

أُنْفَى Anqā



NOBLE VISION SCHOOL

Bijapur

THE MESSAGE

الحمد لله رب العالمين والصلاة والسلام
السلام عليكم

Bismillahirrahmaan nir Raheem

I thank Allah Subhanahuwa Taala for making this project a success and pray for the success of all the stakeholders of ANQA (NVS Annual Magazine 2023).

Driven by our passionate and visionary Mentor Mr. Salman Waheed (Editor-in-Chief of ANQA), I can clearly see the thrill in the eyes of the students who poured in their ideas/desires/ thoughts/passion into the "NVS Annual Magazine 2023 - ANQA".

This magazine work ANQA, has shattered the chains of route learning among the students and has enabled the participants to think high where the sky is not the limit, and deep like the depths of the sea.

ANQA has provided a platform for the students to express their inner natural talents. ANQA has also unfolded the inner potential of the students to read, learn and share, enabling them to become lifelong learners.

I congratulate all the students, parents and staff members who have participated and contributed to this magazine work.

"The more I read, the more I feel ignorant"



By Abu Abdur Rahman Abdul Majid Gundagi

(Noble Vision School - Management)

FROM THE DESK OF THE EDITOR - IN - CHIEF



By Salman Waheed

The beginning

The moment I landed at Noble Vision School was truly a divine intervention. I had never imagined that I would be settling in Bijapur and becoming a teacher of NVS. Things go by the best planner Allah almighty. First, I'm very grateful to express that the management of Noble Vision School is exceptional in terms of intellectual and creative freedom. They have always been a strong backing for me during this journey. I never thought twice about sharing my plans and commitments before the management of NVS.

The moment that triggered me to work for a full-fledged Magazine.

When I first joined the class and turned on some different kinds of learning conversations and puzzling activities with the students they all joined and enjoyed. Later I appealed and exhorted them to write their thoughts, imagination and pure expressions in different languages. Unexpectedly, they started demonstrating their poetry, stories, calligraphic skills and many more. This moment hit me and I committed to bring a platform to facilitate them and here you have our ANQA - Magazine. I urge the audience not to judge the magazine setup based on mainstream standards. This isn't any

kind of commercial or organizational monthly, quarterly or weekly magazine. When you enter the ANQA Magazine you will experience how students are growing in Noble Vision School. You will see their expressions and thoughts in different forms. It is more surprising that students have developed their writing skills in multiple languages and therefore we decided to bring a multilingual magazine. You will see content here in English, Urdu, Arabic and Kannada. I congratulate the entire ANQA - Magazine team for their exceptional work during this journey. This work is not possible without the editor, the Sub-editor, the team leaders of different magazine departments and all the members engaged to complete the best and heaviest task.

The thanksgiving

The entire team thanks the management, coordinators, teachers and parents for supporting students and Magazine editorial board members during every situation. We thank the almighty, the all-powerful, the merciful and the compassionate. It is Allah who guided us, gave us strength, and filled our commitments with positive and energetic thoughts to work and move ahead with boldness and resilience on this task.

THE EDITORIAL



By Ifrah Satarekar : The Editor

The Magazine - ANQA intends to unveil the unrevealed treasure of every student. Uncovering the artistry that is hiding within all of us. Exploring something no one ever thought to bring it. The name of the magazine includes the meaning of purity and an act of purifying and getting out what purely belongs to you. Being a part of this beautiful journey especially as an editor is no less than a proud moment. It would be just a start or a beginning of an adventurous journey of learning and getting the courage and confidence to choose the road less traveled by as said by Robert Frost. This journey of ANQA - magazine is an experience of joy, hard work, pride, and adventure, something more than amazing, something out of the box. The team and the students have shown their passion, commitment, unwavering support and hard work in creating a magnificent magazine - ANQA.



سب ایڈیٹرنوٹ



مصباح ڈونور

اس مجلے کو تیار کرنے کا خواب طلباء کی حوصلہ افزائی کرنا ہے، تاکہ بچوں میں پوشیدہ فطری صلاحیت اُجاگر ہو سکے۔ ہمارے اس میگزین کے پیچھے محنت اور جذبات دونوں شامل ہیں۔ ہماری ٹیم اور ایڈیٹرس نے بہت محنت اور عزم سے یہ قدم اٹھایا ہے۔ اس اہم کوشش سے ہم تمام طلباء نئے اور تخلیقی سطح پر سیکھنے کے عمل سے آراستہ ہوئے ہیں۔ اس خوشگوار سفر کے آغاز میں ہم ایک ایسے سواری میں سوار تھے جہاں کوئی محرک بمشکل ہی نظر آتا تھا لیکن ہمارے چیف ایڈیٹر صاحب کی آمد کے بعد ہمارا یہ زیبا سفر شروع ہوا اور اپنی منزل کی طرف بڑھنے لگا اور دھیرے دھیرے کامیابی کی طرف پہنچا۔ اس سفر کے آغاز اور انجام تک کامر حلہ بہت ہی یادگار اور دلچسپ ہے۔ اس سفر نے میری زندگی کی یادوں کو نابھول پانے والی یادوں، نئے احباب سے دوستی، نئے اور مشفق رہبران کی صحبت سے مزین کیا۔ سچ کہوں تو ہمیں یہ کام لگا ہی نہیں۔ ایک خوبصورت احساس ہے جو خوابوں کے جہاں سے حقیقی زندگی میں اتر آیا ہے۔ اس سفر نے یہ ثابت کیا کہ جہاں چاہے وہاں ہے۔ ان احساسات کا کسی بھی شاعر کے لفظوں میں بیان ہونا ممکن نہیں ہے۔ اللہ کا شکر ہے، کہ اس نے مجھے اتنا حسین موقع دیا، مجھے میری بات کو قلم بند کرنے کا موقع جو اپنے آپ میں ایک حسین سفر ہے، میں خاص طور سے اسکول کی مینجمنٹ، اساتذہ اکرام اور چیف ایڈیٹر صاحب کا بھی شکر ادا کرنا چاہتی ہوں کہ انہوں نے ہمارے حوصلوں کو بلند کیا۔

MEET THE EDITORIAL TEAM

Editor -In- Chief

Salman Waheed

The Editor

Ifrah Satarekar

The Sub-Editor

Misbah Donur

Editorial board members

English Department

Duaa Muhammad Shuaib
Bibi Ruqaiya Nalband
Huda Kazi
Fasiha Jagirdar

Urdu Department

Arshiya Naaz Awati
Sabiya Mulla
Tazkiya Patel

Kannada Department

Misbah Mullal
Zikra Gudagunti
Sayeda Ayesha Inamdar
Madiha Momin

Arabic Department

Tuba Anjum Gudagunti
Umme Salma Nalband

Translation Department

Fariya Jagirdar
Nuzhat Inamdar
Zainab Dafedar
Noor Ul Huda Patel

Calligraphy Department

Mariya Inamdar
Aqsa Anam A Gundagi

Supporting Team

Arhaan Hundekar
Abdul Ahad Bagwan

CONTENT

1. A Surreal Exam by <i>Ifrah Satarekar</i>	8
2. Urdu Poem by <i>Sufiya Makandar</i>	8
3. Calligraphy by <i>Aqsa Anam A Gundagi</i>	8
4. Arabic Writing by <i>Ummad Salman Nalband</i>	9
5. Arabic Writing by <i>Tuba Anjum Gudgunti</i>	9
6. Urdu Poem by <i>Misbah Donur</i>	10
7. Kannada Story by <i>Misbah Mullal</i>	10
8. Urdu Poem by <i>Sabiya Mulla</i>	11
9. Urdu Poem by <i>Toha Fazil Jamadar</i>	11
10. The World Around Us by <i>Dua Muhammed Shuaib</i>	12
11. Urdu Poem by <i>Mahek Donur</i>	12
12. The thriving nature by <i>Arfa Korti</i>	13
13. Stars by <i>Zuha Fatima Hattarkihal</i>	13
14. Urdu Poem by <i>Muzda Itagi</i>	13
15. Kannada Poem by <i>Zikra Gudgunti</i>	13
16. Translation Work by <i>Fariya Jagirdar</i>	14
17. Translation Work by <i>Nuzhat Inamdar</i>	14
18. Translation Work by <i>Rida R Bakshi</i>	15
19. Translation Work by <i>Huda Patel</i>	15
20. Street Cats by <i>Afrida Tasleem Routhar</i>	16
21. Urdu Poem by <i>Tazkiya Patel</i>	16
22. Advice by <i>Iffat Fatima Matki</i>	17
23. Oh Nature by <i>Ameena Bhatgunki</i>	17
24. Calligraphy by <i>Mariya Inamdar</i>	17

