

MY ROBOT

Fabiha Noor - Grade III A

I have a beautiful robot. My robot's name is Reward. It's very cool! It plays with me and protects me from danger. I have a cat, and my robot knows my cat. It cares for my cat, gives food to my cat, and is very funny. It makes me laugh.

My mama and baba brought this robot home. It helps my parents with house chores. It is made of metal and is very strong. It tells jokes and eats nothing. I charge it three times a day. Its colour is silver, and sound is loud.

My robot is a computerized robot. It has a circuit inside and runs with a program. I like my robot and spend a lot of time with it.

MY THREE WISHES

Kashaf Zeeshan - Grade III

My first wish is to have a crown on my head. I like it because it is shiny and beautiful. It would look so pretty. I would love to wear it and feel special. I would take good care of it because I love it so much.

My second wish is to go for Umrah with my family. I want to visit the house of Allah. I would love to see the Kaaba and pray there. It would be so nice to go with my family. I hope to go soon, Insha Allah.

My third wish is to grow plants. I love plants and would like to grow these in my garden. But I don't have enough time right now because I have to study. Once I have more time, I will start growing plants and take care of them. It will be so much fun!



A HAPPY GIRL

Alvina ibrahim - Grade III E

She runs in the sunshine,
Feeling happy and free.
She laughs and plays outside,
A happy girl, as bright as can be.

She sees the butterflies fly,
And watches the flowers bloom high.
She hears the birds sing their song,
And feels happy all day long.

She picks a flower so bright,
And smells its sweet scent with delight.
She feels the warm sun on her face,
And smiles with joy in a happy place.



A BRIDGE

Rohan Faheem - Grade III C

A bridge is strong and true,
Connecting two lands, old and new.
It stands across the river wide,
A pathway for all to reside.
With pillars tall and cables bright,
It shines like a beacon in the night.
The water flows beneath its might,
As people cross, day and night.

The bridge is a marvel of art,
A symbol of progress and heart.
It joins two worlds, side by side,
A bond of strength, a bridge with pride.
So let us cherish this wondrous sight,
A bridge that connects, morning till night.
It stands for unity, strong & free,
A bridge for you and me.





Once upon a time, there was a boy named Raza. When he was eight years old, he loved adventures. He also loved going to new places and observing new things. One day, on his way to school, he found a map and decided to follow it to see where it led. The map showed the location of a treasure.

So, secretly, he went to the forest. Along the way, he encountered many dangerous animals and harmful plants. But there was a bigger problem ahead. A wild bear saw him! Raza quickly jumped onto his bicycle and rode away as fast as he could. When he looked back, the bear was no longer chasing him. Raza took a moment to catch his breath, then parked his bike and continued on his journey. After a long trek, he finally reached the treasure. He safely returned home and told his family about his adventure. It was the craziest adventure of his life! As Raza grew up and turned

twenty seven years old, he went on many more adventures, but the one in the forest remained his favorite.

BEACH TRIP

Meerab Razzaq
Grade III A Hifz

Once on a sunny day. We went on a picnic. I woke up in the morning. The time was 8 a.m. My sister and I were getting ready for a picnic. My mom baked chicken pie. We had fresh cold juice and steaming hot biryani. My dad woke up at 8:40 am. I packed my bag. I kept my comb, swimming costume, sun block and dress etc.

My sister, my mom, dad and I sat in the car. All the things were put in the car. I ate chips in the car. We arrived at a beautiful golden beach. When we went there we put all the things on sand and quickly ran towards the water. Then my sister and I started enjoying the water.. The waves were hitting us again and again. After three hours my mom called us for lunch. She opened the steaming biryani and we drank fresh juice with it. We rushed to the water once more and started playing with the ball. We enjoyed it a lot then the time came when we had to go home then we packed all the things and put it in the car then we get in the car. The time was 6 pm.

This was the most valuable

and memorable trip ever.

AN HONEST BOY

Ali Zunaib - Grade IV G

Once upon a time in the month of January in a small town there lived a boy named Haris. One sunny day as Haris was walking home from school when he found a box. Haris picked it up and opened it, he found a diamond ring in it. Instead of keeping it he decided to return it to its owner. Haris started asking around from neighbours and other people that anyone has lost a ring? Finally a kind old lady named Saima came forward and said,

"Yes! that's my ring - I thought I would never see it again but you are an honest boy and you deserve reward for your honesty." She gave a box full of chocolates and some money to him. Haris was very happy and felt proud of his honesty.

Moral
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.



Inabiyah Adnan - Grade IV A

Inabiyah had a dream so bright,
To bake donuts and biscuits, a
delicious delight
She'd bake them herself, then
sell them with pride,
Filling the air with a sweet,
tempting tide

Day and night, she worked with
care,
Every bite made with love,
beyond compare,
The donut smelled fresh, the
biscuits just right
Everything was ready, her heart
full of light

Bake Sale Day came, her stall
was set,
"Inabiyah's Sweets!" was the
sign, a perfect bet,
She believed in herself, her heart
filled with cheer,
Customers came, saying, "The
smell is so dear!"

Biscuits and donuts, all were
sold,
Inabiyah's hard work, a success
to behold
She realized today, as she
reached for the sky,
That success comes through
effort, no need to ask why

ZUNAIRA AND HER CAT

Zunaira Saeed
Grade IV A

Zunaira was a very kind girl who loved all animals. She always wanted a cat as a pet. One hot day, she saw a poor, hurt cat lying near her house. The cat looked very sick. Zunaira felt sad and wanted to help. She brought water for the cat and then ran to get things to clean and cover its wounds. She took good care of the cat and asked her mom if she could keep it. Her mom was happy and proud of her. Zunaira named the cat "Smokie" because of its gray fur. Smokie soon got better, and Zunaira and Smokie became best friends. They played together all the time.

Moral: This story teaches us that we should be kind to all living beings and try to help them when they are in need.



THE MAN FROM THE FOG

ZAINAB SOHAIL - GRADE IV A

Nine months ago, my sister Hannah was playing outside when I heard her scream for help. I ran outside, but she was nowhere to be seen. There was fog everywhere, even though it had just been raining a few hours earlier. I told Mom I couldn't find Hannah, and she started to worry. I went back outside and found footprints leading deeper into the fog. If these are Hannah's footprints, I had to follow them, I thought. I started following the footprints until I got lost. I heard Hannah's voice getting closer. I began to feel dizzy. Before I could go any further, everything went black.

I woke up to find myself in a room, tied to a chair. I saw a knife on a table next to me. I grabbed the knife and cut the rope. I realized I was in a cabin. I was exploring the cabin when I felt someone watching me. I turned around and saw a man watching me with Hannah. I panicked. I grabbed Hannah and ran out of the cabin as fast as I could. I ran until I saw a police station.

Why is there a police station in a place like this? I wondered, but I went inside anyway, only to find no one there. Hannah started to get scared, so I calmed her down. When I went outside, I saw the same man standing there. I turned around and ran again.

A few minutes later, I started to see lights. I began to feel a bit safer. I went to the police station to inform them about the situation. But this still remains a mystery, and everyone is still searching for him.



THE TALKING PET

Namal Mudassir
Grade IV A

Ayesha loved her cat, Jack. He was fluffy, orange, and always sat by her side while she did her homework. One evening, as Ayesha struggled with a tricky math problem, she sighed, "I wish someone could help me." To her shock, Jack yawned, stretched, and said, "The answer is twelve."

Ayesha froze. "You can... talk?"

"Of course," Jack replied, licking his paw. "But only when humans really need help. Now, about that math problem..."

Still stunned, Ayesha asked before Jack completed his sentence, "Why didn't you ever speak before?"

"Because I prefer naps," Jack said, flicking his tail. "But I can't watch you struggle. Let's solve this together." Ayesha grabbed her pencil, and Jack patiently explained the steps. She quickly finished her homework, amazed at how smart her cat was.

"Wow, Jack, you're a genius!"

"I know," he purred. "But don't tell anyone."

Ayesha nodded, "Don't worry, your secret is safe with me." From that day onwards, Jack helped Ayesha with more than just homework. He'd give advice on how to deal with friends, reminded her to pack her lunch, and even suggested where to hide when playing hide-and-seek. But every time Ayesha tried to record him talking, Jack would smirk and stay silent.

"You're tricky," she told him one day.

"And you're blessed," he replied, curling up on her lap. "Not every kid has a talking cat." Ayesha couldn't agree more.



THE POWER OF GRATITUDE

Hareem Siddiqui
Grade V

There was once a boy named Jack who dreamed of becoming an artist. But no matter how hard he tried, his drawing and painting skills were far from good. Adding to his struggles, his parents were too poor to afford an art teacher's fees, and every teacher he approached turned him away. One day, however, an art teacher named Karl heard about Jack's story. Moved by his determination and passion, Karl decided to teach Jack for free. He visited Jack's home, met him for the first time, and promised to support him fully on his journey to becoming an artist. From that day on, Karl taught Jack regularly. He poured his heart into mentoring Jack, sharing tips, techniques, and creative hacks to improve his drawing, painting, and sketching skills. After a year of dedicated teaching, Karl wanted to test Jack's progress. He called Jack and asked him to create something that showcased what he had learned.



Jack asked for four days to work on the project, and Karl wished him the very best. During those four days, Jack put his heart and soul into his art. He used every lesson, every piece of advice, and every skill his teacher had taught him.

When the four days were up, Jack revealed his masterpiece to Karl a stunning painting of the ocean. The canvas was alive with vibrant colors, intricate details, and the beauty of the sea captured in a way that took Karl's breath away. Tears welled up in Karl's eyes tears of happiness and gratitude. His hard work and belief in Jack had paid off. The painting wasn't just a work of art; it was a gift, a heartfelt tribute from a boy whose dreams were brought to life by the kindness of one teacher who refused to give up on him.

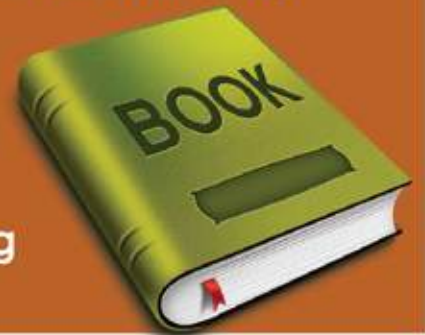
SARAH'S LOST BOOK

Fatima Baloch
Grade V A

Sarah had lost her favourite book. She was sure she had brought it to the library, but when she was about to leave, it was nowhere to be found. She searched all the tables and even asked the librarian, but the book was missing. Disheartened, Sarah left the library. When she got home, she searched everywhere, but there was still no sign of the book. It seemed to have completely disappeared. Weeks went by, and Sarah lost all hope of finding it. One fine day, as Sarah was walking home with her brother, Mohammed, someone called her name. She turned around and saw a friendly face, though she didn't recognize the person. "Wait, please wait! I have something to give you—it's yours. You must be Sarah," said the girl. Sarah was puzzled. "How does she know my name?" she thought. The girl smiled and took a book out of her bag. It was Sarah's favourite book! Sarah was shocked and overjoyed at the same time.

"My name is Amna," said the girl. "I found your book at the library. I've been looking everywhere for you to return it." Sarah's eyes lit up. "I've been looking everywhere for my book, too! I can't believe you found it." Amna smiled apologetically. "I didn't know how to reach you. I'm so sorry it took so long." "Why are you sorry? I should be grateful to you for returning my book!" Sarah exclaimed. Both girls laughed, and in that moment, a beautiful friendship was born. From that day on, Sarah and Amna became the best of friends, all thanks to a lost book that brought them together.

Moral of the Story: Kindness and honesty can lead to unexpected and wonderful friendships. Always do the right thing, even when it seems small it can make a big difference in someone's life.



THE LOST STAR

Fatima Farhan
VII A

The wind it whispers through the trees,
A gentle song, a secret breeze.
It carries dreams from far away,
And dances with the light of day.
It lifts the leaves in quiet flight,
And paints the sky with shades of night.
The wind knows stories old and true,
Of stars, of clouds, of skies so blue.

Listen close, and you will find,
The beauty that the wind unbinds.
It speaks in whispers soft and sweet,
A melody, both wild and neat.
So when you hear the wind's soft call,
Know that it's telling you it all.
A story that will never end,
A song, a breeze, a timeless friend.



FEELINGS

Syed Wahaj Ali-Grade IV F

Feelings come in many forms:
Happiness is a game with friends.

Hunger is the rumble deep in my tummy.
Embarrassment paints my face red, with
shaky knees.

Anger sparks during a fight with friends.
Love is life, and life is love.

Kindness blooms when helping others.
Fear is from darkness.

Friendship is essential for a joyful life
above all.

