THE EDUCATORS

A Project of Beaconhouse

INKSPIRE



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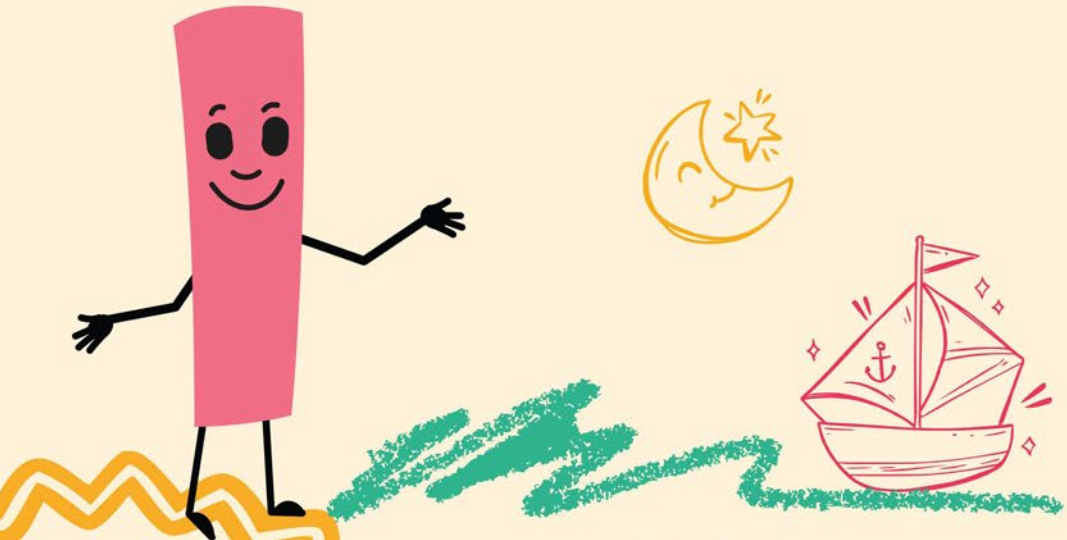



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MESSAGE FROM GROUP DIRECTOR

Our Very Own Students,

Education is about so much more than acquiring knowledge; it's about learning to think independently, express yourselves with confidence and make meaningful contributions to the world around you. It is with this belief that Inkspire continues to offer a vibrant platform where your voices are heard, shared and celebrated across The Educators' network. We are truly amazed by the overwhelming response to the 2nd edition of Inkspire. The surge in creativity and participation has been inspiring, with more students than ever stepping forward with enthusiasm to share their talents. The pages of this edition beautifully reflect the curiosity, originality and creative spirit thriving throughout our network. Through your stories, artwork and thoughtful reflections, you have shown that real learning goes far beyond the classroom.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations to every student whose work is featured in this edition. I also want to express my sincere appreciation to your dedicated teachers and school leaders, whose support and encouragement have helped create spaces where your talents can truly shine. May this edition of Inkspire spark new ideas, inspire meaningful conversations and strengthen your lifelong passion for learning and creativity.



"With warm regards and best wishes,"
Ali Raza
Group Director

MESSAGE FROM GENERAL MANAGER



Dear Students,

It gives me immense pleasure to welcome you to the second edition of Inkspire. One of the most rewarding parts of my role is seeing the incredible talent, imagination and confidence of our students.

Every time I read a thoughtful story, a heartfelt poem, or admire a beautiful piece of artwork created by one of you, I am reminded that the future is in very capable hands. Last year, we proudly launched the first edition of Inkspire, creating a platform for your voices to be heard. The enthusiasm with which you embraced it encouraged us to make this a continuing tradition. This year's edition is another beautiful reflection of your creativity, curiosity and unique perspectives. Each page celebrates not only your talents but also your courage to express yourselves and share your ideas with others.

As you turn these pages, I hope you feel proud of your contributions and inspired by your fellow students. Never underestimate the power of your imagination or the impact of your words. Today's young writers, artists and dreamers are tomorrow's innovators, leaders and changemakers. I extend my heartfelt appreciation to our teachers and parents for nurturing and encouraging this creativity, and to every student who contributed to making this edition so special.

Keep dreaming, keep creating and most importantly, keep believing in yourself. I look forward to reading many more of your wonderful creations in the years to come.

"With great pride and encouragement,"
Fauzia Adnan
Head of Academics

CENTRE REGION



The Day I Discovered Confidence



It was a time of struggle. I wasn't a good student in class 6. I was so carefree that I forgot my homework and always felt scared when teachers asked me something. Due to this, I stayed silent and sat at the back trying to fly under the radar. Teachers would think I am lazy, but one teacher came and changed the whole script. Her name was Miss Sara.

Miss Sara stepped in our classroom, smiling brightly. She was our English teacher. On her first day, she smiled at me and said, "Mistakes show you are putting up a fight. At least you are trying". I felt so touched by her words, but still I felt shy. One day, she asked me to read a page. I got confused, my voice was shaking and I made many mistakes. Some students made fun of me and my face turned red. But Miss Sara stopped them gently and said, "Everyone learns at their own pace and learns differently at a different speed. Don't worry, keep trying!"

After class, she called me aside and asked me, "Why were you hiding?". I confessed my fear of making mistakes. She smiled and replied that even she made mistakes when she was a young student. Her words encouraged me. I realised that every day is a chance to learn and to grow.

Gradually, I started raising my hand and answering questions. Miss Sara's appreciation boosted my confidence. "Great Effort!" She even wrote on my notebook's space. A simple phrase that lit up my face. I then began completing all my home tasks on time and more attentively.

One fine day, Miss Sara announced an essay writing competition. I was anxious but Miss Sara urged me to participate. I jotted down an essay and submitted it with doubt. A week later, my name was called out. I had won second place. I was on cloud nine. I couldn't believe it.

That day hit me like an accomplishment, A teacher's impact in a student's life can change its direction. Miss Sara didn't just teach me English but also taught me confidence and faith. I will always remember her because she sparked a poise in me when I even didn't believe in myself.

Areebah Mahmood | Class: 7 Red | Abdali II, Lahore

The Train wasn't supposed to stop...

Amna looked up from her book as the train slowed down.... Her heart skipped a beat as the train suddenly stopped. Outside, there wasn't any station.

Just an empty stretch of track and fading evening light.

Passengers exchanged confused glances.

One passenger broke the deafening silence,

"Must be a signal issue...right?" He said, though his tone seemed uncertain... Minutes passed. Then some more.
Suddenly, the lights flickered and went out.

A few people gasped, others looked around in confusion. Phones lit up one by one, casting small circles of light.

"Relax! It'll be just fine, everyone!" a man said, adjusting his glasses. Trying to keep his tone calm.
Suddenly, a woman yelled in horror, "M-MY BAG! IT'S GONE!" Everyone started muttering to each other. Someone spoke up "What do you mean gone!?!?" "It was r-right here!"

Within seconds, whispers turned into accusations. People accused each other of theft. "Check that boy, he was standing!"

"No! Check that man, he's near the door!"

People began pointing fingers, stepping away from each other. Suspicion filled the air. Amna stood up. Her pulse racing. Something felt off... "Wait!" she said, "Everyone stop." No one listened. The tension in the air only grew. Everyone was panicking. Then, just as suddenly, the lights came back on. Everything looked normal. Well, except for the tension.

The woman whose bag was missing looked around and then froze. "M-my bag..." she started slowly, pointing at it. "It's right here..." Everyone turned.
The bag had slipped under her seat.
Silence fell.

Embarrassed murmurs replaced the accusations. "I.... I must've missed it..."People stepped back, avoiding eye contact with each other. The fear that had filled the carriage moments ago now felt unnecessary... even foolish. Amna took a deep breath and spoke, this time more calmly.

"See what just happened?" she said thoughtfully "Nothing was actually wrong, but we all panicked." People avoided eye contact with each other. They were all embarrassed.

"We didn't stop to think, we just blamed each other." Amna continued, "If something real had happened, panic would've made it worse."
An older woman spoke up, "You are right, dear; we lost control too quickly..."
Amna replied, smiling. "That's why awareness matters. Staying calm helps us see clearly." The train started moving normally again.
This time, the carriage was quiet, but not as tense. Just.... Thoughtful.
And as the city lights appeared in the distance, Amna looked around and realised that sometimes, the biggest problems aren't the situations we face... But how we react to them.

Eshaal Waheed | Class: 9 Green | The Educators Saddar Campus



A Little Boy's Courage

Ali was an eight-year-old boy who lived in a small village with his parents. He had a heart problem, so he could not run and play like other children. When the children in his street played cricket, Ali used to sit near the window and watch them. He smiled, but sometimes he felt sad inside.

Ali was very brave. His mother always said to him, "You are not weak; you are special." These words gave him strength. Instead of feeling upset, Ali decided to do something he could enjoy. He started drawing and writing short stories. He made very beautiful pictures. In his drawings, he imagined a world where he could run, play, and be happy. One day, his school arranged a competition. Ali showed his drawing called “My Heart, My Courage!” In his picture, there was a weak heart, but it was shining with light and strength.

When the results were announced, Ali won first prize. Everyone was surprised, but Ali felt proud and happy. That day, he understood that his illness did not make him weak; instead, it helped him discover his talent and turn it into his strength.

Moral:

Courage and talent can overcome every challenge.

Hadi | Class: VIII | Fatima Campus Alamgarh



My Trip to Magical Hunza

Last summer, I visited the breathtaking Hunza Valley in Gilgit Baltistan, travelling on the scenic Karakoram Highway. I was amazed by the towering snow-capped mountains.

Our first stop was the 900-year old Altit Fort, which overlooks the rushing Hunza River.



The next day we visited the amazing bright blue Attabad Lake formed by a landslide. We took a fun boat ride across its calm waters. Later, we explored the narrow colourful streets of Karimabad Bazaar, buying local handicrafts and eating fresh apricots and apples.

Finally, we went to the Hussaini Suspension Bridge, a thrilling hanging bridge and saw the jagged Passu Cones which were tall and pointed towards the sky.

Hunza is truly a hidden gem, combining history, culture and incredible scenery. I cannot wait to go back to this peaceful paradise.

Fatima Fayyaz | Class: 5-Red | Travelogue | Abdali II Campus

The Honest Boy

Ali was a student of class V. He was honest and polite and always helped others. His teacher often said that honesty is the best habit in life.

One morning, Ali was going to school early. On the way he saw a wallet lying near the school gate. He picked it up carefully. Inside it there was some money and an ID card. It belonged to an old fruit seller who sat outside the school.

Ali did not think of keeping it. He said to himself that the owner must be worried.

He went to the old man and asked him whether he had lost a wallet. The old man checked it quickly and became very happy. He said, "Yes, it is mine. Thank you so much, my child."

The old man told Ali that the money was for his medicines. He prayed for him and blessed him with a good life.

Ali felt very happy after returning it. When he reached school, his teacher praised him in front of the class. All the students clapped for him.

From that day Ali became an example of honesty for everyone in his school.



Fajar Moazzam | Class V Blue | College Road Campus Lahore

A Girl's Dream

There was a girl named Ayesha. She always dreamed of going to outer space, especially to Mars. Years later, she worked very hard and finally became an astronaut. She was so happy that tears of joy rolled down from her eyes.

After a few hours, she was ready to begin her journey to Mars. Before that, she said goodbye to all her family and friends. Then she sat inside her rocket, fastened her seatbelt and prepared to take off.



On the count of 3, she got launched. The rocket blasted into the air. She couldn't believe that she was in space. Soon, she was far above the clouds, looking down at the Earth. It looked so small and beautiful from space. After many hours, she finally reached the planet Mars. She landed safely on the red planet. She was so happy. She walked carefully, leaving footprints on Mars. As she stood there looking at the beautiful horizon of Mars, she felt proud and happy because it was the moment she always dreamed of. Suddenly, she heard her mother's voice. Her mother was saying, "Ayesha, wake up, wake up!" Then she finally opened her eyes. She was shocked that it was all a dream.

She sat on her bed, smiled and said, "One day, I will make my dream true."

Hiba Imran | Class: 8th Blue | Sahar VII Campus

Unfamiliar Friends

One Sunday evening, I invited my friends to have a party at my house in the evening. We were enjoying it so much that we didn't realise it was already 9 p.m.
Suddenly, the weather got stormy and my mom asked my friends to stay until the storm subsided.

Their parents agreed too.

At around 10 p.m, we were in my room when we heard some weird sounds coming from the window.

We rushed outside and we were shocked to see a spaceship landing near us.

We became even more frightened to see the aliens stepping out and approaching us. We ran back and locked the door. The aliens stood near the window and looked sad.

One of my friends said that we must talk to them as they didn't seem that scary.

We opened the door carefully and asked why they were there. They said, "We have come to Earth to make friends. People are afraid of us, but we want to be kind."

We felt less scared and welcomed them. We talked, shared snacks and learnt about their planet. Before leaving, they promised to visit again peacefully.
That night, we learnt that we should not judge others before knowing them.

Waliyah Adnan | Class: V-Green | Jinnah Campus A.I.T. Lahore



English Poetry

Poem

Silver in years, yet golden in aim,
The Educators honours its prestige and name.
Twenty-five years of excellence and grace,
Empowering us to lead the race.

A quarter-century of leading the way,
The Educators' bright legacy is shining today.
In every lesson, your brilliance grew;
We find our purpose, fostered by you.

Through twenty-five years of vision and sight,
The Educators stands tall with wisdom and might.
From silver victories to dreams spun in gold,
Our future shines bright as your stories unfold.

Sara Nadeem | VI-Green | The Educators Jinnah Campus A.I.T Lahore

English Poetry



Nature

The winds through trees,
a soft embrace.

Wildflowers bloom
in time & space.

Mountains rise,
a sight so grand,

Nature's art
across the land.

Anabia Akram | Class: Pre 9th | The Educators Valencia Campus

The Busy World

The sun wakes up and starts the day,
Chasing all the darkness away.
Birds so high do fly and sing so sweet,
While people hurry along the street.
All rivers run, and all the trees sway,
The clouds continue to vary day by day.
The world is bustling, broad and bright,
Laden with miracles on every side.

Anshaal Sohail | Class: IV-Green | Jinnah Campus A.I.T. Lahore



My Dreams



I go to school with dreams in mind
A better future I hope to find.
In every book, a world untold
A place of dreams, a path of gold.
With every step and every try
We learn to grow, we aim to fly.
My parents guide me on my way
Their love and prayers light every day.

Abdullah Shahbaz | Class: V Blue | College Road Campus Lahore

A Pained Smile Seller

He wanders streets with colours in his hand,
Frozen dreams that no one planned,
Kids chase joy like it's their heartbeat,
While his tired footsteps echo defeat.
The Sun is harsh, but he endures,
Selling sweetness with a smile to make his ends pure,
Each rupee a little relief,
Concealed beneath his soundless grief.
His cart is old, the wheels screech loud,
Yet hope rolls through restless crowds,
He sells cold joys in blazing light,
And masks his struggles till the fall of the night.
As dusk descends and crowds grow thin,
He counts his earnings and humbly tucks them in,
Not wealthy, not rich in gold, yet still he tries,
A vendor with a frozen dream that slowly dries.

Shameel Nauman | Class: 6 Blue | Abdali II Campus



1. The planet is rotating so rapidly that we are in motion even when we are at rest.
2. Your brain uses more energy than a light bulb when you are thinking.
3. There are plants that are insectivorous such as the Venus flytraps.
4. Dolphins even have names for each other, like humans.



Haleema Usman | Class: VI-Green | Jinnah Campus A.I.T. Lahore

Amazing Facts

1.
A snail can sleep nonstop for a very long time.

2.
Your tongue has tiny bumps that help you taste sweet, sour, salty, and bitter food.

3.
Some frogs can jump many times their own body length in one leap.

4.
A baby kangaroo is so small at birth that it can fit in your hand.

5.
The Sun is so big that many Earths could fit inside it!

6.
Some birds can copy sounds like whistles, bells, and even human voices.

7.
Honey never spoils and can stay good for years and years.

8.
A chameleon can change its colour to communicate, regulate its body temperature and show its mood.

9.
Your heart beats faster when you run and slower when you rest.

10.
There are more stars in the sky than grains of sand on a beach.

11.
A cloud can be so big that it can cover a whole city, yet it feels as light as cotton when you see it.

12.
Octopuses have three hearts, and the heart that pumps blood around the body stops beating when they swim.

13.
Some trees can talk to one another in a way, by sending chemical signals through underground fungal networks.

14.
A group of stars can make shapes in the sky, and people call them constellations.

15.
Butterflies taste with their feet instead of their mouths.

16.
The Moon slowly moves away from Earth a tiny bit every year.

17.
Ants can carry things much heavier than their own body.

18.
There are fish in the deep ocean that can glow in the dark like little lamps.

19.
A rainbow is actually a full circle, but we usually see only half of it.

20.
Some birds can sleep while flying in the sky.

Anoushay Nauman | 4th Red | Abdali II Campus



Curious Truths the World Whispers (But Rarely Shouts)

Here are some thoughtfully selected "amazing facts".

1. Your brain doesn't just store memories, it edits them. Every time you recall something, you slightly rewrite it. In a way, you are both the author and the unreliable narrator of your own life story.

2. Silence is not empty. It is full of unspoken thoughts, unfinished sentences, and emotions waiting for courage. Sometimes, what people don't say carries more truth than what they do.

3. Humans are the only creatures who can worry about things that haven't happened and might never happen. Congratulations, your imagination has a "stress mode."

4. Laughter is one of the fastest ways for strangers to become familiar. A shared joke can build a bridge where long conversations fail. It's like a social Wi-Fi-no password needed, just good timing.

5. The human body replaces millions of cells every second, meaning you are constantly becoming a slightly newer version of yourself. Technically, you are upgrading… just without a progress bar.

6. People often remember how you made them feel more than what you actually said. Words fade, but emotions echo longer than expected.

7. Time feels faster as you grow older, not because clocks change, but because routines increase. The fewer new experiences you have, the quicker life seems to pass.

8. You can't tickle yourself effectively because your brain predicts your own actions. In simple terms, your brain refuses to surprise itself, unlike your friends, who take this job very seriously.

9. Kindness has a ripple effect that science still struggles to measure fully. One small act can travel through multiple lives, quietly changing moods, decisions, and even futures.

