا اپنا ہی بھلا ہوگا اور ہمارے رزق میں کئی گنا اضافہ بھی ہوگا یہی سوچ کر علی صاحب نے فیصلہ کیا کہ وہ یہ بھیڑ احمد میاں کو دے دیں گے اس طرح ان کی بھی مدد ہو جائے گی اور اللہ بھی خوش ہوگا۔

ماہ نور و قاص۔ ہفت نمبر سی

☆☆☆

ماں

دنیا میں سب سے انمول انسان ہے ماں
وہ مشکل میں سب سے پہلے ہے آتی
وہ ہر کام کو کر دیتی ہے آسان
ماں کے قدموں کے نیچے جنت ہے رافع
میرے دل کا چین سکون ہے ماں
مشکل دور کر کے ہے جاتی ماں
سب کا خیال رکھنے والی ہے ماں
اس کے کندھے پہ ہے پورے گھر کا بار
میرے دل کا چین، سکون، مان ہے ماں

عبدالرافع - ہفتم سی



والدین کی دُعا تیں

ماں کی دُعاؤں سے زندگی کی راہ ہموار ہو جاتی ہے
ان کی مُسکراہٹ سے دل کو سکون ملتا ہے
والدین کی دُعا تیں کبھی ضائع نہیں جاتیں ہیں
دُنیا کے سب خزانے قربان ان کے پیار پر
جب تک ہیں یہ ساتھ ہماری دُنیا جنت لگتی ہیں
باپ کی دُعاؤں سے تقدیر بدل جاتی ہے
وہ دکھ اور غم، دل میں چھپا لیتے ہیں
یہ زمین پر آسمان کی سی روشنی بن جاتی ہیں
رب کی طرف سے نعمت یہ رحمتیں ہیں گھر پر
جب ان کی دُعا تیں ساتھ ہو، قسمت بھی چمکتی ہیں

عمر مقصود - ہفتم سی



میرا جنون۔۔۔ فٹبال

دنیا کے سب سے مشہور کھیلوں میں سے ایک فٹبال ہے یہ میرا پسندیدہ کھیل ہے۔ یہ کھیل نہ صرف دلچسپ ہے بلکہ جسمانی اور ذہنی صحت کے لیے بھی فائدہ مند ہے۔ فٹبال ایک ایسا کھیل ہے جو مجھے توانائی، حوصلہ اور مقابلہ کرنے کی طاقت فراہم کرتا ہے۔ فٹبال کی سب سے خاص بات یہ ہے یہ دنیا بھر میں کھیلا جاتا ہے۔ اور اس کھیل کی سادگی سب کو اپنی طرف متوجہ کرتی ہے۔ جس کے لیے صرف ایک گیند اور کھلے میدان کی ضرورت ہوتی ہے اور کھیل شروع ہو جاتا ہے۔ میرے لیے فٹبال صرف ایک کھیل نہیں بلکہ ایک جذبہ ہے جو مل کے کھیلنے اور دوستی کو



فروغ دیتا ہے۔

فٹبال کا میدان زندگی کی طرح ہے جس میں کبھی آپ جیتتے ہیں تو کبھی ہار سے سیکھتے ہیں۔

یہ کھیل ہمیں سکھاتا ہے کہ ناکامی کے بعد کیسے کھڑا ہونا ہے اور کیسے محنت کے ساتھ آگے بڑھنا ہے۔ میرے پسندیدہ کھلاڑیوں میں لیونل مینیسی اور کرسٹیانو رونالڈو شامل ہیں جو مجھے متاثر کرتے ہیں کہ اپنے خوابوں کے لیے محنت اور لگن کے ساتھ کام کرنا چاہیے جب بھی میں فٹبال کھیلتا ہوں مجھے ایک خاص خوشی اور سکون محسوس ہوتا ہے۔

یہ کھیل میرے دن کا سب سے اچھا وقت ہوتا ہے جب میں اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ میدان میں ہوتا ہوں میرا خواب ہے کہ میں ایک دن ایک پیشہ ور فٹبالر بنوں اور اپنے ملک کا نام روشن کروں فٹ بال نہ صرف ایک کھیل ہے بلکہ ایک جذبہ، ایک زندگی کا سبق اور ایک عالمی زبان ہے جو ہمیں متحد کرتی ہے یہی وجہ ہے کہ یہ میرا پسندیدہ کھیل ہے۔

عبدالرحمان۔ ہفتقم سی



دوست ستارے ہوتے ہیں

دوست ستارے ہوتے ہیں
دل کو میرے کرتے ہیں روشن
ان کی مسکراہٹ دل کو بھاتی ہے
بہت ہی پیارے ہوتے ہیں
ہر پل ہمیں ہنساتے ہیں
میری ہر مشکل کو ختم کر دیتے ہیں

فاطمہ احمد فاروقہ۔ ہفتقم ڈی



اگر ایک دن دنیا میں بچوں کی حکومت ہو

اگر حکومت بچوں کو دی جائے تو دنیا بہت مختلف ہو۔ بہت کچھ بدل جائے کیونکہ بچے ہر وقت کھیلتے ہی رہیں۔ صبح اٹھتے ہی بچے اپنی مرضی کا کچھ کھاتے اور کھیلنے لگ جاتے۔ کوئی روک ٹوک نہ ہوتی، سکول نہ جانا پڑتا اور اپنی مرضی سے سارا وقت فٹ بال وغیرہ کھیلتے۔ بڑوں کے لیے اسکول ہوتا جہاں ان کو ویڈیو گیمز کھیلنا سکھایا جاتا۔ باہر کا کھانا مفت میں ملتا اور ہر وقت بچے صرف مکڈانلڈ اور کے ایف سی کھاتے۔ بچوں کے لیے گھومنے پھرنے کی کوئی پابندی نہ ہوتی اور جہاز کی ٹکٹ بھی مفت ہوتی۔
لیکن پھر دنیا میں مسائل بڑھ جاتے کیونکہ بچے آپس میں جھگڑتے رہتے اور کوئی کام نہ ہو سکتا۔ سکول بند ہونے سے دنیا میں ترقی بھی رک جاتی۔
مفت کی چیزیں ملنے سے ان کی قدر کم ہو جاتی۔

محمد سنان خان۔ ہفتقم ڈی



دنیا ہمارے آس پاس

دنیا ہمارے آس پاس
پہاڑ بلند، دریا رواں،
پرندے گاتے، ہوا سرسراتی،
ہزاروں سورج کی کرنیں، چاند کی چمک،
انسان نے بھی عجائبات بنائے،
مگر زمین کو پہچانا ہے
پھولوں کی خوشبو، رنگوں کا ٹور

یہ دنیا کتنی رنگین ہے،
قدرت کا یہ حیرت نشاں۔
درختوں کی شاخیں جھوم جاتی۔
یہ سب ہیں رب کی قدرت کا عکس۔
بلند عمارتیں، پل جوڑے۔
یہ پیغام دینا ہے سب کو
دنیا کے حسن کو پہچان لو

اسے محبت سے سنو اردو

زیان امین - ہفتم ڈی

☆☆☆

سموسہ

دل کو خوش کر دیتا ہے سموسہ
دل تو چاہتا ہے کہ چار پانچ کھاؤں
سموسے کو جب بھی دیکھوں تو منہ میں پانی بھر آتا ہے
میں جب دکھی ہوں تو یاد آتا ہے سموسہ
بہانے بہانے سے کھا لیتا ہوں سموسہ

اتنا لذیذ اتنا خستہ سموسہ
لیکن امی کہتی ہیں میں رکھ کے لگاؤں؟
جب بھی دیکھوں تو کھانا لازم ہو جاتا ہے
میرے دل کو ہر پل لُبھاتا ہے سموسہ
جب نہیں کھاتا تو دکھی ہوتا ہے موسیٰ

محمد موسیٰ سعدی - ہفتم ڈی

☆☆☆

میرا اسکول لرننگ الائنس

مجھ کو اچھا لگتا ہے میرا پیارا اسکول
پھر یوں ہوا میرا دل ٹوٹ گیا
اک نئی جگہ تھی اک نیا سفر تھا
آتا تھا یاد ہر پل میرا اسکول مجھے
مانگا ہر دعا میں پھر اپنے خدا سے

میرے دل کو بھاتا ہے میرا پیارا اسکول
میرا پیارا اسکول مجھ سے چھوٹ گیا
آنکھوں میں نمی تھی دل بھی بچھا تھا
دوستوں کی یاد بھی کرتی تھی اداس مجھے
لے آئے مجھے واپس پھر کسی طرح سے

پھر لڑنگ الائنس میں میری واپسی ہوئی
وہی ساتھی وہی رونقیں وہی راہ گزر

روح کو سکون آیا دل کو خوشی ہوئی
یوں لگا مسافر کو جیسے ملا ہو گھر

وانیہ طارق۔ ہفتم ڈی

☆☆☆

عشق اللہ

میری روح کی خاموشی میں، اس کا نام بسا
نہ اس کے چہرے کی تلاش، نہ آسمان کی دعا،
میرادل نہ دنیاوی چیزوں کے لیے دھڑکتا ہے،
ہر لمحے میں، ہر سانس میں،
بلکہ اس کی محبت میں، میری روح کا دھیمارونا
صرف اس کے مقدس نام کی ایک سرگوشی۔
ایسی محبت جو بے حد اور بے انتہا ہو۔

ایک آگ جو جلتی ہے، مگر کبھی نہ بجھے
صرف اس کے بے پناہ کرم کی تلاش ہے۔
بلکہ اس کے لیے جو زندگی سے جڑا ہے۔
نہ دنیا کے خزانے، نہ اس کا سونا،
میں نہ شہرت چاہتی ہوں، نہ دولت کا سوال،
اس کی نظر میں، مجھے اپنا عکس ملتا ہے،
نہ وقت کی قید، نہ تقدیر کا بندھن،
عشق اللہ میں، میں محو رہتی ہوں اور انعام کا کرتی ہوں

نطالیہ عدیل۔ ہفتم ای

☆☆☆

اُستاد کی تعریف

ہر طالب علم کے پاس اچھے استاد اور استانی ہوتے ہیں۔ وہ ہماری ہر پریشانی کو حل کر دیتے ہیں، ہمیں ہر چیز بہترین انداز میں سمجھاتے ہیں۔ وہ ہمارے ہر سوال کا جواب دیتے ہیں اور ہمیں اپنے بچوں کی طرح پالتے ہیں۔ اس لیے تو استاد کا درجہ بہت بلند ہے، صدیوں سے یہ بات چلی آ رہی ہے کہ جس نے استاد کی عزت کی اس نے بلند مقام حاصل کر لیا۔ کسی نے کیا خوب کہا ہے کہ "استاد سڑک کی مانند ہے جو خود ایک جگہ کھڑا ہے لیکن مسافروں کو اپنی منزل پہ پہنچا دیتا ہے۔"

کسی ملک میں ایک بار ڈاکٹروں اور انجینئروں نے ہڑتال کی کہ اساتذہ کی تنخواہ ہم سے زیادہ ہے، ہماری بھی تنخواہیں ان کی تنخواہوں کے برابر ہونی چاہیے تو اس ملک کی عدالت کے جج نے کہا کہ میں آپ کی تنخواہ ان کے برابر کیسے کر دوں؟ آپ کو اس مقام پر ان اساتذہ نے ہی پہنچایا ہے۔ میں نے تو یہ سیکھا ہے کہ جس نے اپنے



اساتذہ کی عزت کی اس نے دنیا اور آخرت دونوں میں کامیابی حاصل کی۔

ابان عمران۔ ہفتم ای

☆☆☆

پہلے کام، بعد آرام

کام کے وقت جو آرام کیا کرتے ہیں
سخت نادان ہیں وہ لوگ بُرا کرتے ہیں
پہلے تم کام کرو بعد میں آرام کرو
کام کرنے میں مزا آتا ہے آرام کے بعد
دورِ راحت کا مزہ ہے شام کے بعد
آخر کار وہ ناکام رہا کرتے ہیں
ہم تو داناؤں سے یہ قول سنا کرتے ہیں
لطفِ آرام میں ملتا ہے بہت کام کے بعد
دن کو جو سویا تو کیا سوئے گا شام کے بعد
پہلے تم کام کرو بعد میں آرام کرو

عیشال نور۔ ہفتم ای

☆☆☆

زندگی

زندگی میں مشکلیں ہیں، کبھی دکھ کبھی غم
یہ رستے کٹھن ہیں، دل میں امید
اور خوشی کے لمحے آتے ہیں کبھی زیادہ کبھی کم
بہی تو زندگی ہے، جو ہم سب کو سکھاتی ہے
کبھی خوشی، کبھی غم

ضوری زتابش۔ ہفتم ای

☆☆☆

ہمارا سکول

یہ ہمارا سکول ہے پیارا سا مقام
صبح سویرے سب آتے ہیں یہاں
استاد ہمیں سکھاتے ہیں علم کا ہنر
دوستوں کے ساتھ کھیلتے ہیں ہنستے ہیں
ہمارا سکول ہمارا غرور ہے
جہاں ہر دن ہوتا ہے علم کا سامان
کتا بین قلم اور خواب لے کر
محنت سے ہم مکمل کریں گے اپنا سفر
نئے سبق سیکھتے ہیں آگے بڑھتے ہیں
بہی تو روشن مستقبل کی ڈور ہے

ابراہیم قاسم۔ ہفتم ای

☆☆☆

میرا پسندیدہ مشغلہ



میرا پسندیدہ مشغلہ کھانا بنانا ہے۔ مجھے کھانا بنانا اچھا لگتا ہے۔ اور میں اپنی امی کی کھانا بنانے میں مدد کرتی ہوں۔ مجھے کھانے میں بہت کچھ بنانا آتا ہے جیسے کہ: پاستا، پین کیکیس اور آلو اور چیز کے بانز۔ میں یہ چیزیں اپنے بھائی کے لیے بناتی ہوں۔ اور جب سکول جانا ہو تو اُس وقت بھی بنا لیتی ہوں۔ میری بنائی ہوئی چیزیں میرے گھر والوں کو پسند آتی ہیں۔ جب بھی ہمارے گھر یہ کوئی دعوت ہو تو میں پاستا بنا لیتی ہوں۔ اگر میری

امی کی طبیعت خراب ہو تو میں اپنے اور اپنے بھائی کے لیے ناشتہ بناتی ہوں۔ میری خواہش ہے کہ میں بڑی ہو کر ایک ریسٹورنٹ کھولوں گی۔
عناویہ اظہر - ششم اے



چیونٹی اور ٹڈا

ایک چیونٹی تھی۔ وہ کہیں جا رہی تھی۔ راستے میں ایک ٹڈا ملا۔ ٹڈا کہنے لگا "چیونٹی بہن زرارک جاؤ۔" چیونٹی رک گئی۔ پوچھنے لگی، "کیا بات ہے؟" ٹڈے نے کہا "میٹھی میٹھی ہوا چل رہی ہے۔ آؤ باغ میں کھیلیں" چیونٹی نے کہا "میں کیسے کھیلوں گی۔ مجھے دانے اکٹھے کرنے ہیں۔ جب برسات آئے گی، تو چھوٹی چھوٹی چیونٹیاں کیا کھائیں گی؟ مجھے گھر بھی ٹھیک کرنا ہے۔ برسات کے پانی سے گھر ٹوٹ سکتا ہے۔" ٹڈے نے کہا "میں تو بس کھیلوں گا۔" ایک دن بادل آگئے۔ بارش ہونے لگی۔ ٹڈا بھیگتا ہوا آیا۔ چیونٹی کا دروازہ کھٹکھٹا کر کہنے لگا۔ "چیونٹی بہن مجھے بھی اپنے گھر میں تھوڑی سی جگہ دے دو۔ میں بری طرح بھیگ گیا ہوں۔ جب تک بارش رہے گی۔ اس وقت تک یہاں رہوں گا۔ پھر چلا جاؤں گا۔ چیونٹی بولی، بھائی ٹڈے تم نے سارا سال کام نہیں کیا۔ تم نے اپنا گھر نہیں بنایا۔ مشکل وقت کیلئے کچھ اناج بھی جمع کر کے نہیں رکھا۔ جاؤ میں تمہاری مدد نہیں کر سکتی۔ جو سستی کرے اس کی سزا یہی ہے۔" ٹڈا گڑا گڑا آیا۔ "چیونٹی بہن آخری بار معاف کر دو۔ آگے سے محنت کروں گا۔ چیونٹی نے ٹڈے کو چاول کے کچھ دانے دیئے کہنے لگی "لو کھا لو، لیکن میرے گھر میں تمہارے لیے کوئی جگہ نہیں ہے۔" ٹڈا روتی شکل لئے چلا گیا۔

دائن - ششم اے



طوطا

ایک دن ایک بچہ گھر میں اپنے طوطے کے ساتھ کھیل رہا تھا تو رات ہو گئی، اس نے طوطے کو پنجرے میں رکھا اور وہ سو گیا۔ صبح سویرے جب اٹھا اور پنجرہ دیکھا تو وہ خالی تھا۔ اس نے پریشانی میں امی سے پوچھا تو انہوں نے اسے بتایا کہ میں نے رات کو پنجرے میں طوطے کو کھانا ڈالا تھا اور غلطی

سے اس کا پنجرہ کھولا چھوڑ دیا۔ لڑکا بہت ادا اس ہوا اور کچھ دن تک روتا رہا۔ ایک دن اس کی امی نے اسے بازار بھیجا تو وہ پیدل جا رہا تھا، اس کو آواز آئی کہ بہت سارے لوگ ایک جگہ پر کھڑے ہو کر کسی چیز کو دیکھ رہے تھے۔ وہ ان کے پاس گیا اور دیکھا کہ اس کا طوطا تھا! اس نے لوگوں کو بتایا کہ وہ اس کا طوطا ہے اور وہ اپنے طوطے کو ساتھ لے کر گھر آ گیا۔ وہ لڑکا بہت خوش ہوا۔

ایلیا بتول۔ ششم بی



کتابیں پڑھنے کی اہمیت

کتابیں انسان کی بہترین دوست ہیں۔ کتابیں پڑھنے سے نا صرف ہماری معلومات میں اضافہ ہوتا ہے بلکہ ہماری سوچنے کی صلاحیت بھی بہتر ہوتی ہے۔ مطالعہ ہمیں نئے خیالات دیتا ہے اور ہماری تخلیقی صلاحیتوں کو بڑھاتا ہے۔ یہ کتابیں ہمیں اچھے اور برے کی پہچان سیکھاتی ہیں اور ہمارے خیالات کو بہتر بناتی ہیں۔ مطالعہ کرنے والے طلباء ذہن اور اپنے علم کو بہتر طریقے سے استعمال کرنا سیکھتے ہیں۔ کتابیں پڑھنے سے ہمیں زبان بہتر طریقے سے سمجھنے کا موقع ملتا ہے۔ ہم الفاظ کا درست استعمال اور جملے



بنانے کا ہنر سیکھتے ہیں۔ اس لئے ہمیں روزانہ کچھ نہ کچھ پڑھنے کی عادت اپنانی چاہئے تاکہ ہم ایک بہتر انسان بن سکیں۔

موسیٰ ابن سعد۔ ششم بی



اگر لاہور میں برف باری ہو جائے تو۔۔۔

ایک دن میں صبح اٹھی اور میں نے کمرے کی کھڑکی کھولی تو بہت اچھی ٹھنڈی ہوا چل رہی تھی، یہ دیکھ کر میرا دل کیا کہ لاہور میں برف باری ہو جائے



مگر مجھے پتا تھا کہ لاہور میں برف باری نہیں ہوتی ہے۔ ایک گھنٹے بعد میری بہن نے آ کے مجھے کہا کہ باہر برف باری ہو رہی ہے لیکن مجھے لگا کہ وہ جھوٹ بول رہی ہے تو میں نے باہر جا کر نہیں دیکھا، تھوڑی دیر بعد میں نے جب خبریں دیکھیں تو پتا چلا کہ باہر سچی میں برف باری ہو رہی تھی۔ جب میں نے باہر جا کر دیکھا تو مجھے ایک دلکش نظارہ نظر آیا اور میں بہت خوش ہو گئی، آسمان سے روئی کے گالے گر رہے تھے، ٹھنڈی ہوا چل رہی تھی، بچے برف کے گولے بنا رہے تھے، گاڑیوں کی چھت پر برف پڑی ہوئی تھی اور ہر جگہ سفیدی نظر آرہی تھی۔ اب میں نے اپنی بہن کے

ساتھ سنو مین بنایا اور ہم دونوں نے برف کے گولے بھی بنا کر ایک دوسرے پر پھینکے۔ میری امی نے سب کے لئے گرما گرم چائے بنائی، پورا محلہ ہی برف دیکھنے کے لیے اپنے باغ میں بیٹھا تھا۔ میں نے شام سے لے کر رات تک بہت سے کھیل کھیلے اپنی بہن کے ساتھ اور خوب مزا کیا۔ اب ایک دم مجھے آواز آئی، "اٹھو، صبح ہو گئی ہے۔" میں ایک دم سے اٹھی اور میں نے اپنے آس پاس دیکھا تو کوئی برف نہیں تھی اور مجھے سمجھ آ چکی تھی کہ میں نے ایک بہت اچھا خواب دیکھا مگر اس میں سے کچھ بھی اصل نہیں تھا۔

زینہ نغمان - ہفت مہینے



وقت کی پابندی

وقت کسی کا انتظار نہیں کرتا۔ گھڑی کی سوئیاں کبھی نہیں روکتی، جو وقت سے فائدہ اٹھالیتا ہے، وقت اس کے کام آجاتا ہے اور جو وقت کی قدر نہیں کرتا، وقت اُسے کوسوں پیچھے چھوڑ کر آگے نکل جاتا ہے۔ وقت ایک عظیم دولت ہے۔ وہی شخص دنیا میں عزت حاصل کر سکتا ہے جو وقت سے فائدہ اٹھاتا ہے، اس کی قدر کرتا ہے اور اسے ضائع نہیں کرتا۔ ہر کام مقررہ وقت پر کرنے کی عادت اختیار کریں اور کبھی آج کا کام کل پر نہ ڈالیں۔ یہی وقت کی پابندی ہے۔

مریم حمد - ششمی



میرا پسندیدہ مشغلہ

مشغلہ سے مراد وہ مصروفیت یا وہ کام ہے، جو دل بہلانے یا فالٹو وقت گزارنے کے لئے کیا جاتا ہے۔ ہر شخص کی اپنی پسند کی چیزیں ہوتی ہیں۔ اس لیے ہر شخص اپنی پسند کے مطابق مشغلہ اختیار کرتا ہے۔ میرا پسندیدہ مشغلہ کتابیں پڑھنا ہے۔ کتابیں میری بہترین دوست ہیں۔ جب میں کتابیں پڑھتی ہوں تو اس سے مجھے مکمل اطمینان اور خوشی حاصل ہوتی ہے۔ میں اچھی طرح جانتی ہوں کہ کتابیں پڑھنا بہت اچھی عادت ہے۔ کتابیں



پڑھنے سے میری توجہ اور علم میں اضافہ ہوا ہے۔ میرے والد میرے لیے نئی کتابیں لاتے ہیں۔ میری امی مشکل الفاظ میں میری مدد کرتی ہیں۔ کتابیں پڑھنے سے ہمیں بہت سی چیزوں کے بارے میں معلوم ہوتا ہے۔ میں زیادہ تر کہانیاں اور علامہ اقبال کی شاعری پڑھتی ہوں۔ میں ڈکشنری میں سے الفاظ کے معانی تلاش کرتی ہوں، یہ ہمیں ہوشیار بناتی ہیں۔

حفصہ امان - ششمی

بہار کا موسم



بہار کا موسم قدرت کا ایک حسین تحفہ ہے۔ یہ موسم سردیوں کی سختی کے بعد آتا ہے اور خوشیوں کی علامت ہوتا ہے۔ اس دوران ہر طرف ہریالی چھا جاتی ہے۔ اور رنگ برنگے پھول کھلتے ہیں۔ پرندوں کی چچہاہٹ اور تازہ ہو دل کو سکون دیتی ہے۔ لوگ باغات میں جاتے ہیں، پکنک کرتے ہیں، اور بہار کے نظاروں سے لطف اندوز ہوتے ہیں۔ درخت نئے پتوں سے بھر جاتے ہیں۔ اور زمین گھاس سے سبز ہو جاتی ہے۔ کسان اپنے کھیتوں میں کام کرتے ہیں۔ بہار کا موسم ہمیں تازگی اور قدرت کی خوبصورتی کی یاد دلاتا ہے۔ بہار کو خوشیوں اور امن کا موسم کہا جاسکتا ہے۔

عنا بیہ را حمین - ششم سی



چیسر لفت کی سیر

موسم سرما کی چھٹیوں میں میرے ابو نے مری کی سیر کا پروگرام بنایا۔ ۲۸ دسمبر کو ہم صبح سویرے مری کے لئے نکلے۔ شام کو ۳ بجے ہم اپنے ہوٹل پہنچ گئے۔ مری کے مختلف مقامات دیکھنے کا پروگرام بنایا، لیکن میں چیسر لفت کی سیر کے لیے بہت پر جوش تھا۔ کیوں کہ یہ میرا پہلا تجربہ تھا۔ صبح سویرے تیار ہو کر ہم چیسر لفت کے مقام پر پہنچے۔ میرے ابو نے ٹکٹ خریدے۔ وہاں لوگوں کا بہت رش تھا۔ لائن میں انتظار کرنے کے بعد آخر ہماری باری آگئی۔ مجھے ڈر بھی لگ رہا تھا مگر جیسے ہی لفت پہ بیٹھا، میرا سارا ڈر دور ہو گیا۔ میں نے محسوس کیا کہ میں بہت بلندی پر ہوں۔ پہاڑ اور چیٹر کے درخت بہت ہی خوب صورت نظارہ پیش کر رہے تھے۔ قدرت کے نظارے دیکھ کر میرے منہ سے بے اختیار سبحان اللہ نکلا۔ مجھے اور میری فیملی کو بہت مزہ آیا۔ ہم نے وہاں کھانا کھایا میرا چیسر لفت کی سیر کا شوق پورا ہو گیا۔ میری سیر میں یہ میرا پسندیدہ حصہ رہا۔



سردار احمد - ششم سی



بچوں کے لیے موبائل فون فائدہ مند ہیں یا نقصان دہ؟

آج کل کے دور میں موبائل ایک ضرورت بن چکے ہیں۔ رابطہ رکھنے کے لیے اور پڑھائی کرنے کے لئے بھی۔ پڑھائی کے لیے فوراً معلومات مل جاتی ہیں۔ اگر کوئی کام سمجھ نہ آ رہا ہو تو دوستوں سے مدد مانگ سکتے ہیں۔ انٹرنیٹ بھی بہت مفید ثابت ہوتا ہے۔ لیکن ان سب فائدوں کے ساتھ ساتھ موبائل کے نقصانات بھی ہیں۔ وقت بہت ضائع ہوتا ہے یوٹیوب پر طرح طرح کی فائدہ مند ویڈیوز کے ہوتے ہوئے بہت ساری ایسی

چیزیں بھی موجود ہیں جو کہ چھوٹے بچوں کے لیے نقصان دہ ہیں۔ بہت ساری نئی ایشیاں ایسی ہیں جو کہ بچوں کے لیے نہیں ہیں۔ تو اگر موبائل کا صحیح استعمال کیا جائے تو بچوں کے لیے فائدہ مند ہے اور اگر غلط استعمال کیا جائے تو نقصان دہ ہے۔