IS FAILING AN END OR A NEW BEGINNING?

Eshaal Abbas
Grade VII A

Wait failing is good? That sounds like a strange idea, right? Most of us are scared of failure. Whether it's a low grade on a test, missing a goal in a game, or not winning a competition, failing can feel disappointing. But here's a secret: failure is actually one of the best teachers you'll ever have! Think of every mistake as a step toward success. When Thomas Edison was trying to invent the light bulb, he

failed more than a thousand times. But did he give up? Nope! He famously said, "I have not failed. I've just found 10,000 ways that won't work." That's the spirit! Even Albert Einstein, one of the greatest scientists in history, didn't speak until he was four and was told he would "never amount to much." Yet he went on to change the world with his theory of relativity. He once said, "A person who never made a mistake never tried anything new."

Failure teaches us:

What doesn't work, so we can try something new?

How to be strong, even when things are tough?

That effort matters more than just getting it right the first time.

And guess what? Every great athlete, scientist, author even superheroes in your favorite movies have failed at some point.

What made them special wasn't that they never failed, but that they never gave up. So next time you mess up a math question or forget a line in a play, smile and say, "I'm learning!" Because each mistake brings you closer to success.

Be proud of your effort. Be proud of your courage. And most of all, be proud of yourself for trying, failing, and trying again.



JUST A THOUGHT

Fazila Fazal
Grade VIII B

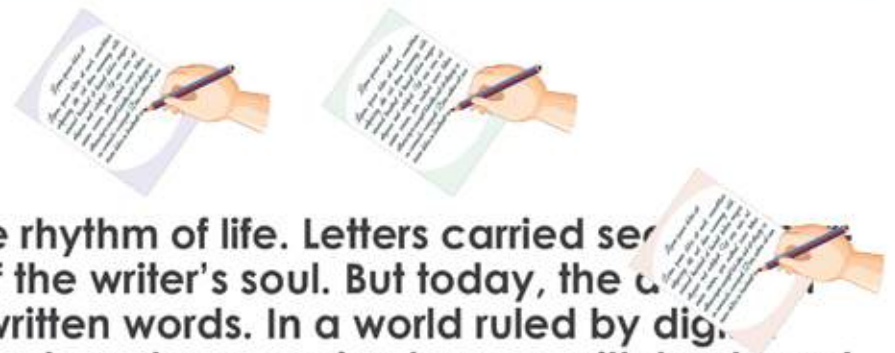
As the sun sets over the horizon, the ocean comes alive with a soft, golden glow. The beach, peaceful and almost deserted, holds a quiet beauty that draws me in. The rhythmic sound of waves gently crashing against the shore fills the air, while a cool breeze stirs the salty scent of the sea. It's a moment of perfect serenity where the rush of daily life fades into the background, replaced by the natural symphony of the beach. Stepping closer to the water, the sand is warm underfoot, soft and shifting with each step. I feel the cool foam of the waves kiss my toes, their touch fleeting but grounding. The water reflects the fading daylight, creating a glimmering path across the surface, as if leading to some far-off destination. The ocean, vast and infinite, stretches endlessly in front of me, inviting me to forget time and simply exist in the present moment.



As I stand there, the sound of seagulls in the distance, the taste of salt in the air, and the calm, rhythmic waves create a sense of connection with something much larger than myself. The ocean has a way of reminding us of nature's enduring power and peace. It's a quiet reflection of life itself an ever-changing force that simultaneously humbles and comforts. In this quiet space, I find a moment of peace that stays with me long after I leave the shore.

THE LOST ART OF HANDWRITING

Hafsa Abdul Samad
Grade VIII B



There was a time when the scratch of a pen on paper was the rhythm of life. Letters carried secrets, and every stroke of ink held a part of the writer's soul. But today, the click of fingers on glass screens has replaced the elegance of handwritten words. In a world ruled by digital convenience, handwriting is fading into an ancient relic. Schools replace cursive lessons with keyboard training, and notes once filled with personality are now typed in monotonous fonts. Gone are the days when a handwritten letter could bring warmth, when ink smudges on a page were marks of effort, and when signatures spoke of identity.

Experts warn that this shift is more than just a loss of tradition it's a loss of connection. Writing by hand strengthens memory, sharpens focus, and sparks creativity in ways that typing never can. Each loop, curve, and flourish of a letter holds emotions, something no screen can capture. Will the future be a place where penguins gather dust, where children never feel the joy of a freshly sharpened pencil gliding across paper? Or will we fight to keep the art of handwriting alive, preserving the touch of humanity in a world drowning in pixels?

A TRIP

Umme Roman
Grade VIII B

One of the most memorable journeys I experienced was a trip to the mountains with my family. The journey began early in the morning, with the sun just starting to rise. We drove through winding roads surrounded by lush greenery, and the air was crisp and refreshing. As we ascended, the landscape transformed from flat plains to towering peaks, their snow-capped tops gleaming in the sunlight. We stopped

at various points along the way, soaking in the breathtaking views of valleys and rivers below. The most enchanting part of the journey was when we reached a small village nestled in the heart of the mountains. The peaceful atmosphere, the sound of birds chirping, and the aroma of fresh pine filled the air. In the evenings, we gathered around a campfire, sharing stories and laughter under a blanket of stars. The serenity of the mountains made me realize how much beauty there is in the simple moments of life. That trip not only brought my family closer but also gave me a newfound appreciation for nature's quiet grandeur. The memories of this journey remain vivid, reminding me of the peace and wonder that can be found away from the bustle of everyday life.



THE POND

Hafsa Abdul Samad Grade VIII B

The pond becomes soothing when the crescent reflects on the water making it glow like a fairy the one which was always in our bedtime stories sitting between the forest on the edge of an appealing pond, it's celestial beauty

including its glistening, gleaming water ruminating in my eyes creating a slight smile on my dried lips is enough to make the night pleasant. Why is the pond undervalued?

just because it's not deep like an ocean but what about my emotions which are flowing in the chain reaction of it the glooming obscurity my hand glowing like a wand while plunging in its fairytale water the undescribed beauty the bloodless voices of waves echoing through my ears leaving a pastoral remark on my face the frosty breeze trembling through the bushes of the woodland and tangling my hair "oh my vault of heaven,"

"Lead my steps, with your radiant glow, illuminate my night" "Oh my vault of heaven"

"Guide my light to shine, that I may bloom like you one day, dispelling all glooms"



A WINTER WONDERLAND

**Maheen Fatima
Grade OIII B**

As a chilly breeze swept across my face, I stepped forward to check if the windows were shut properly. But no sooner had I lifted the curtains than I felt my hand movements slow down. I was met with a view so majestic and magical that I could've stood there for a thousand years. It was a late winter evening, and the mellow sun was setting behind the snow-capped peaks of the towering mountains. Autumn had taken away the colors of nature, but the soft, fluffy snow resting on the empty branches of the trees made them even more aesthetically pleasing almost making them forget the bliss of spring. My gaze fell upon the nearby plains, no longer a green field with blooming flowers but white as a river of milk. It had freshly snowed, and the snow was still soft and untouched. Children in the neighborhood had already begun building giant snowmen. Soon, a playful snowball fight broke out. They hurled white balls of snow at one another, cheering whenever they hit their target especially the opponent's face. I smiled wholeheartedly, my inner child dancing with joy at the sight. A cold gust through my window snapped me

THE EPIC TALE OF THE SOCK EATING MONSTER



UME FARWA TOUFIQUE GRADE VIII B

In the land of missing socks, where singles roam free
A monster emerged, with a hunger to see
He'd eat and he'd crunch, with a satisfied little grin
The Sock Eating Monster, with an appetite to win
He'd stalk through the laundry, with eyes on the prize
A matching pair of socks, his favorite surprise
He'd gobble them up quickly, with a happy little sigh
And leave a trail of singles, to wonder why

His name was Steve the Sock Eater, a monster of great fame

With a belly full of cotton, and a heart that's not tamed
He'd eat striped and polka-dotted, argyle and plain
No sock was safe from Steve, with his voracious sock-eating reign

He'd eat them in the morning, he'd eat them at night
He'd never get tired, of the sock-eating delight
He'd burp with a satisfied little sound

The Sock Eating Monster, with a belly full of socks all around

So if you're missing a sock, and you don't know what to do

Just blame it on Steve the Sock Eater, and his sock-eating crew

For they'll eat and they'll laugh, with a happy little grin
The Sock Eating Monsters, with a love for socks within!

back to reality. I realized I had spent a little too long standing there. I had to be at the café in half an hour. Wrapping an olive green woolen scarf around my neck and slipping into my long leather boots, I stepped outside. The cold bit at my nose, and my cheeks turned pink. As I exhaled, I saw white mist escaping my lips.

It was freezing, but the long walk warmed me up. I passed people rubbing their hands together for warmth, kittens curled up on the corner of the street, and vendors selling hot soup always the talk of the town in winters. Finally, I reached the café, and the warmth that greeted me felt like a hug. The scent of vanilla coffee filled the air. I sank into a warm bean bag beside a wooden bookshelf, picked up the novel I was reading, and sipped on a rich hot chocolate drizzled with caramel syrup, with smoked marshmallows melted into the mug. Suddenly, life felt worth living.



A SECRET PASSAGE

Eshaal Khursheed
Grade 01 C

One rainy afternoon, Max was bored and decided to explore the old library in his neighbourhood. It was a place he had always passed by but never dared to enter. The library was old and dusty, with bookshelves that went up to the ceiling. Inside, the smell of old books filled the air, and the shelves stretched up to the ceiling, packed with forgotten stories. Max wandered through the aisles, his fingers brushing against the spines of books as he walked.



As Max walked around, he noticed something strange one of the bookshelves was crooked. Curious, he pushed it, and to his surprise, the shelf moved, revealing a hidden passage behind it. Max's heart raced as he stepped into the passage, which led to a small room with a desk and an old book. The book had a glowing map inside it with strange symbols. He picked up the book, and his fingers touched the map, a soft voice seemed to whisper, 'The map will show you what you need.' Max decided to follow the map. It led him into the woods behind the library. After a long walk, Max reached a stone well. The map showed a mark on it. He leaned over and looked into the well. Suddenly, something shiny appeared at the bottom. Max reached in and pulled out a golden key. It was beautiful, with strange designs on it.

Max thought, 'It must be close to the treasure.' But as he looked around, he saw no doors or locks anywhere. Just then, the ground beneath his feet began to rumble and the air around him shimmered. The well seemed to glow and the key in his hand started to shine brighter. A secret door appeared in the well, and it opened slowly. Max stepped through it and found himself in a room full of glowing books. The voice which spoke earlier resounded. 'You've found the key to the knowledge of the past. This is the treasure you seek.' Max smiled, realizing that the true treasure wasn't gold or silver but the wisdom and stories of generations waiting to be discovered.

PARENTS

Humna Choudhri
Grade 01 A

Think of the warmest hugs, the kind that make everything feel okay. Think of the gentle hands that held you, and the eyes that always made you feel safe. That's what parents are. They are like guiding stars in life's journey, offering love and support unconditionally.

They sacrifice endlessly, shaping our values and beliefs.

From teaching us to walk, to giving us wisdom, their influence is profound. Their presence brings comfort and security, a safe haven in times of trouble. They cheer our victories and console our defeats, nurturing us with boundless affection. Through their actions and words, they instill discipline and morals, laying the foundation for our character.

Their unwavering dedication shapes us into responsible individuals, ready to face the world's challenges. They're the heart of home, and their love makes you the amazing person you are. In essence, parents are the pillars of our existence.



THE DAY I STARTED NOTICING

Fatima Rashid
Grade O1 A

I don't remember what day it was just that it was ordinary.

I was on my way home, scrolling through my phone, lost in the usual nothingness. It had been a long day, and I was tired, irritated, and hungry. The traffic was loud. The sun was too hot. I just wanted to get home and shut everything out. That's when I saw him.

An old man, sitting on the footpath. Thin. Shirt soaked in sweat. He was holding a plastic bag with two pieces of bread inside one of them half-eaten. He wasn't begging. He wasn't saying anything. Just sitting there, looking up at the sky like he was waiting for someone. People passed him like he was invisible. Like a tree. Like a stone. Like he didn't exist. I don't know why, but I stopped. He noticed me looking, and gave the smallest smile the kind that's more habit than happiness. And then, he did something I'll never forget. He lifted the bag slightly and offered me the other piece of bread. I froze. Here I was, with money in my pocket, plans in my head and he had nothing. And still, he offered to share. That moment shattered something in me.

I walked away, but I wasn't the same. Since then, I've started noticing the things I never did before the tired eyes of delivery boys, the child sleeping on a pavement with a schoolbag for a pillow, the woman selling flowers no one buys. I've started seeing people. Really seeing them. Because that man, with a half-eaten piece of bread, gave me something no one else ever had. A truth that changed everything.