10. The fear of failure often stops people more than failure itself ever could. Ironically, failure usually teaches, while fear only delays.

11. Your thoughts shape your reality more than your surroundings do. Two people can live the same day and experience it completely differently, simply because of perspective.

12. Humans are wired to seek meaning. Even in random events, we try to find patterns, lessons, or signs because a meaningless world feels harder to accept than a mysterious one.

Conclusion:

The world is full of quiet wonders. It is not always loud or obvious, but deeply meaningful. If you slow down and notice them, you'll realise that life itself is a collection of small, fascinating truths mixed with a little confusion, a little humour, and a lot of learning.

Riddles

1. I am white when I am dirty and black when I am clean. What am I?

2. What has hands but cannot clap?

3. I am tall when I am young and I am short when I am old. What am I?

4. I get smaller every time I help you fix a mistake.

5. I have four legs but I cannot walk? What am I?

6. I speak without a mouth and hear without ears. What am I?

7. What has keys but can't open locks?

8. What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, but never in a thousand years?

9. What has a neck but no head, two arms but no hands?

10. The more you take, the more you leave behind. What are they?

Answers: 1- A blackboard. 2- A clock. 3- A candle. 4- An eraser. 5- A chair/table. 6- An echo. 7- A piano/keyboard. 8- The letter M. 9- A shirt. 10- Footsteps



M. Rayyan | Class: V Blue | Jinnah Campus Main Branch Lahore

میں ایک چڑیا ہوں

میں ایک چھوٹی سی چڑیا ہوں۔ میرا گھر ایک بڑے سے درخت کی ٹہنی پر بنا ہوا ہے۔ ہر صبح سورج نکلتے ہی میں چہچہانے لگتی ہوں اور آسمان کی وسعتوں میں اُڑانیں بھرتی ہوں۔

ایک دن تیز ہوا چلنے لگی۔ میرے ننھے پر ایک زوردار جھونکے کی تاب نہ لا سکے اور میں نیچے گر گئی۔

میرے پر دونوں طرف لٹک گئے اور گرنے کی وجہ سے مجھے چوٹ بھی آئی۔



مجھے لگا کہ شاید اب میں کبھی اُڑ نہ سکوں گی مگر پھر مجھے اپنی ماں کی یہ بات یاد آئی، "کبھی ہمت نہ ہارنا، یہ آسمان تمھارا ہے۔" میں نے ہمت کی، اپنے پر پھیلائے اور اُڑنے کی کوشش کی۔ شروع میں مشکل ہوئی، مگر آہستہ آہستہ میں پھر سے اُونچا اُڑنے لگی۔ کیوں کہ میں صرف ایک چڑیا نہیں ہوں، بلکہ ہمت والی چڑیا ہوں۔

آیت فاطمہ | جماعت: پنجم | فاطمہ کیمپس، عالم گڑھ



خاموش قاتل

سیٹھ رضوان کے بھائی سیٹھ اسلم کی کوٹھی پر آج سوگ کا سماں تھا۔ ہر طرف سسکیاں سنائی دے رہی تھیں۔ سیٹھ رضوان بھی اپنے چھوٹے بھائی کی جدائی پر صدمے میں تھے۔ سیٹھ رضوان کا بیٹا عاطف گذشتہ رات کا واقعہ یاد کرنے لگا جب وراثت کی تقسیم پر اس کے چچا سیٹھ اسلم ناراض ہو کر چلے گئے تھے اور حیرت کی بات یہ تھی کہ پاپا نے چچا کو جانے سے روکا بھی نہیں تھا۔ چچا گھر نہ پہنچ سکے کیونکہ راستے میں اُن کی گاڑی ایک ٹرک سے ٹکرائی اور وہ دنیا سے رخصت ہو گئے۔ چند ماہ قبل چچا اسلم کے بیٹے حارث کو نامعلوم افراد نے اغوا کر لیا تھا۔ دو دن بعد اسکی لاش سڑک کے کنارے پڑی ہوئی ملی اور آج اس گھر میں ایک اور حادثہ پیش آ گیا تھا۔ انسپکٹر طارق تک یہ خبر پہنچی تو وہ حیرت میں پڑ گئے۔ ابھی تو حارث کے قاتل کا سراغ نہیں ملا تھا کہ اُس کے والد بھی دنیا سے چلے گئے۔ انسپکٹر طارق فائلوں کی ورق گردانی کرتے ہوئے کسی نہ کسی نتیجے پر پہنچنے کی کوشش کر رہے تھے کہ اتنے میں انسپکٹر فیاض کمرے میں داخل ہوئے تو انسپکٹر طارق نے انہیں حکم دیا کہ ماتحتوں کو تیار رکھو ابھی تھوڑی دیر میں نکلنا ہے۔ یہ لوگ سیٹھ رضوان کی کوٹھی پر پہنچے۔

انسپکٹر صاحب نے سیٹھ رضوان سے کہا کہ پہلے آپ کے بھتیجے حارث کو اغوا کر کے قتل کیا گیا اور اب آپ کے بھائی سیٹھ اسلم کو ٹرک ایکسیڈنٹ میں مروا دیا گیا ہے۔ سیٹھ رضوان کو غصہ آ گیا اور وہ کہنے لگا کہ اب تک پولیس نے کیا، کیا ہے۔ آپ لوگ قاتل کا پتا لگانے کی بجائے میرے پاس کیوں آ گئے ہیں۔

انسپکٹر صاحب نے کہا کہ ہم قاتل کا سراغ لگاتے لگاتے ہی تو یہاں پہنچے ہیں اور دوہرے قتل کے جرم میں آپ کو گرفتار کرنے آئے ہیں۔ ثبوت کے طور پر آپ کے بیٹے عاطف کی گواہی کافی ہے۔

عاطف بھی پولیس کو دیکھ کر وہاں آ گیا اور کہنے لگا: جی پاپا! میں نے آپ کو فیکٹری کے ملازم سے بات کرتے سُن لیا تھا کہ کس طرح آپ نے تمام ثبوت مٹانے کی کوشش کی۔ میں یہ بھی جانتا ہوں کہ فیکٹری اور اس جائیداد کے لالچ میں آپ نے اپنے خونی رشتے مار ڈالے۔ مجھے آپ سے یہ اُمید نہیں تھی۔ آپ نے ناحق خون بہایا ہے اس کی سزا تو کاٹنی ہو گی۔ پولیس سیٹھ رضوان کو گرفتار کر کے لے گئی۔ انسان کو خبر ہی نہیں ہوتی کہ وہ دنیاوی مال کے لالچ میں خود کو برباد کر بیٹھا ہے مگر قدرت ہمیشہ معصوم کا ساتھ دیتی ہے۔



فکیہہ معاویہ | جماعت: ہشتم | محمڈن کیمپس II

میں ایک سڑک ہوں

میں ایک سڑک ہوں۔ میری کہانی بڑی دلچسپ ہے۔ میں لمبی، خاموش اور اپنی جگہ پر قائم رہنے والی ہوں۔ اگرچہ میں ہل جل نہیں سکتی اس کے باوجود میں شہروں کو گاؤں سے ملاتی ہوں اور لوگوں کو ان کی منزل تک پہنچاتی ہوں۔



میں روز بہت سے لوگوں کی مدد کرتی ہوں۔ بچے، بڑے، سب میرے ذریعے سفر کرتے ہیں اور اپنی منزل تک پہنچتے ہیں، چاہے سفر کتنا ہی لمبا کیوں نہ ہو، میری مدد سے وہ اس سفر کو کامیابی سے طے کر لیتے ہیں۔

مجھے محنت کش بناتے ہیں۔ وہ دن رات محنت کرتے ہیں، تب جا کر میں تیار ہوتی ہوں۔ جب میرے اوپر گاڑیاں چلنا شروع ہوتی ہیں تو میری زندگی بھی شروع ہو جاتی ہے۔

لیکن میری زندگی ہمیشہ آسان نہیں ہوتی۔ کبھی کبھی ٹریفک بہت زیادہ ہو جاتا ہے، جس سے مجھ پر بوجھ بہت بڑھ جاتا ہے۔ میرے زیادہ استعمال اور مناسب دیکھ بھال نہ ہونے کی وجہ سے مجھے نقصان بھی پہنچتا ہے۔ پھر بھی میں سب کی خدمت کرتی رہتی ہوں۔

حریم طاہر | جماعت: پنجم | فاطمہ کیمپس، عالم گڑھ

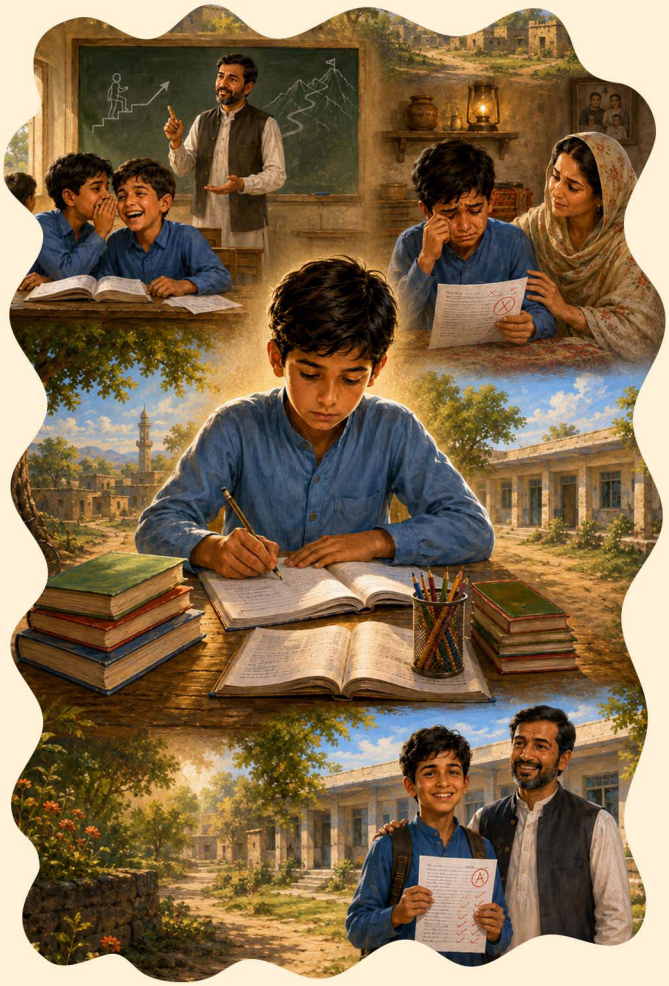


محنت کا پھل
علی کی کامیابی

ایک گاؤں میں علی نام کا لڑکا رہتا تھا، جو پڑھائی میں دلچسپی نہیں لیتا تھا۔
ایک دن کلاس میں اس کے اُستاد محنت کی اہمیت کے بارے میں بتا رہے تھے کہ محنت سے ہی انسان کامیاب ہوتا ہے۔ یہ بات سن کر علی نے اپنے دوست کے کان میں کہا کہ اگر محنت کرنے سے کامیابی ملتی تو آج گدھا سب سے زیادہ کامیاب ہوتا۔ یہ بات سن کر اس کا دوست ہنسنے لگا۔
یہ بات اس کے استاد نے بھی سنی اور کہا علی تمہاری بات میں مزاح ہے لیکن حقیقت نہیں۔ کچھ دن بعد علی کے امتحان شروع ہوئے، وہ تیاری کیے بغیر پرچہ حل کرنے کے لیے سکول چلا گیا۔
جب نتیجہ نکلا تو وہ فیل ہو گیا۔ علی گھر آ کر بہت رویا۔ اسے اپنے اُستاد کی باتیں یاد آئیں۔
علی کی ماں نے اسے سمجھایا کہ دوبارہ محنت کرو، تمھیں صلہ ملے گا۔ علی نے دوبارہ محنت کی اور اگلی بار بُہت اچھے نمبروں سے اسے کامیابی ملی۔

سبق

محنت میں عظمت ہے۔ سنجیدگی کامیابی کی کنجی ہے اور لاپرواہی ناکامی ہے۔



محمد علی | جماعت: ششم | فاطمہ کیمپس



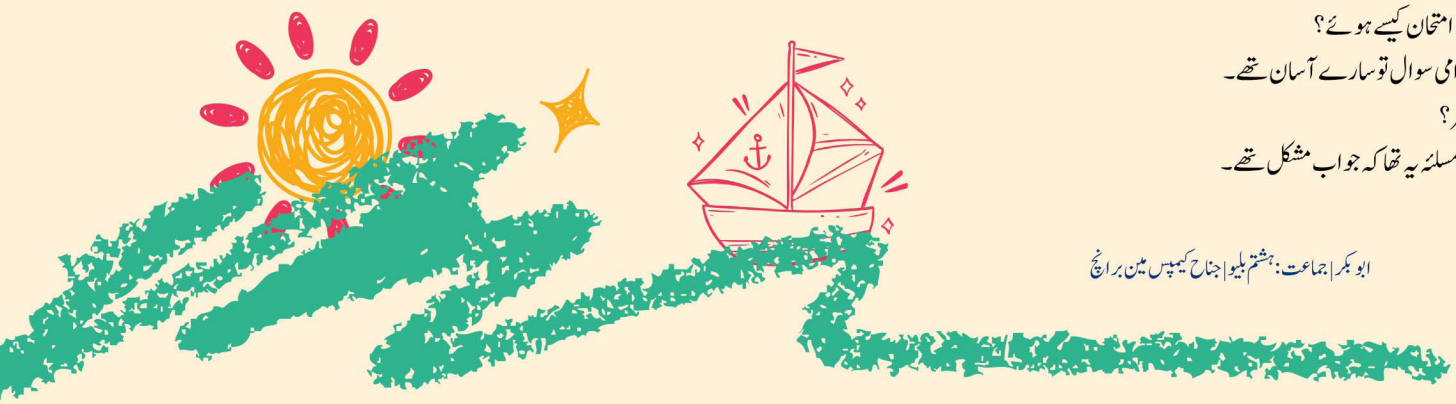
لطیفہ نمبر 1۔

استاد: تم دیر سے کیوں آئے؟
طالب علم: سر! راستے میں ایک آدمی کا ہزار کا نوٹ گم ہو گیا تھا۔
استاد: تو تم اس کی مدد کر رہے تھے؟
طالب علم: نہیں سر میں نوٹ کے اُوپر کھڑا تھا۔



لطیفہ نمبر 2۔

امی: بیٹا امتحان کیسے ہوئے؟
بیٹا: امی سوال تو سارے آسان تھے۔
امی: پھر؟
بیٹا: مسئلہ یہ تھا کہ جواب مشکل تھے۔



ابو بکر | جماعت: ہشتم بلیو | جناح کیمپس مین برانچ

Regional Achievement (Centre)



Abdali II Campus_ ROC_ represented
The Educators at BISC Live Art Competition



Act to Impact Al Mustafa Campus
Regional Level 1st Position



Al Rauf Campus Winners National Level
Competition 2025_ICIA Silver Award Winners



Amira Sahar IV Campus



CSR Abroo Foundation Nishtar Campus



Winners of Regional Speech
and Debate



Word Splash_Cluster Level
Walton Campus



HAC - 10



EYF Visit in Collabroation
with LUMS



Shahdra Campus Students performance
Regional Speech and Debate



CSR Al-Khidmat Fazl-e-Noor Campus

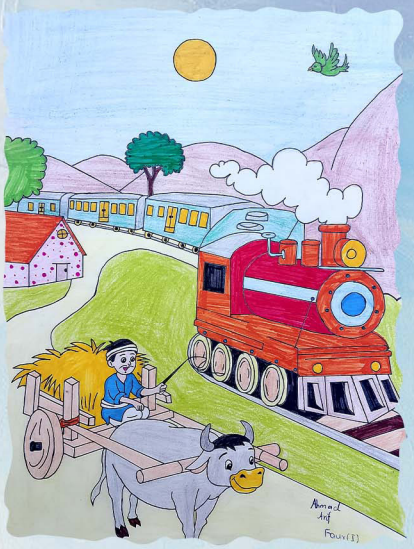
Artwork of Students



Abeeha Ibad | Class 5G | Sadar Campus



Abeer Khan | Class VIII Blue
Jinnah Campus



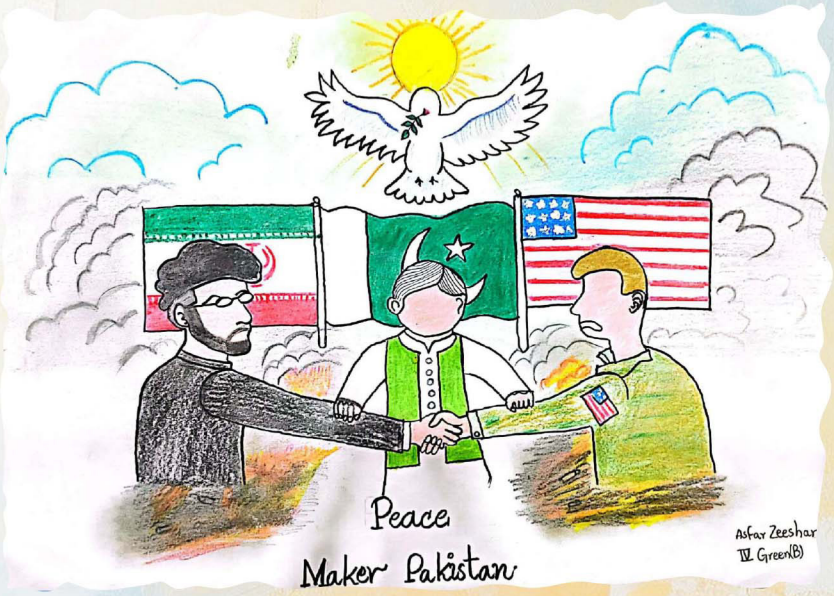
Ahmad Arif | Class IV
Shakargarh Campus



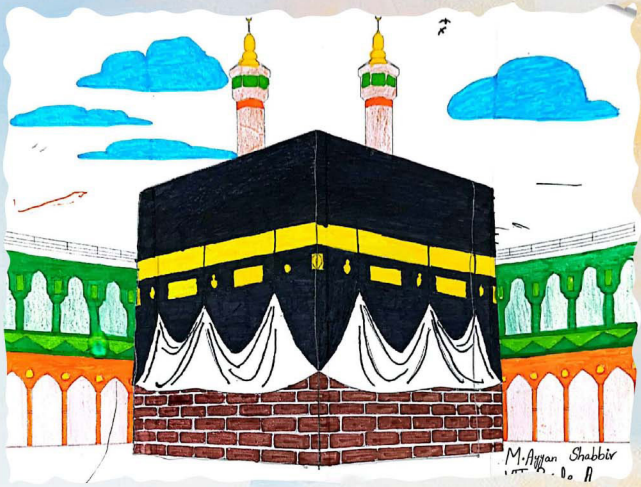
Ahmad fazal | Class 7R | Sadar Campus



Aiza Bint-e-Omair | Class 9 | Valencia Campus



Asfar Zeeshan | Class VI | Kasur Campus



Muhammad Ayyan Sabir | VII | Kasur Campus



Hareem Fatima-IV-Kasur Campus



Insha Fayyaz -7G-Sadar Campus



Sajeeha Fatima-VII-Kasur Campus



Zahwa Arfan-VII Green-Jinnah Campus



Zareen Fatima-IV-Kasur Campus



M. Ibrahim-7R-Sadar Campus

Faisalabad REGION



A Trip to Istanbul

Last winter, I visited Istanbul, the city of sultans. It felt like a journey of heart. I sensed a deep calmness within me. But instead of only peace. I also felt a quiet sadness, as if the city was whispering stories of a glorious past that is no longer the same. This city carries the voice of great sultan Abdul Hamid Han II when he replied to Theodor Herzl regarding Zionist pressure. "I cannot give up even an inch of Palestine. It does not belong to me but to the Islamic nation." He was a great ruler. Rest in peace great sultan. My first visit was to the Hagia Sophia.

