



SKBZAPS TIMES

“CAPTURING OUR TIME,
CELEBRATING OUR VOICE”



VOLUME 1 | LITERARY MAGAZINE | SEPTEMBER 2025

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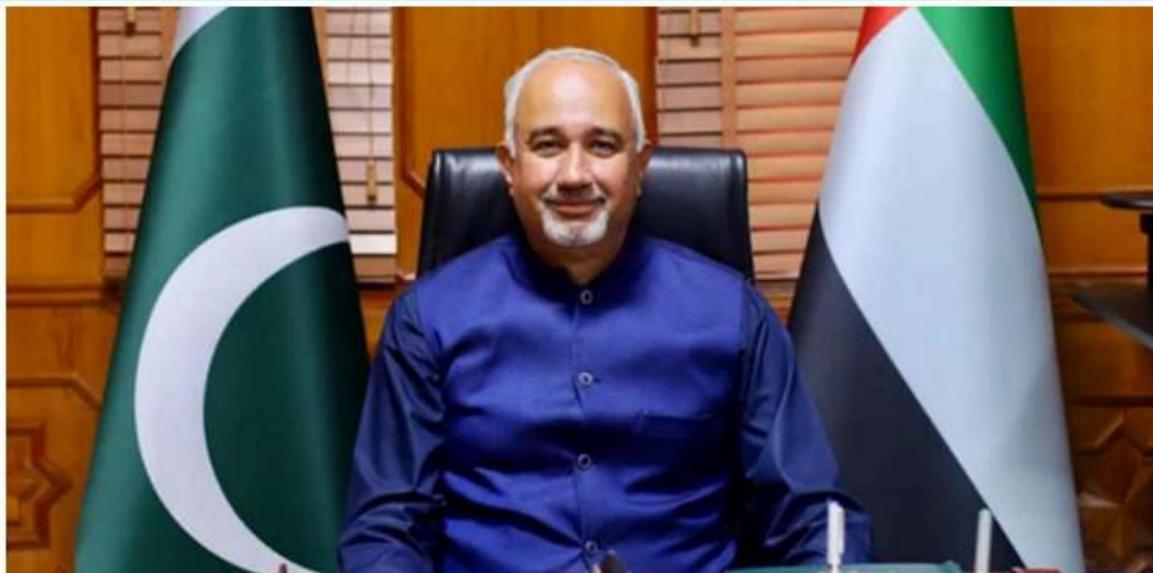
LITERARY MAGAZINE

From the Chairman Board of Trustees, H.E. Faisal Niaz Tirmizi

It gives me great pleasure to congratulate the students, teachers, and administration on the publication of this year's school magazine. This edition reflects the creativity, spirit, and aspirations of our young generation.

Education is the foundation of a nation's progress, and it is inspiring to see how this institution nurtures not only academic excellence but also critical thinking and artistic talent. The voices expressed through essays, poems, and artwork are a true reflection of the promise our youth hold for the future.

I wish our students' continued success in their learning journey, the educators' strength in guiding them, and the parents and school leadership's pride in this achievement. May this magazine continue to be a source of encouragement and inspiration for the Pakistani community in the UAE and beyond.





LITERARY MAGAZINE

Reflections from the Vice Chair

It gives me immense pleasure to share my thoughts for this edition of our school magazine — a publication that celebrates the creativity, curiosity, and accomplishments of our students.

Each page of this magazine is a testament to the vibrant spirit that thrives within our school community. From thought-provoking articles and artistic expressions to academic milestones and extracurricular achievements, the magazine beautifully captures the essence of holistic education.

I firmly believe that education goes far beyond textbooks; it is about nurturing minds that think critically, dream boldly, and express freely. This magazine provides our students with a platform to do just that — to voice their ideas, share their journeys, and inspire others.

I congratulate all the contributors, the editorial team, and the guiding teachers for their dedication and hard work. May this magazine continue to grow as a mirror of our collective progress and a source of pride for our school.

Warm wishes to all,
Ms. Kiran Kazmi



LITERARY MAGAZINE

Principal's Message

This edition of our magazine is dedicated to celebrating the creativity and imagination of our students. It provides a platform to showcase their voices through stories, poetry, art, and other contributions—each reflecting their talent, curiosity, and passion for learning.

This magazine is equally a reflection of the support from teachers and parents, whose guidance and encouragement help students thrive. To all our learners, I encourage you to continue exploring your abilities, expressing your creativity, and sharing your ideas with confidence. Your efforts inspire the entire SKBZAPS community.

Congratulations to all board class students on completing your examinations! As you move forward, I wish you the very best in your future. Whether or not you are featured in this magazine, remember you are a valued part of our school. Keep growing, stay true to your values, and strive to contribute positively to society. Good luck!

– Dr. Abdur Rashid Bangash





LITERARY MAGAZINE

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SKBZAPS

TIMES

EDITORIAL TEAM

VOLUME 1 | LITERARY MAGAZINE | SEPTEMBER 2025

Rayan Atiq

“ I came, I saw, I procrastinated... but I still made it. And always remember: your future is shaped by your dreams, so go to sleep. ”



Sana Manzoor

“ This magazine is more than just words—it's our school's spirit on every page. I'm proud to be part of it! ”



Supervised by: Shama Mussaddaq (Head of English Department)



LITERARY MAGAZINE

MISSION

To create a safe and inclusive environment that empowers learners to become skilled global citizens, rooted in national and international values.



Sheikh Khalifah Bin Zayed Arab Pakistan School
مدرسة الشيخ خليفة بن زايد العربية الباكستانية

VISION

To provide innovation-based, high-quality, holistic education to produce self-directed, emotionally intelligent scholars.





LITERARY MAGAZINE

Canvas of Creativity



At SKBZAPS, we believe that creativity is at the heart of learning. This magazine is created for the purpose of celebrating our students' voices, ideas, and talents. Within these pages, you will find stories, poems, art, photography, and reflections that capture the imagination and spirit of our school community. By showcasing their work, we aim to encourage every student to explore their potential, embrace their creativity, and share their perspectives with pride. This edition reflects not only academic growth but also the artistic and expressive journey of our students throughout the year.



LITERARY MAGAZINE

Through Students' Lens

We value creativity in every form. Our students' photographs highlight their unique perspectives and artistic talent, celebrating the environment that helps them grow as young creators.



