

NEWSLETTER



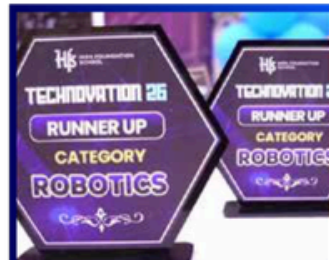
PRE SCHOOL

O/A LEVELS

Traditional Islamic learning meets modern tech-focused education



HABIB UNIVERSITY SUSTAINABILITY



TECHNOVATION 26



HFS SPORTS TUSSE 2026



CENTRE RECOGNITION AWARD



SMETA OLYMPIAD



HIRAMUN 2.0 WINNERS



REFLECTIONS SCHOOL QIRAT CONTEST



SEERAH JALSAH

My Favourite TOY

Ayesha Tariq II D

Butterflies fly, so free and light,
Colours shining bright in sight.
They start as caterpillars, small and
slow, Transform into beauties, don't
you know!

Haya Faizan II E

MY SCHOOL

I go to school, it's fun to learn
My teacher is nice, she helps me learn
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 to
I'm Umm e Sulaim, in Grade 1,
it's awesome, it's true!

Umm e Sulaim II D



THE KIND LITTLE BIRD



A kind little bird found a grain of wheat. Instead of eating it alone, she shared it with her hungry friends. All the birds felt happy and thankful. The little bird learned that sharing brings more joy than keeping everything to yourself.

M. Ayaan II F

THE GIRL WHO NEVER ATE MEAT

Once upon a time there was a girl who never ate meat. Her mother scolded her, but she never listened. One day her class was having a competition: karate.

Her friend asked her to participate in the competition. She agreed and was very excited to participate and she said, "I will win the competition," but she did not score even in a single round. She was tired very early. Then she remembered her mother's advice. From that day on she started eating meat and other proteins. She asked her mother to cook meat every other day. Now her mother was also happy with her.

Khunsha Fatima III D

FRIENDSHIP

Mifrah Rizwan
II D



My friend and I like to play,
We laugh and smile every day.
We share our toys and share our rice.
My friend and I are wise and nice.
I am very glad, it's true,
To have a friend like you!

EID CELEBRATION

M.Talha II F

The moon for Eid was sighted, and excitement filled the house. Mother cooked delicious sheer khurma and tasty dishes in the kitchen. Children helped decorate the rooms and wrap gifts. Father brought new clothes. The family cleaned the house, shared smiles, and happily prepared to celebrate Eid together.



The Most Awaited Gift

Ayesha Faizan IV A

I had wanted a bicycle for a very long time. Whenever I saw other children in my street riding their bicycles, I wished I had one too. One evening, my father came home early with a big surprise. When I saw the bicycle, I could not believe my eyes. I jumped with joy and hugged him tightly. I thanked him again and again. The bicycle was shiny and beautiful. It was my favourite colour. I took my mother's permission and went outside to ride it. I called my friends as well.

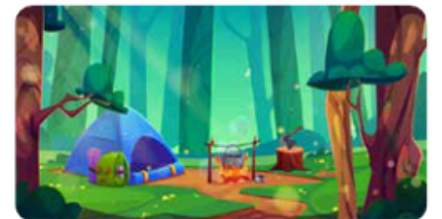


I rode the bicycle around the street, and the cool air touched my face. I felt very excited and free. At first, I was a little nervous, but soon I became confident. All my friends came and cheered for me. They were happy to see me riding my new bicycle. I felt so proud. That day became a beautiful memory that I will never forget. It was truly the happiest day of my life as I had gotten the most precious gift from my parents.

A Forest Adventure

Hooriya Noor III F

Azlan and Salman decided to go on a picnic to the forest. They packed their backpacks with food, drinks, and water, and set off early in the morning. As they walked through the woods, they heard the sweet chirping of birds and the rustling of leaves. The fresh air and peaceful surroundings made them feel relaxed and happy. Soon, they stumbled upon a small waterfall, and they could not resist the urge to jump in. The cool water was refreshing, and they spent a fun-filled hour playing and laughing together.



After working up an appetite, they decided to have lunch by the waterfall. They unpacked their backpacks and enjoyed a delicious meal, savoring the taste of sandwiches and fresh fruits. As they were relaxing, a beautiful bird perched on a nearby branch, watching them curiously. Azlan and Salman were captivated by its beauty and watched it quietly. They felt grateful for their wonderful adventure and the lovely day they had spent together.

THE CHANCE FUTURE

DIDN'T GIVE

I was her, she was there,
I took a quick glance, noticing something in common,
her hands, her hazel eyes,
She looked away, smiling softly,
I felt a small connection,
but the moment was already gone,

She walked past, and I stayed,
thinking I might never see her again,
yet somehow remembering her anyway.
Reminding me how life shows us people we feel we
could connect with,
but never gives us the chance
to continue that small, beautiful moment,

to turn it into maybe a friendship.

EMBARRASSEMEN

I've survived the stutters and wrong turns
echos I heard "she never learns"
I've misspelled names, fallen onto the ground
faces stared at me, without a sound
I've spoken too soon, waved back at none
whispers followed, they made fun
I've laughed too loud, eaten too quick
"she's cringe," they muttered, tried to flick
I've failed exams, forgotten lines on stage
disappointed them, bore their rage

I've talked non-stop, jumped with excitement
their acidic glares tracking every movement
But the floor did not crack open, and I'm still alive
my red cheeks did not burn, I survived

The earthquake in my chest did not turn me into rubble
my shaky legs are stable, they did not crumble
My lungs did not burst, I'm still breathing
my confidence did not shatter, it's blooming
So don't be afraid and take the risk
Do it healthy, do it sick

Wave first, laugh too loud, It's your life, ignore the crowd
Blush, mispronounce, speak and stumble
Fail, forget, jump and fumble
'Because nobody ever died from a feeling called
"embarrassment"

Ruwaida Hammad AS Level

I got the phone as a gift. It looked fine sleek, shiny, perfect. But from the first day, something felt... different. It started small. The phone would suggest messages before I even thought of those. It recommended videos I was just about to search. I thought it was just smart technology. Then one day, a message popped up, "Don't go outside today," I laughed it off. But later, I heard there had been an accident on my street at the exact time I usually go out. The next day, another message appeared, "Your friend needs help." I called my friend and he really was in trouble. Now, I was really scared. Last night, I received the strangest message of all, "I know what you're thinking right now". I dropped the phone. And slowly... the screen lit up again with words I had not typed. I realized one thing: this phone was smart, but more importantly, it reminded me to be careful, pay attention, and trust my instincts. The next morning, I decided to put the phone aside for a while. But later, I noticed it had sent one last message, "Use me wisely, and I'll keep you safe," I smiled. Maybe technology wasn't scary it was just a reminder to stay alert and responsible.

Moral:

Technology is powerful, but it should be used wisely

My Secret Garden of Jannah

M. Musab Shaikh
IG

Welcome to my garden! Every flower and tree here is a good deed I do. I planted a Kindness Rose because I help my mom, and a Truthful Tree because I always tell the truth. My garden is full of Noor. Every time I say "Alhamdulillah", a new butterfly appears! I want my garden to be ready for Jannah.

A Teacher, Or A Creature

Zobiya Tariq
VII A

It was a sunny Monday morning, Ahmed was snoring hard, and was lost in his dreams, not knowing he was already awake. Suddenly the door of his room flew open with a loud bang, and his mom came rushing towards his bed, "Oh Ahmed wake up! It's nearly 8:00 AM. Come on, wake up. You are extremely late! Wake up!" She cried while shaking him violently. Ahmed woke up suddenly, completely blank. He didn't know what was going on, but after a second or two he jumped out of his bed and rushed towards the washroom to change his clothes. After coming out, he flung his bag over his shoulder and went hopping down the stairs like a kangaroo. His mother stuffed his lunch box in his hand and opened the front door for him. He opened his mouth to ask for breakfast, but his mother cut him out and said "No breakfast! Just look at the time, Ahmed! Now just get out of the house quickly and be careful." So, he waved to his mother and mounted his bicycle and went off, not knowing he wouldn't come back.

After a few minutes, he arrived at the school and parked his bicycle. The gates were closed. The guard called him. "Ahmed? Oh, your mother informed the principal. Come in." With a sigh of relief, Ahmed ran inside until he reached his class. He opened the door and found that there was no teacher, so he quickly slipped in and sat on his desk partner's chair. The other students stared at him. He felt a little awkward. Moiz was his best friend and both friends sat at the same desk. He asked, looking at his sweaty face, "Why are you so late?" Ahmed ignored his question and asked, "Which unit did you miss?" "It was mathematics, the teacher just left a minute ago when you arrived." Moiz replied. Ahmed frowned and they both started discussing what was taught in that unit. Suddenly the door opened, and there came the principal with a quite a nervous face. As he entered the class. There came a weird looking woman behind him. She was middle-aged but her hair was in a yellowish sort of color; she was skinny, her face was full of freckles, and she had bulging eyes. Her nose was just like a bird's beak! Her bony fingers were so strange that everyone stared at them in total shock. They were too long way too long. She wore an oversized and heavy coat. She followed the principal inside and then the principal announced in a shaky voice, "Good morning, class. I have some news; your old teacher Mrs Anila had to leave very suddenly."

