

# NEWSLETTER



HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

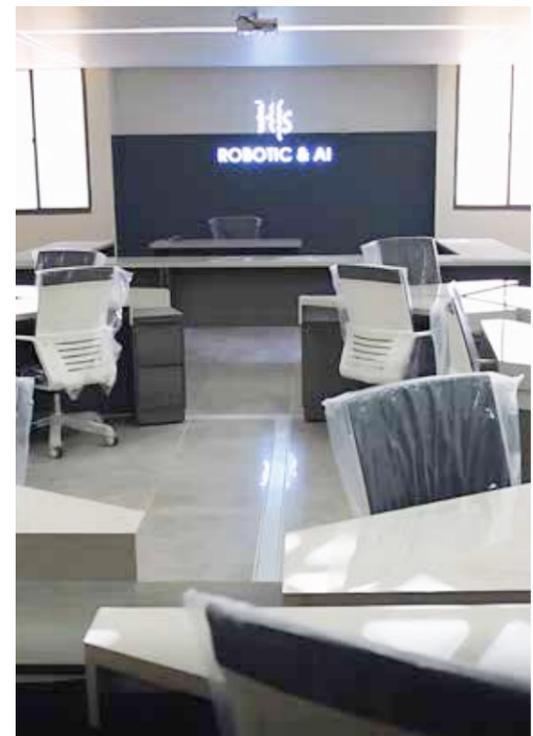


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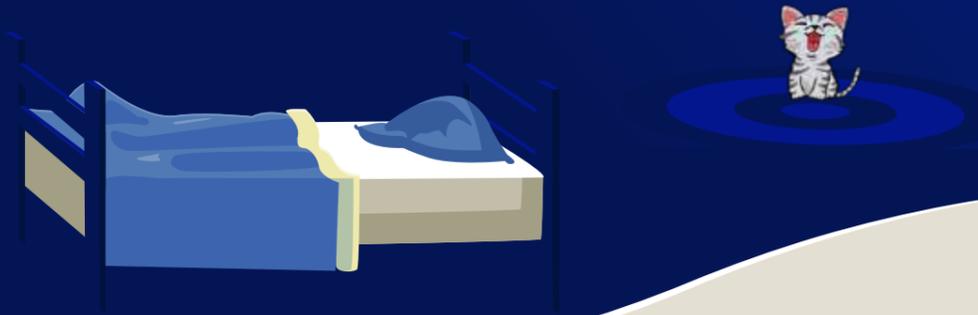
**filled with poems, stories, Islamic teachings, and fun learning. Discover knowledge, creativity, and activities that inspire young minds.**

# A Strange Noise Under My Bed

Abrish Noor III F



One day, I was on my comfortable bed in my quiet bedroom. The light had suddenly gone, and the heavy rain started. I got frightened because a strange sound was coming from under my bed. I quickly turned on the bright torch carefully and checked under the bed. There was a small cat under my bed. She was feeling very cold because of the heavy rain. I gently put her in the soft basket and covered her with warm clothes. I felt a heart-touching moment and gave her some warm milk. After some time, the cat woke up; she was feeling good. The rain stopped, and the weather became normal, sunny, and pleasant. She went back to her home, and I sweetly said goodbye to her.



## My School

I go to school, it's fun to learn  
My teacher is nice, she helps me rise  
I read and write, I play and act  
I love my school, it makes me happy!

My friends and I play together every day  
We share our toys and have fun in every way  
We learn about Allah, and read the Quran too  
I am Umm e Sulaim, in Grade 1, it's awesome, it's true!

Umm e Sulaim I D



Thank you Allah for the morning light.  
For guiding me through day and night.  
Thank you for my mom and dad,  
For all the love I have ever had.  
Thank you for my food and clothes,  
for every kindness that you show.  
Alhamdulillah-my heart will say,  
Thank You Allah, everyday.

Musab Sheikh I G

Zainab Mudassir  
IV A

## Three Flowers

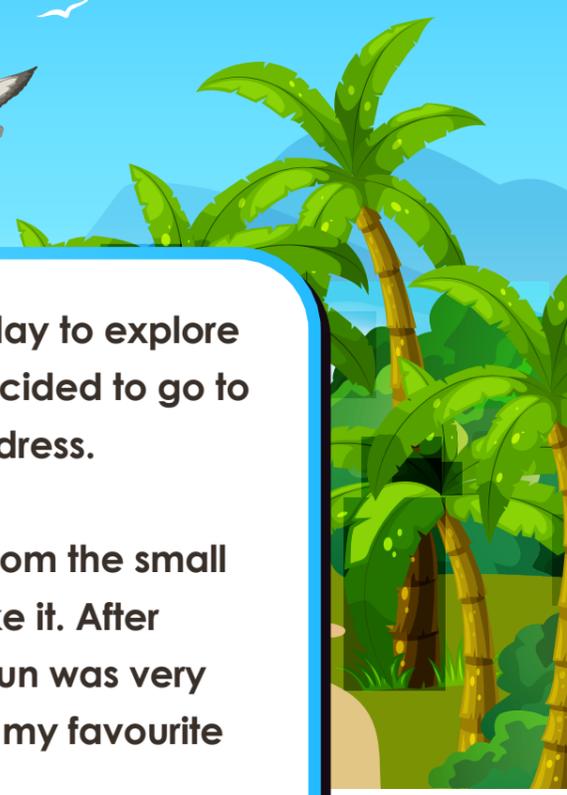


Once upon a time, there were three flowers in a garden.

Their names were Pinky, Rossy and Blossy. Rossy and Blossy were good friends but Pinky had an attitude. She always praised herself. She thought she was the most beautiful one in the garden. She was always comparing everyone to herself. She often hurt Rossy and Blossy and everyone else too. One day, Pinky's plant parts decided to stop helping her until she understood its importance. The next day, when Pinky woke up after sleeping, her leaves started to wilt and she couldn't stand up properly. She was even feeling weak. Pinky realized her mistake. She said sorry to Rossy and Blossy, and she also apologized to everyone in the garden. Pinky promised that from now on, she would never hurt anyone again. Her plant system supported her again, and she began to look beautiful once more. In the end, they became good friends.

True beauty comes from kindness and humility, not pride.

# A Day at the Beach



The sky was bright and clear. Birds were singing sweetly. It was a pleasant day to explore a new place. I hadn't gone outside with my family for a long time, so we decided to go to the beach. My family and I were very excited. I was wearing a pink cotton dress.

At the beach, I played with my sister and brother and bought some things from the small stalls nearby. I made a beautiful sandcastle, but my sister accidentally broke it. After some time, it was 1:00 pm I ate a spicy burger with fresh mango juice. The sun was very hot, and I wore a big, cute hat to protect myself from sunburn. The beach is my favourite place to visit because it makes me feel so relaxed and happy.

Hooriya Noor III F

## The Forest

KHADIJA ASAD  
IV C

There is a forest near my house. It looks so green. Long trees stand like statues. Colourful flowers bloom near the bushes. Butterflies are flying through the air. I notice the clear blue sky with perfectly white clouds. Sweet fruits are hanging on the trees. Fresh air makes me feel happy. The ground feels like soft grass. I hear the sweet sound of birds chirping. I can enjoy the floral scent. I relax under a tall, big tree. I am so thankful to Allah swt.

## A Memorable Rainy Day at School

Sariba Junaid OI B

On Tuesday morning, the sky of Karachi was dark and heavy with clouds. At 6:00 am, I woke up and got ready for school, though the rain had already begun. By 7:00 am, I was sitting in the van, passing through flooded streets, and by 8:00 am, I reached my school, Hira Foundation School at Darul Uloom Karachi.

The rain did not stop for a single moment. Around mid-day, a sudden lightning strike fell right in front of my eyes. It was frightening yet unforgettable. From 8:00 am to 12:30 am, I stayed in school, and the management did everything to comfort the students. Lunch was served with daal roti, dinner with biryani, and unlimited chai with biscuits. Sleeping arrangements were made for children whose parents could not arrive.

Our teachers stayed with us all the time, encouraged us, and even gave their phones so we could contact our families. The respected Muffi Taqi Usmani Sahib, along with his wife, personally came to see the arrangements, which gave us a sense of safety. Everyone at my home, my parents, cousins, neighbours, and even our maids were deeply worried. The roads outside were filled with dirty water, cars were stuck, and traffic was blocked. Yet inside the school, we felt cared for. The whole day was nice but also tiring. It was nice because my younger sister and I enjoyed the rain, played by splashing water, and later sat in an air-conditioned room and laughed with other kids. But it was tiring because we wore wet clothes all day, the rooms smelled of socks and shoes, and everyone was exhausted.

At 12:00 am, my father finally came to pick me up. He had walked through flooded streets since vehicles could not pass. We first took a van from Darul Uloom to Number 5, then crossed the bridge on foot, and at last took a rickshaw till the crossing. Finally, by 12:30 am, I reached home safely. That day of heavy rain in Karachi was truly memorable. It was full of fear and difficulty, but also filled with care, joy, and unforgettable experiences.

# Our life, uploaded

UMAMA HASSAN OI C

Have you ever tried to imagine at least a day without the smart gadgets, automatic machines, and most of all, the internet? I don't think so, because all these things have become so important, like oxygen, like our lives depend on it. Forget one whole day, even an hour feels like forever when the internet has gone on vacations, like come on! How am I going to watch my favourite shows and chat with my friends and follow pages on Instagram and Facebook? Technology surely has changed our entire lifestyle, and honestly, we can't run away from it. Technology is everywhere. It has even taken over our homes and schools.

Automatic washing machines, CCTV cameras, from notebooks to screens of computers, you name it! Technology practically runs our lives. Need help with homework? AI be like: "How can I help you?" Feeling bored? Youtube, at your service. Sensing boredom? One tap and your friends chase your loneliness away. But honestly, even though technology has made our lives easier and better, it also disconnects us from the people close to us. Thousands of chats, but still silence. Sometimes, it's like everyone is speaking but no one's actually listening. Still, it's our biggest helper, still maybe someday, we'll be able to see what the real world really is like. Maybe, just maybe, we'll find a way to balance the digital world with the real world.



## The Beautiful Sky

MINAHIL III B

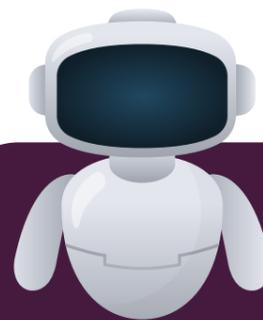
Whenever I look up, I always see a beautiful sky. The sky is blue and very big. It's morning now — the sky is bright because of the shining sun. At Fajr time, the boys are happy and flying kites up in the sky. When the sunset occurs, the orange glow of the sun is really heart-touching, and soon the darkness of night appears near me. The sky is full of sparkling stars that make me smile. This is a wonderful creation of Allah swt, who made us and this beautiful sky, and provided us with such beauty to admire.



## The Making of a King

Written by IV E Students

Your working makes you kings,  
Each effort softly rings.  
All are working in your making,  
Dreams are born of daring and waking.  
If it's tough, don't get rough,  
Diamonds are made from the hardest stuff.  
Every trial, every sting,  
Shape the crown you're meant to bring.  
Rise again when you fall low,  
Let your spirit brightly glow.  
Through the sweat, the pain, the ring,  
In the end—you are the king.



## The Unbeaten Fighting Robot

Tayyab was a 10-year-old boy who found a robot in the trash. It seemed useful to him, so he brought it home without his parent's permission. When he researched the robot, he discovered that it was an unbeaten fighting robot. He saw that it was damaged, but he tried to fix it and he was successful.

Then, he decided to train it. He recharged the robot and decided to take it to the fighting ring. At first, it was beaten in two rounds by its opponent. In the third round, the robot started to fight back because Tayyab's plan was to drain the battery of his opponent's robot. The robot fought very well and finally won. Tayyab was happy and excited.

Tayyab V E

# When Your Phone Knows You Too Well



Did you ever feel like your phone reads your mind? Well last week, I once mentioned coffee while chatting with a friend. A few hours later, my phone was proudly showing me ads for new coffee spots near my house. Was that a coincidence or did my phone just read my cravings? We all joke that our phones “listen” to us but the truth is, they don’t need to. They already know us better than we think.. Every tap, scroll, and search leaves a digital trace. Your phone secretly collects small clues about what you watch, memes you like, even how long you stare at a post and then these tiny bits of data are fed into something called an “algorithm” which learns from users and predicts what you’ll like next. For example imagine a school librarian who notices which books students borrow and then recommends the next book you might enjoy, so that’s your algorithm except it doesn’t just work with books, it predicts your life choices.

Have you ever noticed how your youtube feed changes when you start watching study vlogs before exams? and then suddenly, your recommendations become “10 tips to stay focused” or “Study with me until ice melts”. That’s just how the algorithm works! So should we really care about this? Yes and here’s why because your data can reveal more than you realize like your habits, emotions, even moods, invading your privacy. Similarly apps use your behavior to keep you scrolling longer. The more you scroll, the more they earn and keep on manipulating you.