25. Studies by <i>Bibi Zainab Kazi</i>	18
26. My Brother by <i>Mehwish S Jamadar</i>	18
27. Calligraphy by <i>Zuina Satarekar</i>	18
28. The adventures journey - Yet to arrive by <i>Bibi Ruqaiya Nalband</i>	19
29. School Trip by <i>Arshiya Naaz Arwati</i>	20
30. Road to Makkah by <i>Huda Kazi</i>	21
31. Urdu Writing by <i>Mishkat Hameed</i>	22
32. Calligraphy by <i>Huda Gachinamahall</i>	22
33. Urdu Poem by <i>Aafzal Gundagi</i>	23
34. The Sun, Moon and the Wind by <i>Arfa Naaz Bagwan</i>	23
35. Kannada Poem by <i>Madiha Momin</i>	23
36. Kannada Poem by <i>Sayeda Ayesha Inamdar</i>	24
37. Kannada Poem by <i>Zainab Golandaz</i>	24
38. Urdu Writing by <i>Fauziya Gabal</i>	25
39. Urdu Poem by <i>Arfa Alam Kokatnur</i>	25
40. Story of Jameel and Saleem by <i>Tasbiya Peerzade</i>	26
41. The principal's daughter by <i>Hannah Gundagi</i>	27
42. Aman and Sayir A school Project by <i>Sayeda Shurafa Armeen Qureshi</i>	28
43. A tragic school result by <i>Mariyam Dafedar</i>	29
44. Bank Robbery by <i>Hadiya Nagthan</i>	30
45. Obey Your Parents by <i>Fasiha Jagirdar</i>	31
46. Don't depend of others! by <i>Zainab Inamdar</i>	32
47. A detective Dog by <i>Abdul Ahad Bagwan</i>	33
48. The Scary Street by <i>Khadija Shaikh</i>	35
49. Human relation is all healing by <i>Zainab Dafedar</i>	36
50. An impossible School Garden by <i>Mahe Aaraf .S. Jahagirdar</i>	37
51. New logo of noble Vision school by <i>Zooha Fatima Hattarkihal</i>	38

A Surreal Exam



*I'm sitting in my exam block,
Feels like in my mind there is a lock,
Maybe there is something that I forgot.
And if I try to peep, I'll surely be caught.*

*Was it option A or B
Or was it D - all of these?
Don't tell me that it was C,
Just tell me that you're lying to me,
Now time has changed its speed,
Even when there wasn't a need.*

*Time is running I didn't write my name,
Correct it, or it will be really lame,
But I just realized I'm already done in my
exam block,
Day-dreaming a nightmare staring at the
clock.*



By Ifrah Satarekar - 10th

میری بیتابی



میرے ہر پریشانی میں تم سب
میری چنگاری ہو،
میرے چہرے کا پریشان ہونا،
میرے دل میں تیر لگانے کی وجہ،
میرے معصوم آنکھوں سے
پانی بہنے کی وجہ،
میرے بگڑنے کی وجہ،
میرے خاموش رہنے کی دیوانگی،
میرے موم دل سے پتھر دل کی وجہ،
تم سب ہی ہو۔



By Sufiya Makandar - 9th

Calligraphy

الوابع



By Aqsa Anam Gundagi - 10th



الصَّلَاةُ

هَذَا هُوَ أَوَّلُ شَيْءٍ أَلْتِي أَوْجَبَهَا اللَّهُ تَعَالَى عَلَى النَّاسِ فِي عِبَادَتِهِ أَوَّلُ مَا يُحَاسِبُ الْعَبْدُ يَوْمَ الْقِيَامَةِ هِيَ الصَّلَاةُ. دَعَا اللَّهُ تَعَالَى رَسُولَ اللَّهِ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ فَوْقَ سَنَعِ سَمَاوَاتٍ وَفَرَضَ عَلَيْهِ خَمْسَ صَلَوَاتٍ. الصَّلَاةُ هِيَ الرُّكْنُ الثَّانِي مِنْ أَرْكَانِ الْإِسْلَامِ. الصَّلَاةُ هِيَ الْفُرْقُ بَيْنَ الْمُؤْمِنِ وَالْكَافِرِ كَمَا قَالَ النَّبِيُّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ مَنْ تَرَكَ الصَّلَاةَ مُتَعَمِّدًا فَقَدْ كَفَرَ، مِنْ أَحَبِّ الْأَعْمَالِ إِلَى اللَّهِ تَعَالَى آدَاءُ الصَّلَاةِ فِي أَوَّلِ وَقْتٍ، إِنَّ الْمَشْيَ إِلَى الْمَسْجِدِ لِلصَّلَاةِ يُكْفِرُ الدُّنُوبَ فِي كُلِّ حُطُوءَةٍ وَاحِدَةٍ وَفِي حُطُوءَةٍ وَاحِدَةٍ تَرْفَعُ الدَّرَجَاتُ، جَاءَ فِي الْحَدِيثِ قَالَ عَبْدُ اللَّهِ بْنُ مَسْعُودٍ رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ سَأَلْتُ رَسُولَ اللَّهِ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ أَيُّ الْأَعْمَالِ أَحَبُّ إِلَى اللَّهِ قَالَ الصَّلَاةُ عَلَى وَفَيْهَا، الصَّلَاةُ وَاجِبَةٌ عَلَى كُلِّ مُسْلِمٍ بَالِغٍ عَاقِلٍ خَمْسَ مَرَّاتٍ فِي يَوْمٍ وَلَيْلَةٍ



الْقُرْآنُ كِتَابُ اللَّهِ

الْقُرْآنُ هُوَ كِتَابُ اللَّهِ. الَّذِي أَنْزَلَ اللَّهُ عَلَى نَبِيِّنَا مُحَمَّدٍ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ. هَذَا الْكِتَابُ هِدَايَةٌ لِكُلِّ نَاسٍ أَنْزَلَ اللَّهُ هَذَا الْكِتَابَ قَبْلَ قَبْلِ أَرْبَعَةِ عَشَرَ مِائَةً سَنَةً بِاللُّغَةِ الْعَرَبِيَّةِ مَا أَنْزَلَ اللَّهُ كِتَابًا بَعْدَ هَذَا الْكِتَابِ. مُدَّةُ نُزُولِ الْقُرْآنِ ثَلَاثَةٌ وَعِشْرِينَ سَنَةً. مِائَةٌ وَأَرْبَعَةَ عَشَرَ سُورَةً فِي الْقُرْآنِ الْكَرِيمِ وَقَدْ ذَكَرَ اللَّهُ فِي هَذَا الْكِتَابِ قَوَاعِدَ الْأَخْلَاقِ وَالْعِبَادَاتِ وَالْمُعَامَلَاتِ وَالسُّلُوكِ وَغَيْرَهَا وَذَكَرَ اللَّهُ تَعَالَى قِصَصَ سَابِقًا مُفِيدَةً صَحِيحَةً فَلِهَذَا السَّبَبِ الْقُرْآنُ هُوَ الْكِتَابُ الَّذِي يَفْرَأُ كَثِيرَةً فِي الْعَالَمِ. قَالَ سَيِّدُنَا مُحَمَّدٌ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ خَيْرُكُمْ مَنْ تَعَلَّمَ الْقُرْآنَ وَعَلَّمَهُ. خَيْرُ النَّاسِ هُوَ مَنْ يَتَعَلَّمَ الْقُرْآنَ وَعَلَّمَ النَّاسَ. مَنْ قَرَأَ حَرْفًا وَاحِدًا مِنَ الْقُرْآنِ الْكَرِيمِ يُجْزئُهُ عَشْرَ حَسَنَاتٍ، مَنْ قَرَأَ الْقُرْآنَ فِي الدُّنْيَا يَكُونُ فَائِزًا يَوْمَ الْقِيَامَةِ-

وہ کوئی پنچھی آزاد ہے



ಜೀವನದ ಪಾಠ ಮತ್ತು ಸ್ವಲತೆ

ಒಂದು ಊರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ರಿಯಾ ಎಂಬ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಇದ್ದಳು. ಅವರು ಬಹಳ ಬಡವರು. ರಿಯಾ ಸಣ್ಣವಳಿದ್ದಾಗ ಅವಳ ಅಮ್ಮ ತೀರಿ ಹೋದಳು. ಅವಳ ಅಪ್ಪ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣ ಕೊಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ಆಸೆ. ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹೆಸರು ದಾಖಲಿಸಿದನು. ರಿಯಾ ಒಂದು ಜಾಣ ಹುಡುಗಿ. ಅವಳು ದಿನಾಲು ಮನೆಯ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಿ. ಶಾಲೆಗೆ ಹೋಗುವಳು. ಕೆಲವು ದಿನ ಆದ ನಂತರ ಅವಳ ಅಪ್ಪನ ಆರೋಗ್ಯ ಸರಿ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅವಳು ಶಾಲೆಗೆ ಹೋಗಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಗಳು ಸಮೀಪ ಬಂದಿದ್ದವು. ಆ ರಾಜಿ ಮಾಡಿದ ಅಭ್ಯಾಸ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಯಾರು ನೀಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಅದರ ಸಂಬಂಧ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಕಡಿಮೆ ಅಂಕಗಳು ಬಂದವು. ಆಗ ಅಪ್ಪ ಕೇಳಿದನು "ಏಕೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ಕಡಿಮೆ ಅಂಕಗಳು" ರಿಯಾ ಹೇಳಿದಳು "ಅಪ್ಪ ನಾನು ರಾಜಿ ಮಾಡಿದ ಅಭ್ಯಾಸ ನನಗೆ ಯಾರು ನೀಡಲಿಲ್ಲ." ಅಪ್ಪ ಹೇಳಿದನು : ಈ ಜಗತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ನಮಗೆ ಯಾರು ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಮಾಡುವವರು ಬಹಳ ಕಡಿಮೆ ಜನರು ಮಾಡುವರು. ಅದಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ನೀನು ತಮ್ಮ ಶಿಕ್ಷಕರ ಸಹಾಯ ಪಡೆಯಬೇಕು. ಅವರು ನಿನಗೆ ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡುವವರು. ಆ ದಿನದಿಂದ ಅವಳು ಅಭ್ಯಾಸ ಮಾಡಿ ಸಫಲ ಹುಡುಗಿ ಆದಳು.



