



# SHAHEENS QUARTERLY



Generation's School Senior Section Quarterly News Outlet



PICTURE BY BAREERAH SHAHID XI

## "SCHOOL IN A CORONIAL WORLD."

..Many cynics are fond of saying, as if it is a self evident truth that "Life is difficult! Face it!". Before this once-in-a-lifetime pandemic, life was tense, full of all sorts of pressures. But I don't think anybody imagined that it could get this bad. Yet, we make the best of it having no other option, somehow getting through every day.....

*more on page 2*

### INSIDE THIS MONTH'S ISSUE:

"School In A Coronial World."	2
by: Zainab Zaidi	
"Prejudice"	3
by: Shanzay Sameen	
"Among Us"	3
by: Taha Sidiqi	
Exciting Announcement!	4
from the platform of GBL	
"Dhok-e-Baaz"	5
by: Misha Asim	
"Happiness; A Mathematical Explanation."	5
by: Eeman Ali Azfar	
"What Inspires You To Write?"	6
by: Rabia Khalid Lakhani	
Letter From The Vice Principal.	8
Letter From The Editor	8

## "School in a Colonial World"

BY: ZAINAB ZAIDI XI

It was Thursday, 27 February when I rushed down my apartment building, late for the school van. As the elevator door opened, some elderly bearded men, back from Fajr prayers, were waiting outside. One of them spoke up in Urdu seeing me, "Beta, the government has closed all schools for the next three days." I ignored their warning and ran towards the compound's entrance. The entire place, below the grey, chilly sky of winter, was utterly silent. After seven months of chaos in the virtual world and an absolute vacuum in the physical, it seemed that life would go back to "normal" for us with schools reopening. How wrong and naïve we were! When I thought of a return to school after the lockdown, I imagined scenes identical to pre-covid reality. I saw courtyards, sedate, suddenly bursting to life at 7:25 AM when the entire school poured in. I saw delighted friends hugging each other, laughing, teasing, the mood lighthearted. I saw the new prefect body, some of them my confidantes, taking on their new position with humility. I saw teachers teaching pretty much the same way as before. I failed to take into account the fact that the pandemic would be long from over then and masks and social-distancing mandates would be firmly in place. Finally, on 15 September, after twenty-six weeks, half of grade ten and eleven weaved its way through that fabled gate, climbing that ramp that we had been walking on every morning and afternoon for four years to find...emptiness. Physical emptiness. Pretty much the same hollowness I experienced on that Thursday morning, way back in February. Everyone's faces were half invisible, shrouded by green, blue and black masks. A lot of areas were barricaded, cutting off many shortcuts. Domestic staff and teachers all stood by, stricter than ever, reprimanding us for even slight transgressions. In class, our desks, previously in groups of fours, were many feet apart from each other. As the weeks wear on, we all adapt to this new "normal", which is probably the hardest thing we have done in our lives. Teachers are exhausted from having to teach the same class the same thing twice, from correcting assignments online and physically. But students face an even more daunting task. Having a completely unstructured world for seven months has made our minds almost dysfunctional. We are unable to focus on the paper in front of us, our Instant Gratification Monkey begging us to return to that gripping video on what Sushant Singh's last words before his death were or eliminate one more enemy on PUBG. Then, there is the emotional side to the entire adjustment. When the classes are divided in half, it means that apart from the lucky few, most are separated by their intimate friends. I feel the lockdown has caused people to be less sensitive to human emotions and some of us may be feeling isolated more than ever before. Yes, many of us break the social-distancing rule by spontaneously embracing friends or talking in large circles. Yet, there are some who did not engage in physical touching before covid-19 but now, their hesitancy is put on even more public display when it should have been the other way around. Everybody is under acute stress, from all the firm rules in place and the added strain of school work. This numbs their ability to deal with fellow classmates with a lightness which was present before lockdown. Many cynics are fond of saying, as if it is a self evident truth that "Life is difficult! Face it!". Before this once-in-a-lifetime pandemic, life was tense, full of all sorts of pressures. But I don't think anybody imagined that it could get this bad. Yet, we make the best of it having no other option, somehow getting through every day. And every morning, I wake up, still fatigued having gone to bed a few hours before finishing that one assignment, hurriedly put on my uniform, swallow my breakfast and rush down the elevator, pretty much the same way as I did on 27 February. There is one exception though. I have on a green mask. I just hope that I meet no more bearded men back from Fajr prayer.