Though we can still follow some simple things and prevent this from happening by turning off microphone or location access for apps that don’t need them, using Incognito or private tabs when researching personal topics and most favourably switch off your phones and go outside to talk with real humans. In conclusion the more we understand how algorithms work, the better choices we can make. We don’t need to delete every app or go offline forever, we just need to stay aware i.e use your phone; don’t let it use you!

Aysha Immad OIIA

# The Silent Coder

At the orphanage, I was always the quiet one. My friends were the malfunctioning radios and devices stacked in the storeroom; I never really fit in with the other kids. It was junk to everyone else, but every component seemed like a puzzle to me. I would simply feel where a connection was broken while holding a silent circuit board. Mrs Gable, the owner, would tell me to stop wasting time on ‘garbage’, but I always returned. My first true home was that dusty room.

The day Mrs Eva arrived, everything changed. She wasn’t there to adopt a kid. A scientist, she recognised something in me others did not. She discovered me carefully restoring an old fan with a screwdriver. ‘It forgot how to hum,’ I explained. ‘I’m reminding it.’ She viewed my unusual talent as a gift, not a peculiarity. After she became my mother, my world expanded from the storeroom to a bright room of my own, stocked with proper tools and books that gave names to the things I intuitively understood. Her faith transformed my innate understanding into tangible creation. By thirteen, I had built my first robot from spare parts.

Years later, I returned as an inventor. I first installed the ‘Sun-Syphon Grid’, a smart solar system that eliminated their electricity bills. Next, I replaced the outdated chalkboards with ‘Edu-Touch Surfaces’—interactive tablets I programmed to make lessons dynamic. My final contribution was ‘ARIE’ (Autonomous Robotic Institutional Assistant). Using LIDAR sensors to navigate, ARIE took over all heavy cleaning and sanitisation. Freeing the staff to focus their energy entirely on the children.

Once hiding among broken objects, the quiet girl now builds new futures. It just goes to show you can make a difference without a loud voice. Sometimes, a reasonable mind is all that is required.



Wania Shahid  
OIIA

# A STRANGE DISCOVERY

ESHAAL FARRUKH  
VI B

This story is about a little girl, named Sofia, who loved to discover things. She discovered many things and places but one day she saw an unusual scene. Animals covered in blood were biting each other. At first, she thought they were just fighting. Suddenly, she saw a healthy white rabbit, the animals bit it too and it turned into them. Poor Sofia was so scared and ran out of there.

The next day, she brought her classmates and teachers and showed them what she saw, but today there were more than yesterday. Their teacher clicked a photo of them and they started coming towards them. They ran as fast as could but one of her classmates became the prey of animals. All went to a building's science and research room and they all started research on it. Two days later, no one found anything, so all stopped their research and said there is no solution. But for Sofia there was always a solution.

She went to the library and read some books and what was next, she found its reason and solution. It was due to deforestation and devouring the wrong kind of food which had led to gene mutation. She showed it to her teacher and classmates and they all showed this problem to the government which ordered that no more trees should be cut down and animals should have sufficient food which they usually consume.

This was how a little girl's discovery saved the country and animals.

## The Hidden Backpack:

### The Life of a Poor Student

Huwaisa Pirzada VIII C



Everyone knows that being a student is tough. You have homework, tests, sports practice, and maybe a little drama with friends. But imagine all that pressure, and then carrying a heavy, invisible backpack full of worries that has nothing to do with school. That's what it's often like for a student struggling with poverty.

Life isn't just about grades; it's about making impossible choices every single day. For a poor student, the difficulties start right in the classroom. When the teacher assigns a project that requires a computer, a printer, or even just access to the internet, it becomes a huge problem. While other kids rush home to their fast Wi-Fi and quiet desks, this student might be waiting in line at the public library, or worse, trying to finish an essay on a tiny phone screen during a busy bus ride. Buying school supplies isn't a fun shopping trip; it's a choice between a needed notebook and money for a family meal. They often have to use old, tattered textbooks or worn-out backpacks because the newest, best supplies are just too expensive. The real difference often lies in the time they have.

Many kids might spend an hour or two after school on homework or hanging out. The poor student, however, often has a second job waiting for them. Maybe they rush to a local store to work a few hours, or maybe they're the primary caregiver for younger brothers or sisters because their parents are working two jobs far away. This means their "study time" happens late at night when everyone else is asleep, or they have to squeeze their homework into tiny windows of time, constantly tired and stressed. They can't stay after school for clubs, tutoring, or sports because they have family duties that absolutely cannot wait. There's also a painful social pressure. It's the small things that add up and make a student feel different. When a field trip costs a lot, they have to skip it and watch their friends leave. When everyone goes out for pizza after the game, they have to make an excuse and go straight home. In the cafeteria, they might feel embarrassed relying on the free lunch program while others buy snacks. They learn quickly how to keep their struggles a secret, building a wall around themselves because they don't want anyone to pity them or treat them differently. This feeling of shame, of being constantly "left out," can be just as difficult as the lack of money. Despite all these challenges, the poor student carries an enormous amount of resilience and determination. For them, education is not just about learning; it's the single most important ticket to a better future for their entire family. They fight through exhaustion and worry, knowing that every good grade, every finished assignment, is a step toward breaking the cycle of hardship. Life as a student is a daily battle, but it's a battle fought with incredible inner strength.

# A Walk Through

Syeda Mutiba Tariq  
OII A

## the Forest After Rain

As I stepped into a muddy land, covered with dark green pine trees, bending above me as if they would devour me anytime. The sky was covered with tangled branches of trees but still the drops of water were falling from each leaf making little puddles on the ground. As I took some more strides and inhaled the fresh air around me with a hint of petrichor in it, I saw squirrels hiding inside the tree barks, tiny beetles running of different sizes and an owl staring at me from a tree branch. As I took some more steps, I felt the darkness inside the forest as it would take me away. I felt a drop of sweat down my spine as I began to explore more. The forest was all washed and green after the rain and the sand turned into tiny muddy puddles at every step. Every leaf turned bright green and flowers seemed even livelier while animals started to come out. I was just exploring everything when a ray of sunshine came into my view and once a dark, scary forest became a sparkling, green place. Gradually, the water started to dry up and animals started coming out. I saw squirrels peeping out from the bark's hole, all happy and excited while a big, black and furry raccoon came next to me and I started petting it on its head.

As I decided to go out of the forest, I took a last look at it and I saw a big, lively, emerald colored place covered with wild bushes and tall pine trees holding different species and tiny water muddy puddles on its floor and chill breeze with petrichor in it. It felt like a cozy, comforting and heavenly place which gave me nothing but freshness which I simply loved it.

## BLOSSOMS IN SPRING

A gentle breeze fills the air  
with glossiness and a flowery scent  
fragile blossoms of cherry, including  
other blowsy and blushing trees playing  
the main character energy in painting  
the canvas of the horizon and landscape  
The unsinkable petals are displaying their  
beauty in the lake while the others  
who are still gracefully falling from the tree  
forming a fascinating carpet on the  
ground The dappled sunlight screen  
through the canopy of flowers  
radiating a soft shadow of petals on the  
grassland making the scenery more  
breathtaking There is an identification of  
florences that are fleeting  
flourishing their presence  
The sense of Ephemeral Beauty  
is what a human mind craves for  
the flowering in vernal  
The scene evokes a peaceful joy,  
a moment of calm where beauty is  
at its peak, fleeting but unforgettable.

**Hibba Shahid**  
OII B

## THE GLOWING WATER

The pond becomes soothing  
When the crescent reflects  
on the water making it gloomy like a fairy  
the one that was always in our bedtime stories  
sitting between the forest  
on the edge of an appealing pond  
Its celestial beauty including its  
glistening, gleaming water ruminating in my eyes  
creating a slight smile on my dry lips  
It's 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 is 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 gloom."

**Hibba Shahid OII B**

# Garbage Problem

Creates Health Issues in the City **Maryam Bilal VII B**



The city is facing a serious garbage problem that is affecting the daily lives of people. Everywhere on the streets, heaps of waste can be seen lying for days without being cleaned. The bad smell from the garbage makes it hard for people to walk or even open the windows. The city is facing a serious garbage problem that is affecting the daily lives of people. Everywhere on the streets, heaps of waste can be seen lying. Flies, mosquitoes, and stray animals are spreading around, creating an unhealthy environment. Many residents have complained that the city workers are not collecting the garbage regularly. Due to this, people are suffering from fever, skin infections, and other health issues. Doctors have warned that if the situation continues, diseases like malaria and dengue could spread quickly. Local authorities said that the problem happened because of fewer sanitation workers and damaged garbage trucks. They have committed to fixing these issues and cleaning the city soon. Citizens are now hope that the government will take quick and serious action to make the city clean and safe again.

## LATE

**Zainab Siddiqui  
VII C**



I woke up late — oh no, oh dear!  
My bus was gone, I shed a tear!  
I ran so fast, my bag went flying,  
Mom just laughed instead of crying!  
Reached the gate out of breath,  
Everyone stopped to point and stare!

The teacher shouted, "You're late again!"  
I said, "It's traffic — and some rain!"  
In math, I wrote the wrong equation,  
The teacher sighed in pure frustration!  
In English, I forgot to rhyme,  
In science, I slept — for the third time!

Recess came — oh what a joy!  
We played football and broke a toy!  
In art, I spilled my paint and glue,  
And somehow painted my own shoe!  
The bell rang loud — we all did cheer,  
School was over — best time of day!  
Though school is tough, we can all agree,  
It's also full of fun and misery!

He looked about six, dressed in a thin, patched coat. He wasn't looking at the pastries; he was staring at a half-eaten apple core in his hand with a look of profound, quiet hunger. His lips were chapped, and his eyes were dull. Marigold paused, the scent of the Cinnamon Twirls filling her head. She saw the little boy, and suddenly, the desire for the warm bread shriveled into a tiny, selfish kernel. The memory of Nana Elara's tired cough and the boy's blank eyes merged into a single, aching picture. Marigold walked over to the little boy. She didn't say anything, just opened her hand and dropped the silver coin into his palm. The boy blinked up at her, utterly confused. Marigold gave him a quick, nervous nod and whispered, "Go get a warm one." She turned and left the bakery before the boy or Mrs. Petrov could react, stepping back out into the cold, clean rain. She didn't look back.

The hunger was still there, a knot of emptiness. But as she walked down the wet street towards home, Marigold noticed something strange. The world didn't seem quite so dark. Her footsteps were lighter. The cold rain washing over her face felt less like an assault and more like a refreshing promise. The empty canvas bag swung lightly at her side. She hadn't filled it with bread, but she had somehow filled herself with something far warmer than cinnamon—a feeling of quiet, bright selflessness. It was a small, missing piece she hadn't known she needed, and she realized it tasted better than any pastry ever could.

## The Missing Piece of Marigold

**Nimra Inayat VIII A**

The rain fell in thin, icy needles, turning the cobbled streets of Old Town into dark, shining mirrors. Eleven-year-old Marigold stood hunched outside the bustling bakery, clutching a small, empty canvas bag. She wasn't cold; she was hungry.



Marigold lived with her grandmother, Nana Elara, who was frail and needed medicine that cost more than their meager earnings. Marigold spent her afternoons sketching tourists for small change, but today, the rain had kept everyone indoors. She watched Mrs. Petrov, the baker, slide a fresh tray of Cinnamon Twirls onto the cooling rack. The scent warm butter, spicy cinnamon, and sweet glaze was a physical ache in Marigold's chest. A single Cinnamon Twirl would be a feast. Just then, a portly man in a soaked tweed coat rushed out of the bakery, dropping a shiny silver coin near Marigold's feet. She snatched it up. It was exactly enough for two Cinnamon Twirls. Marigold's heart pounded. She could get one for herself and hide the other until Nana Elara woke up from her nap. The coin was warm in her palm as she pushed open the bakery door, the bell jingling cheerfully. Inside, the light was golden and cozy. Mrs. Petrov smiled, recognizing her. "Hello, dear. The twirls are fresh at this moment." As Marigold reached across the counter, she noticed a little boy sitting silently on a wooden bench near the back.

All Schools Should Have a

# Homework Policy

Aayan Ashraf  
O I A

Imagine this: you just got home after a long 7-hour school day. You're tired, and all you want is a break. But instead, you're hit with two more hours of homework. Sound familiar?



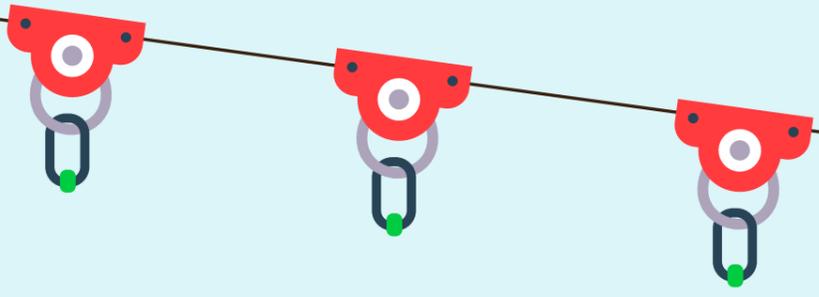
Homework was meant to help us learn, but it's doing more harm than good. That's why I believe all schools should have a no- homework policy for the sake of students' mental health, family time, and better learning. Let's be real homework adds a lot of stress. A study from Stanford University found that students, who had more than two hours of homework a night experienced serious stress, sleep problems, and even headaches. We're already learning for most of the day.