As I stood beneath its grand dome, my heart ached. This place had victory, power, and devotion. I imagined the day it became a mosque; a symbol entered the beautiful Blue Mosque. Watching Muslims pray together gave me comfort, yet it also made me think deeply. As I walked through the streets, I could feel the fading echoes of the powerful Ottoman Empire. The view of the Bosporus, dividing Europe and Asia, was simply breathtaking.

I found a bench along the Bosporus and sat down. For a moment, I felt that this is the place where my heart learned what peace truly means. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, feeling an inner peace I had never known before. Then I visited the Top Kapi Palace. The Palace, with its grand halls, beautiful courtyards, and precious collections like Prophet Muhammad (ﷺ) sword and some hair, showed the power and elegance of the empire.

I also visited the lively Grand Bazaar where the colors, sounds, and energy made the experience unforgettable. The people were friendly, and their hospitality made me feel welcome everywhere.



Lastly, I visited the tombs of the ottoman sultans. When I visited the tomb of Sultan Abdul Hamid Han II, I remembered his love for the Muslim Ummah and his struggle to protect its unity. Even during difficult times, he remained strong and faithful. He was a great ruler.

"Istanbul is not just a city, it is a feeling, it is an urge that makes you remember who you are and what matters in life."

"The shrine of Abu Ayyub al - Ansari (رضی اللہ تعالیٰ عنہ) is also located in Istanbul. When I visited the shrine I felt peace - a deep unexplainable calm."



M. Abdul Rehman Warraich | Class: Ninth Sapphire | Amna Campus, Gojra

Magical Lamp

Once upon a time, in a bustling city full of golden sand, lived a young boy. He was always looking for adventure in the mountains. He spotted something glimmering under a pile of ancient dust. It was not gold. It was an old, tarnished magical lamp.

The boy picked the lamp up and began to rub away the dirt with his sleeve. Suddenly, the lamp began to shake, and a brilliant purple smoke came out of the lamp. It grew larger and larger until a giant, friendly Genie appeared in the air.



The Genie said, "Thank you for setting me free". The Genie laughed and shook the walls of the cave. He said, "I shall grant you three wishes", but choose wisely, for magic is a powerful thing.

The boy tried hard to think because he didn't just want toys or candies. He wanted to see the wonders of the world. The first wish of the boy was to get the ability to understand every language, from the chirping of birds to the ancient scripts of Japan and China. Instantly, the world felt like a book he could finally read.

In the second wish, the boy wanted a feast that would never end. So, he would share it with everyone. Suddenly, tables appeared covered with very delicious dishes, including mountains of crispy spicy golgappas. The third and final wish of the boy was to get a "collar of protection" for his loyal dog, who was waiting at the entrance of the cave. So, he would always be safe and healthy in all his future journeys. The Genie smiled, snapped his fingers and disappeared back into the lamp, leaving behind a small gold key.

The boy realised that the lamp was not just about getting things. It was a key to a life of kindness and discovery.

From that day on, the boy and his dog travelled far and wide using their gift to help people and explore the farthest corners of the Earth, always keeping the magical lamp tucked safely in his backpack for the next great adventure.

Hoorain Mustafa | Class: 7 | Al-Aleem Campus II Okara

Kindness Returned

One day, Ali was going to school when he saw an old man struggling to cross the road. The old man was carrying a sack on his shoulder.

Seeing this, Ali quickly ran towards him and carried his load. He also helped him cross the road. The old man smiled and said, “Thank you”.

The next day, when Ali was going to school, his bicycle broke down. He was worried as he had a test and couldn't miss school.

He was standing helplessly on the road when a person approached him. This was the same man he had helped the previous day. He fixed his bicycle. Ali was very grateful as his bicycle was fixed in time. Ali realised that kindness always comes back in one way or the other.

From that day, Ali tried to help people whenever and as much as he could by sharing lunch, holding the door or explaining homework. He noticed that when he was kind, his friends were kind too.



M. Hassan | Class: V Achievers | Fatmeed Campus 1, Faisalabad

The Wolf with Bad Flu

In the heart of the forest a small squirrel sat inside a hollow tree and turned on his tiny acorn radio. The announcer's voice crackled through the woods "Today's news brings a shocking update: the great wolf Fenris has caught a legendary case of the flu, and local residents are advised to stay indoors!"

Fenris, meanwhile, was not feeling great. Usually, he was a scary predator at midnight. Today his nose was bright pink, his eyes were leaking like broken faucets and he was wearing a very un-cool fuzzy bathrobber. He was hungry, but he was also very very grumpy. He wobbled down the path toward the meadow. He arrived at a house made of straw where the first little rabbit lived. Fenris tried to stand up straight and look terrifying. “Little rabbit, little rabbit. Let me in!”

He tried to roar, instead his voice cracked and sounded like a dying flute. The rabbit looked out of the window and giggled "You don't look scary, Fenris. You look like you need a nap and a bowl of soup. "Fenris got mad, He decided to huff and puff.

He took a faint breath but his itchy nose had other plans. Instead of a gentle wind a tectonic sneeze exploded from his nose "A-CHOO-OOO!" The house did not fall down, but it was suddenly covered in a thick layer of wolf flu germs. The rabbit shrieked "Gross!". He ran next door to his brother's wooden house.

Fenris stumbled after him shivering and sniffing. He reached the wooden house and knocked weakly "Open……hurry……up!" The two rabbits looked through the key hole. "Go away! We have vitamin C and we are not afraid to use it!" Fenris leaned against the wall to catch his breath. But a massive coughing attack hit him. "Hack! Wheezy cough." He coughed so hard that the porch light fell off. The rabits were so terrified.

"He is a walking virus!" they yelled. They grabbed their tiny suitcases, put on three-layer of face masks and ran away to the city to find a doctor.

Fenris did not even try to chase them. He crawled inside the wooden house and found a pile of laundry. He had finally found a quiet place to rest, but he was too stuffed up to even smell victory.

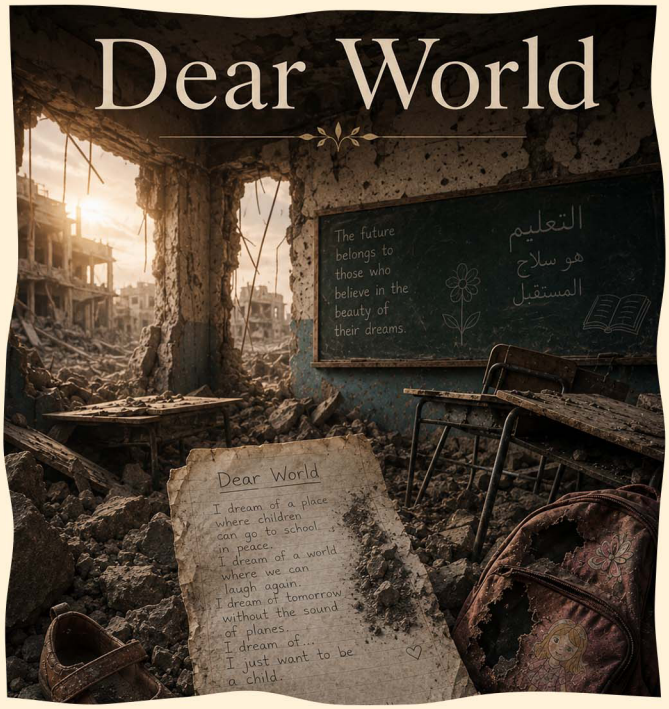
Moral:

"A giant sneeze can clear a room, but it's hard to be the big bad wolf when you are the big bad sneezer. Always carry a tissue!"



Maryam Ahsan | Class: 7th Mercury | Al-Ghafoor Campus, Faisalabad

The Letter That Was Never Delivered



No one heard the last sentence, not because it was not written, but because the one who wrote it did not live long enough to finish it. The paper was found later, half-buried beneath concrete, stained with dust, its edges torn, as if even the words had tried to escape what had happened there. At the top, in fragile, uneven handwriting, were two words: "Dear World." It was written in a classroom in Gaza or what used to be one. The ceiling had collapsed, the walls were split open, and the blackboard still carried the ghost of unfinished lessons. But that day, the lesson was not mathematics, it was survival. The child who wrote the letter had never known peace, not the kind the rest of the world takes for granted. For him, history was not something distant or forgotten, it was alive, breathing, breaking into his life every single day.

He had grown up hearing words like occupation, blockade, and airstrike, words too heavy for a child, yet too real to ignore. He had learned, before anything else, that in Palestine, childhood is not a phase, it is a privilege, and many never get to have it.

The letter continued. "Dear World, today we were learning how to write about our future." There was a pause in the writing there, as if the child had stopped to think, because what do you write about a future you are not sure you will live to see? Outside, the sky began to hum, a low, distant sound, familiar, fear. Children froze, teachers stopped mid-sentence, because in that place, everyone knows what comes after that sound. "Dear World," the child wrote again, the handwriting slightly shaking now, "my teacher says we should never stop hoping." But hope, in that moment, felt like something too fragile to hold onto. Then the sky did not warn, it did not hesitate, it collapsed. The explosion did not just shake the ground, it tore through it, it erased walls, voices, names, as if they had never existed, and in a matter of seconds, a classroom full of children became silence.

When the dust settled, there were no lessons left, no voices calling out, no small hands raised with questions, only fragments, torn bag, a broken desk, a single shoe, and that letter.

Rescuers found it hours later. They searched for the writer, they called out, they dug through the debris with desperate hands, but some stories are never found again. The last line of the letter was incomplete. It read, "Dear World, if I don't" and then nothing. No goodbye, no ending, no full stop, just silence. And perhaps that is the most haunting truth of Palestine that entire lives are being lived like unfinished sentences, cut short, unheard, unanswered.

Because the tragedy is not only that children are writing letters they may never finish, it is that the world, even when it finds those letters, still does not reply.

And somewhere, beneath the rubble of a forgotten classroom, a question still waits to be answered, if the world had listened sooner, would that sentence have ever needed to end?

Moral Lesson :

Silence, in the face of suffering, is not neutrality. It is participation. And history will not only remember what was destroyed, but who chose not to hear the voices before they were lost.

Abdul Rehman Tariq | Class: 10 Zeal | Sir Syed Campus Pattoki

DREAM



I have a dream deep in my heart,
A shining goal, a brand new start
I want to rise, I want to fly,
Like birds that soar so high in the sky
Every day I learn something new,
With hope in my heart and courage too.
I won't give up, I'll always try,
No matter how hard, I'll reach the sky.
With the books in hand and a smile so bright
I'll keep moving forward with all my might.
Step by step, I'll find my way,
Working hard every single day.
Sometimes I fall, sometimes I cry,
But I stand again and give it a try
Because I know deep inside me,
My dreams are what I'm meant to be.
One day I'll stand proud and say,
I followed my dreams all the way!
With hard work and strong belief
I'll turn my dreams into reality.

Attia Zahid | Class: V | Maryam Campus

Amazing Facts

1-Fastest Land Animal:
Cheetah

2-Largest Planet:
Jupiter

3-Hottest Planet:
Venus

4-Tallest Mountain:
Mount Everest

5-Deepest Ocean Point:
Mariana Trench

6-Largest ocean:
Pacific Ocean

7-Hardest natural substance:
Diamond

8-Smallest Country:
Vatican City

9-Bones in Human Body:
206

10-Fastest bird:
Peregrine Falcon

11-Longest river:
Nile River

12-Largest desert:
Aantarctica

13-Closest star to Earth:
Sun

14-Largest mammal:
Blue Whale

15-Fastest sea animal:
Sailfish

Saman Mujahid | Class: VI Amber | Fatmeed Campus 1, Faisalabad

Riddles

1.

I have keys but no locks. I have space but no room. You can enter, but you cannot go outside. Who am I?

ANS: _____

2.

If 2 fathers and 2 sons go to eat, they order only 3 burgers.
How is it possible?

ANS: _____

3.

I am not alive, but I grow. I don't have lungs, but I need air. What am I?

ANS: _____

4.

I have seas without water, coasts without sand, towns without people and mountains without land. What am I?

ANS: _____

Answers: 1. Keyboard 2. Grandfather, father & Son 3. Fire 4. Map

M.Shahraiz | 8th Mirage | Sir Syed Campus Pattoki



میرا ننھا دوست

ہمارے گھر کے روشن دان میں ایک چڑیا کا گھونسلا تھا۔ ایک دن گھونسلے سے چڑیا کا ننھا بچہ زمین پر گر گیا۔ گرنے کی وجہ سے اُسے گہری چوٹ آئی۔ چڑیا اس کے پاس پھڑ پھڑانے لگی اور بے تابی سے چوں چوں کرنے لگی۔ میں نے اسے نہایت نرمی سے اپنی ہتھیلی پر رکھا اور اس کے زخم پر دوا لگائی۔

میں نے اس کی حفاظت کی خاطر اسے پنجرے میں رکھا اور پنجرے کو ایسی جگہ پر رکھا جہاں چڑیا آسانی سے آسکے۔ چڑیا روزانہ آتی اور اپنی چونچ پنجرے کے اندر کر کے اسے کھانا کھلاتی۔ میں روزانہ اپنے اس ننھے دوست کی تیمارداری کرتا رہا یہاں تک کہ اس کا زخم ٹھیک ہو گیا۔ میں نے پنجرے کا دروازہ کھولا اور وہ پنجرے سے باہر نکل آیا۔

اس کی ماں جو پنجرے سے تھوڑے فاصلے پر کھڑکی میں بیٹھی تھی، اُڑ کر اس کے پاس آئی اور اسے ساتھ لیے درخت کی شاخ پر جا بیٹھی۔ دونوں خوشی سے چہچہا رہے تھے۔ مجھے ایسا لگا جیسے وہ میرا شکریہ ادا کر رہے ہوں۔ ان کی خوشی دیکھ کر مجھے دلی سکون ملا۔

اخلاقی سبق

بے زبانوں پر رحم کرنا ہی اصل انسانیت ہے۔



رحمان اشرف | سوم | آمنہ کیمپس، گوجرہ۔

ماں

ہر دکھ اور درد میں سہارا بنتی ہے ماں
پریشانی کے لمحوں میں دعا دیتی ہے ماں

میری ہر کامیابی کا راز ہے میری ماں
اسی کے قدموں میں رکھ دی گئی ہے جنت کی راہ

تقدیر کو بدل دیتی ہے دعا ماں کی
رحمتوں کا سمندر ہے دعا ماں کی

ماں کی مسکراہٹ سے روشن ہے میری دنیا
ماں کی محبت سے قائم ہے میری ہستی کا چراغ

ماں کی قربانیوں کا کوئی مول نہیں
ماں کی عظمت کا کوئی جواب نہیں



سید محمد | جماعت ہفتم | دی ایجوکیٹرز فاطمید کیمپس ون

خوابوں کا گھر



وہ صبح کی گھنٹی وہ دوستوں کا ساتھ
استاد کی باتیں وہ علم کی سوغات
وہ چھوٹی سی جیت پر سب دوستوں کا چلانا
وہ بستہ ہاتھ میں لے کر گھر کو مڑ جانا
یہیں سے بنتا ہے کل
اور سنور رہا ہے آج
یہ عمارت نہیں یہ خوابوں کا گھر ہے
یہاں ہر قدم پر ایک نیا سفر ہے

منابل زاہد | جماعت: ہشتم | العلیم کیمپس 2 اوکاڑہ

مزاحیہ نظم

میرا دل نہیں کرتا پڑھنے کو
میرا دل نہیں کرتا پڑھنے کو
میں کیا کروں ہائے ربا
کتاب کھولوں تو نیند آئے
بس آنکھ لگے ذرا
امی کہیں "بیٹا پڑھ لو "
ابو کہیں "شاباش "
میں کہوں "بس پانچ منٹ" اور بن جائے آدھا گھنٹہ خاص
کاپی کھولی، پین اٹھایا، دل بولا "بس چھوڑ دو"
ہوم ورک کی جگہ پہ کچھ رنگین تصویریں جوڑ دو
دوست بلائیں کھیلنے کو
دل فوراً خوش ہو جائے
کتاب دیکھوں دور سے ہی
سر میرا گھوم جائے
ٹیچر پوچھیں "سبق سناؤ"
میں کہوں "کل یاد تھا"
آج تو میرا دماغ بھی
چھٹی پر ہی جا چکا
میں بھی پڑھ لکھ جاؤں گا
بس آج اتنا مان لو
کل سے پکا پڑھنے لگ جاؤں گا

مروہ وقار | جماعت: نہم والوئس | سرسید کیمپس، پتوکی

پہیلیاں



1.

وہ کون سی چیز ہے جو روتے روتے مر جاتی ہے؟

2.