So, this is your new teacher, Mrs Raat. Please don't make her angry. Sami stared at her in horror the way she was standing like a frozen statue. The principal didn't even say goodbye and quickly rushed out of the room. Now there was only Mrs Raat and the students inside the class. There was silence in the room. Mrs Raat didn't move from where she was standing, she even didn't blink, she stayed still. Ahmed leaned to Moiz and whispered, "Moiz, did you see her hair? They look like dry sticks, and that big dirty coat. Why is she wearing that in April? If she's our new teacher, I'm not staying here. I will leave the school tomorrow!" Moiz was staring at Mrs Raat, he whispered back, "Shut up Ahmed, she'll hear." Ahmed didn't say anymore. Mrs Raat was standing still where she was, neither blinking, nor moving. But her eyes were cold, yellow eyes moved, and she was looking directly at Ahmed! He felt a chill run down his spine. Now her eyes were locked in Ahmed's. Slowly she moved her dry, cracked lips and there came a voice which didn't seem to be of a human. It was an ancient voice as it was an echo from inside the grave. "Ahmeddd, why are you in such a hurry to leave my classroom?" She rasped. Moiz squeezed his pen so tightly that his hand became wet. Ahmed stared at her with utter horror; He hadn't been so frightened in his entire life before. He didn't even blink, His brain was filled with a lot of horrible thoughts about Mrs Raat. What will she now do to him? Is she really a human? How did she listen to my whisper.... The whole class wished to be teleported out of the school. Mrs Raat opened her mouth wider and to everyone's horror they saw her mouth filled with needle-sharp fangs! The whole class was paralyzed. Maria covered her eyes with her hands. Babar gasped with fright; He hadn't seen such a terrific sight before in his life. Ahmed didn't dare to swallow a lump. His whole body was trembling with pure bone-shaking fright from Mrs Raat's yellow stare. "Do you think I am hungry, Ahmed? Well, That's why I'm here." This line made the whole class extremely petrified. Ahmed's pale face looked as if his blood had gone white. No one said a single word. Everyone breathed heavily with their whole body shaking. Suddenly the whole class became pitch dark. Blow! The electricity was gone. In that dark, void room, the lights flickered. Those were Mrs Raat's eyes, which were glowing. The whole class felt suffocated in the darkness.

Suddenly a very brilliant, blinding white light filled the room. The electricity was back! But the light wasn't coming from the light bulbs. It was a curious, bright gloomy mist coming out from the whole ceiling, and now Ahmed wasn't sitting at his desk anymore. He found himself in an unbelievably spacious place, but it was completely black except for the light from the ceiling. It looked so odd. Ahmed was there alone in that silence of the dead. Where was Moiz? Where were all the other students? Where was Mrs Raat? WHERE WAS HE? He could only hear his own heavy breathing. He felt a surge of fear when he realized that he was completely alone in that mysterious place. Suddenly he heard a leathery sound of wings swapping and Mrs Raat came from above the mist and landed just in front of Ahmed. That very big coat was hiding those giant leathery and veiny wings. She wasn't looking like a human anymore. Her skin was swampy green and was bruised blue. The monstrous wings flapped behind her. Her nasty yellow hair wasn't looking like a normal person. They were all tangled, just like a thick cluster of spider webs. Then she smiled. It was the vilest smile Ahmed had ever seen. Her horrible fangs were glistening. Then she spoke, "Ahmeddd, Out of all students, you are the best. You are the most delicious. That is why I chose you to be my midnight snack."

The Reality of Zoos

Are zoos really good for animals, or are they just for people's entertainment?

Zoos are not a suitable place for wild animals, so they should be closed. Firstly, animals in zoos live in very small spaces compared to their habitats. In the wild, animals have large areas to move around freely. Secondly, animals in zoos can get diseases and face other dangers. Thirdly, animals are not protected and provoked by the visitors.

Most zoo animals live in small enclosures and do not behave like they do in the wild. For example, polar bears may only have about 10 metres to walk, but in the wild, they travel hundreds of kilometres. Because of this, many animals show strange behaviour, such as walking back and forth. Another problem is that zoos are man-made places. Animals are kept together even though they would not live together in the wild. This can cause diseases to spread. Also, animals may be exposed to harmful chemicals. Sometimes, visitors also tease or disturb the animals.

Wania Noman VIII B

Kindness Makes the World a Happier Place

Zainab Sohail V A

My name is Zainab Sohail and I am of Grade V A. Today, I will speak on the topic 'Kindness Makes the World a Happier Place'. Kindness is a universal language that transcends borders, cultures and background. It's a language that speaks directly to the heart. We show kindness in countless ways like a smile, a kind word and more. But kindness is not just about the impact it has on others, it is also about the impact it has on us. When we show kindness, it makes us much happier, more fulfilled and connected to the world around us. Our poet Allama Iqbal once said that the heart that is filled with love and kindness is the heart that is filled with the light of Allah. When kindness becomes a habit, it transforms our world into a brighter place. Kindness is a choice, a decision to make the world a happier, warmer and loving place to live. Also, Mark Twain once said, "Kindness is the language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see." When we help, listen and care, we create a chain of happiness that strengthens both the world and society. Kindness has the power to turn ordinary days into brighter ones and make the world a happier and more connected place.

Online Games are Better than Physical Games

Zainab Shahid IV D

I'm Zainab Shahid of Grade IV D. Today, I am going to speak about physical games and online games and why physical games are better. In today's world many children love online games. They play on mobile phones, tablets and computers for many hours. Online games may be fun but playing these too much is not good for our health. We sit in one place for a long time which causes weak eyesight, laziness, stress and even anger. Online games also reduce real social interaction and make us feel lonely.



On the other hand, physical games are very important for our bodies and minds. Games like cricket, football, badminton, running and skipping keep us active and strong. These games help us to stay fit and improve our stamina, and also make us fresh, happy and energetic. Physical games teach us many good habits. They teach us teamwork, discipline, patience and leadership. When we play with others, we learn how to cooperate, respect rules and accept both winning and losing. These lessons not only help in games but also in real life. In conclusion, online games should be limited but physical games should be a part of our daily lives. So let us put our screens down, step outside and choose physical games today and for our future tomorrow.



THE MESSAGE

Ramla Fareed
AS Level

The sky was clear, revealing a wide vast of pale black, stars sparkling all over it. It was 3:00am at night, as I stood by the balcony wondering at the aeroplane just passing by while reflecting green and red lights simultaneously. I was zoned out and when I returned to the surroundings, I couldn't believe that 15 minutes had already passed by. It was for me to go to bed. But it was destined that something so terrifying would happen that night which could engulf my sleep for a week. Anyways as soon as I got into my cozy bed and wore the fluffy, hairy baby pink blanket, I heard the bell ring. Its familiar jingle sounded shriller in the silent night.



The sound was too sharp and noisy and it hurt my eardrums, I felt restless, being alone at home at first felt hesitant to step out of my room, but my ears were not allowing me to bear that constant irritating noise and so without thinking about anything else, or who would be at the door at midnight, I rushed outwards and screamed at the top of my lungs. "Anyone? Name please!" I shouted twice or thrice but no reply. I was tired and so I instantly opened the door, not knowing what I would find, I was stuck at that moment and my hands dragging me on to a very baffling realization. Indeed a very BIG ONE! I found a note. Just about to close the door, my eyes struck on a piece of paper placed at the doorstep. It was obvious that someone had folded it neatly and placed it there. I mean it was not just thrown. A glittery red coloured paper which I had never seen before. My hands resisted but my curiosity paid me off, and I picked up the paper, and slowly opened it. My eyes couldn't believe what I saw!! It was a strange neon text that glowed like a flash of lightning, as if someone had used some mercurial substance I had never seen writing like it before. As soon as I read what was written, my hands began shaking, my feet trembled and my eyes were left wide open. I quickly slammed the door back. The paper fell from my hands but glitter was over my palms. My hands, which were clean before, were now covered in red. I looked over with that red shimmer, and the paper now appeared Matte Red with "I am your shadow forever with you, I am here with intent I am here besides you!" written in bold, but scrambled form, black in color.

I was frozen at the same place, forcing my mind to function as to what to do next? My heart was thumping wildly, a cold sweat ran down my spinal cord. I could do nothing, but to sit in the lounge and wait for my parents to arrive. They had left my room with no one in it, and it was definitely something horrible. "Who could it be?" "How did it enter my room? When did it enter?" These questions came flashing in my mind, until I started to feel dizzy with anxiety my mind was switching off, I knew I would soon be knocked out into a deep sleep..I desperately tried to keep conscious..the last thing I heard was a chuckle - besides you'..and then a black veil ..all was dark.