Should we really be expected to keep working all evening? Students need time to rest, relax, and just be kids. A no-homework policy would seriously help reduce burden. In the end, the goal of school is to help us grow, not wear us out. A no-homework policy would lead to less stress, stronger families, and smarter learning. So next time someone says homework builds character, ask them this: Would you want to take your work home every single night? Let's push for smarter schooling, not longer schooling. It's time to say goodbye to homework and hello to a better way of learning.

## One Step of Bravery

Hadiya Noor  
O I C

Height and I were never friends. Even climbing a ladder made my heart pound like a drum. I'd laugh it off, pretending I didn't care, but deep down, I hated how weak I felt every time I looked down and saw the world spinning beneath me. But one day, everything changed. It started when my family planned a weekend at an adventure park. I didn't think much of it, until we arrived and I saw it; a massive zipline stretching across a deep green valley. The wind whistled through the trees, and the cable looked like it touched the clouds. "That," said my cousins, pointing up, "is what we're doing first." My stomach flipped. "No way," I said. "I'm not risking my life for fun." "Come on," my cousin said. "You're always the cautious one. Live a little!" I wanted to say no, to just wait and watch.



But when I saw everyone else lining up, shouting, laughing, fearless, something inside me stirred. I was tired of always being the scared one. So I stepped forward. The climb to the top was worse than I imagined. The wooden stairs creaked under my feet, and every time I looked down, my legs wobbled.

My hands were trembling when I reached the platform. The instructor clipped the harness around my waist and smiled. "Don't look down," she said. "Too late," I whispered. From up there, the valley looked endless. The trees were tiny specks, the river a silver line twisting between them. The air felt different; thinner, sharper just like it was daring me to jump. My heart was racing so fast I thought it might burst. "I can't do this," I muttered. But then I heard my family shouting from the other side: "You've got this, Hadiya! Go!" And at that moment, something changed.

Maybe it was pride, maybe it was courage, or maybe I was just tired of letting fear win. So I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and jumped. For a few terrifying seconds, I couldn't breathe. The wind roared in my ears, my stomach dropped, and I felt weightless. But then, I opened my eyes.

The world below me was beautiful. The sun lit the valley like gold, the air rushed past my face, and my fear was gone. All I felt was freedom. I screamed, not in terror, but in joy. When I landed on the other side, my cousins ran to me, laughing and cheering. My hands were shaking, my cheeks hurt from smiling, and I couldn't stop laughing.

That day, I didn't just conquer my fear of heights, I conquered myself. And every time I look up at the sky now, I didn't see danger. I saw endless possibilities waiting for me to take the leap.

Technology is the name of every new or old invention that makes our life easy. Technology is not a single thing or an object; it's a huge way to solve problems and work faster. Technology can be defined as the application of scientific knowledge, smart methods, and tools to create solutions that make tasks more efficient. In the past, there was also the use of technology, but later we improved and developed it. Nowadays, the technology we are using is called modern-day technology.

It plays a huge role in our daily life like smartphones, household appliances, vehicles, and navigation apps, among many others. AI (Artificial Intelligence) is also a type of technology and is the most widely used technology in the 2020s. Social media is also a very important part of modern-day technology, like Facebook, Instagram, etc., through which we can take information on anything we want, and it connects everyone with each other. Those countries that are developing in technology have increasing GDP, and they are playing an important role in the world. For example, Japan. Satellites are also very helpful technology. They tell us about weather conditions and give warnings about floods, rain, thunderstorms, tsunamis, earthquakes, etc., which help us prepare for them and find solutions before any disaster. Technology is very beneficial for us. There are many benefits of technology like it helps in many fields. It completely changed the way of living by introducing home appliances, TVs, radios, phones, microwaves, etc. We can do business, study, and jobs easily. We can do online shopping, text online, attend virtual classes, and so on. Social media connects everyone. These are some benefits of technology. However, there are also some cons of technology. It depends on how we use it. Like, often technology has negative impact on mental and physical health, such as addiction, social isolation, and reduced physical activities. AI is taking the place of humans, which causes unemployment. Our data is unsafe any hacker can hack our ID and take personal data, which is very harmful. Technology is very important to businessmen because a customer wants high-technology products that are easy to use, but small businesses can't afford those expenses. This is a reason why a country is not developing in technology, because the country can't afford it. After technology came into our lives, we stopped working hard, which affected our health. These are some disadvantages of technology, and there are many others. In conclusion, if we use technology for good and helpful work, it would be very useful for us. But if we use it for harmful work, it will be unsafe for us and others. So, we should use technology for its advantages, so it will lead to success and be beneficial.



## PIXELS OF HUMANITY

Years ago, tales were etched into stone. Afterwards, they were scribbled down on paper. Nowadays, they exist in pixels; temporary, blinking, but endless. Each photo, each video chat, each text contains a heartbeat within. Technology provided us with more than convenience; it provided us with memory. One screen can contain a thousand lives: a grandmother passing on recipes via video calls, a soldier seeing his child take his first steps, friends giggling across time zones, faces aglow in the glow of connection. These are not frigid circuits or code; these are the soft language of being human.



When the world closed its doors, our screens opened others. Through them, we celebrate, grieve over losses, learn, console, confess, and heal. Each pixel now a pulse; evidence that no distance would keep love or learning silent. Social media became our journal, cloud storage our bookshelf, and one photograph would halt time itself. We learned to take not only faces, but emotions; the shaking smile, the tear caught in mid-fall, the gentle glow of hope after sorrow. Of course, technology is not perfect. It can divide as easily as it connects. But even within its flaws lies a truth; that behind every screen, there is someone trying to be seen, to be heard, to belong. These glowing pixels have become our collective memory; fragile, yet powerful. They remind us that humanity, no matter how digitized, is still deeply emotional.

**The future will not be inked, but in light.  
And in every flicker, there will ever be. Us.**

**Mehreen Elahi  
OII B**

# Lost in a strange city

Urooj Aqeel  
OII B



I froze as if my heart had stopped pumping. Everything seemed like a blur, the world seemed to collapse, and I found myself the most helpless ever. My brain and all other senses came to a sudden halt. The voices got lost, I found my throat being choked and my body all numb. A cold light breeze filtered through my still figure and jerked me alive. I felt my eyes getting heavy and soon tears cascaded down my face when the reality of being lost in a strange city brutally hit me. The fear of unknown people in an unknown place overshadowed me like a giant dark ghostly figure. All sorts of horrific thoughts started mingling in my mind. My face was pale, and my eyes looked as if they couldn't hold back tears anymore. I realized I was lost and started moving forward. Within a split second I was hit by someone and a painful shriek slipped from my mouth. I first stumbled and then fell onto the ground. I dared to look up and saw a tall person in loose neon pink shirt and black shorts, towering over me. He possessed a cruel smile hidden behind his long curly and messy hair but even then, his wide red monstrous eyes were prominent. That one look was enough for me to run madly to save myself. I just ran without looking back, the stranger's face was still pictured fresh in my mind. With tear-stained cheeks and a numb body, I kept running as if it was the only option left. I seemed to be stuck in the middle of nowhere. I paused as my muscles started to ache badly and I was completely out of breath.

Half gasping for air, I asked a lot of people to give me some water but strangely each one of them refused. Every single person there had the same cruel, indifferent face as if no one really cared for others. The sun began to set, leaving behind a moonless dusk and no stars. It seemed as if nature was upset with the people. The air was thick with despair and grief.

Every corner, street and even its inhabitants were evident of the ruthless mysteries of that city. Even though I was surrounded by a couple of people, each of them reflected a cold demeanor which sent more shivers down my spine. The negative energy from the surroundings snatched away even the tiniest hope from me and so I kept walking like a dead, ruined figure as if I was one of them.

# The Classroom Without Walls

Ifra Naz  
OIII A



The first time I opened my laptop for class, I never imagined it would feel like stepping into another world. My room was silent, yet voices from Karachi, London, and Dubai flowed through the screen clear, alive, and connected.

“Can you hear me?” my teacher's voice echoed softly through the speakers. “Yes, ma'am,” I replied, smiling at the glowing faces before me. We were no longer students sitting in rows; we were explorers in a boundless classroom made of light. I often think about how my parents once learned—chalk in hand, lessons written in looping script, knowledge confined to pages and place. But my classroom now shimmers through pixels. Maps unfold at a touch, molecules spin in holograms, and teachers appear as radiant silhouettes. The classroom has grown wings; it no longer needs walls to breathe.

Technology has made learning both infinite and intimate. I can walk through the Amazon rainforest in virtual reality, trace the pulse of a human heart with a click, or listen to scientists speak from halfway across the world. Every subject feels alive—each concept a new universe waiting to unfold. Yet amid this brilliance, I sometimes miss the soft rustle of notebooks, the laughter between desks, the warmth of a teacher's smile unfiltered by glass. “Do you remember when we used to share pencils?” my friend once asked. I laughed. “Now we just share screens.”

One night, I dreamed of a school suspended above the earth transparent, weightless, glowing like dawn. Students wore lightbands that responded to thought; teachers guided us through waves of shared understanding. Lessons drifted like constellations. Then a student asked, “Can curiosity be measured?” The silence that followed felt sacred. In that moment, I understood: technology is not the soul of learning it is the vessel. It carries knowledge, but only we can give it meaning. Wisdom cannot be downloaded; it must bloom within us. The classroom of tomorrow will not be built with bricks, but with connection, curiosity, and courage. Education has never truly belonged to a room it belongs to the endless sky of human imagination.

# The Digital Poisoning

Syeda Sadiqa Zahid OI C

A cold breeze flew past the Landlady, Ms. Albright, momentarily distracting her from her smartwatch reminder. She opened the door, and the house's stillness felt wrong. She found Mr. Barthwick, the renowned detective, on his bed, alarmingly ill. She was shook; a man so fit didn't fall sick so suddenly. Looking around, she saw an open cupboard, but more concerning was the blinking red light on Barthwick's desk: his custom-built server was running a diagnostic loop, silently signaling a digital breach. Ms. Albright immediately called the police. Medical tests confirmed a potent neurotoxin. The police search focused on the source, finding a strangely insulated silver box beside the table. Their new high-tech scanner flagged the contents as a synthetic Dendroaspis venom, a poison from African black mambas. Digital forensics on the server quickly led them to the suspect: Mr. James, an old friend and neighbor. Suspicion arose when the server logs showed James had used a sophisticated exploit to temporarily disable the home's security cameras during his last visit. They also found his old profile: a geologist who had worked for five years in a remote African research facility, linking him to the exotic poison. The Landlady set a trap, calling James for a final goodbye. He came, sat by the bed, and after a tense silence, a cruel laugh broke the quiet. "You deserve to die, Barthwick, just like my boy who was killed when you deliberately jammed his drone's GPS signal during that case two years ago."

The police, listening via a discreet audio feed, emerged. The snap of the cuffs was the only sound. The modern detective, it seemed, was ultimately undone by an old enemy and new technology.



## My Mom



My mother is the best,  
She never ever rests.  
She works hard day and night,  
to make my future bright.

## Jannat-ul-Mawa II E

## EARTH

Nabeeha Sajid OI B

Oh my! Who am I?

Once lush with greenery; rivers upon rivers ran through me  
Mountains of ice stood tall and high upon me  
I held creatures never seen before, held histories  
never written before I was all power, beauty, bliss,  
and might Oh my! Who am I?

Now plunged into darkness, heaps and heaps of debris lay  
heavy upon me The species I hold almost obliterated;  
mankind plunders me day by day What I was and what I  
have become, with time I am withering away  
I am now hollow, smoke, shards, and dust  
Oh my! Who am I?

O mortal! Should the Lord will it, I could bring your doom  
If He wanted, I could deprive you of all sustenance;  
I could watch you turn on one another for a scrap of grain;  
I could let humanity fade, grain by grain.  
Yet I will keep my palms open, grieving, not avenging  
Oh my! Who am I?

# FOR THE FLAG, FOR HER

FATIMA RASHID OIL B

The war had taken everything.

The city that once smelled of rain and laughter now smelled of smoke and gunpowder. Houses lay in ruins, streets were silent, and fear walked in every doorway.

Every night, the sky glowed red with fire. Every morning, new names were whispered — names of those who didn't live to see the sun. Zara had seen it all... people dying outside her very home, mothers holding lifeless sons, children crying for fathers who never returned.

And through it all, she waited for Captain Ufaq Arsalan. Her husband. Her hero. He hadn't come home in months. While she prayed for peace, he was at the border, fighting to give it meaning. He was brave, brilliant — and one of the best soldiers our army ever had.

And then came the longest night of the war. The enemy had crossed the final post. If they succeeded, the country would fall. But Ufaq didn't move back. He led his men forward. He cut off the invasion, destroyed the bridge they were crossing and saved his country. He saved millions. But in doing so... he lost himself.

When the news broke that the war was over, the whole nation cheered. People cried, waved flags, shouted his name. The country was at peace again.

But in one small house at the edge of that city... peace never came. That evening, Zara heard a knock at the door. She ran, her heart racing, but it wasn't him.