ಮیں سوالوں کی بوری ہوں،
وہ میرے ہر سوال کا جواب ہے۔
میں ادھوری، ادھوری کہی سے،
وہ ہر سمت سے لا جواب ہے۔
میں رکی ہوئی کہانی ہوں،
وہ مکمل سا کوئی خواب ہے۔
میں خطاوں سے سمٹی ہوں،
وہ ہر نیکی سے نواب ہے۔
چینی کی وجہ وہی ہے،
فرشتہ جہنم کا خطاب ہے۔
شوق تو نہیں ہمیں پینے کا،
وہ تو بن نشا شراب ہے۔
میں کچھ تکتوں میں کاغذ کی طرح،
وہ جوڑے رکھنے والی کتاب ہے۔
میں بیڑیوں سے بندھی ہوں،
وہ کوئی پنچھی آزاد ہے۔
بھری بھید میں تنہا میں،
وہ گنتی بے حساب ہے۔
ستاروں کی محفل میں ہم،
وہ اک چمکتا ہوا مہتاب ہے۔
ہم کانٹوں سے ٹٹے ہوئے،
وہ کھل کھلتا ہوا گلگلاب ہے۔
میری اس اندھیری دنیا میں،
وہ اگتا آفتاب ہے۔
اسکے آنے سے آجاتی خوشیاں،
جس کے لاکھوں احباب ہیں۔
میں کمزور کہیں سے سیکھنے میں،
اور وہ علم کا تالاب ہے۔
بھائی، استاد، فرشتہ، سب رشتہ ہے اس سے،
اسے پیدا کرنے والا وہ اک رب، وہاب ہے۔

By Misbah Mullal - 10th

By Misba Donur - 9th

پہچان لو

پہچان سکتے ہو تو پہچان لو،
کیا ہو تم یہ جان لو،
زمین پر بیٹھے رہ کر پہاڑ ہو،
جو چیر دیتا ہے آسمان کو؟
یا،

ہو اڈوں سے یوں رخ بدلنے والے بادل؟
یوں اوپچی-اوپچی اڈان بھرنے والے شاہین ہو؟
یا،

ناز کی سے اونچائی سے گرنے والا پرندہ؟
بس رات میں چمکنے والے جگنو ہو؟
یا،

دن بھر روشن کرنے والا سورج؟
یوں آسمانوں سے ٹوٹنے والے تارے ہو؟
یا،

ایک ہی جگہ سے روشنی دینے والے چاند؟

پہچان لو تم،
پہچان سکتے ہو اگر؟
جان لو تم،
جان سکتے ہو اگر؟

وقت ہے اب بھی،
کی ہو کیا تم؟

پہچان لو تم خود کو،
جان لو تم خود کو۔



By Toha Fazil Jamadar - 9th

اباحبان

آج میں نے اپنے ابا کے آنکھوں میں آنسوں دیکھا
جو ٹوٹے، مرجھائے سے تھے، پر ہمیں ہو صلا دیا،

انکے آنکھوں کی نمی اور ہونٹوں پر مسکان دیکھا،
وہ چھپ چھپ کے رونا وہ گھٹ گھٹ کے جینا،

پر ہمیں کچھ محسوس تک بھی نہ ہونے دینا
انکے آنکھوں میں کچھ امیدیں دکھ رہی تھی،

کہ میرے بچے کل صبح کی روشنی دکھائیے،
کہ شاید میں اس اندھیرے سے نکل جاؤنگا،

انہوں نے بتایا،

بیٹیاں بوجھ نہیں، رحمت ہوتی ہیں،
کہا، ہمت کر، ہو صلا رکھ، آگے بڑھ،
اور ہر مصیبت کا ڈٹ کر مقابلہ کر۔

اپنے ابا کی مسکان دیکھا،

اُس کے پیچھے چھپا زخم نہیں دیکھا،
انکی کمائی دیکھی،

اُس کے پیچھے چھپی محنت نہیں دیکھی،
انکا غصہ دیکھا،

غصے کے پیچھے کی چاہت نہیں دیکھی،
دل کا دھڑکتا دیکھا،

اُسکی صدائیں نہیں دیکھیں،

ابا کی آنکھوں میں خشک آنسوں ضرور دیکھے۔

By Sabiya Mulla - 9th



*I sat under the shady Apple tree,
Reading a book in this time I found free,
Munching away on Apple crisp and juicy,
For which you can't be choosy.*

*I took a glance at the world around me,
And what I saw around amazed me.*

*Here I was reading about green jungles,
And all I could see were concrete jungles.*

*I've read about cool and pure rain,
But a common phenomena in cities is acid
rain.*

*To imagine crystal clear springs and
rivers,
Now there are also things called 'Dead
Rivers'.*

*We've all heard about the freezing Arctic,
And now we hear about the melting Arctic.*

*The world was always full of wonders,
Now it's also full of dangers.*

*This world we've heard and read of,
Seems like a part of history,
The ruins of which, are out of reach,
Lost to memory.*

*Everything nice, is somehow just a dream,
We must wake up to make the real world
gleam.*

By Duaa Muhammad Shuaib - 9th



وہ کبھی لوٹ کر نہیں آتا

جب گزرا، تو لوٹ کر نہیں آتا،
جب رہا، تو سمجھ نہیں آتا،

جب چلا جائے ہاتھ میں نہیں ہوتا،
جب زیادہ ہو تو ہاتھ سے پھسل جاتا،

یہ وہ چیز ہے جسے نہ کر سکتے ہم قید،

نہ رکھ سکتے ہم اپنے پاس،
نہ چھپا سکتے ہیں یہ راز،

جو چلا اسکے ساتھ، وہی ہے کامیاب،
جو رہا ایک قدم پیچھے، وہ رہیگا اک بند کتاب،

یہ کب آتا ہے، کب جاتا ہے کچھ پتہ نہیں
اور جب آتا ہے تو سب کچھ لیکر آتا ہے،
اور جب یہ جاتا ہے تو سب کچھ چھین کر جاتا ہے،

نہ لاسکتے ہم وہ گزرے ہوئے پل
نہ پاسکتے ہیں ہم وہ پھر کل

اسکی ٹک ٹک کو معمولی نہ سمجھو
یاد رکھو،

اسکی ٹک ٹک ہمیں
قبر کے نزدیک لے جا رہی ہے
اور بدل رہی ہے ہماری تقدیر

By Mahek Donur - 9th



The Thriving Nature

*A season which we all love to see
Beautiful flowers make us feel free*

*The beautiful breeze that flows through the
trees*

Attractive butterflies fluttering in the fields

*The busy bees have so many secrets of their
own*

*It's been a long time since the sun has
shown*

*The charming floral patterns of spring
The smiling faces which it brings*

*The flowing river blows our mind
Like how the stars glow at night*

*All these appealing blooming flowers
Few of nature's superpowers*

By Arfa Korti - 9th

دوستی

جس طرح چاند کے ساتھ تارے ہوتے ہیں،
اُسی طرح دوست میرے ساتھ ہوتے ہیں،
بس یہ بتاؤ کون سے لوگ ایسے ہوتے ہیں،
جو ہر گھڑی ساتھ، میرے پاس ہوتے ہیں،
یہی دوست ہوتے ہیں، یہی دوست ہوتے ہیں۔

By Muzda Itagi - 10th

نన్న ಅಮ್ಮ

ನನ್ನ ಅಮ್ಮ
ನನ್ನ ಜೀವನ ನೀ ಅಮ್ಮ
ಅಳುವಾಗ 'ಅಮ್ಮ'
ನಗುವಾಗ 'ಅಮ್ಮ'
ನನ್ನ ಜೀವನ ನೀ ಅಮ್ಮ.

