

# Writers' Society

WRITERS' SOCIETY 4TH ISSUE

Extraordinary tales in an  
ordinary world



# *Welcome, bibliophile*

Small changes, big impact- our school's motto is what helped a dozen of persistent girls to come together and concoct a plan, a plan that aims to bring together students that have a vision for today's generation; by simply igniting pupils' interest in literature. TWS Writers' Society proudly works towards presenting student's views on today's issues, favorite novels and a variety of pensive thoughts in a manner which caters to our audience efficiently, and celestially!

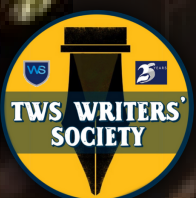
In addition to this, every issue is packed with often overlooked features such as book reviews, summaries as well as personal views by students, and many more; this boldly illustrated magazine glistens with insight and brings out the hidden talents of TWS. TWS Writers' Society also features tips and exercises on essay writing , short stories, poetry as well as articles, and inspiring prompts, and monthly writing competitions. This magazine will feature some of the best-written pieces every month and it will definitely stand by its motto "Extraordinary Tales in an Ordinary World"

—ZAHRA ALI JAFFER , MEHNAZ CHOWDHURY—

مجلة "مجتمع الكاتب TWS" تأسست في مدرسة وستمنستر دبي. إنها مبادرة يديرها الطلاب في جميع أنحاء المدرسة وتهدف إلى المساعدة في تحفيز رؤية العديد من الطلاب المتحمسين للكتابة وربطهم بمهاراتهم ومجتمعهم وكذلك السماح لهم باستكشاف شغفهم بالصحافة والكتابة من خلال أخذ تجاربهم بعين الاعتبار ومن خلال منحهم الفرص لإجراء مقابلات ثاقبة تجعل رؤاهم تنبض بالحياة. يكرس "مجتمع لمساعدة الكاتب على تطوير حرفتهم وتحسين مهاراتهم بالإضافة إلى TWS الكاتب تشجيع الطلاب على الإبداع وسيقدم مزيجًا من القطع الثقافية والحديثة والتقليدية وكذلك الكلاسيكية في كل إصدار شهري

كل عدد مليء بالميزات التي غالبًا ما يتم تجاهلها مثل مراجعات الكتب والملخصات بالإضافة إلى وجهات النظر الشخصية للطلاب وغير ذلك الكثير ؛ تتلأ هذه المجلة وتبرز المواهب الخفية لـ TWS. يقدم "مجتمع الكاتب TWS" أيضًا نصائح وتمارين حول كتابة المقالات، القصص القصيرة، الشعر والمطالبات الملهمة ومسابقات الكتابة الشهرية. ستعرض هذه المجلة بعضًا من أفضل الكتابات كل شهر ، وستتمسك بالتأكيد بشعارها "حكايات غير عادية في عالم عادي"

—FARAH ALRAWE —





# Editorial team



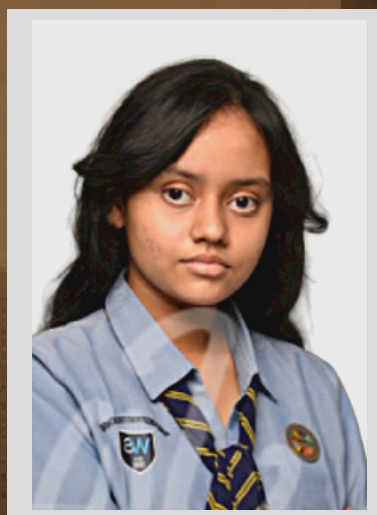
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and Writing



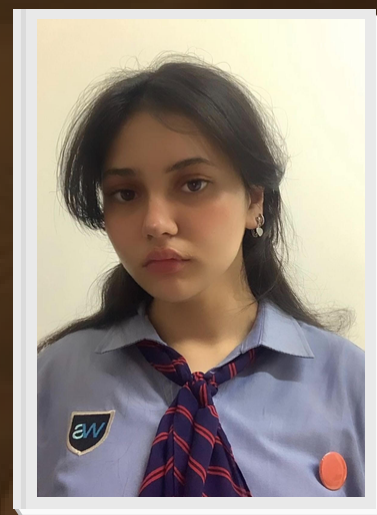
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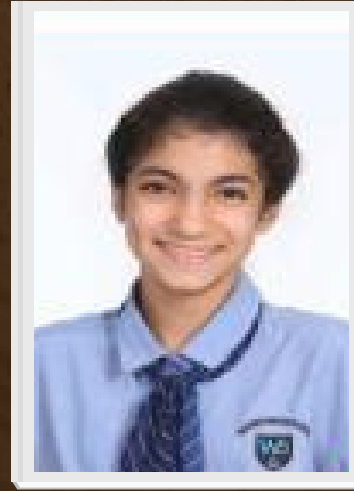
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Proofreading and Editing