Two soldiers stood there — their eyes heavy, their hands shaking. Between them lay his uniform... torn, covered in dried blood. She fell to her knees, holding it close to her heart. The scent of dust, the touch of blood, it was all she had left of him. One of the soldiers handed her a letter. It was written in his handwriting. The first line read "If you're reading this, my love... it means I couldn't make it home."

Her heart stopped for a moment, as if the world itself had gone silent. The letter slipped slightly from her trembling fingers, and she clutched it to her chest, unable to breathe. Tears burned her eyes, but she forced herself to keep reading

"Don't let your tears fall in sorrow, Zara. Let them fall in pride. For I didn't die for nothing — I died knowing you, our children, and our homeland will live in peace. If I had a thousand lives, I would give them all — again and again — for my country... and for you."

The ink had faded, the paper was torn... but every word carved itself into her soul. That night, as the world celebrated peace, Zara sat on the floor, clutching his bloodstained uniform. The country was safe now — but her heart wasn't.

Her world had found silence...  
but her soul screamed his name.  
He gave the nation its peace...  
and left her with a war inside her heart.



# The Great School Bag Mystery



Every morning, I leave home with a neat, light school bag. By the time I return, it weighs more than a small planet. Scientists may have discovered black holes in space, but I'm convinced the real one lives inside my backpack.

It starts small — just a few books, my pencil case, and a lunchbox. But as the day passes, mysterious objects appear. Crumpled worksheets, broken pencils, forgotten snacks, and the occasional paper airplane multiply like rabbits. By the final bell, my bag transforms into a survival kit for the apocalypse.

My shoulders cry for mercy. I've even begun to suspect my teachers hold secret competitions: "Who can assign the most weight in one day?" Meanwhile, my backpack is plotting revenge — squeaking, tearing, and threatening to explode at any moment.

Once, I tried to clean it. A tragic mistake. I discovered an ancient banana fossil and a homework sheet from last year, still haunting me. My mother said the bag needs therapy; I think it needs an exorcism.

Experts say heavy school bags cause back pain. I say they cause emotional trauma. If schools really care about "student well-being," they should replace books with holograms and give every student a personal robot assistant.

Until then, I'll keep dragging my mini black hole to school one step at a time, praying that my bag doesn't develop its own gravitational pull.

Ume Farwa Toufique OI B

# A Day When Everything Went Wrong

## but Still I Managed

The morning began with a quietness that felt heavy. I woke up late, my uniform still unpressed, and the sound of my little brother coughing from the next room. My mother was at the hospital with my father, who had been sick for months. The house felt empty too big for my fear and too small for my sadness.

I dressed silently, burned my toast, and almost missed the bus. At school, I tried to smile, but every word from my friends felt far away. During class, my teacher asked me why I wasn't paying attention. I didn't know how to say that my father might not wake up tomorrow. I just lowered my head and said, "I'm sorry." When the final bell rang, I ran home. The sky was crying rain pouring as if it knew my pain. I reached the hospital soaked, my shoes squelching with each step. My mother sat beside the bed, holding my father's hand. Machines beeped softly, marking time that felt borrowed.

I touched his hand it was cold, but he smiled when he saw me. That one small smile broke me completely. He whispered, "Take care of them," and closed his eyes again. I stood there frozen, the world suddenly soundless.

That night, I sat alone on the hospital bench, tears falling without end. Everything had gone wrong my morning, my world, and my heart. But I still managed. I managed because I knew he would want me to. Love doesn't die; it just changes its shape. And even when everything breaks, the memories become the light that helps us walk again.

Muhammad Ehtesham  
VII D

# A Famous Personality I Like

M. Ahmed  
VII C

The famous personality I like the most is the Holy Prophet (PBUH). He isn't only a religious leader but also a role model for millions of people around the world. He was known by the title "Al-Ameen," which means trustworthy. His life is a shining example of honesty, kindness, and patience. The Holy Prophet (PBUH) led a very simple and humble life. Despite facing many difficulties and hardships, he never gave up on his mission to spread Islam. His character was so pure and noble that even his enemies admitted his truthfulness and good nature.

One of the qualities I like the most about the Prophet (PBUH) is his mercy and forgiveness. He forgave even those who hurt him badly. His heart was full of love and compassion for all humans. He was also a great leader, teacher, and family man. He treated everyone with respect and kindness. He always listened to the poor, the weak, and the oppressed. His teachings, collected in the form of Hadith, are a source of guidance for Muslims even today.

Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) is the personality I like the most because of his excellent character and his message of peace and love. His life teaches us how to live with kindness and respect.



## Authenticity dies when you live for likes

Zubair Qazi  
OIII B

We have all heard some version of it. As if the pursuit of acceptance strips you of authenticity and dresses you in disguise. But no! ... The desire for appreciation is a part of human nature. It's what makes us human.

A child looks towards his parents for approval. A student looks towards his teacher for validation. An artist looks for appreciation. A leader looks towards his people for recognition, respect and affirmation. And an athlete, after years of training, looks towards the roar of the crowd not to fake his talent, but to prove it. That's what makes us stronger. Authenticity does not die when we live for likes. It thrives. It strengthens. It shapes us into better versions of ourselves. It is not about putting on a mask, or becoming a shadow of others' demands. It is about seeing our reflection in the eyes of others.

Appreciation paves the way for betterment. A person works hard when he/she knows their worth. "To be recognized is not to lose yourself; it is to let your true self echo in the hearts of others." We can never flourish in isolation only in connection. Seeking approval is not the death of authenticity. It is the proof of it. When a student is applauded for hard work, the applause doesn't make the effort fake it makes it visible. When an artist shares his/her creation and people appreciate it, the art does not lose its soul it finds its audience.

And when an athlete hears the cheer of the stadium, the cheer does not weaken his/her spirit it ignites it. Whenever we seek acceptance, we are not pretending. We are allowing the truth to be recognized just as a spokesman conveys a fact, not to distort it, but to let it be acknowledged. In every recognition, reality does not diminish it is remembered.

"And so, authenticity does not wither in acceptance. It rises. It resonates. And in being seen, it becomes eternal."

# There is Use of Math, Physics, or Chemistry In Our Lives

Aayan Ashraf  
OI A

Why do we study Math, Physics, or Chemistry? Be honest — have you ever used Pythagoras' Theorem to order pizza? No one stands in a grocery store thinking, "Let me calculate the hypotenuse before buying potatoes." Yet we spend hours solving triangles and chemical equations that seem to have zero use in real life.

Still, this is the question that flirts with every student's mind: Why are we even doing this? Many believe it's all useless — but that's not true. Let's prove it.

## Use in Student Life

If you're aiming for a top college or university, you should know: they don't just want grades — they want thinkers. Subjects like Math, Physics, and Chemistry are the ultimate mental workouts. The tougher these are, the sharper your brain becomes.

Math is everywhere — in Biology, Business, Accounting, Computer Science, Finance, Economics, Ecology and Linguistics. You simply can't escape it. These subjects shape how we think, how we question, and how we handle complex challenges — skills that no app can teach.

## Use in Professional Life

Once you step into the working world, the "useless" suddenly becomes useful. Whether you're calculating taxes, handling accounts, or planning a project, numbers quietly run the show. Even in simple things — like budgeting your salary or comparing interest rates — math plays a hidden role.

Every job today demands people who can solve problems, make quick decisions, and think logically. That's exactly what these subjects teach. Employers want brains that can connect dots, not just follow orders — and that ability can even make you an entrepreneur one day.

## Use in Business

In business, math and logic are your survival tools. From calculating profit margins to managing employees, they help you stay organized and smart. They sharpen your decision-making and turn ideas into strategies. Good entrepreneurs aren't just dreamers — they're thinkers who understand numbers, patterns, and people.

## The Art of Thinking and Problem-Solving

Now, here's the real beauty. When you wrestle with a tough equation, you're not just solving for  $x$  — you're training your mind to think. You're oiling your brain. This is what people call "critical thinking," but in simpler words, it's just learning how to use your head.

As Einstein said, "I have no special talent. I am only passionately curious." And, "Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited. Imagination encircles the world."

So maybe we don't use Pythagoras' Theorem to find the distance between our bed and the fridge — but it teaches us something far greater: how to think, how to solve, and how to imagine. And once you can do that, you can handle anything life throws at you — even without a calculator.



# وسائل التواصل الاجتماعي بين الإيجابيات والسلبيات

تعدّ وسائل التواصل الاجتماعي من أبرز مظاهر التطور التكنولوجي في العصر الحديث، وقد أصبح استخدامها واسعًا بين مختلف الفئات العمرية، خاصةً فئة الشباب. فقد تحوّلت هذه المنصّات من مجرد أدوات للتعارف والتواصل إلى فضاءات متعدّدة الوظائف تُستخدم في التعليم، والعمل، والترفيه، ونشر الوعي.

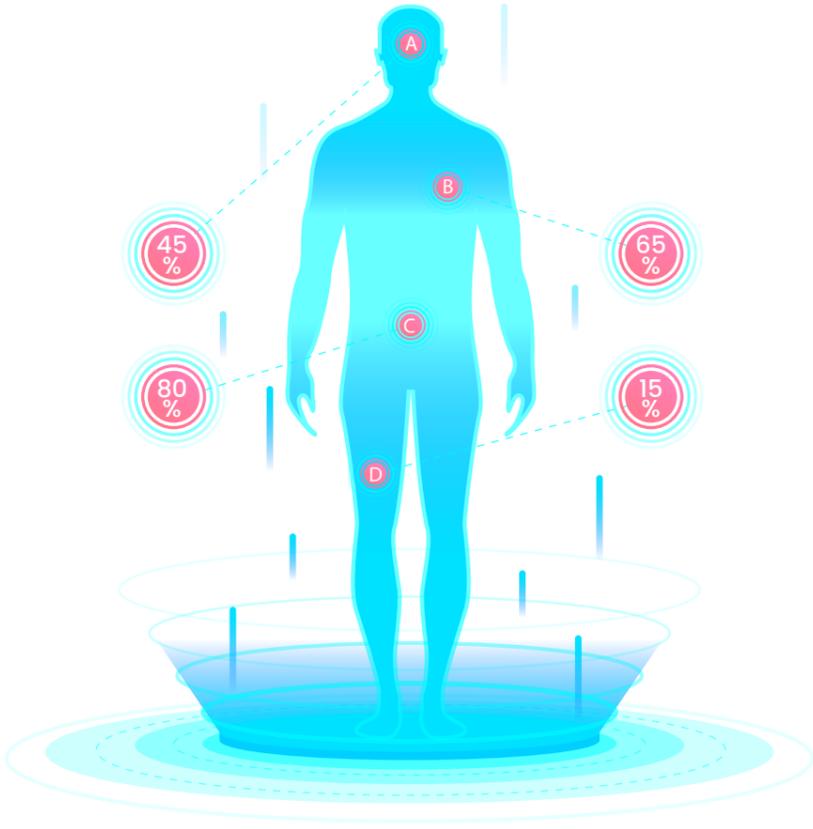
أسهمت وسائل التواصل الاجتماعي في تقليل المسافات بين الناس، فأصبح بإمكان أي شخص التواصل مع أقاربه وأصدقائه في أي مكان في العالم بضغطة زر. كما أتاحت فرصًا واسعة للتعبير عن الرأي والمشاركة في قضايا المجتمع، مما عزّز مفهوم المشاركة المجتمعية ورفع مستوى الوعي العام. وفي المجال التعليمي، أصبحت منصّات مثل "يوتيوب" و"إنستغرام" و"تيك توك" مصادر بديلة للتعلّم، حيث يمكن للطلاب الوصول إلى معلومات وشروحات تساعدهم في دراستهم بصورة سهلة وسريعة.

ومع ذلك، لا تخلو وسائل التواصل من سلبيات يجب الانتباه إليها. إذ قد تؤثر كثرة استخدامها على الصحة النفسية، خاصةً إذا ارتبطت بالمقارنة المستمرة مع الآخرين أو التعرض للتنمر الإلكتروني. كما يمكن أن تستهلك وقتًا كبيرًا من حياة الشخص إذا لم يُحسن تنظيم استخدامه لها. لذلك، من المهم أن يتعامل الأفراد مع هذه المنصّات بوعي، وأن يوازنوا بين استخدامها والحياة الواقعية، وأن يحرصوا على حماية خصوصيتهم وبياناتهم الشخصية.

وفي الختام، تُعدّ وسائل التواصل الاجتماعي أداة مهمة قد تحمل في طياتها الكثير من الفوائد، لكنها تحتاج إلى استخدام مسؤول ومتزن. فبقدر ما تقدّم من فرص للتواصل والتعلّم، فإنها تتطلب وعيًا لحماية النفس وتوظيف هذه التقنيات بشكل إيجابي يخدم الفرد والمجتمع.