ನನ್ನ ಮೊದಲ ಪಾಠ ಶಾಲೆ ನೀ ಅಮ್ಮ،
ನನ್ನ ಗುರು ನಿವಮ್ಮ
ನನ್ನ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಆನಂದ. ನೀ ಅಮ್ಮ

ನಿ ನನ್ನ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೋದಾಗ ನಿನ್ನ
ಜಾಗವನ್ನು ಯಾರುಕುಂಬುದಿಲ್ಲಿ ಅಮ್ಮ
ನಿ ನಿಲ್ಲದೆ ನಾನಿಲ್ಲಿಮ್ಮ
ನೀನೆ ನನ್ನ ಅಮ್ಮ ಅಮ್ಮ ಅಮ್ಮ...

By Zikra Gudagunti - 9th



*As they are very far,
These are nothing but Stars;
Gigantic celestial bodies which looks so
small
But actually they are very large and tall ;
In the dark blue sky
They look tiny in white dye;
Once the Sun rises up
They smile and bid us Goodbye!*

By Zooha Fatima Hattarkihal - 9th

— ﴿﴾ TRANSLATION SECTION ﴿﴾ —

Urdu to English

گمشدہ جنت

بہت سے لوگ دنیا میں جان بوجھ کر دھوکا کھاتے ہیں۔ انہیں معلوم ہوتا ہے کہ ہم جس بندے پر اپنے خالص جذبات کا خزانہ لٹا رہے ہیں وہ اس قابل نہیں ہے۔ اس کے باوجود انسان بڑا خوش فہم واقع ہوا ہے۔ وہ ایک ذرا سی امید اور خوش گمانی کے چکر میں اپنی محبت کے مدار کے ارد گرد چکر لگاتا رہتا ہے کہ شاید کہیں کوئی اندر جانے کا راستہ مل جائے۔ ایسے لوگ جان بوجھ کر اپنے دل کے کہنے پر سراپوں کے پیچھے بھاگتے ہیں اور آخر کار تھک ہار کر گر جاتے ہیں۔

(صائمہ اکرم چوہدری کے ناول "گمشدہ جنت" سے اقتباس)

Many people in this world deceive themselves knowingly. They know that the person on whom they are pouring the treasure of pure emotions is not worthy. Despite this, humans are supposed to be very optimistic by nature. He keeps circling the orbit of love with a little bit of hope as he always assumes that there may be a way in. Such people run behind the mirages listening to their hearts and in the end, they fall when they are exhausted.

(Excerpt from the Novel "گمشدہ جنت" written by Saima Akram Chaudhary)



By Fariya Jagirdar - 9th

سانس ساکن تھی

ناشکری انسان کی سرشت میں شامل ہے، صحت یاب ہو کر کبھی طبیب کی یاد نہیں آتی۔ اس کی کشتی طوفان میں پھنس جائے تو اسے صرف اللہ یاد آتا ہے۔ پھر وہ اللہ اپنے مجبور و بے کس بندے کو سمندر سے نکال کر خشکی پر لے آتا ہے تو بندہ یک دم سب کچھ فراموش کر دیتا ہے۔ اللہ ان کو زیادہ عزیز رکھتا ہے جو سکھ میں بھی عاجزی اختیار کئے رہتے ہیں۔

(نمرہ احمد کے ناول "سانس ساکن تھی" سے اقتباس)

Ingratitude is part of human temperament. Once he gets cured he never remembers the one who healed him. He remembers Allah only when his ship gets stuck in a heavy storm. When Allah brings His incapacitated and vulnerable servant from the ocean to the sea shore he forgets everything. Allah keeps dearer to those who choose the character of humility even in a prosperous state of life.

(Excerpt from the novel "سانس ساکن تھی" written by Nimrah Ahmed)



By Nuzhat Inamdar - 9th

— ﴿﴾ TRANSLATION SECTION ﴿﴾ —

Urdu to English

شہر تمنا ستارہ شام

گناہ گار کیوں نہ ہو، اللہ اس کے لئے دعا کا راستہ کبھی بند نہیں کرتا، وہ اپنے بندے کو نوازنے سے نہیں رکتا۔ جو اللہ اپنے بجائے کسی دوسرے کو خدا بنا کر پوجنے والے پر بھی اپنی رحمتیں بند نہیں کرتا، وہ اپنے نام لیوا کے لئے دعا اور توبہ کا راستہ کیسے بند کر سکتا ہے؟ اسی لئے اپنی چھوٹی بڑی غلطیوں پر اپنے رب سے توبہ کرتے رہو، دعا کا ہاتھ نہ چھوڑو۔

(آمنہ ریاض کے ناول "ستارہ شام" سے اقتباس)

No matter how sinful one may be, Allah will never seal His doors of repentance and prayer (supplication) for him. He doesn't stop his blessings to his servants. The almighty who does not close his doors of compassion even to those who didn't worship Him how would He close the doors of prayer and repentance for His servants? This is the reason why we should keep repenting and doing supplications for all our small or big sins. Never stop the hands of prayers!

(Excerpt from the novel "ستارہ شام" written by Amina Riyaz.)



By Rida R Bakshi - 9th

بے چاری عورت۔۔۔۔۔ اللہ تو اسے بہت اعلیٰ رتبہ اور مقام دے کر جنت اس کے قدموں میں رکھ کر اسے زمین پر اتارتا ہے مگر زمین والے اس آسمانی تحفے کو ایک درد بھری "آہ" کے ساتھ قبول کرتے ہیں اور پھر وہ "آہ" تمام عمر اس کے ساتھ لگی رہتی ہے۔

(سائرہ عارف کے ناول "شہر تمنا" سے اقتباس)

Helpless and a poor woman! Allah has put paradise under her feet by bestowing higher status on her and then bringing her to this land. But the people of the land accept her with a painful voice of "Ah" and then this painfulness remains with her forever.

(Excerpt from the novel "شہر تمنا" written by Saira Aarif.)



By Huda Patel - 7th



Street Cats

*I am a street cat,
I always search for food by myself,
But there's no one to give any food for my
little self.*

*When I go to a house,
They give me some milk with a smile,
Not always but just for a while*

*I am a street cat.
Nowadays, Persian cats are in their homes,
We are low and they are high,
They look so pretty and we are not,
We are rough, but they are not.*

*Still we are happy,
'Cause we're so free,
We roam so free, up and down in the
streets,
Do not think we are just street cats,
We are happy and free cats.*

*Give food to the animals that come to you!
They are delicate, so don't hurt them.
But they are like us, us street cats.*

By Afrida Tasleem Rouser - 9th



ماں ایک خزانہ
جس کا دل ہے ہمارا ٹھکانہ

ہے قدموں میں اسکی جنت
پالینگے کر کے خدمت

دعا بھی دیتی ہے
سزا بھی دیتی ہے

بہا کے اپنے آنسوؤں کو
کرتی ہے دعاتوں کو

کرتی ہے پیار بے حد
نہیں اسکی محبت کی سرحد

خود نہ کھا کر بھی
کھلاتی ہے ہم کو

ہے استاد سب کی
ہے عزت و جان گھر کی

By Tazkiya Patel - 8th

ADVICE

This is a small advice from me,
Keep this in your mind,
To everyone be kind,
Don't cry when in pain,
Don't boast when in gain,

Mind this in your head,
In loss, tears, don't shade,
Work fast, but don't hurry,

Do everything wisely,
And life will go nicely,
To anyone don't go to harm,
And you will be a thing of charm,
Be attentive , be wise,
This is my small yet thoughtful advice.



By Iffat Fatima Matki - 8th

Oh Nature!



Oh my lovely nature
With so beautiful creatures
What a dazzling sunshine
Indeed! A beautiful sign
Oh thank you nature, thank you

The sky is blue
Lovely too
What a wonderful dew

The beauty of nature is so serene
Don't forget to keep it clean
The clouds sailing
What an interesting thing happening
Oh thank you nature, thank you



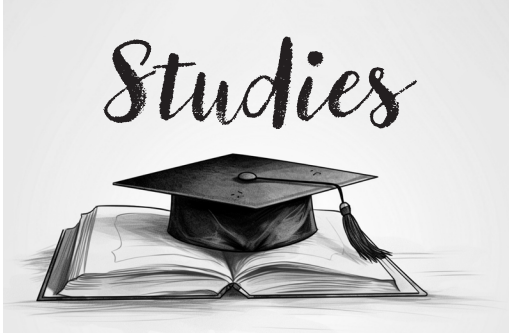
By Ameena Bhatgunki - 8th

— Calligraphy —

اللَّهُمَّ إِنِّي أَسْأَلُكَ
عِلْمًا نَافِعًا وَفِعْلًا
مُطَهِّرًا وَفِيهِ رِجَاؤِي



By Mariya Inamdar - 8th



Books open, mind engaged,
Knowledge sought, with each page.
Through hard work and dedication,
We build a strong foundation.

In a realm of learning we explore,
Unlocking wisdoms endless door.

Preparing for a future,
With hope to turn it,
Bright and wise.