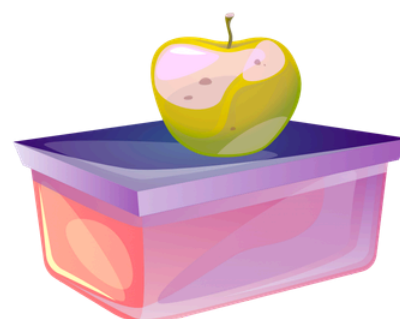
More than Just a Lunchbox

Huda Kamran

I wasn't very fond of my lunchbox at first. Every day, while my friends brought burgers, pizza, and chips, I opened mine to find simple homemade food. I would quickly close it, feeling a little embarrassed. One day, I forgot my lunch at home. At school, I felt hungry and upset. My friends didn't have extra food to share. I sat quietly, wishing I had not been so ungrateful. Then, the quietest girl in class, Abrish, came and sat next to me. She opened her lunchbox, it had just one piece of bread. She broke it in half and gave me the bigger piece. I was shocked. "But this is all you have," I said.



She smiled and said, "Sharing makes it enough." That moment changed me. The next day, I opened my lunchbox proudly. It wasn't just food anymore it was love, care, and something I had never noticed before. Since that day, I never complained again... and sometimes, I even save the first bite to share with someone who might need it. One afternoon, I forgot my lunch again but this time, a younger student I had never spoken to offered me half of her sandwich. I realized then that kindness touched hearts faster than we thought.



Moral: Happiness grows when you share

Real Life Vs Reel Life

M. Nafay Shahid OI A

Published in Dawn, Young World, April 18th, 2026

On a Sunday afternoon, I decided to study. It was the preparation week for my exams, and I knew I had a lot to cover. I took out my books, arranged my study materials neatly on the table and kept my phone beside me. Before starting, I thought, why not watch some motivational videos to feel productive and maybe get ideas on how to plan my study routine for the upcoming week? But that was the mistake I made. I opened YouTube and started watching videos of students who wake up at 5 am, follow perfect routines and study for hours without distraction.

Their desks were clean, their lives seemed organised and everything about them looked perfect. For a moment, I felt bad about myself, but then something inspired me. Right then, a notification popped up from Facebook. One of my friends had posted a story. I opened it and saw that she was enjoying time with her cousins, laughing and playing. One story led to another. Then another. I kept scrolling, completely unaware of how time passed. It felt like just a few minutes. After some time, my mother came into my room and said, "Come for lunch." That was when I looked at the clock.



Almost two hours had passed! I felt a sudden wave of guilt. I had planned to study, but instead, I had wasted my time scrolling through social media. During lunch, I couldn't stop thinking. My mind was filled with questions. How do people manage everything so perfectly? How do they study, enjoy life, spend time with family and still achieve good grades? At night, I tried to study again. I managed to focus for about half an hour, but my mind was still distracted. Soon, I gave up and went to bed. But as usual, before sleeping, I picked up my phone. It had become a habit.

I opened Instagram and started scrolling. My friends, their families, having perfect faces, perfect people, happy achievements and success stories. Everything looked smooth and flawless. It felt like everyone was moving forward in life, doing something meaningful, becoming someone important. And here I was, lying in bed, doing nothing. The same thought kept repeating in my mind: why am I not like them? After a couple of hours, when my eyes started closing, I put my phone aside. But I didn't feel relaxed. Instead, I felt exhausted, not physically, but mentally. It was clear that scrolling had drained my energy instead of giving me motivation.

The next morning, I went to college. I was sitting with my friend and somehow the topic of social media came up. She mentioned her Facebook story and told her how perfect everything looked. I also shared how I felt that everyone seemed to have everything under control, and I didn't. My friend looked at me and laughed, not in a rude way, but in a way that made me curious. "Oh my dear, it's just a part that we see online. It's captured for that purpose only, not the complete reality," she said. Then she opened her profile and showed me a picture from her birthday. She was wearing a beautiful white dress and smiling brightly. She looked truly happy. "I was actually sick that day," she said. "And I had a big argument with my brother, so I didn't even feel like talking to anyone."

I was shocked. The picture looked perfect. I would have never guessed. Then she added, "Yesterday, my young sister fell and was bleeding from a cut in her head. We were at the hospital, all worried. But in my stories, didn't I see me smiling at the ice cream parlour?" I was speechless. People only share their best moments, the ones they want others to see. They don't show their struggles or problems.

That moment changed my thinking. I realised I had been comparing my real life, full of ups and downs, with someone else's carefully selected moments. And that was why I always felt like I wasn't enough. From that day, I decided to change my perspective. I didn't stop using social media, but I started using it more carefully. I noticed how certain posts made me feel. If something inspired me, I appreciated it. But if something made me feel insecure, I tried to ignore it. I also started managing my time better. I reduced my screen time, especially during study hours and avoided picking up my phone before bed. Instead, I focused more on my own routine and goals. I stopped comparing myself to others and realised that everyone has their own journey, their own pace and their own struggles. Today, I still use social media. But now, I understand the difference between real life and reel life. Real life is not perfect, it has ups and downs, good days and bad days, success and failure. But it is real and that's what makes it meaningful.

The Art Of Being Suspended

Buwaida Hammad
Sadiqui, AS Level

Dear Diary,

The house feels strangely full and empty at the same time. All the rooms are crowded with bags and suitcases. Friends are constantly coming to meet our family. It's chaotic. Yet, beneath all this hustle and bustle, there is stillness, emptiness and silence. It feels like time has paused for me, waiting for me to step out of the country. It's weird. Mornings are short and quickly and nights feel heavier, as if darkness is tugging me, as if it knows I am leaving. These last few days in my home country have begun to blur. All the familiar sounds that I grew up listening to seem louder than ever before. The (prayer call) sounds gloomy now. Will I ever get to hear it again? The clatter of teapots and cups in the morning makes me wonder if I will get to hear this chaos in London. Will I ever hear my mom's voice telling me to pack "one more thing?" I want to stay a little longer in these cracked walls of my courtyard. I want to sit a little longer in the shade of my verandah. Perhaps this is how it feels to stand between two worlds, to see the precious in the ordinary. This morning, I stood on the rooftop longer than usual. I saw children playing cricket in the street, completely unaware that the world could be vast enough to leave. I watched the sky change colour from blue to golden, almost memorizing the way another sky will stretch above me. I wonder if it will feel distant or, with time, it will begin to feel like mine. Today in the evening, I noticed the dust particles in the sunlight across our verandah. They were constantly rising and settling and they hit me how much I resemble them. Not fully here nor entirely in the new country. Honestly, this is the most bitter-sweet feeling. My heart bleeds at the thought of leaving my home behind.

In the very next moment, I feel more than excited about the new places that I am about to call home. Everyone tells me if I am excited. I am. But how do I tell them that this excitement did not come alone? It carries a silent ache with itself. The ache of leaving my home, friends and my whole life here. The fear of a foreign sky, unknown roads and strange faces. I tremble at the thought of speaking to people who do not understand my language and walking on streets that do not recognize my footprints. For now, I remain suspended between a goodbye and a hello. And this trembling in-between is not something to fear. Maybe it's proof that life is moving, and that there is something out there making a way for me. Perhaps, in between here and there, I am already becoming someone new.

IMPORTANCE OF TIME

Nuntaha VI A

Time is one of the most valuable resources in human life. If once lost, time can never be recovered. Every successful person understands the importance of time management. As we all know, this generation is wasting time in scrolling and using mobile. They actually don't know the importance of time.

Time helps us organize our daily activities and achieve our goals. People who value time are often more disciplined and productive. Wasting time leads to missed opportunities and regret. Proper use of time brings success, while misuse leads to failure. Time teaches us the importance of patience and consistency. Students who manage their time well perform better in their studies. In today's fast-paced world, time management is more important than ever.



A Rubbish Tip

Huda Ilyas
AS Level

"You really think it's a place to visit?" Ela asked. "It's my Humanities project but I mean why not?" Rose replied, clicking her pen against her temporal lobe. "It won't be that bad I believe," said Mariam, always being positive. "I give up then, I guess but visit a Rubbish Tip?? It will never leave you regretless. I bet! Ela was pretty furious. The following day brought the three friends to the local rubbish tip just two kilometres away from their residences. The teenagers were exploring a place, one would never want to. As they were about to reach they got the first sight of it already appearing nauseous to Ela, fascinating to Mariam and nothing less than a project work to Rose. It looked like a mountain range with uneven heights and patterns lifted up high in the air touching the lower clouds and filled with all kinds of dirt, litter and of course, rubbish. Ela wanted to run back but Rose was a close stubborn and manipulative friend whom she loved so she felt like she had burned all the boats for return. The pungent nauseous thing had already geared in. Together with their masks on, they stepped in holding hands and making sure each of them survived till the end of their journey.

The rubbish tip was located on a land of two acres yet appeared larger. They stood near a point where the largest tip of rubbish stood. Their eyes spread with amazement as they were exposed to the items of rubbish tip. "Oh my God! Look! These point papers look exactly like papers from my letter diaries." Ela screamed unexpectedly. Her gaze landed upon crumbled pieces of styled paper, unique in its own way. "Oh yes, Ela, I remember! Let's see what else we find here from our childhood, this place has already started to become nostalgic," Rose said chuckling and they all cracked a laugh.