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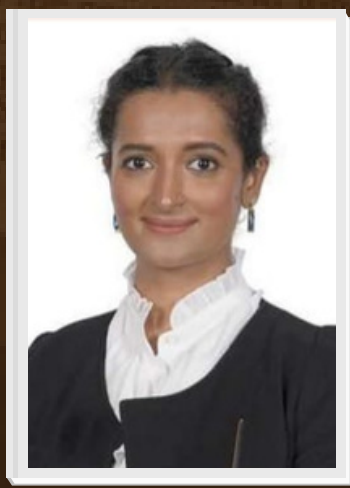
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Proofreading and  
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Proofreading



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Proofreading and  
Editing



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NO. 4



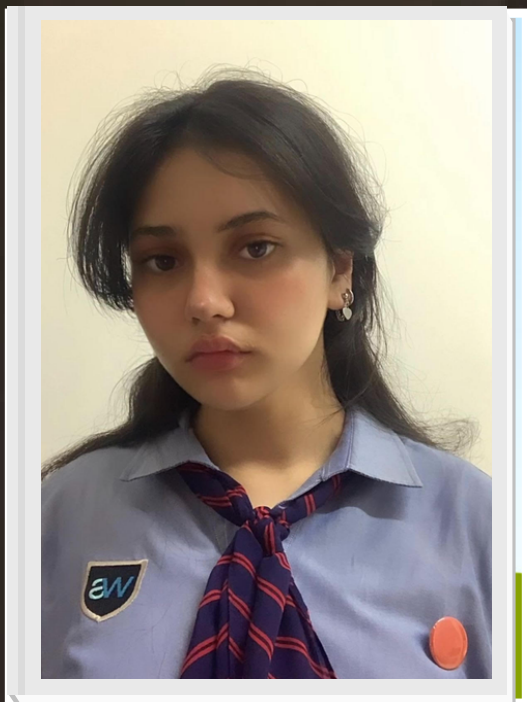




# FEATURED ENTRIES OF THE MONTH

“Nothing is more creative... nor destructive... than a brilliant  
mind with a purpose.”  
— Dan Brown, *Inferno*





**Gazeena Akhtar**  
**10G6**

# A Picturesque Scene!

The army of swarming strangers scampered to ingress the cosy yet chic café that situated right beneath the granite-grey sky filled with velvety fluff of clouds. They dashed to seek shelter from clear droplets and treat themselves a cup of hot cappuccino whose earthy aroma one couldn't resist. Misty drizzles poured down the window, awakening the public with the calm drip-drop sound. The wind howled in harmony. Everyone had left their crispy croissants and sweet delights that would melt as soon as it touched their taste buds. To appreciate the binding beauty of the down pour.

## *Essay*

# Woman- a source of knowledge

**What does the word "WOMAN" convey to you? One thinks of beauty, emotion, softness and a caring nature.**

**A woman is a mother, she is a sister, a daughter, a wife. However, little do we realize that women are capable of making waves with their presence.**

**A great example we have is that of Aishah (R.A) who was one of the biggest scholars of Ahadith (prophetic narrations) known in history. It was through her that the Sahabah (Companions of the Prophet (S.A.W)) learned the actions of the Prophet (S.A.W) that no one else ever knew. She was one of the best Fuqaha' (scholars of Islamic jurisprudence) of her time.**

One women's du'aa (supplication) can change generations. Maryam (R.A)'s mother sought protection for her daughter and her daughter's family when she was just a baby.

"And I place her and her progeny under your shelter against Satan, the rejected."(3.36)

As a result of this du'aa, Allah protected her and Isa (S.A) from the evils of Shaytan (Satan). Not only was her own child given the protection of Allah, but so was Isa (S.A).