مانحہ عمر - ششم سی



وقت کا جادوگر

ایک گاؤں میں ایک بوڑھا شخص رہتا تھا۔ جس کا نام عبدالقادر تھا۔ وہ ایک عام سا کسان تھا۔ لیکن گاؤں کے لوگ اسے وقت کا جادوگر کہتے تھے۔ کسی کو یہ معلوم نہیں تھا کہ اسے یہ لقب کیوں ملا۔ لیکن ہر کوئی اس سے کچھ نہ کچھ سیکھنے کی کوشش کرتا۔ عبدالقادر کے پاس ایک پرانی خستہ حال گھڑی تھی، جو ہمیشہ اس کی جیب میں رہتی۔ جب کوئی شخص مسائل لے کر اس کے پاس آتا، وہ اپنی گھڑی نکالتا، اس کی سوئیوں کو غور سے دیکھتا اور پھر کچھ کہتا۔ جو ہمیشہ درست نکلتا۔ ایک دن ایک نوجوان عمران جو گاؤں کا سب سے زیادہ جلد باز انسان تھا۔ عبدالقادر کے پاس آیا اور کہا "باباجی مجھے کامیابی چاہیے اور وہ بھی فوراً۔ میرے پاس انتظار کرنے کا وقت نہیں ہے۔" عبدالقادر نے مسکراتے ہوئے اپنی جیب سے گھڑی نکالی اور عمران کو دکھاتے ہوئے کہا "بیٹا یہ گھڑی دیکھ رہے ہو؟" عمران نے سر ہلاتے ہوئے کہا "جی، لیکن میرا اس گھڑی سے کیا لینا دینا؟" عبدالقادر نے گھڑی کے کانٹے کی طرف اشارہ کرتے ہوئے کہا "یہ کانٹا بھی رکتا نہیں یہ ہمیں بتاتا ہے کہ وقت ہمیشہ آگے بڑھتا ہے، لیکن اگر تم اس کو زبردستی آگے بڑھاؤ گے، تو یہ گھڑی خراب ہو جائے گی۔"

ریان وقار - ششم سی



انشارکٹیکا

دنیا کے سات براعظم میں سے ایک براعظم انشارکٹیکا ہے۔ جو کہ دنیا کے جنوبی ترین علاقے میں واقع ہے۔ وہاں بہت زیادہ سردی اور بڑے بڑے گلیشیرز ہوتے ہیں۔ وہاں مہر اور پیگلوئن پائے جاتے ہیں، جو کہ دنیا کے بہت نایاب جانور ہیں۔ انشارکٹیکا میں زیادہ سردی کی وجہ سے وہاں کی آبادی بہت کم ہے اور لوگ وہاں زیادہ تر تحقیق کرنے جاتے ہیں۔ انشارکٹیکا کو برف کی سرزمین بھی کہا جاتا ہے۔ یہ دنیا کا پانچواں بڑا براعظم ہے، جہاں بارش نہ ہونے کے برابر ہے۔ وہاں صرف موسم گرما میں جاسکتے ہیں کیونکہ یہ دنیا کا ٹھنڈا ترین علاقہ ہے۔ میری امی کہتی ہیں کہ ایک دن ہم انشارکٹیکا کی سیر کو جائیں گے۔ انشا اللہ۔

تلاطم خیز موجودوں سے وہ گھبرایا نہیں کرتے

ارادے جن کے پختہ ہوں، نظر جن کی خدا پر ہو

عبداللہ خورشید - ششم ڈی

سردی کا موسم

موسم سرما سال کا پہلا موسم ہوتا ہے۔ موسم سرما میں سرد موسم ہوتا ہے۔ یہ نومبر میں شروع ہوتا ہے اور فروری کے آخر تک جاری رہتا ہے۔ ٹھنڈی ہوائیں چلتی ہیں۔ کچھ جگہوں پر بارش ہوتی ہے۔ دن چھوٹے ہو جاتے ہیں اور راتیں لمبی ہو جاتی ہیں۔ لوگ گرم لباس پہنتے ہیں۔ لوگ کمروں میں ہیٹر کا استعمال کرتے ہیں۔ کچھ لوگ دھوپ میں بیٹھنا پسند کرتے ہیں۔ سردیوں کے موسم میں چائے اور کافی کا استعمال بڑھ جاتا ہے۔ لوگ زیادہ خشک میوہ جات کھاتے ہیں۔ اس موسم میں سورج کم نکلتا ہے۔ مجھے سردیوں کا موسم بہت پسند ہے۔

عرش بلال۔ ششم ڈی

☆☆☆

سیرت نبوی ﷺ

پیارے نبی ﷺ کے آنے سے عرب بالکل جگمگا اٹھا۔ اندھیرا دور ہو گیا اور جہالت ختم ہو گئی اور سارے عرب میں چین و سکون ہو گیا۔ آپ کی سیرت صرف عرب کے لئے نہیں بلکہ پوری دنیا کے لئے ایک مثال تھی۔ آپ بے حد رحم دل تھے۔ اللہ نے آپ ﷺ کو دنیا کے ظلم ختم کرنے اور ساری دنیا میں اسلام قائم کرنے کے لئے بھیجا۔ آپ ﷺ دنیا میں سب سے محبت کیا کرتے تھے۔ حضور اکرام ﷺ ساری دنیا کو اسلام کے بارے میں محبت سے بتایا کرتے۔ شروع میں تو حضور کی باتیں کسی کو سمجھ نہ آتی۔ اور لوگ



آپ ﷺ پر ظلم کرنے لگے لیکن نبی ﷺ نے اُمید نہ چھوڑی اور ہر شخص سے نرمی سے پیش آتے۔ اس طرح دھیرے دھیرے اسلام پھیل گیا۔ نبی ﷺ کی خاص باتیں:

- ۱: پیارے نبی ﷺ کبھی غصہ نہ کرتے۔
- ۲: اللہ نے قرآن نبی ﷺ پر نازل کیا۔
- ۳: نبی کریم کے جسم کا سایہ نہ تھا۔
- ۴: نبی کریم کے چہرے پر ہمیشہ ہلکی مسکراہٹ رہتی۔
- ۵: نبی کریم فرض سب کے سامنے پڑھتے اور نفل چھپ کر پڑھتے۔
- ۶: نبی کریم فاتحہ کی زندگی زیادہ بسر کرتے۔
- ۷: نبی کریم ستائیسویں شب کو معراج پر گئے۔

مصطفیٰ اولیں۔ ششم ای

☆☆☆

گھریلو زندگی میں لڑائی جھگڑے

گھریلو زندگی جہاں خوشیوں کی ضامن ہے۔ تو اسی کے ساتھ ساتھ یہ کچھ پریشانیوں کا باعث بھی بنتی ہے۔ ہمارے ہاں عام طور پر گھر کے

اخراجات اور کم آمدنی کی وجہ سے پیدا ہونے والے مسائل پر میاں بیوی کے درمیان لڑائی جھگڑے اُٹھ کھڑے ہوتے ہیں۔ اس کے علاوہ بعض اوقات گھریلو ذمہ داریوں، تعلیم کی کمی اور ذہنی ہم آہنگی سے پیدا شدہ مسائل گھریلو امن کو برباد کر دیتے ہیں۔ گھریلو زندگی میں ہر وقت کے لڑائی جھگڑوں اور توٹوٹوں میں سے گھر کا امن تباہ ہو جاتا ہے۔ شوہر کے لیے ملازمت کرنا عذاب بن جاتا ہے۔ اور بیوی آئے دن اپنے میکے کا رخ کرتی ہے۔ ایسے میں اولاد تعلیم و تربیت سے محروم ہو کر آوارہ گردی اور بے راہ روی کا شکار ہو کر تباہی کے راستے پر چل پڑتی ہے۔ دنیا کا ہر مذہب مرد و عورت کو باہمی احترام اور عزت کا درس دیتا ہے۔ ایک دوسرے کی خواہشات کا احترام کرنا اور گھر کی فضا کو جھگڑوں سے دور رکھنا چاہیے۔ اس سے پہلے کہ گھریلو لڑائی جھگڑوں میں پانی سر سے گزر جائے اور نوبت علیحدگی یا خودکشی تک آئے۔ گھر کے افراد کو چاہیے کہ وہ چادر دیکھ کر پاؤں پھیلائیں۔ اپنے وسائل میں رہ کر سادہ زندگی گزاریں اور چھوٹی چھوٹی باتوں کو طول دینے کی بجائے اپنی اولاد اور گھر کے امن کے لیے صبر و برداشت کا مظاہرہ کریں۔

عروش عثمان۔ ششم ای



سائنس کی ترقی



سائنس کی ترقی نے ہماری زندگی کو آسان اور دلچسپ بنا دیا ہے۔ آج ہم ہر جگہ سائنس کے فائدے دیکھ سکتے ہیں۔ سائنس نے ہمیں بجلی، کمپیوٹر، موبائل فون اور ٹیلی وژن جیسی اہم ایجادات دی ہیں۔ جن سے ہماری روز مرہ کی زندگی میں بہت سہولت پیدا ہوئی ہے۔ سائنس کی وجہ سے ہم آسانی سے ایک جگہ سے دوسری جگہ سفر کر سکتے ہیں۔ گاڑیاں، ہوائی جہاز اور ریل گاڑیاں سائنس کی ہی ایجاد ہیں۔ اسی طرح میڈیکل سائنس نے ہمیں بہت ساری بیماریوں کا علاج دیا ہے اور ڈاکٹر جدید مشینوں کی مدد سے

بیماریوں کا پتہ لگا سکتے ہیں۔ سائنس کی بدولت ہم گھر بیٹھے انٹرنیٹ کے ذریعے دنیا بھر کی معلومات حاصل کر سکتے ہیں۔ زراعت کے شعبے میں بھی سائنس نے بہت ترقی کی ہے۔

محمد اکبر۔ ششم ڈی





HUNTER SCHOOL

Global Warming: How Students Can Help Save the Environment

Global warming is one of the most important issues of our time, caused by human activities such as deforestation, burning fossil fuels, and industrial pollution. As students, we have the power to make a difference in protecting the environment and reducing the impact of climate change. Here are some simple yet effective ways students can contribute to saving the planet:

1. **Reduce, Reuse, Recycle:** One of the easiest ways to help the environment is by following the three R's, reduce waste, reuse items whenever possible, and recycle materials like paper, plastic, and glass.
2. **Conserve Energy:** Students can help by turning off lights and electronic devices when not in use, using energy-efficient appliances, and opting for renewable energy sources whenever possible.
3. **Use Sustainable Transportation:** Walking, cycling, or using public transport instead of driving reduces carbon emissions. Carpooling with friends or using electric vehicles can also contribute to a cleaner environment.
4. **Plant Trees and Support Green Spaces:** Students can participate in tree-planting activities, support afforestation programs, and take care of plants in their local communities.
5. **Reduce Water Consumption:** Simple actions like fixing leaks, turning off taps when not in use, and using water-efficient appliances can make a big impact.
6. **Spread Awareness:** Students can raise awareness by discussing environmental issues with family and friends, and using social media to promote sustainable practices.
7. **Participate in Environmental Programs:** Volunteering for clean-up drives, conservation projects, and awareness campaigns can amplify positive environmental change.



Every small action contributes to a larger impact. By making environmentally conscious choices in daily life, students can play a vital role in combating global warming and protecting the planet for future generations.

Zaynab Salman | V a

Technology in Education

Technology has transformed the way children learn by making education more interactive, engaging, and accessible. It helps in developing essential skills, personalizing learning, and preparing kids for the future. AI-powered tools adjust lessons based on a child's pace and understanding. Visual, auditory, and kinesthetic learners can all benefit from various digital resources. Kids can explore topics beyond traditional textbooks.



Platforms like Scratch, Tynker, and LEGO Robotics introduce kids to programming and logical thinking. Apps like ChessKid and BrainPOP help develop analytical skills. Virtual

science labs and simulations encourage curiosity. Google Classroom and Microsoft Teams allow kids to work on group projects remotely. Websites like YouTube Kids and National Geographic Kids offer free educational resources. Kids can learn from home during school closures or in remote areas.

Technology plays a crucial role in making education more engaging, accessible, and effective for kids. When used responsibly, it helps children develop essential skills, think creatively, and prepare for a tech-driven future.

Rafay Ahsan | V a

Reading: Why Books Are Our Best Friends

Reading is one of the most valuable habits a person can develop. Books serve as our best friends, offering knowledge and entertainment. In an age dominated by digital media



books are our best companions. Books provide an endless source of knowledge on various subjects. Whether it's history, science, literature, or philosophy, reading helps broaden our understanding of the world and enhances intellectual growth.

Reading transports us to different worlds, sparking our imagination and creativity. Fictional stories, in particular, help us think beyond the ordinary and encourage innovative thinking. Books introduce readers to new words and sentence structures, improving language skills. A well-read person can express thoughts clearly and effectively, making

reading a vital tool for communication.

Reading can be a great escape from daily stresses, providing relaxation and mental peace. Engaging with books helps reduce anxiety and improves overall emotional health. Reading requires focus and engagement, which enhances concentration and strengthens memory. It trains the brain to retain information and improves cognitive functions over time.

In a fast-paced digital world, reading books remains an essential and rewarding habit. By cultivating a reading culture, individuals can enhance their personal and intellectual growth, making books their most trusted allies in life.

Maria Hussain & Zoha Hashmi | V a

Healthy Eating Tips for Students

A balanced diet is essential for students to maintain energy, focus, and overall well-being. Here are some practical tips to help students develop healthy eating habits:

1. **Eat a Balanced Diet** which includes **proteins** (eggs, fish, chicken, beans) for muscle growth. Add **healthy carbs** (whole grains, brown rice, oats) for sustained energy. Eat plenty of **fruits and vegetables** for vitamins and minerals.
2. **Don't Skip Breakfast.** A nutritious breakfast improves concentration and memory. Opt for foods like oatmeal, yogurt with fruit, or whole-grain toast with peanut butter.
3. **Stay Hydrated.** Drink at least 6-8 glasses of water daily. Reduce sugary drinks like soda and energy drinks.
4. **Avoid Junk Food and Sugary Snacks.** Fast food and processed snacks can lead to fatigue and poor concentration. Choose healthy snacks like nuts, yogurt, or fruit instead of chips and candy.
5. **Eat Smaller, Frequent Meals.** Eat small, balanced meals every 3-4 hours to maintain energy levels. Combine protein, fiber, and healthy fats for long-lasting energy.
6. **Get Enough Sleep.** Poor sleep leads to unhealthy food cravings and low energy. Aim for 7-9 hours of sleep to support metabolism and brain function.
7. **Stay Active.** Regular physical activity like walking, stretching, or playing sports helps with digestion and overall well-being.



Healthy eating is key to better concentration, energy, and academic performance. With mindful choices and a balanced diet, students can maintain good health and stay focused on their studies.

Rayyan Sumair | V a

TIPS FOR SAFE INTERNET USE

The internet is a great tool for learning, communication, and entertainment, but it also comes with risks. Here are some essential tips to stay safe online:

- Never share your full name, address, phone number, or school details publicly.
- Be cautious when filling out online forms or surveys.
- Use strong passwords for accounts and avoid using the same password everywhere.
- Keep your profiles private and only add people you know.
- Think before posting—once something is online, it's hard to remove.
- Avoid sharing real-time locations or personal updates publicly.
- Don't click on suspicious links in emails or messages.
- If an offer seems too good to be true, it probably is.
- Always verify emails claiming to be from banks, schools, or official services before responding.
- Only download apps, files, and software from official websites or app stores.
- Use antivirus software to detect and block harmful files.
- Look for "https://" in the website URL before entering sensitive information.
- Avoid entering personal details on public or unknown websites.
- Not everyone online is who they claim to be.
- Never agree to meet an online stranger in person without informing a trusted adult.
- Avoid sharing private photos or videos with people you don't fully trust.
- Spending too much time online can affect mental and physical health.
- Take regular breaks to rest your eyes and stay active.
- Adjust privacy settings on social media and websites.
- Block or report users who behave inappropriately.
- Use parental controls if needed to monitor content access.



Being safe online is about making smart choices and protecting yourself from cyber risks. By following these tips, you can enjoy the internet responsibly while keeping your information and privacy secure.

Mustafa Hasan | V a

The Most Inspiring Sportsman/Woman at the Paris 2024 Olympics

Simone Biles was born on 14th of March 1997 in Ohio. She grew up in Spring Texas, with her grandparents. She became interested in gymnastics when she was 6 years old after a field trip to a gymnastic centre. She then trained herself and did it for 11 years. Biles was trained for all events like floor exercise, balance beam and uneven bars. She has won 11 Olympics medals and 30 world championships medals. She is known for being the



greatest Olympian of all times.

Her strength and ability allows her to perform skills that no other female or male gymnast has ever done. Simone has always received a medal in Olympics. She is still young but does great at performing anything, anywhere and in anyway. She has inspired many young girls with her hard

work that if you put your mind and effort into something, then there is nothing that can hold you back, sky becomes your limit then. She showed us to never give up in the face of any challenge because that is what makes all the difference. She made records achieving impossible standards and goal which ultimately made her win the prestigious Laureus World Sportswoman of the year award three times.

Linta Ahmad | V b

Travelling is the Best Meditation

It is true. It's not only the best meditation but a great way of acquiring long lasting memories. We all know meditation is the key to relaxation, calmness for a focused mind and healthy body. Therefore time away from work can significantly increase your productivity.

Travelling lets everyone culturally enjoy the beauty around them that they might have taken for granted. It helps your brain function better and boost your creativity. The best part is if you enjoy your travelling, it ultimately makes you a happier and a lighter person.



general outlook of life, allowing you to have regular resets. A wellness trip can contribute to a better mental health make you a person that is more approachable and forthcoming. This type of meditation not only gives you exposure but also lets you be a different and better version of you, whose wellbeing is not weighed down by the societal pressures of work, family, friends and community. Therefore opting for travelling as a means of self exploration is truly the mode.

Aminah Azhar | V b

Augmented Reality vs Virtual Reality

Augmented Reality (AR) and Virtual Reality (VR) are exciting technologies with key differences. AR adds digital objects or animations to the real world. For example, if you play Pokemon Go, you can see a Pokemon appear on your phone while still looking at your real surroundings. VR creates a completely virtual world, where by wearing a headset transports you to a new world like, exploring space, jungles, underwater, or inside a game.

AR enhances reality by using devices like smartphones or AR glasses to mix the real and



digital world. AR is useful for things like trying virtual clothes, learning about constellations. While VR requires headsets for a fully immersive experience. VR is excellent for gaming, it is also great for practicing skills like flying planes, practicing risky surgeries and virtual tours. These both realities have been developed to adequately equip human beings for all the unforeseen scenarios.

Shazil Ahmad | V b

Cyber Safety

Cyber safety for kids is crucial in today's digital world. Here are some key guidelines to help keep children safe online:

- Teach kids about cyberbullying, scams, and inappropriate content.
- Explain why they should never share personal details (name, address, phone number) online.
- Enable parental controls on devices, browsers, and apps.
- Set screen time limits and monitor activity.
- Keep profiles private and only connect with people they know in real life.
- Avoid sharing photos or videos that reveal too much personal information.
- Regularly check the websites they visit and apps they use.
- Use family-friendly search engines like **Google SafeSearch**.
- Use strong passwords with a mix of letters, numbers, and symbols.
- Never share passwords with anyone except parents.
- Teach them to ignore messages from strangers.
- Warn about phishing emails and fake websites that ask for personal details.
- Play games on trusted platforms with privacy settings enabled.
- Avoid chatting with strangers in online multiplayer games.
- Let kids know they can come to elders if they see something upsetting online.
- Avoid punishing them for mistakes—use them as learning opportunities.



Mahnoor Sohail | V c

The Importance of Reading

Reading is one of the most essential skills a person can develop, offering countless benefits for personal growth, education, and entertainment. Reading exposes you to new ideas, cultures, and perspectives. It improves vocabulary and language skills, making communication more effective.

It engages the brain, improving memory, focus, and cognitive function. Reduces stress by providing an escape into different worlds and stories. Strengthens analytical thinking and problem-solving abilities.

Books transport readers to new worlds, sparking creativity. Fiction, fantasy, and sci-fi genres encourage outside-the-box thinking. Exposure to different writing styles helps improve grammar, sentence structure, and storytelling. Encourages self-expression through journaling, essays, or even creative writing. Reading about different characters and experiences fosters understanding and compassion. Helps readers relate to people from diverse backgrounds and life situations. Strong reading skills lead to better academic performance. Professionals who read regularly stay informed and adaptable in their industries.

Reading inspires curiosity and a love for learning beyond the classroom. Keeps the mind sharp and engaged throughout life. Reduces screen fatigue and helps with better sleep. It keeps deep focus and mindfulness.

Reading is not just a hobby—it's a powerful tool for self-improvement, learning, and relaxation. Whether through books, articles, or digital content, regular reading enriches the mind and life itself.

Do you have a favorite book or genre that inspires you to read more?

Soha Haris | V c



Spring



Spring is here!
Let's all cheer!
Cleaning needs to be done
So let's have some fun
No more fog
Just lots of frogs
Easter is coming so let's hide eggs
Be quick and move your legs
Spring blooms
While winter glooms
I love spring
For all the fun it brings

Arya Manan | V c

Physical Activity

Physical activity is essential for maintaining a healthy body and mind. Whether through sports, exercise, or simple daily movements, staying active brings numerous benefits. Here's why physical activity is so important:

- Strengthens the heart, muscles, and bones.
- Reduces the risk of chronic diseases like heart disease, diabetes, and obesity.
- Boosts the immune system, helping the body fight illnesses.
- Releases endorphins, which improve mood and reduce stress.
- Helps combat anxiety and depression.
- Improves sleep quality and overall energy levels.
- Enhances memory, concentration, and problem-solving skills.
- Increases blood flow to the brain, reducing the risk of cognitive decline.
- Helps students and professionals stay sharp and productive.
- Helps burn calories and maintain a healthy weight.
- Boosts metabolism, making it easier to manage diet and nutrition.
- Team sports and group exercises encourage teamwork and communication.
- Helps build friendships and social skills.
- Instills discipline, consistency, and goal-setting.
- Promotes a long-term commitment to a healthy lifestyle.
- Regular physical activity contributes to a longer, healthier life.
- Reduces the risk of premature aging and mobility issues.
- Activities like dancing, hiking, and swimming make exercise enjoyable.
- Provides a break from daily stress and routine.



Physical activity is not just about fitness, it's about overall well-being. Whether it's a daily walk, a gym workout, or playing a sport, staying active improves life quality in countless ways.

What's your favorite way to stay active?

Eshan Amjad | V c

Quick Recipes for Snacks & Lunch Box Ideas

Here are some easy, delicious, and healthy snack and lunch box ideas to keep things exciting!

Quick Snacks

1. Peanut Butter Banana Wrap

- Spread peanut butter on a tortilla, add banana slices, roll it up, and slice into bite-sized pieces.

2. Yogurt & Granola Parfait

- Layer yogurt, granola, and fresh fruits like berries or mango in a cup.

3. Cheese & Crackers Box

- Pack whole-grain crackers, cheese slices, and grapes for a simple and tasty snack box.

4. Hummus & Veggie Sticks

- Pair hummus with sliced cucumbers, carrots, and bell peppers for a crunchy, healthy treat.

5. No-Bake Energy Bites

- Mix oats, peanut butter, honey, and chocolate chips. Roll into bite-sized balls and refrigerate.



Lunch Box Ideas

1. Mini Sandwich Skewers

- Stack mini sandwiches (cheese, turkey, lettuce) on toothpicks or skewers for a fun twist.

2. DIY Wraps

- Fill a whole-wheat tortilla with chicken, lettuce, cheese, and a little mayo or mustard.

3. Pasta Salad To-Go

- Mix cooked pasta, cherry tomatoes, cucumber, and cheese cubes with a light dressing.

4. Egg Muffins (Great for Meal Prep!)

- Whisk eggs, add diced veggies and cheese, pour into muffin tins, and bake at 350°F (175°C) for 15 minutes.

5. Rice & Chicken Bowl

- Pack cooked rice, grilled chicken, and steamed veggies with a side of soy sauce or dressing.

Nuriyah Hamza | V c



Arshad Nadeem

“You owe Pakistan nothing but Pakistan owes you a lot.” Arshad Nadeem

Arshad Nadeem has been breaking new ground for Pakistan ever since he stepped onto the international stage. He is an Olympic champion, a Commonwealth Games gold medalist and a silver medal winner at the World Athletics Championships and a bronze medalist at the Asian Games.

In fact, he is Pakistan's first-ever individual Olympic gold medal winner and the nation's first medalist in athletics at the Summer Games. Such was his dominance in the javelin throw final at the Paris 2024 Olympics that Arshad Nadeem's winning throw was a whopping 3.2m.

Before settling on javelin throw, Nadeem also pursued shot put and discus throw. It was his father, Muhammad Ashraf, who persuaded him to take up the sport of javelin throwing. Nadeem actually aspired to become a full-time cricketer, but he changed his mind and shifted his focus to athletics as he first picked up the javelin in 2015; Nadeem himself acknowledged that it was "The best thing that happened to him". His father stated that Nadeem was not provided with a good training ground facility prior to competing at the Olympics. Nadeem trained in his home's courtyard and on the streets, and is believed to have not received any financial assistance.

On 7 August 2022, Nadeem won a gold medal for Pakistan at the 2022 Commonwealth Games. Despite being injured, he set a games record with his throw of 90.18 m on his fifth attempt, surpassing world champion Anderson Peters 88.64 m, becoming the first South Asian to surpass the 90 m mark. This was Pakistan's first athletics gold medal at the Commonwealth Games since 1962. At the Tokyo 2020 Olympics, Arshad Nadeem finished fifth in the men's javelin throw event with a best attempt of 84.62m. In comparison, he had three throws over the 88m mark in Paris, including two over 90m.

Arshad broke the previous Olympic javelin throw record of 90.7m set by Andreas Thorkildsen of Norway at Beijing 2008. The mark also set a new Asian javelin throw record. May he always succeed in life and keep making Pakistan proud.

Zarah Faisal | V c

Frida Kahlo

Frida Kahlo is a truly iconic artist whose personal identity has become as famous as her art itself.

Whilst both her art and her image possess cultural value, she also lived a fascinating yet tragic life and her story makes her work all the more meaningful. Tragically she was involved in a tragic accident at the age of 18. Whilst she survived the accident, she spent many months recovering in hospital. Frida had shown early promise and interest in arts and it was when she spent many months lying in bed in a body cast, that she turned her hand to painting. To kill time and alleviate the pain, her parents encouraged her to paint and made her a special easel so that she could paint lying down in bed.

She painted her body cast, then turned the paintbrush on herself, using a mirror hung above her bed. She finished her first self-portrait the following year.

Frida created deeply personal work and although much of her work is self-portraiture, a lot of her life's work also centres around her illnesses and struggles. Of her approximate 200 paintings, drawings and sketches, 55 are self-portraits. Frida loved animals, these animals featured in her paintings. The



animals in her paintings often serve to tell the story of not only her life of misfortune, but also her link to her pre-Hispanic roots and Mexican folklore.

She once said, "Everything can have beauty even the worst horror." That's why Frida Kahlo is my role model and my favourite personality. Always remember art can come in many ways.

Sara Tanveer | V c

Quit Comparing Yourself



Nowadays people have everything they need but still look towards the people that have more, and the person with better life looks towards the one who has best and the cycle never ends. In this world people want to achieve everything at the same time. They forget a crucial fact of life that, everyone has their own problems, their own circumstances, their own ideologies

that they are working with. Then what's the point of envy or jealousy?

Longing to get what others have creates an unsettling feeling in one's mind that cannot be overcome even if you get the desired things. The point is you should never envy other people's life. It is the reason why people's relationships and friendships tear apart making them distant from each other. It's like demanding a broken pencil, you don't need it neither will you use it but you wanted it because someone else had it. Did it benefit you? No! Will it benefit you? No! Then why waste our energy and resources to make a superficial world around us when you can be the best version of yourself in your own skin.