**Maryam Zeeshan**  
**OIIA**



الْجَسَدُ نِعْمَةٌ عَظِيمَةٌ  
الْجَسَدُ نِعْمَةٌ مِنْ خَالِقِ الْبَشَرِ (نِعْمَةٌ عَظِيمَةٌ، هَدِيَّةُ الْقَدَرِ)  
فِي جِسْمِنَا قُوَّةٌ، لِلْخَيْرِ تَنْتَشِرُ  
أَيْدٍ لِتَعْمَلَ، وَعَيْنٌ لِتُبْصِرَ  
وَقَلْبُنَا يَنْبِضُ بِالْحُبِّ وَالْفِكْرِ  
وَعَقْلُنَا يُفَكِّرُ فِيمَا قَدْ ظَهَرَ  
فَاشْكُرْ إِلَهَ الْكَوْنِ يَا صَاحِبِي عَلَى الْجَسَدِ وَالنِّعْمَةِ، لِتَفُوزَ فِي السَّفَرِ.

## بَيْتُنَا الْكَبِيرُ فِي خَطَرٍ

Hurairah Yawar  
IV F

أَنَا مُحَمَّدُ هُرَيْرَةَ يَأُورُ، تَلْمِيذٌ فِي الصَّفِّ الرَّابِعِ الْقِسْمِ وَآوُ. أُرِيدُ أَنْ أَتَحَدَّثَ مَعَكُمْ عَنْ أَهَمِّ شَيْءٍ وَهُوَ الْأَرْضُ،  
بَيْتُنَا الْكَبِيرُ

### كَيْفَ نَحْمِي كَنْزَنَا؟

مِثْلَمَا نَحْمِي أَجْسَادَنَا، يَجِبُ أَنْ نَحْمِيَ الْأَرْضَ. أَنَا أَحِبُّ الْأَرْضَ جِدًّا! وَلَكِنَّ التَّلَوُّثَ خَطِيرٌ عَلَيْهَا، لِذَا نَحْتَاجُ  
إِلَى إِنْقَازِ بِلَادِنَا  
مَاذَا سَنَفْعَلُ؟

نَحْنُ نَعْرِفُ طُرُقًا لِحِمَايَةِ الْأَرْضِ:

- إِعَادَةُ التَّدْوِيرِ: لَا نَرْمِي الْأَشْيَاءَ بَلْ نَسْتَخْدِمُهَا مَرَّةً أُخْرَى
- تَقْلِيلُ النِّفَايَاتِ: نَحْرِصُ عَلَى عَدَمِ رَمِي الْقَمَامَةِ فِي الشُّوَارِعِ
- زِرَاعَةُ الْأَشْجَارِ: لَنْ نَقْطَعَ شَجَرَةً، بَلْ سَنَزْرَعُ الْمَزِيدَ
- نَحَافِظُ عَلَى الْمِيَاهِ وَالْهَوَاءِ النَّظِيفِ



سيرة المصطفى: نبزاس يضيء ذرؤبنا .

## THE LIFE OF AL-MUSTAFA: A GUIDING LIGHT FOR OUR PATHS

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

الحمد لله الذي أرسل رسوله بالهدى ودين الحق ليظهره على الدين كله، وكفى بالله شهيداً والصلاة والسلام على سيدنا محمد، خير من مشى على الوطن، وعلى آله وصحبه أجمعين .  
أيها الحكام الكرام، والجمهور المحترم السلام عليكم ورحمة الله وبركاته  
أقف أمامكم اليوم، وقلبي يخفق بالفخر والامتنان، لأتحدث عن شخصية غيرت مجرى التاريخ، ونقلت البشرية من الظلمات إلى النور

إنه المصطفى، نبي الرحمة، ورسول الإنسانية .

ولد في مكة المكرمة، ونشأ يتيمًا، لكنه لم يكن ضعيفًا. بل كان قويًا بصدقته، وأمانته، وحكمته. لقد لقبه القوم بـ "الصادق الأمين"، قبل أن يكون نبيًا، وهذا دليل على نبل أخلاقه .

عندما بلغ الأربعين، نزل عليه الوحي، وبدأ رسالته العظيمة في دعوة الناس إلى التوحيد، وتبديد الجاهلية، وإقامة العدل والمساواة .

كان رسول الله نبزاسا في كل مجال: في الحكم، وفي الحرب، وفي السلم، وفي التربية، وفي المعاملة. علمنا كيف نكون رُحماء، وكيف نتحمل الأذى، وكيف نقابل السيئة بالحسنة .

وفي زمن تغرق فيه البشرية في صراعات وفوضى نحن بأمس الحاجة إلى أن نجعل سيرته نورًا يهديننا، ومزاة نقوم بها أخلاقنا وسلوكنا .

فلنكن نحن، أيها الشباب، من يحمل رسالته، ويحيي قيمته، ويحيي مسيرته في العالم .

وفي الختام، أدعو الله أن يجعلنا من المتبعين لهديه، وأن يرزقنا شفاعته يوم القيامة .

والسلام عليكم ورحمة الله وبركاته .



السلام عليكم ورحمة الله وبركاته

نَحْنُ نَحْتَفِلُ الْيَوْمَ بِمُنَاسَبَةٍ عَظِيمَةٍ وَمُهَمَّةٍ، أَلَا وَهِيَ يَوْمُ الدِّفَاعِ. هَذَا الْيَوْمُ لَيْسَ مُجَرَّدَ ذِكْرَى، بَلْ هُوَ تَجَسُّدٌ لِرُوحِ الشُّجَاعَةِ، وَالْإِخْلَاصِ، وَالْوَطَنِيَّةِ الَّتِي يَمْتَلِكُهَا شَعْبُنَا الْعَظِيمُ فِي مِثْلِ هَذَا الْيَوْمِ، وَقَفَّ آبَاؤُنَا وَأَجْدَادُنَا صَفًّا وَاحِدًا، جُنُودًا وَمَدَنِيِّينَ، لِيُدَافِعُوا عَنْ حُرِّيَّةِ بِلَادِنَا وَكَرَامَتِهَا. لَقَدْ قَدَّمُوا أَعْظَمَ التَّضَحِّيَّاتِ، وَأَظْهَرُوا لِلْعَالَمِ كُلِّهِ أَنَّ إِرَادَتَنَا لَا تُقَهَّرُ وَأَنَّ عَزِيمَتَنَا لَا تَلِينُ إِنَّ هَذَا الْيَوْمَ يُعَلِّمُنَا أَنَّ الْقُوَّةَ الْحَقِيقِيَّةَ لِلأُمَّةِ لَا تَتَوَقَّفُ عَلَى سِلَاحِهَا فَقَطُّ، بَلْ تَكْمُنُ فِي وَحْدَةِ شَعْبِهَا وَتَرَابِطِهِ. عِنْدَمَا نَتَّحِدُ، لَا شَيْءٌ يُمْكِنُ أَنْ يَقِفَ فِي طَرِيقِنَا لِنُجَدِّدَ الْعَهْدَ الْيَوْمَ عَلَى الْحِفَاطِ عَلَى هَذِهِ الْوَحْدَةِ، وَأَنْ نَعْمَلَ بِجِدِّ وَإِخْلَاصٍ لِبِنَاءِ وَطَنٍ أَكْثَرَ قُوَّةً وَازْدِهَارًا. عَاشَتْ بَاكِسْتَانُ

## السعادة الحقيقية

عنوان الخطاب: كَيْفَ نَعِيشُ سَعْدَاءَ؟ دُرُوسٌ مِنْ حَيَاةِ النَّبِيِّ مُحَمَّدٍ

السَّلَامُ عَلَيْكُمْ وَرَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ وَبَرَكَاتُهُ

أَصْدِقَائِي الْأَعْرَاءَ، الْيَوْمَ أُرِيدُ أَنْ أَتَحَدَّثَ مَعَكُمْ عَنْ شَيْءٍ يَبْحَثُ عَنْهُ كُلُّ إِنْسَانٍ: السَّعَادَةُ الْحَقِيقِيَّةُ

هَلِ السَّعَادَةُ تَعْنِي الْمَالَ؟ أَوِ الْأَلْعَابَ؟ أَوِ الشُّهُرَةَ؟ رُبَّمَا تَجَلِبُّ هَذِهِ الْأَشْيَاءُ بَعْضَ الْفَرَحِ، وَلَكِنَّهَا لَا تَدُومُ طَوِيلًا. السَّعَادَةُ

الْحَقِيقِيَّةُ نَجْدُهَا فِي قَلْبِ الْإِنْسَانِ، وَيُمْكِنُنَا أَنْ نَتَعَلَّمَ كَيْفَ نَصِلَ إِلَيْهَا مِنْ حَيَاةِ النَّبِيِّ مُحَمَّدٍ.

أَسُسُ السَّعَادَةِ الْحَقِيقِيَّةِ

الْإِيمَانُ بِاللَّهِ: النَّبِيُّ عَلَّمَنَا أَنَّ الْإِيمَانَ بِاللَّهِ هُوَ أَسَاسُ السَّعَادَةِ. عِنْدَمَا نُصَلِّي وَنُثِقُ بِاللَّهِ، نَشْعُرُ بِالرَّاحَةِ وَالطَّمَأْنِينَةِ، حَتَّى فِي

الْأَوْقَاتِ الصَّعْبَةِ

اللُّطْفِ وَالْمُعَامَلَةِ الطَّيِّبَةِ: كَانَ النَّبِيُّ ﷺ لَطِيفًا مَعَ الْجَمِيعِ. كَانَ يَبْتَسِمُ، يُسَاعِدُ الْفُقَرَاءَ، وَيَعْفُو عَمَّنْ أَخْطَأَ. عِنْدَمَا نَكُونُ

طَيِّبِينَ مَعَ الْآخَرِينَ، نَشْعُرُ بِالسَّعَادَةِ فِي دَاخِلِنَا.

الشُّكْرُ وَالْقَنَاعَةُ: كَانَ النَّبِيُّ ﷺ يَشْكُرُ اللَّهَ دَائِمًا، حَتَّى عِنْدَمَا لَا يَمْلِكُ الْكَثِيرَ. الشُّكْرُ يُجْعَلُنَا نَرَى النِّعَمَ حَوْلَنَا وَيَمْنَحُنَا الْقُوَّةَ.

الْحُبُّ وَالْاهْتِمَامُ بِالْعَائِلَةِ: وَأَخِيرًا، كَانَ يُحِبُّ عَائِلَتَهُ وَأَصْحَابَهُ، وَيَهْتَمُّ بِهِمْ وَيَسْتَمِعُ إِلَيْهِمْ. الْحُبُّ وَالْاهْتِمَامُ يُجْعَلَانِ الْحَيَاةَ أَجْمَلَ.

إِذَا، إِذَا أَرَدْنَا أَنْ نَكُونَ سَعْدَاءَ، فَلْنَتَّبِعْ خُطُواتِ النَّبِيِّ: نُؤْمِنُ، نَكُونُ طَيِّبِينَ، نَشْكُرُ، وَنُحِبُّ.

# نَبِيِّ الرَّحْمَةِ: مُحَمَّدٌ الْقَائِدُ وَالْمُعَلِّمُ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ، وَالصَّلَاةُ وَالسَّلَامُ عَلَى نَبِيِّنَا مُحَمَّدٍ، وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَصَحْبِهِ أَجْمَعِينَ

أَيُّهَا الْمُعَلِّمُونَ وَالطُّلَابُ الْأَعْرَاءُ، السَّلَامُ عَلَيْكُمْ وَرَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ وَبَرَكَاتُهُ

أَتَحَدَّثُ إِلَيْكُمْ الْيَوْمَ عَنْ شَخْصِيَّةٍ عَظِيمَةٍ، هِيَ شَخْصِيَّةُ نَبِيِّنَا مُحَمَّدٍ، الَّذِي كَانَ نَبِيًّا، وَقَائِدًا، وَمُعَلِّمًا

نَبِيِّ الرَّحْمَةِ

كَانَ رَسُولَ اللَّهِ ﷺ رَحِيمًا بِالنَّاسِ، يُحِبُّ الْأَطْفَالَ، وَيُسَاعِدُ الْفُقَرَاءَ، وَيَعْفُو عَنِ الْمُسِيءِ. قَالَ اللَّهُ تَعَالَى:

﴿وَمَا أَرْسَلْنَاكَ إِلَّا رَحْمَةً لِّلْعَالَمِينَ﴾

الْقَائِدُ الْحَكِيمُ

قَادَ النَّبِيُّ أَصْحَابَهُ بِالْحِكْمَةِ وَالْعَدْلِ. لَمْ يَكُنْ يَأْمُرُهُمْ فَقَطْ بَلْ كَانَ يُشَارِكُهُمْ فِي الْعَمَلِ. فِي عَزْوَةِ الْخُنْدَقِ،

كَانَ يَجْفِرُ مَعَهُمْ، وَيُشَجِّعُهُمْ

الْمُعَلِّمُ الرَّفِيقُ

«كَانَ يُعَلِّمُ النَّاسَ بِالْحُبِّ وَاللُّطْفِ. لَمْ يَكُنْ يَغْضَبُ إِذَا أَخْطَأَ أَحَدٌ، بَلْ يُصَحِّحُ بِهِدْوٍ. قَالَ: «إِنَّمَا بُعِثْتُ مُعَلِّمًا

فَلْتَعَلَّمْ مِنْهُ الرَّحْمَةَ، وَالْقِيَادَةَ، وَحُسْنَ التَّعَامُلِ. وَلِنَجْعَلَهُ قُدْوَتَنَا فِي الْحَيَاةِ