They proceeded and saw items making them shocked with the rest of their life. "Wow, 70% of this place is plastic." Mariam pointed out to the torn, twisted and cheap plastic bags that were all around, the same plastic that does not decompose nor is biodegradable. "Would you charge this place for not being sustainable Mariam?" Rose patted Mariam's back teasingly. "I mean I would but..." As soon as Mariam was about to say, Ela shouted, "Look guys... Snacky!!! It's snackyyy! The old candy from our childhood!" Her face was filled with excitement and joy as if she found the real candy to eat.

"Oh REALLY!?! Oh my God! How much I missed it and look at it now- just the wrappers turned black."

Mariam said in a deep voice as she wanted to sob on the death of her favourite candy. "This place is nostalgic, no wonder!" Rose couldn't believe herself so moved by a rubbish tip. Soon, the sun was retreating with mellow goodbyes but decided to shine bright before its final adieu on the two acres of land. There were pieces of broken glass bottles that reflected against the sunlight. Crows and seagulls squawking around the tips making the place even more dreadful. They saw used teabags and coffee grounds which appeared wet and soggy even today. Dirt was all around and litter was never ending. After the nostalgia, Ela had once again started to feel nauseous as they sniffed a faint chemical sting, followed by the heavy, sour odour in the thick air. Rose, Mariam and Ela saw the broken items like the chargers, pens, dead batteries and couldn't be more fascinated by how much humankind was producing in terms of litter. They came across smells of rotting fruits and vegetables and the acidic, sticky smell of leftover meat which hits the back of the nose. They had by now taken enough of the rubbish tip for a day- still so much more awaited them like burnt candle pieces of worn out clothes, matchsticks and cardboard boxes. They turned their backs with the sun setting and they could hear the scratching of rats inside the huge tall piles of rubbish. The silent rubbish tip held old stories within itself, with torn and stable clothes, toys, heaps of papers, pieces of edible food and drink. Somebody had dumped without thinking for a second that instead of walking to the dustbin, walking to a stranger in need might have saved a life today...

The Day Haya Chose Herself Hiba Rizwan VIII A

Haya and Daniya had been best friends since Grade 5. They were the kind of friends who always sat together, laughed together, and stood by each other when no one else did. When the classroom felt loud and lonely, they felt safe together. Over time, their bond only grew stronger. By Grade 6, nothing had really changed. Even though they were in different sections, they found their way back to each other every day, especially during breaks. No matter where they were, they chose each other. It felt permanent, like something that could not be broken. As the year went on, Daniya started making new friends. At first, Haya did not mind. She gave her space and told herself it was normal.

Daniya still cared and still noticed when Haya felt left out. Whenever Haya spoke up, Daniya listened. She apologized, fixed her mistakes, and reassured her best friend. And that was enough. Towards the end of Grade 6, Daniya slowly began drifting again. This time, Haya did not overthink it. She trusted her best friend and let her be. During the vacations, they stayed in touch. Daniya would text her, telling her how much she missed her and how everything would be the same once school started again. Haya believed her because that is what you do when you love someone.

But when Grade 7 began, something felt different. The caring Daniya barely greeted her anymore. She stayed in class with her new friends, while Haya was always the one trying. She greeted her first, asked to hang out, and held onto

what was left. Sometimes, Daniya would still apologize when Haya got upset, and for a while, things felt okay. Not the same as before, but not completely broken either. Then new people entered Daniya's life, and slowly, everything stopped. The calls, the messages, and the effort. While Haya was trying to understand what she had done wrong,

Daniya was having the best time with her new group. Whenever Haya tried to talk, she was dismissed. She was told not

to overthink and left behind as Daniya walked away with others.

Still, a small part of Haya hoped. There were days when they did not even say hello to each other. Days when Haya cried over the silence and distance. Daniya did not notice, or maybe she did and chose not to care. Months passed, and the girl who once trusted Haya with every secret stopped trusting her at all. Instead, Daniya gave her trust to people who broke it repeatedly, yet she never left them.

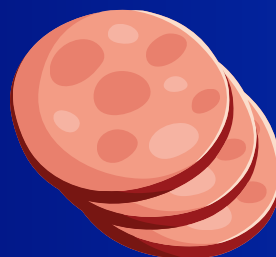
Haya noticed everything. Even then, she did not become bitter. She stayed kind. She made friends easily, even with Daniya's new group, but Daniya herself never looked at her the same. Whenever they were together, Haya felt invisible. That was when she finally understood. She was not the problem. Daniya had made a choice, and slowly, Haya began making one too. She chose herself. By Grade 8, even when Daniya's new friends left, nothing went back

to how it was. Daniya spoke to her again, but the bond was gone. This time, Haya did not chase it. She had learned to live with it. Some friendships do not end with fights. Some end quietly, with distance and silence. And sometimes, choosing yourself is the bravest thing you can do.

Pepperoni Disaster

Abdul Rehman Munawar IV

Once upon a time, there was a man named Saad who loved to travel around the world. One day, he was travelling from California to Texas by aeroplane. He had three suitcases: one contained his clothes, the second gifts, and the third was full of pepperoni, as he really liked it. When Saad arrived in Texas, he went to his hotel room. He took out the pepperoni and placed all the packets on the bed. Then, he opened the window to breathe in the fresh air. Unfortunately, he forgot to close it. Soon after, he left the room, locked the door, and went out for a walk.



When he returned to his hotel room, he was shocked to see a nasty surprise - crows had entered the room! He immediately closed the door and went downstairs to call the maid. When the maid arrived, she saw five crows and pepperoni scattered all over the room. She cleaned the room immediately. As a result of this incident, Saad was punished by the hotel management and issued a challan. After that, he returned to California. A few months later, Saad visited Texas again. He apologised to the hotel staff for the trouble he had caused. This time, he was more careful, and he lived responsibly.

I Want to Be a Pilot!

I want to fly up in the sky,
Way up high, oh so high!
In a big jet, zooming fast,
Being a pilot will be a blast!
I'll wear a cap and uniform too,
And say to all, "This is your crew!"
I'll soar through the clouds so white,
Being a pilot feels just right!

Hammas
Mansoori I L



THE MIDNIGHT THUD

Ammara Touseef
VIA

I was sleeping on Monday night when I heard a loud noise outside the door. My eyes opened wide as I rubbed them, trying to shake off the heaviness of sleep. Slowly, I got out of bed and walked toward the window, my heart beating faster with every step. As I peeked outside, I noticed a huge strike of lightning smashing into the ground, lighting up the entire sky for a brief, terrifying moment. I shuddered with fear. I was completely alone. My parents and siblings had gone to stay with my grandmother for a week, leaving me in the house by myself. I had told myself earlier that I would be fine, that it was just a few quiet nights but now, in the middle of this violent storm, that confidence felt foolish.

The weather report had warned that it would rain for weeks straight, but I hadn't expected anything like this. The rain wasn't gentle; it poured down heavily, crashing against the windows and roof, filling the house with an endless, echoing noise. The wind howled outside, making the trees bend and scratch against the walls. It felt like something was trying to get in. I stepped back from the window, wrapping my arms around myself, trying to stay calm. "It's just a storm," I whispered, but my voice didn't sound convincing, even to me. Then I heard it again. A sound. Clearer this time. It didn't come from outside; it came from the door. I froze. Every part of me wanted to ignore it, to run back to my bed and hide under the covers. But I couldn't. What if someone was there? What if someone needed help in this storm?

Gathering what little courage I had, I slowly walked toward the front door. The hallway felt darker than usual, longer somehow, as if it didn't want me to reach the end. Each step echoed loudly, and with every second, my fear grew stronger. When I finally reached the door, I stopped. My hand hovered over the handle, shaking slightly. Another flash of lightning lit up the glass, and for a brief second, I thought I saw a shadow standing outside. My heart pounded. "Who's there?" I called out, my voice barely steady. No answer. Just the sound of rain... and silence. For a moment, I tried to convince myself it was nothing. Maybe it was just the wind. Maybe I was imagining things. But deep down, I knew something wasn't right. The feeling in my chest, the tension in the air, it all pointed to something real, something waiting. Then came a slow, deliberate knock. Not loud. Not rushed. But certain. And in that moment, I realized I had a choice to walk away and live with the fear of never knowing... or to open the door and face whatever was on the other side. Taking a deep breath, I tightened my grip on the handle, knowing that whatever I chose next could change everything.

The Boy with No Name

In the city of Oakhaven, you are born a Zero. You do not get a name from your parents. You do not get a name from a book. You only receive a name when you perform an act that defines who you are. Some people become Julius the Brave by age ten; others remain Zeros until they are old men, working quietly in the shadows. Elias though he could only call himself that in his head was nineteen. In Oakhaven, being a nineteen-year-old Zero was a mark of shame. It meant you were invisible. When he walked into a shop, the merchant would simply say, "What does Zero want?" The day of the Great Storm changed everything. The river that ran through the center of the city turned into a monster.