M. Fahad Farrukh | V d

Mother Nature

And there I lay, watching the trees' leaves sway
The intense wind hit my skin
I often felt the trees looking at me
The view was lovely I even saw some flowers
To a flower, a bee flee
The leaves lay on the ground with me
I could only hear the most subtle sounds
It was pollinating a red rose,
I imagined the tree was making an interesting pose.
The wind was blowing fast,
And yet the only thing moving was the freshly cut grass.
A flower's sepal may not be as beautiful as its petals
We all have a part to play,
Some might even have to slay.
Far away, I hear Mother Nature's call,
Some of us can't hear it, but not us all.
We might think we have powers,
But nothing like a mere flower.
The cycle of life flows like a kite.
Mother Nature is a beautiful thing in all its spite.



Kabir Ozair | V d

A Statue of Misrepresentation

Time, as it passes by, as humans evolve, let it be from the time of Stone Age till the Modern Age: technology, dynamics, situations, geopolitics or circumstances change. However, the interpretation of change is the most important thing.

AI was first invented in 1956 for one main purpose: to make our lives easier but instead they changed the whole dynamics. Clash of personalities of what deemed to be right nowadays has caused a huge turmoil in today's generation. For that I would award the trophy to, the Social Media.

Social media promises obliging results to boost moods by making you more social and connect to the world than you might be interested in. Hence setting up standards that you can't meet. It doesn't end there. The constant addiction of technology and social acceptability through nonstop scrolling of Instagram reels has become a vicious cycle for this generation.

To spice up the views they could go to any extend. Another one goes, "Bollywood causes Los Angeles Fires." Bollywood had nothing to do with Los Angeles fires. Social media is a big scam, which runs on the hungry souls of idealism. If you really want



to connect with the world, if you really want to be social, if you really want to make a difference then just step outside and see where the wind takes you.

Aimen Zubair | V d

The Role of Schools and Parents in Combating Cyberbullying.

Cyberbullying is when people - like you and me - get bullied online. People can cyber bully anyone on any app like Instagram, Tiktok, Facebook, Twitter, and many more. However, schools and parents play a crucial role in preventing cyber bullying and keeping children safe online. If schools and parents work together, they can help children understand cyber bullying on the internet and teach them to use technology in a kind and sensible way. Schools should teach children about cyber bullying by having lessons and activities to

teach students what cyberbullying is, why it is harmful and how to avoid it. Students can learn about being sensible online and standing up for others who are being bullied online. Schools should have clear rules about what it's okay to do online - there should be consequences if somebody breaks the rules. Certain rules like these help create a safe space for everyone.

Teachers and counselors can talk to pupils who are being bullied or to those who are bullying others to find solutions. Schools can set up ways for students to report

...like bullying without feeling frightened or scared. Teachers can help to notice when someone is being bullied online and how to help right away.

Parents can also help by talking to their children about their online activities and encourage them to share if something is bothering their children. This makes children feel loved and supported. Parents can set limits on screen time and help their children choose safe websites and apps. Parents can also teach children to think before posting or sharing something online. Parents should keep an eye on their child internet usage by keeping track of their internet usage. Parents can notice signs of cyberbullying and how to help.

When schools and parents join forces, they can create a strong support system. Both can teach children to be extremely kind and report bullying when they see it. Together, schools and dear parents can build a safer online world for everyone!



Aleena Yasser | IV a

The Secret Lives of Bees

You might have seen bees flying around flowers in your garden or park. But did you know that these tiny insects play a huge role in our ecosystem? Let's dive into secret lives of bees and find out why are they so important



1. Bees are pollinators. They pollinate food crops. Insects and bees travel from one flower to another with little hair on their bodies which help them attract pollen. The process of pollination yields fruits, vegetables, honey and seeds. Fun fact: Bees are one of the most important pollinators in the world, they also work nonstop all night!

2. What bees produce? They help produce 1/3 of our food supply. Helps provide half of the world's fibers, oils, and other raw materials. They also help create many medicines, note that they provide food for wildlife and prevent soil erosion.

3. Fun Facts: Did you know? Out of every three bites we consume rely on pollination. Could you imagine walking into your grocery store and seeing everything in the shelves in short

supply like carrots, apples, proteins, lettuce and even milk that and so on would be meager! Yet bee populations continue to decline due to the rampant use of pesticides and other environmental factors like climate change. We must stop using these exact pesticides and the world should be more vocal about global warming. Insects (including moths, flies, butterflies, birds, bats, and more) are part of maintaining the lungs of our planet. If bees die, humans would lose a healthy vibrant diet. Bees are supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

Bees are tiny, but they play a huge role in our ecosystem. Without them, our food supply would be in trouble. By planting bee-friendly flowers, avoiding pesticides, and providing a source of water, we can help these amazing creatures thrive.

So, next time you see a bee buzzing around a flower, remember: they're not just making honey, they're helping our planet!

Nael Chohan | IV a

Music – Food for Our Soul

"Music is food for our soul" means that music nourishes our emotions and spirit, providing a deep sense of fulfillment and connection - similar to how physical food sustains our body. It can uplift our mood, bring comfort and evoke powerful feelings that words alone can't express.

How does it affect feelings?

Music has the ability to trigger a wide range of emotions - from joy and excitement to sadness and reflection.

How does it transcend universal bounds?

Music transcends language and cultural barriers, allowing people from different backgrounds to connect through shared experiences.

How can listening to music help us?

Listening to music can be used as a tool to manage stress, anxiety and depression, promoting overall well-being.

How can it help us from boredom?

Music can soothe us and entertain us when we are bored. If you were going to Hyderabad from Lahore, it would take hours to reach so you could put on some songs and enjoy for some time.



Azlan Hamza | IV a

Amazing Inventions and How They Have Changed the World

Have you ever wondered what the 3 most amazing inventions of today are? I am going to be telling you a little bit about them.

- 1. Computer:** use mathematical equations and have helped humans in space exploration, medical science and entertainment. Johann Muchy and J. Presper Eckert created the first computer. There would have been no laptops or calculators today, perhaps the most influential invention of the last 100 years.
- 2. World Wide Web:** The web is the system of interlinked documents across the internet. Sir Tim Berners-Lee invented this in 1989.
- 3. LED Light Bulb:** They are 17 times more efficient than the old bulbs. They were invented in 1962 by Nick Holon yak. The first bulb was in red colour but other colours came in 1990. They are used now in everyday items like traffic lights, torches and televisions.



These were the 3 most amazing inventions that have changed the world.

Minaal Aurangzeb | IV a

How to Make Your Own Comic Book: Tips and Tricks for Young Authors

These are a few tips and tricks that the young artists can follow to make their comic book.



- 1. Create Distinct Characters:** Make your characters stand out with unique looks, such as specific outfits, accessories, or quirky traits. Whether sticking to a novel's description or reinventing them, ensure they're recognizable. Maybe your main character wears a hat. Maybe they only ever dress in red. Maybe they have a pet lizard that sits on their shoulder or sparks come out of their hair! Anything goes as your reader will recognize them even in a crowd.
- 2. Use Colors to Set the Scene:** Different settings and times of the day can be highlighted with color. Use bright colors for daytime, warm tones for indoor scenes, and darker hues for nighttime, avoiding too much black.

- 3. Plan Speech Bubble Placement:** Ensure you leave space for dialogue. Speech bubbles should be placed near the character's mouth with the tail pointing towards them. A really common mistake for new comic artists is to pack their panels with pictures leaving no room for speech. Avoid using this easy mistake by marking out space for bubbles before you start drawing pictures.
- 4. Make Page Turns Exciting:** End big moments on a dramatic note, using

spasms pages for surprises to emphasize action or twists.

- 5. Keep it Fun:** Experiment and have fun with your comic creation!
- 6. Practice Regularly:** The more you create, the better you'll become, so keep practicing.
- 7. Collaborate:** Team up with other artists or writers to learn and get valuable feedback on your work.

Ayat Faisal | IV a

Smog and Clean Air Superheroes

There is a lot of smog in Pakistan. Smog is a harmful gas which is really dangerous. We may not have superpowers but we can be

possibility of some diseases like lung cancer. It also keeps us healthy. Over 8 million people die annually because they breathe dirty air. We should walk or use public transport because vehicles are a major reason for smog. They should plant trees in their gardens because trees absorb carbon dioxide. They should also use solar energy. Participating and hosting clean up events can also be really helpful. We should raise awareness about smog. Like telling the farmers not to burn the stumps of their crops. We should use high quality fuel and advocate for clean air. We ourselves should not pollute the air.

3rd Finally, we should learn about this topic and also teach others about this. Students and people can be superheroes by helping to reduce the smog.

Abdul Rafeh | IV b



superheroes by reducing smog. Clean air is important because it lessens the

Animals and Camouflage

Have you ever noticed how some animals blend in perfectly with their surroundings? This is called **camouflage**. Camouflage is a special way that animals use colors, patterns, or shapes to hide from predators or sneak up on prey. Let's take a look at how animals use camouflage to stay safe in the wild. Animals use camouflage primarily for protection from predators and to enhance their hunting abilities. Key methods include the following:

1. **Concealing coloration:** Animals like polar bears and arctic hares change color to blend into snowy environments, making them less visible to both prey and predators.
2. **Disruptive coloration:** Patterns like stripes and spots, seen in zebras and tigers, break up an animal's outline, confusing predators.
3. **Disguise:** Some species, such as insects and leaf butterflies, mimic non-food

objects to avoid detection.

4. **Mimicry:** Certain animals imitate the appearance or resemble non-threatening creatures to ambush prey.



Conclusion

Animals use camouflage in many clever ways to hide from danger or sneak up on prey. Whether through colors, patterns, or shapes, camouflage is an amazing survival tool in nature. The next time you're outside, see if you can spot an animal hiding in plain sight!

Mishal Usman | IV b

Learning from Mistakes

Mistakes are an inevitable part of life. No matter how hard we try to avoid them, they happen whether in our personal lives, mistakes are an unavoidable aspect of the human experience. However, the key to success and personal growth lies not in avoiding mistakes but in learning from them. Mistakes offer valuable lessons that can help us improve, develop resilience and ultimately become better individuals. Learning from mistakes is essential for growth because it helps us understand ourselves, refine our actions and build a stronger foundation for future success.

At its core, learning from mistakes is about turning failure into an opportunity for improvement. When we make mistakes, it often triggers a process of reflection. We stop and think about what went wrong and what happened.

This process is special because it allows us

to analyze our terms, identify areas for improvement and gain insight into what we might not have considered otherwise. For instance, when a student fails a test instead of seeing it as a setback, they can view it as a chance to identify gaps in their knowledge and develop a more effective study strategy for the future.

Mistakes also help to strengthen our problem-solving abilities. When we encounter a problem that we initially fail to solve, we often need to try different approaches until we find the right solution.

This trial-and-error process not only improves our problem-solving skills but also builds our creativity and resourcefulness. Each failure provides valuable feedback, enabling us to adjust and adapt our methods.

Rahim Mustafa | IV b



Books create strong emotional connections between adults and children, fostering shared reading experiences. They help children develop language skills and expand vocabularies more effectively than any other medium. Books stimulate critical thinking, offering new ideas and ways of thinking. They encourage imagination, broaden awareness, and help children explore different perspectives.

Books also nurture self-discovery, boost self-confidence, and foster empathy. They provide insight into who we are, where we come from, and help us understand others. They guide us in reflecting on morals and values, answering questions, and even sparking new ones.

Books entertain, comfort, and inspire us. They offer companionship, make us laugh, cry, and give us hope. Ultimately, books help us dream and provide the tools to achieve those dreams.

So, let it be said - books are essential! In other words, the substantial meal of the day for your brain and your wellbeing.

M. Ibrahim Fahad | IV b

20 Things I Love

1. Supporting a friend in a tough time.
2. The thrill of a road trip.
3. Sketching and painting.
4. Hiking in the mountains.
5. Reading horror books.
6. The satisfaction of hard work paying off.
7. Planning a vacation.
8. Act of kindness for a stranger and the poor.
9. Playing basketball.
10. My name.
11. Learning new words in a new language.
12. Deep conversation with parents.
13. Spending time laughing with my best friends.
14. Winter.
15. My family. I got lucky because they are all funny/smart/good looking/beautiful souls.
16. Reading
17. Career and education.
18. Studying.
19. Talking.
20. Discovering nature.

Mariam AbuBakr | IV b

While AI has been around for decades, it has only recently started trending and become mainstream because AI innovations are in the market, and AI is being discussed as a lot of people are interested in the knowledge of AI.

Recently, Elon Musk predicted that AI will surpass single human intelligence next year, 2025, and all humans combined by 2029.

These days, AI is so high quality that pets are being replaced by AI dogs. There are over 8.4 billion AI-powered assistants in the world. AI is not just about creating art or predicting your mood. It's beyond that. AI creates art that will make you think that an artist drew it. AI is also trying to read our emotions by peeking through our phones,



cameras, and listens to our voice messages and texts.

Why Is AI Important?

AI makes life easier and more fun:

- **Helps us learn:** AI powers apps that make learning fun, like math or language games.
- **Makes work easier:** It helps doctors, builds things, and even drives cars!
- **Keeps us entertained:** AI helps create fun video games and cool movies!

The Future of AI

AI is getting better every day! One day, it might help us with schoolwork, protect the environment, or create new inventions. You might even invent your own AI in the future!

Conclusion

AI is a powerful tool that helps us in many ways, from smart assistants to self-driving cars. It learns from data, makes decisions, and makes life easier and more fun. The future of AI is bright, and who knows what cool things we'll see next.

Emaan Omer | IV b

Guiding Light: My Inspirational Role Model

My inspirational role model is Arfa Karim. She inspires me to become the youngest Microsoft Certified Professional (MCP). She learned how software and Microsoft worked at a very young age. She inspires me because she earned her place in the Guinness Book of World Records. She held that record till 2008. Arfa's computer skills were on top. She gave a great impression and inspired people on her interviews. She worked hard to become successful in her life. She did her achievements in many countries: in Spain, and Dubai.

She inspires me to become like her and inspire people to do it. She had to take a tough exam of software but



passed. She was born in 1995 and she died in 2012. We felt proud that Arfa came from Pakistan. She was a well-spoken role model. She quickly became very adept at using computers. She enjoyed using the computer. She achieved a great deal in a short time. Pakistan's largest Information and Communication Technology Park in Lahore is named after Arfa.

To become like her, you have to work hard and become successful and inspire people

to do this. Arfa is a role model for many people in Pakistan and around the world. It takes many years for adults to become MCP, but Arfa did it at the age of nine.

Bill Gates, head of Microsoft, invited her to visit the company headquarters in the USA. She was asked by her experiences and achievements in her life. She is still famous. That's why she is my inspirational role model as she has inspired me the most.

Mohammad Kamil | IV c

Bees

Hi, my name is Mutahir, and today I am going to talk about The Secret Lives of Bees. Bees are quite interesting. Did you guys know that even bees have a queen bee just like we humans did a long time ago? Bees are invertebrates. They are also very important for us. They are so important because they produce pure honey that we use to help a sore throat. Did you guys know that only male bees can sting you?

The beehive goes haywire when the queen bee dies. Speaking of queen bees, did you know that only the queen bee produces larvae? Did you know there is a saying that if bees die so will humans? That is because they produce honey, and they play a huge role in pollination. Without pollen, fruits, so the vegetarians and herbivores will starve to death.

The male bees are worker bees. Male bees are called drones. Did you know that bees have 5 eyes? Did you know that bees see through a special ray called the UV ray light?

Bees are very important for the ecosystem. Bees are small but are very interesting creatures and are my favourite.

M. Mutahhir Zohaib | IV c



Changed the World

In 1700's, not even an eraser or a pencil was made. People used to write with a stone or a quill. They erased by cutting or covering what they wrote. People used to make fire with stone. Back then, people didn't have cell phones, TVs, fans, etc. They used to live without fans or ACs. They used to make wooden houses.

Then slowly they made things better by making things like telephones, better clothes, aeroplanes, etc. They made schools for kids to learn and to grow. Time was moving quickly and the world changed. Earlier people used to live simple and happy lives. Later, man made a lot of things, everyone became happier, but life became more complicated. People loved everything too much which changed the world!

With the invention of cars and smart sports



cars like Porsche, Lamborghinis, Tesla, etc. the world became fast unlike before, and this is how inventions changed the whole world!!!

Aysel Rehman | IV c

Inspirational Role Model

Someone who inspired me was Laura Dekker. She was the world's youngest girl to travel around the world in a ship. She was only fourteen when she started her journey in August 2010 and finished in January 2012.

Her biggest challenge was the Indian Ocean. She was recording her whole journey. The reason the Indian Ocean was a big challenge is because there was a big storm. So her ship started to sink. So obviously, water started to fill up. As soon as it almost filled up, for some reason, the ship went up like it flew up. The ship jumped to the top, so Laura survived.



Here is how she was legally allowed to travel in a ship at a young age. Her parents did not approve, but her dad's friend did. Her dad's friend was the one who helped her. Her mobile had a tracker on the ship. She went to court so the judge would let her go. Finally her parents agreed.

There is a movie about her called Maiden Trip. When Laura came back, she became a role model to others.

Ayra Fatima Jehanzeb | IV c

Climate Change Activists

Do you know what climate change is?

Climate change means a change in the Earth's weather. Our planet is getting warmer, because of things like cars, factories, and cutting down trees. These activities release gases, like carbon dioxide, that cause pollution because it traps heat from the sun.

That is why we are facing problems like hotter summers, stronger storms, melting ice, and rising sea levels. It is affecting animals, plants, and even us.

But thankfully, we have people who are working and trying to save our planet and are raising awareness about climate change. They are called climate change activists.



I will tell you about four famous activists that I like.



1. Greta Thunberg. Born in 2003

Greta is a 21 year old activist from Sweden. She started a school strike 'Friday for Future' to demand that serious actions should be taken against climate change.



2. Vanessa Nakate. Born in 1996

Vaneesa is a 28 year old activist from Uganda, who speaks about how climate change is hurting African countries and started "Rise Up Climate Movement."



3. Xiye Bastida. Born in 2002

Xiye is a 22 year old activist from Maxico who defends Indigenous peoples' rights and asks the world leaders to stop Global warming.



4. Elizabeth Wathuti. Born in 1995

Elizabeth is a 29 year old activist from Kenya who plants trees and teaches people how to care for nature and protect forests.

Aisha Zeeshan | IV d

My Nana

My grandfather is my biggest inspiration and role model. He is a man of unwavering principles, deep wisdom and resilience. He was one of the strongest officers in the army.

He is the one who has shown me the true meaning of honesty, humility, courage and generosity. He has an impressive personality which includes his classic taste of fashion.

He has always taught me to have compassion for others. He has a great sense of humour and is always making me laugh. His discipline and manner speak for him.

I have a slogan for him: East or West, Nana papa is the best!

Musa Qasim | IV d

Amazing Inventions That Changed The World

We have invented amazing things that have made our lives easier to live. Let's talk about some of the amazing inventions that have changed our world and our lives.



The wheel: The first invention I want to talk about is the wheel. What is that? It is a round object used to move different objects. Why is it an important invention? The wheel helps us to move heavy objects easily like cars, bikes, trucks and heaving machinery. It has been around for thousands of years and is still used today.



The printing press: A machine that prints paper and books. Why is it important? My mom told me that before it was invented, books were very rare. The printing press made it easy to make a lot of copies of books, which helped us to learn and share our ideas.

Electricity: A kind of energy that powers

lights, phones and computers. Now the question is, "Why is it important?" Imagine living without electricity! Without it, we could not have lights, televisions, or other important electronic things. It has changed the way we live.



The telephone: Another invention I want to talk about is a telephone. We use it to talk to people far away. Before we had to write letters to talk to people who lived far away. The telephone made the communication much faster.



Penicillin: It is a medicine that helps to fight infections. It has saved millions of lives by curing diseases that used to be dangerous.



Mustafa Khan Virk | IV d

Learning from Mistakes

Making mistakes is natural. We all make mistakes but the important thing is that we should learn from our mistakes. Learning from Mistakes is a key to growth and success. Mistakes are a chance to learn.

Every day, people make mistakes but we should try not to repeat them. Always admit your mistakes and apologize if needed. Think of your mistakes as a chance to learn and improve. Mistakes are the seeds from which trees of knowledge grow.

Let's talk about milk as an example: If milk spoils, it turns into yogurt which is more valuable than milk. If it spoils further, it becomes cheese which is even more valuable than yogurt. Remember, making mistakes does not make you a bad person, instead they are experiences that enhance your value as an individual.

We should believe in ourselves that our abilities can be developed. We should always want to improve ourselves, grow from our mistakes, and keep trying again and again.

Anaya Nadeem | IV d



The Power of Books

I was walking through the corridors of Hogwarts closely remembering Harry Potter. I felt a sense of eeriness as I imagined Harry Potter hearing voices from the plumbing. "SAFWA! SAFWA! Are you listening to me?" Shouted my mother's voice. I had been brought back to the real world.....

Books have many powers. The first and my favourite one is that they can transport you anywhere. They can also take us to historical and magical world. Through interesting narratives, we can learn about different cultures and societies.

Reading books make us smart by boosting our intellect and vocabulary. Books hold important historical facts and also tell us about ancient civilizations. Reading enhances our general knowledge.

All of these positives equip us with clarity and confidence for our everyday life. Books have the power of fostering imagination and creativity. Through the stories of fictional characters, we get emotional comfort.

History teaches us important life lessons. Books about Science and Technology help us prepare for the future adventures. Books are extremely powerful because they can be used for our personal growth. They can open our mind to new ideas and help us become more tolerant. With the power of books, we can become the best versions of ourselves.

Safwa Syed | IV d

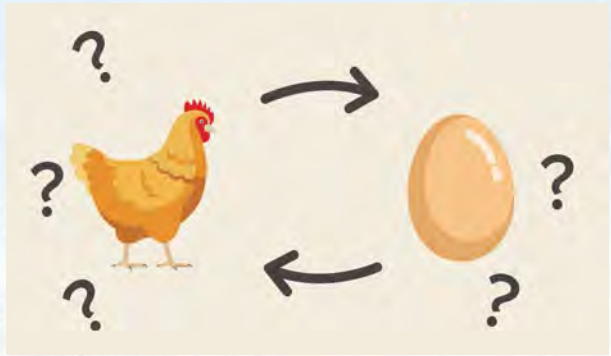
Which came first, the chicken or the egg?

Which came first, a chicken or the egg? That is an interesting question!

A prototype! In our first step on this scientific journey, we must take in perspective that there must have been a prototype excluding dinosaur eggs, of course! We have to check and confirm.... if we do not clarify this, we cannot even solve this scientific question.

My research (just for the sake of this article)

says: let's consider that the prototype was a mammal. Now that changes everything! We need to know how a mammal turned into a bird. That is what baffles humans. I think, I know the answer and that is "Gene alteration." So, taking this into perspective, we get the answer. According to all my research I put together, I have come to a conclusion that the chicken was first and then came the egg. That is all!



Taha Lateef | IV e

Life's Little Joys: A List Of 10 Things I Love.

There are so many things in the world to love. Today I am going to talk about the 10 things I love.

The first thing I love is having 'Allah' in my life. There is nothing to love more in the universe than to love Allah.

The second thing I love is my family. Family



are people who love you and stay with you forever.

The third thing is 'Friends', because of course they bring joy in your life.

In fourth place, I love my cats: Simon and Ash. I have had Simon since 2019 and got Ash in 2020 but he ran away in 2022, but I still love him and miss him so much.

Next is nature, I just love how beautiful plants and trees look. And I wonder how we can survive without oxygen!

The sixth thing I love is our emotions: happiness, sadness, excitement etc. just imagine if there were no emotions, how would we live!

Now comes the seventh thing. That is the food and water. I am so grateful for the variety of food we have. I love all sweet and sour and spicy food.

In eighth place is the subject Mathematics. I have loved math since I started school and I am also really good at it.

The ninth thing I love is swimming. I have loved swimming since I was 3. With practice, I have become really good in it.

The tenth and the last but not the least is 'Football.' My cousins and I love playing football. I like playing as a striker but usually I am the goal keeper because my cousins know I don't let anyone score. I really enjoy football!

Sakina Zain | IV e

Travelling and Working from Anywhere in the World with a Laptop

Travelling is a fantastic way to learn new things and for some people, it is a source of earning. Travelling is my favourite thing



and my work lets me roam around freely. My job is an interesting one. It is creating

online content. I make videos of the places I visit, and I upload them for the people to see. My audience love my content and motivate me to visit different places.

I meet with other YouTubers and then collaborate with them. Some of the places I have been to are England, Switzerland, China, Canada and Dubai but Canada has been on top. My work lets me have flexible hours and well all I need is my laptop with a strong internet connection.

Travelling and exploring new places has been my passion for as long as I can remember. Modern date Technology has made it possible for those who want to travel and work at the same time.

Mahnoor Mueen | IV e

How To Make Your Own Comic Book

Let me tell you how you can make your own comic book.

a) Material needed: Pencil, paper, eraser, colours.



The first thing you need to do is think about the storyline. Make a detailed script with dialogues. Next comes the characters. Your

characters should have elaborative description of their personality and characteristics. Now let's talk about the tips and tricks to make your comic more intriguing.

a) To make your drawings, you draw little lines then start shading.

b) Write dialogues inside the speech bubble to make it catchy.

c) You should decide the theme before you start drawing. The colours should be according to the theme.

d) Decide how your characters look: to describe their state.

e) The style of the Sketchbook should be either vertical or horizontal.

f) if the theme is comedy then the colour

if its thriller, then the colour scheme should be black and grey.

g) Show emotions by drawings such as anger, sad, shocked, disgusted, joy, shy, anxiety and bored.

h) Add small details and object in between dialogues or behind/ inside images so that

ing.

i) Don't forget to have fun and if you like comic writing, keep on making them. Who knows you can, one day, have a famous comic like Marvel.

Rahim Jawad | IV e

A Tropical Haven in the Pacific



My dream vacation in any part of the world is Hawaii. It is an island. It has a beautiful view of the Pacific Ocean. Everybody goes to Hawaii wearing flowers. It has several resorts. Hawaii is also part of America. Hawaii is people's dreams because it is the most famous and popular island in America and the entire world. Hawaii is not the largest island in the world, but it is the topmost. I wish one day I will go to Hawaii.

Shahzain Ali | III a

My Role Models

My role models are my parents. They give me everything I ask for and take care of me every day. They never let me get hurt and always listen to me. My parents take me anywhere I wish to go and help me win every game. They never let me feel sad, and they always do whatever I ask for. Whenever I am hungry, they make me delicious food. My dad goes to the office and brings printouts for me. They even protect me from my brother when he hits me. They are always kind and generous to me.

Syeda Zainab Zahra | III a



Simone Biles: The Unstoppable Force in Gymnastics



My favourite gymnast is Simone Biles. She is an Olympian and excels in gymnastics. She has won so many gold medals and is amazing at tumbling. In tumbling, she can do a round off, back handspring and a full twist. She can also balance on the beam. On the beam she can perform a handstand, cartwheel and to get off the beam she can do a tuck full. Simone is incredibly strong, confident and an extraordinary gymnast. She can

skilled in tumbling passes that includes a cartwheel, a front handspring and a front flip. She is the best gymnast I've ever heard of. I love her and I just want to be like her.

Maheen Imran Malik III a

A Rainy Day



One day, it was raining cats and dogs. I was at home, scared of the rain because thunder was roaring. Outside, I saw a homeless dog shivering in the storm. Grabbing my blanket, I rushed out to help the dog.

A sudden splash of water hit me as I stepped outside. I gently picked up the dog and hurried back inside. The trees were swaying wildly, their branches swishing in the wind as the rain fell on the festooned roads. People outside were soaked, and the streets were flooded with water. Finally, the rain stopped, and calm was restored.

Shahzain Ali | III a

Mystery of the Missing Lunch Box

One fine school morning, during lunchtime, I put on my detective costume and noticed my friend Essa sitting sadly on a bench. Concerned, I asked, "What happened?" In a sad voice, he sighed and said, "I've lost my lunchbox."