By Bibi Zainab kazi - 8th



He's my talented brother that I've got,
My lecturer, my backbone,
Supports me every time.

He always helps me,
Whether it's teasing my sis
Or helping me in studies.

I quarrel with him for silly things,
And when my Mom hits him I defend
him.

He is my God gifted Brother,
This is our bond of Brother and sister.

By Mehvish .S. Jamadar - 8th

— Calligraphy —

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

By Zuina Satarekar - 8th

The Adventures Journey

- Yet to arrive

Isn't Bangalore an interesting and beautiful place to explore? Isn't it an adventurous attempt to take a visit there? Let's see, what happens!

I always dream of visiting the city and I have been waiting for an opportunity to make my dream come true for years. Surprisingly, In the year 2021, an event of our family was organized. I was super thrilled. Everything has been scheduled. We were twelve members parted in two vehicles, Scorpio and Ertiga. I was in Scorpio and seven members were with me. The rest of them were in Ertiga. We started our journey around 10:00 p.m. Around 10:42 p.m., we saw people burning sugarcane waste in fields.

The Great Mishap

Unexpectedly, I realized that my sister was crying out from behind and informed us that she saw a fire flash under the car. we couldn't be convinced by her, but we finally acknowledged her when my mother also experienced the tragedy. We were in an utter state of fearfulness. Quickly my uncle stopped the vehicle and told us to get out of the car. He saw the flames were coming from the engine bonnet. it was spreading to a larger extent.

We barely had 2 to 3 bottles with us from which my uncle tried to extinguish the fire but he failed. On one side My grandma is an old lady and on another side my younger uncle

Quadriplegic patient or Handicapped, both of them needed quick help to get out of this panic situation. My other uncle who was driving the car told my mom to take grandma and younger uncle out of this panic situation. After the rescue operation, My mother quickly called my father who was 5 km away from us and informed them. They came to us in a bustle.



The miraculous aid arrived from Allah. We got adequate support from truck drivers who were crossing from the same highway. One of them gave us a bucket full of water which helped us cool down the burning flames. After a lengthy struggle to get out of the terror situation, we called the tow truck to come and take out the car.

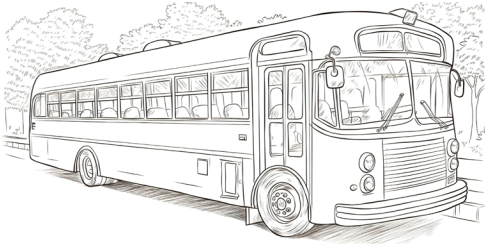
Finally, We all returned home in a shocked state of mind and decided that we would never travel to Bangalore again. My uncle said that we will certainly visit the city Bangalore, no matter what happens otherwise, we will live in the same state of terror. And yeah! Again we began our highly anticipated and adventurous journey!!!!



By Bibi Ruqaiya Nalband - 8th

School Trip

When I was in 7th standard our school planned a trip to Hyderabad. When I came to know about it I was very excited to go along with my friends. I asked my teachers about the trip that I would also love to travel so they supported me. They talked to the principal so he agreed and we finally got the permission. We (Me and my friends) planned many things like how we would stay there and manage other things but unfortunately, the trip was postponed. We were very worried about it and thought that the trip would also be cancelled. Thanks to the lord Almighty the day of our exciting trip arrived. Right at 9 O'clock, we got the bus and we were so excited. we played a lot on the bus. we travelled almost 9 hours to reach Hyderabad. We arrived at the hotel (Opal Recidency) and we stayed there. We freshened and got ready to visit Amazing places there in the city.



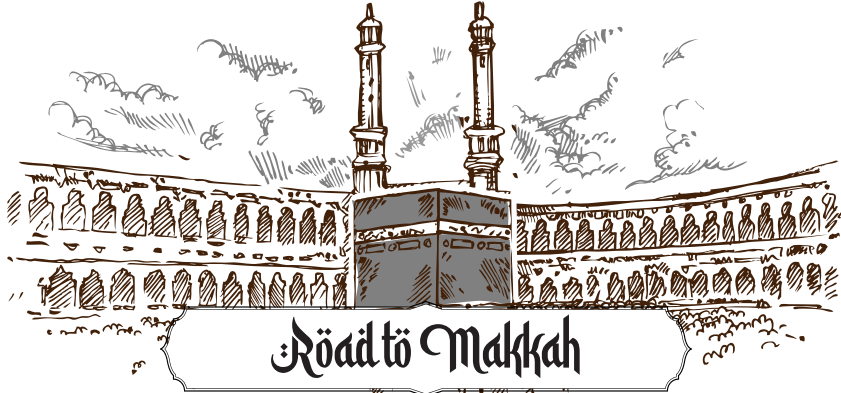
First, we visited Golconda fort. And then the Salar Jung Museum. We saw the clock show there it was very amazing. Then we visited Snow World which was the best place we have ever visited. We played a lot with snow at

the same mall we saw an adventurous and dangerous 3d show. We tried mandi at Mandi King it was a big plate with a lot of side dishes. We enjoyed every moment of Hyderabad Mandi. Now we got ready to return to the hotel room. We five were sleeping then suddenly one of my friends started talking about ghosts and all which scared us a lot. The next morning we got ready to have breakfast in which we had South Indian dishes. We visited Charminar and makah masjid as well. We prayed zuhar salah in Makkah Masjid and we tried hyderabad biryani for lunch which was so delicious. With all such small-journey experiences, we have also wasted a lot of time which is the sad part of our journey. When we met a very cute baby named Hala we enjoyed a lot with her.

We also visited Chowmahalla Palace it was very beautiful. We visited a place extremely beautiful called Lumbini Park where we tried boating. I was very scared but my friends encouraged me to try boating once in my life. When It was moving very fast I was getting scared more and more but my friends held my hand very tightly, this is how we enjoyed boating so much. Later, we tried a very tasty ice cream which filled our joy even more delicious. In the end, we are ready to return to our homes. On the bus, we ate shawarma and I loved it. Finally, We reached our homes in the morning. We took a long rest and then went back to school again!



By Arshiya Naaz Awati - 8th



We were planning to visit Saudi Arabia and one day finally we made it happen. We started preparations and when I finished packing we all got in the car and reached AIRPORT. I gave my luggage to my uncle and after fifteen minutes of wait, I got my luggage back safely. I had been waiting for my flight. when suddenly I saw a huge flight outside the windows, I saw the outside stunning view. Later, we boarded the flight to Saudi. There have been instructions given about seat belts emergency landings etc. We followed the same and wore the safe seatbelt and we were ready to take off. To experience the goosebumps moment. When the aeroplane started moving on the runway my excitement was on top. A few moments later, the air hostess offered food and snacks which I enjoyed a lot. I was enjoying the window seat with beautiful clouds. I was very surprised as well as thankful for this journey.

Alhamdulillah, When reached Saudi Arabia we headed towards Makkah where my big father and his

family received us with a warm welcome. We stayed in a hotel near masjid Al haram. We took a quick break and after two hours we went to perform Umrah. when I saw Kaba for the first time my heart melted like ice cubes and my lips were continued to pray, such a beautiful moment I experienced. Alhamdulillah! I performed Tawaf and Drunk Water of Zam Zam. This beautiful and spiritual journey can't be expressed merely in words.

We stayed in Makkah for the last seven days and then travelled to Madina. We visited my big father's house in Dammam. We have seen many camels and mountains. We reached Dammam at night. We were so tired therefore we slept so quickly. The next morning we did our breakfast and then went to play with my cousins. The next day I visited parks and malls for shopping and visited many other unique places as well. In conclusion, I could say that it was the most remarkable journey I had ever experienced. I am very thankful to the almighty Allah for calling me to his home.



By Huda Kazi - 7th



والدین

ماں باپ دنیا کی انمول نعمت ہیں۔ اللہ نے ان ہی کی توسط سے ہمیں زندگی دینا میں بھیجا ہے۔ ماں باپ کا دل کبھی بھی مت دکھانا، اگر آپ نے انہیں ناراض کیا تو اللہ آپ سے ناراض ہو جائے گا۔ آپ کی اسکول فیس کون دیتا ہے؟، باپ! آپ کے لئے صبح جلدی اٹھ کر کھانا کون بناتی ہے؟، ماں! اگر آپ کے پاس ماں باپ ہیں اور دنیا کی کوئی دولت نہیں ہے تو کوئی فرق نہیں پڑتا۔ اگر آپ کے پاس آپ کی دنیا یعنی ماں باپ ہی نہیں ہیں تو دنیا کی ساری دولت ہو کر بھی کوئی فائدہ نہیں۔ اپنے ماں باپ کی عزت کرو اور زرا ان لوگوں کے بارے میں بھی سوچو جن کے پاس ان کی دنیا ہی نہیں ہے۔



By Mishkat Hameed - 8th

— Calligraphy —

الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ



By Huda Gachinamahhal - 7th



یا اللہ تو ہی رحمان ہے،
تیری عبادت کرنا نبی پیغام ہے،

عزت دینے والا تو ہے،
کافروں کو ذلت دینے والا تو ہے،

ابراہیم کو آتش سے تو نے بچایا،
یوسف کو کنوے سے مصر کا بادشاہ بنایا،

جنگ بدر میں نبی کو فتح تو نے دی،
کربلا میں حسین کو شہادت تو نے دی،

نماز، زکات، سب تیرے لیے،
ہر نیکی کا کام تیرے لیے،

تو نے ہمیں بہت سے چیزیں دیں،
یہ دنیا اور سارا جہاں ہمارے لیے،

لیکن یا اللہ، ہمیں معاف کر دے،
ہم کچھ نہیں کر سکے تیرے لئے۔

 By Afzal Gundagi - 8th




The Sun, Moon and the Wind

The sun is rising,
The birds are singing,
The cocks are crowing,
What a beautiful morning,
For up waking.