The stone bridge, which had stood for three hundred years, began to groan under the pressure of the rising black water. Most of the named citizens—the Braves, the Strongs, the Wisest—were busy protecting their own homes. Elias stood by the riverbank and saw something no one else noticed. A small cat was trapped in a wooden crate, swirling in the middle of the rapid water. But more importantly, the crate was about to hit the main support beam of the bridge. If it hit, the bridge would collapse, taking the city's main water pipe with it. Elias didn't think about his Name. He didn't think about being a hero. He simply jumped. The water was ice-cold, like a thousand needles hitting his skin. He swam with a strength he didn't know he had. He reached the crate, grabbed the shivering cat, and used his last bit of energy to kick the crate away from the bridge. He crashed into the muddy bank further down the river, gasping for air, clutching the dog to his chest. The next morning, the Elders of the city gathered. They usually gave names like The Helpful or The Swimmer. But when Elias stood before them, the Head Elder looked at him differently. He didn't see a boy who had saved a cat. He saw a boy who had saved the city's future while the so-called named people stayed inside. "From this day on," the Elder announced, "you are not Elias the Brave. That is too simple." The Elder handed him a silver badge with a single word engraved on it: The Wake. "Why The Wake?" the boy asked.

"Because," the Elder whispered, "you woke up a city that was sleeping. You reminded us that a name isn't a prize you win—it's a responsibility you carry." For the first time in nineteen years, when he walked down the street, people didn't look through him. They looked at him. He was no longer a Zero. He was the boy who reminded everyone that the smallest person can hold up the heaviest bridge with him.

Fatima Sulieman VIII A

The Digital Classroom: How ^{M. Areeb Mughal} Technology is Reshaping Education

I still remember the day my teacher walked in carrying a laptop instead of the usual pile of photocopied papers. Half the class sat up straighter. Something felt different. That moment, small as it was, summed up something much bigger — the way technology has quietly but completely changed what a classroom looks and feels like. Whether that change is for the better is something I think about quite often.

There is no denying that technology has opened doors that were firmly shut before. A student sitting in a rural area with little more than a phone and a decent signal can now access the same lessons, videos, and practice materials as someone studying at a well-funded school in a big city. That is not a small thing. For many young people, it has been the difference between falling behind and actually keeping up. Platforms like Khan Academy have made it possible to rewind a confusing explanation, pause, and try again — something a traditional classroom teacher has never been able to offer.

Learning itself feels different too. When a topic comes alive through an animation or an interactive quiz, it sticks in a way that reading the same paragraph four times never quite manages. I have found that I remember things far better when I have actually done something with them on screen, rather than just copied them into a notebook. That kind of active learning makes a real difference, especially when exams are around the corner. But it would be dishonest to pretend there are no downsides. Sitting through back-to-back online classes can leave you drained in a way that a normal school day rarely does. The screen pulls at your attention constantly with a notification, one tab, and suddenly half an hour has slipped by. I think most students would admit, if they were being honest, that they have lost focus during an online lesson more times than they would like to count. There is also something harder to name — a kind of loneliness that creeps in when learning happens mostly through a screen. The small conversations between lessons, the shared confusion before a test, the laughter over something the teacher said — none of that travels well through a video call. School is not only about information. It is about growing up alongside other people, and that part cannot be downloaded.

Technology in education is here to stay, and honestly, I would not want it to disappear. But I do think we should be honest about what it can and cannot replace. Used well, it makes learning more flexible, more personalized, and more fair. Used carelessly, it becomes just another distraction in a world that already has too many. The goal, surely, is to keep the best of both — the warmth of a real classroom and the reach of a connected one.





هذا بطيخ
لونه أخضر
طعمه حلو
أكل البطيخ في العشاء
أنا أحب البطيخ

السُّوقُ وَهُوَ الْأَرْضُ سَبُّوعِيَّةٌ

هَذَا هُوَ السُّوقُ وَهُوَ الْأَرْضُ سَبُّوعِيَّةٌ. هِيَ بَيْتٌ فِيهِ دُكَّانُ وَوَأَسْرَعُ. ذَلِكَ فِيهِ
الْأَرْضُ دُونَ دُكَّانٍ. هَذَا دُكَّانُ هِيَ دُونَ دُكَّانٍ. ذَلِكَ فِيهِ دُكَّانُ الْفُؤَادِ
فِي دُكَّانِ الْبَيْتِ فِي دُكَّانِ السُّوقِ فِي دُكَّانِ السُّوقِ فِي دُكَّانِ السُّوقِ فِي دُكَّانِ السُّوقِ
أَخْذَرُ فِي السُّوقِ أَرْضُ دُونَ دُكَّانٍ. فِيهَا نَبَاتٌ فِيهَا نَبَاتٌ فِيهَا نَبَاتٌ فِيهَا نَبَاتٌ
ذَلِكَ وَوَأَخْذَرُ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ
مَسْجُودٌ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ فِي السُّوقِ





Zainab Siddiqui
VII C

رحلة إلى بلدي أجنبي

في العام الماضي، ذهبتُ في رحلة إلى بلدي أجنبي. سافرت إلى السعودية مع أسرتي. ذهبتُ إلى هناك لأداء العمرة وقد سافرنا بالطائرة. شاهدنا الكعبة المقدسة، وشعرتُ بالسعادة والسكينة عندما رأيتها. كان هناك الكثير من الناس حول الكعبة وكُنْتُ أعبدُ الله كل يوم هناك. كما أنني لمستُ الحجر الأسود بعد مكة، سافرنا إلى المدينة بالسيارة وزرنا المسجد النبوي وبقينا قريباً منه. كانت رحلة ابن أستاذنا أبدأً، فقد كان مكاناً مقدساً ومليئاً بالأشياء الجميلة. كان المكان مزدحماً دائماً، لكنه هادئ ومقدس. عدنا إلى بلدي باكستان بعد قضاء وقت ممتع هناك. سأذكر هذه الرحلة دائماً وأرجو أن أزورها مرة أخرى.



الروتين اليومي في شهر رمضان



رمضان هو الشهر المبارك في التقويم الإسلامي. يتألف رمضان من ثلاثين عشور: العشر الأول هو عشر الرحمة، والعشر الثاني هو شهر المغفرة، والعشر الثالث هو النجاة من النار. نحن نؤتي في هذا الشهر المبارك ونقضي رمضان بالصيام والصلاة وقراءة القرآن. نستيقظ في السحور ونأكل طعاماً طيباً ونشرب الماء، ثم أصلي صلاة الفجر. أجهرتُ نفسي للمدرسة وأذهبُ إليها. أراجعُ إلى البيت وأستريح ثم قارلاً ثم أتناول القرآن وأصلي صلاة الظهر. بعد الصلاة أتناول طعاماً طيباً مع إخوتي ثم أصلي صلاة العصر. بعد الصلاة أساعدُ أمي في تجهيز الإفطار، ثم نأكل ونأكل الطعام. بعد ذلك أصلي صلاة المغرب. بعد المغرب أقضي بعض الوقت مع عائلتي، ثم أصلي صلاة العشاء والتراويح. بعد ذلك أناوم في الساعة الحادية عشرة.

Unaisa Rehman VII C

الإحتفال بالعيد

Nimra Kashif VII

العيدُ وقتُ البركةِ لجميعِ المسلمين. تأتي العيدُ بعدَ شهرِ رمضانٍ وهو هذ
هذا اليوم يتردى الناس ملابس من جديدة ويأكلون طعاماً لذيذاً ويقضون وقتاً
ويتبادلون الهدايا والعيدية والضكايت

في يوم العيد أستيقظ مبكراً وأستعدُّ. يذهب أبى وأخى إلى المسجد لأداء
يعودوا إلى المنزل، نأكلُ حلويات لذيذة. في المساء يأتي بنات عمى إلى منزلى
يعطينا الكبازز العديرة والهدايا. لاحقاً نذهب جميعاً إلى حديقة أحب قضاء

تجربة الامتحان الأولي

Maryam Zeeshan Oll A

في أول تجربة لي في الامتحان، شعرت بمزيج غريب من الخوف والحماس. كان ذلك الي
عن باقي الأيام، فقد استيقظت مبكراً وأنا أفكر في الأسئلة التي قد تأتي. عندما وصل
المدرسة، رأيت وجوه زملائي متوترة مثل وجوهي، وكل واحد يحاول إخفاء قلقه بابتسا
عندما دخلت قاعة الامتحان، كان الصمت يملأ المكان، وطوت دقات الساعة يزيد من توت
في مكاني وأمسكت القلم بيد مرتجفة، ثم وُوزعت أوراق الأسئلة. في البداية شعرت
أستطيع التفكير، لكن بعد لحظات بدأت أقرأ الأسئلة بهدوء، وبدأت الاجابات تتدفق إلى
تذكرت كل ما درست، وحاولت أن أركز وأتجنب التوتر مع مرور الوقت، شعرت بثقة أكبر،
الخوف كان أكبر من الواقع، عندما انتهيت من الحل، راجعت اجاباتي بهدوء وشعرت با
عند خروجي من القاعة، كان لدي شعور بالإنجاز، كانت النتيجة كانت تلك التجربة
علمني أن الثقة بالنفس والعمل الجاد هما مفتاح النجاح، وأن البداية دائماً تكون الأص
تصبح أسهل مع التجربة

مقالة: رمضان

Fatima Siddiqui VI B



رمضان شهر المغفرة والرحمة، يطوم المسلمون من الفجر إلى المغرب كل يوم.
المسلمون يساعدون الفقراء والمحتاجين خلال هذا الشهر، الناس يقرؤون القرآن
ويعبدون الله طول الوقت. يعلمنا الصبر ويساعد الآخرين. يطون أكثر و يقرؤون
القرآن الكريم. يحدث التغيير في النفس. يتعلم الناس أيضاً التحكم في غضبهم.
بعد رمضان، يحتفل المسلمون بالعيد بسعادة.

