

SHAHEENS QUARTERLY

Generation's School Senior Section Quarterly News Outlet



Ascaptures09

photograph by: Abdullah Shahood A2

WHAT'S INSIDE?

Tales Of the Sea by Afifa Imran	2
Free Me by Ashna Alam	2
A Letter to the Kids who don't feel 'enough'	3
انسان اور خوابشات by Affan Tahir	4
A Walk on the Beach by Ayesha Saeed	4
Strokes & Snaps Gallery	5
The Domino Effect by Taha Siddiqui	5
Paint the Town, BROWN by Sara Salman	6
Senior Section Strategies w/ Sania Irfan	7
Letter from the Editor & Mentor	7
Recognizing The Contributors	8

"A LETTER TO THE KIDS WHO DON'T FEEL 'ENOUGH'"

BY: MAHNOOR JAVED A1

Dear, "I don't feel enough"

Here's a letter from a girl who felt the exact same way you might be feeling today. Stepping into a new section, or been there for a while now and still unable to figure out all the questions in your head. Like,

- "Are my shoes shiny enough?"
- "Is my dupatta perfect enough?"
- "Am I paper perfect enough?"
- "Am I visible enough?"
- "Do teachers like me enough?"
- "Do I fit in enough?"
- "Am I cool enough?"
- "Am I enough?"

(Read full article on page 3)

"Tales of the Sea"

BY: Afifa Imran A1

when I die,
scatter me,
alongside,
the fading shoreline.

when I die,
drown me,
within these mourning waves,
poisoned with oil slick,
let my resting body,
accompany the eroding sea floor,
let my resting body,
lay beside the ravaged seashore.

when I die,
remember to forget me,
just like you forgot the presence,
of my beloved sea.

when I die,
free me,
from the unbearable agony,
of breathing the intolerable,
murky mist,
hovering over,
the raging sea.

when I die return me,
to my beloved ocean,
let me console her,
for the time she has left,
let me hold myself responsible,
to not have been able to foresee,
the tragic wreckage,
humans have destined her to be.

when I die,
bury me,
beneath,
the ruins of the coastline,
scatter me,
alongside,
the fading shoreline.

"Free Me"

BY: Ashna Alam XI



photograph by: Ashna Alam XI

Eyes open just a crack
Mother pushes my curtains back
Passes by without a word
On my still, sits a motionless bird.
A strange creature, has no wings
An open beak, but does not sing
Eyes half shut, but vigorously shine
Oh, little bird, for whom do you pine?
'Freedom,' he says, 'I miss Her touch,
I miss Her scent and I miss it all too
much.
Her absence has undone my heart
and soul,
Only in Her embrace shall I breathe
and become whole.
'With that, he steps back, plummets
like a stone
Falls to the ground, breaks all his
bones.
He's dead now, and with Her, he's
finally sane
It's been years now, and I am still
looking for his remains.

"A Letter To The Kids Who Don't Feel 'Enough'"

BY: Mahnoor Javed A1

Dear, "I don't feel enough"

Here's a letter from a girl who felt the exact same way you might be feeling today. Stepping into a new section, or been there for a while now and still unable to figure out all the questions in your head. Like,

"Are my shoes shiny enough?"

"Is my dupatta perfect enough?"

"Am I paper perfect enough?"

"Am I visible enough?"

"Do teachers like me enough?"

"Do I fit in enough?"

"Am I cool enough?"

"Am I enough?"

You feel like you need to do more. You need to be more. More and more till you're enough. Till you're complete.

Because that's what we've always been taught, right?

That you're never enough.

Never complete.

People will complete you. Places will complete you. Material will complete you. Your appearance will complete you. When you're better than them that's when you're complete.

That's what our mind constantly struggles for,

"Am I liked enough?"

But never, "Am I happy enough?"

My words will never answer these questions in your head, as you begin this new journey of growth and explorations. But find answers inside of YOU, and outside of YOU.

Just imagine the amount of places and times, it snows within a year. But each snowflake is beautifully different from the other. Imagine the beauty and uniqueness this small droplet of water that falls to the ground with the fate of little life, contains.

And then imagine the beauty He has contained in YOU. His most favourite creation.

Imagine the potential, the differences, the talents, the magnificent ideas, and above all the effort of the most glorious being that, exists within your beautiful system.