M. Subhan



@sg.sxb



Class 9th U



Rayan Atiq



@lenziq_



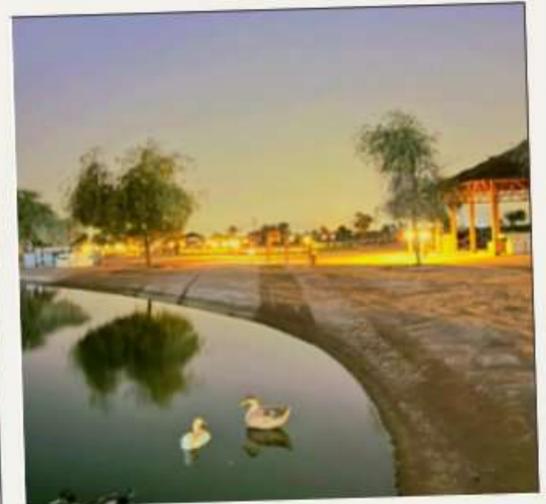
Class 11th U



LITERARY MAGAZINE



M. Rayan



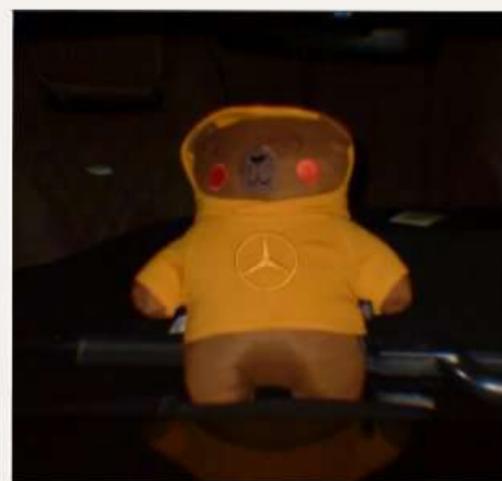
Eman Atiq



@rynrcrdz



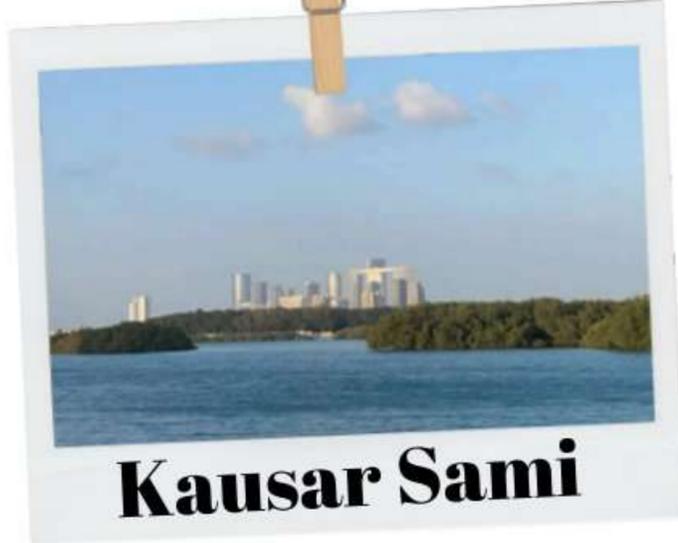
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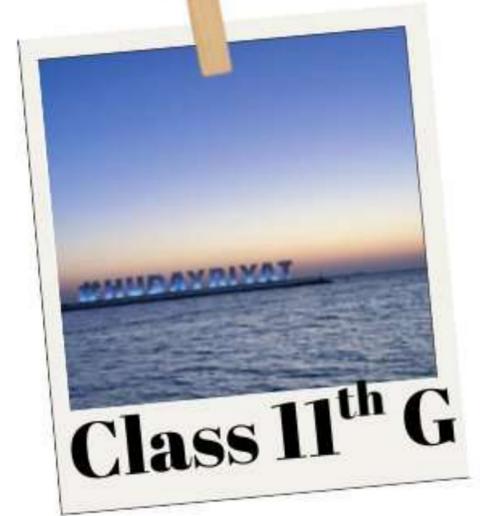
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LITERARY MAGAZINE



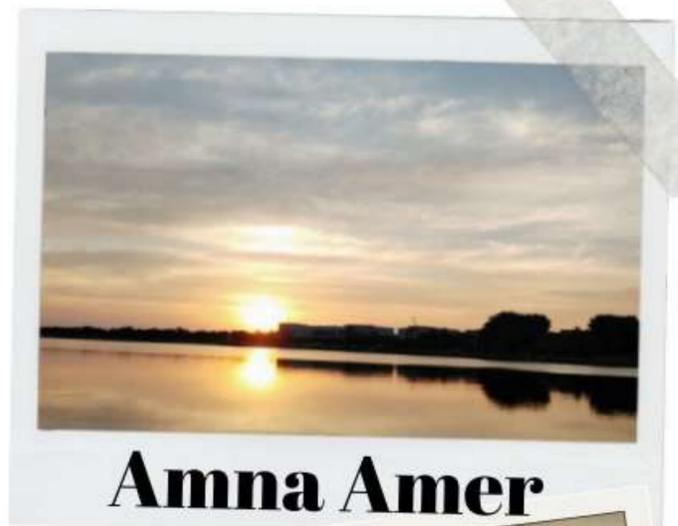
Kausar Sami



Class 11th G



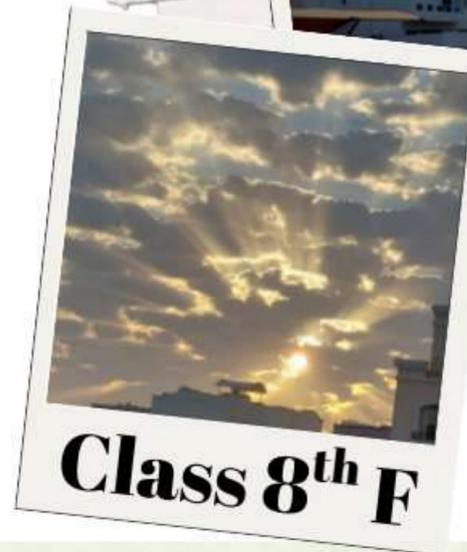
Maha Waqas



Amna Amer



Class 11th G



Class 8th F

“The best thing about a picture is that it never changes, even when the people in it do.”

~ **Andy Warhol**



The Art Corner

Showcasing the artistic brilliance of our students is always a joy. Their paintings and drawings capture unique perspectives and boundless creativity, reminding us of the power of imagination. We encourage everyone to appreciate and uplift these young artists as they continue to shine through their work.

M. Huzaifa Ahtesham
Class 6th Y



Fathima Abdur Rashid
Class 8th E



Sarah Fakhar
Class 6E



M. Shayan Tahir
Class 6th Z

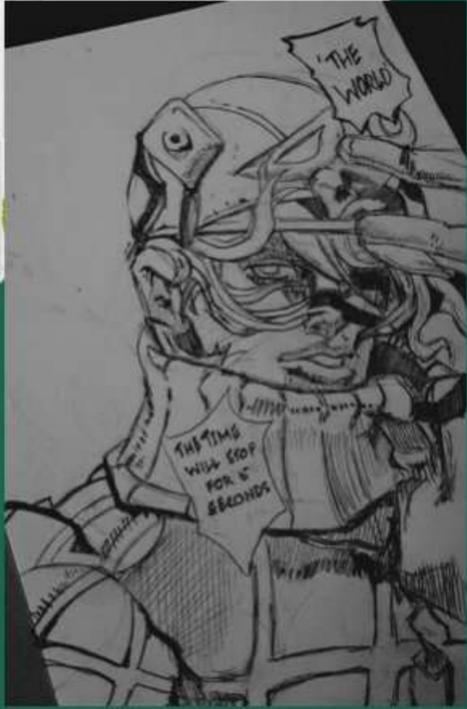


M. Rayan Tahir
Class 3rd I

Muhammad Abdullah
Class 11th U

M.Muqeet
Class 10th W

Amina Ahsan
Class 8th F



“The aim of art is to represent not the outward appearance of things, but their inward significance.”

~ Aristotle





Stories to Share

In this part of the magazine, students have poured their hearts into words through short tales and stories that reflect creativity, imagination, and emotion. Each piece is a glimpse into their world, inviting readers to connect, reflect, and be inspired.

The Echoes of the bleak hollow

Written By: Irsa Waqas - Class 8th E

Chapter 1: The Arrival

Rebecca Langley hadn't meant to come back. Not to this place.

Bleak Hollow stood at the edge of memory and forest — a sprawling, rotting estate tangled in ivy and grief. Her uncle Edgar had lived there for decades, alone after the mysterious death of his wife and daughter. She remembered little of him, just the sharp smell of turpentine, the constant creak of floorboards, and the way he whispered to himself when he thought no one was listening.

Now he was dead.:
Rebecca stood outside the gate with the letter in her coat pocket. It had arrived three weeks ago, penned in shaky ink: "If you are reading this, I am already gone. I have done what I could to seal them away. But time has teeth. The walls weaken. Bleak Hollow is yours now. But it must be watched, always. Never, ever go below."

It sounded like the ramblings of a dying man. But she had nothing left in London. Nothing that would follow her here. So she stepped through the gates, dragging her

suitcase up the moss-covered path. The air grew colder with every step, and the trees leaned inward, branches like claws. The house loomed ahead — three stories high, steep-roofed, its windows dark and waiting.

As she reached the porch, the wind stopped. For just a moment, there was no sound. No birds. No insects. Not even her own breath. Then the front door creaked open.

Chapter 2: Settling Dust

Inside, the air was stale. The scent of old paper and long-



extinguished candles hung like a fog. Her boots echoed across the hardwood floors, and dust swirled in the shafts of pale winter light.

The house was a mausoleum of memory. Faded paintings. Covered furniture. Shelves of old books and stranger things — boxes filled with bird bones, jars of hair, cracked mirrors that reflected things just slightly wrong. The master bedroom was still made up, sheets pulled tight. Her uncle's cane rested against the dresser, as though he might return at any moment.

She found his study behind a hidden panel in the hallway. Inside were hundreds of pages, all written in a frantic, looping hand. Journals. Diagrams. Maps of the house drawn and redrawn, over and over.

Each showed a new hallway. A new door. A new staircase that hadn't existed before.

Rebecca read for hours, slowly piecing it together. Her uncle believed the house was alive.

That it shifted itself when no one was watching. That there were rooms inside Bleak Hollow not built by human hands.

And beneath the house, there was a sealed chamber. Something very old. Something that whispered.

He called it "The Mouth."

Chapter 3: The Shifting

On the third night, Rebecca awoke to footsteps above her. Slow. Deliberate. There was no attic above her room.

When she opened the door, the hallway had changed.