The moon is glowing,
The stars are twinkling,
The sky is lighting,
What a beautiful night for sleeping.

The wind is blowing,
The flowers are dancing,
The birds are singing,
What a beautiful,
Day for living.

 By Arfa Naaz Bagwan - 8th

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕ

ನಮ್ಮ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕವೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನ
ನಮ್ಮ ಶಾಂತಿಯ ನಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರದೇಶ
ನೀವು ಗೊತ್ತೆ ಇಲ್ಲ ನಾಗೊತ್ತೆ ಏನು
ಕರ್ನಾಟಕ ಏನು ಕರ್ನಾಟಕ



 By Madiha Momin - 7th

ಋತುಗಳು



ಇವು ಋತುಗಳು
ಆದರೆ ವಿನಾಕಾರಣ

ಬೇಸಿಗೆ ಮತ್ತು ಚಳಿಗಾಲ
ಶರತ್ಕಾಲ ಮತ್ತು ವಸಂತ

ಬೇಸಿಗೆ ಬಿಸಿಯಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ
ನಮಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದ ಮಾವಿನ ಹಣ್ಣುಗಳು

ಚಳಿಗಾಲವು ತಂಪಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ
ಆದರೆ ಅಚ್ಚು ಅಲ್ಲ

ಎಲೆಗಳು ಬೀಳುವುದು ಶರತ್ಕಾಲ
ಆದರೆ ಇದು ಆಕಸ್ಮಿಕವಲ್ಲ

ಹೂವುಗಳು ಅರಳಲು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸುತ್ತವೆ
ಇದು ಸುಗಂಧ ದ್ರವ್ಯದಂತೆ ವಾಸನ ಮಾಡುತ್ತದೆ



ಜೀವನ

ಜೀವನ ಸುಲಭ, ನಾವು ಅರ್ಥ
ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡರೆ ಎಲ್ಲವು ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ
ಬಂದರೆ

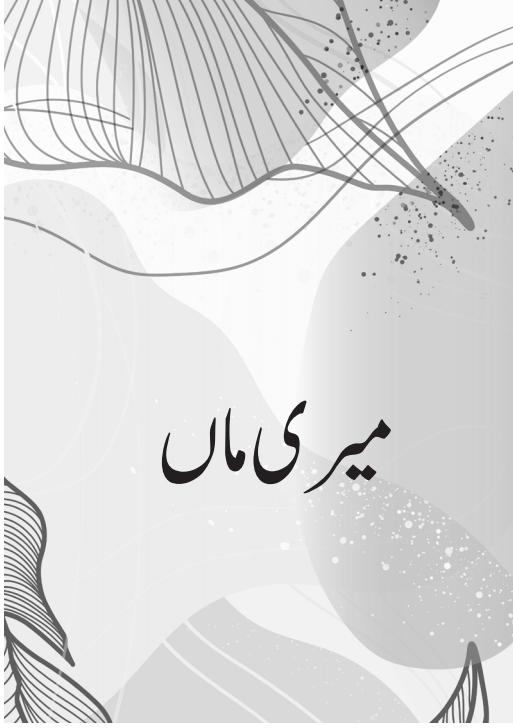
ನಾವು ಅದನ್ನು ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ
ಮೌಲ್ಯಕರಿಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಕೆಲವೊಮ್ಮೆ
ಜೀವನವು ನಮಗೆ ಸಂತೋಷವನ್ನು
ನೀಡುತ್ತದೆ

ಕೆಲವೊಮ್ಮೆ ಅದು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಅಳುವಂತೆ
ಮಾಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವುದೇ
ತೊಂದರೆಗಳಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೆ ಸಂತೋಷದ
ಅರ್ಥವನ್ನು ?

ಜೀವನ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಒಂದೇ ಅಲ್ಲ
ಜೀವನವೇ ಒಂದು ಪಯಣ
ನಾವು ಪ್ರತಿ ಕ್ಷಣವನ್ನು ಆನಂದಿಸಿ
ಒಂದು ದಿನ ನಾವು ಸಾವಿನಿಂದ
ಸೋಲಲೇ ಬೇಕು ಕನಿಷ್ಠ ಜೀವನದಿಂದ
ಗೆದ್ದಿರಿ.

By Sayeda Ayesha Inamdar - 8th

By Zainab Golandaz - 8th



ماں ہماری زندگی کو ایک عظیم نعمت ہے۔ ماں ہی تو زندگی ہے۔ ماں کے بنا زندگی اچھی نہیں لگتی۔ زندگی میں ماں کی دعا لے لو پر ماں کی بدعا ہرگز مت لینا۔ ماں کی دعائیں تاثیر ہوتی ہے۔ ہمیں ماں کی قدر کرنی چاہیے۔ زندگی میں ماں کے جیسا کوئی پیار نہیں کرتا۔ صرف ماں ہی ہے جو ہمارے ساتھ ہر پل ساتھ دیتی ہے۔ جب تک ماں ہے تو انکی قدر کر لیا کرو۔ ماں خوش ہے تو اللہ بھی خوش ہے۔ آج جن کے پاس بھی ماں ہے انہیں اپنی ماں کی دل سے قدر کرنی چاہئے۔ جو اپنی ماں سے محروم ہے وہ زندگی کی خوشیوں سے محروم ہے۔ آج کل کے لوگ ماں کو گھر سے باہر نکال رہے ہیں اور Old Age Home میں چھوڑ دیتے ہیں۔ جس نے تمہیں ۹ مہینے پیٹ میں رکھا اور بڑے ہونے تک آپ کو اچھا پال پوس کر بڑا کیا۔ آپ انہیں کے ساتھ ایسے کر رہے ہو۔ ماں کی دعا سے کامیابی نصیب ہوتی ہے۔

وہ پھول جیسی۔۔۔



ماں ہمارے سینے میں ہے،
مگر وہ دل نہیں،

وہ ہمارے ساتھ ہی رہتی ہے،
مگر وہ ہماری روح نہیں،

وہ روشنی دیتی ہے،
مگر وہ دیا نہیں ہے،


وہ دن رات موجود رہتی ہے،
مگر وہ ہوا نہیں،

اسکی آواز بیٹھی ہے،
مگر وہ کونسل نہیں،

وہ ہماری دیکھ بھال کرتی ہے،
مگر وہ ڈاکٹر نہیں،

وہ ہماری حفاظت کرتی ہے،
مگر وہ تھانیدار نہیں،

وہ ہماری پھول جیسی ماں ہے،
وہ ہماری پیاری ماں ہے۔

 By Fauziya Gabal - 8th

 By Arfa Alam Kokatnur - 7th

Story of Jameel and Saleem



Once upon a time, there were two best friends in a school one was Jameel and the other was Saleem. They both were very bright students. They always got A+ grades. There was another boy named Haris who was not good at studies and he was very envious of Jameel and Saleem. One day Haris thought that Jameel and Saleem never fight with each other. So he decided to create a fight-like scene between both of them. He went to Jameel and said 'Jameel, did you know that Saleem was saying that you are a dumb and unfriendly student! I assured him that Jameel is a very kind-hearted and helpful friend of mine. Jameel got very angry and at lunchtime when Saleem wanted to meet his friend Jameel in the canteen, he ignored him which was so brutal for Saleem. Saleem asked about the strange behaviour of his best friend

Jameel to Haris. Unfortunately, Haris replied to Saleem and said "Jameel was talking very bad and abusive things about you, my dear friend."

Many days passed but the friendship between Jameel and Saleem has been deteriorating day by day. One day they both went to the Principal's office and complained about each other. They both explained all the events in detail. Principal then told them "Who told Jameel about Saleem and who said about Saleem to Jameel?" They both replied in the same voice, It is Haris, sir! The principal called Haris. When Haris reached the principal's office he said everything as he got stressed and frightened as the matter arrived at the principal's office. The Principal punished him and asked him to apologise to Jameel and Saleem.