وہ کیا ہے جو ایک انسان کو دو بنا دیتا ہے؟

جوابات: 1-موم بتی 2-آئینہ

آیان احمد | چہارم | مریم کیمپس

Regional Achievement (Faisalabad)



Anabat Campus



Bhakkar II Campus



IKLC



High Achievers Ceremony



Regional Winners Group



Zaineb Campus



IKSC



ICIA



Matific



IKMC

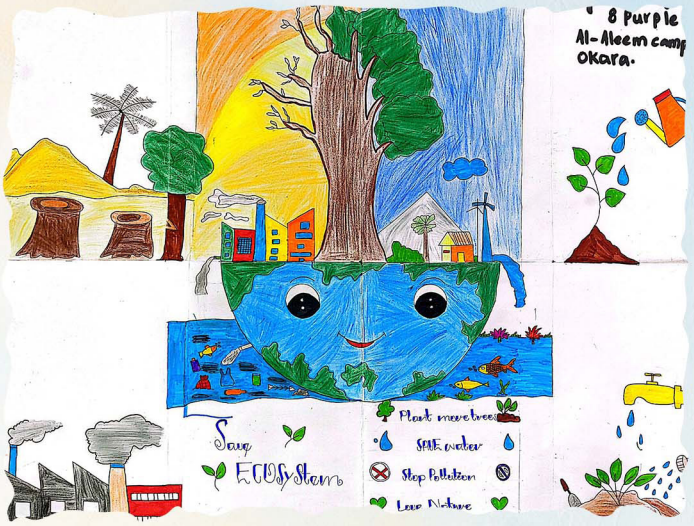
Artwork of Students



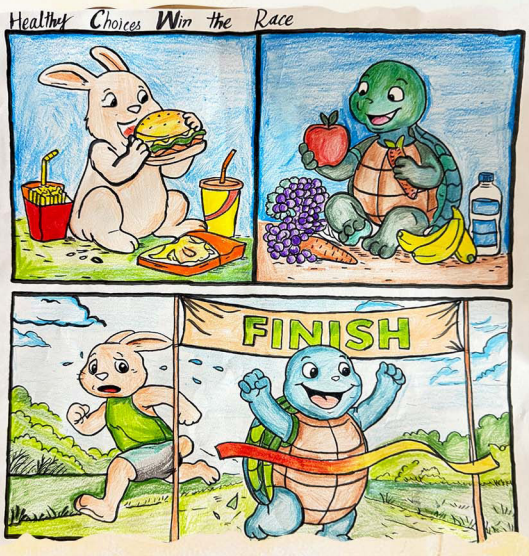
Romaisha Asif | Class-5 | Fatmeed 1 Campus



HAJRA MANSOOR | CLASS 9 | Prime Campus



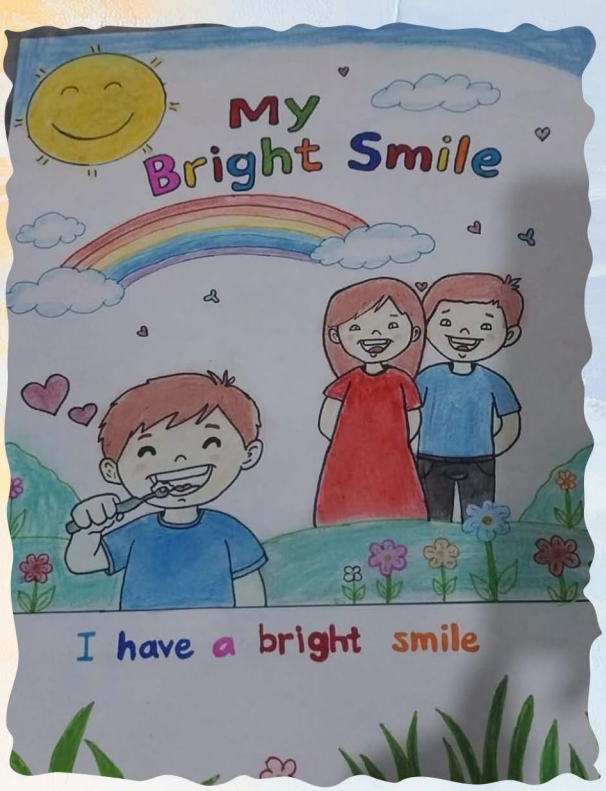
Iman Sajid | 8 Purple | Al Aleem Campus



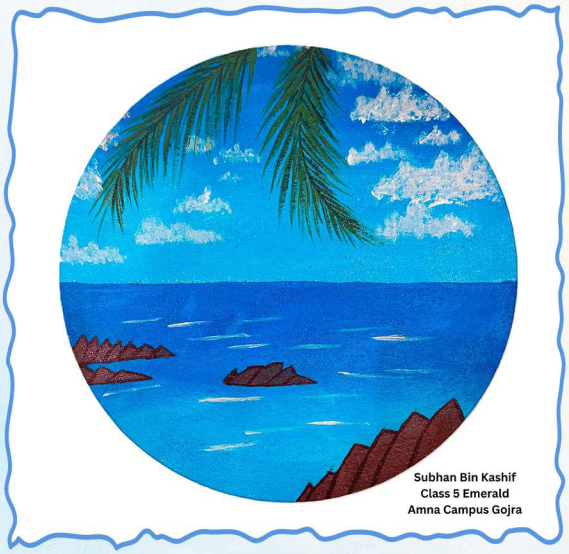
Murwa Waqar| 9th Valois | Sir Syed Campus Pattoki



Habiba Saeed | Class 8 Red | Al Aleem II Campus



Haram Rizwan | Class 2 | Prime Campus

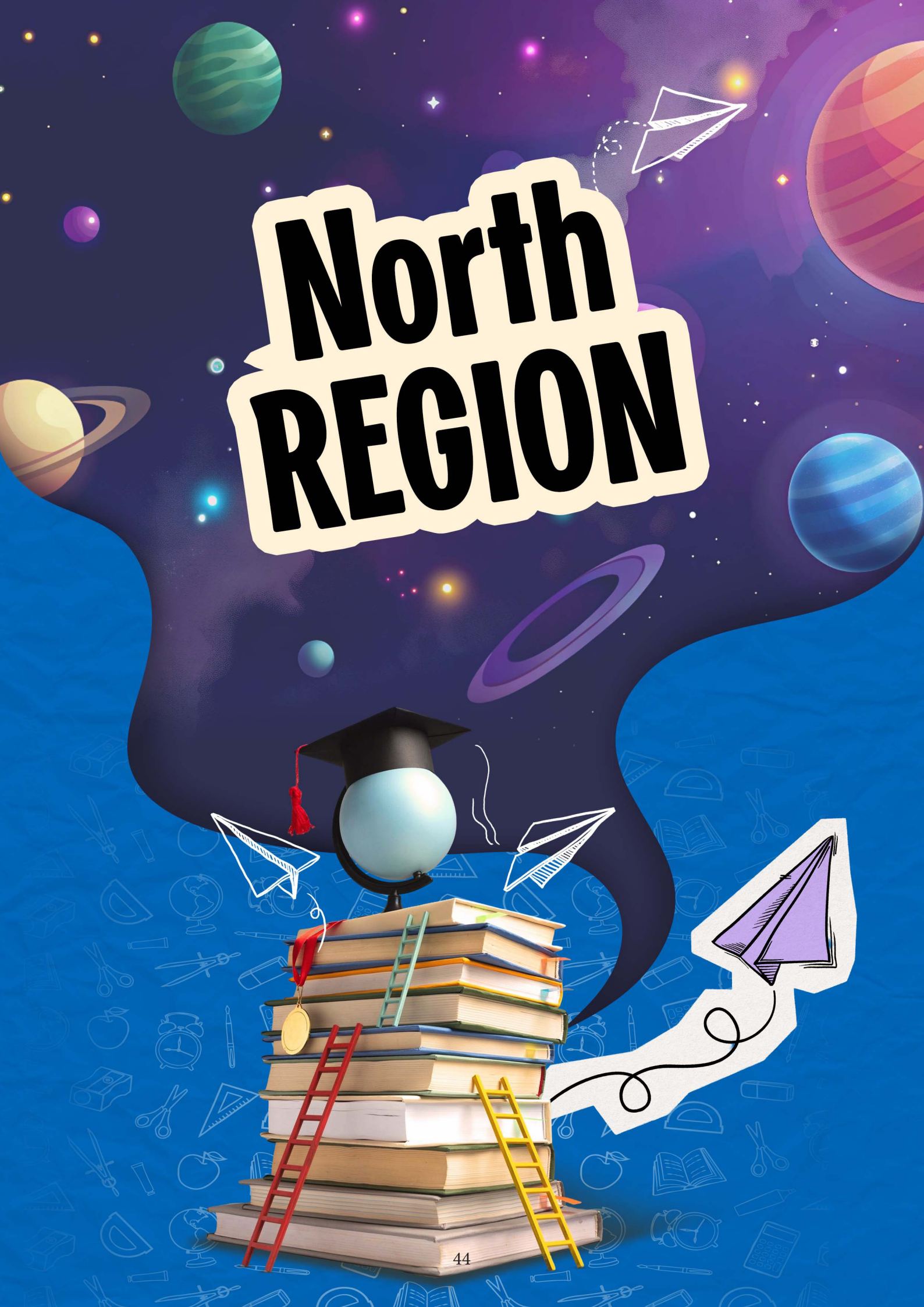


Subhan Bin Kashif | Class 5 Emerald
Amna Campus



Zainab Azfar | Class 5 Lyric | Sir Syed Campus

North REGION



A Secret World on the Cloud

Once upon a time, a girl named Luna was listening to a story from her grandmother. The story was about a world hidden in the clouds. Luna loved listening to stories. In that story, Luna was exploring a world that existed on clouds, where tiny and strange creatures were living.

Luna asked one of them, "Excuse me, can you tell me anything about this place?" The tiny creature said, "Miss, you are on a cloud, and this is a world for elves like me. I think you are new here." Luna said, "Yes, I am new here." The elf then told Luna about the magical place and its magical creatures.

Luna was amazed because, in that world, everyone could do magic. Luna asked the tiny creature for a tour. The elf showed Luna a golden place where many kids were playing. It was like a park made of diamonds and gold.

Then the creature showed Luna a very small house where they all lived. The house was made of candies and chocolates. When Luna entered the house, she was amazed because the house, which looked small from the outside, was very huge from the inside. There were almost 400 rooms in it.

While Luna was observing the house, she didn't notice that the elf who was guiding her was gone. When she realised this, she started looking for the elf. She entered a room and heard someone talking about her.

She listened quietly. The elves were saying that if Luna wanted to go back home, she needed to escape Room Number 330. Luna entered Room Number 330, and the door closed behind her. She tried to go back, but the door got stuck. Luna started trying to escape the maze, but she was unable to figure out how to get out.

Finally, after trying hundred times, she passed the first challenge. The second one was a laser room. There was a piece of paper at the start of the room that said, "Press the red button and escape."

Now she started looking for the red button, but she didn't realise that the button was near the door. Actually, she had taken the piece of paper from the button itself. After trying to find the button and more clues, she became very tired and sat on the floor. She rested for a few minutes and then stood up.

She took the piece of paper and thought of placing it back where she had taken it from. Finally, she found the button. She pressed it, and the lasers disappeared. She escaped that room, and there was a bed at the end. "What will I do with this bed? I don't think I will go back with the help of this," she thought.

Well, she took a nap-and when she woke up, she was in her room. It was just her dream.



Anaya Khurram | Class: 6th | The Educators, Gulrez

My Trip to Miranjani



We woke up very early in the morning even before the sun came out. My mother gave me a small bag with water, and we started our journey. The path was long and steep. I saw tall pine trees and green grass everywhere. The cold wind touched my face, and I felt refreshed. My legs became tired but I kept walking.

On the way, we saw a monkey. It looked at us and ran away quickly. My father told me that monkeys live in these hills, and I felt very happy to see one.

After a long walk, we reached the top. The view was beautiful. We could see mountains and white clouds below us. It felt like we were in the sky. We sat on a rock, ate biryani and apples, and drank warm tea.
On our way down, it started to rain. We ran and laughed, and my shoes got muddy. It was the best day, and I will never forget it.

Muhammad Talal | IV Mars| Abbottabad Campus II, Abbottabad

The Sharing Tree

Once upon a time, in a peaceful meadow, stood a beautiful tree with a gentle smile and twinkling eyes. It was full of sweet, juicy fruit, but it never shared them with anyone.

Slowly, the children stopped coming to play, and the animals stayed away. The meadow grew quiet and the tree felt very lonely.

One day, the tree whispered, "I don't like being alone."

So, it decided to share. It let its fruit fall freely on the ground.
Soon, laughter returned! Children played in its shade, birds sang in its branches, and animals gathered happily.

The tree felt warm and joyful inside. From that day on, everyone called it "The Sharing Tree."

Moral:
Sharing brings happiness and friendship.



Eshal Ali | Class: V Mars | Abbottabad Campus II, Abbottabad

My Travelogue
Tokyo with My Cousins

As soon as we got off the plane in Tokyo the humidity was suffocating. Fatima was immediately fanning herself with her passport. Alizeh was pacing like she was starving of air. Jasmine kept trying to take selfies, but her phone kept fogging up. I just stood there and thought, What have I gotten myself into?

Tokyo was the most beautiful yet overwhelming place I ever visited. Vending machines filled every corner of the city. Jasmine spent the evening taking pictures of windows and mirrors. Fatima spent the entire time glued to Google Maps.

The food struggle:
By afternoon, I was starving and declared to my cousins that I was going to die.



My sister Fatima was sitting quietly and frantically refreshing her phone for any halal restaurants. Luckily, we came across a small ramen shop and dove in. After that first slurp, we were all silent, my mom and dad fell silent. It was that good.

Pigeons: our only audience

It was so hard to find somewhere to pray! One day we found a spot in a park and used our scarves as a makeshift mat and just sat on the ground. Some pigeons just walked around us while we were praying and Jasmine kept taking pics and Fatima gave her side eyes.

The sneakout that wasn't:

It's already the third night here in Japan. The parents were asleep by 9 PM already and we were so bored so we went out for some conveyor belt sushi in Shibuya. We snuck past Mom's bedroom in the elevator, and were relieved to escape without being caught. Jasmine stopped walking abruptly. "Ohh God! I forgot my wallet."

JASMINE. YOU HAD ONE JOB.

We had to go all the way back upstairs. But of course, who else would answer the door but Mum, holding a teacup and looking at us like we were the most suspicious people on earth.

"Going somewhere, girls?"
5 seconds of pure panic as Fatima blurts out "Just getting ice". at 10 PM.

"So?" she drawled, raising an eyebrow.
We went back to our room. On the trip to Tokyo, we didn't even manage to sneak out for late night sushi. Instead, we stood in our hotel room and ate buldak, but still had fun. Tokyo was still 10/10. We saw the lights at Shibuya Sky, found places to pray and eat, and I ate a whole curry bread while pigeons judged me. So yeah, successful trip.

Just next time, I'll make sure to hide Jasmine's wallet for her!

Sara Ali | Class: 7 Red | KSS RWP - The Educators

A Visit to Interior Sindh

Last summer, my family and I went on an amazing road trip to explore interior Sindh. It wasn't just a vacation; it felt like we were reconnecting with our roots. My sister and I packed plenty of snacks and a mini camera, ready to capture everything.

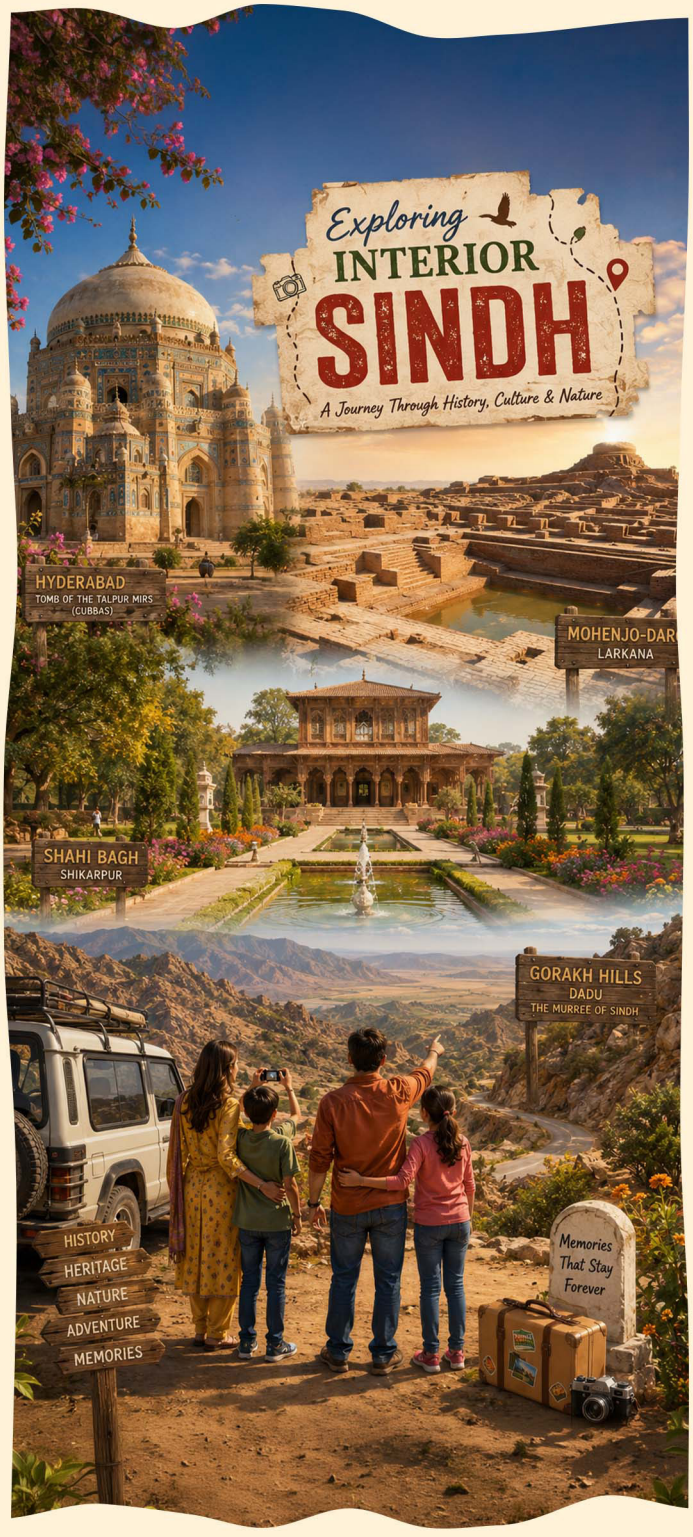
Our first stop was Hyderabad. We stayed at the Awari Guest House and visited the Tomb of the Talpur Mirs, also called "Cubbas." Our guide explained that these domes were built for the Baloch rulers who governed Sindh centuries ago. Walking through the tombs, I could really feel the history and the beauty of the architecture.