The wallpaper was darker. The floorboards were warped. A door stood at the end that hadn't been there the day before. She approached it with cautious curiosity, hand shaking as it touched the brass knob.

Inside was a child's room. Toys scattered on the floor. A mobile above the bed spun slowly despite the still air. On the wall, someone had scrawled words in crayon:

"DONT LOOK AT IT."

She stepped back, heart hammering, and closed the door.

It was gone the next day

Chapter 4: The Watchers

By the end of the first week, she had counted seven mirrors in the house.

By the second, there were nine. She never brought them in. They just... appeared. Every time she passed them, she could see figures in the reflection standing just behind her. Never moving. Never clear. Just shapes.

At night, they whispered. Soft, incomprehensible sounds. Sometimes, her name.

And always, always that sensation: like something was watching her from the walls.

The house grew colder, though she found no draft. Her phone stopped working. The clocks spun on their own.

And beneath it all was the dream — every night the same:



A stairwell spiraling downward into darkness. A red door at the bottom. Something breathing behind it. Something waiting.

Chapter 5: The Breach

She should have left. She tried. Packed her things and fled down the forest path. But the woods would not let her go.

The trees seemed to move, reshaping the trail. No matter which direction she walked, she always returned to the gate of Bleak Hollow. The house was hungry.

On the tenth night, the cellar door was open. Not wide — just a crack. Just enough to tempt her.

It hadn't been unlocked before. She checked the chains daily. But now they lay on the floor, snapped like twigs.

She stood at the top of the stairs and felt warmth rising from below. Not heat, exactly — breath. Something ancient was down there.

A slow, fetid exhale that carried words she couldn't quite understand. Something her uncle had spent his life trying to keep hidden. She descended.

I'm glad you're enjoying the story! Here's the continuation of The Echoes of Bleak Hollow—three brand-new chapters, fully original and written in the same haunting style.

Chapter 6: The Descent

The stairs groaned beneath her weight, each step deeper into the dark pressing against her chest like a vice. The light from the house above faded behind her, swallowed by shadow. The walls of the cellar narrowed as she descended, stone slick with condensation, or was it sweat?

Rebecca didn't know how far she had gone when the air began to hum. It wasn't a sound exactly — more like a vibration in her teeth. A deep thrum, pulsing through the floor and into her bones,

matching the rhythm of her heartbeat until the two became indistinguishable. She reached the bottom.

The cellar was massive. It should not have fit beneath the house.

Pillars rose from the earth like blackened ribs. Candles lined the edges of a circular room, though none were lit.

At the center, she saw it — the red door from her dreams. Wooden, cracked, bound in chains... but the chains now lay in a shattered heap on the ground.

Something had opened it. Rebecca approached it slowly, unable to stop herself, like the air itself had wrapped around her and pulled.

Scratched into the stone before the door, in a language she should not have understood, were words that echoed inside her skull: "You are the vessel."

She turned to run. And saw the stairs were gone.

Chapter 7: The Mouth Opens

The room shifted as she stood in it — walls breathing, floor undulating as though the house were alive and dreaming. The red door pulsed with light now, soft and reddish-gold like an open wound. She backed away slowly, pressing her hand to the wall, trying to will an escape into existence.

Then she heard it. A voice. Not like the whispers from before. This one was clear. Familiar. “Rebecca...” It was her mother’s voice. But her mother had died five years ago.

She turned. Nothing. The voice again, now behind her. “Sweet girl... you’ve come back to me...” Then others joined it — dozens, hundreds of them.

A chorus of voices she had never heard before, but all of them speaking her name, all of them pleading: “Don’t let it out.” “It feeds.”

“It wears the face of love.” Rebecca staggered back, covering her ears. Her back hit the red door and it opened.

There was no room beyond it — only a vast, endless dark. And from within it, something began to crawl forward. It had no face, not at first. Just a smooth, wet shimmer like skin stretched too tight. Then it shifted — molding itself into a shape. Her shape. It stood before her — another Rebecca, eyes too wide, smile too sharp. The copy spoke. > “You’re tired. Let me take over now.”

Chapter 8: Hollow

She ran. There was nowhere to go — the room shifted, cracked, expanded — but she ran all the same. Her footsteps fell on stone, then wood, then water. Every corridor led to another version of herself waiting. Each one more broken. One cried blood. One was eyeless. One dragged her own skin behind her like a cloak.

They whispered to her as she passed: “Let go.” “You were always hollow.” “She’s already inside.”

Finally, she burst through a door and found herself back in the library. Daylight streamed through the window. For a moment, she thought she had escaped. Then the mirror across the room smiled. She hadn’t. Rebecca turned to run, but her reflection didn’t move.

It stayed behind. And watched her leave.



Laugh Break!

Why did the bicycle fall over?

...Because it was two-tired.



The English Adventure



Written By: Muhammad Waleed Javed - Class 7th Y

It was a bright morning at Sheikh Khalifa Bin Zayed Arab Pakistan School, Abu Dhabi. Three friends—Shaheer, Waleed, and Fatima—were sitting in the English language lab, waiting for their English teacher, Ms. Farah. Shaheer leaned back and said,

“Guys, did you know English is the only subject where words sometimes break their own rules?” Waleed laughed. “Of course! Like ough. I still don’t know why “though, through, cough, and thorough” all sound different.”

Fatima joined in: “That’s because English borrowed words from everywhere. More than half of its vocabulary is stolen from Latin, French, and even Arabic!” “Seriously?” Shaheer raised his eyebrows. “So English is like a global mosaic,” Fatima reported that on average, a new English

word is added every 98 minutes to the English Language. Just then, Waleed opened his notebook and wrote “I am.” “Look,” he said proudly, “this is the shortest complete English sentence.”

Fatima grinned: “Moreover, the longest word in the dictionary? Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis! Try saying that five times!”

They all burst out laughing. Shaheer then challenged them: “Quick! Tell me a word that has the most meanings.” Fatima thought hard. “Is it... set?” “Wrong!” said Waleed. “It’s actually run! It has more than 600 meanings. Imagine running after all of them.”

They laughed again until Fatima scribbled on the board: The quick brown fox jumps over



the lazy dog. “This sentence is cool because it uses every single letter of the alphabet—a pangram!”

The friends started spotting other strange things: Words that have no rhyme (month, orange, silver, purple). Contronyms like dust (to remove dust / to add dust), sanction (to permit/to ban)

Interestingly, the funny fact that Y sometimes pretends to be a vowel i.e. myth. Fatima told about the longest palindrome word is tattarrattat, invented by James Joyce. “Oh, I knew only about ‘madam, civic and level’, Shaheer laughed.

Waleed jumped in and said that English really is a rollercoaster. No wonder they say it’s “democratic”—people keep adding words, and if enough use them, they enter the dictionary and unlike French or Spanish, English has no governing body to regulate it. It evolves freely

Fatima: “That explains the weird words, and you know that English

it is also called as Emoji Ancestor: Punctuation marks like :-)) were the original “smileys” before emojis existed.” (All three of them made a smiling Emoji.)

Finally,

Shaheer said, “English is crazy, but that’s why it’s fun. Even though Shakespeare invented more than 1,700 words we still use, like lonely, gossip, swagger, eyeball, etc. May be one day we’ll add our own word to the dictionary!”

The bell rang, but the three walked out of class still smiling. For them, English was no longer just a subject—it was a language full of mysteries, surprises, and laughter.

Twist Your Tongue!

“Busy bees buzzed
by the blue bulletin
board.”

Try saying this
three times as fast
as you can!





Hana and the Roar of the Forest

Written By: Hareem Binte Zahid - Class 4th F

Once upon a time, there lived a girl named **Hana** with her mother in a small hut at the edge of the forest. One day, Hana sneaked out of the house to play with the animals in the forest. She saw all kinds of colourful birds and creatures.

"This bird is so beautiful!" Hana shouted, stepping closer to it. As she moved forward, a deer 🦌 suddenly jumped out from behind a bush.

"What are you doing here, little one?" asked the deer.
Hana replied, "I'm here to have fun with the animals!"

"You shouldn't be here," the deer warned.

"Why not?" Hana asked curiously.

"Because the **Great Lion King** lives nearby," said the deer nervously.

Hana shrugged carelessly. "What can a lion do to me? I just want to play!"

"I'm warning you," said the deer seriously. "Don't go any further."

But Hana didn't listen. She continued walking and found a huge cage.

Inside was the Lion King, fast asleep. Suddenly, a loud ROAR echoed through the forest.

"WHO ARE YOU?" the Lion roared, stepping out of the shadows.