## "Prejudice"

BY: Shanzay Sameen XI

I saw him stomping inside the office,  
Face gruesome, mouth parted,  
Staring at me as though I had lost my mind,  
"Sorry, but performers are never from your kind!"  
Already expecting such rejection, still I swallowed  
hard,  
Wondering, was it actually because of my 'hijab'?

At the mall, I felt self-conscious about my  
appearance, and  
Squirmed under the weary looks thrown at my  
boldness,  
Standing in the gender-classified queue in the food  
court,  
My presence causing the otherwise expressionless  
faces to distort,  
It always made me feel awkward in my own eyes  
Was being a transgender really a sin?

The snickers I try so hard to ignore,  
Whenever I take out my lunchbox to eat some more,  
The triggering clicks of my chopsticks,  
Set taunts around on my frail health,  
That will one day drive me delirious,  
So I ask myself now: am I really a virus?

I try so hard to fit in the society,  
Pulling off the American accent effortlessly,  
But why do I not feel honoured to share the glorious  
history,  
of my forefathers?

That drastic reduction of my salary got my eyes like  
saucers,  
They say my kind was born to be controlled, like a  
feeble slave,  
So must I blame it all on my skin colour?

A world that's full of diversity,  
Where one gets crushed and the other dominates,  
One day each one of us will reach our destiny,  
Nothing will matter that day, no gender, no colour,  
no race.  
That will be the last day of His Creation,

So why can't we put an end to this prejudice?

## "Among Us"

BY: TAHA SIDIQI XI

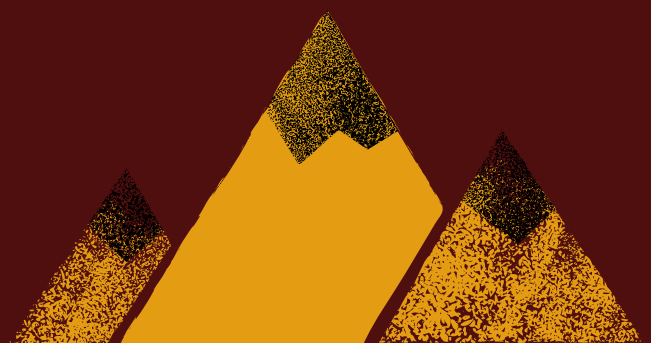
How many walk among us  
that we don't even know?

The reclusive Picassos  
and downtrodden Van Goghs,  
The sequestered savants  
and the homeless heroes,  
hiding in plain sight  
while thinkin' they're ordinary egos

The Robin Williams that never was,  
a Vaclev Havel afraid to write,  
The Michaelangelo of the street  
and Da Vinci of the Night?

How many walk this planet  
Pretending they're not on it?

Holding back to enrich our world  
with their brush, song, or sonnet.



## GENCARMA'20

December is CARMA season at Generations school and we are back and better than ever!

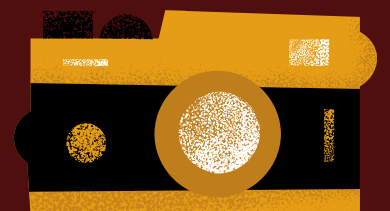
A season full of diplomacy, truth, manipulation and at times brutal honesty. As soon as you step in you can not only see but feel the journalistic atmosphere that prevails within the walls of the school. The young journalists of today put on their media robes and produce their own expert analysis after scrutinising every side of the live events taking place. However, this year things are different as the entire world has gone undercover in the name of 'virtual living' due to the threat of Covid-19 that still prevails to this date. As much as we miss on-campus life, we're definitely not missing out on the annual thrill that CARMA brings.