I went around to all the school sections to gather information, but everyone I asked said, "No, we don't have it." That is, except for one student who seemed to be running away suspiciously. I followed him and asked, "Why are you running?" but he didn't respond and ran away at lightning speed back to his class. I then asked Essa, "Where did you last put your lunchbox, and what was inside it?"

He replied, "It had chocolate cake with red icing in a black wrapper, inside an orange lunchbox."

With this clue, I asked the principal for permission to check the CCTV cameras. Upon reviewing the footage, I spotted a boy in a black, scary mask carrying an orange lunchbox. I quickly asked Essa, "What color was your lunchbox?" He said, "It was orange."

I followed the boy again, but he still didn't respond. Then I saw trails of red icing and chocolate crumbs leading me to someone stealing lunchboxes, hundreds of them! Among the stolen items, I spotted Essa's lunchbox. I caught the culprit and brought him to the principal. When we asked why he was doing this, he confessed, "I wanted to eat delicious lunchboxes like others as I never get yummy food for lunch." From that day on, we all decided to share our lunch boxes, and the boy never stole anyone's lunch again.



Syed Roohan Ahmad | III a



One day I was watching my favorite show, Rugby the Raccoon, as usual, but this time was different. I got sucked into the TV and entered a magical portal and I found myself next to Rugby the Raccoon. I was so excited to go on an adventure, but something unusual was happening, I was turning into dust. Rugby the Raccoon said, 'The only way to stop fading is to get your soul back from Mortis, the Ringer of Doom. So, we travelled to the demon dimension. As soon as we arrived, we saw a one-eyed monster. Luckily, we found a wooden blade and quickly killed him. When he died, he dropped a mythical sword. However, half of my body was already turned into dust. On our journey we saw Mortis the Mortal.

As soon as he saw us, he tried to attack. Rugby and I fought back, knowing that hitting him five times would defeat him. After landing the fifth hit, Mortis died. We recovered my soul, and I'd thanked Rugby the Raccoon for his help. I returned home safely and lived happily ever after.

Mustafa Mohib Mirza | III b

Thor's Journey to Worthiness

Once, there was a realm called Asgard. The king had two sons: one was named Thor, and the other, Loki. The king's name was Odin. He told his sons, "To be a good king, you must not seek war." Loki was adopted, but he did not know that.

Ten years later, Thor, being the eldest, was set to become king. However, their enemies, the Frost Giants, attacked to get the crystal. Odin stopped them, but Thor became angry over their attack. His chance to become king was in danger, so he decided to kill the Frost Giants with his friends. When Odin found out, he became so angry that he banished Thor to Earth. Odin cast a spell on Thor's hammer, saying that to use its power of lightning, Thor must prove himself worthy. On Earth, Thor found a best friend and tried to lift his hammer.

Meanwhile, Loki became king and discovered that he was adopted. It turned out that Loki was a Frost Giant himself. He allowed the Frost Giants into Asgard and sent a fire monster to Earth. Thor, willing to



sacrifice himself to save Earth, proved his worth, and his hammer returned to him. Thor used it to kill the fire monster. By spinning his hammer fast, he was able to fly. Finally, Thor returned to Asgard to confront Loki. He pushed Loki into the void, successfully ending the threat.

Muhammad Bin Aurangzeb | III b

Two Days in the Life of Harry Potter

One day, I was walking to my room, calm and relaxed. Suddenly, I saw a mysterious portal. Curious, I stepped through it and found myself in a strange world. People were holding wands in their hands. I looked into a transparent mirror and almost screamed with delight, I was Harry Potter, my favourite character!

I found a note lying nearby. It read: "*Survive tonight and defeat Voldemort, then you can go home!*" "Five nights?" I whispered to myself. "What am I going to do?" "As I wandered around, I saw Hagrid.

"Hey, Harry! How are you doing? Great day today. Nice to see you!" he said cheerfully. I followed him to his hut, which was enormous, about the size of fifty-nine chickens or two elephants. We went inside, and after chatting for a while over tea, I left and headed to school.

The first lesson of the day was Potions, my least favourite subject. After classes ended, I returned to the Gryffindor common room, laid on my bed, and fell asleep.

When I woke up, I stepped outside and almost screamed in horror. Half of the wizarding world was destroyed. Standing before me were Voldemort and Dementors. I shivered with fear; it felt like the bones were jumping out of my skin. Gathering all my courage, I cast the most powerful Gryffindor charm I knew. Voldemort responded with an equally powerful spell.

"Time to end this, Voldemort!" I shouted.

A giant Basilisk emerged from his wand. Desperate, I called out to a friend to kill it with the Sword of Gryffindor. In the heat of the battle, Voldemort dropped his wand. I grabbed it and snapped it in two. With no wand to help him, Voldemort let out a terrible scream before disappearing into the air. The battle was over. It had been an adventurous and unforgettable day.

Muhammad Ali Rehan | III b



Cleaning the Rainforest

Once upon a time, five kids from a small village went to a rainforest to provide water and food to the animals and plants. As they walked through the forest, they encountered a stranger who was littering in the rainforest. Jack said, "No! I don't want to clean the rainforest." But Sammy insisted, forcing Jack to help clean up the litter.



When they finished, they were exhausted, but they continued walking. Soon, they came across another littered area in the forest. They cleaned up that spot too. After thoroughly cleaning the forest, they grilled some meat and spread marmalade on toast. After enjoying their meal, they rested for a while.

Ismail Umair Ahmed | III b

Things That Make Me Smile



I love to give toys, food and clothes to the poor people and children. Taking care of my parents when they are sick makes me happy. I love to go to my Grandparents house and check their well-being. I love to be kind to my elders and to be friends with everyone. Listening to my teachers

makes me happy and I appreciate their efforts for making me comfortable, smart and intelligent. I will always be grateful for what they do for me and shall always remember it.

Perniya Junaid | III c

My Hero

My hero is my brother. His name is Moazen. He is older than me. I was a surprise for him when I was born. He cared for me and decided what to name me. He loves spending time with me and protects me. We will remain friends forever. He respects me and makes me learn good manners. He teaches me sports and we eat spicy ramen together. He is the best!

Zara Aun Leghari | III c





My Friend and I

My friend and I went to the park to play. We played on the monkey bars. We took slides and played on merry-go-round. Then we went to the cafeteria and bought hot dogs. We reached home and watched TV. We ate cake as a dessert. After that, we played football. We were tired and decided to take a nap. After we woke up, we built Lego and ate cotton candy. I love hanging out with my friend.

Muhammad Zain | III c

The Best Birthday

It was February 9th, a day I will never forget. I woke up early that Friday morning and noticed something unusual—the whole house was decorated! I felt surprised and confused. Why was the house looking so festive? Then it hit me, it was my birthday! Excited, I rushed downstairs, but the lights were off, and no one was around. As I stepped onto the last stair, the lights suddenly turned on, and my cousins and family jumped out from their hiding spots, shouting, “Surprise!” I couldn't stop smiling.

My mother told me to hurry up and get ready because my friends were on their way. After getting ready, I joined my friends, who were already there. We played games, laughed, and had so much fun. We even had a little party in the garage. We ate delicious cake, enjoyed snacks, and, best of all, popped the pinata. It was an unforgettable day filled with love, laughter, and fun. It truly was the best birthday ever!



Minahil Farrukh | III d

My Hero

My favorite hero is Cristiano Ronaldo. He is a footballer, and his jersey number is 7. He lives in Portugal. Ronaldo is 39 years old. He has a YouTube channel and his team is Al-Nassr. Ronaldo runs fast. His favorite color is peach and his favorite sport is football.

He has so many subscribers and his friend is Messi. His favorite food is pasta. My favorite thing about him is that he supports Palestine. Ronaldo has a mansion and is a millionaire. Ronaldo has a pet dog. He got injured in the 2016 Euro Final. I aim to be a footballer like him. His favorite song is “Wavin' Flag.” He has a Bugatti and he respects everyone.

M. Abdullah Mohsin | III d



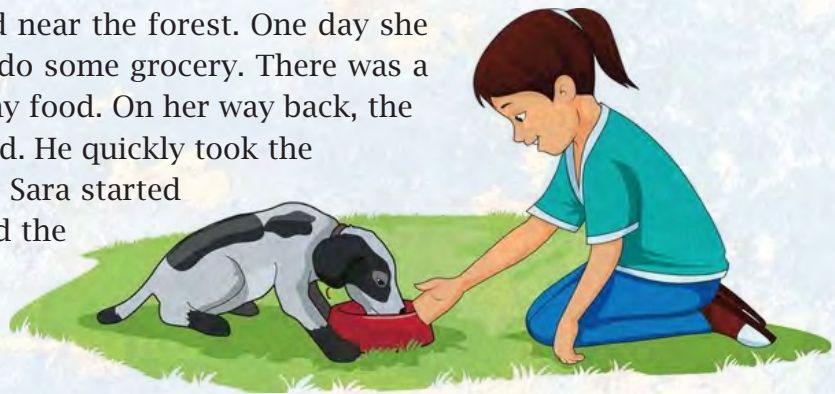
My dream vacation is to go to London. I want to see the beauty of it. I want to ride the double decker bus and sit on top of it. I want to eat the delicious food of London. I want to see Big Ben, London Eye and London Bridge. I have heard that the people of London are really nice. I want to see their houses, apartments and hotel rooms. People of London are very fashionable and I would love to try on new clothes. I really hope to go there one day.

Fatima Binte Muhammad | III e



A Kind Act

Sara was a kind girl who lived near the forest. One day she decided to go to the town to do some grocery. There was a poor dog who did not have any food. On her way back, the dog saw Sara with bags of food. He quickly took the bread from her and ran away. Sara started to chase him and they reached the forest. Then she saw that the dog had a hungry puppy who needed to eat the bread. Sara gave them more bread and they became friends. She decided to keep that dog as her pet.



Kashmala Khan Lodhi | III e

My Dream Vacation



My dream vacation is to go to Murree because it has a lot of snow. I will play in the snow with my brother. We can make a snowman and can have a snowball fight. We can play scrabble over there. We can do hiking and watch the beautiful sunset. In the evening, the weather will feel so pleasant. I'm really excited to go there one day and I really hope I do it soon!

Huzaiifa Bajwa | III e

The Importance of Nature

Nature is an important part of our life. God wants us to take care of this blessing. Nature gives us many benefits like if there were no flowers, we would not get honey because bees would not collect any nectar. We are surrounded with greenery and if there were no trees, we would have no air to breathe. Animals are a part of nature too. Although they can't talk to us but they still show us love when we keep them as a pet. So friends, we should all work together to safeguard nature.

Minha Faizan | III e

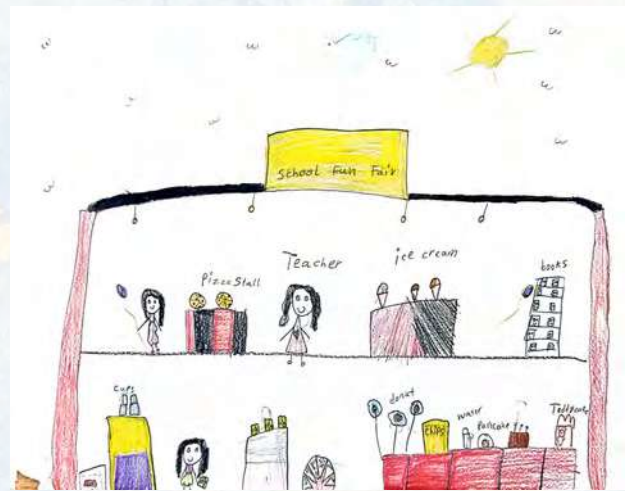


Skydiving

My dream is to go skydiving. It is a fun activity that people can do. They teach us how to jump off the plane. Skydiving is when we jump off a plane from 12000 feet and we are strapped to a Parachute. People go to Dubai to skydive, I will also go for Skydiving in Dubai one day. I love skydiving.

Sultan Altamash Khan | II a

Fun Fair



One sunny day, I went to a fun fair with my family. At the fun fair, there was a jumping Castle and a lot of stalls. I wanted to have pizza, so I asked my mom for money. Then I saw my friend Naafia coming. Naafia and I went to play games. There was a game where we get gifts if we won. The fun fair was so colourful. There were so many birds flying in the sky. Then I saw my teacher and it was time to go back home. It was the best day ever. I will cherish it forever.

Ayra Naeem Beryar | II a

Tom and Jerry



My best surprise was when I went to the cinema. One day my dad took me to the cinema. I was so happy. We purchased our cinema tickets. We bought popcorns and juices. Then we entered a big cinema. We watched a movie, its name was Tom and Jerry. I was so happy and I hugged my mom and dad. The name of the cinema was the DHA cinema. This was the best day ever.

M. Darim Usama | II a

Dolls Are The Best Invention

The invention I like the most is dolls. They are so pretty. There are many types of dolls



like Barbie, Bratz etc. They wear pretty jewellery, paired with clothes, pretty makeup and fancy heels. My friends and I

love to play with the dolls. They are so fun to play with. We purchase dolls from the toy shop. We can move their hands and legs. They have so many types of accessories like phone, iPad etc. My favourite doll is really tall and beautiful. She can hold things. Dolls are the best invention.

Armish Usman | II a

Our Family Tradition

Family comes first. Family is love. Every time I hear this from my mother, our family tradition party and its ideas come to my



mind that what we will be doing this year. We start planning from what to wear, what to cook, how and who will decorate the house. All family comes to our house the evening of 25th December. My grandmother and her sisters and other older ladies make traditional carrot halwa, date and basin laddus. The aroma is all around the house. Each dish along with yummy BBQ which all family males make, all chachis, mamanis and aunts bring their special dishes to share and get money from elders. My mother and I decorate the house beautifully with colorful lanterns and handmade woolly things. I am responsible for good and soothing music at the back. In the end of the traditional gathering everyone shares family stories. My grandpa gives winter thoughtful giveaways to everyone. We all wear colorful shimmery clothes of our own choice like lehengas long dresses, jackets with embroidery and sheesha worked clothes.

We share jokes, interesting stories, popcorn time on movie night. So much to eat and so much to enjoy. We all look forward to this family tradition of ours. I love it.

Ayesha Ahmed | II b

My Special Talent

Everyone has something special that makes



them unique. My secret talent is drawing and painting. I love to create pictures of animals and my favourite cartoon characters. When I pick up my sketch pencil, colour pencils or any pencil to draw I feel like I can express my imagination on paper. Sometimes I surprise my parents and friends by showing my work to them and everyone smiles. I use bright colours and bring life in the picture on the rainy days I enjoy drawing things on my special table in a hidden corner of the house rather than watching T.V for hours sit dream of animals talking and of lovely colours like a blue elephant, pink red monkeys. I just share all my drawings and paintings with my mum. She understands my thoughts I feel proud of this terrific talent of mine.

Rahma Zain | II b

Lending A Helping Hand

One day at school, I saw my friend looking sad. She was sitting alone during the P.E lesson. I asked her what was wrong, and she told me that she had lost her favorite toy. It



was a little stuffed bunny that she loved so much and had brought it to school for her show and tell session the other day. Soon I decided to help her find it. We started from the classroom searching for it everywhere till the basketball court. Finally, I went under the slide near the preschool play area and found it lying there. It was a little dusty but safe. My friend was so happy to have it back and she hugged me tightly. I also felt really happy. It was lovely to see her smile again. Helping others is important and makes both feel good. I learnt that helping and caring can make someone's day shine brighter.

Eissa Elahi Khawaja | II b

A Dream To Meet Harry Potter

Everyone dreams, I have a dream to meet Harry Potter one day. He is a brave young wizard from the book series written by J.K Rowling. I love Harry because he fights against dark forces and always stands up for what is right.



Meeting him would be amazing! I would ask him about his adventures at Hogwarts School of witchcraft and wizardry. I would love to listen to him about Diagon Alley and

Hagrid's hut. I have seen the movie about 6 to 7 times. It would be a dream come true to talk to Harry. I believe that he will inspire me to be brave like him.

Issa Hamayun | II b

My Teacher My Inspiration

My teacher's name is Miss Sophia. She is one of the most kind and sweetest person in our school. She is the best teacher, as she teaches us new things everyday in a very interesting way which makes us help understand our lesson in an easy way. She is



kindhearted, patient and helpful whenever I need her. She makes learning fun for all of my class fellows. She also tells us interesting stories, sings songs and shows us cool pictures. She inspires me to be a good person, to work hard and to always try my best. I want to be like her when I grow up. My teacher is truly my inspiration.

Shanzay Zaman | II c

Helping a Friend in Need

Helping a friend in need is a kind deed. Everyone should help their fellow friends whenever they need help or are in trouble. I always try to help my friends whenever I see them worried for something. One day my friend needed help with his work. He was really upset as he couldn't finish his work on time. He got stuck in his math classwork. I sat with him to help him understand and



finish his work. My friend was very happy and he thanked me. It made me feel very happy. We should always help out each other. Always remember a friend in need is a friend indeed.

Nayel Javed | II c

A Trip to London

Best thing about summer holidays is that you get a chance to go out on trips and vacations with your family. Last summer holidays I went to London with my family. I went to London on an airplane. The weather in London was very cold, so we kept warm clothing with us. The parks in London were so wide and peaceful. I also visited the Big Ben, which is the name of a tall tower in the middle of London city. Big Ben has a clock on its top which chimes every time the clock

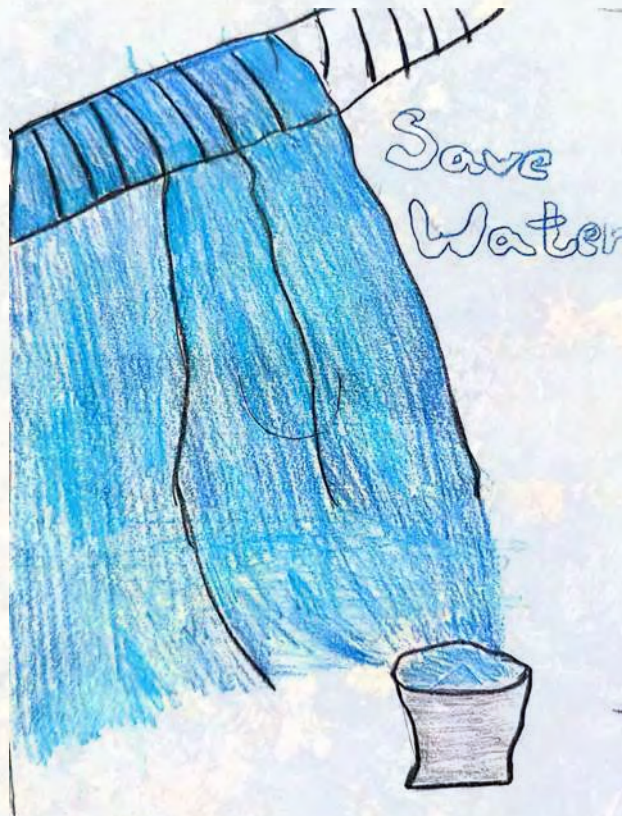


strikes 12. I was astonished looking at the Big Ben. We also visited Birmingham Palace. It was fabulous and magnificent. My trip to London was the most memorable.

Musfira Numan | II c

Saving Water for Our Future

Water is very important for life. Everyone needs it to survive. Plants, animals and human beings need water. We need water to



wash our hands, clean our house, cook food and drink. Sadly, the water is limited and we have to save it for our future. We can save water by not wasting it. We can do this by turning the tap off while brushing our teeth, using water in a bucket while cleaning our house and not wasting water when playing and taking a shower. Let's care about each other and save water now so that we don't face any trouble in the future.

Muiz Ahmad | II c

Facts About the Summer Season

Pakistan is a country blessed with four seasons. Everyone has likes and dislikes. My favourite season is summer, and here are some facts about it.

During summer, the temperature is very high. We go to the beach to relax, swim, and enjoy Icecream. The seasonal fruit we can enjoy is strawberries. We wear light clothes and dresses. Swimming is one of our favourite activities during this season.

In the mornings, the wind is sometimes



cool, offering a refreshing start to the day. We play our favourite sport badminton which is enjoyable during summer evenings.

When we open the windows in the morning, sunshine streams into the house, making everything bright and cheerful. Occasionally, it rains, and the weather becomes a little cooler for a short time. However, by the next morning, the heat of summer returns, bringing with it the joy of long, sunny days.

Syeda Fatimah Bukhari | II d

My Future Self

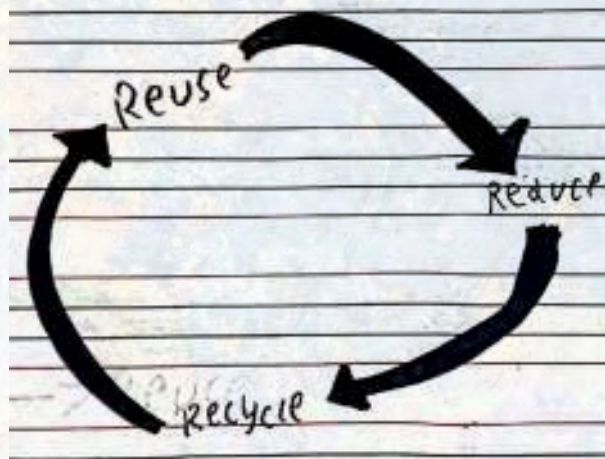
My dream for future is to become a businessman. It is my goal. If this dream comes true, I will be so happy because I am putting a lot of effort into it. I want to achieve this goal to help poor people around me. I am working every day to make this come true.

I will celebrate when this dream comes true.

M. Ali Azm | II d

3 R's To Conserve Natural Resources

Hello, my name is Zeniya and I am excited to share my findings on how individuals can contribute to conserving natural resources for future generations. I watched a video and read an article where I discovered an interesting solution that involves the 3 R's. The 3 R's stand for reuse, recycle, and reduce. These 3R's can help us keep our planet clean and use natural resources. The 'reduce' part of the 3 R's means reducing the amount of trash we produce. Reuse involves using something again instead of throwing it away, which can help reduce our consumption of natural resources.

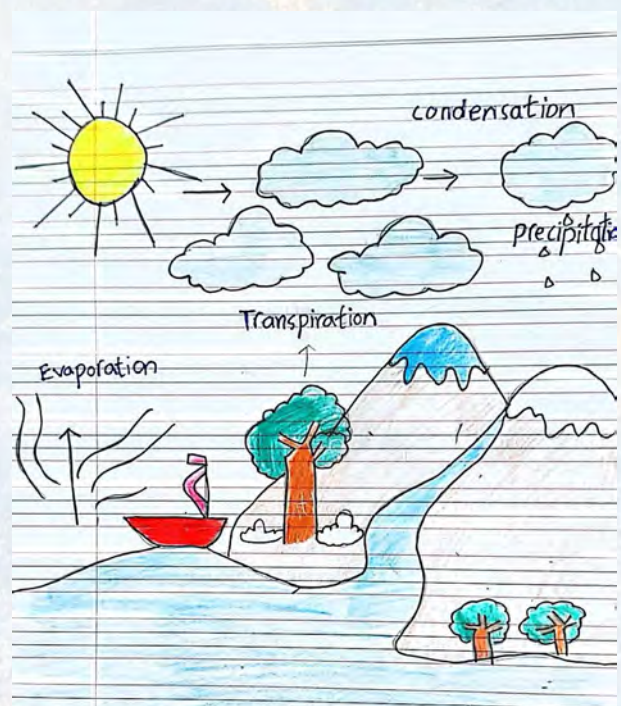


Recycling, on the other hand, involves transforming old or used items into new products. I'll do my best to follow the 3 R's and encourage others to do the same.

Zeniya Saad | II d

Facts About the Water Cycle

I was wondering where water comes from? I read a book and stumbled across a topic about water, which explained how water gets to our homes. I wanted to learn more about rainfall, which led me to discover the water cycle. Interestingly, 71% of the Earth's surface is covered with water, and the main source of water is rain. Water from oceans, rivers, lakes, etc. starts evaporating on sunny days. The water vapour condenses to form clouds, and as the water droplets combine, they make the clouds heavy, resulting in precipitation in the form of snow, hail, or rain. Some of the water is absorbed into the ground and stored deep in the spaces between rocks, where it becomes groundwater that can be extracted through hand pumps. The cycle continues,

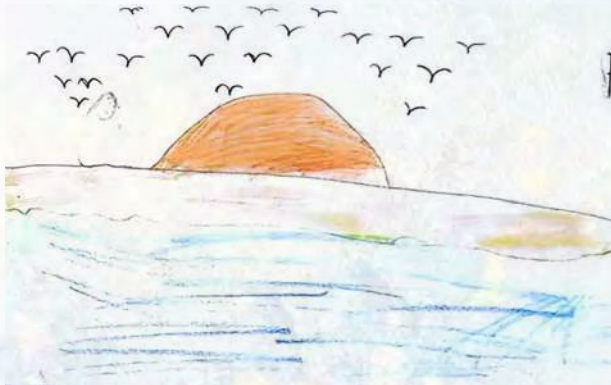


and what's most interesting is that water can exist in three different states of matter. For example, when water is frozen, it becomes ice, and when ice melts, it turns back into water. Similarly, when we boil water, it changes into vapour, which is a gas.

Hurrem Gul | II d

A Fun Day at the Beach

One day my family and I went to the beach. When we got there, we went to the changing room. When we came out, we jumped into



the sea. We started playing at the beach. My sister and brother started running after me. I laughed a lot, I hid and when my sister was close to the sea, they pranked me because I was about to push them. They ran faster and I fell into the sea. Then I came out, got my goggles and jumped back in. I had a swimming competition with my brother and sister, which I won. I was very hungry so we ate pizza and burgers with cold drinks. The food was so yummy. There were so many shells on the beach. We took a camel ride as well. I enjoyed a lot.

Ilyana Umer | II e

Keeping Fit

To keep ourselves fit, we need to stay away from unhealthy foods like cold drinks and chips. We should exercise a lot and sleep on time. We should eat carrots and broccoli



and cabbage. We should eat fruits and drink lots of water, smoothies and juices like orange juice, strawberry juice or watermelon smoothie. Stay hydrated and stay healthy.

Zayd Bilal | II e

Go Green with Trees

Our Earth is a beautiful planet. Its beauty is in the greenery of it. Growing plants is a



very good habit. If we don't plant more trees, it will be difficult to live on earth, people will die very soon and we will not get fruits and vegetables to eat. The whole world will finish. Do you want it to be like this? Of course not so let's promise my friends that we will plant more trees for our better future.

Irha Awais | II e

If I Ever Lived Under Water



If I ever lived under water, it would be a whole different life experience. I would need gills or else I wouldn't breathe. In the

water I would be able to see so many cool things like fish, islands, sea corals and so much more. I could swim freely but there could be so many animals that could harm me like sharks, whales etc and no medical supplies, but all this is not real for now, only my imagination.

Rayyan Mustafa | II e

School Is Fun

I love going to school because it is fun. I meet my teachers and friends. We learn and play together. We learn about cleanliness, punctuality, good manners and sharing.



School helps me to become smart and a good student. My teachers are very kind. They love me and I love them too. I feel happy at my school, and I love it very much.

Rinaya Humayou Dawood | I a

I Love Football

My favourite activity at school is football. I play it every day after school. It is a fun activity. It is a healthy sport. It makes me strong and fit. I go to football stadium. I have made so many friends while playing football. I love this sport so much.

Muhammad Wali Hasnain | I a



Autumn Walk

One day I went to the park for a walk with my family. My mother sat on the bench. I



started walking on the track with my dad and brother. The weather was chilly. I was wearing warm clothes. I saw some children playing football and enjoying the weather. There was a family in the park sitting on the mat and having some snacks. I finished my walk and went to my mom. We went to the shop and bought hot chocolate and enjoyed it in the lovely weather. I love going for an autumn walk with my family.