UNSEEN, BUT UNBROKEN

Manahil Yasir
Grade O1 A

When I moved to a new school for O Level, I thought it would be a fresh start. But from the very first day, it felt like I was completely alone. I came from a simple Matric school, and suddenly I was surrounded by people who didn't even try to understand me. No one wanted to talk to me. I worked hard, I stayed quiet, I tried my best but my results didn't show it. And that made me feel even worse. Some students judged me for where I came from.



One girl even said it directly: "You can't do this. You came from a simple school. This is O Level." That sentence stuck with me and made me question everything about myself. I started thinking I couldn't do anything right. Here was a group a team that never left a chance to make me feel like I didn't belong. I didn't understand why. But I stayed silent. Not because I was scared but because I believed Allah swt is the best in giving answers. I held on to patience. I knew He sees everything, and my heart trusted that my patience would bring reward. There was one teacher my Pakistan Studies teacher who truly supported me. She noticed me when no one else did. And there was one person who stood by me when things were the hardest. I won't say her name, but I hope she knows who she is. I want her to know that I am truly thankful. I can't say it in front of everyone, but I hope she understands my heart. Now I am in O1. Things have changed. I've changed. Alhamdulillah, I am doing so much better than I was in 8th class. My new friends have supported me in ways I didn't expect. They reminded me that I didn't need to be perfect I just needed to be me. And now, I am getting good results. I am learning, I am growing, and I am smiling again. There are still a few people who try to hurt me with their words, but now I've learned to ignore them. Because I've realized that some people are hurting inside, and they try to throw that pain on others. I still remember the pain, the loneliness, and the tears. I even remember feeling envy when I saw other students laughing while I was sitting alone. I didn't know what I had done wrong. But I also remember the strength it took to not give up. Now, I choose to move forward. I choose peace. I choose myself.

THE NIGHT ON A MOUNTAIN'S PEAK

Hafsah Fareed
Grade O1 A

The morning sun was glaring. The sky was clear, revealing a vast pale blue. One day, my family and I were sitting in the garden and planning a trip. My father loves to go to the jungle. He also likes to sit there and listen to the deafening sounds of the animals. So, we thought we should choose a place that our father would also enjoy. We decided to go to the camping pods in Thandiani for a trip.

When we were going there from Islamabad, we were very excited. The road was dangerous, with sharp turns. My father had rented a car and was driving, leaning toward the steering wheel and looking very confused. When we got there, there was a narrow path that led into the forest. My father asked someone, "Is this the way to the camping pods?" The man guided us. It was a very dangerous path, and we were all reciting duas.

Suddenly, a man came across and stopped our car. My father asked, "What happened?" The man replied that our car was skidding, and he advised us to get out, leaving only my father inside. My father said, "My family is not coming out, so please guide me." After a moment, the man helped us. We all thanked him and started driving toward the camping pod again. We kept reciting duas all throughout the way. When we finally reached, there was a man named Aurangzeb. He took responsibility for our car and took it back. After arriving at the camp, we saw that it was like a small room with four beds in it, and the washroom was at the back. There were swings, and my younger sister played on them. There was a family who came from Gujranwala, and their camp was next to ours. In that family, there was a girl who was bored, walking here and there. My mother called her and said, "Come and sit with us." She sat down and started talking with my mother and elder sister. She was 13 years old and was going to 8th class, just like my sister. My mother and elder sister were talking with her, and suddenly her mother arrived and also started talking with my mother.

We started playing together and were enjoying ourselves. After that, my father ordered chicken karahi with chapati, and he also ordered a cold drink for me and my elder sister. In the evening, my mother and father ordered tea for themselves. We were playing hide and seek in the jungle. It was a chilly night. The moon appeared on the horizon, and the sky was filled with stars. At night, the family went to sleep, but we were sitting outside on a mat, wearing many thermals and jackets because of the cold weather. We heard the voices of animals, and I was very frightened. We decided that we should go back to the camp and sleep. Everyone liked the idea, so we went back to our camp and fell asleep. At midnight, my mother and father were awake. Then, at around 4 o'clock, we all woke up feeling fresh. A man came and helped load our cargo. We were so happy, and we enjoyed the trip very much.



THE STORY OF A SILENT WITNESS

Afeefa Arif
Grade OIII B

The room was silent. It was the only one on this side of the building, far away from where the chattering of the students faded into the hallways. It lay still, cloaked in the shadows; its beautiful floor-length glass windows closed shut; no movement or sound anywhere. It was almost as if someone was protecting it, shielding it from the monstrous clutches of the reality that was yet to dawn upon it. Seconds turned into hours, and yet the room remained in its light slumber, sealing itself from the rest of the world. And then the door opened; lights fluttered on; footsteps



sounded as the silence was disrupted. It was as if a volcano had erupted, vomiting out students rather than hot lava. Crowds after crowds prepared to face the horror that was the examination. They were all talking at once; chaos taking over the serene environment. Again, footsteps sounded. Softer this time. A woman entered; the examiner perhaps. The exam started, and the room sighed in relief. What a nuisance these children were! Silence reigned once again, aside from the occasional drop of a pen, the shushing sound made by the invigilator, and some distressed students drinking water to calm their nerves. And once again, the room prepared to doze off...

Fate seemed to have other plans, though. The windows flung open, and about a dozen men jumped in; dressed in complete black, they had neon face masks on with a smile embroidered upon them. It could be the neon colours or the way it was embroidered that made it look creepy, extremely so, and maybe just a little bit frightening; the room was positively fuming, sure that fate was off somewhere having a good time, probably cackling with evil laughter. The students stared, the examiner stared, their mouths hanging open. The papers lay forgotten on their desks until one of the masked men snatched one. In that one second, chaos replaced any sliver of silence left in the room. All over, papers were being taken from the students, all of whom were staring with wide eyes and hanging mouths. A minute later, the masked men were gone, escaping through the windows, and so were the examination papers. One by one, the students started stirring, as if waking up from a coma; there was pin-drop silence and then... hooting and cheering all over as the students started celebrating this unexpected event. The room sighed, it knew there was no chance of going back to sleep now.

THE CAMEL AND THE CROW

Nabeeha Sajid
Grade OI B

Sitting there under a crooked palm tree of a vast desert, was a lonely camel named Bojo. Bojo had a big hump, long lashes and a slower-than-snail sense of humor. While he was sitting there for his daily dose of sighing, a crow named Coco landed on his hump.

Coco: "Whoa! This isn't a rock. It's squishy!"

Bojo: "Excuse me, the thing you're calling squishy is my hump."

Coco: "Well, squishy or not, you make a comfy landing spot. Name's Coco!"

Bojo: "Bojo. Just a guy with a hump."

And just like that, the two became best friends.

Every day, Coco would fly in with desert gossip while Bojo shared his camel thoughts, which were usually about food. Even though all the other camels used to make fun of Bojo for having a crow for a friend, he didn't care about it.

One day, they had a particularly silly conversation.

Coco: "Bojo, if you had wings, what would you do?"

Bojo: "I'd probably still walk. Flying seems... exhausting."

Coco: "You'd waste wings?! I'd trade mine for your hump. I could store snacks in it!"

Bojo: "It's not a snack pouch, Coco!"

Coco: "Then what is it?"

Bojo: "It's where I store my dramatic sighs and desert wisdom."

They laughed so much that Bojo almost rolled over.

With every passing day their friendship grew stronger. Bojo would wait under the palm tree every morning, and Coco would swoop in with a cheerful caw.



But one day... Coco didn't come. Bojo waited. One hour. Two hours. The sun crossed half the sky. "Maybe he's stuck in a sandstorm," Bojo muttered. But Coco didn't come the next day or the day after. The palm tree felt lonelier. The desert winds felt heavier. And Bojo... well, he sighed even more dramatically. Until a few days later, a soft-winged dove landed beside Bojo. She looked gentle but quiet, as if carrying news too heavy for her small body.

She said, "You're Bojo, aren't you? The camel who waited for Coco every day?"

Bojo nodded slowly. "I'm sorry," the dove said. "There was a storm near the cliffs. Coco tried to help some baby birds... but he didn't make it."

The wind went still. Even the sand seemed to pause. Bojo sat there remembering all their ridiculously funny conversations. "I can't bring him back," he said, "but I can make sure he's remembered."

From that day on, Bojo told Coco's story to anyone who would listen. Not just about how he died but how he lived. Loud, ridiculous, funny, fearless. Real friendship is a story that never dies it just keeps flying in the hearts of those who remember.

THE PROUD FAILURE

Zuha Ahmer
Grade OI B

I still remember the rush of excitement I felt when I got selected for the inter school speech competition. It felt like a big deal... and honestly, it was. I was manifesting that day maybe even being a little delusional about winning but I didn't care. I practiced every single day, standing in front of the mirror, repeating my lines until I could say them in my sleep. I had to nail it. My English teacher was my biggest cheerleader. She boosted my confidence, made me believe in myself, and encouraged me every step of the way until I was ready. But on the day of the competition, something hit me the moment I arrived I wasn't the only one who had worked hard. There were students from other schools who spoke like professionals. Their words flowed effortlessly, and their confidence sparkled. Still, I gave my hundred percent, holding onto my teacher's words in my mind. I spoke with all the passion I had heart pounding, butterflies in my stomach, hands cold and shaky but I gave it everything. When the winners were announced, my name wasn't there.

It stung more than I expected. I was so disappointed in myself. I was afraid to go back to face my classmates, my friends, and most of all, my cheerleader: my teacher, who had put so much effort into helping me prepare. But something unexpected happened. As I walked back, head low, they all welcomed me with proud faces, warm smiles, and words like, "You did amazing well!"

I was still nervous to face my teacher but she just came up to me and opened her arms wide. She hugged me tightly, even though she knew I hadn't won. At that moment, I realized... I had not failed. I had stood on a stage that most people are scared of. I had spoken the best I could in front of a crowd of strangers. I had grown. "Sometimes, losing teaches you more than winning ever can."

SOUL UMBRELLA

Aqsa Noor
Grade Ol A

There are moments in life when silence speaks louder than words. A quiet face in a crowd, eyes holding more weight than they let on, and a presence that feels both near and distant. Pain, when unspoken, weaves itself into everyday gestures a slightly slower step, a glance that lingers too long on nothing, a laugh that doesn't quite reach the eyes. It is in these fragile spaces where the human spirit reveals its truest form not in loud cries, but in silent endurance. Friendship, at its purest, often exists in these unnoticed pauses. No dramatic declarations, just knowing. Just the warmth of being felt without having to speak. Some souls carry the weight of the world quietly, and often, the greatest kindness simply exists beside them. Not to fix or advise, but to stay. To be a constant in a world that shifts too much, too often.

Empathy is a rare art. It requires stillness, observation, and a heart wide enough to hold what cannot be spoken. Some wounds go unseen not because they are small, but because they are buried deep hidden under the layers built to survive. Yet even those wounds long for light. Not exposure but understanding. It is a quiet truth: the most painful thing is not suffering but suffering alone. And sometimes, all it takes to soften that pain is a moment of real connection. A glance that says, "I notice." A presence that lingers just long enough to mean something.

MY MOM, MY SUPER POWER!

Aqsa Noor
Grade Ol A

My mom is the most selfless person I've ever met. Her kindness, patience, and love inspire me every day. From early morning breakfasts to late night conversations, she's always been there for me. Her guidance and support has shaped me into the person I am today. One of the most remarkable things about my mom is her unconditional love. No matter what mistakes I make or challenges I face, she's always there to offer a listening ear and a comforting hug. Her love is a constant source of strength and inspiration in my life. My mom is my role model in every sense of the word. She's taught me the importance of hard work, resilience, and compassion.

Her example has shown me that with determination and perseverance, I can overcome any obstacle and achieve my dreams. As I grow older, I realize more and more how lucky I am to have a mom like mine. Her influence has had a lasting impact on my life, and I'm grateful for the values she's instilled in me. I strive to make her proud and follow in her footsteps. Thank you, Mom, for being my rock, my confidante, and my guiding light. I love you more than words can express. You're the woman who inspires me, and I hope to make you proud every day.



SOUL UMBRELLA

Aqsa Noor
Grade Ol A

The sun shines high up in the sky, welcoming a new bright morning and finally bidding farewell to the darkness of the night. Jihan slowly opened his eyes as he felt the scorching rays of the sun hitting his face. "Oh! It's morning again a new day with new sorrows and pain!" he sighed. He could feel a terrible pain in his ribs with each breath he took. It was a brand-new morning, filled with hopes of creating new memories, but for Jihan, things remained the same.