Next, we drove to Mohenjo-Daro in Larkana. I was amazed to learn that this city is about 4,500 years old! The streets were neatly planned with baked bricks. We saw the Great Bath, which is 12 meters long and was used for special rituals. The ancient pottery and metalwork we saw showed how talented the people were even thousands of years ago. It's hard to put into words how graceful the whole place felt.

After all that history, we headed to Shikarpur to visit Shahi Bagh. I had been there when I was very little, but visiting it now was different. This garden was built in 1871 and has a beautiful Persian design. In the centre, there is a huge wooden pavilion. Walking through the trees with the cool breeze and the smell of fresh flowers was the "cherry on top" of our afternoon. It was so peaceful.

Our final destination was the Gorakh Hills in Dadu. Since the hills are over 5,000 feet high, it is often called the "Murree of Sindh." The roads were very rocky, so we had to use a 4x4 vehicle to get to the top. The weather was spectacular and much cooler than the plains. We went hiking and enjoyed the view, but we made sure to head back down once it started getting dark.

This trip taught me that Sindh has so many "hidden gems" that people don't talk about enough. The culture is rich, the historical sites are breathtaking, and the people are incredibly welcoming. If you ever get the chance, you should definitely visit interior Sindh. You won't be disappointed!



Hareem Lutfullah Siddique | Class: IX | Campus: S.M.C.H.S, Karachi.

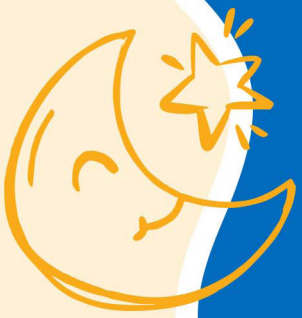
MY SIBLINGS

Thanks for having my back during the hardest times.
You bring something special into my life.
You are the ones who make me feel comfortable.
You know my dreams and help me achieve them.
You are the moon and stars of my life,
Guiding my heart through darkness.
No one knows me better than you.
You are my partners in all the ups and downs.
We laughed and cried together.
We played and had so much fun.
You are my friends and my family,
And I am lucky to have you in my life.

ABDULLAH SHAHBAZ | 5 BLUE | KHAYABAN-E-SIR SYED, RAWALPINDI



Summer Vibes



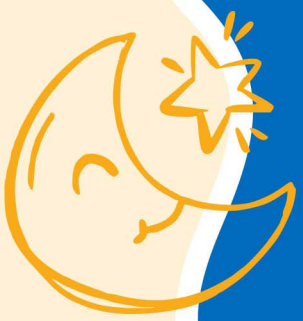


The sun shines in the bluish sky,
In shorts and half-sleeves, I laugh and fly,
I enjoy the long summer holiday,
It feels like freedom every day.
Ice cream melts before it's done,
Sticky fingers are part of the fun.
Flavours sweet and colours bright,
Turning the hot days into delight.
No school bells, no early race,
Just slow mornings we don't have to chase.
Lots of gaming, whether winning or not,
Losing track of time a lot.
Sometimes rain begins to fall,
Cool drops dancing over all.
We run outside, no need to hide,
Letting the warmth and fun to fight.
Horse riding fast across the ground,
Heartbeat matching every sound.
A little fear, but mostly thrill,
Moments like these never stay still.
Lovely summer days, both cool and warm,
Simple joys that help get calm.
Not always perfect and are few,
But every moment feels brand new.



Muhammad Ahmad Malik | Grade 7 | The Educators Asghar Mall Campus, Rawalpindi

Can I still be me?



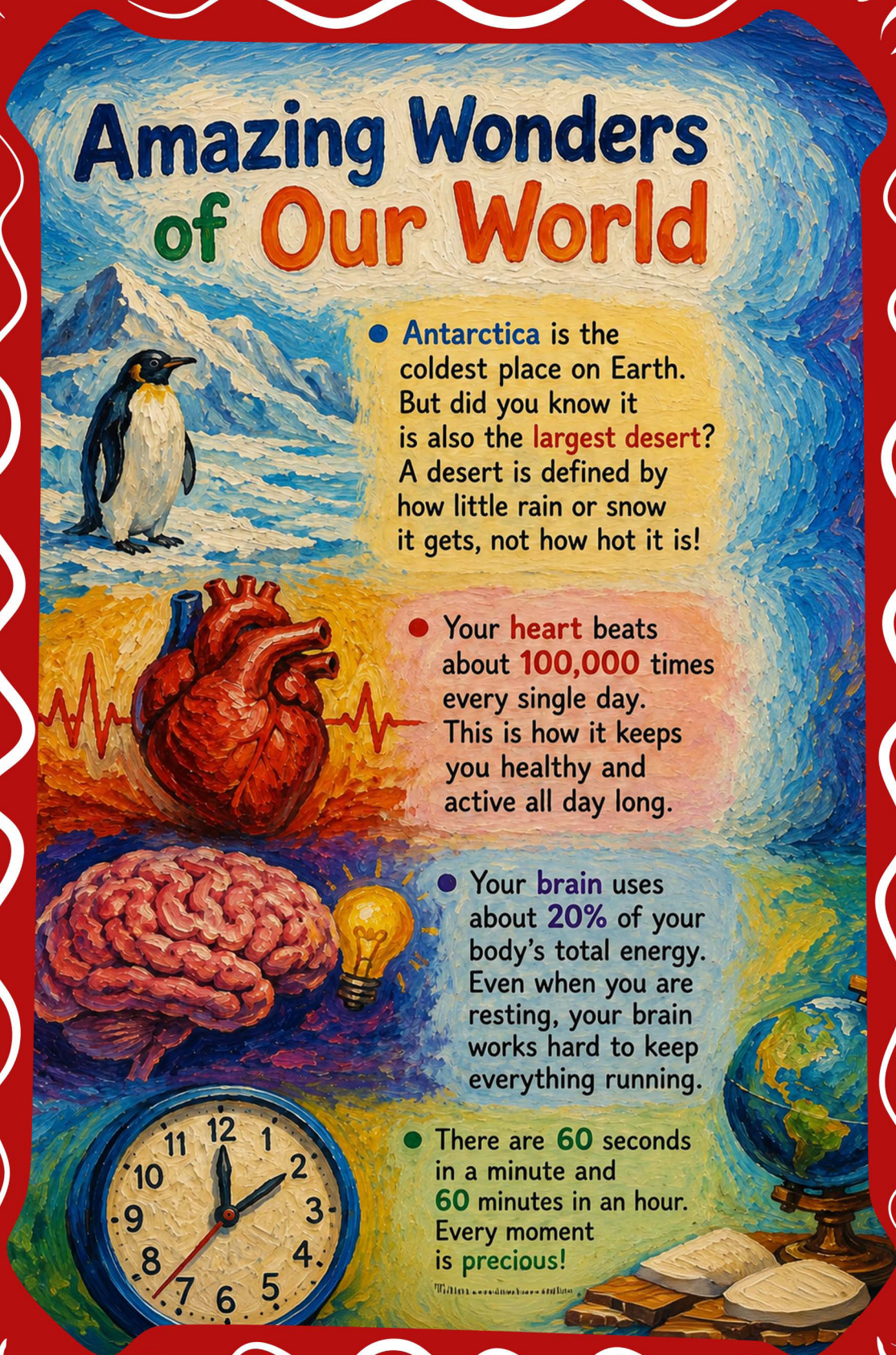
If there's so much, I must be
Can I still be me?
Or am I a part of a plan?
I want to live my own life.
Why are you teaching me to hold a knife?
Just at the age of five.
If there's so much, I must be
Can I still be me?



I want to live,
Hop from place to place
With the ones I love
Can't you see?
Life isn't a race
I just want to be free.
Why is so much expected from me?
I just want to flee
From this life that I don't want
If there's so much, can I still be me?



Waleeja Khan | Grade 9| Sakhakot Campus



Maria Yasir | Class: V- Mars | Abbottabad Campus II

Amazing Facts



Riddles

1.

I have a face and two hands but no arms or legs.
What am I?

ANS: _____

2.

I fly without wings. I cry without eyes.
What am I?

ANS: _____

3.

The more you take away from me, the bigger I get.
What am I?

ANS: _____

4.

I belong to you but other people use me more than you do.
What am I?

ANS: _____

Answers: 1. A clock 2. A cloud 3. A hole 4. A cold 5. Your name

Muhammad Abdullah | 4 Tulip | Ar-Raheem Campus, Dina



Jokes

1. My friend said he's good at math ...
I asked him to count my problems.
He's still counting.

2. Why did the computer go to the doctor?
Because it caught a virus.

3. Why did math look sad?
Because it had too many problems.

4. Teacher: Why are you late?
Student: Because of the sign on the road.
Teacher: What sign?
Student: "School Ahead, Go slow!"

5. Why did the student bring a ladder to school?
Because he wanted to go to high school.

6. Why did the banana go to the doctor?
Because it was not peeling well.

7. Why was the computer cold?
Because its windows were open.

8. Teacher: If I give you 2 apples and 2 apples, how many do you have?

Student: 5.
Teacher: How?
Student: I already had one.

9. Teacher: Why did you not bring your homework?
Student: It's not important to show off in front of others.

10. My life is like WiFi.
Strong when the teacher is near, weak when exams are near.



Malala Shafiq | Grade 8 | Sakhakot Campus

"مصنوعی ذہانت (اے-آئی) فائدہ یا خطرہ"

صدیوں سے انسان نے اپنی زندگی کو بہتر اور آسان بنانے کے لیے اپنے علم اور تجربے کی بنیاد پر ایجادات کی ہیں۔ اسی سلسلے کی ایک حیرت انگیز مثال مصنوعی ذہانت (اے-آئی) ہے۔

جو موجودہ صدی کی سب سے انقلابی ایجاد سمجھی جاتی ہے۔ مگر سوال یہ ہے کہ یہ ایجاد انسانیت کے لیے فائدہ مند ہے یا خطرناک؟

مصنوعی ذہانت ایسی مشینوں، نظاموں اور سوفٹ ویئر کا نام ہے جو انسانوں کی طرح سوچنے، فیصلہ کرنے اور سیکھنے کی صلاحیت رکھتے ہیں۔ یعنی وہ کام جو پہلے صرف انسان کرتے تھے، اب مشینیں وہی کام خودکار طریقے سے اور زیادہ بہتر انداز میں کرنے لگی ہیں۔

مصنوعی ذہانت کے فوائد:

مصنوعی ذہانت نے زندگی کے تقریباً ہر شعبے کو بدل کر رکھ دیا ہے۔ فیکٹریوں میں روبوٹس اور مشینوں نے مزدوروں کی جگہ لے لی ہے۔ جو دن رات بغیر تھکے اور بغیر کسی نقصان کے کام کر سکتی ہیں۔ تعلیمی میدان میں طلبہ اس سے بے شمار فوائد حاصل کر سکتے ہیں۔ اس سے مختلف زبانوں کا ترجمہ کروایا جا سکتا ہے۔ اس کے علاوہ اساتذہ کے لیے ٹیسٹ اور اسائنمنٹس بنانا آسان ہو گیا ہے۔

مصنوعی ذہانت کے خطرات اور خدشات:

جس طرح ہر ایجاد کے فوائد کے ساتھ کچھ نقصانات بھی ہوتے اس طرح (اے-آئی) کے بھی کچھ نقصانات سامنے آئے ہیں۔ خودکار نظاموں نے انسانی محنت کی جگہ لینا شروع کر دی ہیں۔ فیکٹریوں، بینکوں، تعلیمی اداروں اور دیگر کئی شعبوں میں انسانوں کی ضرورت کم ہوتی جا رہی ہے۔ جو بے روزگاری کا سبب بن رہی ہے۔ ہر کام مشینوں کے ذریعے کرنے سے انسان کی اپنی سوچنے، سمجھنے کی صلاحیت متاثر ہو رہی ہے۔ اس کے علاوہ مختلف پروگرامز اور سسٹمز میں اپنی ذاتی معلومات دینا کسی خطرے کا باعث بن سکتا ہے۔ اگرچہ مصنوعی ذہانت (اے آئی) ایک زبردست ایجاد ہے مگر ہمیں یہ بات ہرگز نہیں بھولنی چاہیے کہ

" ٹیکنالوجی اس وقت ایک طاقت ور خادم ضرور ہے مگر مستقبل میں ایک خطرناک مالک بھی بن سکتی ہے "



ایشاء خان نہم (بلیو) سٹی کیمپس مردان

محنت کا بیج

ایک کسان نے اپنے دو بیٹوں کو ایک ایک بیج دے کر کہا کہ ایک سال بعد جس کا پودا بہتر ہو اساری زمین اس کی ہو جائے گی۔

بڑا بیٹا بولا: "میں پانی اور کھاد ڈالوں گا تو میرا پودا بہت بڑا ہو گا۔" وہ پودے کو پانی اور کھاد دیتا مگر ہر تھوڑے دن بعد بیج کو کھود کر دیکھتا کہ بڑا ہوا یا نہیں۔

دوسری طرف چھوٹا بیٹا بیج بو کر اسے روز پانی دیتا، ضرورت کے وقت کھاد ڈالتا، دعا کرتا اور صبر سے انتظار کرتا رہا۔

کچھ عرصے بعد بڑے بیٹے کے بوئے ہوئے بیج سے پودا تک نہ نکلا کیوں کہ بار بار کھود کر دیکھنے کی وجہ سے بیج بے کار ہو گیا تھا جب کہ چھوٹے بیٹے کا بیج ایک خوب صورت پودا بن چکا تھا۔

باپ کو صورتِ حال معلوم ہوئی تو کہنے لگا: "کامیابی بے صبری سے نہیں ملتی بلکہ اس کے لیے صبر اور یقین کے ساتھ وقت کا انتظار کرنا پڑتا ہے۔ "

سبق
صبر اور مسلسل محنت سے ہی کامیابی حاصل ہوتی ہے۔



حیرت انگیز حقائق:



1. شہد کبھی خراب نہیں ہوتا چاہے وہ کتنا ہی پرانا کیوں نہ ہو۔

2. آکٹوپس کے تین دل ہوتے ہیں۔

3. انسان کا دماغ سوتے وقت بھی کام کرتا رہتا ہے، یعنی ہم سوتے وقت بھی مکمل آرام میں نہیں ہوتے۔

4. انٹارکٹیکا کو صحرا کہا جاتا ہے، جبکہ وہاں ہر طرف برف ہی برف ہوتی ہے۔

5. چیونٹیاں اپنے وزن سے کئی گُنا زیادہ وزن اُٹھا سکتی ہیں

6. ڈولفن اپنی ایک آنکھ کھول کر سوتی ہے تاکہ وہ محتاط رہ سکے۔

7. خلا میں اگر کوئی روئے تو آنسو نیچے نہیں گرتے بلکہ آنکھ کے پاس ہی رہتے ہیں۔

پہیلیاں



وہ کون ہے جو دن بھر لوگوں کی گردنیں اور جیبیں کاٹتا ہے مگر اسے پولیس نہیں پکڑتی؟

وہ کیا چیز ہے جس کا کوئی گھر نہیں ہے مگر سب اسے اپنے گھر لانا چاہتے ہیں؟

وہ کون سی چیز ہے جو صدیوں سے موجود ہے مگر اس کی عمر ایک مہینے سے زیادہ نہیں ہے؟

جوابات: درزی دولت چاند

عبدالمعید | جماعت پنجم | سخاہ کوٹ کیمپس

وہ کون سی چیز ہے جس کے پھٹنے پر آواز نہیں آتی؟

جواب: دودھ

محمد اسماعیل | جماعت چہارم | چکوال کیمپس

وہ کیا ہے جس کی آنکھیں نہیں ہیں پھر بھی روتا ہے اور اس کے پر نہیں ہیں لیکن اُڑتا ہے؟

وہ کون سی لکڑی ہے جس کے سر پر تاج ہوتا ہے؟

جوابات: بادل لونگ

صدیقہ منال | جماعت چہارم | جھگڑا کیمپس

Regional Achievement (North)