فاكهتي المفضلة



فاكهتي المفضلة هي المانجو
هي حلوة ولذيذة جدا
أحب لونها ألطفها الجميل
المانجو مفيد للصحة
أتمتع بأكل المانجو في الصيف

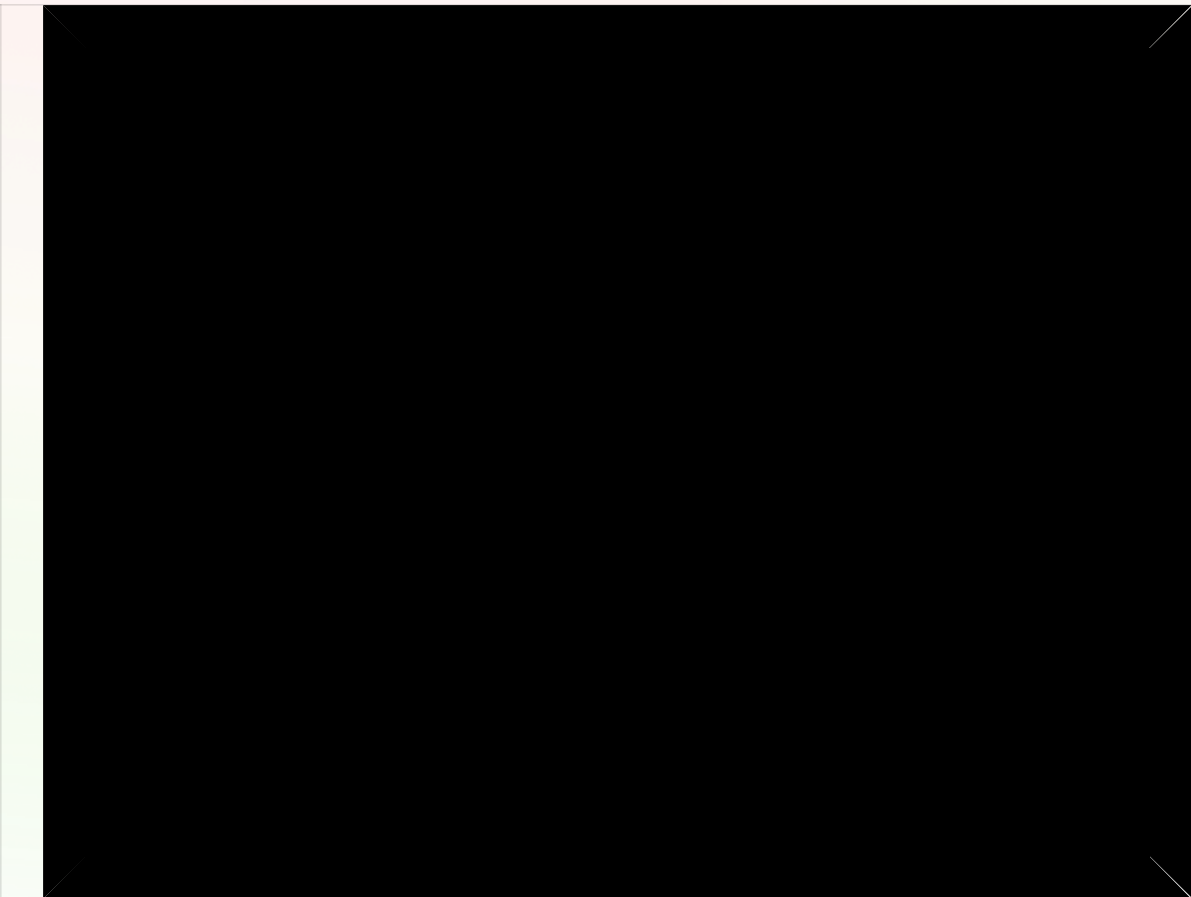
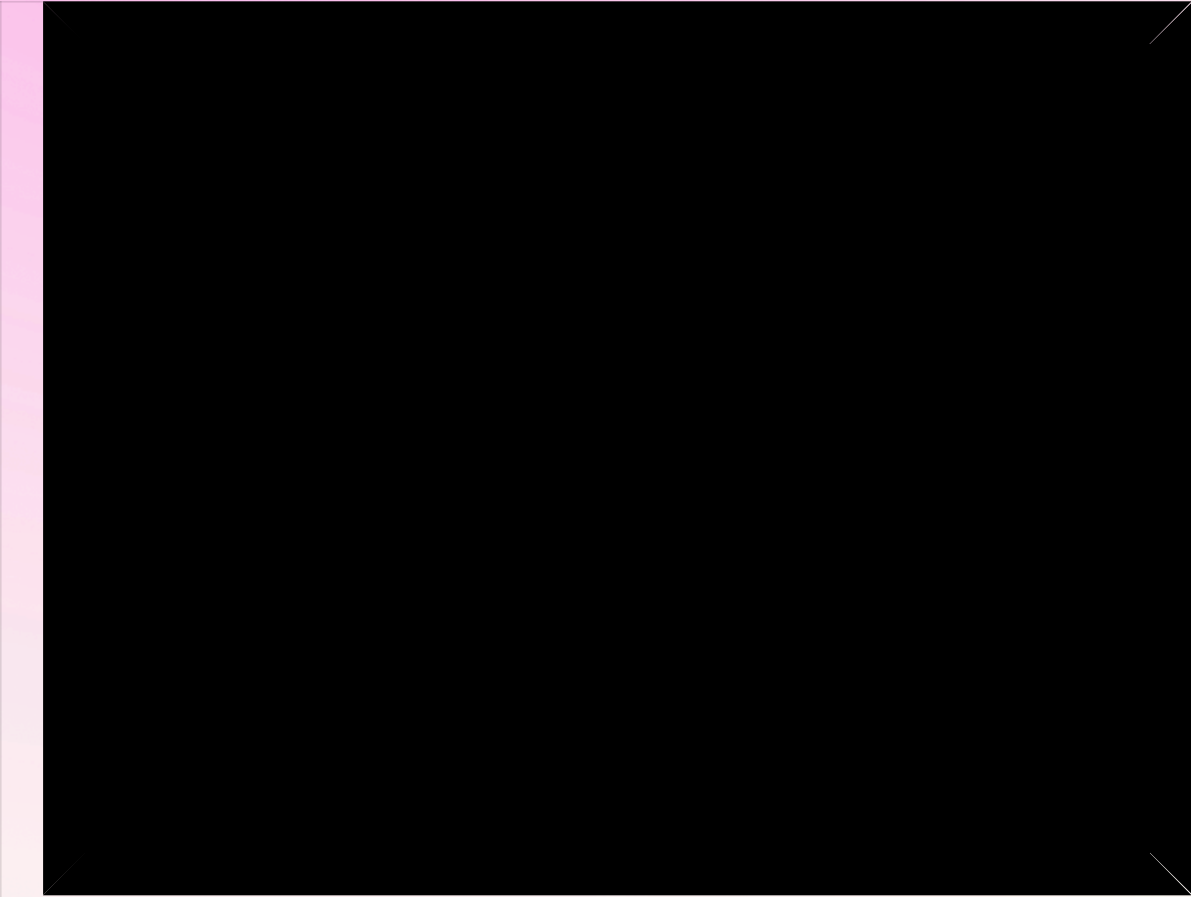
عيد الأضحي