He was confined between these dark black walls, with just one window open for the sunrays to peek into this prison. Sometimes, Jihan used to wonder why these heartless people had left a window open in this tormenting prison. Was it so that the air could blow inside, and death wouldn't be able to rescue him out of this place? Jihan, an army man, had been imprisoned by the black army, who had caught him spying on them. He was a tough man, strong both physically and emotionally. His passion and patriotism didn't fade, even after being thrown into this hell and bearing torments each day. In the beginning, he used to search for several ways to escape, but slowly, with each new morning feeling just like the last, he lost all hope and courage. The dark prison walls, painted black especially for the prisoners, absorbed all his passion. And just like those walls, all the colors of his life faded away. He was left as nothing more than a confined person someone who bore the torture and pain of captivity every single day. Days stayed the same until one morning, the sun rose with a new meaning for Jihan. He woke up, accepting the crushing reality of his life. But little did he know that even in the darkest of alleys, there's always a window open for hope and life. And for him, it was no different. After three years of confinement, the world finally gave him a chance to see the clear blue sky again



and hear the chirping of the birds. He was rescued by his army the very people he had thought had forgotten him in prison. The years of confinement had drained every ounce of hope from Jihan's soul. Yet, life, in its miraculous way, offered him a second chance. A chance to breathe freely again, to feel the warmth of the sun not through a prison window, but under an open sky. Jihan was no longer just a prisoner of war; he was a survivor, reborn with a deeper understanding of life, pain, & resilience. The brightness of each new morning now held meaning not just for the world, but for him too.

A DAY OF MIRACLES

Barira Pirzada
Grade OI B

Have you ever had one of those days where everything seems to go wrong but then, somehow, everything goes right? Well, let me take you through one such rollercoaster of a day from my class OI.

It all started with a deadly combo: I hadn't done my Urdu homework or prepared for my English test and, as fate would have it, both were scheduled for the same day. Of course, my heart was pounding like a drum, especially because my Urdu teacher was... let's just say, stricter than a math exam paper. As the Urdu period approached, I started praying. Like, really praying. You know those duas you suddenly remember when you're in big trouble? I was reciting them on loop. Our Urdu class took place on the first floor, while our class was on the third.



As we descended those stairs, I felt like I was walking into a battlefield. To avoid detection, my friends and I sat on the last bench, hoping to blend into the background like ninjas. But just when I thought I was safe bam! the teacher pointed right at me and said, "Sit in the front row." The empty seat had betrayed me. I walked to the front like a prisoner heading to court. She told us to take out our notebooks and started randomly picking students to read their answers. My hands were trembling. I stared at my empty notebook like it might automatically fill itself. She asked the girl next to me. I braced for impact. But... nothing. She moved on. Minutes passed. Still nothing. I couldn't believe it maybe my non-stop dua session was working? The period ended. I survived. I was so happy, I could've hugged a cactus. But just as I started to relax, I remembered oh no, the English test! As we trudged back up to the third floor, I prepared myself for round two of academic disaster. But plot twist! Our English teacher looked at us, sighed dramatically, and said, "You're 25 minutes late. I'm not taking the test." And then wait for it she gave us a free period. That day, I walked home floating on clouds. I couldn't stop smiling (or thanking Allah swt a million times). It truly felt like I'd just been handed two golden tickets out of doom.

Moral of the story: Sometimes, Allah swt helps us in the most unexpected ways even when we are seated in the front row with an empty notebook.

DRAW YOUR HEART OUT

Mutiba Tariq - Grade OI C



Are you feeling nervous, or are you feeling sad?
Don't worry, 'cause I have a simple hack!
There's a thing that is known as art,
Where you can draw whatever's in your heart.
It's a way to escape the real world,
And do whatever your mind has swirled.
From full moon nights to pink roses,
Paint the ocean and the mosses.
From heavy storms to blazing flames,
You can paint your joy, or sketch your pain.
The lines sometimes may turn out bad,
But art was never meant to be perfect and
that's not sad.

Grab a pen, don't overthink,
Let your thoughts just flow with ink.
Art is something that brings you relief,
When you're out of breath, draw something
simple like a leaf.
The world feels empty without the voice of art,
'Cause without art, it's just "eh" isn't that smart?
Well, lastly I'd say: just draw when you're mad,
Because it'll make you happy and make you
more glad!
Art won't judge you, and it never lies,
It understands your lows and highs.



THE GIRL IN THE MIRROR

Rumaisa Haris
Grade OI A

Have you ever stood in front of a mirror and just... stared? Maybe you picked apart the way your face looks. Or the way your body isn't like hers. Maybe you remembered something awkward you said yesterday and cringed at yourself. Or maybe, you just felt like you weren't good enough without even knowing why. Let me tell you something, The girl in the mirror is not your enemy. She's someone who's trying. She's learning. She's been through more than people know and she's still standing.

The truth is that no one has it all figured out. Every confident girl you know has felt insecure. Every popular person has been left out before. Every smile hides something sometimes. You're not broken. You're just growing. You don't need to be the smartest, the prettiest, or the most popular to matter. You already matter as you are. Not in five years. Not after you've "glowed up." Not when you've fixed everything.

Now. Today. So the next time you stand in front of that mirror, smile. Not because everything is perfect, but because you're showing up anyway.



WHISPERS OF A SCHOOL BAG

UMME AIMAN RAO
Grade OI B

I am not just a school bag. I'm a silent witness to growing dreams, childhood struggles, untold stories, and yes forgotten books. Every morning, I carry the weight of books, notebooks, pencils, lunchboxes and the unspoken feelings of a child. I've heard laughter when the first page of a fresh notebook is touched, and tears stain the spine of a diary where someone wrote, "I miss my friend." But the most heartbreaking thing? The books that are never opened, their words growing old and invisible, like people slowly fading from memory. There's a poetry book that smells like old ink and rainy evenings. Once, it made someone smile. Now, it sits at the bottom of me ignored, untouched, and tired of being nothing more than weight. I wonder, do students even hear the silent scream of forgotten pages? I've seen children scroll through screens for hours, but ignore the sparkle sleeping between the pages of a storybook.

I've felt pens that were never uncapped, and notebooks that died blank.

Once upon a time, a book was a friend. Now, it's a burden. But I believe... someday, one curious hand will pull out that dusty old book. Maybe they'll read a line that changes their life. Maybe they'll hear the whisper of words longing to live again. Until then, I carry the weight not just of textbooks, but of forgotten voices.



HFS PODCASTS & TV APPEARANCE

At Hira Foundation School, our students expressed their creativity through engaging **podcasts on national and cultural themes**, including: Black Hole, Independence Day, Defence Day, Iqbal Day, Ramadan, Pakistan Day, and Eid.

THEY ALSO PRESENTED INNOVATIVE PROJECTS ON NATIONAL TV CHANNELS:

CNC Plotter – Habib Ullah Khan
Smart Door Lock – Imad ul Haque Siddiqui
Bluetooth Control Car – Hunza Shahzaman



Featured on



مخاطر انترنت

الانترنت غيرت طريقة عيشنا و عملنا و تواصلنا. و مع ذلك, لها بعض العيوب. أحد الشواغل الرئيسية هو انتشار المعلومات المخاطئة و الأخبار الزائفة. يمكن لأي شخص إنشاء و مشاركة محتوى على الإنترنت, بغض النظر عن دقته, مما يمكن أن يؤدي إلى الارتباك و القرارات غير المستنيرة

عيب آخر هو خطر التسلط الإلكتروني و التحرش عبر الإنترنت. يمكن أن يشجع عدم الكشف عن هويته على الإنترنت الناس على الانخراط في سلوك لا يظهرونه عادة شخصياً. يمكن أن يؤدي ذلك إلى الضيق العاطفي و القلق و الاكتئاب

يمكن أن تكون الإنترنت أيضاً مصدراً للشغف و الإدمان. يمكن أن تكون وسائل التواصل الاجتماعي و الألعاب عبر الإنترنت و خدمات البث جذابة بشكل لا يصدق, مما يؤدي إلى انخفاض في الإنتاجية و زيادة في وقت الشاشة

أخيراً, تثير الإنترنت مخاوف بشأن الخصوصية و الأمان. يمكن جمع البيانات الشخصية و مشاركتها و استغلالها من قبل الشركات و الجهات الفاعلة الخبيثة, مما يعرض سلامة الأفراد على الإنترنت للخطر

في الختام, بينما للإنترنت العديد من الفوائد, من الضروري أن نكون على دراية بعيوبها و اتخاذ خطوات للتخفيف منها



كاتبة: مريم ذبيشان شيخ
الصف: التاسع

علي: السلام عليكم ورحمة الله وبركاته! يا احمد كيف حالك؟
احمد: وعليكم السلام ورحمة الله وبركاته يا على، أنا بخير الحمد لله وأنت؟
علي: أنا بخير، هل تحب مدرستك؟
احمد: نعم احب مدرستي كثيرا، هي نظيفة والمعلمون فيها لطفاء



علي: وأنا أيضا أحبها، وأحب مادة الرياضيات كثيرا
احمد: وأنا أفضل مادة العلوم
علي: هل تشارك في الانشطة المدرسية؟
احمد: نعم، أنا أشارك في فريق كرة القدم
علي: رائع، أتمنى لك التوفيق
احمد: شكرا يا علي

ورقة الإجازة بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

السيدة مديرة التعليم بجامعة دارالعلوم كراتشي حفظها الله تعالى
السلام عليكم ورحمة الله وبركاته

لقد أصابني ألم شديد في رأسي ولا أستطيع مع المرض الحضور الى المدرسة فالرجاء التكرم بإعطائي إجازة
يومين وسوف أطالع الدروس التي تفوتني في أيام مرضي وتقبلوا مني غاية شكري



والسلام
مقدمة: ماه نور خان
أنا طالبة بالصف السابع

جن لفظوں کے ذریعے کسی چیز کی طرف اشارہ کیا جائے اسے اسماء اشارہ کہتے ہیں۔ اسماء الإشارة کی اقسام: اسماء الإشارة کی دو قسمیں ہیں۔ قریب کیلئے 1۔

واحد	واحد	ثثنیہ	ثثنیہ	جمع	جمع
للمذكر	هذا	یه	هذان	یه دونوں	هؤلاء
للمؤنث	هذه	یه	هاتان	یه دونوں	هؤلاء

واحد	واحد	ثثنیہ	ثثنیہ	جمع	جمع
للمذكر	ذلك	وه	ذانك	وه دونوں	اولئك
للمؤنث	تلك	وه	تانك	وه دونوں	اولئك

الحوار جمال الطبيعة (الشخصيات فاطمه وزینب)

فاطمه: السلام عليكم يا زينب! كيف حالك

زينب: وعليكم السلام يا فاطمه! أنا بخير والحمد لله وكيف أنت؟

فاطمه: أنا أيضا بخير خرجت صبا حالي الحديقة القريبة من منزلنا، وكان المنظر رائعا.

زينب: ما أجمل ذلك الطبيعة تهدي النفس وتشرح الصدر، وماذا شاهدت؟

فاطمه: الأشجار كانت تلمع من قطرات الندى، والعصافير تغرد كأنها تغني للحياة نسيم الصباح كان عليلا جدا .

زينب: هذا يشبه الحلم! أنا أحب الجلوس تحت الشجرة وقراءة كتاب الطبيعة تعطينا راحة لا نجدها في أي مكان آخر.

فاطمه: صحيح تماما حتي الالوان من حولي كانت تبعث علي السعادة الأخضر والازرق والوان الزهور... كأنها لوحة رسمها فنان.

زينب: سبحان الله كل شيء خلقه الله متقن وجميل يجب أن نحافظ علي هذه النعمة.

فاطمه: نعم وان نعلم الآخرين ان لا يلوثو الارض ولا يقطعوا الاشجار. الطبيعة بيتنا الثاني .

زينب: صدقت ما رأيك ان نذهب معا إلى الحديقة الأسبوع المقبل؟

فاطمه: فكرة رائعة سأحضر بعض الطعام ونقضي وقتا ممتعا وسط الخضرة .

زينب: إتفقنا سيكون يوما لاتنسي بإذن الله .