Hana froze. "I'm Hana. I just came to play with the animals!" she stammered.

"You are too small to be here," the Lion growled. "Now you will pay!"

Hana screamed, "No! Help me! Mom, please come!"
The Lion got closer. "No one can save you now!" he growled.

Suddenly, Hana's mother appeared from the trees. She had followed Hana and found her just in time. She opened the cage door and pulled Hana to safety.

Hana was exhausted and scared. She hugged her mother tightly. From that day on, Hana promised never to go into the forest without permission again.

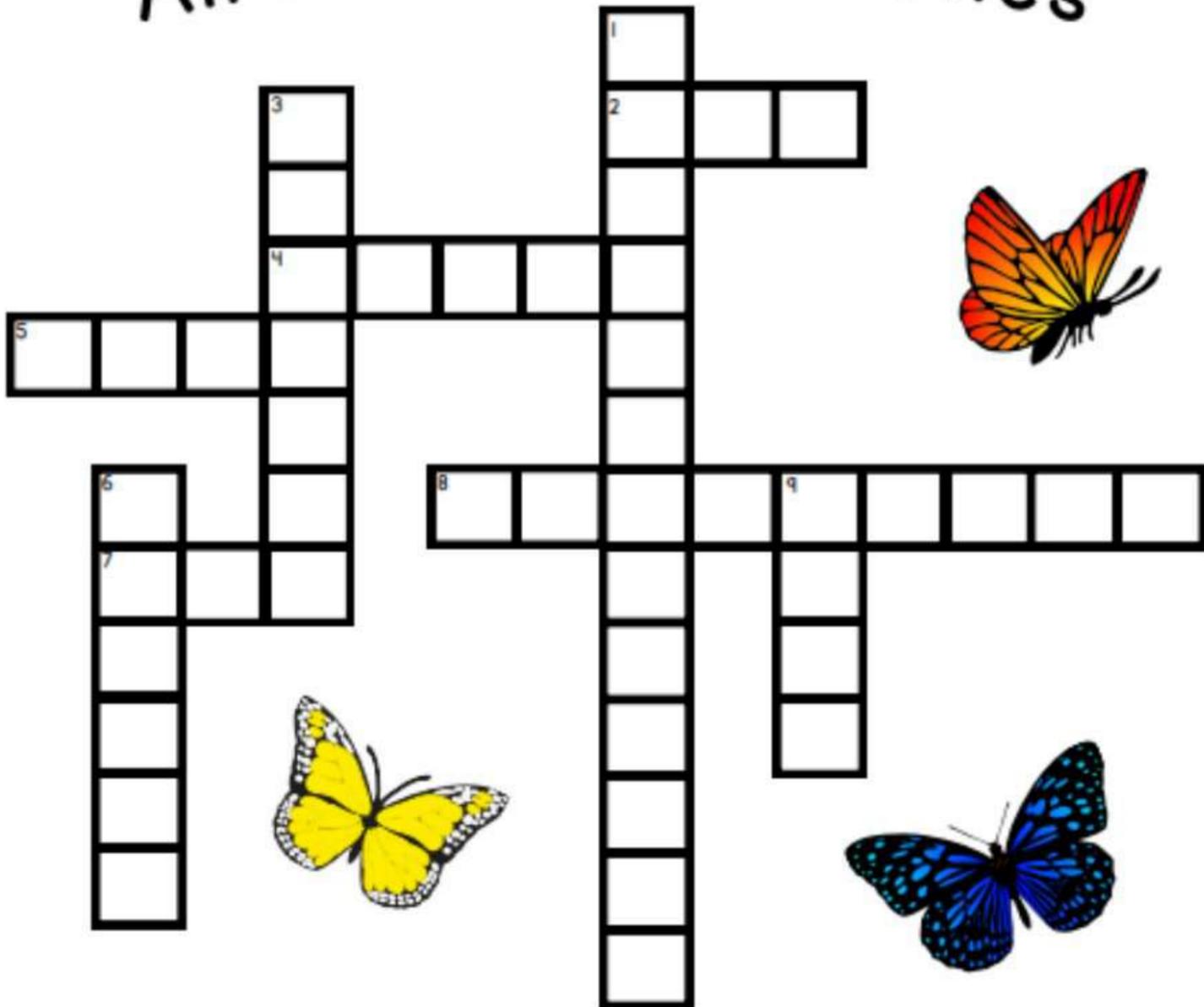
Moral of the Story: Never go out without an adult's permission. Only go outside when needed, and always stay safe.



A Quick Game

Take a short break and test your mind with this crossword, created by Abdullah M. Fahim from Class 8-Y. See how many words you can find!

All About Butterflies



Across

2. A caterpillars job
4. The name of the caterpillar stage
5. What butterflies use to taste
7. The first stage in the butterfly life cycle
8. The hanging sack a caterpillar uses to change into a butterfly

Down

1. The process of a caterpillar changing into a butterfly
3. Shedding the skin is called _____
6. What butterflies mostly eat
9. What happens to a caterpillar's skin as it grows



Articles' Zone

In this section, students have shared their thoughts, ideas, and reflections on different topics. Their words reflect creativity, awareness, and the spirit of learning beyond the classroom.

FATHER'S DAY

Written By: Zainab Muhammad Fahim - Class 10th F

The first superhero any child meets in their life is their father. In their growing age of children, they need someone who can be their role model. Father is the best example of a superhero. A father works tirelessly day and night for his family so that he can educate his children well and support them. To give respect to this hard work, we celebrate Father's Day every year. On this day, we give respect and gratitude to our father.

If any child is in any trouble, the first person a child remembers is his father. This shows the importance of a father in anyone's life. Father's Day is celebrated on the 3rd Sunday of June every year throughout the world.

The story behind Father's Day celebration:

There are two major stories behind celebrating Father's Day.

The first Father's Day was celebrated in America on 19 June 1910 to honor the father of Miss Sonora Smart Dooh.



Sanora's father, William Smart, was a Civil War veteran. William Smart's wife sadly died at the birth of their sixth child. He raised his six children alone after his wife passed away. After William Smart passed away, his daughter Sanora wanted to celebrate Father's Day on June 5, on the death anniversary of her father. She believed that all of us always respect the mother's sacrifices and emotions, but no one pays attention to the father's sacrifices. Not everyone understands the importance of a father in life. In order to celebrate the life and sacrifices of a father, we should celebrate Father's Day. On this day, we can tell our father how important he is in our lives. For some reason, it was postponed to the third Sunday of June.

My father is a source of inspiration



I can proudly say that it was my father who inspired me from day one. In other words, his attitude and personality influenced me as a person. In the same way, he still has a great influence on our daily life, like his children. Dad spends his free time taking us out or simply staying at home and watching movies or preparing a delicious meal for us, which encourages me to do the same. All my knowledge of sports or cars comes from my father.

I want to take this opportunity to thank you, and I am a proud daughter having you as my father. I love you so much, Papa Jii!

**How about you?
Who is your inspiration?**



The Power of Positivity in Student Life

Written By: Kinza Gufran - Class 12th I

Student life is one of the most important and memorable phases of our lives. It is the time when we learn, grow, and shape our future. However, this journey is not always easy. Sometimes, we face pressure, failure, or challenges that affect our confidence and motivation.

In such times, positivity becomes our strongest support. A positive mindset helps us stay calm during exams, face difficult subjects with courage, and treat others with kindness. It teaches us to focus on solutions instead of problems and to learn from mistakes instead of fearing them.

At school, a positive environment can make learning more enjoyable. Encouraging teachers, helpful friends, and inspiring surroundings help us develop better. When we believe in ourselves, we perform better-not only in studies but in life too.

Let us all try to be more positive every day. Smile more often, help someone in need, and never give up on your dreams. A little positivity can create a big difference.

Remember: "Positive thinking is not about expecting the best to happen. It is about accepting that whatever happens is for the best."



Why We Can't Stop Looking at the Moon

Written By: Saima Muhammad - Class 12th I

It's silent. Distant. Cold. Yet, somehow, it draws us in.

We steal a glance during a midnight walk, a rooftop conversation, or a quiet moment by the window. The moon's steady glow tugs at our minds almost without asking. But why? What witchery does that pale orb cast over people everywhere?

A Mirror in the Sky

The moon doesn't make light, it bounces what the sun hands it. Perhaps that's why it feels so personal. It shows us, in part, who we are. Our joy, Our secrets, Our hunger for quiet meaning amid the noise of life. We look up when we're beaming, and the moon smiles back in bright silver. We glance up when we're down, and suddenly it's a gentle friend sharing the night. Unlike the sun, which demands attention, the moon simply watches. It doesn't scorch-it calms. It seems to hold our whispers like a trusted neighbor.