You were born enough. You were born complete. If there's anything that you're in search of, look within. Remind yourself that your appearance doesn't complete you. People don't complete you.

Material, grades, reputations, and your past mistakes DO NOT define you.

Your ideas define and complete you. The person within YOU completes you.

And that is enough.

That love, that validation will always be ENOUGH.

Love,

The "I learned this the hard way" girl.

"انسان اور خواہشات"

مصنف: عفان طاہر XI

انسان، خاک کا پتلا ہونے کے ساتھ ساتھ خواہش کا پتلا بھی ہے۔ خواہشات کبھی ختم ہونے کا نام نہیں لیتیں۔ اور بیچارا انسان اپنی پوری زندگی ان خواہشات کو پورا کرنے میں ضائع کر دیتا ہے، اور جب اللہ اور اس کے رسول، قبر کی تیاری، آخرت اور جنت اور جہنم کا خیال آتا ہے تو بہت دیر بوجھتی ہوتی ہے۔ پھر حسرت اور افسوس کے علاوہ کچھ کرنے کو بھی نہیں ہوتا۔ اور آخر کار اپنے خالق حقیقی سے جا ملتا ہے۔

انسان کا دل بہت عجیب ہے، عجیب قسم کی خواہشات رکھتا ہے، عجیب چیزیں کرنے کو کہتا ہے۔ یہ نفس اور نفسانی خواہشات ہی فساد کی جڑ ہیں۔ نفس اور اسکی خواہشات انسان کو جانور بنا دیتی ہیں۔ اور جب انسان نفس کا غلام بن جاتا ہے تو اس میں اور جانور میں کوئی فرق نہیں رہتا۔

انسان کسی چیز میں مطمئن اور خوش نہیں ہوتا۔ لفظ "اور" اس کا پسندیدہ لفظ ہے۔ اگر ایک گاڑی ہے تو اسے ایک "اور" گاڑی کی خواہش اور تمنا ہوتی ہے، ایک گھر اور بنگلہ ہے تو اسے ایک "اور" چاہئے ہوتا ہے۔ جتنی بھی دولت ہو اس میں کبھی خوش نہیں ہوگا، ہمیشہ "اور" کی طلب ہوتی ہے۔ "انسان کی خواہشوں کی کوئی انتہا نہیں، دو گز زمین بھی چاہئے دو گز کفن کے بعد"۔ حقیقت تو یہی ہے کہ زمین کے چھ فٹ نیچے جانے کے بعد ہی خواہشات کا سلسلہ اختتام پذیر ہوتا ہے اور خواہشات کی گاڑی پر بریک لگتا ہے۔

کسی نے کیا خوب فرمایا ہے "دنیوی معاملات میں اپنے سے نیچے والے کو دیکھو اور شکر کرو کہ اللہ نے تمہیں اس سے زیادہ دیا ہے، اور آخرت کے معاملات میں اپنے سے اوپر والے کو دیکھو اور اس تک پہنچنے کی کوشش کرو" لیکن انسان ہمیشہ دنیوی معاملات میں اپنے سے اوپر والے کو دیکھتا ہے اور اس تک پہنچنے کی خواہش کرتا ہے اور اس طرح خواہشات کا سلسلہ چلتا رہتا ہے اور انسان اپنے آپ کو ان فضولیات میں کھیپاتا رہتا ہے اور زندگی گزر جاتی ہے۔

"A Walk on the Beach"

BY: Ayesha Saeed A1

Silence. The silence a nighttime beach trip has to offer is incomparable. With no semblance to the hustling city life, I smile with content, taking a deep breath of the fresh and calming salty seaside air.

I tuck my hair behind my ear, letting the light chilly breeze caress my face, feeling it go straight through my body, calming the tension in my limbs. My toes sunk into the grainy, soft sand as I set my feet down. The moonlit water looked ethereal as it sparkled with every oncoming wave. Off in the distance, I saw gorgeous pearly white seagulls glittering in a portion of the sky.

The wind softly whipped at my hair and I began walking in no direction at all. I looked up and felt my breath get stuck in my throat as I unblinkingly stared, mesmerised by the myriad of stars twinkling in the dark. The moon, a stark contrast against the shimmer, botched with its own intricate marks of grey, almost made me teary. Profligate beauty.