Shehraam Khawar | I a

A Visit to Dino Valley

My favourite summer memory is when I went to Dino valley. I had a lot of fun. I went there with my mom and dad. I saw toy dinos there. There were a lot of huge dinos

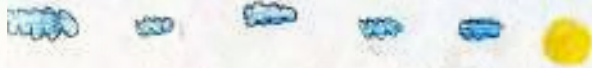


everywhere in the park. I had a dino ride which was amazing and so much fun. All the dinosaurs looked so real. There was a great story telling tree. It was my favourite summer memory.

Zoya Shahzaman Hanif | I a

A Day at my Grandparents House

I went to Multan to visit my grandparents' house. It was during my winter break. I was very excited and happy. We travelled by car. It was so much fun. I love my grandparents'

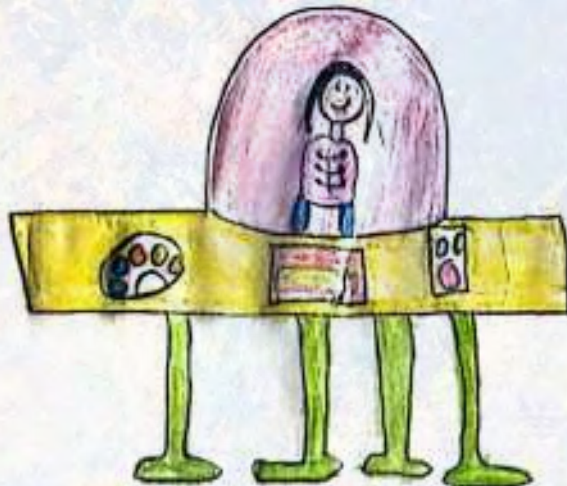


house. The house is very big and beautiful. I like spending time there with my cousins and playing in the park. We tried many new restaurants and had delicious food. I love my grandparents.

Hafsa Ahmed | I a

Painting... A Relaxing Hobby

My favourite hobby is painting because it helps me express my ideas. I paint mostly



on the weekends. I do it in my room. I like to use water colours. I enjoy painting sunset, trees and flowers. I paint with my mother. It is a very relaxing hobby. I like painting a lot.

When I paint I always use water colours and acrylic paints. When I paint I have a lot of fun.

Minnah Harris | I a

My First Day in Grade One

My name is Eewa Salman. On my first day at school I was very excited. I went to my

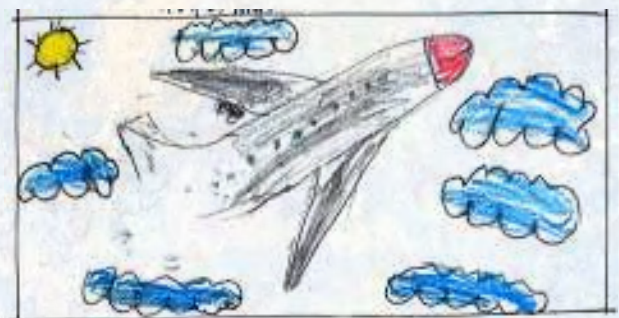


classroom, I was little nervous then I saw my friends there. Everyone played some games to know each other. Our teachers were very kind. Then at my lunch time I shared my cookies with my friends. We had a lot of fun. I also made some new friends. When it was hometime, I felt really happy. I told my family about my first day at school.

Eewa Salmaan | I b

First Plane Ride

My first ride on the plane was when I went for Umrah. I went with my mother and my



khala. I was super excited. My mother packed my bag. We reached the airport, everyone came to meet us. When I got on the plane I was so happy, I got the window seat and the seats were very comfy. The world

was looking very small from the window. I had yummy snacks. The clouds were looking like cotton candy. I felt little sleepy in the plane. It was a lovely plane ride. I loved it. My experience was very good.

Mehermah Saqlain | I b

My Favourite Toy

My favourite toy is a bunny, I love my toy a lot. It is very cute and as white as snow. On



Sunday I went with my parents for shopping and there I saw this cute bunny, I loved it and my parents bought it for me. Its eyes are brown and it has long ears. I cuddle with it. I play with my bunny all the time. It is very fluffy and I showed my friends too.

Mirha Zain | I b

Importance of Breakfast

Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. It gives us energy to play, grow and



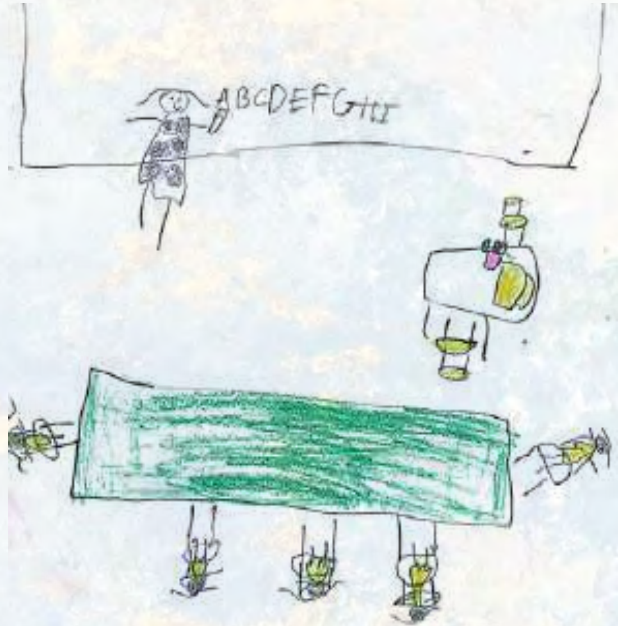
learn. When we eat breakfast, our brain works better and we feel strong and happy. A healthy breakfast includes eggs, milk, bread and fruits. If we don't eat breakfast, we feel sleepy and tired. So, it is important to eat healthy breakfast every morning and

it also help us to focus and do our best in school and stay active.

Zainab Ali Rana | I b

Online School or Physical School

I love physical school because it is more fun. I like waking up early morning to wear my favourite school uniform. I get to meet my



friends and talk to them without telling the whole class. My teachers take us to the jungle gym. We can make things in art and Collaboratory. Also, the online school is noisy. I prefer physical school than online school.

Rameen Affan | I c

A Fun Day at the Beach

Last summer, I went to the beach. I packed all the things I needed on the beach. I put sunscreen on my face. The beach was so big. There were so many people. It was summer season and it was very hot. My whole family came with me. For



snacks I had chips, cold drink and some cupcakes. I was so happy. Then my brother came and he pushed me in the water. Then I pushed him in the water and laughed so hard. We had a lot of fun. It was my best day!

Shayan Shuja | I c

Lahore Zoo Trip

I went to the zoo with my class. I sat on the bus and we put on some music. I had never been to a zoo before. I had a lot of fun there. My favourite animals were monkeys. I took a picture with the statue of Suzi, the elephant. The brown bear was looking



around. I didn't go closer to the tiger. I had a picnic there. It was a nice trip to the zoo.

Fatima Ali Bokhari | I c

Birthday Wishes

On my birthday, I wish I had a big farmhouse with all kinds of animals. I would give money to poor people and provide them with food. I would play with my friends. I would have my birthday at Jumbo



Jump. I would also share my toys with my friends.

Khadija Fahad Mirza | I c

Football Is Fun

I like football because it is fun. I joined the football club in my school and I also play at my home park. It keeps me active and fit. Playing football makes me so happy and



energetic. My favorite player is Ronaldo and when I play, I imagine him and think I am Ronaldo.

M. Affan Haris | I d

Being A Good Friend

I am a good friend because I help my friends. When I get free from my classwork I help them with their work. I am a kind and honest friend and I keep their secrets too. My friends trust me. I am nice to my friends. I share jokes with my friends and make them laugh. I play with my friends and do funny things. We have a lot of fun together.

Zidan Mobeen | I d



Horse Riding

My hobby is horse riding and I love it. I go to a riding club every week to learn it. I sit on the horse and pat the horse to make it move.



The horse gets really happy when I pat him. My horse is brown with a red saddle. I love horse riding as it is a great outdoor activity. It is fun and relaxing. Horses are best friends when we ride them. My focus is always on the horse and I trust him completely.

Zaviyar Atif | I d

Books are my Best Friends

Reading books is my hobby. My favorite books are about cars. I read books every day after my homework is done. It is a lot of fun.



Reading makes me learn new interesting things and I know so much because of it. When there is a story, I imagine it in my

head and get really excited. Books are my best friends. I go with my dad to buy new books every Sunday.

M. Ahmad Khokhar | I d

Fun with Toys

My favourite toy is a toy duck. My mom got it for me. It is yellow. It is very pretty and I like it so much. I said thank you to my mom.



I play with my toy everyday. It is my birthday gift and I am so happy to have it. I also sleep with it.

Mersiha Moaddab | I e

Robin, the Robot

My favourite toy is a robot. It's name is Robin. My Dad bought it for me from Saudi Arabia. Its colour is blue and white. I play with it every Sunday. I like it a lot.



M. Hasnain Hamza | I e

A Dream Holiday



My favourite holiday was when I went to London. I love London and I was as happy as a cat. I saw tall buildings. I also saw Big Ben which is a clock tower. It was the best day of my life. I went there with my father. I loved the food there.

M. Rayyan Sohail | I e

with our friends. We should be nice to our parents. We should help people. We should stay happy and be kind always.

Aroush Zara | I e



Being Kind

Do you know how do we become kind? Some people are kind when they make others happy. We should always be kind



**Interview with
the Campus Doctor**

**Dr. Zunaira
Haris Tarar**

Students of Class V DHA Junior School conducted an interview with the campus doctor Dr. Zunaira Haris Tarar to get the insight on the working of the medical team in Learning Alliance.

Q1. How many years have you been a doctor in Learning Alliance?

Ans. Well, I have an overall career as a doctor of 20 years but I have been

associated with Learning Alliance for almost 3 years now.

Q2. What made you stay with Learning

Ans. The reason I chose to stay with Learning Alliance is because I feel that when I look at all of you, I see young children and how I am able to help you in school, to educate you how to be better aware about your physical health as well as about your nutritional needs. How you can avoid getting sick. I feel it gives me a sense of purpose so I find it fun to work with children.

Q3. Why did you decide to come in this certain field?

Ans. I think no matter where you go in the world and what language you speak, a doctor is someone who is universal. You can help people even if you cannot communicate with them in their language. It gives me a sense of fulfillment that you are helping people and making them feel better. It makes me content and that's why I chose this profession.

Q4. What inspired you to pursue a career in school health services?

Ans. I was working with medical colleges and teaching medical students as well. What I realised was that you need to be aware of what kind of problems are there in a community especially the health issues so that the doctors are better equipped to help tackle these issues. So when I joined the school I was able to see what kind of prevalent health issues children are facing, for instance, smog and its effects on children belonging to different age groups. Similarly, type 1 diabetes which is alarmingly increasing in children. That is the reason I wanted to join school health services so that we can better equip our future doctors to deal with these types of communities.

Q5. Can you describe a typical day in your life as a school doctor?

Ans. Well, a typical day can be very hectic or it could be a really relaxed one. A good day

exams and I have time to do my research work. On the other hand, on a busy day there would be a lot of children coming in the summer days when they are not washing their hands properly and get sick. Also usually during their sports day with injuries or in the smog season when children face breathing issues and have to be nebulized.

Q6. Mention your three strengths.

Ans. My three strengths are; First, I love to communicate with anyone who needs help with no limitation or age barrier. I like handling children from preschool to A levels including faculty. Secondly, I think being a doctor can be physically tiring but mentally you are always alert and ready to help anyone and that is another of my strengths. Lastly, I want to keep learning more so whenever I have free time I try to read about new researches being done in the medical field. The more you study the more aware you are of how to help people with latest technology.

Q7. What motivates you to come every morning?

Ans. When you are working in a school community and you see smart kids like you every day it gives me a sense of pride. It shows that we are going in the right direction. So I think school kind of makes you feel good about yourself and society. I like coming to school and interacting with children. For instance, I am very impressed with this interview as no one has asked me such smart questions before.

Q8. What do you think is the hardest part of your job?

Ans. The hardest part of my job is that at times I feel the kind of treatment I want someone to follow and rules I want someone to adhere to, people do not stick to them. For instance, if someone with breathing problems is here on days when

wear a mask but they don't. I have been here for a while now, I am aware of the allergies children have. So when someone comes with a tummy ache after having some junk food and I tell them to avoid it on a school day but still they do not listen.

Q9.How do you ensure all students' health needs are met effectively?

Ans. What I try to do is, whenever someone comes here the first part would be to treat the symptoms they have and the second part is to educate them. So generally what I try to do is, whenever a student comes in, I try to help him or her for whatever they came in for and then I will guide them how to prevent something like that from happening again.

Q10.How do you engage students in learning about health and wellness?

Ans. We have workshops for different age groups whenever there is a health week going on. I have newsletters which I send out to parents and also put up posters for awareness.

Q11.Can you share an experience of managing a medical emergency at school?

Ans. One of the difficult things to manage in a school is when someone gets a deep cut. So I remember, maybe last year, that a mother just picked up her child from preschool and was outside the school premises. The child ran and bumped into the garbage bin and got a really deep cut. My office was closest so she brought her in. We had the supplies to disinfect the wound and control the bleeding. We dressed it properly and the entire procedure took around 20-25 minutes. After that we referred her to the ER. Later, the mother came and she was thankful for the way we handled the situation and her child.

handling health emergencies at school?

Ans. Generally, it depends on the age group as it is a huge part of treatment in school. For instance, in preschool we have no medicine policy unless we speak to the parents and from junior school onwards we give light medicine like panadol, as children and parents are more aware. Though, in middle school and A levels, as children cannot miss school we can give them medicines for tummy ache, any allergies etc. So, protocols differ according to the age groups.

Q13.What goals do you have for the health services at our school?

Ans. We always work as a team. The medical team is always in touch with the doctors of other campuses of Learning Alliance. We have a zoom meeting every 10 days to discuss the current problems that we are observing in children and the better ways to manage them. Our goal is to make you all healthier with less medicines and make you all more aware of how to be healthier individuals.

Q14.What message would you give to your students as the Head of the Medical Department?

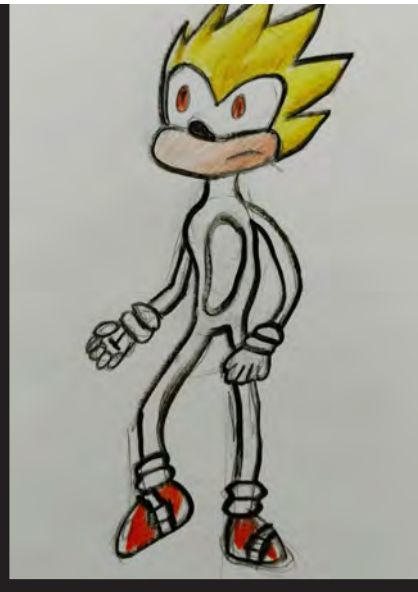
Ans. My message for them is, "Healthy Mind, Healthy Body." Other than that, sleep properly and stay away from screens. Whatever you eat is what you are, so make sure you are taking appropriate portions of carbs, proteins, fats and nuts in your diet. Try not to add preservatives to your diet so that you can get maximum nutrients out of it. Avoid junk food especially on a school night. Being citizens of this country we need to know what we can do to be healthier during calamities. The most important thing is to please decrease the amount of sugar that you consume. I have seen over the years that the more sugar you take in cereals or candies the more sick you get in different ways.