Myth, Magic, & Moonlight

For millennia, we've draped tales around the moon's face the way we drape blankets around our shoulders. It has been goddess, cheat, clock, even catalyst for change. Wolves serenading under it. Lovers pinning notes to it. Farmers sowing seeds by its pull. The moon always feels both old and brand new at the same time. It has sat beside us in sacred ceremonies, bedtime stories, and love ballads from every corner of the world. Even now, with our pocket screens buzzing and machines drafting our words, we still gather under its glow to spin tales.

The Moon Moves More Than Emotions

Science makes it clear: the moon pulls on the seas. Its gravity bulges water, and maybe or maybe not, it nudges the blue stuff inside us too. Some folks swear they can feel that tug in their own skin, sleep deepens, then shatters. Jitters rise, or calm sweeps in. Studies every so often attach the full moon's name to odd crowd behaviour, though many researchers are still scratching their heads. Whatever you label it-fact, myth, mood-it rings true in people's bones. Now, a true ring is all we need.



Muse of the Night

Artists have tried to trap the thing on canvas. Night-shutter fans will drive for hours. Story-tellers turn to it when words abort.

Even in a feed packed with pixels, the moon stays stubbornly analog. Its face can't be mini-ed, crop-filtered, or simulated-it insists on real sight. That stubbornness is why blurry phone shots boom online, why artists tattoo its outline, why so many of us have confessed a secret wish out loud when its light spills down the street.

Why We Keep Staring at the Moon

It may be that we keep staring, because the moon never tries to sell us a thing or keep us up all night. Its ghost-light is there during our parties, our tears, our plain old Tuesday dinners. It doesn't judge or applaud-it just patiently hangs above whatever drama we happen to bring. In a world that rushes like a ticking clock, the moon nudges us to take a breath. To wonder, to feel small in that gentle, dizzy way that reminds us we're part of something bigger. To believe, even for a heartbeat, that the unknown doesn't have to frighten us.

Writer's opinion

Perhaps it's not the moon itself that we as humans are drawn to; may be it's the people we associate with it that make it so special. It might be the faces the moon reminds us of that turn the silver sphere extraordinary, or the poems poets wrote that make it enchanting. It could be the way it recalls our beloved that makes the moon so dreamy. The moon is not just a sphere in the sky; it's a reminder of our emotions and the connections we share with others. It carries the history of those who came before us, and the future of those who will come after.



Helping Others is the Real Success

Written By: Delisha Ali - Class 10th G

True success is not measured by wealth, power, or personal achievements alone. Real success lies in using our knowledge, skills, and abilities to make life better for others. When we help someone in need, we not only bring a smile to their face but also strengthen our own character. Helping others teaches us patience, kindness, and empathy, and gives our life a deeper meaning.

As we grow older, we gain more experience and understanding of the world. This knowledge is most valuable when shared with others. By guiding, supporting, and caring for people around us, we contribute to a better society. Acts of kindness, no matter how small, create a positive impact and inspire others to do the same.

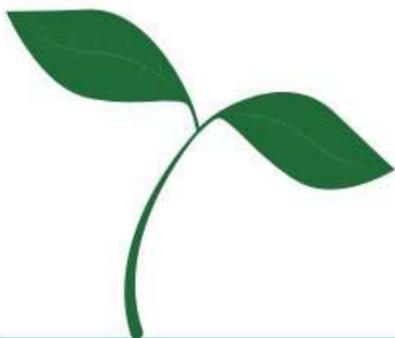
Therefore, a truly successful person is not one who only thinks of themselves but one who works for the welfare of others. Helping others brings fulfillment, builds respect and creates a legacy that goes beyond material success. In every step of life, we should aim to lift others, for in doing so, we achieve the highest.

Greenhouse Gases

Did you know that extreme weather events have doubled in frequency over the last 40 years? All these are the effects of greenhouse gases. The atmospheric gases, such as methane and carbon dioxide that trap heat from the sun; due to this, the earth gets warmer.

The biggest causes of greenhouse gases are humans. Activities, primarily the burning of fossil fuels (coal, oil, and gas), deforestation, industrial processes, and agriculture. Natural processes like volcanic eruptions also release greenhouse gases.

Greenhouse gases trap more heat, causing global warming. The biggest effects of greenhouse gases are when they create polar stratospheric clouds and destroy molecules of the ozone layer, causing ozone depletion. Other effects include events like heat waves, floods, and wildfires, etc. In conclusion, we must transition to renewable energy sources, promote sustainable transportation, reduce consumption, and plant trees, which helps in reducing greenhouse gases.



Written By:
Fathima Abdur Rashid
Class 8th E



Helping the Environment in the UAE

The problem

The problem is global warming. It is caused by burning fossil fuels and smoke from cars. It affects lives every day.

The impact

This change can cause serious weather. This erodes rocks in mountainous regions. This leads to landslides destroying people's homes.

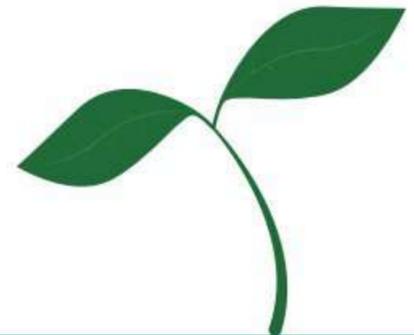
The solution

The solution to all this is to make changes in our lifestyle. The UAE helps the environment too. By taking initiatives such as making plans for renewable sources and following them into the future.

Your role in helping the environment

We can also help the UAE save the world. With a few home adjustments, the world is a better place for animals and Humans. Some adjustments can be using fewer cars to get to school, using less plastic and etc.

Written By:
Hayyan Afzal
Class 4th E





Our Explorers

Our students traveled to the UK with their teacher. The school provided them the opportunity to explore, learn, and gain international exposure. Here are some short stories they shared from their experience.



My Journey to the United Kingdom

By Ahmad Saeed - Class 8th Z



Assalamu Alaikum!

My name is Ahmad Saeed, and I am a student of Grade 8Z. Recently, I had the incredible opportunity to travel to the United Kingdom with my teacher and two fellow students. It was an unforgettable experience that I am truly grateful for, and I would like to share some highlights from our journey through Central London.

One of the first places we visited was the iconic **Tower Bridge**. Standing near it was an amazing moment—it is one of the most beautiful and well-known landmarks in Central London. Its grand structure and scenic views left a lasting impression on all of us.

Next, we explored one of the **most beautiful parks** in the city. Surrounded by nature and peaceful scenery, the park offered a calm and relaxing atmosphere amidst the busy city life.

We also saw a **historic ship**, which is over 100 years old. It was fascinating to see how well it has been preserved, giving us a glimpse into the rich maritime history of the United Kingdom.

Finally, we visited the **largest masjid in Central London**. It was a powerful and spiritual experience to stand in such a beautiful and peaceful place of worship, surrounded by people from different cultures and backgrounds.

I am truly thankful to my school for giving me this wonderful opportunity. This trip was not just a journey across the world—it was a journey of learning, discovery, and gratitude.



A Journey to Scotland

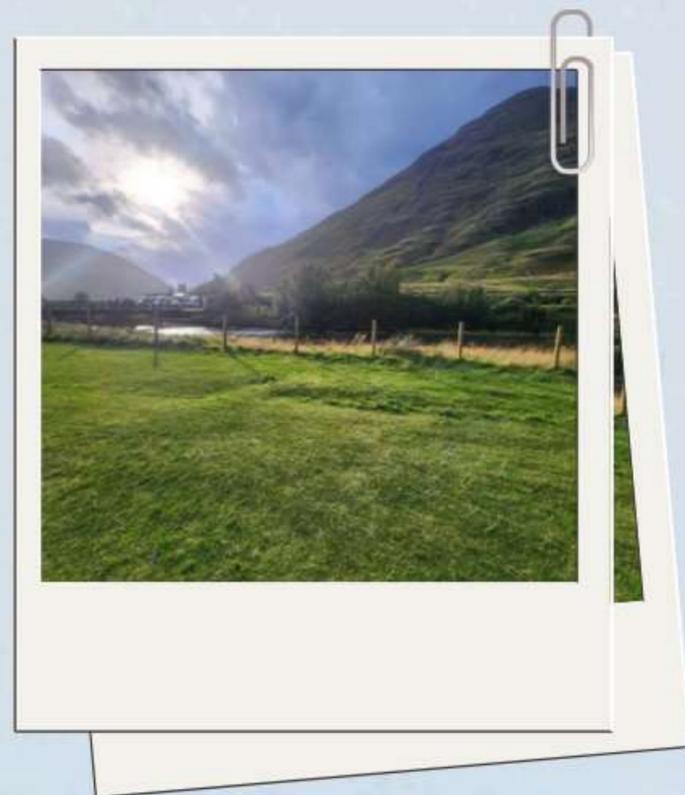
By Eshal Mussaddaq - Class 8th E

Scotland's Nature: Wild, Timeless, and Inspiring

Scotland's landscapes are a breathtaking blend of rugged mountains, ancient forests, shimmering lochs, and dramatic coastlines.

