

# the scribbler

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## The Spirit of Giving

By Fatima Rehmatullah  
(X-B)

Community service forms an integral part of my personality. Since fifth grade, I have been a part of many community service projects, and the most memorable so far has been one that I did only recently.

It all started with me participating in a competition orga-



nized by Charter of Compassion, Karachi. Opting for the challenge was nothing but an attempt to spend my vacation productively. Competing teams were required to work on a project for the betterment of society in any way. My team, realizing the importance of rejuvenating the fading culture of libraries in the city, decided to set one up for the extremely underprivileged inhabitants of Korangi.

## WINSTON CHURCHILL

**"We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give."**

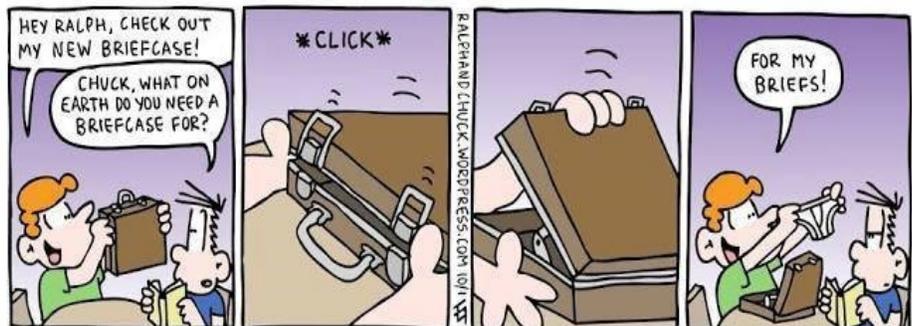
We tried to bridge the gap between the rich and poor by re-using books donated by the wealthy. Much to our surprise, we were able to collect almost 2000 books within one week! We set about repairing and binding the books, making them presentable. But the toughest part was yet to come-convincing the administration of a school to permit us to set up the library on their premises. Most did not take a

group of six teenagers seriously. But eventually, the Muslim Public Foundation agreed to our proposal, their enthusiasm matching ours. The library itself was set up within three days, an open source of knowledge to the students of the institution. To our delight, we were awarded the first prize in the competition and from there started our journey of working for many such students. Numerous people en-

couraged us and appreciated our work-the Aga Khan School gave us a donation of almost 1000 additional books.

Today, this library and many more are standing due to this project and serving our society due to the enthusiasm and support of CFC, US-Aid, and Sindh Reading Board.

## CHUCK IS CHUCK





## 'Shh, The Nation is Sleeping'

By **Aresha Ahmer**  
(X-B)

“

Shhh... the nation is sleeping,” the girl said with an almost cynical, mocking smile, in her bitter tone she continued, “like a baby it only ventures forth from its slumber when it needs something. Then all hell breaks loose as its yearning overcomes everything else, yet when it is satisfied; the nation once again slips out of its consciousness.” There was a pregnant pause, as everyone awaited the girl’s next words with bated breath; she had that kind of effect on people.

Like a stream that furiously gets flooded, her tongue let forth a litany of phrases, “for the Red mosque incident, for the Peshawar Attack, for the various bombing, the latest political scandals, we raise our voices against all those who think they can wrong us...,” her voice rose an octave, “but once the propaganda is over, we revert back to being ignorant and blind to the malice, the folly, the injustice that is choking our nation,” she spit out these lines as if they left a bad taste on tongue.

Then for the finale, she started flat out shouting lost in a haze of patriotism, “We need to tear off these blindfolds from our eyes, and acknowledge the pain and suffering our brothers and sisters endure. We need to take a stand! Work! Protest! For all those who think nothing can be improved and against all those who want to oppress us.” a roar of approval went through the crowd, they hooted and hollered at her speech. As for the girl herself, she just stood there heaving from emotions, her hair sticking to her forehead from perspiration but her eyes held me riveted. They shone with determina-

tion, a fearful clarity that depicted she meant each and every syllable.

I did not fit in with these misfits who gathered every weekend and dreamt of revolution. I was not a socialist, communist, capitalist, Marxist, nor did I support any other ideology. I was guilty of not being overly swept by the nationalism that seemed to feed these fanatics.

My presence had a sole reason: the girl. She was intoxicating. With her mannerisms, her expressive eyes with a fierce glint in them, her suave confidence and firm faith in her beliefs that she channeled into others, it was pretty hard to resist

“ If we do not stand up for the broken and the destitute now, who will take a stand for us tomorrow?”

her. Her easy eloquence was a fine example of how Hitler managed to persuade thousands into doing his bidding or how Martin Luther King awoke the moral consciousness of a whole nation.

I did not know anything about her besides the fact that she was the leader of her little posse of socialists. What intrigued me most was her spirit, how can someone care so much about people they have never met? Yes, I was aware she was not the first one to do so but... she was the most approachable and available one.

When I made this inquiry she replied with a question, “How did you feel by my speech?”

“I was very moved by it, you have a way with words, “was my response.

“See the thing is you agree with me but the fact is you feel hopeless. Each day you are surrounded by an abyss of chaos and misery, and you feel there is no way out of it. You are wrong, for chaos is not a black hole; it is a ladder to be climbed for the sake of humanity. If more than half of the population keeps on facing these dire conditions, the deprivation and despair shall only grow. One day even you might get engulfed into the void and chained to the misery. We must do all that we can to prevent that from happening. For this each and every individual needs to achieve a moral awakening for if we do not stand up for the broken and the destitute now, who will take a stand for us tomorrow?”