**CREATIVE
KIDS**



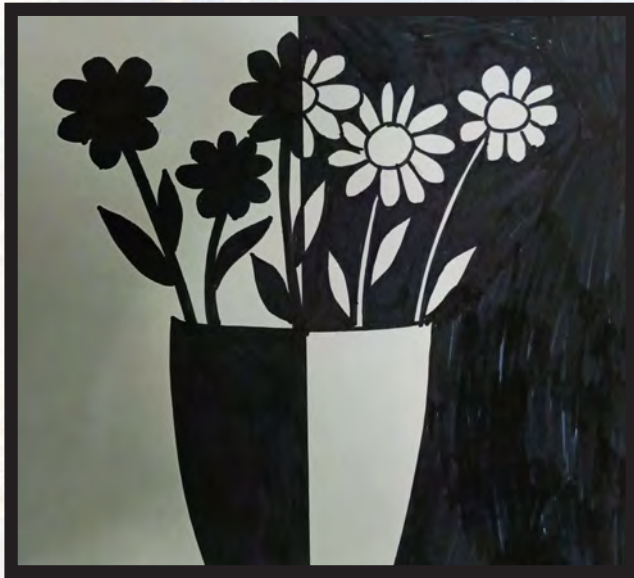
Hareem Waraich V-a



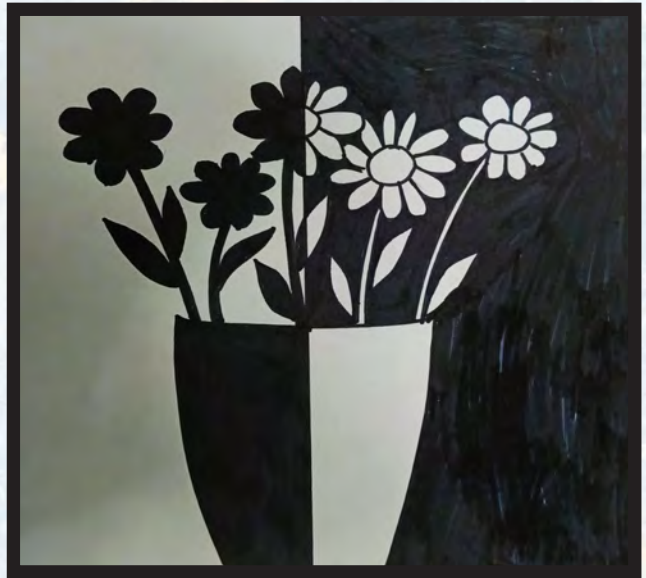
Ibrahim Haseeb V-a



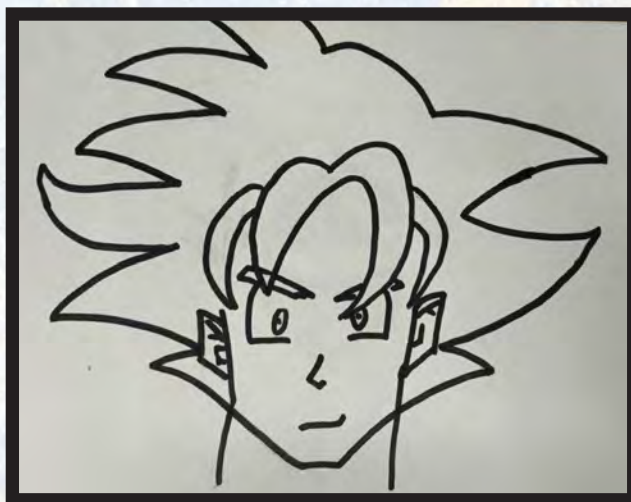
Ibrahim Haseeb V-a



Zoha Hashmi V-a



Zaynah Malik V-a



Moiz Taimoor V-a



Linta V-b



Sameeha shayan V-b



Ainoor Ahmed V-c



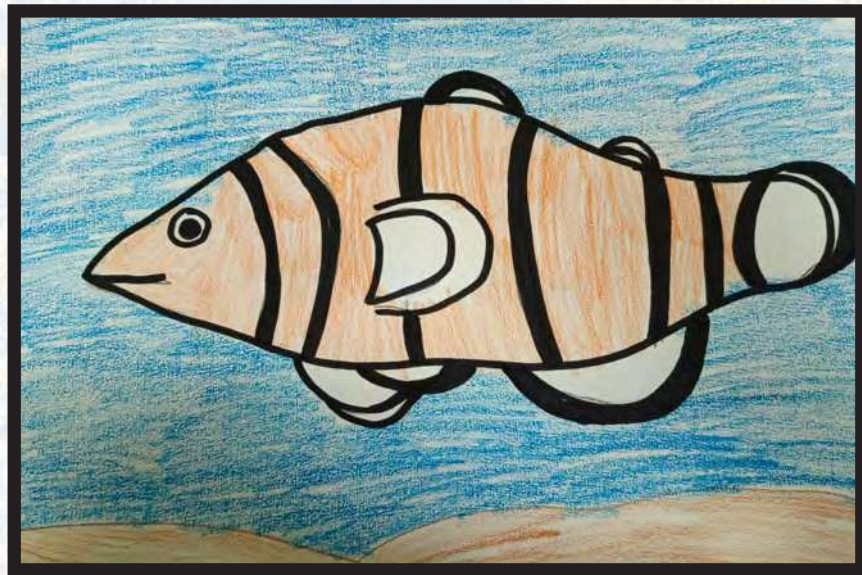
Shahraiz Hussain V-c



Fatima Umer Farooq V-d



Kabir Ozair V-d



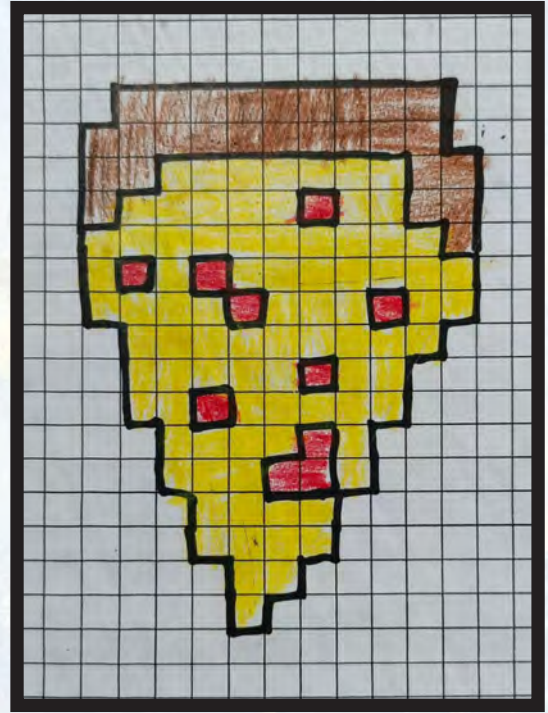
Aimen Zubair V-d



Nael Chohan IV-a



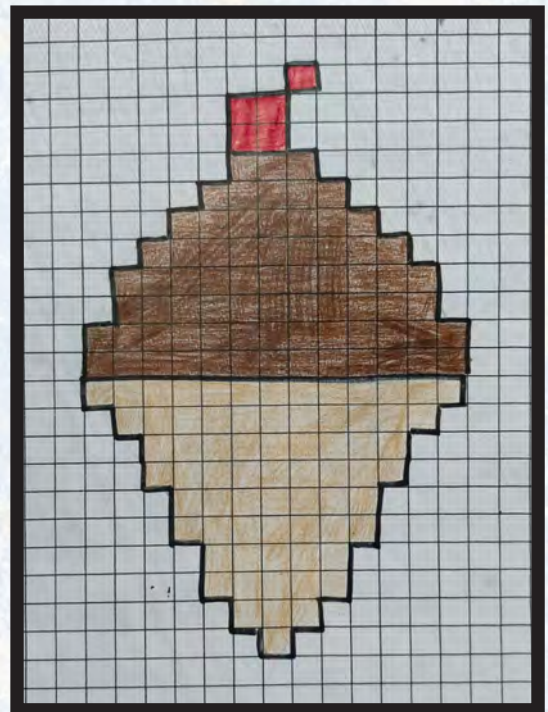
Haya IV-c



Haya IV-c



Muhammad Ibrahim Awais IV-c



Nuriya Rizwan IV-c



Muhammad Kamil Bajwa IV-c



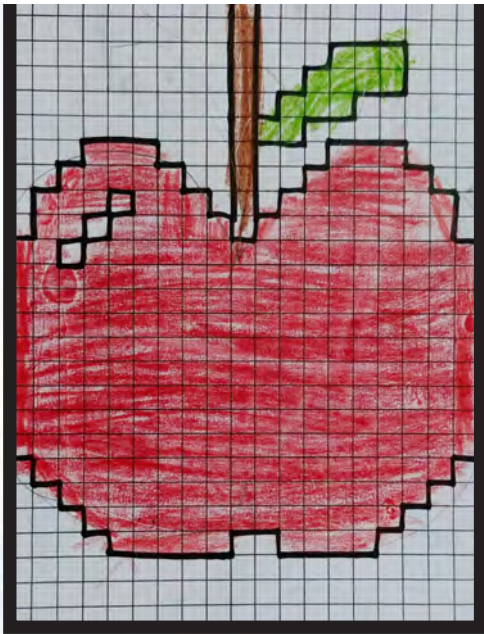
Aisha Zeeshan IV-d



Eshal Waqas IV-d



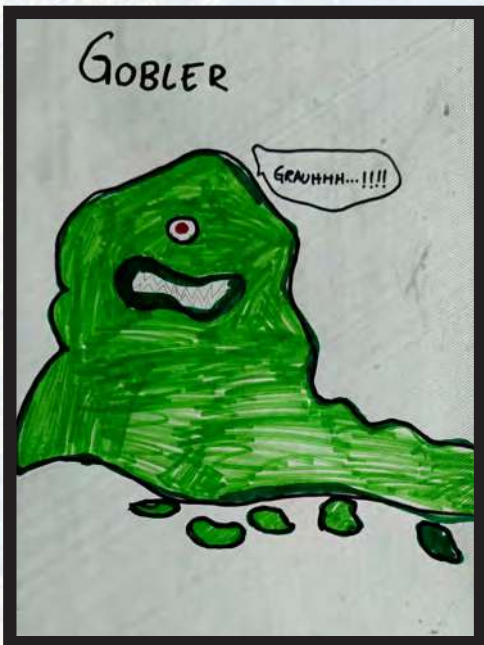
Eshal Waqas IV-d



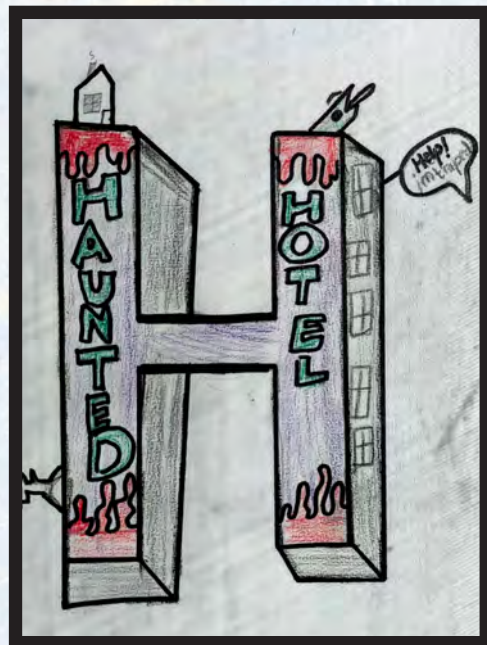
Anaya Nadeem IV-d



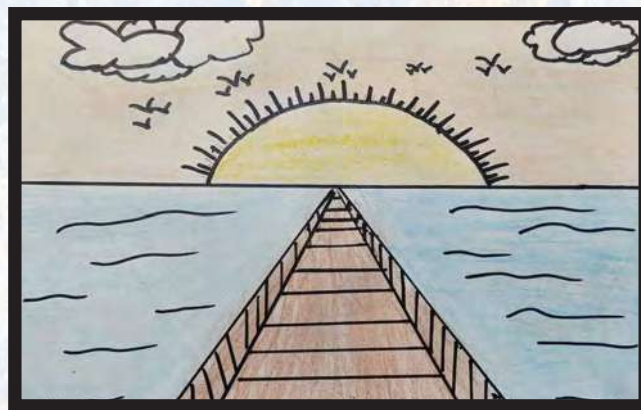
Fatima Qamar IV-d



Haya Malik IV-d



Musa Qasim IV-d



Taha Salman IV-d



Abeera Nadeem IV-e



**Muhammad Daneer
Cheema IV-e**



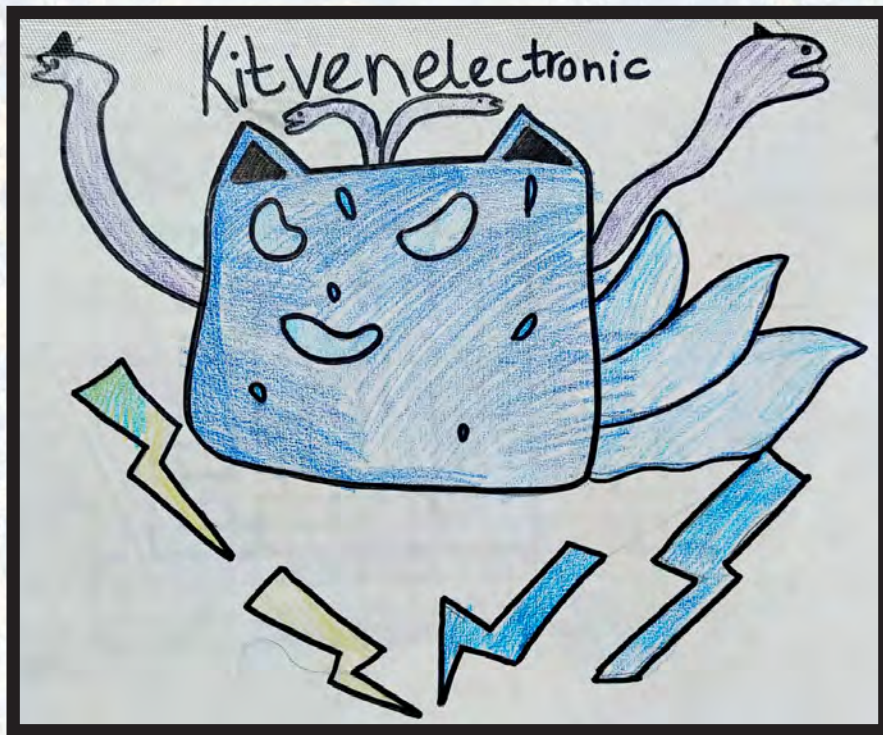
Rahim Jawad IV-e



Sakina IV-e



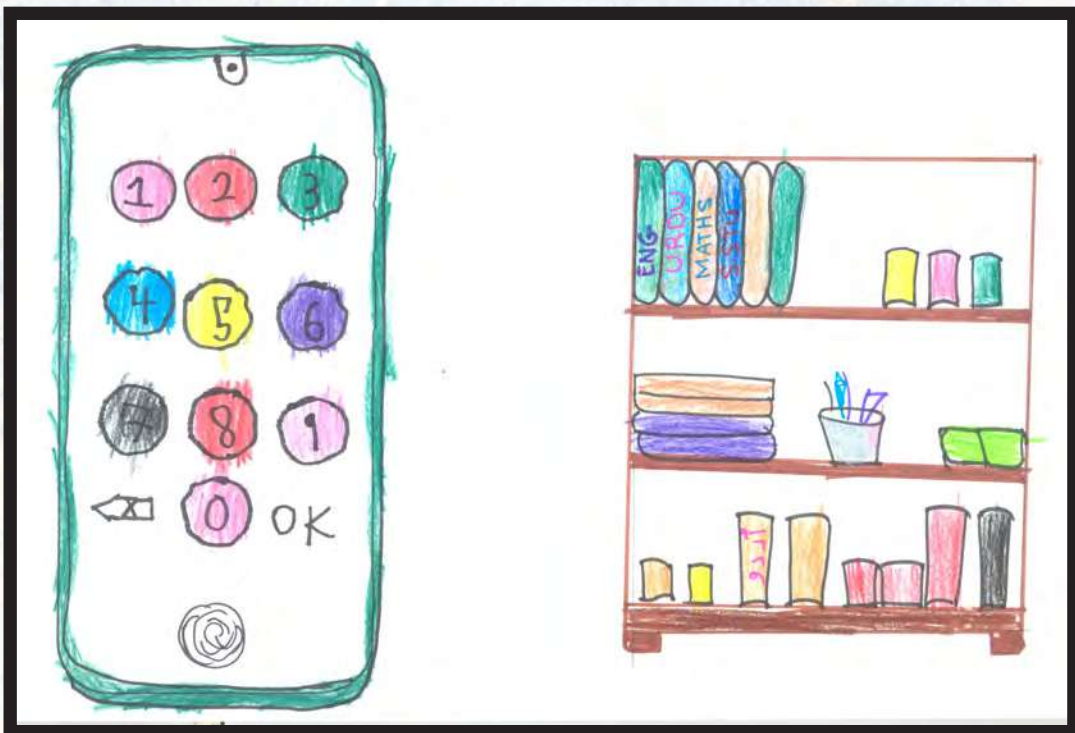
Shahzain Iftikhar IV-e



Muhammad Ahil Khan IV-e



Haniya Amin II-a



Habeel Umair II-b

سموگ

کہتے ہیں کہ کسی زمانے میں لاہور زندہ دلوں کا شہر ہوا کرتا تھا۔ لاہور اپنی خوب صورتی، زندہ دلی اور میلوں کے لیے بہت مشہور تھا۔ لیکن جناب یہ



بات پرانی ہو چکی۔ اب لاہور پوری دنیا میں سب سے زیادہ آلودہ شہر ہونے کی وجہ سے مشہور ہے۔ لاہور کی خوب صورتی کو نہ جانے کس کی نظر لگ گئی کہ اب تو سال کے زیادہ حصے پر سموگ کی اداسی چھائی رہتی ہے اور اس کے شہری گلے، سانس اور آنکھوں کی مختلف بیماریوں کا شکار رہتے ہیں۔ اس سموگ کی بہت ساری وجوہات ہیں۔ سب سے بڑی وجہ بڑھتی ہوئی آبادی کی وجہ سے درختوں کو کاٹنا ہے۔ اس کے علاوہ

سڑکوں پر گاڑیوں کا بے پناہ ہجوم، کارخانوں سے نکلنے والا دھواں اور کچرے کو لگائی جانے والی آگ بھی اس کی بہت بڑی وجہ ہے۔ سموگ ایک سنجیدہ مسئلہ بن چکی ہے اور اکثر اس کی وجہ سے سکول بھی بند کرنے پڑتے ہیں تاکہ بچوں کو بیمار ہونے سے بچایا جاسکے۔ ضرورت اس بات کی ہے کہ ہم سب مل کر اس پر قابو پانے کی کوشش کریں۔ زیادہ سے زیادہ درخت اگائیں، کارخانے شہروں سے دور لگائے جائیں اور کچرے کو آگ لگانے پر پابندی لگائی جائے۔ چھوٹے شہروں اور قصبوں میں زندگی کی بنیادی سہولتیں بڑھائی جائیں۔ میری دعا ہے کہ میرے وطن کے ہر فرد میں اپنی ذمہ داری کا احساس پیدا ہو جائے اور اس ملک سے سموگ کا خاتمہ ہو جائے۔ آمین۔

محمد معیز تیمور | پنجم - اے

میرا گولک

ایک دن میں اپنے ابو کے ساتھ بازار گیا تو مجھے وہاں ایک دکان پر خوب صورت رنگ برنگ گولک رکھے ہوئے نظر آئے۔ مجھے ان میں سے ایک گولک بہت ہی خوب صورت لگا اور میں نے وہ خرید لیا۔ اب جب بھی امی جان یا ابو مجھے کسی بات پر خوش ہو کر انعام دیتے یا جیب خرچ کے لیے پیسے ملتے تو میں ان پیسوں کا زیادہ حصہ گولک میں جمع کرنے لگا۔ جلد ہی عید آگئی۔ اب تو میرے وارے نیارے ہو گئے۔ مجھے امی ابو کے علاوہ نانا نانی، دادا دادی اور باقی رشتہ داروں سے بھی ڈھیر ساری عیدی ملی جو میں نے اسی گولک میں ڈال دی۔ میں اکثر اسے ہلا کے اندازہ کرنے کی کوشش کرتا کہ اب اس میں کتنے پیسے جمع ہو گئے ہوں گے۔ جلد ہی امی ابو حج پر جا رہے تھے اور میرا ارادہ ان کی واپسی پر انھیں اپنے پیسوں سے کوئی اچھا سا تحفہ دینے کا تھا۔ امی ابو کے حج پر



جانے کے بعد جب بڑی عید آئی تو اس عید پر بھی مجھے بہت ساری عیدی ملی جو میں اسی گولک میں ڈال دی۔ جس دن امی ابونے آنا تھا اس سے ایک دن پہلے میں نے اپنے پرانے ملازم انور چاچا کو بہت اداس دیکھا۔ مجھے لگا وہ بار بار کسی کونے میں چھپ کر اپنے آنسو صاف کر رہے تھے۔ میں نے ان سے وجہ پوچھی تو وہ رونے لگے اور بولے، میرے بیٹے نے دسویں جماعت میں سکول میں سب سے اچھے نمبر لیے ہیں لیکن اب اسے کالج میں داخلہ دلانے کے لیے میرے پاس پیسے نہیں ہیں۔ میرے بیٹے کو پڑھنے کا بہت شوق ہے۔ کل داخلے کی آخری تاریخ ہے اور میرے پاس کچھ بھی نہیں ہے۔ مجھے انھیں روتے دیکھ کر بہت دکھ ہوا، اچانک مجھے اپنے گولک کا خیال آیا۔ میں بھاگ کر اپنے کمرے میں گیا۔ میں نے اپنا گولک اٹھایا اور جا کر انور چاچا کے سامنے رکھ دیا۔ وہ پہلے تو بہت حیران ہوئے پھر مجھے ڈھیروں دعائیں دینے لگے۔ جب امی ابونے پوچھا کہ میں نے اتنے دن میں کیا کیا تو میں نے ہنس کر جواب دیا کہ میں نے خوشیاں بانٹنا سیکھا۔ مجھے ہنستا دیکھ کر امی ابو بھی ہنسنے لگے۔

محمد حسن عباس | پنجم - بی

میں نے درگزر کرنا کیسے سیکھا

درگزر کرنا یعنی دوسروں کی چھوٹی چھوٹی غلطیوں اور کوتاہیوں کو نظر انداز کرنا بہت مشکل کام ہے۔ میں ہر کام سوچ سمجھ کر کرتا ہوں اور کوشش کرتا ہوں کہ میری وجہ سے کسی کو کوئی تکلیف نہ پہنچے۔ اس کے ساتھ میں دوسروں سے بھی یہی امید رکھتا ہوں کہ مجھے کوئی تنگ نہ کرے اور اگر کوئی مجھے تنگ کرے تو میرے خیال میں اسے سزا ملنی بہت ضروری تھی، میری امی ہمیشہ مجھے سمجھاتی تھیں کہ اللہ تعالیٰ معاف کرنے والوں کو پسند کرتے ہیں اس لیے تم بھی معاف کیا کرو لیکن مجھے یہ بات سمجھ میں نہیں آتی تھی۔ اور پھر امی جان کی یہ بات مجھے سمجھ میں بھی آگئی اور میں نے معاف کرنا سیکھ بھی لیا۔ ہوا کچھ یوں کہ گرمیوں کی چھٹیاں تھیں۔ بچے شام ہوتے ہی گھر کے قریب باغ میں کھیلنے پہنچ جاتے تھے۔ ایک دن میں باغ میں بیٹھ کر کتاب پڑھ رہا تھا۔ ایک بچہ بھاگتا ہوا آیا اور مجھ سے ٹکرا گیا۔ اس نے مجھ سے معافی مانگی لیکن میں غصے میں تھا۔ میں نے اسے ایک تھپڑ مار دیا۔ بچہ رونے لگا اور بولا، میں آپ سے معافی مانگ تو رہا تھا، آپ نے پھر بھی مجھے مارا۔ کچھ دن بعد میں دوستوں کے ساتھ کرکٹ کھیل رہا تھا۔



جیتنے کے لیے ہمیں دس رنز چاہیے تھے۔ آخری تین بالز باقی تھیں۔ میں نے ایک زوردار چھکا لگایا۔ چھکا کچھ زیادہ ہی زور سے لگا اور گیند سیدھی سامنے والے گھر کی کھڑکی سے جا کر لگی۔ شیشہ ٹوٹنے کی آواز سن کر ہم سب کا رنگ اڑ گیا۔ گھر سے ایک انکل غصہ میں باہر آئے اور پوچھا کہ یہ حرکت کس کی ہے۔ میں نے ڈرتے ڈرتے آگے بڑھ کر کہا میں معافی چاہتا ہوں، میچ جیتنے کے شوق میں میں نے کچھ زیادہ ہی زور سے چھکا لگا دیا۔ مجھے ایسا نہیں کرنا چاہیے تھا۔ میں معافی چاہتا ہوں۔ انھوں نے مجھے غور سے دیکھا اور کہا۔ ٹھیک ہے اب تم معافی مانگ رہے ہو تو معاف نہ کرنا بہت بری بات ہو جائے گی۔ جاؤ میں نے تمہیں معاف کیا، آئندہ خیال رکھنا۔ یہ کہہ کر وہ چلے گئے۔ سب دوست میچ جیتنے کا جشن منا رہے

تھے اور مجھے وہ سب لوگ یاد آ رہے تھے جنہوں نے مجھ سے معافی مانگی تھی لیکن میں نے معاف نہیں کیا تھا۔ اس دن کے بعد میں نے بھی دوسروں کی غلطیوں سے درگزر کرنا سیکھ لیا۔

محمد حسن شہزاد | پنجم - بی

میں چھٹیاں کہاں گزاروں گی



میں اپنی سردیوں کی چھٹیاں ابوظہبی میں گزاروں گی۔ میں اپنے بہن، بھائی اور امی کے ساتھ جا رہی ہوں۔ میں منگل کو ابوظہبی جا رہی ہوں۔ میں نے اپنا سارا ضروری سامان بند کر لیا ہے۔ میں سب سے پہلے اپنے ابو سے ملوں گی۔ اُس کے بعد میں اپنے کزنز سے ملوں گی۔ میں اپنے کزنز کے ساتھ باتیں کروں گی اور کھیلوں گی۔ اُن کے ساتھ مال اور سمندر کی سیر

کرنے جاؤں گی۔ میں رات کو دیر تک جاگوں گی اور صبح دیر سے اٹھوں گی۔ میں ۳ جنوری کو واپس پاکستان آؤں گی۔

عمایہ حسین | پنجم - بی (آسان اردو)

ایک خواب کا قصہ

میرا نام محمد عیسیٰ کمال ہے۔ میں نو سال کا ہوں۔ آج میں آپ کو اپنی زندگی کا ایک دلچسپ واقعہ سنانا چاہتا ہوں۔ اپنی عمر کے دوسرے بچوں کی طرح مجھے بھی کینڈی کھانا، رات دیر تک جاگتے رہنا اور گیمز کھیلنا بہت پسند تھا۔ مجھے ہر وقت یہی شکایت رہتی تھی کہ میرے والدین مجھے زیادہ کینڈی کھانے اور گیمز وغیرہ کھیلنے سے کیوں روکتے ہیں۔ میں ہر وقت یہی بڑبڑاتا رہتا کہ کاش! میرے والدین ہر وقت کی روک ٹوک نہ کریں اور میں اپنی مرضی سے کچھ بھی کروں۔



ایک دن جب میں سو کر اٹھا تو میں نے خود کو ایک خوبصورت گھر

میں پایا۔ یہ گھر ایک محل جیسا تھا۔ اس گھر میں میرے والدین بھی نئے تھے جو میری ہر خواہش پوری کرتے تھے۔ اور کسی کام پر نہ تو مجبور کرتے اور ہی کسی بات سے منع کرتے تھے۔ پہلے ہی دن میں نے جی بھر کے کینڈی کھائی، خوب گیمز کھیلیں اور رات دیر تک جاگتا رہا۔ میری نئے والدین

نے مجھے کچھ نہیں کہا۔ اب تو ہر روز یہی ہوتا، میں جو چاہتا کرتا۔ میری زندگی بالکل میرے خوابوں جیسی تھی۔ میں سکول بھی نہیں جاتا تھا اور نہ ہی کسی کام میں دلچسپی لیتا تھا۔ اب میں اداس رہنے لگا۔ میں چاہتا تھا کہ میرے والدین میرے ساتھ وقت گزاریں اور مجھے اچھی اچھی باتیں بتائیں، بالکل میرے پرانے والدین کی طرح۔ لیکن ان کی تو اپنی الگ ہی دنیا تھی جس میں وہ مگن رہتے تھے۔ اب مجھے میرا سکول، کتابیں اور سکول کے دوست بھی یاد آنے لگے۔ کتنی اچھی تھی وہ زندگی جس سے میں تنگ تھا۔ میرے ماں باپ مجھے سمجھاتے تھے، پیار کرتے تھے، دوست مل کر پڑھائی کرتے تھے اور سکول جانا کتنا اچھا لگتا تھا۔ یہ سب سوچ کر میری آنکھوں میں آنسو آنے لگے۔ میں نے اللہ سے رور و کر دعا کی کہ میں نے اپنا سبق سیکھ لیا ہے اس لیے مجھے میرے والدین کے پاس بھیج دیں۔ میں روتے روتے سو گیا۔ اچانک مجھے آواز سنائی دی کہ اٹھو بیٹا سکول کے لیے دیر ہو رہی ہے۔ میں نے ادھر ادھر دیکھا۔ یہ کیا میں اپنے گھر میں تھا اور سب کچھ پہلے جیسا تھا۔ میں نے دل میں اللہ کا شکر ادا کیا کہ وہ سب ایک خواب تھا۔ میں امی کے گلے لگ گیا اور چلانے لگا میں آپ سے بہت پیار کرتا ہوں۔ میں ہمیشہ آپ کی بات مانوں گا۔ امی حیران تھیں اور میں بے حد خوش۔

علیسی کمال | پنجم - سی

میں نے خواب دیکھا

ایک دن میں نے خواب دیکھا کہ دنیا میں امن تھا۔ میں بہت خوش تھا کیوں کہ فلسطین پر ظلم نہیں ہو رہا تھا، یوکرین میں بھی جھگڑا نہیں تھا۔ اس خواب میں



ہر بچہ بہت اچھے سکول میں پڑھ رہا تھا۔ کوئی بھی بے گھر نہیں تھا۔ لوگوں کے پاس اچھی نوکریاں تھیں اس لیے چوری اور لوٹ مار کا بھی کوئی ڈر نہیں تھا۔ سب ملکوں میں امن کا معاہدہ ہونے کی وجہ سے کیمیائی اور دوسرے خطرناک ہتھیاروں کا خاتمہ ہو چکا تھا۔ ہر کوئی خوشی کے گیت گارہا تھا، پریشانیاں اور نفرت نہ ہونے کی وجہ سے نفسیاتی مسائل بھی ختم ہو چکے تھے۔ فیکٹریوں سے زہریلا دھواں نہیں نکل رہا تھا۔ لوگ صفائی اور قانون کی اہمیت سمجھ چکے

تھے اس لیے صاف ستھری سڑکیں اور پرسکون ماحول تھا۔ ہر ملک کے پاس کھانے پینے اور دوسری ضرورتوں کو پورا کرنے کے لیے ہر چیز موجود تھی اس لیے ہر کوئی اپنے ملک میں خوش تھا اور کہیں اور جانے کے لیے بے چین نہیں تھا۔ یہ خواب اتنا خوب صورت تھا کہ میں نیند سے جاگنے کے بعد بھی کئی دن تک سوچتا رہا کہ کاش میرا یہ خواب سچ ہو جائے اور یہ دنیا امن اور سکون کا گھر بن جائے آمین۔

ارحم امتیاز | پنجم - سی

اللہ کی نعمتیں

اللہ کی نعمتیں ہیں بے شمار
یہ رنگ برنگے پیارے پھول
یہ جو درخت ہیں پیارے
درختوں کے فائدے بے شمار
دن میں سورج بنایا چمکتا ہوا
آسمان سے بارش برساتا ہے
اس نے دریا بنائے کئی ہزار
میں ہوں اس کی شکر گزار
کی نہیں اس نے کوئی بھول
پرندوں کے گھر ہیں سارے
اللہ کی نعمتیں ہیں بے شمار
رات کو چاند سجایا دمکتا ہوا
ٹھنڈی ہوا بھی وہی چلاتا ہے
اللہ کی نعمتیں ہیں بے شمار

عزیز عثمان | پنجم - سی

دُنیا پچاس سال بعد کیسی ہوگی؟

آج کے جدید دور میں بہت سی حیران کر دینے والی ایجادات ہو چکی ہیں۔ آنے والے کچھ سالوں میں ایسی بھی ایجادات ہوں چکی ہوں گی جنہیں آج صرف ایک خواب سمجھا جاتا ہے۔ مجھے لگتا ہے کہ بڑھتی ہوئی آبادی کی وجہ سے گاڑیوں کے چلنے کے لیے زمین پر جگہ کم پڑ جائے گی کیونکہ بہت

زیادہ آبادی کی وجہ سے زمین پر صرف اونچی اونچی عمارتیں ہوں گی یا کھیت۔ اس لیے ہوا میں اڑنے والی گاڑیاں عام ہوں گی۔ اکثر لوگ قریبی جگہوں پر اڑنے والے جوتے پہن کر چلے جائیں گے۔ موبائل فون کے ذریعے لوگ آپس میں رابطہ کرنے کے علاوہ چولہا جلانے سے گاڑی سٹارٹ کرنے تک کے سارے کام کیا کریں گے۔ جدید طبی سہولیات کی وجہ سے معذور لوگ چلنے کے اور گونگے بہرے لوگ صحت مند



لوگوں کی طرح بات چیت میں حصہ لینے کے قابل ہو جائیں گے۔ سائنس دان خلا کے بارے میں بہت سی نئی اور حیران کرنے والی باتیں دریافت کریں گے۔ آج کے زمانے میں موجود بیماریوں کے علاج ملنے کی وجہ سے یہ بیماریاں ختم ہو جائیں گی لیکن بہت سے نئی بیماریوں کے علاج ڈھونڈنے پڑ جائیں گے۔ دنیا سے بھوک اور بیماری ختم ہو جائے گی۔ مجھے یقین ہے کہ پچاس سال بعد کی دنیا زیادہ بہتر ہوگی اور اس میں زیادہ سہولیات اور آسائشیں ہوں گی۔

عبداللہ عمر | پنجم - ڈی

کچھ دلچسپ باتیں کرکٹ کے بارے میں

کرکٹ پوری دنیا میں پسند کیا جانے والا مشہور کھیل ہے۔ اسے کھیلنے کے لیے گیند اور بلا استعمال کرتے ہیں۔ کرکٹ کسی بھی وقت اور کہیں بھی کھیل



جاسکتی ہے۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ پاکستان میں آپ کو چھٹی کے دن گھر کے باغ، خالی پلاٹ، کسی میدان یا گلی کی سڑک پر بھی بچے کرکٹ کھیلتے ہوئے نظر آئیں گے۔ کرکٹ ٹیم میں گیارہ کھلاڑی اور تین ایمپائرز ہوتے ہیں۔ اس کھیل کو اور بھی دلچسپ بنانے والے وہ کمٹیٹرز ہیں جو کھیل کے دوران مسلسل اپنی رائے دیتے رہتے ہیں۔ کرکٹ کی ایک مزے دار بات یہ ہے کہ یہ ہر عمر کے لوگوں کو پسند ہے اور اسے آپ کسی بھی عمر میں

کھیل سکتے ہیں۔ کرکٹ کے کھیل میں دو طرح کی، سفید اور لال رنگ کی گیند استعمال کی جاتی ہے۔ ٹیسٹ میچ کھیلنے کے لیے لال گیند جبکہ ٹی ٹوئنٹی اور ون ڈے میچ انٹرنیشنل کے لیے سفید گیند استعمال کی جاتی ہے۔ کرکٹ میں چھوٹے چھوٹے ٹورنامنٹ بھی ہوتے ہیں۔ وقت گزرنے کے ساتھ ساتھ اس کھیل میں بھی بہت سی تبدیلیاں آئیں ہیں اور اسے زیادہ جدید بنایا گیا ہے۔ میری خواہش ہے کہ پاکستان کے بچوں کے پاس زیادہ سے زیادہ کھیلنے کے میدان ہوں تاکہ وہ جسمانی کھیلوں میں حصہ لے کر صحت مند زندگی گزاریں۔ پاکستان نے ۱۹۹۲ میں برطانیہ سے مقابلہ جیت کر ورلڈ کپ جیتنے کا اعزاز حاصل کیا تھا۔

آیان فیصل کمال | پنجم - ڈی

ایک یادگار دن

"آؤ ہم مل کے کچھ کھیلتے ہیں"۔ میرے بھائی نے مجھے اپنے کمرے میں بلایا۔ اس کے ہاتھ میں ایک عجیب و غریب ڈبہ تھا۔ میں نے حیران ہو کر پوچھا یہ کیا ہے؟ اس نے کہا اسے یہ دادا جان کی پرانی الماری سے ملا ہے۔ ہم نے ڈرتے ڈرتے اس ڈبے کو کھولا تو اس کے اندر کھیل کے لیے رنگ برنگی گولیاں تھیں۔ میں نے پہلی باری لی اور اپنی گولٹی اٹھا کر خالی ڈبے میں رکھ دی۔ اچانک میرا سر گھوما اور مجھے محسوس ہوا جیسے میں اڑ رہی ہوں۔ میرے کمرے کی چیزیں میرے ارد گرد گھوم رہی تھیں۔ پانچ منٹ خلا میں رہنے کے بعد میں نیچے آ گئی۔ پھر میرے بھائی نے باری لی اور گولٹی اٹھا کر روٹ والے ڈبے میں رکھ دی۔ اچانک سے ایک روٹ نمودار ہوا اور میرا بھائی اس کو دیکھ کر بھاگنا شروع ہو گیا۔ میں نے جلدی سے اختتام والے ڈبے میں گولٹی رکھ دی اور تھوڑی دیر میں وہ غائب ہو گیا، پر اس نے



جاتے جاتے میری امی کا پسندیدہ گلہان توڑ دیا جو ان کی امی نے انہیں دیا تھا۔ میں اور میرا بھائی ڈر کر رونے لگے کہ اب تو امی سے ہماری پٹائی ہوگی۔ اچانک سے امی کی آواز آئی جلدی اٹھو سکول کے لیے دیر ہو رہی ہے۔ میں آنکھیں مسلتی ہوئی اٹھی اور ارد گرد دیکھ کر یہ احساس ہوا کہ یہ تو بس ایک خواب تھا۔

آیت فیصل چہارم | چہارم - اے

میرا پسندیدہ سیر کا مقام

پچھلے سال میرے امی ابو نے ملائیشیا جانے کا پروگرام بنایا۔ ہم ملائیشیا کے سب سے بڑے شہر کوالالمپور میں گئے۔ یہ ایک خوبصورت، صاف ستھرا اور سرسبز شہر ہے۔ اس شہر کی اونچی عمارتیں اور رات میں لائٹوں کا منظر مجھے بہت پسند آیا۔ کیل شہر کی سب سے خوب صورت عمارت مجھے ٹون ٹاور



لگی تھی جس کے ساتھ ایک بہت بڑا اور خوبصورت پارک ہے۔ میں اور میرا چھوٹا بھائی کڈزینیا بھی گئے جو کہ بچوں کے لیے ایک چھوٹا سا شہر ہے۔ کیل میں مجھے مزے مزے کے کھانے اور شاپنگ کا بہت مزہ آیا۔ کیل کے بعد ہم کیمرن گئے۔ یہ جگہ چائے کے باغات اور جنگلات کے لیے بہت مشہور ہے۔ ہمارا آخری مقام لنکاوی تھا جو سمندر میں ایک جزیرہ ہے۔ ہمارا ہوٹل سمندر کے کنارے تھا۔ ہم نے ساحل