1st Parliamentary Style Debate



AMIRA | Ar-Raheem Campus



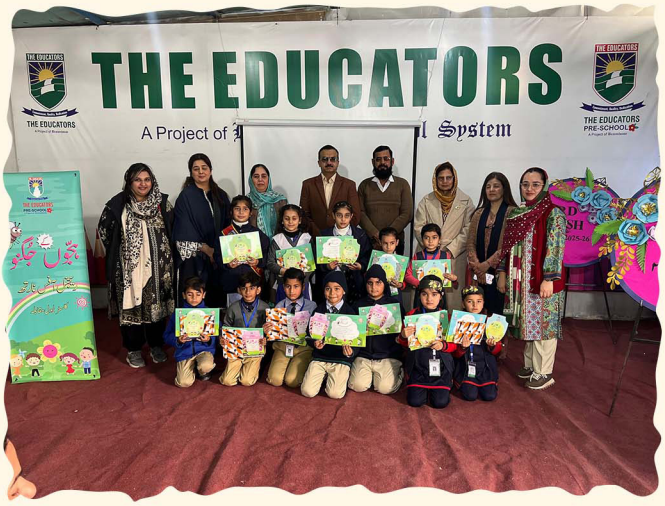
HAC



AMIRA | Ar-Raheem Campus



Hijoun ke Jugnu Jehangira Cluster



Hijoun ke Jugnu



Khayaban e Sir Syed Campus-ICIA Silver Winners



Lillah Campus, ICIA Winner



Regional Art Performance

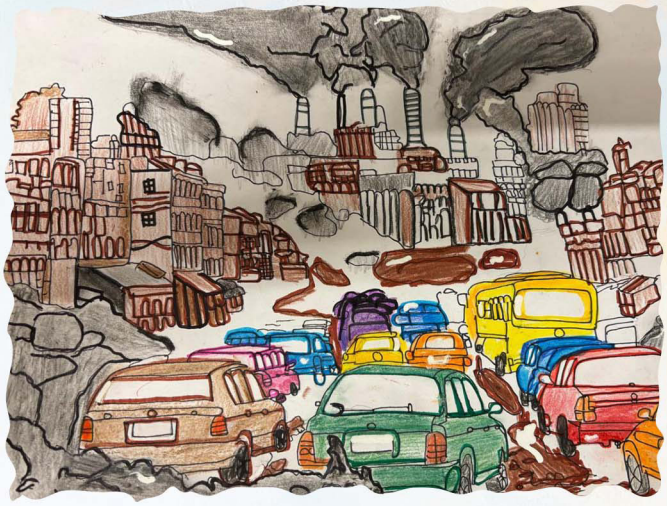


Regional Art



Word Splash Cluster

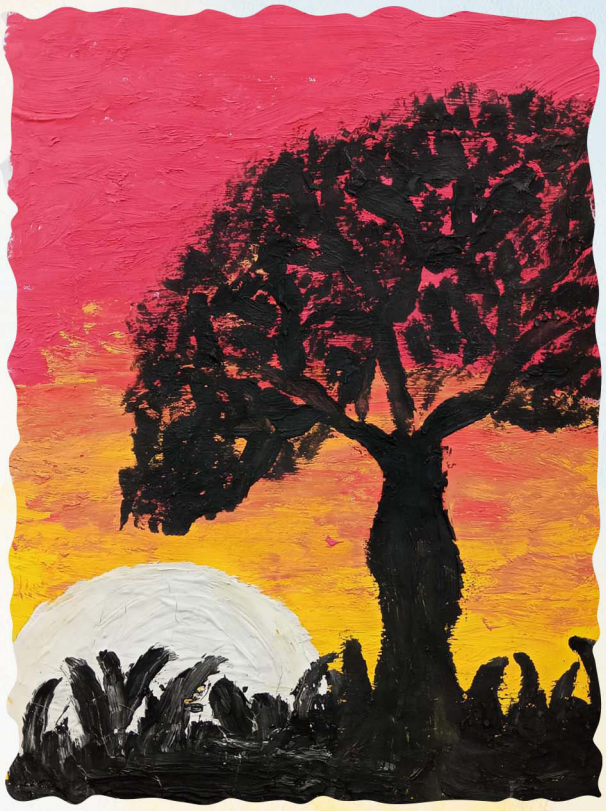
Artwork of Students



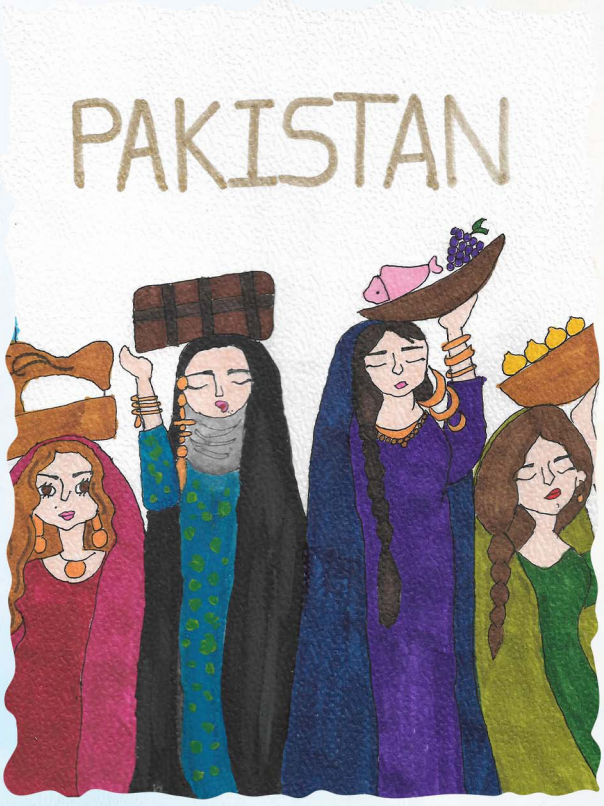
Ayat Malik | Grade IV | Gulrez Campus



Pyar Ali | Grade V | Skardu Campus



Nayyab Ahmed | VI Mars ABT II
Abbotabad Campus II



Basma Abid | Class 8A
Chakwal Campus



Maida Saad | Grade V | Jhagra Campus



Dua Malik | Grade IX
Satellite Town



Muhammad Umer | Grade IX
Ar-Raheem Campus

South REGION



Ayesha's Blunder

I love using my tablet to play games and learn new things. One day, my friend Ayesha received a strange link on her phone. Then, an unknown number called her. She answered it, but no one spoke.

A few minutes later, she received a message with another link. Ayesha clicked it by mistake. Suddenly, a cybercriminal hacked her parents' bank account! All their money was gone. Ayesha felt very sad.

She learned an important big lesson that day. Now she never talks to strangers online. She blocks all unknown numbers and never clicks on weird links.

Because of what happened to my friend, I am very careful too. I block mean people and unknown links. I never use bad words on the internet, and I do not trust strangers. I use my tablet and phone the smart way to stay safe!



Zimal Fatima | Class: III-tulip |Campus: Gulshan-e-Iqbal III, Karachi

The Boy Who Sold Time



Ali was a mysterious boy who sat by the roadside, holding a small box labelled, "Time for Sale!" People laughed and asked for extra time for exams or homework. One day, a tired man asked for more time. Ali told him, “Go home and play with your children.” The man did this and felt very happy. Then a lazy boy came, but Ali told him he had no time for sleeping. Soon everyone learned that Ali was teaching them to use time wisely. Although Ali left, people realised the importance of spending their time wisely, being kind and staying active instead of being lazy.

Moral:

Time is precious. Do not waste it.

Abiha Fatima | Class: V-A | Arizona Campus, Karachi

English Short Stories

A Visit to a Book Fair

My dad read about a big book fair in Hyderabad, so we planned a trip to go and buy some new books. We travelled there together, and when we walked inside, it felt like a different world! There were books everywhere I looked. Lots of people were walking around the stalls, reading, and talking about their favorite stories. It smelled like brand new paper and ink.

First, we went to the Urdu section. We saw poetry books by famous poets such as Allama Iqbal, Faiz Ahmed Faiz and Habib Jalib. My dad bought me Bang-e-Dara by Allama Iqbal.

Next, we went to the English section. I was so happy because there were books all around me! There were stories, history books and so many others. We read back covers of the books to see what they were about. Instead of regular schoolbooks, I got two amazing novels by Roald Dahl: Matilda and Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. They looked so fun to read!

I also needed some things for school, so we bought some new stationery too. It was the best trip ever! After we finished, we had a yummy lunch at a restaurant and went home. I was very happy. Now I have decided to visit more book fairs in the future.



Zainab Haseeb Shah | Class: IV | Hala, Hala City

Unplugged: A Day Without Power

It started like a typical Tuesday, but something felt very strange. I woke up and the first thing I noticed was the silence. My alarm clock hadn't gone off and when I reached for my phone to check the time, the screen was completely black. It was dead. The whole house was eerily quiet and dark. I stumbled into the kitchen where Mom was cooking on the gas stove. "There's a massive citywide power outage," she said, looking surprisingly calm. Getting to school was a total nightmare. Since the traffic lights weren't working, the roads were jammed with cars honking and people looking confused. At school, things were even more chaotic. It felt like we had travelled back to the 1990s! Without Wi-Fi or projectors, our teachers had to use old-fashioned chalkboards and actual textbooks. During the break, the canteen was a ghost town. There were no ice creams or cold drinks because the freezers were off, so we ended up playing cricket in the heat instead. When I finally got home, I automatically tried to turn on the TV, but obviously, nothing happened. Instead, I grabbed a book and read by the flickering light of a candle. We spent the evening sharing stories instead of staring at our individual screens. The next morning, I actually woke up before my alarm. For the first time, I didn't reach for my phone. I opened my window instead. The air felt so fresh, and I could hear birds chirping, a sound I usually never notice over the hum of the ceiling fan. At breakfast, Dad nodded and said, "No TV, no phones... it was just us." Even my little sister asked if we could have another "no-electricity night" because she loved the candles so much. At school, my principal made a surprising announcement. "Once a month, we will have an 'Unplugged Hour.' No computers, just books and discussions." Everyone actually cheered! That evening, Dad pulled out an old chessboard. He beat me three times but he taught me some cool tricks. Mom even found her old recipe diary and promised we'd bake bread next time.

I realised that one broken power plant changed our whole day and maybe it changed us, too. We definitely need electricity, but now I know we can survive without it. Sometimes, turning things off helps us finally "turn on" to each other. We even kept one candle on our dining table as a reminder.

 Ayan Mubashir | Class: VII | Campus: NIPA, Karachi.

The Girl Who Painted Her Dreams

Anum was a young girl with a heart full of stories and a mind full of colours. Her room was filled with sketches, but she had a big problem. Her family did not have much money, and high-quality paints and brushes were very expensive. Sometimes, she had to use old charcoal from the kitchen fire just to draw on scrap paper.

One sunny Saturday, Anum was walking through the busy local market. She saw a tiny stall selling handmade lanterns made of coloured paper and wire. When the sun hit them, they glowed like jewels. That spark of light gave Anum a brilliant idea! She realised she didn't need expensive sets to be an artist; she could make art out of anything.

Anum went home and gathered recycled jars, old newspapers, and bits of ribbon. She turned the jars into beautiful glowing lanterns and painted tiny flowers on smooth stones she found by the river. She set up a small table outside her house. To her surprise, neighbours loved her work! Her small business began to grow. With the money she earned, she didn't just buy paints for herself; she bought extra supplies to teach art classes to the younger children in her neighbourhood.

As Anum's savings grew, so did her dreams. She asked the town leaders if she could paint a dull, grey wall near the marketplace. She turned it into a giant, colourful mural of a garden. It brought so much joy to the town that people stopped to take photos every day. Soon, the city council noticed her hard work and gave her a big job to decorate the local park.

Anum's story spread quickly. She proved that you don't need a lot of money to be successful. If you have a big heart and a creative mind, you can turn any limitation into a beautiful opportunity.

Moral:
Creativity can turn limitations into opportunities.

Abiha Fatima | Class: VI A | Gulshan-e-Iqbal IV, Karachi



The Best Kind of Support

Last summer, our school organised a trekking trip to the Margalla Hills. My two best friends, Ahmed and Bilal, were very excited. I, Saqib, was also happy because we had been planning this for months. We packed our bags with snacks, water bottles, and a first-aid kit, thinking we were ready for anything.

The weather was beautiful when we started. Ahmed was leading the way because he is the fastest runner in our class. Bilal was cracking jokes as usual, making us laugh so hard that we forgot how steep the path was. "Don't worry, Saqib," Bilal said, patting my back, "If a bear attacks, I'll just tell one of my jokes to it and it will run away!"

But halfway up the trail, the sky turned dark. It started raining heavily, and the path became very slippery. While crossing a narrow rocky area, my foot slipped on some moss. I fell and felt a sharp, stinging pain in my ankle. I tried to stand up, but I couldn't move. I was really scared. "I think I've sprained my ankle," I whispered, feeling tears in my eyes.

A lot of other students just walked past us, worried about getting wet or reaching the top first. But Ahmed and Bilal didn't move. Ahmed immediately knelt and checked my foot using the first-aid skills we learned in Scout camp. Bilal took off his own raincoat and put it over me so I wouldn't catch a cold.

"We aren't leaving you here," Ahmed said firmly.

Even though the summit was just ten minutes away, they gave up their chance to reach the top. Ahmed and Bilal made a "human chair" with their hands and carried me all the way back down the slippery slope to the base camp. It was very hard work, and they were exhausted and soaked to the skin, but they never complained.



When we finally reached the school bus, our teacher praised them for their bravery. I felt bad that they missed the view from the top, but Bilal just grinned. "The view from here is better anyway," he said, "Because we're all safe."

That day I learned that true friends are not those who are with you only during parties and fun. True friends are those who stand by you when everyone else walks away. I am the luckiest person to have Ahmed and Bilal in my life.

Shajia Noor | Class: VIII | Ghulam Fatima Tando Muhammad Khan

The Little Blue Bird



The little blue bird flies so high,
He flaps his wings across the sky.
He dances and sings a happy song,
He is very cheerful all day long.

Everyone listens to him sing,
Sitting on a branch like a king.
The wind tells secrets in his ear,
His voice is sweet and very clear.

The sunlight shines on his blue wings,
The sky has pretty colourful rings.
The little bird goes to rest,
He is happy and he did his best.

Zain | Class: IV | Hazara Town Brewery, Quetta

Chasing the Stars

The sky is wide, the world is new,
I'll find the path that's bright and true.
With brave steps and a heart so bold,
I'll turn my dreams into shining gold.
No mountain so high can make me stop,
Until I reach the very top.
Through darkest nights my hopes will glow,
And guide the way wherever I go.
With every challenge, I will grow,
And chase the stars that shine above.



Syeda Zahra | Class: VII A | Professional Campus, Karachi

The Colours of Sindh



My village in Sindh is very pretty and quiet.
The green fields go on for a long way,
The river flows slowly and there is a breeze,
I love to play there every single day.

Women wear bright clothes and make pretty quilts,
The sun shines hot on the brown mud walls,
Men work in the fields with their tractors and tools,
Until the evening when the cool wind calls.

Everyone sits together under the big green trees,
Drinking tea and talking about their day,
There are no loud cars or noisy smoke here,
Just the sound of birds that fly away.

When the moon comes out, the village is still,
The stars look like diamonds in the dark sky,
Life is very simple and very happy here,
I never want to say goodbye to this land.

Mir Zamin Ali Talpur | Class: VI| Campus: Ghulam Fatima Tando Muhammad Khan

Riddles

1.

I have many holes all over me but I can still hold water.
What am I?

ANS: _____

2.

I have legs but I cannot walk.
What am I?

ANS: _____

3.

I have six faces and 21 dots, but I cannot see.
What am I?

ANS: _____

4.

I am the name of a bird, a fuzzy fruit and a person from New Zealand.
What am I?

ANS: _____

5.

I have "room" in my name, but you cannot walk inside me.
What am I?

ANS: _____

Answers: 1. A sponge 2. A table 3. A dice 4. A kiwi 5. A mushroom

Zunairah | Class: IV | Campus: Hazara Town Brewery, Quetta

Jokes

1. Why did the student eat his homework?
Because the teacher said it was a piece of cake.

2. Teacher: You copied from your friend, didn't you?
Student: No, we both just got the same wrong answers.

3. Teacher: Why is your answer so messy?
Student: I wanted it to match my thinking process.

Muhammad Bazil Khan|V B|F.B. Area Campus 1, Karachi



Amazing Fact

SCIENCE | HEALTH | DISCOVERY

Your Body Glows in the Dark

But You Can't See It

The human body produces a tiny amount of light from chemical reactions inside our cells.

This hidden glow is about 1000 times weaker than what our eyes can see.

Special scientific cameras can capture it in complete darkness.

You are softly shining right now.



بچوں میں اسکرین ٹائم کیسے محدود کریں ایک طالب علم کی نظر سے

اسکرین ٹائم سے مراد وہ دورانیہ ہے جو ہم موبائل فون، ٹی وی، کمپیوٹر اور دیگر ڈیجیٹل آلات کی اسکرینز کے استعمال میں گزارتے ہیں۔ موجودہ دور میں اسکرین کا استعمال ہماری روزمرہ زندگی کا ایک اہم حصہ بن چکا ہے، لیکن اس کا حد سے زیادہ استعمال ہمارے لیے نقصان دہ بھی ثابت ہو سکتا ہے۔



ایک طالب علم ہونے کے ناطے، میں سمجھتی ہوں کہ ہمیں اپنے اسکرین ٹائم کو متوازن رکھنا چاہیے۔ سب سے پہلے ہمیں اپنے لیے ایک مناسب وقت مقرر کرنا چاہیے تاکہ ہم غیر ضروری طور پر اسکرین کا استعمال نہ کریں۔ اس ضمن میں والدین کی رہنمائی اور مقرر کردہ اصولوں پر عمل کرنا بھی نہایت اہم ہے۔

مزید برآں، ہمیں اپنی توجہ صرف ڈیجیٹل سرگرمیوں تک محدود نہیں رکھنی چاہیے بلکہ تعلیمی مصروفیات، جسمانی کھیلوں اور تخلیقی سرگرمیوں میں بھی حصہ لینا چاہیے۔ اس سے نہ صرف ہماری جسمانی صحت بہتر رہتی ہے بلکہ ہماری ذہنی صلاحیتوں میں بھی اضافہ ہوتا ہے۔
اس کے علاوہ، سونے سے پہلے اسکرین کا استعمال کم کرنا ضروری ہے کیونکہ اس سے ہماری نیند متاثر ہوتی ہے۔ اسی طرح کھانے کے دوران اسکرین کا استعمال ہماری توجہ کو تقسیم کرتا ہے، اس لیے اس عادت سے بھی پرہیز کرنا چاہیے۔

آخر میں، یہ ہماری ذمہ داری ہے کہ ہم اسکرین کے استعمال میں اعتدال قائم رکھیں اور اسے اپنی زندگی پر حاوی نہ ہونے دیں۔ اگر ہم اس بات کا خیال رکھیں گے تو ہم ایک صحت مند، متوازن اور کامیاب زندگی گزار سکتے ہیں۔

انابیہ کامران خان | جماعت: ششم اے | ایریزونا کیمپس، کراچی

ماں کی محبت

ماں کی محبت دنیا کی سب سے پاکیزہ اور بے لوث محبت ہوتی ہے۔ مجھے یاد ہے کہ جب میں چھوٹی تھی تو ایک دفعہ مجھے شدید بخار آیا۔ میری امّی جان ساری رات میرے سرہانے بیٹھی رہیں۔ نہ انھوں نے کھانا کھایا نہ ہی ایک پل کو ان کی آنکھ لگی۔ جب میں بخار کی شدت سے گھبرا کر روتی تو وہ مجھے سینے سے لگا کر کہتیں: "میرا بچہ جلدی ٹھیک ہو جائے گا۔"