Subhan Allah  
(Glory be to Allah)

**By:**  
**Muslimah**  
**Muhammad**  
**10G6**



# POETRIES

*“Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar.”  
— Percy Bysshe Shelley*

# LANGUAGE OF LOVE

My dear,  
I am writing this to you from a very,  
very far distance.  
I don't know where you are in the world,  
from which street of which city you are reading these  
lines.  
I don't know if you're sipping coffee against the cold  
waves of the harsh sea by the beach,  
or just watching the ceiling and listening to music.  
It doesn't matter right now, believe me.  
What you've been through,  
what you've been through,  
what you'll live through,  
what you'll get through  
I promise you that I will plant rose gardens on all the  
thorny paths you have walked and crossed.  
When you cry, I will caress your hair and kiss your  
palms.  
I will love you so much that I will process every single  
grain of your faults one by one.  
I will be you.  
When you cry,  
I will cry,  
when you fall,  
I will scab over your wound.  
Everything will end with me my darling.  
Instead of starting a clean slate with you,  
I'll burn all the old notebooks and be whole.  
I will love your shortcomings. Most of all,  
I'll cling to your flaws.  
Goodnight Sweetheart.  
We meet in dreams.

-ARSALA FAHIM-9G2



# Under the Bed

The night expands as the wings of the devil,  
carrying evil intentions, causing destruction.  
The moment I look under my bed,  
I see a world where mysterious creatures reside,  
and is enormous as the universe.  
I see angels protect the earth as she dreams of restoring humanity.  
A charming moon princess with spellbinding features  
and hair that flows like river.  
A fairy that casts magical spells,  
that causes little children in cradles to chuckle.  
But the images that appeared weren't always jovial.  
Somewhere mixed with magnificent flowers  
were images of dreadful, dark, decomposed flowers.  
Especially the necromancer,  
whose face was gushing blood and carried rituals  
and whispered incantations in my ears.  
The one that terrified me the most was the little girl  
cringing under my bed and felt lonely.  
The little girl looked innocent from a distance.  
But as you go further, the pure soul will transform into a cacodemon  
and will hunt for your soul.

-TANVI KHIRE- 10G4

# If it wasn't for the dream

One night on the street, We collapsed to the ground suddenly.  
Your eyes are very red. We hugged after a while.  
I guess this feeling like dying, I'm out of my mind  
The eyes of the horses we love...  
It's meaningful when you stare blankly.  
All the roads we walk... More than steps.  
Cute toys have no life. That's why they can be thrown.  
Throw yourself away at everyone's expense.  
Put yourself in everyone's shoes if you can forget the truth.  
Happiness always stays away. It is a long road, no salvation.  
The hero who gave the streets their name... Fear of death in the face of death.  
A corpse that had vanished into nothingness could not have foreseen that it would  
change. Every step taken is a burden.  
You can't teach me to live.  
Feel the emptiness inside.  
You can't just cry.  
If you want more,  
You cannot sleep happily.  
If you wish for more, you just can't get away.  
If you want the truth...  
It couldn't end like this...  
You can't find the balance without finding yourself.  
Your sacrifices are never enough.  
  
If it wasn't for the dream.

-ARSALA FAHIM- 9G2



# SHORT STORIES

*“A short story is the ultimate close-up magic trick – a couple of thousand words to take you around the universe or break your heart.”*  
– Neil Gaiman