وَفِي نِهَايَةِ خِطَابِي، أَدْعُو اللَّهَ أَنْ يُرْزِقَنَا حُبَّ نَبِيِّنَا، وَأَنْ نَتَّبِعَ سُنَّتَهُ فِي كُلِّ أُمُورِنَا

وَالسَّلَامُ عَلَيْكُمْ وَرَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ وَبَرَكَاتُهُ

خاتمة الزبدي يوم المولد  
محمد ﷺ

Nimra Inayat  
VIII A

# فصلى

هذا فصلى -

فصلى واسع -

فصلى جميل -

يوجد فى فصلى باب وكراسى و شبابيك -

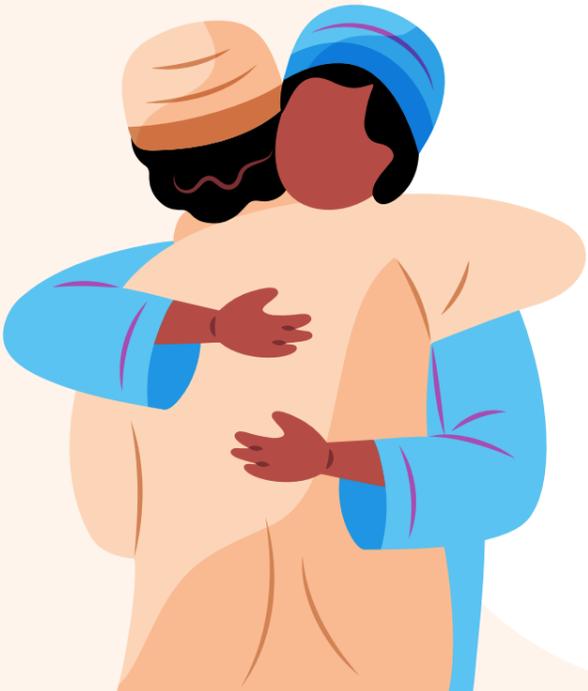
أنا احب فصلى -

Abdul Moiz  
11

# العِيد

Unaisa VII c

العِيد هو يوم الفرح والسعادة الذي ينتظره المسلمون في كل عام. يأتي العِيد بعد أيامٍ من العبادة والطاعة، ليكون مكافأةً من الله تعالى لعباده الصالحين. لدينا عيدان في الإسلام: عيد الفطر وعِيد الأضحى. يأتي عيد الفطر بعد صيام شهر رمضان المبارك، فيفرح المسلمون بإكمال الصيام ويشكرون الله على نعمة الطاعة. يبدأ الناس صباح العِيد بأداء صلاة العِيد، ثم يتبادلون التهاني ويزورون الأقارب والأصدقاء. الأطفال يفرحون بالملابس الجديدة والعِيدية، وتعمُّ البهجة كل بيت. أما عيد الأضحى فيأتي بعد أداء فريضة الحج، ويضحى فيه المسلمون تقرباً إلى الله، اقتداءً بسيدنا إبراهيم عليه السلام. توزع لحوم الأضاحي على الفقراء والمحتاجين، فيشعر الجميع بالمحبة والتعاون. العِيد ليس فقط مناسبة للفرح، بل هو وقت للتسامح وصلة الرحم، حيث ينسى الناس الخلافات ويتصافحون بالمودة. كما يتذكّر المسلمون في العِيد إخوانهم الفقراء، فيمدّون لهم يد العون. إن العِيد يعلمنا قيم التضامن والمحبة، ويجعلنا نحمد الله على نعمه الكثيرة. فهو يوم يجمع بين العبادة والسرور، بين الإحسان والفرح





Fatima Mir  
VI D

# مقالة: مدرستي

اسم مدرستي حرافونديشن- وهي في كراتشي- مدرستي جميلة ونظيفة. أذهب إليها كل يوم صباحًا. في مدرستي معلمات طيبات يحببنا ويعلمنا العلوم المفيدة- في مدرستي فصول كثيرة وحديقة واسعة. نقرأ القرآن الكريم، واللغة العربية، والرياضيات، والعلوم- أحب مدرستي لأنها تعلمني الأدب والأخلاق. أصدقائي في المدرسة لطفاء، نلعب معًا في الفناء ونساعد بعضنا- مدرستي مثل بيتي الثاني، أشعر فيها بالسعادة والأمان-

## المقالة: الروتين اليومي



أستيقظ في الصباح الباكر، ثم أتوضأ وأصلي صلاة الفجر ثم أتلو القرآن الكريم، وأرتب أشيائي، ثم ألبس ملابس المدرسة بعد ذلك أتناول الفطور، ثم أذهب إلى المدرسة. أبقى في المدرسة حتى الثانية والنصف، ثم أرجع إلى البيت متعبة بعض الشيء أستريح قليلاً، ثم أخرج إلى حديقة البيت، وألعب مع إخوتي. بعد المغرب أنجز واجباتي المدرسية بعد صلاة العشاء نتناول العشاء معاً، ثم أستعد للنوم، وأنام في الساعة العاشرة ليلاً



Ayesha Umair  
VI C

# الغذاء الصحيّ: مفتاح القوّة والنشاط

يُعَدُّ الغِذاءُ الصّحّيُّ مَهْمًا جَدًّا لِجِسْمِ الْإِنْسَانِ، خَاصَّةً لِلأَطْفَالِ. فَعِنْدَمَا نَأْكُلُ طَعَامًا صِحِّيًّا، يُصْبِحُ جِسْمُنَا أَقْوَى، وَعَقْلُنَا أَكْثَرَ نَشَاطًا وَتَفْكِيرًا.

يَتَكَوَّنُ الغِذاءُ الصّحّيُّ مِنْ وَجِبَةٍ مُتَوَازِنَةٍ تَحْتَوِي عَلَى الخُضْرَوَاتِ وَالْفَوَاكِهِ الخُبُوبِ وَاللُّحُومِ أَوْ البُرُوتِينَاتِ.

## دَوْرُ الطَّعَامِ المُفِيدِ

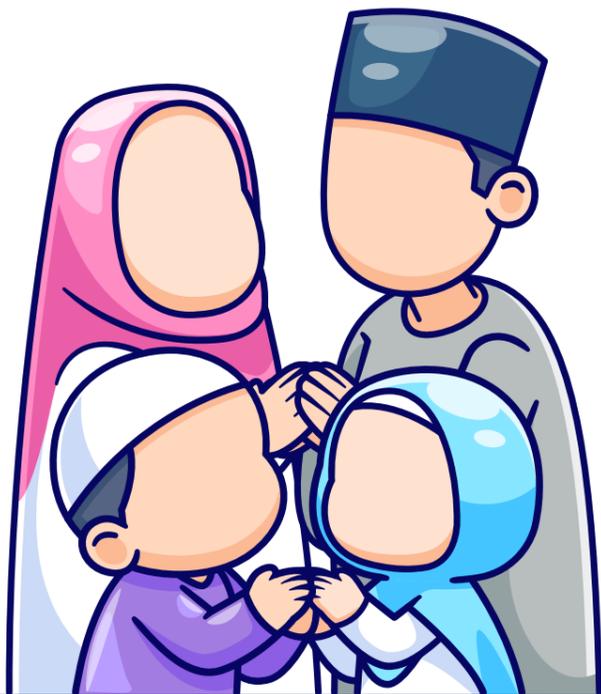
تُسَاعِدُنَا الخُضْرَوَاتُ مِثْلَ الجُرْزِ وَالطَّمَاظِمِ وَالخَسِّ فِي تَقْوِيَةِ الجِسْمِ وَحِمَايَتِهِ مِنَ الأَمْرَاضِ. أَمَّا الفَوَاكِهُ مِثْلَ التُّفَاحِ وَالْمُوزِ وَالْبُرْتُقَالِ، فَهِيَ تُعْطِينَا الفِيتَامِينَاتِ وَالطَّاقَةَ اللّازِمَةَ لِلدِّرَاسَةِ وَاللَّعِبِ.

## مَاذَا نَتَجَنَّبُ؟

يَجِبُ أَنْ نَتَجَنَّبَ تَنَاوُلَ الوُجَبَاتِ السَّرِيعَةِ وَالْمَشْرُوبَاتِ الغَازِيَةِ لِأَنَّهَا تَضُرُّ بِصِحَّتِنَا. بَدَلًا مِنْ ذَلِكَ، الأَفْضَلُ هُوَ شُرْبُ المَاءِ وَتَنَاوُلَ الطَّعَامِ الَّذِي يُفِيدُ الجِسْمَ وَيَجْعَلُهُ يَنْمُو بِشَكْلِ صَحِيحٍ.

## الخاتمة

عَلَيْنَا أَنْ نَتَذَكَّرَ دَائِمًا أَنَّ الطَّعَامَ الصّحّيَّ هُوَ مِفْتَاحُ القُوّةِ وَالسَّعَادَةِ. عِنْدَمَا نَأْكُلُ جَيِّدًا، نَشْعُرُ أَفْضَلَ وَنَعِيشُ حَيَاةً نَشِيطَةً.



Mahad Zaheer  
III D

## شكرًا يا أسرتي

أُسْرَتِي صَغِيرَةٌ وَجَمِيلَةٌ. أَنَا أَحِبُّ أُسْرَتِي كَثِيرًا. أَبِي يَعْمَلُ خَارِجَ البَيْتِ، وَأُمِّي تَعْمَلُ دَاخِلَ البَيْتِ. لَدَيَّ إِخْوَةٌ وَأَخَوَاتٌ. نَحْنُ نَلْعَبُ مَعًا، وَنَضْحَكُ مَعًا.

نَحْنُ نَعِيشُ فِي بَيْتٍ وَاحِدٍ. أُسْرَتِي هِيَ حَيَاتِي. أُسْرَتِي هِيَ نِعْمَةٌ مِنَ اللَّهِ، وَأَنَا أَشْكُرُ اللَّهَ عَلَيْهَا.

# رَسْمَتِي الْفَائِزَةُ



فِي التَّاسِعِ مِنْ شَهْرِ أَكْتُوبَرِ لِعَامِ 2025م، ذَهَبْتُ إِلَى مَجْلِسِ الْفُنُونِ مَعَ عَائِلَتِي (أَبِي وَأُمِّي وَأُخْتِي الصَّغِيرَةَ). كَانَتْ هُنَاكَ مُسَابَقَةٌ لِلرَّسْمِ مِنْ شَرِكَةِ كُولْنِيَت. شَارَكْتُ فِي الْمُسَابَقَةِ، وَكَانَ الْأَمْرُ مُتَمَعًا جِدًّا. رَسَمْتُ رَسْمَةً مُمَيَّزَةً وَحَصَلْتُ عَلَى جَائِزَةٍ، وَهِيَ قَلَمٌ رِصَاصٍ وَدَفْتَرٌ. بَعْدَ ذَلِكَ، ذَهَبْنَا إِلَى شَارِعِ الطَّعَامِ. أَكَلْتُ شَطِيرَةً لَذِيذَةً هُنَاكَ. كَانَتْ لَذِيذَةً جِدًّا! اسْتَمْتَعْتُ كَثِيرًا بِيَوْمِي. ثُمَّ قَضَيْتُ وَقْتًا جَمِيلًا مَعَ عَائِلَتِي، وَعُدْنَا إِلَى الْبَيْتِ بِسَعَادَةٍ، وَهَذَا مَا جَعَلَنِي سَعِيدًا. شُكْرًا لَكُمْ.

Khowla Ibrahim  
VII C

## العطلة الصيفية

- العطلة الصيفية من أجمل الأوقات في السنة .
- بعد عامٍ طويلٍ من الدراسة، نحتاج إلى بعض الراحة والاسترخاء .
- في العطلة الصيفية لا نذهب إلى المدرسة، ولا نستيقظ مبكرًا .
- نقضي وقتنا مع العائلة والأصدقاء ونستمتع بالأيام الجميلة .
- أحب أن أذهب إلى البحر لأسبح وألعب في الرمال .
- أحياناً نسافر إلى الجبال أو المدن الجديدة لاكتشاف أماكن مختلفة .
- ألتقط الصور مع عائلتي لأتذكر هذه اللحظات السعيدة .
- أحب أيضاً أن أقرأ القصص الممتعة في وقت الفراغ .
- وفي بعض الأيام أساعد أمي في المطبخ وأتعلم أشياء جديدة .
- في المساء نجلس جميعاً لمشاهدة فيلم أو نتناول العشاء معاً .
- كما أحب أن أتناول المشروبات وأشرب العصائر الباردة في الحرّ .
- العطلة الصيفية ليست فقط للراحة، بل أيضاً لتجديد النشاط والطاقة .
- هي فرصة لقضاء وقت ممتع بعيداً عن الواجبات المدرسية .
- وفي نهاية العطلة أكون سعيداً لأنني استمتعت وتعلمت أشياء جديدة .