From the Highlands to the Hebrides, nature here is raw and powerful — a place where wildlife thrives and the soul finds peace.

More than just beauty, Scotland's wild places are a living legacy, fiercely protected and deeply cherished. They remind us that in nature, we don't just find scenery — we find ourselves.

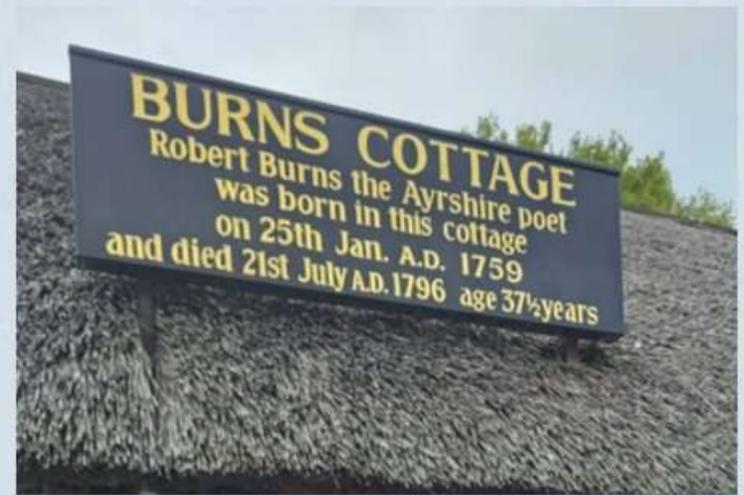


Burns Cottage: Where a Legend Was Born

Nestled in Alloway, Ayrshire, Burns Cottage is the humble birthplace of Scotland's national poet, Robert Burns.

More than just stone and thatch, this 18th-century home is where the voice of a nation first found its rhythm — inspiring generations with words of love, freedom, and humanity.

Today, the cottage stands as a proud symbol of Scottish culture, reminding us that even the simplest beginnings can spark a legacy that echoes through time.



Scotland's Parking Rules: Small Spaces, Big Impact

In Scotland, parking rules aren't just about where you leave your car — they're about how we build a better future.

By promoting fair access, reducing congestion, and encouraging cleaner transport, these rules support healthier, greener communities. From protecting spaces for those with disabilities to backing climate goals

through Low Emission Zones, Scotland is leading with purpose. Every respectful parking choice helps create safer streets, cleaner air, and a more connected society. Because here, even a parking space helps drive change.

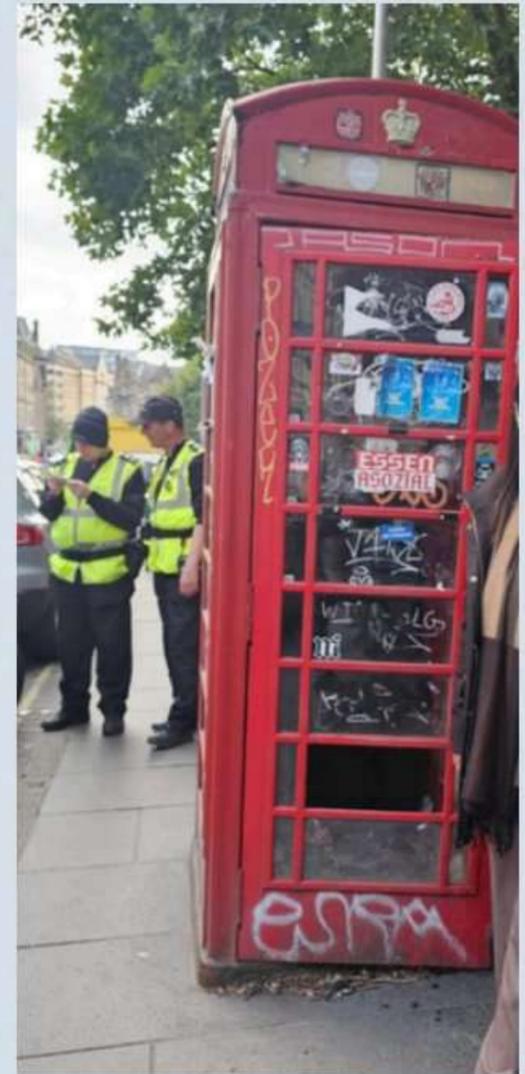


Scotland's Old Telephone Booths: Preserving Icons of the Past

Across Scotland, iconic red telephone booths are being preserved not just as relics, but as symbols of heritage and creativity.

Rather than removing them, communities are repurposing these booths into mini libraries, art displays, and even defibrillator stations — blending history with modern needs.

It's a beautiful reminder that progress doesn't mean forgetting the past — it means giving it new life.



Bright Minds

Our students never fail to amaze us with their creativity and innovation. In this section, discover how one of our own wrote a book and how you, too, can bring your ideas to life.

Maths Literacy

Our students explored the concept of place value in a unique and imaginative way. Instead of sticking to worksheets and routine exercises, they designed a fun, hands-on project to demonstrate their understanding.

The students created a bright and colorful Abacus that illustrated ones, tens, hundreds, and even thousands. With drawings, stickers, and number blocks, the Abacus shows how every digit holds a special value depending on its place in a number.



Project By Nawayan & Zimal - Class 2nd E

Invention Idea:

VisionX – Smart Glasses for the Blind

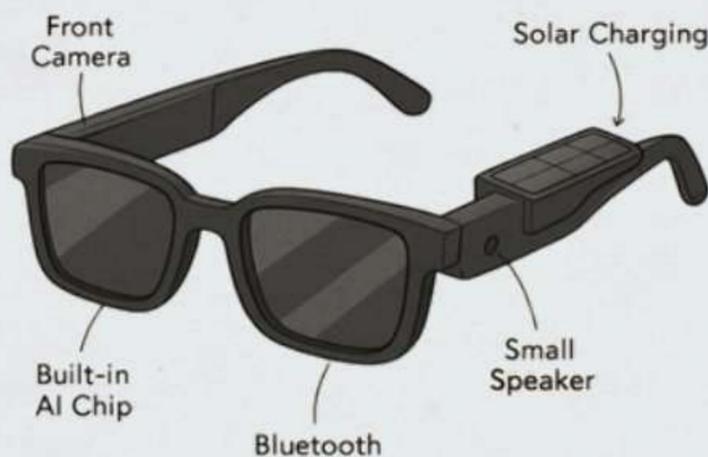
One of our students came up with the idea of VisionX – Smart Glasses for the Blind. This creative concept shows how young minds can think of innovative solutions to help others and make a difference in the world.

What is VisionX?

VisionX is a pair of smart glasses designed to help people who are blind or have very low vision. It uses AI and sensors to describe the surroundings to the person wearing them — like a talking assistant for the eyes.

Who is it for?

This invention is for blind or low-vision students, adults, and elderly people who want to move around independently and safely.



How it Works:

- Front Camera: Scans what's in front of the user.
- Built-in AI Chip: Detects objects, people, and signs.
- Small Speaker: Tells the user what it sees (e.g., "There is a chair in front of you").
- Bluetooth: Can connect to the user's phone for location or emergency calls.
- Solar Charging: The glasses charge in sunlight — no wires needed!