سمندر پر خوب کھیلا اور تیراکی بھی کی۔ یوں تو میں سیر کے لیے بہت سے مقامات پر گئی ہوں مگر میرا پسندیدہ مقام ملائیشیا ہے۔ اگر آپ بھی سیر کا منصوبہ بنا رہے ہیں تو میرا مشورہ مانیں اور ملائیشیا ضرور جائیں۔

سارہ نواز | چہارم - اے

ایک یادگار دن

ایک دن میں اپنے باغ میں کھیل رہی تھی جب مجھے ایک سنہری ہار نظر آیا۔ وہ ہار بہت چمک رہا تھا اور اس کے حسین موتی خوبصورت لگ رہے تھے۔ جب میں نے اس ہار کو پکڑا تو میں اچانک سے ایک جادو کی دنیا میں پہنچ گئی۔ وہاں پر پریاں، ہری ہری کھاس اور گلابی بادل تھے۔ ایک پری میرے پاس



آئی جس کے پاس بہت خوب صورت پر تھے۔ وہ کہنے لگی کہ آؤ میں تمہیں اس دنیا کی سیر کرواتی ہوں۔ پھر وہ مجھے توس قزح کے پاس اڑا کر لے گئی اور میں نے وہاں اوپر آسمان سے نیچے خوب صورت وادی دیکھی جس میں گھوڑے بھاگ رہے تھے۔ ہر طرف پہاڑوں پر پھول ہی پھول تھے۔ بہت سے رنگ برنگے پرندے میرے پاس اڑ رہے تھے۔ ہلکی ہلکی بارش ہو رہی تھی اور ہلکی سی دھوپ بھی تھی۔ ہوا میں پھولوں اور گیلی مٹی کی خوشبو آ رہی تھی۔ میں بہت دیر تک وہاں اڑتی رہی اور نظارے دیکھتی رہی۔ وہ میری زندگی کا سب سے یادگار دن تھا۔

ایمان معین صفدر | چہارم - اے

ایک یادگار سفر کی تیاری

یہ دن میری زندگی کا سب سے یادگار دن ہے۔ یوں تو مجھے سفر کرنے کا کئی بار اتفاق ہوا ہے۔ مگر ایک سفر جو ہم نے کچھلی چھٹیوں میں کیا بہت یادگار تھا اور ہمیں ابھی تک یاد ہے۔ ہوا یوں کہ چھٹیاں شروع ہونے سے پہلے ہی صلاح مشورے ہونے لگے۔ کوئی کچھ تجویز کر رہا تھا کوئی کچھ۔۔۔ ایچ نے تجویز پیش کی کہ اگر آپ لوگ ماہ اگست میں کوہ مری چلو تو چودہ اگست بھی منالیں گے اور صحت افزا مقام کی سیر بھی کر لیں گے۔ چودہ اگست کو مری میں بہت ہی رونق ہوتی ہے۔

برسات کے جس کے دن بھی وہیں گزار لیں گے۔ ہم سب نے ابو کی تجویز سے اتفاق کیا اور چھٹیاں ہوتے ہی اپنا اپنا سکول کا کام شروع کر دیا تاکہ مری جانے سے پہلے اس ذمہ داری سے فارغ ہو جائیں۔ سفر کا آغاز کرنے کے لیے یکم اگست کی تاریخ مقرر ہوئی۔ مری دیکھنے کا



یہ پہلا موقع تھا۔ اس لیے میرے لیے یہ سفر بالکل ہی نیا تھا۔ کوہ مری کا تصور ہی ہمارے لیے خوشی کا باعث بن رہا تھا۔ اس دن ہم معمول سے بھی جلدی اٹھ گئے، ناشتہ کرتے ہی چل پڑے۔ ابو نے گیراج سے گاڑی نکالی بستر وغیرہ اس کی چھت پر باندھ لیے۔ باقی سامان ڈگی میں ڈالا اور روانہ ہو گئے۔

مریم ابوبکر | چہارم - بی

میری کتاب باتیں کرتی ہے

مجھے کتابیں پڑھنے کا بہت شوق ہے۔ میں ایک الگ اور دلچسپ دنیا میں چلی جاتی ہوں اور پھر اس کتاب کے سارے کردار ایسا لگتا ہے جیسے مجھ

سے ہی باتیں کرتے ہیں۔ کہانی کا مزہ دو بالا ہو جاتا ہے اور بعض دفعہ تو آخر آنے سے پہلے ہی اختتام کا اندازہ ہو جاتا ہے۔ کچھ کتابیں ایسی خوب صورت اور شاندار ہوتی ہیں کہ کتنی دیر تک میں اسی منظر میں گھومتی رہتی ہوں۔ کچھ کتابیں زندگی بھر کے سبق سکھا جاتی ہیں۔ کتابیں باتیں کرتی ہیں بس آپ کو ان کی باتیں سمجھ آنی چاہیے۔

علیشا سعدی | چہارم - سی

میرا ہوائی جہاز کا پہلا سفر

میں نے ہوائی جہاز کا پہلا سفر سات سال کی عمر میں کیا جب میں اپنے نانا، نانی، ابو اور امی کے ساتھ قطر ائرویز سے عمرے کے لیے گئی۔ ہم رات



۲۱ بجے ہوائی اڈے پر پہنچ گئے۔ چیکنگ اور بورڈنگ پاس ملنے کے بعد ہم جہاز پر پہنچ گئے۔ مجھے بہت گھبراہٹ ہو رہی تھی۔ میں نانو کی برابر والی کھڑکی والی سیٹ پر بیٹھی تھی۔ جہاز بہت کھلا اور سیٹیں آرام دہ تھیں۔ ہر سیٹ کے ساتھ ٹی۔وی سکرین تھی اور میں نے مزے سے اپنے پسندیدہ کارٹون دیکھے۔ جہاز کی چھت پر چمکتی ہوئی رنگ برنگی لائٹیں تھیں جو ستاروں کی طرح لگ رہی تھیں۔ جہاز میں مجھے میرا پسندیدہ

پاستہ ملا جو بہت مزے کا تھا۔ جب صبح ہوئی تو جہاز کے باہر کا منظر بہت خوب صورت تھا۔ میں بادلوں کے اوپر اڑ رہی تھی۔ سورج کی کرنیں حسین لگ رہی تھیں۔ نیچے سمندر بھی دکھائی دے رہا تھا۔ لینڈنگ کے وقت مجھے تھوڑا ڈر لگا لیکن پائلٹ نے بہت آرام اور مہارت سے جہاز نیچے اتارا۔ میرے کان بھی بس تھوڑی دیر کے لیے بند ہوئے۔ جاتے ہوئے ایئر ہوٹیس نے مجھے قطر ائرویز کا بستہ، جہاز کا ماڈل اور چاکلیٹس دیں۔ یہ سفر مجھے ہمیشہ یاد رہے گا۔

زینب اقبال | چہارم - سی

شہد کی مکھی

شہد کی مکھی اللہ کی طرف سے ایک تحفہ ہے۔ یہ مکھیاں ایک چھتے میں مل کر رہتی ہیں اور اس کے اندر مختلف قسم کے خانے ہوتے ہیں۔ شہد کی مکھیاں اپنے چھتے میں کوئی زہریلی یا نقصان دہ چیز نہیں آنے دیتیں، اگر کوئی مکھی ایسی چیز لے آئے تو محافظ مکھیاں اس مکھی کے پرتوڑ کر اسے چھتے سے باہر



بھینک دیتی ہیں۔ مزے دار بات یہ ہے کہ یہ لکھیاں ایک دوسرے سے بات کرنے کے لیے مختلف طریقوں سے ناچتی ہیں۔ جیسے اگر کسی کارکن مکھی کو دوسری مکھیوں کو خوراک کے بارے میں بتانا ہو تو وہ تیزی سے گھوم گھوم کر ناچتی ہے۔ شہد کی مکھیاں پھولوں کا رس چوس کر شہد بناتی ہیں۔ کتنی عجیب بات ہے کہ قدرت نے انہیں اس کام کے لیے دو معدے دیئے ہیں۔ ایک میں کھانا اور دوسرے میں شہد ہوتا ہے۔ شہد کی مکھی کبھی ایک پھول کے پاس دوبارہ رس کی تلاش میں نہیں جاتی۔ اس سے آپ اندازہ لگا سکتے ہیں کہ اسے شہد بنانے کے لیے کتنی محنت کرنی پڑتی ہے اور کتنا سفر کرنا پڑتا ہے۔ اللہ تعالیٰ نے شہد میں بہت سی بیماریوں کا علاج رکھا ہے اور اس کا ذکر قرآن پاک میں بھی آیا ہے۔ لوگ شہد حاصل کرنے کے لیے شہد کا چھتہ توڑ دیتے ہیں اور کبھی کبھی اس کوشش میں انہیں بہت سی مکھیاں کاٹ لیتی ہیں۔ شہد کی ایک مکھی اپنی زندگی میں صرف ایک بار ہی کاٹ سکتی ہے کیونکہ اس کا ڈنگ کاٹے ہوئے اندر ہی ٹوٹ جاتا ہے۔ کاٹنے کے بعد شہد کی مکھی کی موت واقع ہو جاتی ہے۔ اگر کسی کو شہد کی مکھی کاٹ لے تو اسے ٹھیک ہونے میں تین دن سے ایک ہفتہ تک لگ سکتا ہے۔ اس لیے میں آپ کو مشورہ دوں گا کہ شہد کے چھتے سے دور رہیں اور کبھی شہد کی مکھیوں کو ستانے کی غلطی نہ کریں۔

ارحم فرجادا | چہارم - ڈی

چھوٹی سی نیکی

کسی دریا کے کنارے ایک چھوٹا سا شہر تھا۔ یہاں ایک غریب پینٹر رہتا تھا جو دریا میں چلنے والی کشتیوں پر رنگ کرتا تھا۔ ایک دن اسے ایک کشتی کو رنگ کرنے کے لیے کہا گیا۔ جب وہ کشتی پر رنگ کر رہا تھا تو اسے کشتی میں ایک چھوٹا سا سوراخ نظر آیا۔ اس آدمی نے سوراخ کی اچھی طرح مرمت کر کے اسے رنگ کر دیا۔ کشتی بالکل نئی لگنے لگی۔ کشتی کے مالک نے اسے مزدوری دی اور وہ خاموشی سے چلا گیا۔ دو دن بعد کشتی کا مالک اس



پینٹر کے پاس آیا اور اس نے پینٹر کو ایک چیک پیش کیا۔ اس چیک کی رقم پینٹر کی مزدوری سے کہیں زیادہ تھی۔ غریب پینٹر حیران ہو کر بولا کہ آپ نے مجھے کشتی پر رنگ کرنے کی مزدوری پہلے ہی دے دی ہے۔ اب یہ چیک کس لیے؟ کشتی کے مالک نے کہا کہ یہ رقم رنگ کرنے کے لیے نہیں ہے بلکہ کشتی کے سوراخ کی مرمت کرنے کے لیے ہے۔ ارے! لیکن وہ تنا چھوٹا سا کام تھا، اتنی معمولی بات کے لیے مناسب

نہیں کہ میں اتنے سارے پیسے لوں، غریب پینٹر بولا۔ کشتی کے مالک نے کہا کہ میرے پیارے دوست میں تمہیں ساری بات بتاتا ہوں۔ ہوا کچھ یوں کہ جب میں نے تمہیں کشتی پر رنگ کرنے کے لیے کہا تو اس سے پہلے میرے بھائی نے اسے مرمت کروانا تھا۔ جب تم نے کشتی پر شان دار رنگ کر دیا تو میرے بچے کشتی لے کے ماہی گیری کے لیے نکل گئے۔ ان کے جانے کے بعد میرے بھائی کو یاد آیا کہ اس نے کشتی کے سوراخ کی مرمت تو کروائی ہی نہیں تھی۔ یہ بات سن کر میرے پیروں کے نیچے سے زمین نکل گئی۔ مجھے پریشانی میں کچھ سمجھ نہیں آ رہا تھا کہ کیا

گئی۔ پھر آئی میری ٹیم کی باری اور ہوا بہترین میچ دونوں ٹیموں نے دودو گول کیے اور آخری منٹ پر ہماری ٹیم نے گول کر کے میچ جیت لیا۔ اب فائنل میچ کی باری آگئی۔ کھلاڑیوں کے ساتھ ساتھ سب دیکھنے والے بھی بہت پرجوش تھے اور خوب داد دے رہے تھے۔ بہت ہی دھواں دار میچ ہوا اور میری ٹیم میچ جیت گئی۔ پھر پورے میدان میں خوب ہلاکلا ہوا۔ آخر میں ہمیں سونے کے تمغوں سے حوصلہ افزائی کی گئی۔ یہ دن میری زندگی کا یادگار دن ہے۔

آہل خانہ | چہارم - ای

دیانتداری

ایک دفعہ کا ذکر ہے علی سکول جا رہا تھا۔ راستے میں اُسے گرا ہوا پرس ملا۔ علی نے پرس اٹھایا اور دیکھا تو اس میں بہت سارے پیسے تھے۔ وہ بہت خوش ہوا کہ اب اپنے لیے بہت ساری چیزیں خریدے گا۔ لیکن اُس کو اپنی امی کی بات یاد آگئی کہ ہمیشہ سچ بولو اور سچ کا ساتھ دو۔ غلط کام کرنا بڑی بات ہے۔ یہ سوچ کے اُس نے فیصلہ کیا کہ وہ اس پرس کے اصل مالک کو ڈھونڈے گا اور اس پرس کو واپس کرے گا۔ سکول سے واپسی پر وہ اُس راستے پر گیا جہاں اُس کو وہ پرس ملا تھا۔ وہاں اُس نے بہت سے لوگوں سے پوچھا کہ کسی کا پرس تو نہیں گم گیا۔ آخر کار وہ مایوس ہو کر گھر آ گیا۔ گھر آ کر اُس نے دیکھا کہ آس کے دادی جان بہت پریشان بیٹھے ہیں جب اُس نے وجہ پوچھی تو دادی جان نے بتایا کہ اُن کا پرس گم گیا ہے اور اُس میں بہت سارے پیسے تھے۔ علی نے وہ پرس جو اُس کے پاس تھا دادی جان کو دیکھایا تو وہ ایک دم خوش ہو گئیں اور علی نے سارا واقعہ سچ سچ دادی جان کو سنایا۔ دادی جان علی نے علی کو اُس کی دیانتداری پر شاباش دی اور اُس کو بہترین تحفہ دیے کو آئندہ بھی ہمیشہ سچ بولنے اور دیانتداری کرنے کے نصیحت کی۔



دانیل چیمہ | چہارم - ای



میں اور میری کتاب

ایک دن میں سکول گیا تو میں نے اپنے بستے میں ایک لال کتاب دیکھی۔ جب میں نے اُس کتاب کو بستے سے نکالا تو اُس پر لکھا تھا کہ احتیاط سے استعمال کریں۔ میں نے ڈر کر وہ کتاب واپس بستے میں ڈال دی۔ جب میں گھر آیا تو میں نے وہ کتاب کھولی تو اُس میں ایک قلم بھی تھا میں نے وہ قلم اٹھالیا۔ اُس سے جب میں نے اُس کتاب پر نیٹڈوسوچ لکھا تو وہ ایک دم سے میرے سامنے آ گیا۔ میں بہت حیران

ہو گیا۔ پھر میں نے اُس پر آئس کریم لکھا وہ بھی میرے سامنے آگئی۔ میں نے پھر اپنی پسندیدہ کتاب کا نام لکھا تو کتاب میرے سامنے آگئی۔ میں اور بھی حیران ہو گیا۔ میں نے ارادہ کیا کہ میں اس کے ذریعے میں سب اُن لوگوں کی مدد کروں گا جن کا کوئی سہارا نہیں ہے۔ میں پھر بہت سے لوگوں کی مدد کرتا رہا۔

ارسل خازندہ | چہارم - ای

میری گڑیا بولنے لگی



ایک دن میں اپنے کھلونے کے ساتھ کھیل رہی تھی کہ اچانک سے کہیں سے آواز آئی۔ میں ایک دم سے ڈر گئی۔ جب میں نے مڑ کر دیکھا تو میری گڑیا مجھے دیکھ کر مسکرا رہی تھی میں ایک دم سے ڈی کر اپنے بستر پر چڑھ گئی۔ میری گڑیا ہوا میں اُڑنے لگی۔ گڑیا نے کہا کہ ڈرو نہیں میں تمہیں کچھ نہیں کہوں گی۔ اُس نے کہا کہ وہ میری دوست ہے اور وہ میرے ساتھ کھیلے گی۔ پہلے تو مجھے ڈر لگا پھر میں نے اُس سے دوستی کر لی۔ ہم دونوں ساتھ مل کر کھیلنے لگے۔ میں نے اپنی گڑیا کو کہا کہ ہم کھیلیں گے پر وہ کسی کو نہیں بتائے گی۔ ہم نے مل کر میری پسندیدہ کتاب بھی پڑھی۔ ٹی۔وی دیکھا، پیزا کھایا۔ رات ہو گئی تو میں نے اُس کو کہا کہ اب سونے کا وقت ہے اب ہم کل کھیلیں گے۔ پھر ہم دونوں اچھے دوست بھی بن گئے اور وہ میری بات مان کر سو بھی گئی۔

عبیرہ ندیم | چہارم - ای

میں نے باغ میں دیکھا

ایک دن میں اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ باغ میں گئی۔ ہم سب کھیل رہے تھے۔ ہم نے باغ میں ایک تتلی دیکھی وہ لال نیلے اور پیلے رنگ کی تھی۔ ہم سب نے ایک جہاز دیکھا۔ اس کے بعد ہم سب نے کھانا کھایا۔ ہم سب نے سیب، تربوز اور آم کھائے۔ ہم نے بہت سارے پھول اور درخت دیکھے۔ ہم نے آئس کریم بھی کھائی۔ باغ بہت خوبصورت لگ رہا تھا۔ ہم نے ایک تلی بھی دیکھی۔ ہم نے تلی کے ساتھ بھی کھیلا۔ اس کے بعد سب گھر چلے گئے۔



زارا علی | سوئم - اے

ایک پراسرار گھر

ایک دفعہ کی بات ہے کہ میں اور میرا خاندان ایک نئے گھر میں شفٹ ہو رہے تھے۔ رات ہو گئی تھی، ہم نہیں پہنچے تھے۔ میں نے ابو سے پوچھا کہ کتنا



وقت اور لگے گا پہنچنے میں؟ ابو نے کہا کہ بس دو منٹ اور۔ تھوڑی دیر میں ہم پہنچ گئے۔ میں جیسے ہی گاڑی میں سے نکلی تو مجھے وہ گھر باہر سے بہت پراسرار لگا۔ میں اندر گئی سامان رکھا اور اپنے کمرے میں جا کر سو گئی۔ میرے کمرے کی کھڑکی کے سامنے ایک حویلی تھی جو بہت سالوں سے بند تھی۔ مجھے بہت ڈر لگ رہا تھا کیوں کہ اس حویلی کے باہر ایک لڑکی کھڑی ہوئی تھی۔ میں نے سوچا کہ کیوں نہ ایک بار اس حویلی کے اندر چلی جاؤں۔ میں باہر نکلی اور حویلی کے

اندر چلی گئی۔ اندر کافی اندھیرا تھا اور میں بہت ڈر گئی۔ میری آواز اندر گونج رہی تھی۔ میں اوپر گئی تو وہاں چمکا ڈر تھے۔ میں بہت زور سے چیخنی تو امی نے مجھے اٹھایا اور کہا کہ صفائی کر لو کل عید ہے۔

حریم عارف | سوئم - اے

ایک دن میں باغ کی سیر کو گئی

ایک دن میں کھانا کھا کر باغ کی سیر کو گئی۔ وہاں میں نے ایک بڑا سا باغ دیکھا میں نے سوچا کہ کیوں نہ باغ کے اندر جاؤں۔ جب میں باغ کے اندر گئی تو میں نے دیکھا کہ وہاں آم کے درخت اور مختلف طرح کے رنگ برنگے پھول تھے۔ اس میں سے ایک پھول بہت ہی پیارا تھا۔ میرا دل کیا کہ میں اسے توڑوں پر میں نے نہیں توڑا کیوں کہ میری امی نے منع کیا کہ پھول توڑنا اچھی بات نہیں ہے۔ پھر میں سیر کر کے گھر گئی اور مزے سے سو گئی۔ یہ دن ایک یادگار دن تھا۔



شہزاد احمد | سوئم - بی

ایک دن ایک پرندہ میرے کمرے کی کھڑکی پر بیٹھا



ایک دن میری آنکھ کھلی تو میں نے دیکھا کہ ایک پیارا سا پرندہ میرے کمرے کی کھڑکی پر بیٹھا ہے۔ جب میں پاس گیا تو وہ زخمی تھا۔ میں نے امی سے کہا کہ پرندہ زخمی ہے اور بھوکا بھی۔ امی نے کہا کہ پہلے اُسے کھانا اور پانی دو پھر ڈاکٹر کو دکھاتے ہیں۔ جب میں نے پرندے کو کھانا دیا تو وہ واقعی بہت بھوکا تھا، پھر میں امی کے ساتھ ڈاکٹر کے پاس پرندے کو لے کر گیا دوا دینے سے پرندہ ٹھیک ہو گیا اور گھر آ کر اسی کھڑکی پر بیٹھا دیا اور میں سو گیا۔ جب میں صبح اٹھا تو پرندہ اڑ چکا تھا۔

ادیس، محمد بن اورنگزیب | سوئم - بی

عید کا دن

مجھے عید منانا پسند ہے۔ مجھے دونوں عیدین پسند ہیں۔ ہم مسلمان سال میں دو عیدین مناتے ہیں۔ عید الفطر اور عید الفطر الضحیٰ۔ مجھے عید الفطر زیادہ پسند ہے کیوں کہ اس عید پر گھر والوں کا پورا دھیان مجھ پر ہوتا ہے۔ عید الفطر کو چھوٹی عید بھی کہتے ہیں۔ اس دن صبح سے ہی بہت رونق ہوتی ہے۔ میں صبح نہا دھو کر نئے کپڑے پہنتی ہوں۔ مہندی تو رات کو ہی لگوا لیتی ہوں۔ میں خوب تیار ہو کر سب بڑوں سے عیدی لیتی ہوں۔ ہم عید پر اچھے اور مزے دار کھانے کھاتے ہیں اور پھر رات کو نانی اماں کے گھر جاتے ہیں۔ وہاں بھی سب سے عیدی ملتی ہے۔ اور پھر تھک کر سو جاتی ہوں۔



عائزہ عثمان | سوئم - سی

سردی کا موسم

سردی کا موسم سال کا پہلا موسم ہوتا ہے۔ سردی کے موسم میں برف باری ہوتی ہے۔ ہم سردی میں گرم کھانے کھاتے ہیں۔ سردی کے موسم میں ہم ہیٹر کا استعمال کرتے ہیں۔ ہم گرم کپڑے پہنتے ہیں۔ سردی کے موسم میں ہم خشک میوہ جات جیسے کہ کاجو، بادام، پستہ وغیرہ کھاتے ہیں۔ سردی کا

موسم میرا پسندیدہ موسم ہے۔ سردی کے موسم میں ہم پہاڑی علاقوں میں برف باری دیکھنے جاتے ہیں۔

معید ضیاء | سوئم - سی

میری دوست

میری دوست کا نام عیشال ہے۔ وہ آٹھ سال کی ہے۔ اُس کی آنکھیں کالی ہیں۔ اُس کے بال کالے اور لمبے ہیں۔ وہ سینڈ ویج شوق سے کھاتی ہے۔ وہ آم کا جوس شوق سے پیتی ہے۔ اُس کے پسندیدہ رنگ ہرا اور گلابی ہیں۔ اُس کا پسندیدہ پھل انگور ہے۔ وہ میرے ساتھ کھیلتی ہے۔ میں اُس سے پیار کرتی ہوں۔

عنایہ سمیر | سوئم - سی (آسان اُردو)

پانی کی اہمیت

پانی ہمارے لیے بہت ضروری ہے۔ اس سے ہمارے سارے کام ہو جاتے ہیں۔ جیسے کھانا کھانا، برتن دھونا اور دوسرے گھر کے کام۔ یہ اللہ کی بہت بڑی نعمت ہے۔ ہمیں پانی کو ضائع نہیں کرنا چاہیے۔ ہمیں پانی کو دھیان سے استعمال کرنا چاہیے۔ اگر ہم اس کو دھیان سے استعمال نہیں کریں گے تو یہ جلد ہی دنیا سے ختم ہو جائے گا۔

محمد حسن جہانزیب | سوئم - سی (آسان اُردو)

ویڈیو گیمز کے نقصانات

ویڈیو گیمز آج کل بچوں اور بڑوں میں ایک مقبول تفریح بن چکے ہیں۔ لیکن ان کے زیادہ استعمال سے بہت سے نقصانات بھی ہوتے ہیں۔ سب



سے پہلا نقصان یہ ہے کہ ذہنی صحت پر برے اثرات پڑتے ہیں۔ مسلسل استعمال سے آنکھوں میں تھکاوٹ، سردرد، نیند میں کمی اور نظر کی کمزوری جیسے مسائل کا سامنا کرنا پڑتا ہے۔ گیمز میں لڑائی ہو تو وہ ذہنی سکون بھی خراب کرتی ہیں۔ بچے اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ باہر کھیلنے کی بجائے گیمز میں مصروف رہتے ہیں جس سے ان میں دوسروں سے بات کی صلاحیت کم ہو جاتی ہے۔ ویڈیو گیمز کا زیادہ استعمال تعلیم پر بھی اثر انداز ہوتا ہے۔ بچوں کا پڑھنے کا دل

نہیں کرتا۔ اگر ویڈیو گیمز کا استعمال متوازن ہو تو یہ تفریح کا ذریعہ بن سکتے ہیں۔ لیکن اگر ان کا استعمال زیادہ ہو تو صحت اور زندگی پر منفی اثرات ڈال سکتے ہیں۔

مناہل فرخ | سوئم - ڈی

میرا خواب

ایک رات مجھے بہت ڈراؤنا خواب آیا۔ میں ایک بھوت بنگلے میں تھی۔ وہاں پر بجلی بار بار آ جا رہی تھی۔ اس بنگلے میں ایک بڑا سا ہال تھا جس کے درمیان میں بیڑھیاں تھیں۔ مجھے سڑیوں پر ایک سفید رنگ کی چیز نظر آئی۔ پھر وہ غائب ہو گیا۔ ایک دم مجھے کسی کے ہنسنے کی آواز سنائی دیا اور میرا دل زور زور سے دھڑکنے لگا اور مجھے ڈر سے پسینے آنے لگے۔ اتنی دیر میں کسی نے میرے کندھے پر ہاتھ رکھا۔ جیسے ہی میں مڑنے لگی تو میری آنکھ کھل گئی۔ مجھے



بہت پسینہ آیا ہوا تھا اور میرا دل بھی زور سے دھڑک رہا تھا۔ میں جلدی سی اٹھی ڈرتے ڈرتے امی کی کمرے میں گئی اور ان کے ساتھ لیٹ کر سو گئی۔

سیدہ عالین | سوئم - ڈی

میرا عمرے کا سفر

میری زندگی میں میں نے بہت سے سفر کیے ہیں لیکن سب سے بہترین سفر میرا عمرے کا سفر تھا۔ سب سے پہلے ہم مکہ گئے۔ جب کعبہ کو دیکھا تو میں نے



بہت دعائیں کیں۔ میری ماما نے کہا تھا بہت دعائیں کرنی ہیں۔ ہم نے بہت سے عمرے کیے۔ روزہ رسول پر بہت مزہ آیا وہ ہر اکالین اُس پر میں نے اور بابا نے بہت سے نوافل پڑھے تھے۔ ہم وکوفہ ٹول میں ٹھہرے تھے۔ وہاں ہم نے بہت سی زیارتیں کیں۔ میں بہت تھک بھی گیا تھا۔ کچھ دن بعد ہم مدینہ چلے گئے۔ وہاں تو اور مزہ آیا مسجد نبوی میں خوب نمازیں پڑھیں، نوافل پڑھے۔ وہاں ایک دن بارش بھی ہوئی تھی۔ میری چھوٹی بہن نے بھی میرے لیے دعائیں