العطلة الصيفية تبقى دائماً ذكري جميلة في قلبي

# سردي کا موسم

سردي کے موسم کے اپنے ہی رنگ ہیں  
چھوٹے ہیں دن اور لمبی ہیں راتیں  
کریں دھوپ میں بیٹھ کر خوب باتیں  
مالٹوں، کینوؤں کا الگ ہی مزہ ہے  
اور گاجر کے حلوے کی کھائیں پراتیں  
سردي کے موسم کے اپنے ہی رنگ ہیں

سردي کے موسم کے کیا خوب رنگ ہیں  
کوٹ اور شالوں کے اپنے ہی رنگ ہیں  
لگتی ہے سردي بچتے ہیں دانت سب کے  
باہر نکلنے سے سب لوگ تنگ ہیں  
سردي کے موسم کے اپنے ہی رنگ ہیں  
موسم یہ لائے میوے بہت سے  
کوئی مانگے کاجو، کوئی مانگے پستے  
بادام اور اخروٹ مزے سے اڑائیں  
چلغوزے سب کھائیں کبیل گھس کے

Fatima Khan IV A



علامہ اقبال 9 نومبر 1877 کو سیالکوٹ میں پیدا ہوئے۔ آپ نے ابتدائی تعلیم اپنے آبائی شہر کشمیر سے حاصل کی اور اعلیٰ تعلیم کے لیے انگلستان چلے گئے۔ علامہ اقبال پاکستان کے قومی شاعر ہیں۔ آپ نے پہلی نظم کوہ ہمالیہ لکھی جسے بہت پسند کیا گیا۔ آپ نے بچوں کے لیے بہت سی نظمیں لکھیں۔ مسلمان قوم نے آپ کو شاعر مشرق کے خطاب کے سے نوازا۔ آپ نے اپنی شاعری کے ذریعے قوم کی اصلاح کی اور انہیں بیدار کیا۔ بانگ درا، بال جبریل، ضرب کلیم، اور جاوید نامہ۔ وغیرہ آپ کے مشہور شاعری کے مجموعے ہیں۔ حکومت برطانیہ نے آپ کو "سر" کا خطاب دیا۔ علامہ اقبال نے مسلمانوں کے لئے ایک الگ ملک کا خیال پیش کیا۔ آپ 21 نومبر 1938 کو اس جہاں فانی سے رخصت ہوئے۔

مشہور نظمیں

مکڑا اور مکھی، پرندے کی فریاد، شکوہ، جواب شکوہ، طلوع اسلام اور دعا

میرا گھر بہت خوبصورت اور صاف ستھرا ہے۔ میں اپنے گھر سے بہت محبت کرتی ہوں۔ میرا گھر ایک پرسکون گلی میں واقع ہے۔ اس میں تین کمرے، ایک باورچی خانہ، ایک بیت لُحلاء اور ایک چھوٹا سا باغیچہ ہے۔ میرے کمرے میں میری پڑھنے کی میز، بستر اور کھلونے رکھے ہوئے ہیں۔ میں اپنے کمرے کو خود صاف رکھتی ہوں۔ میری امی باورچی خانے میں کھانا بناتی ہیں۔ ابو دفتر جاتے ہیں۔ ہم سب شام کو ساتھ بیٹھ کر کھانا کھاتے ہیں۔ میرا گھر میرے لیے ایک نعمت ہے۔ کیونکہ یہاں میرے والدین، بھائی اور خوشیاں بستی ہیں۔ مجھے اپنا گھر بہت عزیز ہے۔



آسمان پر کالے بادل چھائے ہوئے تھے اور ہوا میں گھٹن محسوس ہو رہی تھی۔

پھر یکدم بارش کا پہلا قطرہ زمین پر گرا۔

زمین سے خوشبو اٹھنے لگی اور ماحول خوشگوار ہو گیا۔

بچے خوشی سے باہر نکل آئے اور بارش میں کھیلنے لگے۔

پودے اور پھول تازہ ہو کر لہلہانے لگے۔

سب نے اللہ کی رحمت پر شکر ادا کیا۔

سبق: اللہ کی نعمتوں کو ہمیشہ قدر اور شکر کے ساتھ اپنانا چاہیے۔



## چڑیا میری دوست

پیاری سی اک چونچ  
چھوٹی چھوٹی سی ہیں آنکھیں  
پیارے پیارے سے ہیں پر  
دو چھوٹے چھوٹے سے پاؤں  
درخت پر رہتی ہے  
آسمان میں اڑتی ہے  
چوئ چوئ کرتی ہے  
چڑیا میری دوست ہے۔

M.Zayan I C

## Nidahal V C

## سردی

سردی آئی سردی آئی

ٹھنڈی ٹھنڈی ہوائیں لائی

کمبل اوڑھیں سوئیٹر پہنیں

موم پھلی کھائیں موزے پہنیں

گرم گرم گاجر کا حلوہ کھائیں

نارنجی رنگ کے نارنجی کھائیں





میری بلی کا نام مانو ہے۔ وہ چھوٹی گول مٹول اور بہت شرارتی ہے۔ وہ میرے ساتھ کھیلتی ہے اور گیند کے پیچھے بھاگتی ہے۔ اور جب وہ تھک جاتی ہے۔ تو میرے پاس آکر سو جاتی ہے۔ میں اپنی مانو سے بہت پیار کرتی ہوں۔

## Ayesha Siddiqa III H

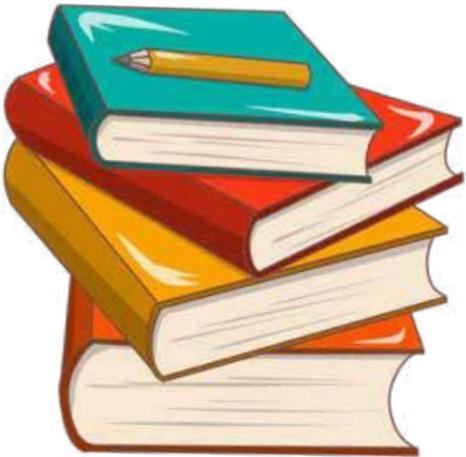
## مدد کا انعام



ایمن نے باغ میں ایک چھوٹی زخمی چڑیا کو گرتے دیکھا۔ وہ فوراً دوڑی اور نرمی سے چڑیا کو اپنے ہاتھوں میں اٹھایا۔ اس نے اسے پانی پلایا اور نرم گھاس میں آرام سے رکھا۔ کچھ دن ایمن اس کا خیال رکھتی رہی۔ چڑیا آہستہ آہستہ ٹھیک ہو گئی اور اڑنے لگی۔ ایک صبح وہ ایمن کی کھڑکی پر آکر بیٹھ گئی اور چہانے لگی، جیسے شکریہ ادا کر رہی ہو۔ سبق: نیکی اور ہمدردی کا بدلہ ہمیشہ خوشی کی صورت میں ملتا ہے۔

## Anaira III G

## محنت کا پھل



حسن کلاس میں محنت نہیں کرتا تھا اور اکثر اپنا ہوم ورک بھول جاتا تھا۔ استاد نے اسے سمجھایا کہ محنت ہی کامیابی کی کنجی ہے۔ حسن نے اس بات کو دل سے سمجھ لیا۔ اس نے روز باقاعدگی سے پڑھائی شروع کی اور استاد سے سوال پوچھنے لگا۔ وقت کے ساتھ وہ بہتر ہوتا گیا۔ امتحان آیا تو حسن نے شاندار نمبر حاصل کیے۔ سبق: جو شخص دل لگا کر محنت کرے، وہ ہمیشہ اچھا نتیجہ پاتا ہے۔

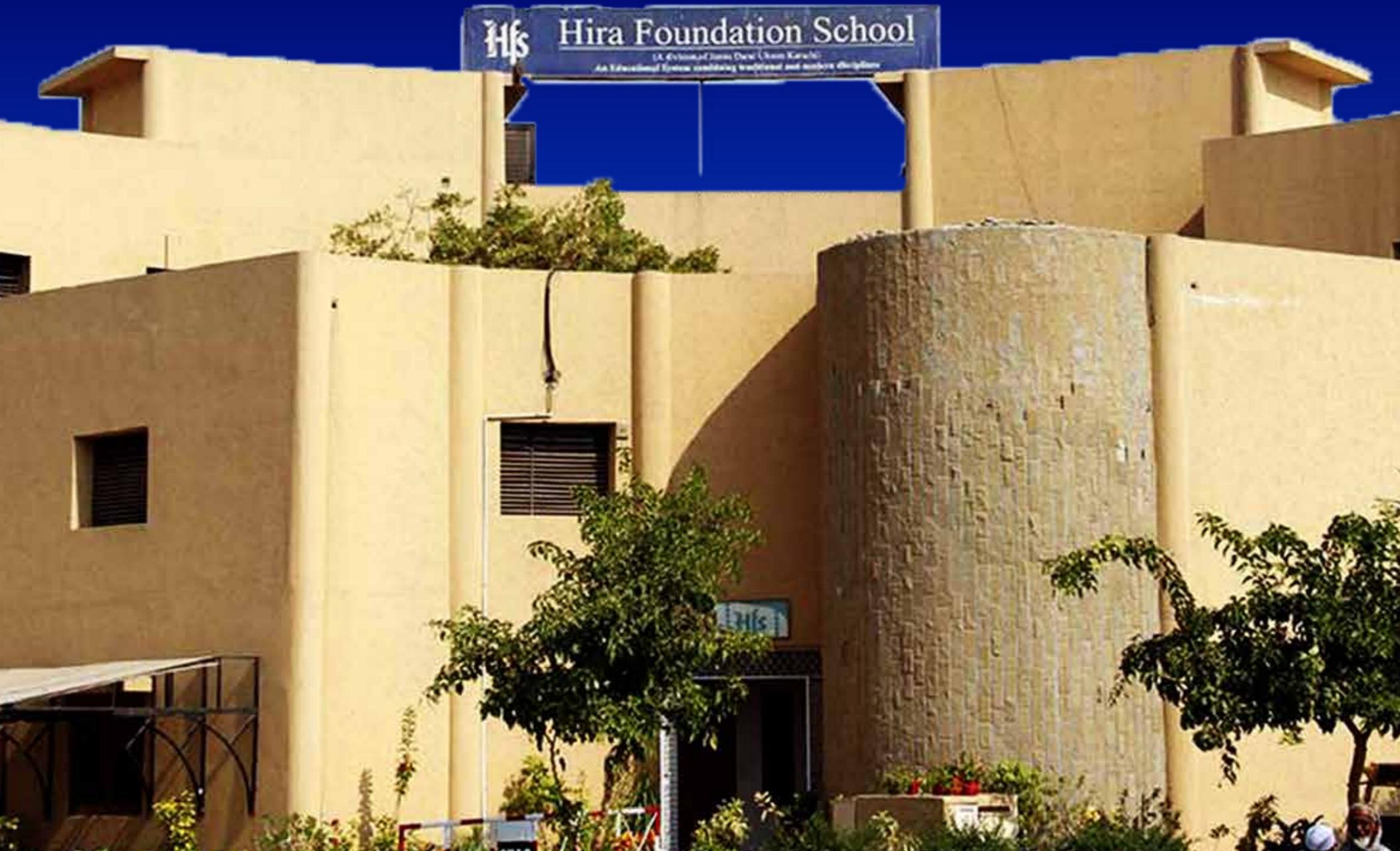
# حرا فاؤنڈیشن اسکول میں سیرۃ النبی کا جلسہ

اسکول میں سیرۃ النبی کے جلسے کی تیاری زور شور سے جاری تھی۔ اساتذہ اور طلبا بہت زیادہ پر جوش تھے۔ قرأت، نعت، تقریر تینوں میں بچے بڑھ چڑھ کر نام لکھوا رہے تھے۔ میں بھی بہت پر جوش تھا۔ سرعمار نے مجھ سے مقابلے کا پوچھا میں تو جیسے تیار بیٹھا تھا میں نے جھٹ پٹ عربی، اردو اور انگریزی میں تقریری مقابلے کے لیے نام لکھوا دیا

عربی تقریر کی تیاری کے لیے میں سر مبین اور سروسیم کے پاس گیا۔ سراویس نے تقریر لکھنے میں بہت مدد کی۔ سر مبین نے مجھے تقریر کی ادائیگی سے متعلق بتایا کہ مجھے کس طرح تقریر کرنی ہے۔ کہاں رکنا ہے۔ کہاں سوال کرنا ہے اور کہاں دھیما لہجہ اختیار کرنا ہے۔ تقریر کی تیاری بہت اچھی ہو گئی۔ اردو کی تقریر کی تیاری سرو آصف نے تیاری کرائی۔ تقریر کے اہم نکات بتائے۔ ادائیگی سے بخوبی آگاہ کیا۔ میری تقریر بہت اچھی تیار ہو گئی۔ انگریزی کی تقریر کے لیے میری رہنمائی سر طارق، سر شاہد اور سر اشرف نے کی۔ ان کی وجہ سے میری انگریزی کی تیاری بہت اچھی ہوئی۔