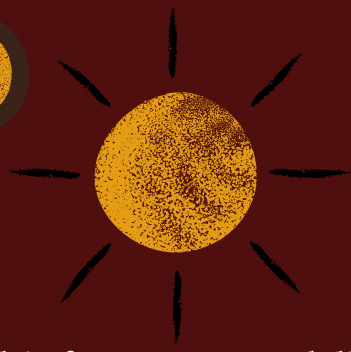
Generian's Book league, (GBL) a premier society at generations school, presents its flagship event, the Convention for Aspiring Reporters and Media Anchors (karma), GEN CARMA which is a three-day journalism convention that seeks to clear perspectives on journalistic norms and offers new avenues to students to nurture their talents. It allows the participating youth to engage in a wide variety of exercises from all genres of media, whilst interacting with notable professionals, and equipping them with the requisite tools to strengthen their analytical and observational skills, thereby inculcating within them abilities such as brevity, clarity of speech, and appropriate structuring of written expression. In addition to the journalistic experience, GENCARMA is an ideal opportunity for students and delegates to get a chance and a true taste of what it feels to be a part of the LUMS community, By qualifying to participate in LUMS CARMA.

The theme for this year's Gen Carma is "A world under Khilafah" which is very well incorporated in the six modules namely; Anchor IT, IJE, Voicebox, DTD, Print Pandemonium and Mixup. Every subevent was specially designed to polish and strengthen the students analytical and observational skills. And so we encourage you to REGISTER ASAP! **-Salvia Qazi, Vice President GBL**



follow our instagram  
page for more updates:  
@generiansbookleague





## "Dhok-e-Baaz"

BY: MISHA ASIM XI

They drip from your mouth like liquid gold but all I see is maroon from the blood of my skin that you tore apart with your teeth. They are not words, they do not travel in sound waves to reach my ears instead you grab them by the hair and carve your *dhokebaazi* into them with sharp wooden backs of broken pencils so that they pierce through my walls and rip shreds of my flesh apart with pointed fingernails. What does it mean for you to say a thing when it is nothing more than vibrations uttered into a void of meaninglessness. Then again I cannot blame you alone for *dhokebaazi* is the only medium I have ever known words to travel through anyway. Like when *amma* tells me *sab theek hai* but the purple embellishment on her right cheek sobs in silent screams yelling otherwise. Or when *dadi* says *bacha sab sahi hojaega* yet mahogany memories of cruel realities flash across her eyes sympathising with all that I have yet to face. The women in my house live in fairytales decorated with hope that are nothing but dreams coloured with *dhokebaazi*. The men let them almost taste the sweetness in their mouths before snatching it away with their own *dhokebaazi* leaving them shattered like *kaanch ke tukray*. So perhaps it's not your fault that it etches every corner of your mouth with this sin and every *lafz* that rolls off the tip of your tongue never makes it through the barrier that makes an empty promise, whole. Rather it's my naivety to believe that we can separate ourselves from the impurities in our blood.

*naya ghar. apna ghar. wahi purani lafzon ki dhokebaazi.*

## "Happiness; A Mathematical Explanation"

BY: EEMAN ALI AZFAR X

Happiness is what one may call "A state of mind", but is it really? For some, it's like an unsolvable math equation, where  $x$  being happiness and joy is never to be found. For them, the course of their life is like a Venn diagram where happiness and their lives don't have a subset; they're like two parallel lines, so close yet so far. For others, however, happiness can be as simple as one plus one being eleven. Now this is obviously incorrect and never should you try it in maths but it shows the simplicity of their minds; they obtain joy from the complications of life by simplifying their problems. It gives them the satisfaction they want and so desperately need. Happiness essentially doesn't come from love or friendships, rather it comes from the simplicity of one's life and the concept of satisfaction that they fulfill through it. People can never possibly be truly happy if they aren't satisfied with what they do and have, that's why they don't have any edges to rely on or any corners to take refuge in; therefore instead of solid shapes with structural integrity, they're just a bunch of parallel lines or even more simply put, they're like the two ends of a quadratic curve where instead of going to the tangent they keep traveling on the roots infinitely to search for the happiness that they have actually left behind. Happiness really isn't complicated, people, however, definitely are.

# "What Inspires You To Write?"

BY: RABIA LAKHANI XI

What inspires you to write?