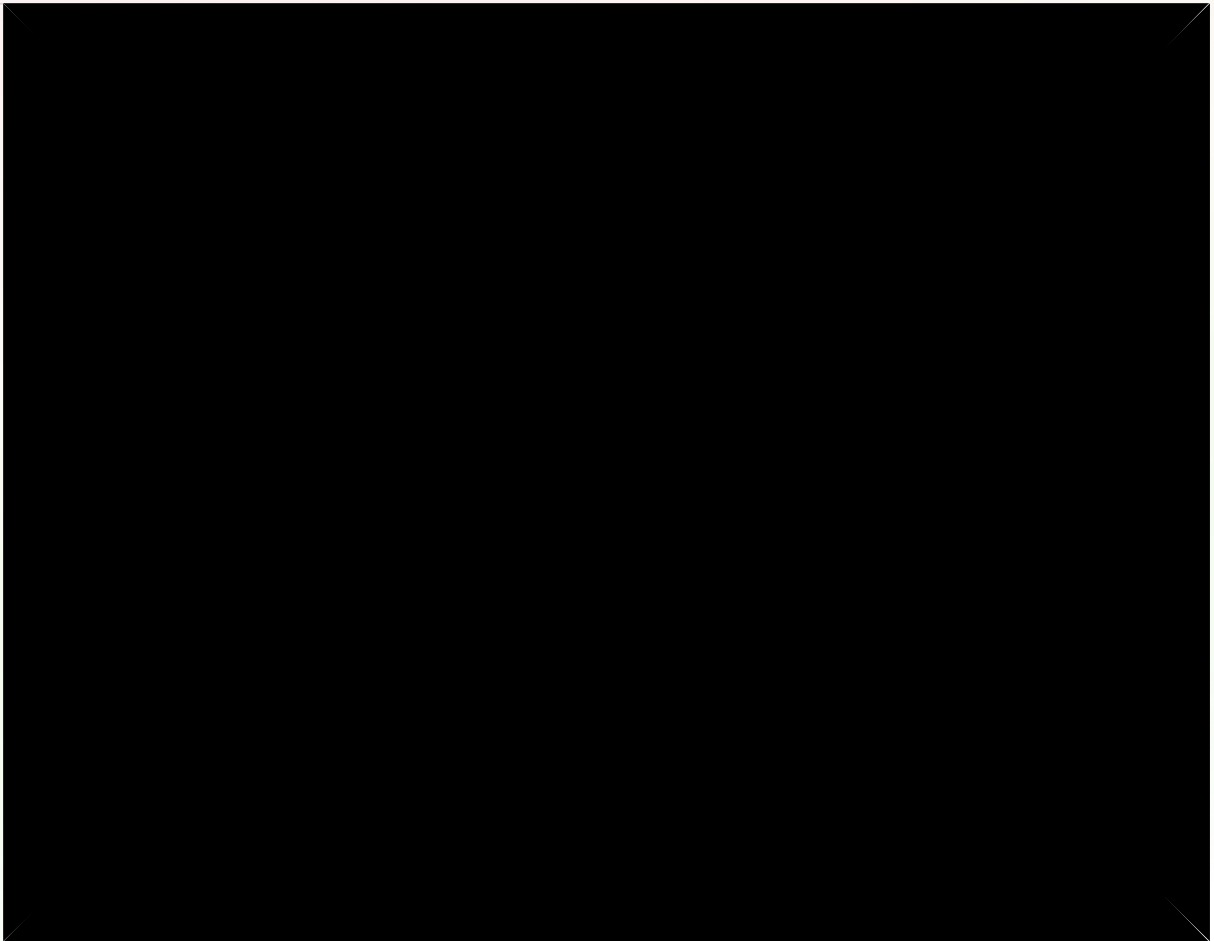
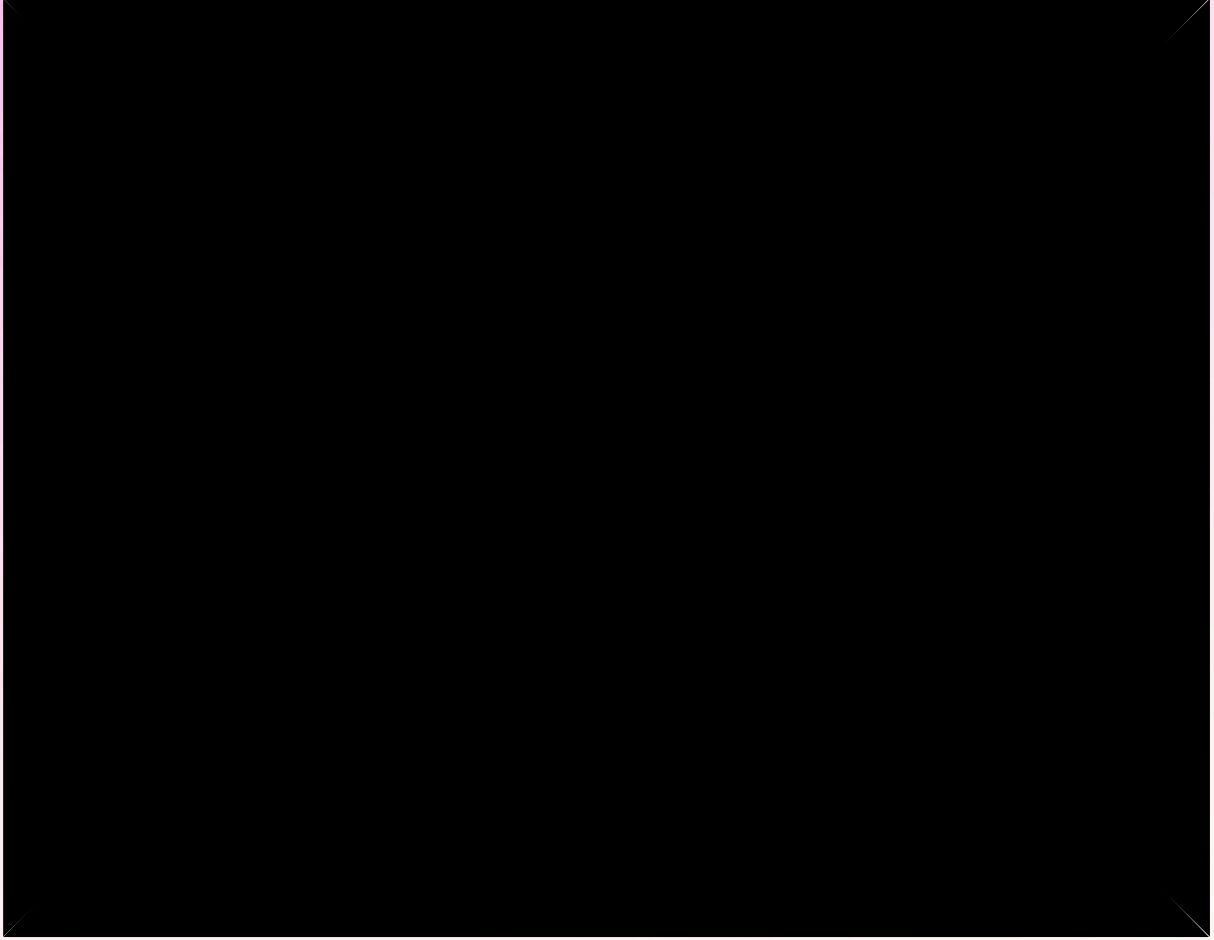
عيد الأضحي هو عيد ديني مهم عند المسلمين
يحتفل به إحياء لذكرى تضحية إبراهيم عليه السلام في هذا اليوم يضحى
المسلمون بالحيوانات إحياء لسنة ويتم توزيع لحم الأضحية على الفقراء والأقارب
والأصدقاء ويعلمنا هذا التضحية والإيثار وطاعة الله
خصائص عيد الأضحي (أهم الأمور
فبح الأضحية سنة
تؤدي صلاة العيد
يُقسم اللحم إلى ثلاثة أجزاء
تتم مساعدة الفقراء والمحتاجين
يلتقي الأقارب والأصدقاء للاحتفال بالعيد