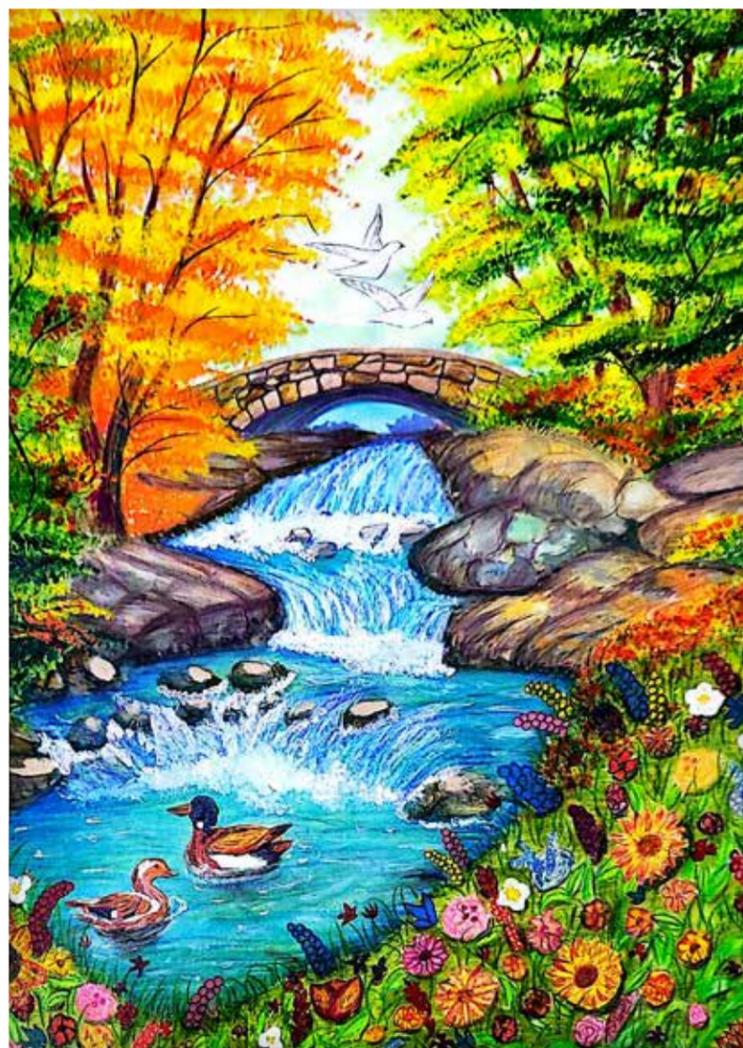
میں تینوں زبانوں کے تقریری مقابلے میں حصہ لے رہا تھا۔ اس لیے تھوڑا گھبراہٹا تھا لیکن میرے اساتذہ نے میری بہت ہمت بندھائی۔ ان کے ہمت افزائی کی وجہ سے میرا حوصلہ بڑھا۔ جلسہ بڑے ہال میں تھا۔ تمام شرکا وہیں جمع تھے۔ منج صاحبان کے لیے الگ جگہ مخصوص تھی۔ حاضرین کی بڑی تعداد ہال میں موجود تھی۔ میری تینوں تقریریں بہت اچھی ہوئیں۔ شروع میں تھوڑا سا گھبرایا لیکن پھر حوصلہ بڑھ گیا۔ حاضرین کی جانب سے بھی خوب داد ملی۔ عربی میں پہلا، اردو میں دوسرا اور انگریزی تقریر میں تیسرے نمبر پر آیا۔ سب نے بہت تعریف کی۔ میری جیت پر والدین بھی بہت خوش ہوئے۔

**Umar Abid VI C**





**Sadia Saeed AS**



**Eshal Salman VIII A**

**HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL**  
**WINNERS**  
**LIST 2025-26**



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	CONTEST	AWARD
ABDUL MOIZ	1	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	NATIONAL TOPPER - GOLD MEDAL
AYESHA KHAN	5	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	NATIONAL TOPPER - GOLD MEDAL
AYESHA SIDDIQAH	6	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	NATIONAL TOPPER - GOLD MEDAL
M. ALI QASIM	7	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	NATIONAL TOPPER - GOLD MEDAL
ZOHA AMIR	9	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	NATIONAL TOPPER - GOLD MEDAL
HAMDAN	10	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	NATIONAL TOPPER - GOLD MEDAL
UMM-E-SULAIM LODHI	1	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	PROVINCIAL TOPPER - SILVER MEDAL
TASMIYA KHAN	5	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	PROVINCIAL TOPPER - SILVER MEDAL
IMAN IMRAN TAJ	1	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
ZAINAB ANAYA	1	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
SYED ALI	1	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
UMAIMA MEMON	2	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
ILMA KASHIF	2	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
QASIM JAMAL KHAN	2	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
FATIMA UMER	3	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
HADIYAH WAQAS	4	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
FABIHA FARHAN	5	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
MUHAMMAD HAIDER	7	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
HIBBA SHAHID	9	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
MEHREEN ELAHI	10	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
AREEBA MUSHTAQ	10	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
SUDAIS	10	FSP ENGLISH LINGUISTICS	SCHOOL TOPPER - BRONZE MEDAL
MEERAB	2	FSP MATHEMATICS	NATIONAL TOPPER BRONZE MEDALIST
ASRA EMAN	8	FSP MATHEMATICS	NATIONAL TOPPER BRONZE MEDALIST
AQSA KHAN	8	FSP MATHEMATICS	NATIONAL TOPPER BRONZE MEDALIST
RAYYAN AHSAN	2	FSP MATHEMATICS	PROVINCIAL TOPPER BRONZE MEDALIST
KHIZAR ADIL	5	FSP MATHEMATICS	PROVINCIAL TOPPER GOLD MEDALIST
MOHAMMAD UMER ABID	6	FSP MATHEMATICS	PROVINCIAL TOPPER BRONZE MEDALIST
UMAMA HASSAN	9	FSP MATHEMATICS	PROVINCIAL TOPPER BRONZE MEDALIST
MUHAMMAD HASSAM	6	FSP MATHEMATICS	SCHOOL TOPPER SILVER MEDALIST
HAMNA AHMED	7	FSP MATHEMATICS	SCHOOL TOPPER BRONZE MEDALIST



HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

# WINNERS

LIST 2025-26



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	CONTEST	AWARD
UMM E HANI SHAKEEL	3	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
FATIMA ZOHAIB	7	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
M. EBAAD HUSSAIN	7	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
MUHAMMAD TAQI	7	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
SADIA SAEED	11	SMETA VISUAL ART OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
AYESHA HANIF	1	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
ILMA KASHIF	1	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
M. MIKAAIL MUJTABA	1	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	SILVER MEDALIST
AAROUSH YAWAR	2	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
MUHAMMAD UKASHA	2	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
AMEER HAMZA	1	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
M. IBRAHIM	1	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
ALI BALOCH	1	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
ILMA KASHIF	1	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDALIST
RAYYAN AHSAN	1	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
KHADIJA HAMMAD	2	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
BAREERAH SIDDIQUI	2	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
ARWA MALIK	2	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
S. MOHAMMAD DAWOOD	2	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
MAHNOOR ZAFAR	2	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
MUHAMMAD	2	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	SILVER MEDALIST
M. USMAN SIDDIQUI	2	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
ABEERAH GHANI	2	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	SILVER MEDALIST
MARYAM TANSEER	2	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDALIST
ABDULLAH SIYAL	6	ICATS MATHEMATICS	SILVER MEDAL
UMER ABID	6	ICATS MATHEMATICS	SILVER MEDAL
M. TALHA SOHRAB	4	ICATS MATHEMATICS	BRONZE MEDAL
ABDULLAH ASIF	6	ICATS MATHEMATICS	BRONZE MEDAL
JAVERIA TAUHEED	8	ICATS MATHEMATICS	BRONZE MEDAL
ABDULLAH ANSARI	2	CATSO ART	BRONZE MEDAL
ABEERAH GHANI	2	CATSO SCIENCE	SILVER MEDAL
AMNA	SL2	CATSO SCIENCE	SILVER MEDAL



# HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

# WINNERS

## LIST 2025-26



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	CONTEST	AWARD
AMNA	SL2	CATSO ART	GOLD MEDAL
AMNA SOHAIL	2	CATSO ART	BRONZE MEDAL
ASHER IRFAN	6	CATSO ART	BRONZE MEDAL
AYESHA MIRHA	SL2	CATSO ART	SILVER MEDAL
AYESHA SOHAIL	1	CATSO ART	GOLD MEDAL
DUA FATIMA	6	CATSO ART	SILVER MEDAL
FATIMA	SL2	CATSO ART	BRONZE MEDAL
HAREEM FAIZAN	4 HIFZ	CATSO ART	GOLD MEDAL
HOORAIN ALI	2	CATSO SCIENCE	SILVER MEDAL
HOORAIN ILYAS	2	CATSO ART	GOLD MEDAL
HORRAB FATIMA	1	CATSO ARTS	BRONZE MEDAL
IZHAN	SL2	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	GOLD MEDAL
KHADIJA KHAN	10	CATSO ARTS	SILVER MEDAL
KHAWLA IBRAHIM	1	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	SILVER MEDAL
M HAMDAN	SL2	CATSO ARTS	BRONZE MEDAL
M HAMZA	SL2	CATSO ARTS	SILVER MEDAL
M MOOSA SIDDIQUE	SL2	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	BRONZE MEDAL
M. ANAS	1	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	GOLD MEDAL
M. MUSTAFA	1	CATSO ARTS	SILVER MEDAL
MAAZ AHMED	2	CATSO ARTS	SILVER MEDAL
MIRAL BABAR	3	CATSO ARTS	BRONZE MEDAL
MULAYKA	8	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	BRONZE MEDAL
MUNTAHA FAISAL	SL2	CATSO ARTS	BRONZE MEDAL
RANA ABU HURIRA	6	CATSO ARTS	SILVER MEDAL
RANA AHMED	6	CATSO ARTS	GOLD MEDAL
RAO HAIDER ALI KHAN	2	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	GOLD MEDAL
RIDA WAJID	7	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	GOLD MEDAL
RUFAIDA HUMERA	3 HIFZ	CATSO ARTS	SILVER MEDAL
S. MANAL FATMI	6 HIFZ	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	GOLD MEDAL
SYED MUHAMMAD SUALEH	2	CATSO ARTS	SILVER MEDAL
SYEDA SHIZA SALMAN	SL2	CATSO ARTS	SILVER MEDAL
UMM E SULAIM	SL2	CATSO ARTS	GOLD MEDAL



# HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

# WINNERS

## LIST 2025-26



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	CONTEST	AWARD
URWA AMIR	SL2	CATSO ARTS	GOLD MEDAL
WANIA AMIR	6	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	SILVER MEDAL
YASHAL FAHAD	4	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	SILVER MEDAL
ZAINAB SALMAN	6	CATSO ARTS	BRONZE MEDAL
ZAINAB SOHAIL	4	CATSO ARTS	BRONZE MEDAL
ZUHAIB UMAR	4	CATSO SCIENCE QUIZ	GOLD MEDAL
ABDUL MOMIN	9	MEGA RAINBOW	GOLD MEDALIST
SHEEZA SAQIB	8	MEGA RAINBOW	GOLD MEDALIST
MEHREEN ELAHI	10	MEGA RAINBOW	GOLD MEDALIST
ALEEZA KHURRAM	6	MEGA RAINBOW	GOLD MEDALIST
ABDULLAH ILYAS	5	MEGA RAINBOW	GOLD MEDALIST
ZENIA KHAN	2	MEGA RAINBOW	GOLD MEDALIST
SADIA SAEED	A LEVEL	MEGA RAINBOW	GOLD MEDALIST
M. ANAS SUFYAN	2	MEGA RAINBOW	SILVER MEDALIST
M. HAYAN	8	MEGA RAINBOW	SILVER MEDALIST
ESHAAL KHURSHEED	10	MEGA RAINBOW	BRONZE MEDALIST
ZARYAB BAKHSH	4	HRCA	SILVER MEDALIST
ESHAL SALMAN	8	KANGAROO ARTS CONTEST	10,000 PKR
MAHEEN FATIMA	A LEVEL	FINTASTIC FACE OFF	SECOND RUNNER UP
AFSHAN ZULFIQAR	A LEVEL	FINTASTIC FACE OFF	SECOND RUNNER UP
MARYAM MOHIB	A LEVEL	FINTASTIC FACE OFF	SECOND RUNNER UP
SYEDA YUMNA FAROOQ	A LEVEL	FINTASTIC FACE OFF	SECOND RUNNER UP
M. USMAN UMER	6	ROBO FEST	3RD PLACE
SYEDA ALISHBA ZUBAIR	11	ROBO FEST	3RD PLACE
IFRA NAZ	11	ROBO FEST	3RD PLACE
WAAIL USMANI	10	PCB INTER SCHOOL TOURNAMENT	BEST FIELDER OF THE TOURNAMENT
SHEHROOZ SIDDIQUI	10	MATH LEAGUE	SECOND
MUHAMMAD AZAAN	9	MATH LEAGUE	SECOND
UMER BAIG	9	MATH LEAGUE	SECOND
ABDULLAH KHAN	7	SWIMMING COMPETITION	THIRD
BILAL ASIF	7	SWIMMING COMPETITION	THIRD
ABDUL MUQEET	7	SWIMMING COMPETITION	THIRD
ABU BAKAR	7	SWIMMING COMPETITION	THIRD