کیں۔ کچھ دن بعد ہم بہت سی رحمتیں سمیٹ کر اس اُمید سے واپس آ گئے کہ بہت جلد ہمارا واپس بلاوا آ جائے گا۔ انشاء اللہ۔

حسین بن حسن | سوئم - ڈی

میرا گاؤں

میرے گاؤں کا نام بارہ تجوار خان ہے۔ یہ گاؤں میرے بابا کے دادا کا ہے۔ اس میں گندم کے کھیت ہیں۔ میرے کزنز کے ڈیرے بنے ہوئے ہیں۔ ڈیروں پر چار پائیاں ہوتی ہیں۔ وہاں پر ہم نے گائے، بکرے، کتے اور مرغیاں ہیں۔ ہم نے ۸ کتے ہیں۔ اُن کے نام جونیر، تھور، براؤنی، جیک اور مائیز ہیں۔ میرے گاؤں میں ابھی کچی سڑکیں ہیں۔ میرے بابا گاؤں کے سردار ہیں۔

ہانیامین | دوئم - اے

میں نے خواب دیکھا۔۔۔۔۔



میں نے خواب میں دیکھا کہ میں نے اپنے گارڈ، اپنی دوستوں ارحا اور ارمش کے ساتھ ساحل سمندر پر سیر کرنے گئی ہوں۔ میں اپنی دوستوں کے ساتھ تیراکی کرنے چلی جاتی ہوں اور گارڈ کو درخت پر گھر بنانے کا کہتا ہوں۔ تیراکی کرتے کرتے مجھے سمندر میں بہت سی مچھلیاں نظر آئیں۔ ہم نے اُن مچھلیوں سے دوستی کر لی۔ تیراکی کے بعد ہم نے کشتی کی سیر کی اور مچھلیاں بھی پکڑی۔ اس کے بعد ہم نے مچھلیوں کا باربی کیو کیا اور مزے سے کھایا۔

فارین حسن | دوئم - اے

اگر میرے پاس ۵ لاکھ کروڑ ہوئے

اگر میرے پاس پانچ لاکھ کروڑ ہوئے تو میں لیمبورگینی لوں گا۔ میں یہ گاڑی اپنی نانی جان کو دکھاؤں گا۔ میں اپنے دوستوں کو گھر بلاؤں گا۔ میں بریڈ اینڈ بیونڈ سے برگر، چیس، پیزا اور کوک منگواؤں گا۔ پھر ہم سب مل کر ڈولمین مال جائیں گے۔ ہم پلے ایریا میں مل کر کھیلیں گے اور خوب ساری چھلانگیں لگائیں گے۔ پھر ہم مل کر آئس کریم کھائیں گے۔ اُس کے بعد میں سب کو اپنی لیمبورگینی پر گھر چھوڑ کر آؤں گا۔



دارم اسامہ | دوئم - اے



گھوڑے

میں تین سال کا تھا جب میں نے پہلی دفعہ گھڑ سواری کی تو پہلے میں نے گھوڑے کو آہستہ چلایا کیوں کہ میں چھوٹا تھا۔ پھر میں جب پانچ سال کا ہوا تو میں نے گھوڑا تیز چلایا۔ کچھ عرصے کے بعد ہم ڈی۔ ایچ۔ اے میں شفٹ ہو گئے۔ وہاں ہم نے ایک کلب ڈھونڈا جس کا نام جناح فیلڈ ہے۔ اس کلب میں ۳۲ گھوڑے تھے۔ وہاں کالے، بھورے، سنہری اور سفید گھوڑے ہیں۔ پھر بیس دنوں میں گھوڑے نے کینٹر کرنا سیکھ لیا تھا۔ اب میں ایک سال بعد پولو بھی کھیل سکتا ہوں۔

مصطفیٰ ریحان | دوئم - اے

جس دن میرا بھائی آیا

میں اللہ سے دعا کرتی تھی کہ مجھے بھائی مل جائے۔ پھر ماما ہسپتال سے بھائی کو لینے گئی تھیں۔ وہاں بھائی نرسری میں ہمارا انتظار کر رہا تھا۔ میرا بھائی ۲۹ مارچ کو پیدا ہوا تھا۔ اس دن جمعہ تھا۔ وہ کچھ دنوں کے بعد ماما کے ساتھ گھر آیا تھا۔ میں نے اور بھائی نے مل کر اُس کا نام رکھا تھا۔ میں نے اُس کا نام محمد رکھا اور بڑے بھائی نے اُس کا نام موسیٰ رکھا۔ اس طرح اس کا نام محمد موسیٰ بن گیا۔ چاچو، چاچی، دادو اور دادا سب محمد موسیٰ کو دیکھنے آئے تھے۔ جب وہ کچھ دنوں کا تھا تو اس کے ساتھ بہت مزہ آتا تھا۔ میں تو اس کو گود میں لے کر سیر کرواتی تھی اور سارا گھر دکھاتی تھی۔ محمد موسیٰ مجھے اور میرے بھائی کو دیکھ کر بہت خوش ہوتا تھا۔ اب وہ ۸ مہینوں کا ہو گیا ہے اور وہ بیٹھ بھی جاتا ہے۔



آرزو احسن | دوئم - بی

کتابیں یا موبائل فون

میرا خیال ہے کہ کتابیں زیادہ ضروری ہیں کیوں کہ ہم کتابوں سے پڑھائی کر سکتے ہیں۔ نئی چیزیں سیکھتے ہیں۔ اپنی لکھائی صحیح کرنے کی مشق کرتے ہیں۔ موبائل میں صرف گیمز ہوتی ہیں۔ یوٹیوب دیکھتے ہیں اور زیادہ موبائل دیکھنے سے ہماری آنکھیں خراب ہوتی ہیں۔

ہائیل عمیر | دوئم - بی



ایک دن کی بادشاہت

اگر مجھے ایک دن کی بادشاہت مل جائے تو اُس دن کی سب سے اچھی بات یہ ہوگی کہ مجھے سکول نہیں جانا ہوگا۔ میں ہر کام اپنی مرضی سے کر سکوں گا۔ میں اس دنیا کو ڈزنی ورلڈ میں تبدیل کر دوں گا۔ میں ساری دنیا کے اچھے اچھے کھلونے جمع کروں گا۔ اپنے دوستوں کو ساتھ لے کر میں اپنی پسندیدہ جگہوں کی سیر کروں گا اور بہت ساری چاکلیٹس کھاؤں گا۔ میری ماما بھی اُس دن مجھے کسی بات سے منع نہیں کریں گی۔ میں اُن کی بھی ہر خواہش پوری کروں گا۔

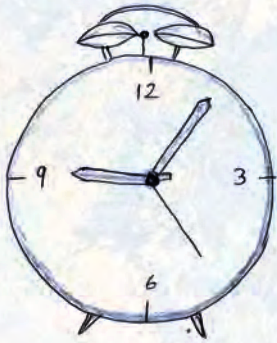
محمد ہادی خان | دوئم - سی

میری پیاری امی

میری امی بہت خوبصورت اور پیاری ہیں۔ وہ دنیا کی سب سے اچھی امی ہیں۔ میرا بہت خیال رکھتی ہیں۔ مجھے مزے مزے کے کھانے بنا کر دیتی ہیں۔ میرے ساتھ کھیلتی ہیں۔ میری ہر بات مانتی ہیں۔ مجھے ہر روز سکول چھوڑنے جاتی ہیں اور مجھے گھر کا کام بھی کرواتے ہیں۔ میرے لئے ہر چیز میری پسند سے لاتے ہیں۔ میں اپنی امی کے ساتھ جھولے لیتی ہوں۔ میں اپنی امی سے بہت پیار کرتی ہوں۔



زہرہ ظفر خان | دوئم - سی



وقت کی پابندی کیوں ضروری ہے؟

وقت ایک بہت قیمتی چیز ہے کیونکہ جو وقت گزر جاتا ہے وہ پھر کبھی واپس نہیں آتا۔ وقت کی پابندی کرنے سے ہمارا ہر کام وقت پر ہو جائے گا اور ہمیں کبھی دیر نہیں ہوگی۔ ہر کام وقت پر کرنے سے ہی ہم کامیاب بھی ہوں گے اور سب سے شاباش بھی ملے گی۔ اسی لئے میں بھی اپنا کام وقت پر ختم کرنے کی کوشش کرتا ہوں تاکہ مجھے سب سے شاباش ملے۔

نائل جاوید | دوئم - سی

اگر سمندر میں میرا گھر ہوتا

اگر سمندر میں میرا گھر ہوتا تو میں سمندر میں تیرتے تیرتے بہت دور تک چلی جاتی۔ میں سمندر میں ہر رنگ کی مچھلیاں دیکھتی اور وہ سب میری



سہیلیاں ہوتیں۔ میں سمندر میں رہنے والے اُن تمام جانوروں کو دیکھتی جن کو میں اپنی کتابوں میں پڑھتی ہوں یاٹی وی پر دیکھتی ہوں جیسے آکٹوپس، جلی فش، شارک، اسٹار فش وغیرہ اس طرح مجھے پانی کے نیچے کی دنیا دیکھنے کا موقع مل جاتا۔

سیدہ فاطمہ محمد بخاری | دوئم - ڈی

اگر درخت بولتے۔۔۔۔۔

درخت بھی ہم انسانوں کی طرح جاندار ہیں۔ وہ سانس لیتے، کھانا کھاتے اور پانی بھی پیتے ہیں۔ بس فرق یہ ہے کہ وہ انسانوں کی طرح بول اور چل پھر نہیں سکتے۔ لیکن اگر درخت بول سکتے ہوتے تو کتنا مزا آتا۔ وہ اپنے پاس سے گزرنے والے لوگوں اور اپنے اوپر بیٹھنے والے پرندوں سے باتیں کرتے۔ جب بھی انہیں پیاس یا بھوک لگتی وہ پانی مانگ لیتے۔ اگر کوئی ان کی ٹہنی یا پتے توڑ کو انہیں تکلیف پہنچاتا تو وہ انہیں منع کر سکتے۔ درخت ہمیں کہانیاں بھی سناتے جیسے میری دادی مجھے کہانیاں سناتی ہیں۔



واسع احسن | دوئم - ڈی

میرا اڑنے والا قالین

مجھے پرندوں کی طرح ہوا میں اڑنے کا بہت شوق ہے۔ اگر میرے پاس ایک اڑنے والا قالین ہوتا تو میں ہر جگہ اُس پر بیٹھ کر جاتا۔ اپنے سارے گھر والوں کو بھی اُس پہ بٹھا کر دنیا گھومنے جاتا۔ میں ہر روز اپنے قالین پر بیٹھ کر اسکول آتا اور سارے دوست مجھے دیکھ کر حیران ہو جاتے۔ پھر میں اپنے دوستوں کو بھی اُس پہ بٹھا کر آسمان کی سیر کرواتا۔ جب بھی کوئی مجھے پکڑنے لگتا تو میں اپنے قالین پر بیٹھ کر دور اڑ جاتا اور اُن کی پہنچ سے دور چلا جاتا۔

محمد علی عزم | دوئم - ڈی

ایک دن امی گھر نہ ہوں تو۔۔۔۔۔

ایک دن امی اپنی سہیلی کے گھر گئی ہوئی تھیں۔ مجھے اور اولیس کو بھوک لگ گئی۔ ہم دونوں بہن بھائی نے سوچا کہ ہم کیا کھائیں؟ میں نے باورچی خانے کی الماری سے پاستا نکالا۔ اولیس نے پین نکالا اور اس میں تیل ڈالا۔ پھر پاستا ملایا۔ اولیس نے فریج سے پینر نکال کر پاستا میں ڈالا۔ میں



نے اُس کو مکس کیا۔ پاستا بہت مزے کا بنا تھا۔ ہم دونوں نے مل کر پاستا کھایا اور تھوڑا سا پاستا اُمی کے لیے بھی بچا دیا۔ اُمی جب واپس آئیں تو میں نے ان کو پاستا دیا۔ جب انہوں نے پاستا کھایا تو وہ بہت حیران اور خوش بھی ہوئی۔ انہوں نے کہا کہ اب تو میں آرام سے بے فکر اپنی سہیلوں کے گھر جا سکتی ہوں۔

حفصہ نور | دوئم - ای

میری سالگرہ کی تیاری

میری سالگرہ ۱۰ نومبر کو ہوتی ہے۔ میری ماما نے سوچا کہ میری سالگرہ فیونیشن میں کرتے ہیں۔ اُمی نے کہا ماموں کی فیملی، نانو، کزنز اور میری کلاس کے سارے دوستوں کو سالگرہ پر بلالیتے ہیں۔ میں نے اُمی سے کہا کہ چاکلیٹ کیک ہونا چاہیے۔ میں نے اپنے دوست ضامن، موسیٰ عثمان، نوح، نائل اور موسیٰ وقاص کو بھی اپنی سالگرہ پر بلایا۔ پھر کیک کاٹنے کے بعد ہم نے کھانا کھایا۔ اس کے بعد ہم نے کھیل کھیلے۔ سب دوست اپنے اپنے گھر چلے گئے۔ میں نے گھر جا کر اپنے تحفے کھولے۔ ایک میں سے گاڑی ننگی اور ایک میں سے سمارٹ گھڑی۔ مجھے اپنی سالگرہ پر بہت مزہ آیا۔



شاہ زین نواز | دوئم - ای



میرا پسندیدہ پھل

میرا پسندیدہ پھل تربوز ہے۔ تربوز بہت بڑا ہوتا ہے۔ یہ باہر سے ہرا اور اندر سے لال ہوتا ہے۔ تربوز بہت میٹھا ہوتا ہے۔ تربوز گرمیوں کا پھل ہے۔ یہ ہماری صحت کے لئے بہت فائدے مند ہے۔ میں تربوز کا شربت شوق سے پیتی ہوں۔

حورین حماد | اوّل - اے

میری پیاری بیٹی

میری بیٹی سلیٹی ہے۔ میں اُس کے ساتھ کھیلتی ہوں۔ اُس کا نام مانو ہے۔ میں اُس کو پانی دیتی ہوں۔ اُس کی آنکھیں نیلی ہیں۔ میری بیٹی پیاری ہے۔ مانو کو دودھ پسند ہے۔ میں اُس کو روزانہ سیر کروانے لے کر جاتی ہوں۔



ہر اتوار میں اُس کو نہلاتی ہوں۔ مانو میرے ساتھ میرے بستر پر سوتی ہے۔ میری بلی بہت خوش مزاج ہے۔ وہ سب کے ساتھ کھیلتی ہے۔ میں اپنی بلی سے بہت پیار کرتی ہوں۔

مٹہ حارث | اوّل - اے

اگر میں ایک دن کے لئے رانی ہوتی

اگر میں ایک دن کے لئے رانی ہوتی تو میں دل بھر کر میک اپ کرتی۔ میں ہر وقت تاج پہنتی۔ میں اپنے امی ابو کو بادشاہ اور ملکہ بناتی۔ سکول میں راج کرتی۔ میں اپنا قلعہ بناتی۔ اُس قلعے میں ایک بہت بڑا سا باغ بناتی اور اپنی دوستوں کے ساتھ کھیلتی۔ کھیلنے کے بعد مزے مزے کے کھانے کھاتی۔ کھانا کھا کر جب میں تھک جاتی تو میں سو جاتی۔



نینب علی رانا | اوّل - بی

میری سہیلی

میری دوست نینب ہے۔ اُس کے بال لمبے اور کالے ہیں۔ وہ شوق سے بریانی کھاتی ہے۔ وہ بہت ہنستی ہے۔ وہ چھ سال کی ہے۔ اُس کی آنکھیں بھوری ہیں۔ اُس کے پسندیدہ رنگ جامنی اور گلابی ہیں۔ ہم روزانہ کھیلتے ہیں۔ میں اُس سے پیار کرتی ہوں۔ وہ اچھی لڑکی ہے۔

مہرماہ ثقلین | اوّل - بی



میرا خواب

میں نے خواب میں دیکھا کہ جب میں صبح اپنے سکول پہنچی تو میرا سکول ڈزنی لینڈ بن گیا ہے۔ میں یہ دیکھ کر بہت خوش ہوئی۔ میں نے اپنے بھائی کے ساتھ بہت سے جھولے لئے۔ مزے مزے کے کھانے اور آئیس کریم کھائی۔ ابھی ہم دونوں ایک اور جھولے پر بیٹھنے ہی والے تھے کہ امی نے مجھے سکول کے لئے اٹھا دیا۔ کاش یہ خواب سچ ہوتا۔

زارا شیخ | اوّل - بی



میری چھوٹی بہن

میری چھوٹی بہن کا نام عائکہ ہے۔ وہ چار سال کی ہے۔ وہ شوق سے چاول کھاتی ہے۔ وہ شوق سے جوس پیتی ہے۔ وہ میرے ساتھ سکول جاتی ہے۔ وہ امی ابو سے پیار کرتی ہے۔ وہ اچھی بچی ہے۔ اُس کے بال کالے ہیں۔ اُس کی آنکھیں کالی ہیں۔ وہ میرے ساتھ کھیلتی ہے۔ میں اپنی بہن سے بہت پیار کرتی ہوں۔



ایوان سلمان | اوّل - بی

شرارت کا ایک دن

ایک دن مجھے اور میری دوست کو ایک شرارت سوجھی۔ میں نے اپنی بہن کی گڑیا کو لال رنگ سے نہلا دیا۔ جس سے اُس کی گڑیا کے بال لال رنگ کے ہو گئے اور سارا پانی کمرے اور میز پر پھیل گیا۔ ایک دم مجھے اپنی بہن کے آنے کی آواز آئی تو میں اور میری دوست جلدی سے چھپ گئے۔ میری بہن اپنی گڑیا کو دیکھ کر بہت روئی۔ مجھے اُس کو روتا دیکھ کر بہت افسوس ہوا۔ میں نے اپنی بہن سے معافی مانگی اور اُس کو اپنی گڑیا دے دی۔

رامین عفان | اوّل - سی



میری یادگار سالگرہ

آج میری سالگرہ تھی۔ میں آج بہت خوش تھی۔ صبح میں اُٹھی تو میرا گھرا مئی نے عُبّاروں سے سجایا ہوا تھا۔ مزے مزے کے کھانے بن رہے تھے۔ شام کو میرے گھر پر میری بہت سی سہیلیاں آئیں۔ اچانک میری سہیلی علینا اور اُس کی امی بڑا سائیکل لے کر آگئیں جس پر میرا اور علینا کا نام لکھا ہوا تھا۔ آج علینا کی بھی سالگرہ تھی۔ ہم دونوں نے مل کر کیک کاٹا اور خوب کھیلا۔ ہم دونوں کو بہت سے تحفے بھی ملے۔ مجھے اپنی سالگرہ پر



بہت مزہ آیا۔ یہ میری یادگار سالگرہ تھی۔

ایمان حمزہ | اوّل - سی

میری قیمتی چیز

میں اپنی سب چیزوں سے بہت پیار کرتی ہوں لیکن میری گڑیا میرے لئے بہت قیمتی ہے کیونکہ یہ میرے ابو نے میری سالگرہ پر مجھے تحفہ میں دی تھی۔ میں نے اُس کے بہت سے کپڑے اور جوتے بھی لئے۔ میں اُس کو ہر وقت اپنے ساتھ رکھتی ہوں۔ میری سب سہیلیاں بھی اُس کو بہت پسند کرتی ہیں۔ ایک دفعہ میرے بھائی نے شرارت سے اُس کو چھپا دیا تو میں بہت پریشان ہوئی اور سارا دن اُداس رہی تو اُس نے مجھے واپس کر دی اور معذرت بھی کی۔ میں اپنی گڑیا کو دیکھ کر بہت خوش ہوئی۔ مجھے اپنی گڑیا کے ساتھ کھیلنا بہت پسند ہے۔



حضراکاشف | اوّل - ڈی

میری پیاری دادی

میری دادی میرے ساتھ رہتی ہیں۔ میری دادی بہت خوبصورت ہیں۔ اُن کی آنکھیں بھوری ہیں۔ وہ مجھے مزے مزے کی کہانیاں بھی سناتی ہیں۔ وہ میرا بہت خیال رکھتی ہیں۔ مجھے میری مرضی کی چیزیں بھی لے کر دیتی ہیں۔ میں اُن سے اپنی ہر بات منوالیتا ہوں۔ وہ میرے ساتھ کھیلتی بھی ہیں اور ہم باہر سیر بھی کرنے جاتے ہیں۔ میری دادی سب سے اچھی ہیں۔



زین العابدین | اوّل - ڈی

میرا سکول کا پہلا دن

مجھے سکول جانے کا بہت شوق تھا۔ میرے شوق کی وجہ سے میری ماما نے مجھے جلد ہی سکول میں داخل کروا دیا تھا۔ اُس دن میں بہت خوش تھی۔ جب اُمّی سکول جانے کے لئے جگانے آئیں تو حیران رہ گئیں کہ میں تو جاگ کر منہ ہاتھ دھو کر تیار بھی ہو چکی تھی۔ سکول جانے کی خوشی کے ساتھ نئے بیگ اور رنگ برنگی کتابوں کا بھی الگ مزہ تھا۔ ناشتہ کرنے کے بعد اُمّی ابو مجھے اسکول چھوڑنے کے لئے آئے۔ میری اُستانی باہر ہی مجھے اور میرے باقی ہم جماعت ساتھیوں کو لینے کے لئے کھڑی تھیں۔ سب والدین کے جانے کے بعد ہم جماعت میں گئے۔ کچھ بچے رورہے تھے۔ اُستانی نے ہمیں نظمیں سنائیں اور ہم نے بہت سے کھیل کھیلے۔ میری کچھ سہیلیاں بھی بن گئیں۔ ہم سب نے مل کر کھیلا اور کھانا بھی کھایا۔ اس کے بعد سب بچوں کے والدین انہیں لینے کے



لئے آگئے۔ یوں میرا اسکول کا پہلا دن بہت یادگار گزرا۔

علیمہ محمود | اوّل - ڈی

میری یادگار چھٹیاں

پچھلے سال سردیوں کی چھٹیاں میرے لئے بہت یادگار ہیں۔ میں اُن چھٹیوں میں اپنے سارے گھر والوں کے ساتھ گھومنے پھرنے کے لئے اسکر دو گیا تھا۔ وہاں برفباری ہو رہی تھی۔ مجھے اپنے بھائی کے ساتھ برف میں کھیلنے کا بہت مزہ آیا۔ ہم نے سب پر برف پھینکی۔ برف کا آدمی اور بہت سی اور چیزیں بھی بنائیں۔ گرم گرم چائے، پکوڑے اور کافی کا الگ ہی مزہ تھا۔ رات میں ہم لکڑیاں جلا کر بیٹھے اور باربی کیو کا لطف اٹھایا۔ ہم نے بہت سے مقامات دیکھے اور ایک ہفتہ گزار کر واپس آگئے۔



محمد عقیق حارث | اوّل - ڈی

شرارتوں کا ایک دن

میں بہن کے کمرے میں جا کر بیڈ کے نیچے چھپ گئی اور جب وہ کمرے میں آئی تو میں نے اُس کو ڈرا دیا۔ پھر میں اُو کے کمرے میں گئی تو میں نے ٹی وی کا ریموٹ چھپا دیا جس کو او نے بہت ڈھونڈا۔ اس کے بعد میں نے امی کے ہیل والے جوتے اور ہار پہن کر پورے گھر کی سیر کی لیکن ہیل کی وجہ سے میں گر گئی تو امی سے ڈانٹ بھی پڑی۔



حریم اُسامہ | اوّل - ای

کل میں نے خواب میں دیکھا کہ۔۔۔۔۔

میں نے خواب میں دیکھا کہ میں ایک چڑیا ہوں۔ میں بہت خوبصورت اور چھوٹی سی تھی۔ میں اُڑ کر ایک جگہ سے دوسری جگہ جا سکتی تھی۔ میں اپنی باقی سہیلیوں کے ساتھ بہت مزہ کر رہی تھی۔ ہم بہت شوق سے دانہ کھا رہی تھیں کہ اچانک ایک بلی آئی اور مجھے دبوچ لیا جب کہ میری باقی سہیلیاں اُڑ گئیں۔

امّ ایمن عثمان | اوّل - ای



اگر مجھے ایک دن کے لئے جادو کی چھڑی مل جائے

اگر مجھے ایک دن کے لئے جادو کی چھڑی مل جائے تو میں سب سے پہلے اپنی پسند کے جوتے اور کپڑے لوں گی۔ اپنی آنکھوں کا سبز رنگ تبدیل کر کے سرمئی کرنا چاہوں گی۔ اپنے لئے گلابی رنگ کا کمرہ تیار کروں گی۔ اپنے لئے ایک اسپورٹس کار لوں گی اور بہت زیادہ میک اپ اور جیولری بھی لوں گی۔

میرا مودب | اوّل - ای



میرا کمرہ

میرا کمرہ گلابی اور جامنی رنگ کا ہے۔ میرے اوتے میری مرضی کا کمرہ ڈیزائن کروایا ہے۔ اُس میں ایک کپڑوں کی الماری ہے جس میں میں اپنے سارے کپڑے سیٹ کر کے رکھتی ہوں۔ میں اپنے کمرے میں کھیلتی ہوں۔ میرے کمرے میں بہت سے کھلونے ہیں۔ میں اپنے کمرے میں میک اپ بھی کرتی ہوں اور اپنے کمرے کو صاف ستھرا رکھتی ہوں۔



ماہ نور عثمان | اوّل - ای

میری پیاری امی

میری امی دنیا کی سب سے اچھی امی ہیں۔ وہ بہت خوبصورت ہیں۔ وہ میرا بہت خیال رکھتی ہیں۔ میرے لئے مزے مزے کے کھانے پکاتی ہیں۔ وہ مجھے ہر چیز لے کر دیتی ہیں۔ میری امی بہت اچھا میک اپ کرتی ہیں۔ میری امی مجھ سے بہت پیار کرتی ہیں اور مجھے بالکل نہیں ڈانٹتی۔

سیدہ رامین زیدی | اوّل - ای



میرا پسندیدہ موسم

میرا پسندیدہ موسم سردی کا موسم ہے کیونکہ اس موسم میں مزے مزے کے کھانے ملتے ہیں۔ میں اس موسم میں پائے بہت شوق سے کھاتا ہوں اور ہاٹ چاکلیٹ بھی پیتا ہوں۔ میں سردیوں میں اپنے نانا جان کے ساتھ مچھلی کھانے بھی جاتا ہوں۔ مجھے یہ موسم اس لئے بھی پسند ہے کیونکہ اس موسم میں برفباری بھی ہوتی ہے۔ میں تمام گھر والوں کے ساتھ برفباری دیکھنے تھیا گلی گیا تھا اور



وہاں ہم سب نے برفباری میں خوب مزہ کیا۔

محمد حسنین حمزہ | اوّل - ای



اگر میں اُستانی ہوتی

اگر میں اُستانی ہوتی تو میں بچوں کو سکول میں بہت کم کام کرواتی اور گھر کا کام تو بالکل بھی نہ دیتی۔ ہم مل کر بورڈ پیڈ رائٹنگ بناتے۔ میں بچوں کو ہر روز چاکلیٹس دیتی۔ ہم ہر روز کھینے کے لئے جنگل ہم جاتے۔ لیکن جو بچے مجھے بہت تنگ کرتے تو پھر ان کو میں پرنسپل آفس میں لے جاتی تاکہ وہ بھی اچھے بچے بن جائیں۔

حریم حسن | اوّل - ای