Strokes&Snaps Gallery



photograph by: Masooma Fatima XI

**"Even the darkest night will end
and the sun will rise"**



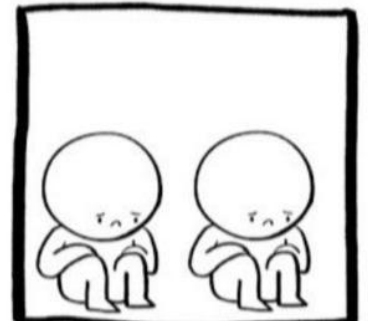
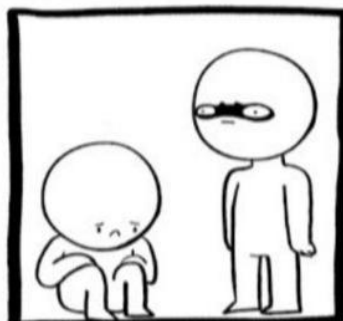
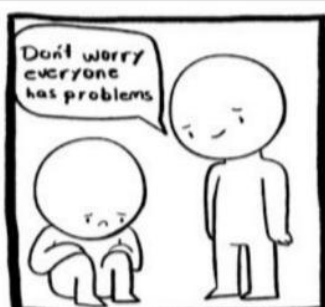
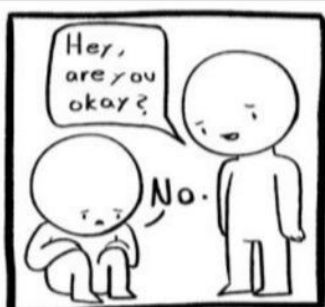
calligraphy by: Maria Khalid XI

**The sky broke like an egg into
full sunset and the water
caught fire."**

- Pamela Hansford Johnson

artwork by: Qanita Batool XI

"The Domino Effect" by: Taha Siddiqui XI



"Paint the Town, BROWN"

BY: Sara Salman XI

I am the bacculaureate from Lahore who has been turned down, constantly, in nuptial ties.

My defect? Dark skin.

I am the girl who gets bullied often by my peers

My crime? Dark skin.

I am the girl who is greeted with suggestions of remedies in applying fairness creams instead of salaam.

Why? Dark skin.

The word "kaali" spills from their mouths as if it's a disease I should be ashamed of.

Evaded and overlooked since the days of my ancestors, the debate on complexion and colour needs to be addressed without any further delay. This has remained a stigma since India was colonised and our minds have never been decolonised since then.

So I ask you,

Are we even ready to talk about colour conundrum?

I believe it is imperative to start a discourse on this and the time is now.



photograph by: Abdullah Shahood A2

Colourism, as its definition goes, is the prejudice, discrimination and inequality to those who have relatively darker skin tones. This despicable concept exists to amplify paler and fairer skin tones while simultaneously dismissing those with richer skin colour.

Colourism may also be classified as a branch of the biggest form of prevalent discrimination witnessed in our world that is racism. Because you see, colourism is a seed, planted by white supremacy, and watered by our very own communities.

Instead of shaming colourism, our societies and social fabrications continue to uphold, support and promote this idea, hence it is extremely important to dismantle this belief and this culture of colourism which is primarily viewed with antagonism by those who have discernment.

Unfortunately, a vast majority of people in Pakistan regard with importance, damaging concepts such as the words 'fair', 'white' and 'light' suggesting a singular epitome of beauty.

For ages we have suffered quietly and never dared to wonder out loud, "What is wrong with our own skins?"

For ages we have idolised only white washed actresses and models who are the colour of milk.

For aeons, we have surrendered to all the 'desi' remedies to make our skin a tone lighter. We have replaced pride with hatred for a part of our identity that separates us from the rest and makes us unique.

Colourism runs rampant in Pakistani ideologies, and for years no one has questioned this mental malady, this endorsement of white supremacy, this virulent idea that was passed onto our generations and that we have accepted with open arms.

It is time, to break free

of these chains that suffocate us, and let the colour of our soil decorate our face, for it is what makes us brown, what makes us genuine, our real selves.

It is time,

To paint the town, BROWN!