Why it's Special:

- Easy to wear and light
- Helps people feel confident
- Could change millions of lives

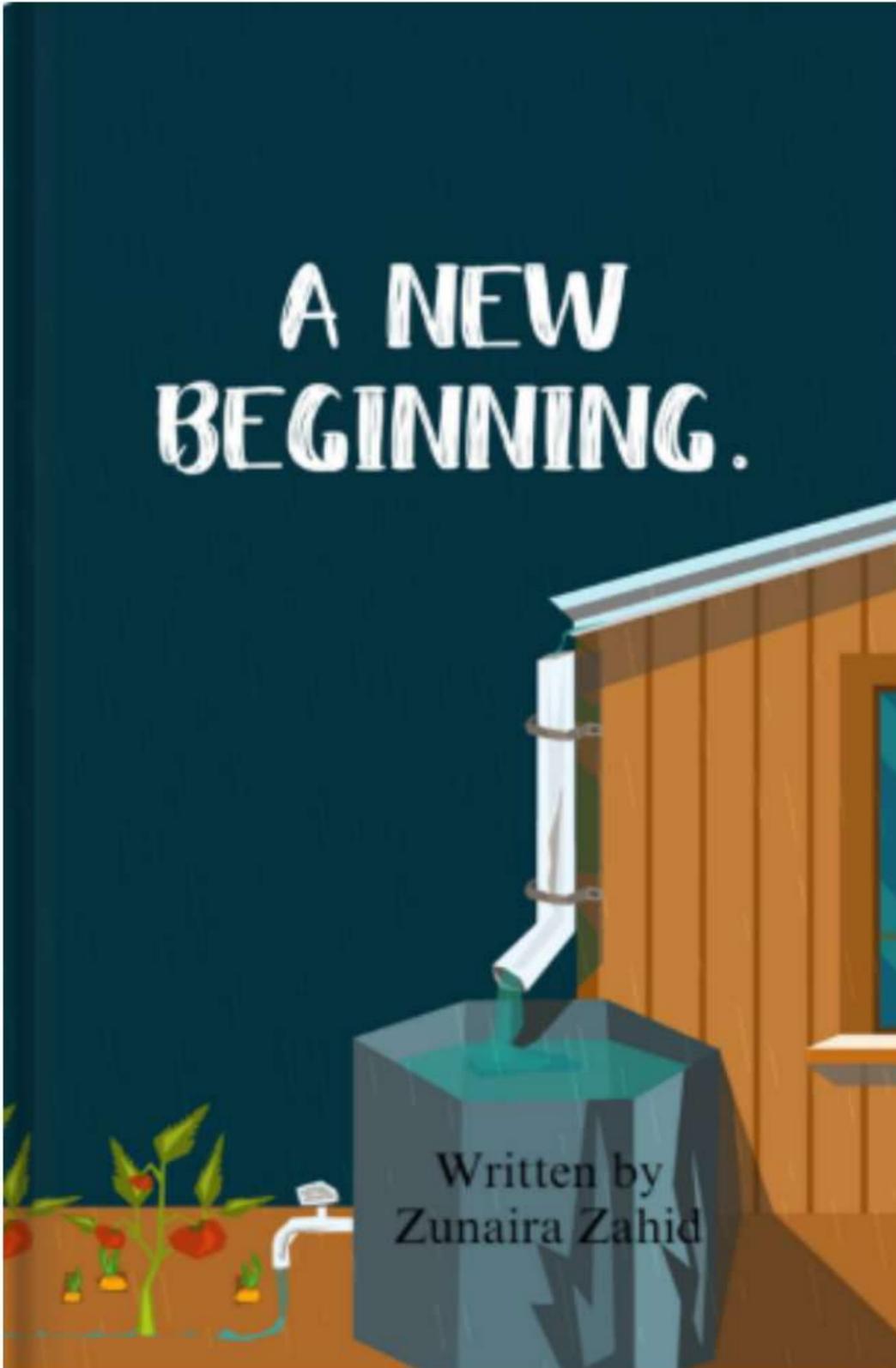
~ Abdul Rafay
Class 6th Y

Laugh Break!

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



Student Author



Zunaira Zahid from Grade 11G has published her very own book on BriBooks, showcasing her creativity and writing talent. Using the platform's simple tools, she wrote, designed, and published her book entirely on her own!

Now it's your chance to shine — begin your writing journey at www.bribooks.com and become a published author too.



If you live your life by what others think, then it isn't your life anymore.

~ Zunaira Zahid





Stanzas & Shaairi

Poetry is the language of the heart. In this section, our students share their thoughts and emotions through stanzas in both English and Urdu. Each verse reflects their imagination, creativity, and the beauty of expression.

A World of Wonder

Beneath the hush of twilight skies,
Where stardust sleeps and dreamers rise,
The world awakes in secret song,
A place where all the small belong.

The trees lean in to share their lore,
The oceans hum from distant shore,
And in the grass, the whispers play
Of tales the sun forgot to say.

With eyes unclouded, hearts so wide,
The children roam where myths still hide
They speak to clouds, they chase the breeze,
They find whole worlds in roots and trees.

Oh, may we all remember when
The stars were close, the skies were friends,
And wonder lived in every part
Of sky and soil, mind and heart.

**~ Mahnoor Farooq Gulam
Class 7th E**



Chase the stars in your dreams



I open my eyes to see a star.
When I look close, it goes far.
I followed the glittery crystal pace,
Taking me into deep space.
I end up catching the star,
Which tends to take me to mars.
So many things that I wish I could bring to space,
Like a camera with a happy face.
I get welcomed by galaxies,
Taking all what's in me,
I lose my breath to see,
A beautiful black scenery,
As I float in real time space,
I start wishing I could stay,
I got closer to the moon,
I will be gone very soon,
I look around again,
And I'm bound to see a friend,
Guiding me to Earth,
Bringing me back to the world,
With the blink of an eye,
I found myself falling into the sky,
I feel soft clouds touching me,
Which make me feel comfy,
As comfy as my bed could ever be,
When I was falling, I heard a loud beep,
Waking me from my sleep.
And that's when I happened to see
That it was all a dream.

~ Razia Amer
Class 9th E

Whispers of the Desert

Beneath the sky of endless gold,
Where shifting dunes and stories unfold,
The desert sings in silent grace,
A timeless song, a sacred place.

The falcon soars with wings held high,
A shadow dancing in the sky,
It speaks of strength, of ancient pride,
Of Bedouin hearts that never hide.



The palm trees bow with gentle sway,
To greet the sun at break of day,
Their dates — like gems —
with sweetness gleam,
A taste of heritage, a dream.

The call to prayer floats soft and wide,
Through minarets with humble pride,
It weaves through souks and marble halls,
Uniting hearts within its calls.

From Dubai's towers, sleek and bright,
To Liwa's sands in golden light —
Each grain, each breeze, each silent word,
Holds stories waiting to be heard.

O desert land, so rich, so wise,
With secrets held beneath your skies,
You whisper truths we've yet to see —
Of peace, of hope, of unity.



~ Khadija Rehman
Class 11th G



Writer's Mind.

I WISH I SPOKE THE WAY I WROTE.
I WISH I COULD HOLD ON TO PEOPLE THE WAY I HOLD ON TO MY PEN,
ITS INK DRIPPING LIKE BLOOD THROUGH MY VEINS.
I WISH I COULD LIVE WITHOUT STARING AT THE STAINS.
I WISH I COULD WRITE WITHOUT YOU IN MY HEAD.
I WISH I COULD STOP REACHING OUT FOR A HAND.
I WISH I COULD BLEED THE MEMORIES OUT OF MY MIND
THE WAY I BLEED WORDS ON PAPER.
FOR ONCE, I HOPE TO SILENCE THE CHAOS BEFORE IT BLINDS ME.
DO I GO INSANE, OR DO I HOLD ON TO SANITY—
SPEAKING OUT EACH WORD THAT SCREECHES INSIDE MY SKULL?
I CHOSE INSANITY,
BECAUSE BLEEDING ON PEOPLE WOULD STAIN THEIR HANDS RED.
SO INSTEAD, I BLEED WITH MY PEN'S INK.

~ **Khadija Ishaque**
Class 12th E



Dreaming in the Emirates

Golden sands beneath the sun,
Where desert dreams and seas are one.
Mountains guard and cities gleam,
A timeless land of light and dream.