وَشَاهِدَ الزَّائِرُونَ أَيْضًا الْكَثِيرَ النَّادِرَ الَّذِي لَا يُوْجَدُ إِلَّا فِي مَضِيقِ مَلَاكَا
الْحَاصَةِ الْبَرِّيَّةِ وَالْقِرْدِ الْخُرْطُومِيِّ وَكَلَا سُبْحَانَهُنَّ أَثَارَ إِعْجَابِهِمْ فِي الْحَدِيقَةِ،
الْبُطُّ فِي الْأَحْوَاضِ وَنَوْعٌ مِنْ أَشْجَرَةٍ أَنْدَاجٍ فِي الْحَدَائِقِ، مِثْلَ الشَّمْسِيَّةِ
وَالْأُرْزِ وَالْأَيْسِ وَالْبَرِّ وَالزَّانِ وَالْتِفَاحِ وَالْعَنْبِ. يُحِبُّ السِّيَّاحُ حَدِيقَةَ كَارِيلا،
خَاصَّةً وَأَنْتَهُمْ كُلَّمَا مَارَسُوا نَشَاطَاتٍ مُخْتَلِفَةً مِثْلَ الْمَشْيِ مَعَ الْأَسْرِ وَرُكُوبِ
الدَّرَاجَةِ الْهَوَائِيَّةِ وَالرُّكَّابِ فِي سَفَارِي. وَفِي الْحَدِيقَةِ مُرَفَقَةٌ حَدِيقَةٌ لِلْأَطْفَالِ
لِيَنْزِلُقُوا وَيَتَسَلَّقُوا وَيَتَسَلَّلُوا وَيَلْعَبُوا بِالْحَيَوَانَاتِ مِثْلَ الْإِبِلِ وَالْأَرْبِ



الطالبة: رتبة مجيب
الصف: الثامن ج

الْبِنْتُ الْمُؤَدَّبَةُ

كَانَتْ فَاطِمَةُ بِنْتًا مُؤَدَّبَةً، تَحْتَرِمُ مُعَلِّمَاتِهَا وَتُطِيعُهُنَّ، وَتُطِيعُ وَالِدَيْهَا أَيْضًا،
وَكَانَتْ تُحَافِظُ عَلَى نِظَافَةِ مَلَابِسِهَا وَكُتُبِهَا. وَهِيَ مُحَبُّوبَةٌ فِي الْمَنْزِلِ مِنْ
إِخْوَانِهَا الصِّغَارِ لِأَنَّهَا تُعَامِلُهُمْ مُعَامَلَةً حَسَنَةً، وَتُسَاعِدُ وَالِدَيْهَا أحيانًا فِي
أَعْمَالِ الْمَنْزِلِ، فَهِيَ مَعَهَا دَائِمًا فِي الْمَطْبَخِ تُسَاعِدُهَا فِي إِعْدَادِ الطَّعَامِ، وَفِي
غَسْلِ الْمَلَابِسِ أحيانًا أُخْرَى. أَمَّا فِي الْمَدْرَسَةِ فَهِيَ نَشِيطَةٌ وَمُجْتَهِدَةٌ، وَهِيَ
مُحَبُّوبَةٌ مِنَ الْجَمِيعِ: الْمُعَلِّمَاتِ وَالتِّلْمِيزَاتِ، وَهِيَ مُتَمَازَةٌ فِي دُرُوسِهَا،
وَنَشِيطَةٌ فِي فَصْلِهَا، تَمْتَازُ بِالذِّكَاةِ وَالْأَدَبِ وَحُسْنِ الْخُلُقِ، لِهَذَا كُلِّهِ أَحَبَّهَا
مُعَلِّمَاتُهَا وَزَمِيلَاتُهَا، وَهُنَّ يَتَمَنَّيْنَ أَنْ يَكُنَّ مِثْلَهَا



جَيَمِيمَةُ: نَاصِر
الصف: الثامن ج

حَدِيقَةُ الْحَيَوَانَاتِ

ذَهَبْتُ يَا أَصْدِقَائِي فِي رِحْلَةٍ إِلَى حَدِيقَةِ الْحَيَوَانَاتِ بِرَفَقَةِ الْمُعَلِّمِ وَالْأُمِّهَاتِ، وَذَهَبَ التِّلَامِيذُ يَرْكُضُونَ فَرَحًا شَدِيدًا فِي فِنَاءِ
الْحَدِيقَةِ. قَالَتِ الْأُسْتَاذَةُ: مَا أَجْمَلَ الْفِيلَ! قَالَ زُمَيْلِي: الْفِيلُ حَيَوَانٌ قَوِيٌّ، يَحْمِلُ الْأَشْيَاءَ. صَاحَتْ مَرِيَمُ: أَنْظُرُوا ... الْقِرْدَ
يَتَسَلَّقُ الْأَشْجَارَ! الْوَلِيدُ: الْقِرْدُ مُشَاغِبٌ جَدًّا، وَقَدْ رَمَى قِشْرَةَ الْمَوْزِ عَلَى الْإِنْسَانِ الْعَابِرِ. نَادَى الْعَمُّ: تَعَالَ يَا بُنَيَّ (أَشَارَ إِلَى
النَّمْرِ)، نَحْنُ أَمَامَ حَيَوَانٍ مُرْعِبٍ. الْخَلِيلُ: إِنَّهُ النَّمْرُ حَيَوَانٌ مُفْتَرِسٌ، يَصْطَادُ الْفَرَائِسَ بِذِكَاةٍ وَاقْتِدَارٍ. ضَحِكَ مُحَمَّدٌ حَتَّى بَدَتْ
نَوَاجِذُهُ. ضَحِكَتِ التِّلْمِيزَاتُ وَهُنَّ يَتَقَافَزْنَ فِي سُرُورٍ. تَقَدَّمَ الْوَلِيدُ إِلَى الْأَسَدِ وَقَالَ: أَتَعْرِفُهُ؟ صَاحَتْ التِّلْمِيزَاتُ: وَمَنْ لَا
يَعْرِفُ الْأَسَدَ؟ إِنَّهُ مَلِكُ الْغَابَةِ وَأَقْوَى الْحَيَوَانَاتِ

يجب علينا أن

يجب علينا أن نصلي على الوقت.

يجب علينا أن نقرأ القرآن كل يوم.

يجب علينا أن نحترم المعلمات.

يجب علينا أن نذهب الى المدرسة على الوقت.

يجب علينا أن نكتب واجبات المدرسة على الوقت.



الطالبة: رطبة مجيب
الصف: الثامن ج

مَخَاطِرُ اسْتِخْدَامِ الْإِنْتَرْنِتِ

أَيُّهَا الْأَصْدِقَاءُ الْأَعْزَاءُ

السَّلَامُ عَلَيْكُمْ! شُكْرًا لَكُمْ عَلَى حُضُورِكُمْ

الْيَوْمَ سَأَحْدِثُكُمْ عَنْ مَوْضُوعٍ هَامٍّ، وَهُوَ مَخَاطِرُ الْإِنْتَرْنِتِ الَّذِي نَسْتَخْدِمُهُ كَثِيرًا الْإِنْتَرْنِتُ مُفِيدٌ، لَكِنَّهُ قَدْ يُضِرُّنَا إِذَا لَمْ نَنْتَبِهْ. أَوَّلًا، بَعْضُ الْمَقَاطِعِ تَحْتَوِي عَلَى عُنْفٍ، مِثْلُ أَلْعَابِ الْقِتَالِ، وَقَدْ تَزَعَجْنَا، كَمَا حَدَثَ مَعَ صَدِيقِي الَّذِي رَأَى شَيْئًا غَرِيبًا. ثَانِيًا، الْجُلُوسُ سَاعَاتٍ عَلَى تِيك توك أَوْ الْأَلْعَابِ يَجْعَلُنَا نَنْسَى الدِّرَاسَةَ، مِثْلُ زَمِيلِي الَّذِي نَامَ فِي الصَّفِّ. ثَالِثًا، أَشْخَاصٌ سَيِّئُونَ قَدْ يَطْلُبُونَ أَسْمَاءَنَا أَوْ أَرْقَامَنَا لِسَرَقَةِ أَمْوَالِنَا لَكِنْ لَا تَخَافُوا! يُمَكِّنُنَا اسْتِخْدَامُهُ بِحَذَرٍ. حَدِّدُوا وَقْتًا، مِثْلُ سَاعَةٍ يَوْمِيًّا، وَاسْأَلُوا وَالِدَيْكُمْ عَنِ الْمَوَاقِعِ الْأَمْنَةِ. لَا تُعْطُوا كَلِمَاتِ السِّرِّ لِأَحَدٍ فِي الْخِتَامِ، الْإِنْتَرْنِتُ كَالسَّيَّارَةِ، إِذَا اسْتَخْدَمْتُمُوهُ بِحِكْمَةٍ، سَتَنْتَفِعُونَ. لِنَكُنْ ذَكِيِّينَ! شُكْرًا لَكُمْ، وَتَحَدَّثُوا عَنْ هَذَا مَعَ أَهْلِكُمْ وَالسَّلَامُ عَلَيْكُمْ

رُطْبَةُ مُجِيب
الصف الثامن جيم

حَدِيقَةُ كازيلا

حَدِيقَةُ كازيلا حَدِيقَةٌ طَبِيعِيَّةٌ لِلْغَايَةِ، تَرْتَفِعُ مِنْحَدَرَاتُهَا فِي مُرْتَفَعَاتٍ وَهِيَ تَقَعُ فِي مُنْتَصَفِ تِلَالٍ يَبْدُو سِحْرُهَا فِي الْغُرُوبِ. حَدِيقَةُ كازيلا حَدِيقَةٌ حَيَّةٌ، فِيهَا أَنْوَاعٌ كَثِيرَةٌ مِنَ الطُّيُورِ وَالْحَيَوَانَاتِ شَاهِدَ فِيهَا الزَّائِرُونَ عِدَّةَ مَرَّاتٍ وَتَحْتَ أَشْجَارٍ شَاهِقَةٍ، نَوْعًا مِنَ الْقِرْدَةِ الْبَرِّيَّةِ الْخَاصَّةِ، عَلَى الرَّغْمِ مِنْ أَنَّهُمْ غَالِبًا مَا يَتَشَاجِرُونَ الَّتِي آدَتْ بِهَا صَاحِبُ الْحَدِيقَةِ إِلَى إِعْلَانِ حَمَلَةٍ فِي الْعَالَمِ



الرَّبيعُ: يأتي بعد الشتاء، ويتميز بالجو المعتدل واللطيف. تبدأ الأزهار في التفتح وتصبح الأشجار خضراء. الهواء يكون نقيًا، وتغطي الأشجار أوراقًا جديدة. ويستمتع الناس بالأنشطة الخارجية مثل النزعات، وزراعة الزهور، والمشي في الطبيعة بسبب الطقس المعتدل.



الخريف: يأتي بعد الصيف، ويتميز بالجو المعتدل أيضًا. تبدأ الأوراق في السقوط من الأشجار وتتحول الأوراق إلى اللون الأحمر، البرتقالي، الأصفر، والبني قبل أن تسقط عن الأشجار.، ويصبح الطقس باردًا قليلًا. الخريف هو فصل الحصاد.

SALIHA
Grade VII-A



الحج فريضة مقدسة الى مكة المكرمة المملكة العربية السعودية وهو فريضة لا تؤدي الا مرة واحدة في العمر علي المسلمين القادرين جسديا وماديا انها رحلة للنمو الروحي والتأمل الذاتي والتعبد لله يجتمع ملايين الحجاج من جميع أنحاء العالم في مكة المكرمة لأداء مناسك الحج التي تقام خلال شهر ذي الحجة الاسلامي

يبدأ الحج بارتداء الاحرام وهو لباس بسيط يرمز الي الوحدة والمساواة ثم يتوجه الحجاج للطواف حول الكعبة ذلك البناء المكعب المقدس الذي يعتبر أقدس بقاع الاسلام يتضمن شعيرة السعي الركض بين جبلين احياء لذكرى هاجر زوجة النبي ابراهيم من أهم مناسك الحج الوقوف في عرفة حيث يطلب الحجاج المغفرة والتجديد الروحي كما يرمون الشيطان برمي الجمرات علي الاعمدة رمزا لرفض الشر من خلال هذه المناسك يعزز الحج الوحدة والمساواة والاخوة بين المسلمين انها تجربة رائعة تجمع الناس من جميع أنحاء العالم

بعد اتمام المناسك يعود الحجاج الي ديارهم بشعور من السلام والتجدد الروحي الحج مناسبة جلييلة في التقويم الاسلامي ويستمر أثره حتي بعد انتهائه انها رحلة تعزز الايمان وتعزز روح الجماعة بين المسلمين الحج بشكل عام احتفال بالايمان والتقوي والنمو الروحي

Sidra-ul-Muntaha
Grade VI-C

فصل الصيف

يبدأ فصل الصيف من مارس ويستمر الي يوليو يقصر الليل ويطول النهار تتعطل المدارس في فصل الصيف لذلك الأطفال يحبون فصل الصيف الناس يذهبون الي أقاربهم وأصدقائهم يذهبون للتنزه الي الشاطئ البحر والى الاماكن الطبيعية الرائعة والى المناطق الثلجية وبعضهم يسافرون الي المناطق الشمالية يأكلون في المانجو ملك الفواكه والعنب فاكهة الغابة والبطيخ ويجلسون في المرواح والمكيفات يلبس الناس الملابس الخفيفة ذات الألوان العميقة ويلبسون نظارة شمسية والقبعة