By Tasbiya Peerzade - 8th

The Principal's Daughter



There lived a girl in a village with her family. She was a student of riverside school and she used to go to school every day. Interestingly, She was the Principal's daughter. The greediness and ignorance became her features as she used to shout that it was her father's school.

It was her wish that no one should scold her. She always used to say "This is my father's school" " She always frightens students and says that she will directly complain to her father if anyone dares to challenge her. Everyone got scared of her that the principal would admonish and hit them but fortunately, her father was so kind and sensible. Whenever the daughter tells anything to anyone in front of her father, he never listens to her rather he

teaches his daughter manners and values. Once her father entered the classroom and asked the students, what are you doing students? Everyone replied, sir your daughter has been teasing us for a long. She does this all the time. Her father asked, What has she done to you all? The student replied She is saying repeatedly that: "My father bought me keychains". The principal talked to her daughter. What are they telling my dear daughter? His daughter said, I have brought it Father it is here but I am not teasing anyone in the classroom. They are telling lies. Her father scolded her daughter in front of the whole class. She realised her mistake and told everyone. Sorry, My dear classmates and everyone forgave her.



By Hannah Gundagi - 7th

Aman and Sayir

A School Project



Once upon a time, there were two best friends named Aman and Sayir. They have been working together on a project for a long. Once Aman made a mistake in the project and that made Sayir super-angry. He asked, What is this Aman? We had struggled so much to complete this project and you ruined it! Aman was tense but he apologised repeatedly. Sayer didn't forgive him so he went back home with an angry expression on his face. The next day they accidentally met at a park. Aman saw Sayir sitting on the bench so he ran towards him and said, Sayir, please forgive me! I've realised my mistake. Despite repeated apologies from Aman, Sayir was still rigid and was in no mood to forgive him. Finally, The day of project submission arrived. Every student was going to submit

their projects in different moods except Aman and Sayir. They both stood in the corner in fear of the questions that they would be asked by the teacher. finally, their turn came. The teacher asked: Aman and Sayir, where is your project? They both replied in a low voice. We're very sorry ma'am because our project is incomplete. When the teacher heard this she sent them out of the class. Incomplete? What does it mean? So please, both of you get out of the class right now! At that very moment, they realised that they made a big mistake by not accepting each other's weaknesses they gave heartfelt apologies to each other and restarted the project happily together. The next day they apologised to the teacher and submitted it successfully.




By Sayeda Shurafa Armeen Qureshi - 7th



Once upon a time, there was a boy named Rahul of class 8th. He was a disobedient child of his parents and very lazy in his studies too. His exams were very close and he did not focus on his studies as he was very fond of sports all the time. After a few days, the results arrived on the school's notice board. He couldn't pass in Kannada and Maths so it declared him failed in Board Exams. When his parents got to know his results they got angry and as a punishment they threw him out of the house. He was miserable and regretted not studying hard for the exams and he was missing his parents so badly. He was wandering

from here and there on the road. After a few days passed he decided firmly to move on and win his parent's trust. He had some savings and started working partly in a clothing shop as well. He took admission to a government school on his own. He studied hard and after the continuous hardship of 2 years in 10th standard he successfully managed to rank 2nd in the whole school. He decided to meet his parents and show them his surprising results. They were feeling embarrassed for their misconduct with their son and happy for their son's results.

 By Mariyam Dafedar -7th

Bank Robbery



Once upon a time, there was a city named "galivine". The city has a bank named "Royal Bank of galivine". Everything was going normally but one day at night in a very suspicious way an employee of the bank named Lincon was fired from his job for a silly reason because he spilled coffee on his documents. The manager lost his temper and started behaving rudely with his employees. Unfortunately, The manager then fired him from his job. The poor employee has no source of money. He tried very hard to get any job appointment from anywhere possible. He applied even to schools & other private offices. Unfortunately, He gets no job. It made him depressed which led him to hopelessness. He thought that there was only one option left to have money in his hands. So he decided to become a robber at the same bank he had been fired from. He went to his home and dressed in a robber's clothes. He broke into the royal bank of galivine. When he got into the bank he saw two more thieves. "Who are you" asked Lincon. The robbers didn't even care to answer him and pay attention to him. suddenly one of them said "can't you even look what is going on?we are robbing the bank" Lincon asked "Are you guys so fired from your job like me something else is the reason?"The other

robber said" Wow what a coincidence! We have the same reason!Lincon didn't even notice that they were the most wanted criminals of the galivine city. They next day the sun rose and it was a very peaceful atmosphere. The situation in and around the bank was suspicious for many. A person was working beside the bank when he noticed two thieves because of their suspicious behaviour. Lincon and two other robbers hid behind the walls. The cops arrived but the two thieves suddenly disappeared. They both changed their getup completely and appeared among the public shouting. Unfortunately, Lincon was stuck and the public started screaming "Arrest him that man has robbed the bank. It is against the rule. " "He might have stolen all our money". Lincon tried to explain to the cops that he didn't rob the bank, but he suddenly realized and remembered and said to the cops that "They were the most wanted ones sir, Please I am not guilty sir". They both were smiling after robbing the bank, and both of them were whispering to each other. "Brother ,wow! We robbed the bank and someone else is being arrested and became guilty for no reason! Wow,what a miracle....!". The Cops arrested Lincon. Lincon said to himself " I wish that I should not have decided to be a robber.



By Hadiya Nagthan - 7th

Obey Your Parents



Once upon a time, there was a city where a small family lived. Three children were living happily with their parents. The older brother was Rahul, the second was Rohan, and the last of them was their little sister Priya. They were all going on a school trip. Their parents had given notice to them not to get wet or dirty by playing in the water because then they might get sick and won't be able to enjoy the trip. All of them agreed. Rahul then said to Rohan and Priya "Our parents are so strict. When we go to the trip, we'll go and play in the water and enjoy with our friends." Rohan happily replied, "Ok bhaiya!" But Priya said, "Bhaiya, our parents won't be happy. They care for us, and that's why they restrict us from doing some things." Rahul replied, "What are you saying, Priya? You do like to play in the water, don't you?" "Yes, but then I might get sick and I won't enjoy the trip. I don't even want to disobey my parents. "Don't worry Priya! Nothing will happen to you."

Then Priya said, " Alright Bhaiya, as you wish."

The next day they all went for the trip. Now we're going to enjoy a lot!" Rohan said " Yes! And finally, we've reached our destination!" Rahul said to Rohan, " Let's play in the water Rohan." "Let's go!" said Rohan. Then Priya said, " Rahul and Rohan Bhaiya! You'll get sick, and you won't be able to enjoy the trip." But the boys ignored Priya and still played in the water. After an hour, Rahul and Rohan started sneezing continuously. They both sat in a corner and couldn't enjoy even a moment during the trip. When they got back home, their parents asked them, " Why are you sneezing continuously?" Rahul replied, "Sorry Papa, sorry Mama, we didn't obey you and we played in the water. That's why we're sneezing. Priya then said, " See Bhaiya! I had told you not to go in the water and obey mother and father but you didn't and you both have lost the real enjoyment of the trip.



By Fasiha Jagirdar - 7th

Don't Depend on Others!



By Zainab Inamdar - 7th

Once upon a time, there were two best friends called Dipti and Divya. They both were good friends and classmates as well. Dipti was irregular in school. One day she requested Divya that whenever she (Dipti) is absent in classes Divya has to send all the updates as earliest as possible. She said to Divya that she isn't comfortable writing anything in classes, so she needs them to complete it at home. Divya agreed to her problem and pledged to provide the needed content to her. Unfortunately, Divya forgot to share the class updates so Dipti got very angry, later Divya apologised saying that she had forgotten. Divya laid to her friend. She did not send the tasks even the next day. So Dipti had a thought in her mind that she might be telling a lie.

Only a month left to submit the books but her notes were not completed. When teachers asked the students to submit the notebooks tomorrow or today

Dipti got disturbed as she had no reason. One day English teacher was checking the books. Dipti was thinking "What do I have to tell the teacher?" Dipti had no idea what she had to say to the teacher, but suddenly the teacher came and asked her: Please, show me your notebook. She gave her notebook to the teacher. The teacher was looking at her notebook but she was shocked to find that it was empty. The teacher said to Dipti in a loud voice why is your notebook incomplete? From day one when you came to school you always failed to complete your notebook. She shouted at Dipti by saying, you are nonsense, mad, and slapped on her face.