~ **Eman Atiq**
Class 8th F



کتاب سماوی

الکتبُ من عندِ الإلهِ أربعةٌ
أنوارُها تهدي البشرُ

أولُها التوراةُ أنزلها
لموسى الكليمِ ذي الأثرُ

ثمَّ الإنجيلُ كلامٌ هدى
يسطعُ كالنجمِ إذا ازدهرُ

والزبورُ أوحاهُ ربُّ العلا
لداوودَ العابدِ في السحرُ

وأتى الخاتمُ قرآننا
لمحمّدٍ، حُبُّه في الصدرُ

نورٌ يُضيءُ الدربَ في أمّةٍ
خُتِمَتْ به الرسلُ إلى يومِ الحشرُ

- Sahl Abdullah
Class 11th W



میرا خواب

میرے مولا میرا ہے اک چھوٹا سا خواب
والدین کی خدمت کر کے کماؤں ثواب

اک امن کا جہاں ہو جہاں سب خوش رہیں
ہر مجرم کو دینا ہو جہاں ضرور حساب

ہر کسی کے کام آوں ، ہر کسی کو سُکھ دوں
زندگی میری ایسی ہو جیسے کھلی کتاب



~ Hadiya Nasir
Class 6th G

تلخی وقت سے مجبور کہیں بیٹھی ہے

تلخی وقت سے مجبور کہیں بیٹھی ہے
آس زخموں سے ہوئی چور کہیں بیٹھی ہے

قتل کر ڈالے ہیں کس نے یہ اُجالے دن کے
رات بھی خوں میں شرابور کہیں بیٹھی ہے

جب سے دیکھا ہے تری نیم باز آنکھوں میں
نیند پلکوں سے پرے دور کہیں بیٹھی ہے

قبضہ گلش پہ خزاں کا جو ہوا تب سے بہار
رکھ کے سر گھٹنوں پہ رنجور کہیں بیٹھی ہے

قہقہے موت کے سُن سُن کے لرز اُٹھی ہے
زندگی سہم کے مفروز کہیں بیٹھی ہے

کر کے برباد یہ کم بخت محبت اِکرام
آنکھ او جھل شبِ دیبجور کہیں بیٹھی ہے

~ Ikram Ullah Janjua
English Teacher



The Riddle Room

**Think you're sharp enough to crack these riddles?
Put your brain to the test and see if you can solve them all!**

I am the ghost of a substance, though I have no form.
I am in everything, but I am nothing at all.
I am the absence of motion, but I travel at incredible speeds.
What am I?

I'm the universe's ultimate party pooper. I'm the reason your
room gets messy, your coffee gets cold, and your car
eventually rusts away. I always win, and my favorite hobby is
watching things fall apart. The more complex the system, the
more I delight in seeing it descend into chaos.
What am I?

I speak without a mouth and hear without ears. I have no
body, but I come alive with wind. What am I?

Answers... A Vacuum... Entropy... An Echo

Riddles Written By Arham Wahid - Class 11th W

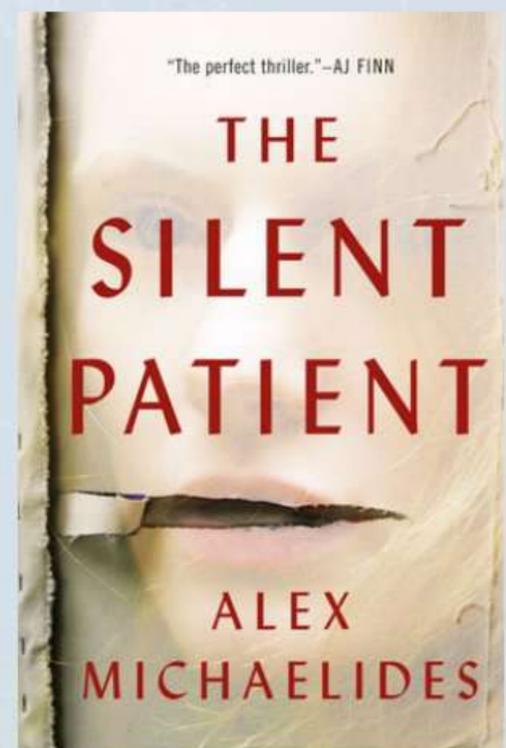


Reviewers' Gallery

The Silent Patient

“Some secrets are too shocking to stay silent...”

Have you ever read a book that keeps you guessing until the very last page? *The Silent Patient* is exactly that kind of story! This fascinating mystery is about Alicia Berenson, a woman who suddenly stops talking after being accused of shooting her husband. Nobody knows why she did it, and her complete silence turns the case into a puzzling mystery. Every page leaves you wondering about her thoughts, her feelings, and what really happened that night.



The story is told through Theo Faber, a young therapist who becomes determined to help Alicia speak again. As he digs into her past and tries to understand her mind, secrets and surprises keep appearing. Just when you think you know the truth, a twist changes everything. I loved how the



author built the suspense—it made me feel like I was part of the mystery, trying to figure it all out alongside Theo. I also enjoyed how the characters' emotions were described. Some parts were sad, and a few were creepy, but that made the story more real and exciting. The book made me think a lot about human emotions and how people sometimes hide their true feelings.

If you enjoy mysteries, thrillers, or stories full of suspense, this book is perfect for you. The ending is shocking and unforgettable—I honestly didn't see it coming! I would definitely recommend *The Silent Patient* to students who love a thrilling read full of twists and secrets.

Quick Facts

Author: Alex Michaelides

Genre: Mystery / Psychological Thriller

Published: 2019

Recommended for: Teens & adults who love suspense and mystery.

Fun Fact: The book was a bestseller and praised for its shocking twist ending!

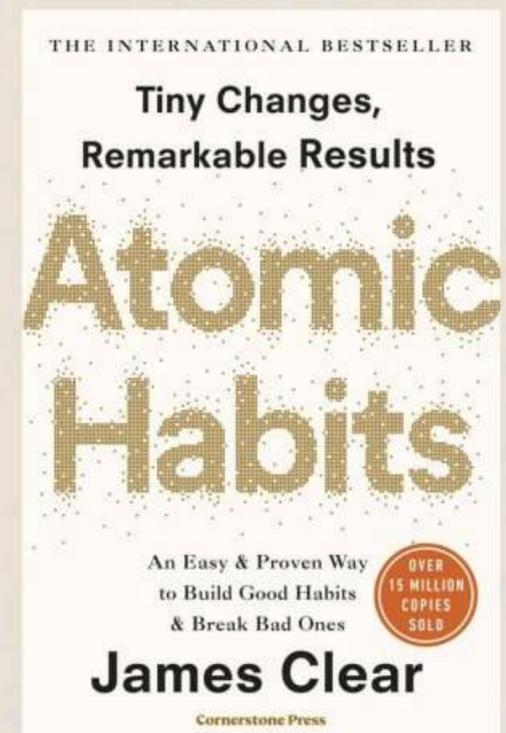
Written By: Fatima Tul Zahra - Class 9th G

Atomic Habits



James Clear is an Ohio-based writer. He came into the spotlight after his book, “Atomic Habits,” was published in 2018.

“Atomic Habits” is a critically acclaimed self-help book. As of July 2025, James and his team have sold over 25 million copies of it. It is considered one of the most influential self-help books of the decade.



In the very first chapter of the book, James has written about how one mistake of his peer shifted his entire life upside down. He says he had the opportunity to lose to his fate, but he chose to fight against it, day by day, with small improvements.



The book emphasizes that small, incremental improvements—or "atomic habits"—can lead to remarkable, life-changing results over time, for example, setting out your workout clothes the night before to make exercising in the morning easier. He suggests his readers strategies like habit stacking and many more. The entire book revolves around four key words/laws: CUE, CRAVING, RESPONSE, and REWARD. This book would help you to eliminate any bad habits from your life, but only if you are willing.

Believe me, if you are someone who is struggling to add more productive habits in your life, and want to eliminate those habits which are pushing you backward, then MATE this book is for you. A few months back, I myself was struggling to make my life more productive. I was literally living in a hostile environment (Surrounded by SOCIAL MEDIA), then I read this book-and OH MAN-since then it has helped me a lot to change myself and make my life more lively and productive. I highly recommend everyone to read this book.

Written By: Muhammad Azaan Qarni - Class 11th W

“Tell me and I forget, teach me and I may remember, involve me and I learn.”

~ Benjamin Franklin



SKBZAPS TIMES EDITORIAL TEAM

VOLUME 1 | LITERARY MAGAZINE | SEPTEMBER 2025

We, the Editorial Team, extend our heartfelt gratitude to all the students who shared their time, creativity, and effort for this magazine. Each poem, story, article, and artwork reflects the wonderful talent within our school community, and we are proud to showcase your voices here.

This magazine has been a journey of collaboration and discovery. Our goal was simple — to provide a platform where ideas could shine and skills could be celebrated. We hope you find inspiration, joy, and perhaps even a spark to create something of your own.

As Maya Angelou said, “You can’t use up creativity. The more you use, the more you have.” This publication is proof of that. Thank you once again for your contributions and support. This magazine is truly a reflection of all of you.

— Editorial Team —
Rayan Atiq & Sana Manzoor



SKBZAPS TIMES



**“CAPTURING OUR TIME,
CELEBRATING OUR VOICE”**

VOLUME 1 | LITERARY MAGAZINE | SEPTEMBER 2025