امّی جان صبح سویرے اُٹھ کر سب کے لیے ناشتہ بناتی ہیں، ہمیں اسکول بھیج کر گھر کے سارے کام کرتی ہیں۔ کبھی انھوں نے تھکن کی شکایت نہیں کی۔ جب کبھی میں کسی ٹیسٹ یا پرچے میں کم نمبر آنے پر اداس ہوتی ہوں تو امّی جان مسکرا کر کہتی ہیں: "کوئی بات نہیں بیٹا، اگلی بار زیادہ محنت کرنا مجھے تم پر فخر ہے۔" ماں اپنی خواہش قربان کر کے بچوں کے خواب پورے کرتی ہے۔ اس کی دعاوں سے ہی ہماری زندگی میں برکت آتی ہے۔
ماں کا سایہ سر پر ہو تو ہر مشکل آسان لگتی ہے۔ سچ ہے کہ جنت ماں کے قدموں تلے ہے۔

مروہ | جماعت چہارم | رفاہ عام روئل کیمپس۔ کراچی



نیکی کا صلہ

اختر ایک مچھیرے کا بیٹا تھا۔ وہ بہت محنتی اور رحم دل لڑکا تھا۔ وہ صبح سویرے اٹھتا، نماز پڑھتا اور اپنے والد کے ساتھ سمندر پر مچھلیاں پکڑنے چلا جاتا۔ وہ کوشش کرتا کہ زیادہ سے زیادہ مچھلیاں پکڑے تاکہ اس کا باپ زیادہ آرام کر سکے۔ گھر واپس آ کر وہ اپنی ماں کا بھی ہاتھ بٹاتا تھا۔

اختر کو پڑھنے لکھنے کا بہت شوق تھا۔ کام کی زیادتی کی وجہ سے اگرچہ وہ خود اسکول نہیں جا سکتا تھا، لیکن اپنے بہن بھائیوں کو ضرور اسکول چھوڑ کر آتا۔ کام سے فارغ ہوتے ہی وہ اپنی پڑھائی کے لیے وقت نکالتا اور ساتھ ہی اپنے چھوٹے بہن بھائیوں کی پڑھائی میں بھی مدد کرتا تھا۔ وہ نہایت مہربان اور نیک بچہ تھا۔ اپنے پڑوسیوں اور رشتہ داروں سے ہمدردی سے پیش آتا تھا۔

سب کی مدد کرنے کے لیے ہر وقت تیار رہتا تھا۔ کام سے واپس آ کر اپنی بوڑھی دادی کو اپنے پورے دن کی داستان سناتا تاکہ ان کا بھی دل لگا رہے۔ اس کی دادی کی بینائی ختم ہو چکی تھی۔ اختر چاہتا تھا ان کا علاج کرائے تاکہ وہ دیکھ سکیں اور اپنے بہن بھائیوں کو اچھے اسکول میں داخل کرائے۔ اپنے خوابوں کو پورا کرنے کے لیے وہ بہت محنت کرتا، لیکن ہر سال بارشوں کی وجہ سے جب اس کی جھونپڑی ٹوٹ جاتی تو اس کے سارے پیسے اسے دوبارہ بنانے میں لگ جاتے۔ چنانچہ وہ چاہ کر بھی پیسے جمع نہ کر پاتا۔ حالانکہ اس کی خواہش تھی کہ اس کا ایک پکا اور مضبوط گھر ہو تاکہ اسے ہر سال دوبارہ نہ بنوانا پڑے۔

ادھر حالات یہ تھے کہ جس دن اس کے جال میں کوئی مچھلی نہ پھنستی، اس دن انہیں بھوکا سونا پڑتا۔ ایک دن پورے دن کی محنت کے بعد اس کے جال میں صرف ایک مچھلی آئی۔ وہ مچھلی لے کر گھر جا رہا تھا کہ راستے میں اسے ایک عورت ملی جس کے بچے دو دن سے بھوکے تھے۔ جب عورت نے اختر سے مدد مانگی تو اس کے دل میں رحم آ گیا۔ اس نے انہیں وہیں بٹھایا اور مچھلی پکانے کی تیاری کرنے لگا۔ تاہم جیسے ہی اس نے مچھلی کا پیٹ چاک کیا، اس میں سے دو نہایت قیمتی موتی نکل آئے۔ یوں اللہ تعالیٰ نے اختر کی نیکی کا اسے بڑا انعام دیا۔ اسی لیے کہتے ہیں کہ نیکی کبھی رائیگاں نہیں جاتی۔

گل رخ | جماعت: ششم | کیمپس: نیا ناظم آباد کراچی



عزم مسلسل

ہزار ہی کیوں نہیں آئیں مصائب, راستہ اپنا بدلنا نہیں
گرہ لگی ہے جو دل میں، فیصلہ وہ اپنا بدلنا نہیں

راہ میں تیری آئیں گے لوگ تجھے روکنے
کسی کے ڈر سے اپنا حوصلہ کھونا نہیں

چاہت ہوگی ان کی تجھے اپنی نظروں میں گرانا
مگر ان کی خاطر اپنا مرتبہ بدلنا نہیں

آخر اندھیری رات کی ہیبت سے کیوں ڈریں ہم
سحر کی آس کا روشن نظارہ بدلنا نہیں

تھکن اگرچہ سفر کی بن جائیں تیرے پاؤں کے چھالے
تو اپنے عزم کا سلسلہ بدلنا نہیں

زمانہ لاکھ ہنسے گا مشقتوں پر تیری
مگر تو اپنا ولولہ کبھی بدلنا نہیں

جو ہمتوں سے لڑے وہی تو جیتے
حصولِ مقصد کا یہ معرکہ بدلنا نہیں

پہنچ ہی جاؤ گے اپنی منزل پر ایک دن
اپنے خوابوں کا یہ زاویہ بدلنا نہیں

فاطمہ انس|جماعت نہم (اے)|پاک کوثر ٹاؤن کراچی



ہم درد کے ساتھی



ہم درد کے ان لمحوں میں
جب ہر دل گھبراتا ہے
ایک سوال ذہن میں آتا ہے؟
کون اندھیروں میں چراغ جلاتا ہے؟

جب شہر پہ خاموشی چھا جائے
اور خوف ہر سو پھیل جائے
کون بغیر ڈرے آگے آئے؟
کون امید کا پیغام سنائے؟

وہ تم ہو... ہاں تم ہی تو ہو
جو خدمت کو اپنا مانتے ہو
دن ہو یا رات کی تنہائی
ہر وقت لوگوں کو بچاتے ہو

نہ آرام کی تم فکر کرتے ہو
نہ تھکن کا ذکر کرتے ہو
اپنی نیندیں قربان کر کے
دوسروں کے خواب سنوارتے ہو
خاموش لبوں کی امید بن کر
زندگی کی صدا بن جاتے ہو

یہ کیسا جذبہ ہوتا ہے؟
جو خوف کو بھی ہرا دیتا ہے
اپنا دکھ چھپا کر انسان
دوسروں کو ہنسا دیتا ہے

سوچو ذرا یہ پہیلی کیا ہے؟
جو تھک کر بھی رکتا نہیں
جو سب کا درد اپنا سمجھے
مگر کبھی جھکتا نہیں؟

یہ ڈاکٹر، یہ عملہ، یہ رضاکار
انسانیت کے سچے نگہبان
ان کی محنت سے زندہ رہتی ہے
امید محبت اور ایمان

دعا ہے رب سے ہمیشہ
تم کامیاب رہو، سلامت رہو
جو روشنی تم بانٹتے ہو
وہ دنیا میں ہمیشہ قائم رہے

آمنہ عبدالرحمان | جماعت: نہم | گلشن اقبال کیمپس 1 کراچی



گنتی اور نیند

"مریض: "ڈاکٹر صاحب! مجھے رات کو نیند نہیں آتی۔
"ڈاکٹر: "لیٹ کر 2000 تک گنتی گنا کریں، نیند آجائے گی۔
اگلے روز مریض دوبارہ آیا تو ڈاکٹر نے پوچھا کہ کیا مشورے پر عمل کیا؟
مریض: "جی کیا تھا، لیکن بہت مشکل کام ہے۔ جب ایک ہزار "تک پہنچا تو نیند آنے لگی، پھر اٹھ کر کافی پی اور 2000 پورے کیے۔

کسٹمر کیئر

لڑکی (کسٹمر کیئر والے سے): "پچھلے تین گھنٹے سے انٹرنیٹ نہیں "چل رہا، بتائیں میں کیا کروں؟
"کسٹمر کیئر والا: "بہن جی! تب تک گھر کے کام ہی کر لو۔

شیخ صاحب اور بجلی کا کرنٹ

ایک شیخ صاحب کو بجلی کا کرنٹ لگا۔
"بیوی نے پریشانی سے پوچھا: "آپ ٹھیک تو ہیں؟
شیخ صاحب غصے سے بولے: "مجھے چھوڑو! جلدی سے
میٹر پر جا کر دیکھو کہ کرنٹ لگنے سے کتنے یونٹ گر گئے
"ہیں۔

عبدالرحمٰن | جماعت: ہفتم | نیا ناظم آباد کراچی

Regional Achievement (South)



Nazimabad Sir Syed-ICIA
Winner of Bronze Award



Allama-e-Iqbal Town Campus-Robotics
Contest by Government of Sindh



Pak Kausar Town-Colgate-My Bright Smile Scholarship



Jouhar Campus-Kashmir Youth
Forum Participation

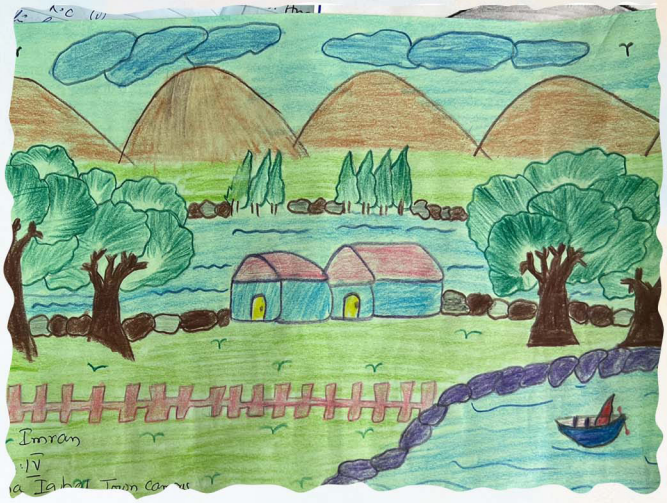


Hazara Town Brewery-Toyota
Dream Car Contest-Pic 2



Gulshan-e-Iqbal III-Vibrant Hearing Voices

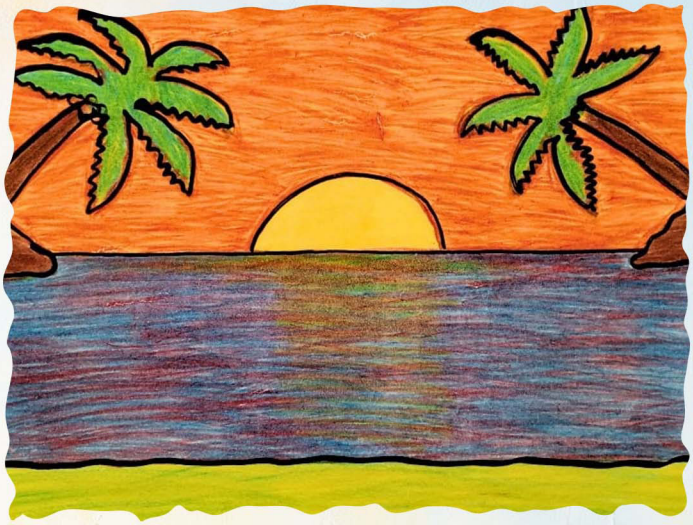
Artwork of Students



Irsha Imran | Class IV
Allama Iqbal Town Campus



Ammar Bin Usman | Class III | Gulshan-e-Maymar 1



Emaan Khan | Class IV | Naya Nazimabad Campus



Manahil Aslam | Class VII
Allama Iqbal Town Campus





Maaz Waqas | Class VI | Arizona Campus



Maaiza Waqas | CLASS III | Arizona Campus



Jiveeka | Class VI | Hub Chaowki



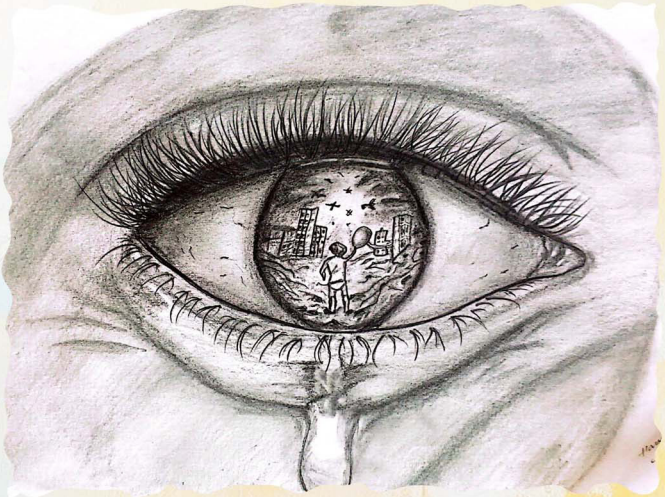
NIPA-Inayah Naeem-Class X



Hafsa Adnan | Class VII A
Rafah-e-Aam Royal



Saadi Town-Aiza Khan-Class IX



Pak Kausar Town-Hassan Aleem-Class VIII

Southern Punjab REGION



English Short Stories

The Little Cloud Who Wanted to Help

High in the sky lived Nilo, a tiny cloud. All the big clouds laughed at him.
"You are too small to make rain!"
they said. One hot day, a farmer looked at his dry field. His sunflower plant were bending down almost dead.

“If only we had a little rain,” he said.

Nilo heard him. He tried to rain, but only two drops come out. The big clouds said, "See? Useless!"

But Nilo didn’t stop. He floated over the weakest sunflower and squeezed with all his might.

"Drip, drip, drip!"

More drops fell. Slowly, the little plant lifted its head. The next morning, that sunflower was the only one smiling at the sun.



Noor Fatima | Class III | Farid Town Campus, Sahiwal

DREAM BIG



Zainab was a young girl living in a small village. Her family was not rich but they were kind and her relatives and village elders were against the idea of girls getting an education. The elders believed that a girl’s independence would spoil the culture of the village. She knew that without education, she would remain a bird in a cage. Every morning, she walks several kilometers with her worn-out bag and a heart full of dreams. While her friends talks about dolls, she often looked at the sky and imagined being a successful girl of her village.
One day, her teacher asked the class, "What do you want to be in the future?” All the students remained quiet. Suddenly, Zainab stood up confidently and said, "I want to become a Police officer (PSP)". The class burst into laughter. They thought it was impossible for a village girl to achieve such a big dream. Zainab felt hurt, but she did not let their words stop her instead. She decided to work even harder. She studied late at night under a dim lamp because it was often no electricity in her village. Her parents always encouraged her and said "Never be afraid to dream big". Years passed, Zainab remained focused on her goal. Her hard work helped her to get good grades and she earned a scholarship to study in a big city. There she faced challenges but she never gave up. Step by step, she moved closer to her dream. Finally, The day came when zainab became a Police officer. She looked at her village and smiled. She remembered now people once laughed at her, but she had proven them wrong.
Zainab's story teaches us that no dream is too big with hard work, courage and belief in your-self. You can achieve anything in life.

Mahrosh | Class: 8th | Police Public, D.G.Khan

Whisper Beyond the Ashen Grove



The forest was not marked on any map. In hushed tones, people in the nearby village spoke of it.The Ashen Grove, a place from which no one returned. One day a girl named Lily got lost; she had no idea that the forest was an ancient cemetery. Its trees were blackened, the branches twisted like skeletal fingers. In the heart of this graveyard, stood a decaying, eerie house, where Dr. Kelvin and his silent companion, Cam, resided. Lily ended up in this cemetery. At first, they welcomed Lily, offering her shelter. The days seemed calm, but slowly a sense of dread began there was a door which they strictly forbade her from opening or entering.One stormy night, when Lily was wandering, she found herself in that room, unable to resist. Inside, death hung heavy in the air stains of blood on the walls, bones scattered across the floor, and glass bottles filled with dark liquid. Dr. Kelvin stood there drinking. In that instant, Lily knew that they were not human; they killed humans and ate their flesh after offering them shelter. She hid the fear and fled into the storm outside, surrounded by shadows and spirits, but the forest swallowed her whole. Every step grew heavier, as if the ground itself clung to her. Then, a faint light appeared a kindly woman. "Come inside," she whispered, "you are safe here." But Lily, now wise to the lies, ran once more. Exhausted, she met a man who claimed he, too, had been trapped here for years. Hope returned to her, fragile but real.She followed him until he turned. His smile was cold. She tried to run away to save her life but was caught; he slit her throat and dismembered her body to consume it. He was Dr. Kelvin's brother. And in that cursed forest, Lily's life was claimed by the house, by the jungle, and by the hunger that sleeps.

Maimoona Fatima | Class: 9-Tulip | Tulip Ghazali Campus, Vehari

TRAVELOGUE: My Trip to Murree

Travelling is not just about visiting new places; it is about the memories we make. Recently, my family and I finally decided to go to Murree for a short trip. I was very excited because I wanted to see the mountains and enjoy the cold weather, which is so different from the intense heat we have here in our city.

We started our journey very early in the morning in our car. As we crossed the plains and started climbing the hills, the air became very fresh and cool. When we reached Mall Road, it was very crowded. There were so many tourists and everyone was wearing sweaters or shawls. It felt so good to feel a bit of cold air since it was already getting hot at home.

One of the best parts was going to Patriata for the chairlift. At first, I was a bit scared because it was so high, but when I looked down, the view was amazing. The mountains were covered with trees and everything was so green. We even saw some white clouds passing very close to us. It felt like we were sitting in a movie scene.

In the evening, we walked on the roads and ate hot roasted corn with lemon and salt. We also had spicy grilled chicken for dinner at a small hotel. The taste of hot food in the chilly wind was the best thing ever. We also saw many monkeys on the way. They were trying to snatch snacks from the people, which was very funny to watch, but we stayed at a safe distance.