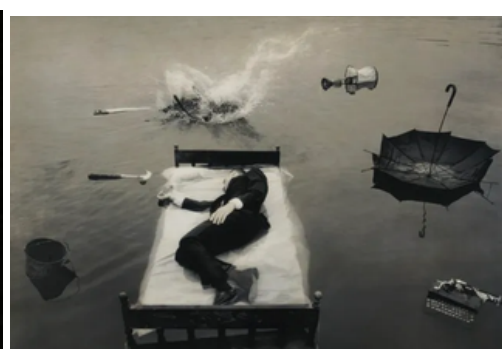


# Living Nightmare

I woke up in a pool of sweat again. A nightmare. Except, I wasn't sure if I was actually sleeping anymore. Here I am, standing beyond a tunnel of darkness, and inside the tunnel are all my emotions bottled up together. Emotions that I'm scared of. Funny, right? Someone who is scared of their own emotions. It stays with you your whole life, and you can't get rid of it. Voices telling you you're not good enough even when you have worked relentlessly leave you on the verge of collapsing. It leaves you uncaring of onlookers who assume you have lost your mind. This is a living nightmare. Your own emotions killing and haunting you. Am I not good enough? Will I ever be? Those two questions are the main contenders at the moment. Questions that run through my mind. My heart had been aching, it ached for so long and I had to keep a straight face throughout this whole journey, a journey where I battled myself. Maybe if someone had lifted me, had told me it would have been okay, and that one day I would have learnt to control my emotions before they would have controlled me, it really would have been okay.

That's what I wished for years before my own emotions had actually killed me. I lived a nightmare, a nightmare no one deserved to go through.

Please check up on the people you love, they may be hanging by a thread.





# Molten Rain

I was standing on planet 193788b, and it had only been ten minutes since we landed. My partner had gone out to scout around the horizon, while I stayed within close range of the space shuttle. The area surrounding me looked quite outlandish, although that is what one would expect if they were stepping on a planet that isn't Earth or Mars.

Hills with jagged peaks covered most of the area around me. It was a bit difficult to see because of the hazy mist in the air, but I could make out the faded pathways of streams which had dried out long ago. The brightest star in the sky, Caldimus, was, in fact so bright it illuminated the hills in a way that made them look beautiful and menacing at the same time. The sky was a mix of red, orange and yellow hues, blended so well that it was almost impossible to tell where the first colour ended and the next one began.

The ground under my feet felt hard, yet it was soft enough to remember my footprints as I walked towards the dried-out stream. I bent down to collect a few samples of the ground and the sand that was a part of the stream and put them in an air-tight container.

I hypothesized how the stream could have dried out when a sudden, loud rumble shook me. It sounded like thunder, and when I looked up, I saw flashes of lightning amongst an angry crowd of clouds.

Of course, it rains on this planet too. What was it that rains here again? I thought. As if the clouds had heard my thoughts, it began to rain. Slowly at first, but then it sped up. Was that water? Or some other transparent liquid? If only I could remember-

Ssss. Crack.

I looked up to see a hot, sizzling hole in my helmet, a notification flashing on the pad I had in the sleeve of my spacesuit. Warning: Spacesuit breach, it read in bold red.

Then I remembered.

Covering the hole in my helmet to prevent the toxic air from getting in and forgetting about the hazy sky and damp soil, I sprinted towards the shuttle, my heart hammering in my chest. Once inside, with shaking hands, I sent out a command to seal all the doors and fortify the protection of the shuttle, all the while hoping that my partner would make it back in time without getting killed by the rain of molten glass.





# Fearing the Unknown

I don't know where to begin exactly.

My name is Melissa Higgins; I'm a journalist from London. I recently travelled to research agriculture in Konkan (A place in India). What I experienced there was kind of bizarre. "Let me tell you the back story!"

It was a dark, ghastly, and spine-chilling night when I was travelling through the forest. I could see the trees which had thick roots, which dipped into the ground with twisted and curly branches that reached out. It almost looked like a blood-sucking Demogorgon. My stay was arranged in a "Wada" (A traditional mansion found in Indian State of Maharashtra) which was owned by Shreekant Deshmukh. I finally arrived at my destination. The Wada was in a ramshackle condition and reflected the elegance of a bygone era with the door covered in web spun by spiders. As I moved in, I began to feel sort of déjà vu and felt that had been here before or at least at a certain part. I could sense the story that echoed within the walls which kind of felt bothersome. Somewhere within mixed with pain, were images of soft flower. The windows there were covered with ash-like debris and all the furniture was "as old as a ghost." There was a gigantic painting of a spooky man, hanged near the staircase. Then I met the caretaker of the house Annasaheb. Annasaheb was an old but helpful man who cooked me a delicious supper. I was really exhausted so I ate dinner, and went to my bed chamber to rest. But first I had to take a few selfies before I was off to bed. I was deep in sleep when I heard an approaching sound. I felt like the sound was walking toward me, as soon as I opened my eyes the sound disappeared.