I was stunned into silence, as a million thoughts whizzed through my mind. Sensing my inner turmoil, she concluded, “you already are in the process of waking up and unwrapping yourself from the blanket of security that shields you and imprisons you in your own reality. Otherwise, you would not keep coming back to our meetings, there are many who shun us for our ‘pipe dreams’. I will see you around.”

With that she walked away, and we watched her go with strange sense of loss, but also a tingling sense of elation. She was absolutely right of course I wish I had not been so dumb, and had come to this realization myself, instead of her having to spell it out for me. Also I wished, I had asked her name, well there was always the next congregation.



## LOOKING AHEAD

By Arooba Ejaz (IX-B)

My eyes were struggling through the thick fog, trying to discern.  
 Helpless, I lay as my aching body rubbed against the ferns.  
 A burning coldness lingered,  
 And I knew that a series of events awaited in the path that was hindered.  
 If I could know,  
 How to cross the river and row,  
 To see what lay ahead: a murky treasure or an amiable foe.

The candle burns with a huge flame,  
 How much has melted away?  
 Is a matter that none have the wisdom to claim.  
 It continues to flicker,  
 Twitching vigorously, every second the flame dancing quicker,  
 As if its unpredictable life,  
 Hangs on the edge of a knife.  
 And then, it turns still,  
 Leaving a lean, black soldier, abandoned in a huge white rill.

But what lays ahead  
 We never can know  
 It's like a parchment willing to be unfold  
 Although, we know, we cannot know  
 What's hidden in the Pergamum; another mystery disguised in letters of gold?  
 Yet, our itching curiosity never ceases to go,  
 And, each time, with reborn optimism and determination, we look forward  
 Towards a land of mysteries, though beyond our vision but not at all unreachable.  
 And that's what keeps us,  
 Looking ahead.

## UNTITLED

By Laiba Siddiqi (X-B)

To smile more  
 In a desperate attempt  
 To retrieve myself  
 What I slowly lost  
 To the wind

They knew me  
 They knew me  
 By my smile  
 So constant  
 It was my identity, you could say  
 And few could recall  
 The depressions and curves of my face  
 In the making,  
 It was a wide smile  
 The crescent moon  
 Illuminating my face.  
 Genuine.  
 And it appeared without effort  
 More often than not  
 For I'd find a cause to laugh in anything  
 Anger, despair, angst,  
 It all dissolved into one bright grin  
 Out of place  
 But a feature of your being  
 Has no place  
 Does it?

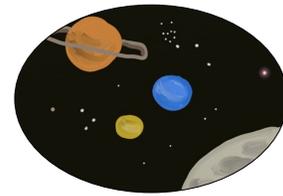
I never really realized  
 Until an absolute stranger  
 Pointed it out  
 And the truth is,  
 I have lost myself.

I have lost myself  
 Somewhere in the distance  
 But like a child  
 Groping at the thread of a helium balloon  
 Clearly on its way  
 I try  
 To hold on  
 Wrestling with the wind.



## Buraq Space Camp

By Syeda Aimon Fatima  
(X-B)



A space camp, based on 'Space Science and Discovery', was organized by the Interact Group and Pakistan Airforce, at the Buraq Planetary Society, from 18<sup>th</sup> to 30<sup>th</sup> December 2015. It was an intellectual camp designed to teach students how to combat adverse situations independently, with activities related to survival tactics, science and technology, and architecture. Two hundred students, aged fourteen to sixteen, were selected from all over Pakistan after a screening test, amongst which I had the golden opportunity to represent my school. The selected few received the honour of gathering at the camp, at Chakshahzad farms in Islamabad in the freezing cold. After arrival, the first thing we saw was our tents. I couldn't help but wonder how I was to survive like this for twelve days. But I managed to do so in the end. Next was lunch and I would like to state that the food at Buraq Space Camp is something I will never forget.

The first night was just horrible in the tent with -4°C outside. We were required to wake up at 6:00 am and the early

morning routine which followed was very tough, especially jogging in such terrible weather conditions. The lecture hall was a paradise with heaters and I would love to have spent all my time there.

The tasks we faced initially seemed impossible to achieve. One memorable challenge demanded that



we not only construct robots, but program them as well. In another activity, we had to find our way through a mine course while blindfolded. Football games were a crucial part of every day, with everyone having the time of their lives, whether good at the sport or not. Bothering your commanders meant having to take laps and mostly missing out on food in that time period. Curfew was 9:30 pm, and anyone found out of bed afterwards, was made to stand in the cold and do push-ups, which was not at all fun!

There were field trips as well to Kamra (Pakistan Air Base), Nation-

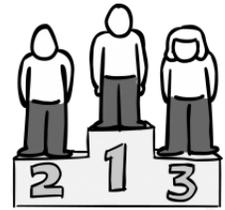
al University of Sciences and Technology (NUST), and a farmhouse which happened to be situated right beside one that belonged to General Pervez Musharraf!

It was amazing to have such prestigious and awe-inspiring lecturers like Dr. Abdul Bari Khan, founder of the Indus Hospital and Vice Admiral Sohail Masood of the Pakistan Navy. We were taught lessons that I shall surely cherish. Working in a squad (called Valentina's Hitchhikers), we learnt how to work together, cooperate and compromise in order to reach a common aim, and also manage our time. It is not easy living with complete strangers (who actually snore at night) but this has its own thrill. This experience also made me very independent and self-reliant.

Valentina's Hitchhikers' hard work eventually paid off as our squad earned second position. I daresay there shall never be a parallel to this experience.



# Sports Day 2016



"Let the games begin!"



**Date:**  
16th January 2016  
**Venue:**  
Karachi Parsi Institute  
**Chief Guest:**  
Mrs. Pervin Minwalla



P.T. Display (Aft.)

Preparation before races



Unforgettable memories!



And the victory goes to.. The Mama House!