الہوایات

السلام علیکم ورحمة اللہ و برکاتہ

إسمی مریم مسرور ، أنا أدرُس في الصف الخامس ب . اليوم
أنا أَتَحَدَّثُ عن الهوايات

الهوايات هي الأنشطة التي نَقُومُ بِهَا نحنُ في أوقات فَرَاغِنَا . يا
أخواتنا ! لَدَيْنَا هوايات مُخْتَلِفَةٌ
مثل السِّبَاحَةِ أو الرِّيَاضَةِ أو الكِتَابَةِ أو الرِّسْمِ و غَيْرِهَا
هُنَاكَ فَوَائِدُ كَثِيرَةٌ لِلْهُوَايَاتِ لِأَنَّنا إِذَا مَلَلْنَا مِنْ عَمَلٍ مَا
فَنَسْتَطِيعُ أَنْ نَقُومَ بِمُمَارَسَةِ أَيَّةِ هَوَايَةٍ وَ نَتَمَتَّعُ بِهَا لِأَنَّهَا تَسَاهِمُ
فِي تَحْسِينِ الْمَزَاجِ وَتَنْمِيَةِ مَهَارَاتٍ جَدِيدَةٍ

القِرَاءَةُ

الرِّسْمُ

رُكُوبُ الْخَيْلِ



انسان کا آفتا

وہ انسان کا آفتا، وہ سب سے ہے بالا
وہ نیوں میں سب سے بلند رتبے والا
مٹایا ہے ظلمت کی تاریکیوں کو
پھر اچھے کا ہر سو ہوا بول بالا
وہ قرآن کا حامل، وہ طیبہ کا والی
وہ سب کو قیامت میں بخشنے والا
متین و مؤمل، مبین و وصول
غیث اور غیاث اور وہی مجتبیٰ
وہ محمود، حامد وہی مصطفیٰ
حق و عفو و مکرم، مکس
وہ ناظر، وہ منذر، وہ نور اور امیں
ہیں ماہِ عرب وہ، وہ شاہِ عجم
وہ ختمِ رسل ہیں، وہ نورِ ام
وہی تو قمر ہیں، ہیں روشن جمیں
وہ شمسِ جہاں ہیں، وہ سب سے حسین

رغینہ شاکر - اے لیول

فصول السنة

مُنْتَهی صابر
الصف الخامس الف

في السنة أَرْبَعَةُ فُصُولٍ هي تتكرر كل عام وتؤثر في الطبيعة والطقس، وكل فصل له خصائصه الخاصة.

(1) الصيف (2) الشتاء (3) الربيع (4) الخريف



يبدأ هذا الفصل - يعني الصيف - من مارس و يستمر إلى سبتمبر عادة.
يكون الجو حار جدًا في هذه الموسم لذا ترتدي الملابس القطنية و الألوان الفاتحة
دائمًا و نستعمل الفواكه مثل العنب و البطيخ و الفراولة و غيرها و نشرب أيضا
عصير الفواكه الصيفية الطازجة التي تخفف من شدة الحر



الشتاء: هو أبرد فصل في السنة، وتكون الأيام قصيرة و الليالي طويلة . في الشتاء،
يتساقط المطر في بعض المناطق، وقد يتساقط الثلج في مناطق أخرى و تُظهِرُ
رَقَاقَاتِ الثلج كالنجوم الصغيرة. نحتاج إلى الملابس الدافئة في هذا الفصل

ڈاکٹر: یہ کچھ دوائیں لکھی ہیں وہ لیں جلدی ٹھیک ہو جائیں گے۔
 مریض: جی ٹھیک ہے ڈاکٹر اور یہ دوائی کب کب کھانی ہے؟
 ڈاکٹر: بس آپ کو صبح اور شام میں دوا کھانی ہے۔ پرچے پر بھی میں نے لکھ دیا ہے۔
 مریض: ٹھیک ہے ڈاکٹر۔ شکریہ
 (مریض مطب سے باہر جاتا ہے اور دوسرا مریض داخل ہوتا ہے۔)

جماعتی اور بین الجماعتی مقابلہ تقریر کا احوال

ستاروں سے آگے جہاں اور بھی ہیں ابھی عشق کے امتحاں اور بھی ہیں

ہم نصابی سرگرمیاں طلباء و طالبات میں خود اعتمادی اور حوصلہ پیدا کرتی ہیں، اور اظہارِ رائے کی صلاحیتوں کو ابھارتی ہیں۔
 حرا فاؤنڈیشن اسکول سینئر سیکشن شعبہ اردو کی جانب سے پہلے مرحلہ میں جماعت ششم تا ہشتم کی طالبات کے لیے جماعتی سطح پر سنجیدہ و مزاحیہ عنوانات پر مقابلہ تقریر کروایا گیا۔ ہر فریق میں سے اعلیٰ کارکردگی کی بنیاد پر سبقت لے جانے والی ایک ایک طالبہ کو بین الجماعتی مقابلہ کے لیے منتخب کیا گیا۔ دوسرے مرحلہ کے لیے 8 اپریل بروز منگل بین الجماعتی مقابلہ تقریر کا انعقاد کئے ٹیریا میں کیا گیا۔ سینئر سیکشن کی تمام معلمات اور طالبات اس بزم میں مقررین کو سننے کے لیے موجود تھیں۔ اردو تقریری مقابلہ کی منصفین اویول سیکشن کی محترمہ ثمنہ فضل اور پرائمری سیکشن کی محترمہ روشن جہاں تھیں۔ تقریب کا آغاز تلاوتِ کلام پاک سے کیا گیا۔ پھر نعت رسول ﷺ پیش کی گئی۔ اس کے بعد میزبان طالبات نے مقابلہ کا آغاز کیا، اور سب سے پہلے جماعت ششم الف کی طالبہ کو مدعو کیا گیا تاکہ وہ اپنی تقریر پر دلائل دے سکیں، پھر یکے بعد دیگرے ہر ہر فریق کی طالبہ نے سنجیدہ اور مزاحیہ موضوع پر اظہارِ خیال کیا۔

حاضرین محفل مقررین کے دلائل سُن کے بہت متاثر ہوئے اور خوب داد دی۔ مزاحیہ موضوع پر تقاریر کرنے والی طالبات نے تو بزم کو زعفران زار بنا دیا۔ آخر میں منصفین نے تمام طالبات کی کاوشوں کو سراہا اور حوصلہ افزائی کی۔ پھر اول، دوم اور سوم آنے والی طالبات کے ناموں کا اعلان کیا گیا اسی کے ساتھ اس محفل کا اختتام ہوا۔

وقت کی اہمیت اور تاریخی شخصیات

امام غزالیؒ اور وقت

ایک دفعہ امام غزالی کے بھائی نے ان کی کتابیں ضائع کر دیں اس پر امام غزالی نے فرمایا اگر علم کتابوں تک محدود ہوتا تو سمجھو یہ ضائع ہو گیا مگر اصل علم وہ ہے جو وقت کے ساتھ اور وقت پر حاصل کیا جائے اور دل و دماغ اور سینوں میں محفوظ رہے گویا وقت کا صحیح استعمال ہی اصل علم کا ذریعہ ہے۔

علامہ اقبال اور وقت

علامہ اقبالؒ وقت کے ضیاع کو سب سے بڑا نقصان سمجھتے تھے اور خود بھی بہت پابندی کرتے تھے آپ نے فرمایا کہ وقت کی پابندی کامیاب قوموں کی پہچان ہے وہ ہمیشہ اپنے کام منصوبہ بندی کے ساتھ کرتے تھے اور غیر ضروری مصروفیات سے بچتے تھے۔

نیولین بونا پارٹ اور وقت

نیولین کے بارے میں مشہور ہے کہ وہ وقت کا بہت پابند تھا۔ ایک دفعہ اس نے اپنے ایک 'جنرل سے کہا کہ 'کل ہم صبح 6 بجے جنگ شروع کریں گے۔
 'جنرل نے کہا کہ 'اگر دشمن نہ آیا تو؟
 نیولین نے جواب دیا کہ 'ہم وقت پر پہنچیں گے دشمن کی مرضی کہ دیر سے آئے اور شکست کھائے' یہ واقعہ وقت کی پابندی اور منصوبہ بندی کی اہمیت کو ظاہر کرتا ہے۔

وردہ انیس

جماعت : 011

پرنڈے ہوا میں اُڑ رہے تھے۔ باغ میں ہر طرف ہریالی تھی۔ ہمیں یہ سب دیکھ کر بہت اچھا لگ رہا تھا کہ اچانک میری نظر باغ کے اس حصے پر پڑی جو بہت اجڑا ہوا تھا۔ اس طرف سارے پودے سوکھ گئے تھے۔ میں نے اپنی دوستوں سے کہا کہ کیوں نہ ہم مل کر باغ کے اس حصے کو بہتر کرنے کی کوشش کریں؟ ہم نے اس کے لیے فیصلہ کیا کہ ہم دوسرے دن کچھ پھل دار اور پھول دار پودے لا کر یہاں لگائیں جائیں کیونکہ درخت لگانا ایک نیکی ہے اور یہ نیکی ہم سب مل کر کریں گے۔ چنانچہ دوسرے دن ہم کچھ پودے لے کر باغ پہنچ گئے اور زمین کو کھود کر کھاریاں بنائیں اور ان میں ایک ایک پودا لگا دیا۔ اس طرح بہت سارے چھوٹے چھوٹے ہرے بھرے پودے لگ گئے۔ ہمیں یہ دیکھ کر بہت خوشی ہوئی کہ اب باغ کا وہ حصہ بہت خوبصورت لگ رہا تھا۔ میری دوستوں کے لیے تو روزانہ آنا ممکن نہ تھا مگر میں روزانہ باغ میں پودوں کو پانی دینے جاتی رہی کیونکہ وہ میرے گھر کے پاس ہی تھا۔



اب ان پودوں کو لگائے تقریباً ایک ماہ ہو گیا ہے اور وہ پودے کچھ بڑے ہو گئے ہیں۔ جب ہوا سے وہ جھومتے ہیں تو انہیں دیکھ کر دل باغ باغ ہو جاتا ہے۔ جب یہ پودے بڑے ہو کر درخت بن جائیں گے تو ان پر پھل بھی آئیں گے اور یہ سائے کا کام سرانجام دینے کے ساتھ ساتھ پرندوں کے لیے آشیانہ بھی فراہم کریں گے۔ انشاء اللہ

مجھے خوشی ہے کہ میں نے اور میری دوستوں نے درخت لگا کر ایک نیکی کا کام کیا۔ حدیث میں فرمایا گیا ہے کہ درخت لگانا صدقہ جاریہ ہے۔



کڑوا شہد

مرتب کردہ: محمد مدثر
جماعت: پنجم - ای

ایک ہنس مکھ اور خوش اخلاق آدمی شہد کا کاروبار کرتا تھا۔ لوگ اس کی خوش مزاجی اور مسیحی باتوں پر ایسے فریفتہ تھے کہ اس کا شہد ہاتھوں ہاتھ بک جاتا تھا۔ یہاں تک کہ وہ زہر بھی اٹھا لاتا تو لوگ اس کو شہد سمجھ کر کھا جاتے۔ ایک بد مزاج آدمی اس کے کاروبار کی ترقی کو دیکھ کر گھر جاتا تھا۔ اس نے سوچا کہ اس کے شہد میں کونسا سِرخاب کا پر لگا ہے۔ چلو ہم بھی یہی دھند شروع کرتے ہیں۔



چنانچہ اس نے بھی شہد کا کاروبار شروع کر دیا۔ لیکن اس کی ترش روی کو دیکھ کر لوگ نزدیک بھی نہ پھٹکتے تھے۔ سارا دن گلی کوچوں میں بانک لگاتا لیکن ایک گاہک بھی نہ آیا۔ رات کو تھک ہار کر خالی ہاتھ گھر گیا اور بیوی سے کہنے لگا میرے شہد میں معلوم نہیں کیا خرابی ہے کہ کوئی خریدتا ہی نہیں۔ بیوی نے ہنستے ہوئے جواب دیا۔ تلخ مزاج آدمی کا شہد بھی تلخ ہوتا ہے۔