It is the smell of leather-bound diaries, and the rustic old-paper fragrance. The sight and smell of a freshly sharpened pencil. The sound it makes as it scratches the paper. The sound of thoughts, of ideas, of dreams. It is a blank paper, waiting for unspoken feelings to tumble out through rivers of ink and lead.

What inspires you to write?

It is the world waking up. The hours before and after sunrise. It is the sound of the wind whistling, flitting through the leaves of the neighbourhood tree, the sound of it laughing as the leaves rustle in irritation. It is the smell of dew in the early morning, the chirping of birds as they bid goodbye to their young ones. It is the sky, slowly melting into the sun's warm embrace, a beautiful palette. It is the smell of rain, the sound as it hits the ground.

What inspires you to write?

It is the night. The calm, silent night, and the moon shining in all its glory, guarding, looking over us. It is the sound of the occasional motorbike passing by. The deep, dark, secret-laden sky. The stars present like faraway admirers; many, bright and unreachable. It is the intimacy, as the cool wind, ever-so-slightly brushes against your face, the tree at the corner quivering in anticipation. It is the sound of everything going to sleep, and the beauty of randomly lit windows in the dark void.

What inspires you to write?

It is the scream of the wind on the crests of black waves. The roaring and crashing of tsunamis, and the slap of these waves on the decks of ships facing their doom. It is the mysterious dancing of the flames as they lick and burn entire forests down. It is the crackle of lightening, and the roar of thunder, and the pounding of rain against the roof, the pavement, the walls. It is the cracks in the earth, as it heaves and shakes during an earthquake. It is the sound of large boulders and glaciers sliding down the mountains and blocking the path below. It is the strong winds ripping out trees by their roots, all the while shrieking and howling in warning. Beware!

What inspires you to write?

It is the gunfire heard by a small child as it tears his entire family to pieces in front of him. It is the cry of the infant, yearning for its mother, who was crushed as she tried to protect it. It is the chanting of the youth on the streets, calling for change, bringing light to issues our leaders claimed as irrelevant. It is them trending hashtags, and protesting through all means they can, to bring justice. It is the blatant hatred shown towards anyone: anyone who does not fit within the box society expects us to live in. It is the droplet of water, glistening at the corner of her eye, as her hand shakes, the blade nearly slipping. It is the desperate plea of help from around the world, a plea to put into words what they cannot. A plea to write their story down.

What inspires me to write.



## Letter From The Vice Principal

The E-Newsletter is indeed a great initiative from the platform of GBL Society which is the need of the time as well. It not only covers the challenges students are facing for the 2020-21 school year related to COVID-19 but also a variety of different genres for which the students are enthralled and are penning away with zeal and flair. Its first volume is among the most read category which is testament to its popularity and pace. The talented and very engaging writers transport the readers to fantastical realms and stimulate some superb stories/articles. We at Generation's School believe that writing is an expression to creative knowledge, but more importantly creating opportunities for students with the wisdom that 'individuals' are the atoms that hold tremendous power within to serve as agents of change and thus are confident that our students, enriched with a sense of high morality and social responsibility will be makers of a virtuous society. It is our responsibility as educators to help children understand that predicament is common to everyone. Problems and challenges need to be faced courageously with conviction in our principles and confidence in our inner strength and dreams. Mrs. Uzma Shakeel.

## Letter From The Editor

Welcome back Readers to the second issue of this project!

The amazing response on the first one was so humbling and I truly want to thank each and every one who took out the time to read, share and actually commend the team behind it.

As we move into the last month of this difficult year, I hope this serves as a cheerful ending and if not a lot, then at least gives you a minute's escape from the stress of the environment we are living in.

I would like to extend my gratitude once again to Miss Umaima Javed who constantly has to deal with my procrastinating yet perfectionist self, the contributors whom I constantly annoyed to send me their write-ups and of course all of you, without whom I would never have the motivation to work on a project as intricate as this.

Looking forward to your feedback :)

-Misha Asim.

# Recognizing Our Contributors



Zainab Zaidi



Shanzay  
Sameen



Taha Sidiqi



Bareerah  
Shahid



Eeman Ali Azfar



Raabia Khalid  
Lakhani