This trip was a great break from my school routine. When we were coming back, I was feeling a little sad because I did not want to leave the cool weather, but I was happy that I had so many photos to show my cousins. It was truly a memorable trip for me.



Shahzay | Grade VI | Premier-II Multan

English Short Stories

Keep the Country Clean

Once in the bustling streets of Karachi, 10-year-old Ahsan saw litter everywhere. He picked up all the rubbish and threw it in the bin. Ahsan's friends joined him. Together, they cleaned up the parks and streets. People started joining them and soon it was spotless. Ahsan said, "Our country is beautiful. Let's keep it clean!" The mayor visited, praised their effort, planted trees and promised more trash bins.

Motivated by the difference their efforts had made, Ahsan and his friends proudly recited together:

"Hands that clean, hearts that care
Keep the country clean, show love and care.
Dustbins for trash, a cleaner way,
A brighter future, starting today."

Laraib |V Princess| Pakpattan Chowk Campus, Sahiwal



Rising tensions in the Middle East: A GLOBAL CONCERN

The growing conflict between Iran, Israel and the United States has become a serious issue in today's world. This conflict is not only affecting these countries but also creating problems for many others around the globe. Iran is a large country located in Western Asia.

It shares borders with Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iraq and Turkey. It is also close to the Persian Gulf, which is very important for oil trade. On the other hand, Israel is a smaller country in the same region. It borders Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Egypt, and lies along the Mediterranean Sea. There are several reasons behind this conflict. The United States and Israel believe that Iran is trying to develop nuclear weapons.

Iran, however, opposes the influence of the United States and does not accept Israel. This has led to military attacks and counterattacks between them. Another important factor is Iran's control of the Strait of Hormuz, which is a major route for transporting oil. Recently, efforts have been made to reduce tensions.

A temporary ceasefire has been observed, and peace talks were held in Islamabad on 11th April 2026. These talks aimed to promote dialogue and find a peaceful solution to the conflict. The effects of this conflict are very serious. Many areas in Iran and Israel have been damaged due to attacks. U.S. military bases in countries like Saudi Arabia have also been targeted.

One major result is the increase in oil prices, which has made fuel, electricity, and food more expensive around the world. The conflict has also affected Gulf countries such as the United Arab Emirates and Qatar. These countries are facing economic pressure and security risks.

In this situation, Pakistan has played a positive role by hosting talks and supporting peace efforts. In conclusion, this conflict is a major global concern. It has caused destruction, economic problems and instability. The temporary ceasefire and Islamabad talks are positive steps, but long-term peace will require continuous dialogue, cooperation and mutual understanding.

Muhammad Ijlal Javed | IX Warriors | Pakpattan Chowk Campus, Sahiwal



The Eagle



The Eagle, soaring high,
Flaps his wings, touches the sky.
Strong and brave with eyes so bright
Flying free with all his might
He flies up high, he flies down low
He's the king of birds, I hope you know!
He spreads his wings and takes to the air.



Muhammad Ali |II (Strawberry)| Pakpattan Chowk Campus, Sahiwal

Beauty of Nature

The sun is bright up in the sky
The white clouds slowly pass by.

Green trees wave in the gentle air
Flowers bloom everywhere.

Birds are singing, happy and free
Sitting high in every tree.

Nature gives us air and light
Day and night, so pure and bright.

Let us promise to keep the Earth clean
And let us care for it each day.



Manal Salman | Class:VI Onyx | The Educators Kids Campus, Sahiwal

ILLUSION



I saw myself in mirror
Slightly combing my hair
My expressions were fair
I was briskly sitting on chair
Including me none was there
I was shattered by fear
My eyes were crystal clear
I felt something really comfy near
Wasn't my mind that sincere
Nothing was left to bare
Shall I put my shadow staring at their
At last, it comes as an illusion
Worth it, but controlling on mask I once wear



HAMNA KHALID | IX TULIP | GHAZALI CAMPUS, VEHARI

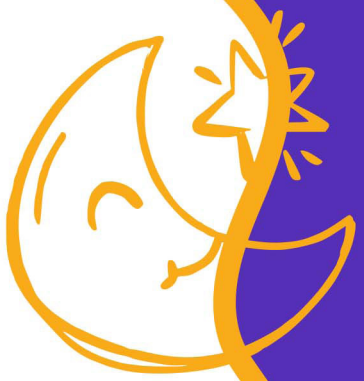
My Mum

My mum is nice, I like her eyes.
My mum is good, I love her food.
My mum is funny, I'm her bunny.
My mum is fine as the sunshine.
I love my mum and mum loves me,
We are a happy family.



Wania Fatima | Class III | Farid Town Campus, Sahiwal

Poem of Nature



Oh wonderful nature,
You are so beautiful!

With green trees,
And humming bees.

The grass is so green,
And the water is so clean.

Birds fly in the sky,
And mountains are so high.

The wandering butterflies,
Make my thoughts fly.

The waterfalls are so cool,
Fresh like a swimming pool.

I love nature very much,
God gave us this treasure.

Eman Fatima | Class: V Lunar | Kids Campus Sahiwal

Amazing Facts

1. A day on Venus is longer than a year on Venus.

2. Honey never spoils. The jars found in ancient tombs are still edible.

3. Sharks existed before trees on Earth.

4. Your brain uses about 20% of your body's energy.

5. The Eiffel Tower can grow up to 6 inches taller in the summer due to heat.

6. There are more stars in the universe than grains of sand on Earth.

Riddles

1.

What has one eye but cannot see?

ANS: _____

2.

I have keys but no locks, space but no room. What am I?

ANS: _____

3.

What goes up but never comes down?

ANS: _____

Answers: 1. A needle 2. Keyboard 3. Your age

Areeba Waqas | Class: VI Diamond | Kids Campus, Sahiwal



کام سے مت گھبرائیں

اکرم ایک بہت ہی پیارا بچہ تھا۔ اس کا تعلق ایک خوش حال خاندان سے تھا، اس لیے وہ عیش و عشرت میں پل رہا تھا۔ زیادہ آسائشیں ملنے کی وجہ سے آرام پرستی اس کی طبیعت میں شامل ہو گئی تھی۔ جب اس کے والد اسے پہلی بار اسکول لے کر گئے تو وہ خوش نہ تھا۔ وقت گزرتا گیا اور وہ آہستہ آہستہ بڑا ہوتا گیا، مگر اس کا دل پڑھائی میں کبھی نہ لگا۔ وہ ہمیشہ اسکول کے کام سے جی چراتا رہتا تھا۔ اساتذہ جب اسے محنت کرنے پر زور دیتے، تب ہی وہ کچھ پڑھ لیتا۔

اکرم جب نویں جماعت میں پہنچا تو وہ پڑھائی سے بالکل اکتا چکا تھا۔ آخر اس نے اسکول سے بھاگنے کا ارادہ کر لیا۔ ایک دن وہ حسبِ معمول گھر سے اسکول جانے کے لیے نکلا، مگر راستہ بدل کر کسی اور طرف چل پڑا۔ اس کے ذہن میں خیال تھا کہ وہ اپنے کزن کے ساتھ اچھا وقت گزارے گا اور خوب مزے کرے گا۔

راستے میں وہ ایک گاؤں کے قریب سے گزرا۔ وہ گاؤں بہت خوش حال تھا۔ ہر طرف ہرے بھرے کھیت لہلہا رہے تھے، باغ پھلوں سے لدے ہوئے تھے، جانور تندرست تھے اور لوگ بھی خوش و خرم دکھائی دے رہے تھے۔ مگر اکرم کو یہ دیکھ کر حیرت ہوئی کہ وہاں کے لوگ مسلسل محنت میں مصروف تھے۔ کوئی کھیتوں میں کام کر رہا تھا، کوئی جانوروں کی دیکھ بھال میں لگا تھا اور کوئی باغات کی صفائی کر رہا تھا۔ اکرم نے دل میں سوچا کہ ان کے پاس تو پہلے ہی سب کچھ ہے، پھر بھی یہ اتنی محنت کیوں کر رہے ہیں۔

کچھ دور آگے جانے کے بعد وہ ایک دوسرے گاؤں میں پہنچا۔ وہاں کا منظر بالکل مختلف تھا۔ کھیت سوکھے ہوئے تھے، باغ اجڑے پڑے تھے، جانور کمزور اور بیمار نظر آ رہے تھے، جبکہ لوگوں کے چہرے مرجھائے ہوئے تھے۔ گھروں کی حالت بھی خراب تھی۔ اس گاؤں کے زیادہ تر مرد نشے کے عادی تھے۔ کچھ میلے کچیلے کپڑوں میں سوئے ہوئے تھے، کچھ تاش کھیلنے میں مصروف تھے اور کچھ فضول باتوں میں وقت ضائع کر رہے تھے۔

یہ سب دیکھ کر اکرم بہت افسردہ ہوا۔ اب اسے اچھی طرح سمجھ آ چکی تھی کہ محنت کامیابی اور خوش حالی لاتی ہے، جبکہ آرام پرستی اور سستی انسان کو تباہی کی طرف لے جاتی ہے۔ اسے اپنی غلطیوں کا احساس ہوا اور وہ فوراً واپس اپنے گھر لوٹ آیا۔

گھر پہنچ کر اس نے اپنے والدین سے معافی مانگی۔ پھر وہ اپنے اساتذہ کے پاس گیا اور ان سے بھی معذرت کی۔ اس نے وعدہ کیا کہ آئندہ دل لگا کر پڑھے گا اور محنت سے کبھی جی نہیں چرائے گا۔

اکرم اپنے عزم پر قائم رہا۔ اس نے دل لگا کر محنت کی اور نویں جماعت کا امتحان بہت اچھے نمبروں سے پاس کیا۔ کامیابی کے بعد وہ خوشی سے اپنے والد کے گلے لگا اور عہد کیا کہ وہ ہمیشہ محنت کرے گا، ایک دن اپنی منزل ضرور حاصل کرے گا اور اپنے والدین اور اپنے ملک کا نام روشن کرے گا۔



ماہ نور طفیل - کلاس: ششم (صوفیا) دی ایجوکیٹرز فرید ٹاؤن کیمپس، ساہیوال

سفر نامہ

پہلی بار جب میں نے پہاڑوں کو دیکھنے کا ارادہ کیا تو میری منزل وادی ہنزہ تھی۔ تیاری کے دوران دل میں عجیب سی خوشی اور گھبراہٹ تھی۔ سفر کے دوران دل کو چھو لینے والے بہت سے مناظر دیکھے۔ پھر آہستہ آہستہ پہاڑوں نے میرا استقبال کرنا شروع کیا تو خوشی کی انتہا نہ تھی۔ سفر میں میں بہت سے لوگوں سے ملی لیکن ایک بوڑھے باباجی کی بات دل میں اتر گئی کہ "بیٹا سفر صرف جگہیں نہیں بدلتا، انسان کو بھی بدل دیتا ہے۔

بشرطیکہ سفر خوش گوار ہو" قراقرم ہائی وے پر سفر کرتے ہوئے میں نے پہلی بار برف پوش چوٹیوں کو اتنے قریب سے دیکھا۔

راکاپوشی کا حسن ایسا تھا کہ الفاظ کم پڑ گئے۔ وادی ہنزہ پہنچ کر وہاں کے مقامی لوگوں کی مہمان نوازی نے دل موہ لیا۔ ایک چھوٹے سے ڈھابے پر خوبانی کا رس پیتے ہوئے ایک بچے نے میرے والد سے پوچھا "بڑے شہر کیسے ہوتے ہیں؟ میرے والد مسکرائے اور کہا" شہر اور شہریوں کے درمیان بڑی بڑی دیواریں ہوتی ہیں یہاں تو ہر طرف قدرت کا خزانہ بکھرا ہوا ہے۔

بلتت قلعہ کا نظارہ بھی کیا خوب تھا۔ ہزاروں سال پرانی اینٹیں یہ سرگوشی کر رہی تھیں کہ وقت گزر گیا مگر ماضی سے جڑے یہ آثار اور یادیں ابھی بھی باقی ہیں۔ اس سفر کے دوران میں نے پہاڑوں سے خاموشی، وادیوں سے حوصلہ، دریاؤں سے روانی اور وہاں کے لوگوں سے محبت اور مہمان نوازی سیکھی۔

دل چاہ رہا تھا کہ وقت تھم جائے اور میں ان خوب صورت وادیوں میں ہی رہ جاؤں لیکن مجھے واپس آنا پڑا۔ پہاڑوں کا یہ سفر میری زندگی کا یادگار ترین سفر بن گیا جو میں کبھی نہیں بھول سکتی۔



رفاہ طلال
جماعت: ہفتم
دی ایجوکیٹرز فرید ٹاؤن کیمپس ساہیوال

پہیلیاں



ایسا کون سا پرندہ ہے جو اُڑ نہیں سکتا؟

گتے کے گھر میں لکڑی کا سامان؟

ایک گھڑے میں دو رنگ پانی؟

ایسی کون سی چیز ہے جس کا بٹن دبائیں تو بہت تیز گھومتی ہے؟

جوابات: بطخ ماچس انڈا پنکھا

عبدالصبور | جماعت: سوم، سیکشن: ٹویکس | کڈز کیمپس ساہیوال

Regional Achievement (Southern Punjab)



Hijoun Kay Jugnu



Kids Campus



Project Week



Dark Green Photo Collage
Earth Day Instagram Post



Speech & Debate



STEAM National Winners
ICIA Gold Medalist



STEAM Winners and
ICIA Silver Medalist



WizKid of Coding
National Champion



You Matter Burewala



You Matter Farid Town Campus Sahiwal



Word Splash

Artwork of Students



Hamda Sohail IX Diamond
The Educators Farid Town Campus Sahiwal



Arfa Riaz | Class IV Sparrow
Farid Town Campus Sahiwal

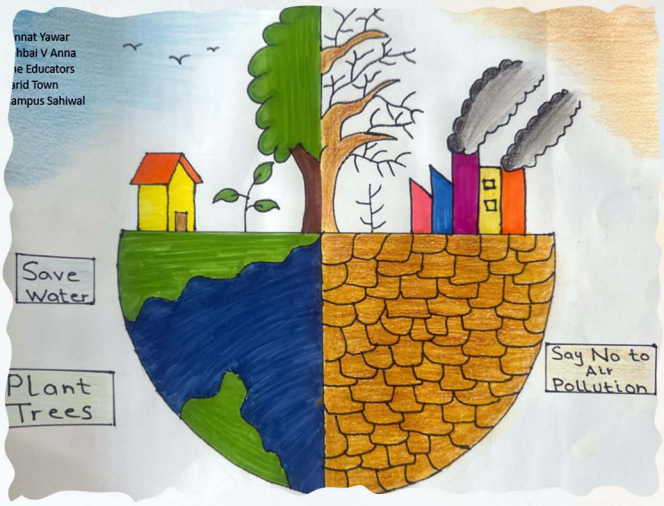


Abiha Fatima IV Sparrow
The Educators Farid Town Campus Sahiwal



Malaika Arshad-Pre IX
The Educators Garha Mor Campus

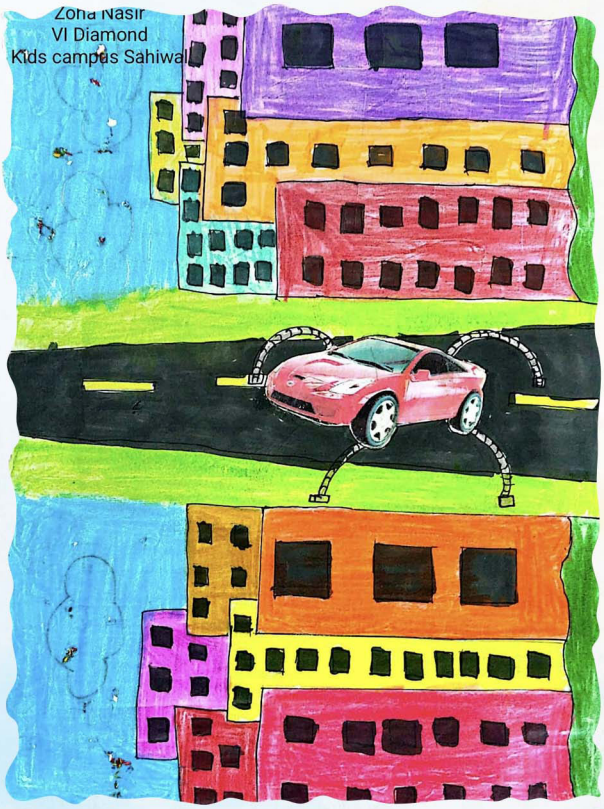
Artwork of Students



Jannat Yawar Sehbai | Class V Anna
Farid Town Campus Sahiwal



Iraj Waqas | Class VI Daffodils
Pakpattan chowk Campus Sahiwal



Zoha Nasir | Class VI Diamond
Kids Campus Sahiwal



M. Abdur Rafay Khan | VII Saturn
Farid Town Campus Sahiwal

MESSAGE FROM SENIOR MANAGER



Dear Inkspirers,

Welcome back to another edition of Inkspire!

When we launched our first edition, we hoped to create a space where young writers and artists could share their ideas with confidence. Seeing that vision come alive through your enthusiasm and creativity has made this second edition especially meaningful.

Once again, these pages are filled with stories, poems and artwork from students across Pakistan. Some pieces may make you smile, while others may make you pause, reflect or see something from a new perspective. That is the beauty of creativity: every voice brings something different, and every creation has the power to connect with someone.

To everyone who submitted their work, thank you for trusting us with your ideas. Sharing something you have created takes courage. While we could not feature every submission, each one was read and appreciated. Selection is only one part of the journey. The greater achievement is having the confidence to imagine, create and share.

As *Inkspire* continues to grow, I hope it encourages you not only to express yourself but also to notice and appreciate the creativity of others. Read with curiosity, celebrate one another's efforts and allow these pages to spark new ideas of your own.

The next story, poem or sketch begins with a simple thought and the courage to follow it. So keep observing, questioning and creating. Your voice matters, and the world needs ideas that only you can bring to life.

Thank you for making this second edition another joyful celebration of student voices.

Until we meet again through these pages, keep creating, keep sharing and keep inspiring!

Huma Imam
Managing Editor & Concept Lead, Inkspire