The teacher warned Dipti that she had to submit her notebook from tomorrow onwards. Dipti replied "Okay" but she couldn't submit the notebook. Exams will also be conducted within ten days. She couldn't complete her notes and the exams

arrived. Dipti could not prepare for the exams due to her incomplete notebooks. She requested to provide available content but no one responded. During the examination, she tried copying from others but not a single person helped her so she submitted blank papers. She was worried and thinking loudly "What would happen once exams are completed and results announced". Despite attending the classes regularly for two weeks she failed to complete her notebook. One day teacher announced in their class that tomorrow there will be a parent meeting and the results will also be shared. The teacher asked Divya to collect all the notebooks of Divya. When Divya asked her to collect her

book she refused and said I can't give my notebooks as you are not comfortable sharing your notes with me. Divya said, "It is on order by the teacher and you have to submit it at any cost". She submitted then. When the teacher saw her notes she was shocked they all had been neatly completed by Dipti herself without anyone's help. The teacher appreciated her for doing this work! The very next day Dipti's father and mother got upset by looking into the results of their daughter which were so poor. They were so many upon her but her teacher told them that Dipti learnt something very important lesson and would always get best result from the next exams.

A DETECTIVE DOG



Once upon a time in a village, there was a haunted house. But let me tell you, some 25 years back, there was a family of four members who had been residing there for long. There was an old man called Champak, an old woman Madhu and their grandson Ravi, including their dog named Tom. It is said that Long ago the old haunted house was very beautiful and had stunning looks. It was as pretty as a

bungalow. Beside it was a mesmerizing view of mountains. They could see the sunrise and sunset. The family was very helpful. The grandmother used to go with her grandchildren to the market, and they did a lot of bargaining. The dog was bought at home by the old man's son before his demise. The old man desired to retire from work but couldn't, so he worked as a shopkeeper. There was a big and tall banyan tree



under which the children used to play. The dog would go with Champak to his shop every day, with Champak on his bicycle.

He owned some very precious heirlooms which included a gold watch and a pure leather belt. Champak and his son were soldiers in the past. Their land attracted the attention of gangsters. They then murdered Champak's son, but their dog had witnessed it and remembered the murderer's appearance. Now, Champak worked at the grocery store and the dog would go with him. Now it chanced once that a man was standing by his shop while Champak was entering, and the dog started barking at him. This has been repeated every day. One day, his grandson came along with him to the store and noticed this strange scene. He came every day and saw the same thing happen always. A few days later, the suspicious man ventured to steal Champak's property. The dog understood this, but Champak was an old man and didn't know. Nearby, there stood another man, whom the dog

remembered to be another secret witness to the murder. The dog, Tom then went and whined to ask for help from him. This man had already informed the police about this, but they couldn't find any evidence to arrest him. After all these incidents, his grandson, Ravi, understood that this man must have a hand in his father's death and went to the police. There was a spy who would tell the murderer the doings in the police station, though this time he had gotten no information. The police came to the store and then saw that the gangsters were luring Champak away. They followed them to wherever they took him. They started to shoot a video as evidence. They then saw that they were going to kill him and so they came forward and arrested them. But while all this drama was taking place, the spy found a way to delete the video and did it but the dog had resolved to get all those in the case caught. On the way to the court, the witness hesitated to state the murderer. When they were nearby, a shootout started and bullets were fired towards the witness. He could and would have been shot, but the brave dog leapt to block the bullets off. And in this way, the dog also was killed. Seeing the will of the dog so strong, the witness gave his statement and that was the end of it all.

 By Abdul Ahad Bagwan - 10th



THE SCARY STREET

I lived in a village named Kansuri. In that village, there was a Scary Street. The villagers used to say that we should never go to that street after 6:00 pm. They said that a monster lived in that street and whoever went there after 6:00 pm would never return. I thought that it was just a myth. One day when I came back from school I asked my mother "Mummy is there a monster in that street?" "Yes, my daughter, there is

a monster in that street." said my mother. After that small conversation, I went to sleep. It was Sunday, and I still couldn't believe the story, so I planned to visit that street after 6:00 p.m. I called my friend Anita to come along with me and she agreed to join me. Anita and I were ready to go but our mothers stopped us and said "Deepika and Anita please don't ever go into that street I don't want to lose you". We ignored our mothers' words and went on. As we reached near the street we started moving slowly into the street. It was getting darker and darker. We saw that at the end of the street, there was a strange creature eating something. Unfortunately, the monster saw us and started to come closer to us. We were frightened and started running from there. The monster was running behind us very fast as we reached back to the start of the street, a man passing by saw and helped us. He took us to his house and warned us to never go again to that street. Then we went back to our homes safely. My mother asked me worriedly " Where were you? You've been gone since 5:00 p.m.!" I narrated the whole story and got scolded so badly. Haven't I told you not to go to that scariest street? It's all thanks to God, you're alive!



By Khadija Shaikh - 7th



Human Relation is all Healing!

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Mustafa. He belongs to a rich family, and he wasn't allowed to play with ordinary or poor children. Mustafa was a good boy. He behaves properly with everyone. He speaks politely with all his friends and likes to share his toys with everyone. One day, Mustafa was playing with Ramu Kaka's son, Zakwan. When Mustafa was showing his toys to Zakwan suddenly his mom came. She then started scolding him and sent him back to his home. When Zakwan left for his home, Mustafa aggressively responded, " Mom! I called him to play with me!" She said, " Yes, I know, this isn't your fault, they all come to you because of our money." Then Mustafa said, " But Mom, he's my best friend! How can you treat him like that?" His Mom replied, " You don't know yet my son. They come only for money."

Nine years later, Mustafa and

Zakwan become young men. Mustafa had to travel abroad for his business-related issues for two years of duration. After Mustafa left the country his mother's health started declining. She was all alone. she has been spending all of her money on her treatment. Not a single person from her relatives was ready to help her as they weren't aware of the fact that she didn't have money anymore. Then, one day, Zakwan came to meet her and said, "Don't worry Aunty. I am here to look after you." Mustafa's mother said with her shaking voice, "I don't have any money to pay you." " It's alright aunty, MONEY isn't everything." Three months long treatment cured Mustafa's mother. She overwhelmingly thanked Zakwan. She has also acknowledged in a deep state of guilt and shame that money is nothing but a piece of paper. A good relationship with every human being can heal us together.




By Zainab Dafedar - 7th

AN IMPOSSIBLE SCHOOL GARDEN



Once upon a time in school, there was a garden and a few little gardeners. Their names are Nausheen, Sidra, Halima and Naseema. Their teacher gave them a very difficult challenge to them. The teacher said "Your school atmosphere is very dry and lacks a rainy season which leads to a scarcity of water. The land is less fertile as well. I challenge you both to find or invent a new way that makes the garden a possible dream."

They took the challenge very seriously and started making plans. They started visiting the ground frequently. They watered and created a natural fertilizing space in the school. The prolonged struggle made all their struggle successful. Finally, they brought a beautiful and thriving garden inside their school. All the students learnt and were inspired by them and they also followed their way to bring a beautiful school garden.

 By Mahe Aaraf .S. Jahagirdar - 7th

NEW LOGO OF
NOBLE VISION SCHOOL



 *Designed by Zooha Fatima Hattarkihal - 9th*

TEACHERS OF NOBLE VISION SCHOOL



Nikhath Inamdar

Alimiyat, Fazilat and D.ed

Hamida Mulla

MA in History

Muneera J

UG and Post Graduation

Shabnam Satteekar (Nimbalakar)

M.sc B.Ed

Haseena Keeji

N.T.C BA, and D.ed

Umera Ambreen Gundagi

BSC, B.ed

Sameena A Shaikh

MA B.ed

Ishaq Umri

MA in Arabic

Shaheen Inamdar

N.T.C Alima

Gulzar Dange

BA, B.ed

Sophia Janvekar

MA in English

Asiya Attar

Hafiz E Quran

Farzana Hundekar

Alimiyat

Mahammad Yunus Panfarosh

Hafiz E Quran, Alim Umari

Salma Honnutagi

B.Sc B.Ed. and D.Ed.

Hafeez Ur Rehman Hubli

M.Sc, B.ed

Mohammed Iliyas Nagod

B.Sc, B.ed

Saniya Mamadapur

Alimiyat

Nafeesa Gogi

M.Sc, B.ed

Mohammad Ayyub Balsing

M.Sc, B.ed

Husen Banu Nadaf

B.Sc

Abdul Majid Jahagirdar

BE

Yasmeen Guntakal

BA, TCH, N.T.C

Shagufta Attar

BA B.ed

Basheer Ahmed

B.Sc, BA in Arabic

Juber Ahmed Patel

MA, B.ed, PGDELT

Ghulam Rasul Aparajar

MA, B.ed, Kannada

Javeed Rozewale

MA, B.ed

Parveen Magi

BA, B.ed

Haider Ali Mullal

BA, B.PED Karate Coach

Abdul Wahid Dodmani

BA, Arabic

Abdul Khaliq Panfarosh

BA

Nazneen Inamdar

BA, B.ed

Abdul Kabeer Momin

BA in Arabic

Mahek Naaz Bakshi

BE (E&E)

Jasmeen Inamdar

BA, B.ed

Shama Turki

B.Sc, M.Sc, B.ed

Salman Khan

UG in Islamic Jurisprudence and sociology, MA in English literature and Translation studies.

Swaleha Shaikh

B.Sc, D.ed, B.ed

Abida Mulla

B.com, BA