مکالمہ نویسی

ڈاکٹر اور مریض کے درمیان مکالمہ

پس منظر: مریض کانپتے ہوئے اور کھانتے ہوئے مطب میں داخل ہوتا ہے۔

مریض: السلام علیکم ڈاکٹر۔

ڈاکٹر: وعلیکم السلام۔ آئیے! آپ کو کیا ہوا ہے؟

مریض: ڈاکٹر مجھے بہت تیز بخار ہوا ہے۔

ڈاکٹر: اوہو! چلیے دیکھتے ہیں آپ کو کتنا بخار ہے؟

(ڈاکٹر مریض کو تھرما میٹر دیتا ہے اور کچھ دیر بعد واپس لیتا ہے۔)

ڈاکٹر: آپ کو بخار تو نہیں ہے۔

مریض: مگر مجھے چکر بہت آرہے ہیں اور جسم میں بھی درد ہے۔

ڈاکٹر: میں آپ کو ٹیسٹ لکھ کر دے رہا ہوں یہ کروا لیجیے۔

مریض: جی ڈاکٹر، پلیمز جلدی میرا علاج کر دیں۔



درخت لگانا/ شجر کاری

انشرح سوم۔ الف

درخت اللہ تعالیٰ کی بہت بڑی نعمت ہے جس کو اللہ تعالیٰ نے جانداروں کے زندہ رہنے کے لئے بنایا ہے۔ درخت پہاڑوں اور میدانوں میں بڑی تعداد میں موجود ہیں۔ اللہ تعالیٰ نے جب یہ دنیا بنائی تھی تو اس دنیا میں درخت نظر آتے تھے اور یہ درخت ہماری زمین کی آب و ہوا کو اچھا رکھتے تھے۔ انسانوں نے اپنی ضرورت پوری کرنے کے لئے درختوں کو کاٹنا شروع کر دیا جس سے انسانوں کی صحت پر منفی اثرات ظاہر ہونے لگے۔ اس سے زمین پر گرمی کی شدت میں اضافہ ہوا اور آب و ہوا تبدیل ہو گئی۔ درختوں سے ہمیں بہت سے فائدے حاصل ہوتے ہیں۔ ہمیں پھل ملتے ہیں جو ہماری صحت کے لئے بہت مفید ہیں۔



ناسمجھ بکریاں

ایک گاؤں کے پاس نہر بہتی تھی۔ اس نہر پر لکڑی کا ایک پل تھا۔ وہ کم چوڑا تھا۔ اس پر ایک وقت میں ایک ہی آدمی گزر سکتا تھا۔ ایک دن کی بات ہے۔ ایک بکری پل پر سے دوسری طرف جا رہی تھی۔ ایک اور بکری آگئی۔ پہلی بکری نے دوسری بکری سے پوچھا تم کہاں جا رہی ہو۔ اس نے جواب دیا "میں نہر کے پار جا رہی ہوں"۔ اس نے پہلی بکری سے پوچھا تم کہاں جا رہی ہو؟ اس نے جواب دیا "میں اپنے گاؤں جا رہی ہوں تو پہلی بکری نے کہا پہلے میں پار جاؤں گی تم میرے پیچھے آ جاؤ"۔ وہ کہنے لگی کہ پہلے میں جاؤں گی، میں پیچھے کیوں جاؤں؟"۔

میں میں کر کے دونوں لڑنے لگیں۔ لڑتے لڑتے دونوں بکریاں نہر میں گر گئیں اور اپنی ناسمجھی کی وجہ سے جان سے گئیں۔



جماعت: چہارم الف

مرتب کردہ: عیشہ جنید
جماعت: سوم - ای

لومڑی اور کوا

ایک لومڑی دو دن سے بھوکی تھی۔ اسے کہیں بھی کھانے کو کچھ نہ ملا تھا۔ وہ شہر کے قریب آگئی۔ اچانک کیا دیکھتی ہے کہ ایک درخت پر ایک کوا بیٹھا ہے۔ اس کوئے کے منہ میں ایک ثابت روٹی ہے۔ لومڑی کے منہ میں پانی بھر آیا۔ اس کو ایک ترکیب سوچھی۔ وہ کوئے کی تعریف کرنے لگی۔ بھائی کوئے تم کتنے خوبصورت ہو۔ تمہارے پر کتنے خوبصورت ہیں۔ تم چاہے راوی میں نہاؤ یا جہلم میں تمہارا رنگ ایک جیسا ہی رہتا ہے۔ سچ مچ تم پرندوں کے راجہ ہو۔ تمہارا گانا بہت میٹھا ہے۔ بانسری سے بھی زیادہ میٹھا۔ دل تمہارا گانا سنے کو ترس رہا ہے۔ زرا گانا گائے سنائے۔ کوئے نے اپنی اتنی تعریف سنی۔ وہ پھول کر کیا ہو گیا۔ اس نے گانا گانے کے لئے چونچ کھولی۔ چونچ کھلتے ہی روٹی نیچے آگری۔

لومڑی بڑے چاؤ سے اسے کھانے لگی۔ کوا منہ دیکھتا رہ گیا۔



مرتب کردہ: ہدی کامران

شاعر جریر
چہارم - ایف

میرے کراچی کا بھی جواب نہیں
حقیقت ہے یہ لکھنؤ کا جواب نہیں

ساحل سمندر پہچان ہے اس کی
برائی اور حلیم جان ہے اس کی

صوبہ سندھ کا دار الخلافہ ہے یہ
ملک کی دولت میں کرتا اضافہ ہے یہ

میٹھی سی اردو ہے اس کی شان
ہماری ہے جو قوی زبان

سیدہ ایمان فاطمی
جماعت - چہارم - سی

میں نے نیکی کی

ایک دن میں نے اپنی دوستوں کے ساتھ مل کر گھر کے قریب واقع باغ کی سیر کا پروگرام بنایا۔ پھر شام کو ہم سب مل کر باغ کی سیر کرنے پہنچے۔ باغ بہت بڑا اور خوبصورت تھا۔ ہر طرف سورج کی کرنیں دلکش نظارہ پیش کر رہی تھیں۔ ٹھنڈی ٹھنڈی ہوائیں چل رہی تھیں۔ بہت سارے

HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

WINNERS

LIST 2024-25



SLI- PRESCHOOL

STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	AWARD	COMPETITION	CATEGORY
MAIMONA	SL I E	BRONZE MEDAL	THE 11TH ART FOR CHANGE	ART
HAYAT ULLAH NOOR	SL I D	BRONZE MEDAL	THE 11TH ART FOR CHANGE	ART
SHAIQ ALI	SL I D	BRONZE MEDAL	THE 11TH ART FOR CHANGE	ART
M.NAYEL SHAHROZE	SL I G	BRONZE MEDAL	THE 11TH ART FOR CHANGE	ART
KHADIJA	SL I M	BRONZE MEDAL	THE 11TH ART FOR CHANGE	ART

SLII- PRESCHOOL

STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	AWARD	COMPETITION	CATEGORY
M. HAMZA	SLII-E	SILVER MEDAL	CASTO INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE MANIA & ARTS CONTEST 2025 CASTO INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE MANIA & ARTS CONTEST 2025	ARTS
AMNA	SLII-L	GOLD MEDAL		ARTS
IZHAN	SLII-H	GOLD MEDAL		SCIENCE QUIZ
UMME SULAIM	SLII-D	GOLD MEDAL		ARTS
URWA AMIR	SLII-C	GOLD MEDAL		ARTS
AMNA	SLII-G	SILVER MEDAL		ARTS
S. SHIZA SALMAN	SLII-L	SILVER MEDAL		ARTS
M.HAMDAN	SLII-I	BRONZE MEDAL		ARTS
M.MOOSA SIDDIQUU	SLII-C	BRONZE MEDAL		SCIENCE QUIZ
MUNTAHA FAISAL	SLII-F	BRONZE MEDAL		ARTS



HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

WINNERS

LIST 2024-25



ELEMENTARY

STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	CONTEST	AWARD
SAMAVIA SALEEM ABBASI	1	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
M. AMEER HAMZA	1	SMETA ESSAY WRITING OLYMPIAD	SILVER MEDALIST
M. AMMAR BHATTI	1	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	SILVER MEDALIST
SYEDA RUBAB FATIMA	1	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	SILVER MEDALIST
SAMIULLAH ABBASI	1	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
HANIA KASHIF	1	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
HOORAB FATIMA	1	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
M. HANZALA	1	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	GOLD MEDALIST
ABDUL AHAD FAHAD	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	GOLD MEDALIST
ABEERAH GHANI	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	GOLD MEDALIST
ANAMTA MALIK	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	GOLD MEDALIST
KHADIJA ZEHRA	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	GOLD MEDALIST
MUHAMMAD DAWOOD	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	GOLD MEDALIST
KHAWLA IBRAHIM	1	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
M. SHAH KHAN	1	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
MOOSA MOHSIN	1	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
SYEDA MAHEERA	1	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
ABDUL AHAD KHALID	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
ARWA MALIK	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
FARHAN AHMED	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
HOORAIN ALI	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
ABDUL HADI	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
M. MOOSA SULEMAN	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
M. UMER M. AMIR	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
M. BILAL HAIDER	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	SILVER MEDALIST
M. AFHAM SUBHAN	1	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST
M. AMEER HAMZA	1	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST
M. IBRAHIM	1	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST
AAROSH YAWAR	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST
ABDULLAH KASHIF	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST
AYESHA KHAN	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST
HURREM ZULFIQAR	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST



HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

WINNERS

LIST 2024-25

ELEMENTARY



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	CONTEST	AWARD
M. KHUZAIMA	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST
MARYAM BINTE SHAHAB	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST
M. TALHA	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST
M. YOUSUF SHAIKH	2	PAKISTAN MATH CHALLENGE	BRONZE MEDALIST
AYESHA SOHAIL	1	CATSO ART CONTEST	GOLD MEDALIST
HOORAIN ILYAS	2	CATSO ART CONTEST	GOLD MEDALIST
M.MUSTAFA	1	CATSO ART CONTEST	SILVER MEDALIST
MAAZ AHMED	2	CATSO ART CONTEST	SILVER MEDALIST
SYED M. SALEH	2	CATSO ART CONTEST	SILVER MEDALIST
ABDULLAH ANSARI	2	CATSO ART CONTEST	BRONZE MEDALIST
AMNA SOHAIL	2	CATSO ART CONTEST	BRONZE MEDALIST
HOORAB FATIMA	2	CATSO ART CONTEST	BRONZE MEDALIST
M.ANUS	1	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA	GOLD MEDALIST
RAO HAIDER ALI KHAN	2	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA	GOLD MEDALIST
KHAWLA IBRAHIM	1	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA	SILVER MEDALIST
ABEERA GHANI	2	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA	SILVER MEDALIST
HOORAIN ALI	2	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA	SILVER MEDALIST
ZAEEM SHAHID	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	NATIONAL TOPPER - GOLD MEDALIST
AMEER HAMZA	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	NATIONAL TOPPER - GOLD MEDALIST
MARYAM TANSEER	2	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	NATIONAL TOPPER - GOLD MEDALIST
HOORAIN FATIMA	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	PROVINCIAL TOPPER - SILVER MEDALIST
MEERAB	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	PROVINCIAL TOPPER - SILVER MEDALIST
AMNA JUNAID	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	PROVINCIAL TOPPER - SILVER MEDALIST
MIRZA M. AHMED BAIG	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	PROVINCIAL TOPPER - SILVER MEDALIST
FARAH KHAN	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	PROVINCIAL TOPPER - SILVER MEDALIST
M. YOUSUF KHAN	2	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	PROVINCIAL TOPPER - SILVER MEDALIST
MINAHIL SHERAZ	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDALIST
UMAIR KHALIL	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDALIST
ARISHA	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDALIST
SAMIULLAH ABBASI	1	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDALIST
SHEIKH ABDUL REHMAN	2	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDALIST
AYESHA SOHAIL	2	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDALIST



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GIRLS CAMPUS (PRIMARY & HIFZ)