Senior Section Strategies w/ Sania Irfan

BY: Misha Asim XI

**“If who I am is what I have and if I lose what I have, who then am I?”
-Ericc Fromm**

A quote that a few might not even bother to read fully due to its whimsicality, yet it is something that the esteemed Generation's alumnus, Sania Irfan, lives by. Riddled with the pressure of meeting deadlines for her university, Sania baji as always was gracious and generous enough to work me in for an interview over a phone call (courtesy of Covid-19). As we started out, the call was anything but the typical punctilious interview that we see in movies, rather it was sincere, pleasant and quite frankly something I would've loved to conduct physically over a warm cup of chai maybe. Initially we started talking about how she first treaded upon the grey bricked pavements of Generation's when she was in grade one, which someone older would call displacement anxiety but to her it was just downright scary. As she advanced in her remarkable career at Generation's upto A level, Sania baji was a prestigious student as well as a role model to many including myself. However like most of us, there were certain impediments that were inevitably standing in her way. A very relatable one being the anticipatory anxiety of having to step into a world where more or less every student has internalised the infamous Virus dialogue “life is a race”. Upon entering the building where you get a first-hand experience of what is to happen come May/June, it is almost impossible for one to not break a sweat, however the guidance that Sania baji gave with regards to that, was truly thought-provoking. Her biggest advice to students, that I think must have changed a lot of perspectives was ‘to not tie your self worth to material achievements’. Elaborating upon her advice Sania baji mentioned numerous instances in which students might find themselves falling into a downward spiral however they mustn't. One very relatable instance is when one might stop and take a look at all that everyone else is achieving and feeling that they are very behind. This refers to the mounting pressure of wanting to excel at everything all at the same time because your fellow peers seem to be doing so, too. However she continued to reiterate the fact that five years down the lane it does not matter how many medals you achieved on your O level sports day or if you won a ‘Best Delegate’ award in an MUN conducted eight years ago. She believed that what truly matters is how you evolve as a person when you enter the O and A grade levels. The Senior Section, according to her, is a place where a student witnesses diversity in all aspects of life, be it opinion, background, value, and the biggest lesson you can take from this is how to become more empathetic and how to widen the horizons of your thinking. She also talked about how it doesn't make sense to compare yourself with others since everyone comes from different places of privilege and access. The fact is that it is best for you not to compare yourself to the potential of others at school level because when you go to university, you will encounter so many different people advancing in so many different aspects of life and if you start comparing yourself to them then your mental health greatly deteriorates and your stuck in this vicious cycle of wanting to do everything but eventually exhausting yourself making you struggle to even keep up with stuff that you were initially good at. Sania baji also mentioned that this goes for your ‘personal achievements’ as well, so if you have tied your self worth to the amount of people who like you, it will greatly damage you in your university life, because in reality the amount of humans in your life will always fluctuate so it's better to tie your self worth to something that is constantly controlled by what you do which is internalising empathy and deepening the depths of your perception.



Letter From The Editor & Mentor

Mentor:

It gives me immense pleasure to be the Mentor of a project conceptualised by Misha Asim from the platform of GBL Society, Senior Section. The first ever ‘Shaheens Quarterly’ is a quarterly E-Newsletter combining passion and hope, with the ultimate goal of empowering students, enhancing productivity, providing a platform to young, energetic emerging talent. I would like to acknowledge the efforts of Misha Asim for being the one-man army for this volume, Ms Uzma Shakeel, Vice Principal Middle and Senior, Ms Farnaz Akhtar Headmistress Senior Section and Ms Taskeen Khan for showing faith in the project. Abdullah Bin Hameedullah for always being there to extend his support. Ms Farah Bukhari and Ms Maliha Rafi for their precious feedback. Regards, Miss Umaima Javed

Editor:

Hello Readers! I hope you enjoyed reading this issue as much as I enjoyed making it. It feels very surreal to have this out and published, for this has been a platform I wanted to introduce for a very long time. I hope this newsletter acts as a place where everyone can often get recognized and I can't wait for the future of this newsletter since there is so much exciting stuff planned.

I want to extend my gratitude to Miss Umaima Javed for trusting my idea enough to propose it to the Vice Principal. I would like to sincerely appreciate everyone who contributed, and even if your work didn't make it, keep your eyes peeled for the next one, because I want to clarify that each contribution to this project means the world to me. And finally, thank-you for taking out time to read it, I will look forward to your feedback! Regards, Misha Asim

Recognizing This Issue's Esteemed Contributors



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