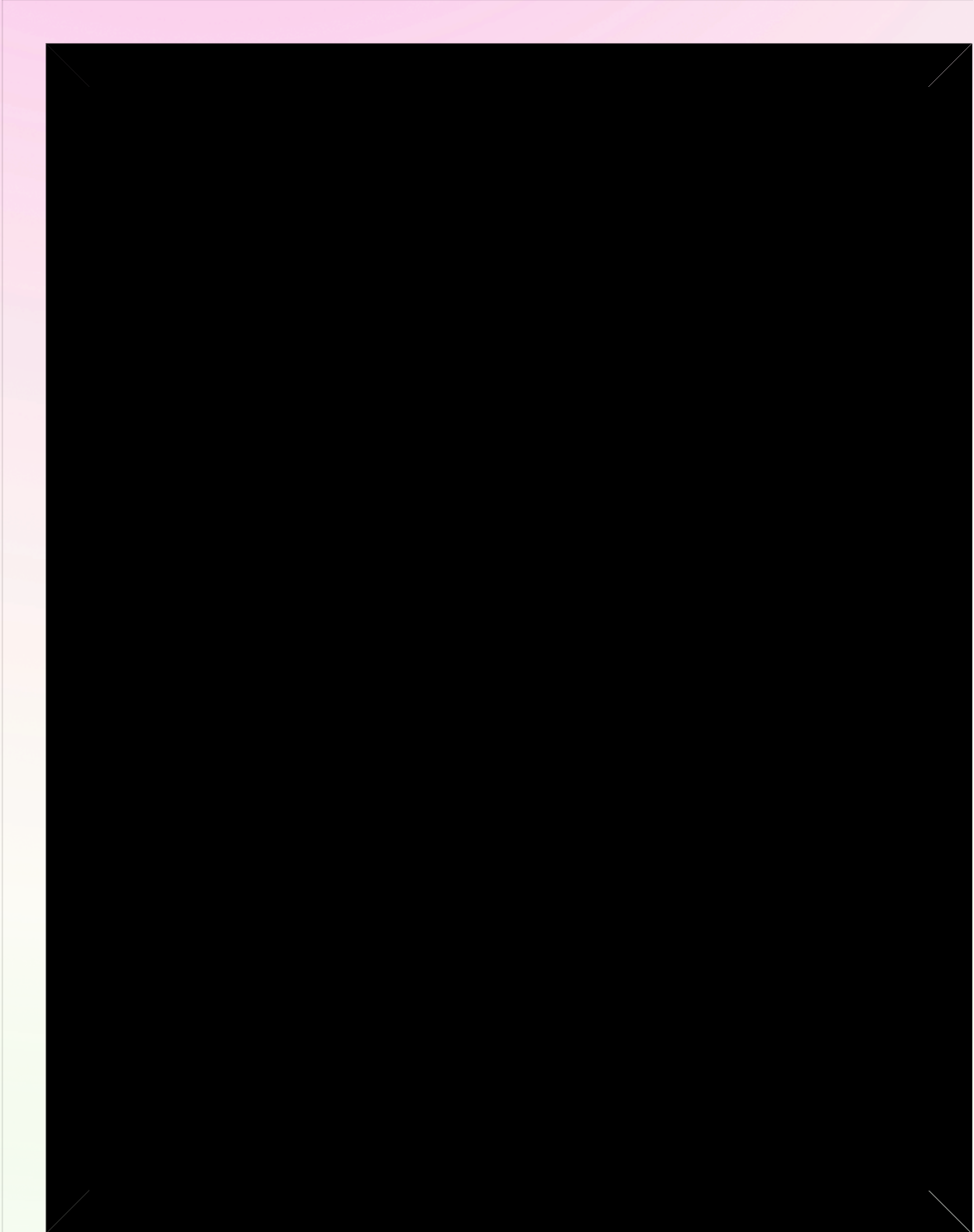


شهر رمضان

رمضان هو شهر مبارك عند المسلمين
يأتي مرة واحدة في السنة في الشهر التاسع من السنة الهجرية
نصوم فيه من الفجر إلى المغرب طاعة لله
نقرأ القرآن ونكثر من الصلاة على النبي وآله
نصوم في رمضان نتعلم الصبر ونشعر بالفقراء ونقترب من الله تعالى







HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

WINNERS

LIST 2025-26



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	CONTEST	AWA R D
KHAWLA IBRAHIM	II	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDAL
UMME EMAAN	II	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	GOLD MEDAL
M. AMEER HAMZA	II	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	SILVER MEDAL
ABDULLAH WAJID	II	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	SILVER MEDAL
ASRA EMAN	VIII	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	SILVER MEDAL
ILMA KASHIF	II	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	SILVER MEDAL
HUMAIRA KAMRAN RANA	II	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDAL
M. IBRAHIM	II	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDAL
MUTAHIRA KASHIF	IV	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDAL
MARIUM AYUB	VIII	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDAL
ABDULLAH TAUSEEF	VIII	SMETA SCIENCE OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDAL
HANIA KASHIF	II	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDAL
ALEEZA FAHAD	II	SMETA SPELLATHON OLYMPIAD	BRONZE MEDAL
MUHAMMAD RAYYAN	I	ICATS ENGLISH	SILVER MEDAL
MUHAMMAD JASIM	I	ICATS ENGLISH	BRONZE MEDAL
ZARYAB BAKSH	IV	HRCA SCIENCE	SILVER MEDAL
SADIA SAEED	A LEVEL	ICATS ART CONTEST	NATIONAL TOPPER
SRIBA MEHMOOD	O LEVEL	ICATS ART CONTEST	PROVICIAL
AYAT MOHSIN	I	SMETA ENGLISH OLYMPIAD	TOPPER GOLD
ALI AWAN	I	SMETA MATHEMATICS OLYMPIAD	MEDAL SILVER
MUHAMMAD HURAIRAH	IV	SMETA MATHEMATICS OLYMPIAD	MEDAL BRONZE
M.HASNAIN SALEEM	IV	SMETA MATHEMATICS OLYMPIAD	MEDAL BRONZE
AIRA ADNAN	VI	SMETA MATHEMATICS OLYMPIAD	MEDAL SILVER
ABDUL AHAD	II	CATSO MATH	MEDAL BRONZE
ALI AWAN	I	CATSO MATH	MEDAL GOLD
ALISHBA KASHIF	VIII	CATSO MATH	MEDAL BRONZE
EMAAN SHARIF	I	CATSO MATH	MEDAL SILVER
FABEHA FAISAL	I	CATSO MATH	MEDAL SILVER
HADIYA ZAIN	SLII	CATSO ENGLISH	MEDAL BRONZE
HANZALAH AHMED KHAN	I	CATSO MATH	MEDAL BRONZE



HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL

WINNERS

LIST 2025-26



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	CONTEST	AWA R D
HASAN KHAN	SLII	CATSO MATH	BRONZE MEDAL
HASAN KHAN	SLII	CATSO ENGLISH	SILVER MEDAL
HUSNAIN KHAN	SLII	CATSO MATH	BRONZE MEDAL
ILMA KASHIF	II	CATSO MATH	SILVER MEDAL
ILMA KASHIF	II	CATSO ENGLISH	GOLD MEDAL
KHADIJA JAVED	SLII	CATSO ENGLISH	GIVEAWAY
MAIRA SHOAB	VIII	CATSO MATH	BRONZE MEDAL
MOMINA SHAH	I	CATSO MATH	SILVER MEDAL
M. ABDULLAH IBRAHIM	I	CATSO MATH	SILVER MEDAL
M. MOOSA AYUB	I	CATSO MATH	BRONZE MEDAL
RAYYAN AHSAN	II	CATSO MATH	SILVER MEDAL
S.M.ISMAIL	SLII	CATSO ENGLISH	GOLD MEDAL
SAFDAR AHMED	I	CATSO ENGLISH	BRONZE MEDAL
SAFDAR AHMED	I	CATSO MATH	BRONZE MEDAL
SHEIKH M. ALI	II	CATSO MATH	BRONZE MEDAL
SYED M.DAWOOD	III	CATSO ENGLISH	SILVER MEDAL
SYEDA ARWA ALI	I	CATSO MATH	BRONZE MEDAL
SYEDA ARWA ALI	I	CATSO ENGLISH	SILVER MEDAL
SYEDA SADIQA	OI	CATSO MATH	SILVER MEDAL
WURAIID RAZA SHEIK	I	CATSO MATH	BRONZE MEDAL
ZAINAB SIDDIQUE	VII	CATSO MATH	GOLD MEDAL
ZAINAB SOHAIL	V	CATSO ENGLISH	GOLD MEDAL
AMEER HAMZA	II	IEAC ART	GOLD MEDAL
HAFSA SHAKEEL	VIII	IEAC ART	GOLD MEDAL
ASMA GHANI	VIII	IEAC ART	GOLD MEDAL
SHEEZA SAQIB	OI	IEAC ART	SPECIAL MENTION
MINAHIL SHEIKH AND	HIFZ	QIRAT COMPETITION	BADGE 3RD POSITION
AMNA KHAN	HIFZ	QIRAT COMPETITION	3RD POSITION
AYESHA RIAZ	HIFZ	QIRAT COMPETITION	1ST POSITION
M. BIN SHAKEEL AND	HIFZ	QIRAT COMPETITION	2ND POSITION



HIRA FOUNDATION SCHOOL WINNERS

LIST 2025-26



STUDENTS' NAME	GRADE	CONTEST	AWARD
MUHAMMAD MUAZ	HIFZ	QIRAT COMPETITION	2ND POSITION
M. OWAIS SALEEM	HIFZ	QIRAT COMPETITION	1ST POSITION
AYESHA BATOOL	VII	URDU DECLAMATION CONTEST	3RD POSITION
MAHAM FAHAD	OI	SUSTAINABILITY - HABIB	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; text-align: center;"> <h3 style="margin: 0;">2ND</h3> <p style="margin: 0; font-size: small;">POSITION (1ST RUNNER UP)</p> </div>
ZAINAB IRFAN	OI	UNIVERSITY SUSTAINABILITY -	
AMNA AQIL	OI	HABIB UNIVERSITY	
NABIRA KASHIF	OI	SUSTAINABILITY - HABIB	
SYEDA SADIQA	OI	UNIVERSITY SUSTAINABILITY -	
AIMA KASHIF	SLII	HABIB UNIVERSITY	
ZAINAB SOHAIL	V	SUSTAINABILITY - HABIB	
MAHAM FAHAD	OI	UNIVERSITY MEGA RAINBOW ART	
M. RAYYAN KHAN	SLI	MEGA RAINBOW CREATIVE	
HAREEM	SLII	WRITING MEGA RAINBOW	
ZAINAB M. YASIR	I	CREATIVE WRITING MEGA	MEDALIST GOLD
MUHAMMAD JASIM	I	RAINBOW ART	MEDALIST
MUHAMMAD	II	MEGA RAINBOW ART	BRONZE
RAYYAN		SMETA ESSAY WRITING	MEDALIST
		SMETA ESSAY WRITING	BRONZE
		SMETA ESSAY WRITING	MEDALIST