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	AWARD	COMPETITION	CATEGORY
MUTAHRA KASHIF	III	MARIT AWARD	SMETA OLYMPIADS	VISUAL ART
RABIA IRFAN	III-HIFZ	MARIT AWARD	SMETA OLYMPIADS	VISUAL ART
ZAINAB FARHAN	IV	SILVER MEDAL	SMETA OLYMPIADS	VISUAL ART
YAHYA FAROOQI	V	BRONZE MEDAL	SMETA OLYMPIADS	ENGLISH SPEECH
USMAN NAEEM	V	MARIT AWARD	SMETA OLYMPIADS	PHOTOGRAPHY
USMAN ASIF	V	BRONZE MEDAL	SMETA OLYMPIADS	ENGLISH ESSAY WRITING
ESHAAL WASIF	III	BRONZE MEDAL	<div> <div>INTERNATIONAL</div> <div>FSP</div> <div>CONTEST</div>  </div>	MATHEMATICS
RABIA IRFAN	III	BRONZE MEDAL		MATHEMATICS
M. ASAD INAM	III	BRONZE MEDAL		MATHEMATICS
LAIBA GHAZANFAR	III	BRONZE MEDAL		MATHEMATICS
M. AZAN TARIQ	III	SILVER MEDAL		MATHEMATICS
SYED UMER HUSSAIN	III	SILVER MEDAL		MATHEMATICS
MARZIA	III	BRONZE MEDAL		MATHEMATICS
FATIMA KHAN	III	BRONZE MEDAL		MATHEMATICS
MEEKAIL WAQAS	IV	GOLD MEDAL		SCIENCE
ALEEZA KHURRAM	V	GOLD MEDAL		SCIENCE
HAIQA SAEED	IV	BRONZE MEDAL	<div> <div>INTERNATIONAL</div> <div>EMERGING ART CONTEST</div> </div>	SCIENCE
IBADULLAH KHAN	III	CASH PRIZE 10,000		SCIENCE
SUHAIMA KHAN	V	2ND RUNNER UP (SHEILD)	HRCA SCIENCE	SCIENCE
YASHAL FAHAD	III	3RD POSITION (SHEILD)	DIGITS DAZZLE	MATHS
HOORIYA	IV	4TH POSITION	MATHA SMART CONTEST	MATHS
ANABIA UMAIR	IV	SPECIAL MENTIONED RUNNER UP	<div> <div>INTERNATIONAL</div> <div>EMERGING ART CONTEST</div> </div>	ART
FABIHA FARHAN	IV	SELECTED FOR INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION		ART
ZUHAIB UMER	IV	GOLD MEDAL	5D SCIENCE FAIR	SCIENCE
YASHAL FAHAD	IV	SILVER MEDAL	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA	SCIENCE
ZAINAB SOHAIL	IV	BRONZE MEDAL	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA	SCIENCE
ANABIA ASGHAR	III	GIVE AWAY	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA	SCIENCE
ZAINAB FARHAN	IV	GIVE AWAY	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA	SCIENCE
RUFAIDAH	III-HIFZ	SILVER MEDAL	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA	SCIENCE
HAREEM FAIZAN	VI HIFZ	GOLD MEDAL	CATSO ART CONTEST	ART
MIRAL BABAR	III	BRONZE MEDAL	CATSO ART CONTEST	ART
ZAINAB SOHAIL	IV	BRONZE MEDAL	CATSO ART CONTEST	ART



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WINNERS

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GIRLS CAMPUS (SENIOR)

STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	AWARD	COMPETITION	CATEGORY
ZAINAB SIDDIQUE	VI-C	2ND RUNNERUP SHIELD	DIGITS DAZZLE	MATHEMATICS
HANIA ALI	VII-A	WINNER SHIELD	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
FATIMA FARHAN	VII-A	RUNNERUP SHIELD	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
AYESHA FAISAL	VII-A	RUNNERUP SHIELD	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
KHADIJA	VII A	RUNNERUP SHIELD	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
ESHAL SALMAN	VII-A	RUNNERUP SHIELD	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
HURAIMA FATIMA	VIII-A	GOLD MEDAL + POST CARDS	INTERNATIONAL EMERGING ARTIST CHALLENGE	ARTS
HAFSA WAQAR	VII-B	RUNNERUP SHIELD	TECHNOVATION	SCIENCE
ANAYA ASLAM	VII-B	RUNNERUP SHIELD	TECHNOVATION	SCIENCE
UMME HANI	VI-C	SILVER MEDAL (FIRST POSITION AT PROVINCIAL LEVEL)	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST	FSP SCIENCE CONTEST
RIDA WAJID	VII-B	GOLD MEDAL	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA QUIZ	SCIENCE
WANIA AMIR	VI-C	SILVER MEDAL	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA QUIZ	SCIENCE
MULAYKA	VIII-C	BRONZE MEDAL	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA QUIZ	SCIENCE
MANAHIL MUSAB	VIII-A	WINNER -EXIBITION	TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS
UMME HANI SHOAIB	VIII-A	WINNER -EXIBITION	TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS
HURAIMA RIZWAN	VIII-A	WINNER -EXIBITION	TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS
BISMILLAH SUNDUS	VI-C	WINNER -EXIBITION	TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS
NEHA MOHIB	VIII-A	RUNNER-UP-LFR	TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS
SOMAL FAISAL	VIII-A	RUNNER-UP-LFR	TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS
RAFIA ANSARI	VIII-A	RUNNER-UP-LFR	TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS
MAHAM FAHD	VIII-B	3RD POSITION	BILINGUAL DEBATE COMPETETION AT DAWOOD PUBLIC	URDU
ESHAL SALMAN	VII A	GOLD MEDAL	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	ART
SHEEZA SAQIB	VII A	GOLD MEDAL	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	ART
ESHAL SALMAN	VII A	SPECIAL MENTION RUNNERUP BADGE	INTERNATIONAL EMERGING ARTIST CHALLENGE	ART
AYESHA KHAN	VII A			ART



HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

WINNERS

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GIRLS CAMPUS (O/A LEVELS)



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	AWARD	COMPETITION	CATEGORY
MUTIBA TARIQ	OIC	3RD POSITION	SEERAH CONFERENCE	ART / CALLIGRAPHY
SADIA SAEED	OIIIB	MOST CREATIVE CONCEPT	CANVAS SPLASH	ART
TAHIRA SHAMS	OIIA	1ST POSITION	BIG BANG	SCIENCE
AMNA MUNNAWAR	OIIA	1ST POSITION	BIG BANG	SCIENCE
ILSA MANSOOR	OIIA	1ST POSITION	BIG BANG	SCIENCE
ROHAB WAQAR	OIIB	1ST POSITION	TECHNOVATION	SCIENCE/POSTER COMPETITION
FATIMA ANEES	OIIB	1ST POSITION	TECHNOVATION	
SARA SHEHZAD	OIIB	1ST POSITION	TECHNOVATION	
SADIA SAEED	OIIIA	2ND POSITION	TECHNOVATION	SCIENCE/ PROJECT THUG OF WAR
O LEVEL	O LEVEL	1ST POSITION	INTER SCHOOL SPORTS DAY	
MARIA NASIR	OIII A	1ST POSITION	WOMEN ENTREPRENEURIAL SUMMIT 2024	BUSINESS PLANNING AND PROFIT CALCULATIONS
FILZA KASHIF	OIII A	1ST POSITION		
WANIA SHAHID	OIA	2ND POSITION	INTER-HOUSE ENGLISH DECLAMATION COMPETITION 2024	ENGLISH DECLAMATION
DUA NADEEM	OIA	2ND POSITION		
FATIMA ANEES (YELLOW HOUSE)	OIIB	1ST POSITION	SEERAH CONFERENCE	CAKE ART
ZUHA AHMER (RED HOUSE)	OIB	2ND POSITION		
BARIRA BARI (GREEN HOUSE)	OIB	3RD POSITION	CAKE ART COMPETITION	CAKE ART
AFEERAH RIZWAN	OIIA	2ND POSITION	CEDAR COOKING BOWL	CAKE ART
FATIMA BINTE ANEES	OIIA	SECOND	CEDAR COOKING BOWL	CAKE ART
SYEDA RANIA	OIB	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
SAFIYAH SAAD	OIA	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
SYEDA RANIA	OIB	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
ABIHA SHAH	OIB	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
ARIBA HANIF	OIB	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
ZUNAISHA SHAHEEN	OIB	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
SAMRAH JUNAID	OIB	WINNER	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
USAIRA KHAN	A LEVEL	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
YUMNA HANIF	A LEVEL	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
RABEESA KHURSHEED	A LEVEL	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS
FATIMA AHSAN	A LEVEL	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION	MATHEMATICS



HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

WINNERS

LIST 2024-25



GIRLS CAMPUS (O/A LEVELS)



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	AWARD	COMPETITION	CATEGORY
KHADIJA SHOAIB	OIIIA	RUNNER UP	SMETA OLYMPIAD 2024	PROJECT EXHIBITION
SADIA SAEED			SMETA OLYMPIAD 2024	
WARDA ANEES			SMETA OLYMPIAD 2024	
MAIDAH IBRAHIM			TECHNOVATION 2025	
HAMAEEL BINTE AZHAR	OIA	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
WANIYA ARSHAD	OIA	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
RAWDAH KHAN	OIA	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
HAFAH FAREED	OIA	WINNER	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
MAHEEN BAREERA	OIC	WINNER	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
RUMAISSA FATIMA	OIA	WINNER	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
HAMNA CHAUDHRY	OIA	WINNER	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
SHAFIA RAHEEL	OIC	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
UMMUL HASANAT KHAN	OIC	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
ANMOL WADOOD	OIC	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
WANIA SHAHID	OIA	RUNNER UP	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
MUSFIRA SABIR	OIIA	WINNER	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
AAMNA MUNAWAR	OIIA	WINNER	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
TAHIRA SHAMS	OIIA	WINNER	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
MALIHA MUSTAN	OIIA	WINNER	TECHNOVATION 2025	ROBOTICS
ZIMAL ATIF	OIA	3RD POSITION	REFLECTIONS INTERSCHOOL SCRABBLE CHAMPIONSHIP 2025	SCRABBLE
SADIA SAEED	OIIIB	1ST POSITION	INTERNATIONAL EMERGING ARTIST CHALLENGE	ART
HAFAA AADNAN	OII B	SPECIAL MENTION RUNNERUP	INTERNATIONAL ART COMPETITION	ART



HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

WINNERS

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BOYS CAMPUS

STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	AWARD	COMPETITION	CATEGORY
RANA AHMED	VI	GOLD MEDAL	CATSO SCIENCE MANIA QUIZ & ART CONTEST 2025	ART
RANA ABU HURAIRAH	VI	SILVER MEDAL		ART
ASHER IRFAN	VI	BRONZE MEDAL		ART
ABDULLAH ZULFIQAR	VIII	FIRST PRIZE	HFS TECHNOVATION	SCIENCE PROJECT
ABDULLAH ZULFIQAR	VIII	GOLD MEDAL	BAIT USSALAM SPORTS GALA	SPORTS
HASHIR MINHAI	VIII	1ST POSITION	HFS TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS-LFR
ABU BAKAR	VII	1ST POSITION	HFS TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS-EXHIBITION
AHMED BHATTI	VIII	1ST POSITION	HFS TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS-ROBOSUMO
ABU BAKAR RIZWAN	VIII	1ST POSITION	HFS TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS-ROBOSUMO
ABDAN IMRAN	VIII	1ST POSITION	HFS TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS-LFR
USAID IMRAN	VIII	1ST POSITION	HFS TECHNOVATION	ROBOTICS-LFR
IMAD SIDDIQUI	IX	2ND POSITION	UNIQUE PUBLIC SCHOOL EVENT	ZENCODE
HUNZA SHAH ZAMAN	IX	2ND POSITION	UNIQUE PUBLIC SCHOOL EVENT	ZENCODE
ASHER IRFAN	VI	2ND POSITION	HMS	ZENCODE
MUHAMMAD BIN WALI	VI	2ND POSITION	HMS	ZENCODE
NOOR UL AMIN	VI	2ND POSITION	HMS	ZENCODE
YOUSUF JAMAL	VII	1ST POSITION	HMS	ZENCODE
ASHAD KHAN	VII	2ND POSITION	HMS	ZENCODE
HUZAIFA HAQUE	VIII	1ST POSITION	HMS	ZENCODE
ALI IBRAHIM	VIII	1ST POSITION	L2L	ZENCODE
HASSAN ABDUL HAMKEEM	VIII	1ST POSITION	L2L	ZENCODE
M. IBRAHIM SHEHZAD	VI	92%	ICATS COMPETITION	MATHS
MUHAMMAD HASNAIN	VI	89.33%	ICATS COMPETITION	MATHS
MAHAD AHMED KHAN	VI	86.67%	ICATS COMPETITION	MATHS
MUHAMMAD YAHYA	VII	85.56%	ICATS COMPETITION	MATHS
SUBHAN ALAM	VI HIFZ	84.00%	ICATS COMPETITION	MATHS
M. HURAIRAH YAWAR	VI	84.00%	ICATS COMPETITION	MATHS
MUHAMMAD AHMED	VI	82.22%	ICATS COMPETITION	MATHS
ABDULLAH	VI HIFZ	82.22%	ICATS COMPETITION	MATHS
SHIEKH M. ABDUL REHMAN	VII	80.00%	ICATS COMPETITION	MATHS