Suddenly, there was a smell of that was similar to rotting meat. The smell nearly made me faint and it was literally an experience of a scene from a horror movie. But I was sceptical about paranormal occurrences and did not believe in such a phenomenon. I was really tired so I didn't care and went back to sleep. The next morning when I strolled down the stairs to get some breakfast, I saw that all the clocks stopped at two. I went and asked the caretaker about it, but he replied that the clocks are archaic so they don't work quite well. I then decided to explore the Wada. As I further strolled, I saw a basement which leads to an attic. Suddenly I heard my phone vibrating so I went to answer it. I started working on my research and completely forgot about the basement. It was almost midnight so I stopped working and went to bed. I started to hear the sounds again, and as soon as I opened my eyes, I looked at the window and saw someone passing. I saw a lady dressed in white, had a creepy face and was covered with blood. I was petrified so I closed the window and went to sleep. I woke the next morning and opened my phone to see the pictures I took the day I came. I saw a shadow of a lady. I had to do something. I went down to the basement and saw that the door to the attic was covered with religious thread. I went to the caretaker and asked about it. He started to tell a story. Long time ago Shreekant Deshmukh brutally murdered his wife. Few days after the murder, he disappeared. No one ever knew what happened to him. People believe it was his wife who did it. After that the people decided to call a Tantric (ghost catcher) to seal the room with threads, so that the ghost could lose its power. I decided to leave the Wada so that the ghost could live peacefully.

I wasn't able to complete the research yet I found a story to write on....





# ESSAYS

*“If one cannot enjoy reading a book over and over again,  
there is no use in reading it at all.”*

*— Oscar Wilde*



# RACIAL DISCRIMINATION AND ITS EFFECTS ON YOUNGSTERS

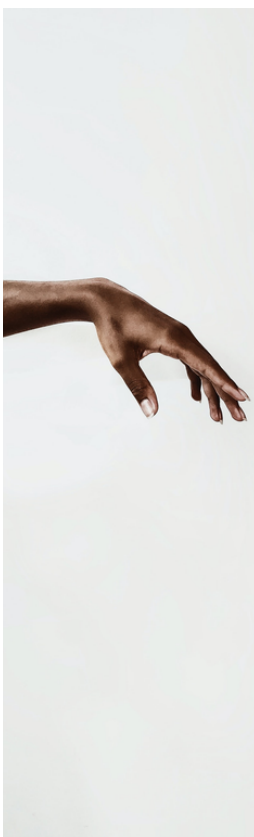
The most pressing issue in terms of racism comprises various sorts of harassment and bullying directed towards students of various ethnicities.

Despite centuries of people of colour battling for their independence, freedom, rights and the ability to express themselves, hatred persists. It is the youngsters, the next generation, who must face the burden of those who learnt to hate someone just because of the pigment in their skin.

There is a long history of mob violence and persecution of youngsters of colour. Kids are not born to despise others since they are different; rather, previous generations have instructed and demonstrated how to handle diversity and individuals who are the polar opposite of what we believe they ought to be. Whenever you examine, there's a different reason why most people of colour are regarded so poorly, that the offspring will only wise up to be thugs, lazy, or an useless burden in society.

The easiest method to eliminate racism is to promote our children the ideals of tolerance and respect, and to teach love rather than hatred toward one another. Teach children not to criticize others based on their ethnicity and race, but rather on how they behave themselves and others in their circumstances. Discrimination might be instilled within or outside the house, but that does not imply that hostility cannot be replaced with something a little more valuable, which is benevolence and compassion for each other, regardless of race or gender.

Effort must be made to avoid following descendants from making the same faults as previous generations. That racial disputes must be handled with respect and empathy, and that peace and stability must be promoted across school districts and households. Racism would never be solved via hard deeds and vicious words, but with forbearance and civility, which we must all have learnt.





# The odd ones out

Crowds gather together annually to celebrate their shared beliefs in the form of festivals. Politicians, singers and other social figures are revered for their ability to charm and encapsulate vast amounts of people. Essentially, this ability to form large groups and relations is what sets humans apart from others in the animal kingdom.

Since the very beginning of time, humans have been inclined toward seeking out commonalities and forming groups to survive. Social instinct – the need for a sense of belonging– is one of the four basic human instincts. Each human group developed their own unique set of beliefs, customs, rituals, and attitudes, which we collectively call their culture. Understanding a society's culture was a sign of belonging to that society.

Human ancestors with larger brains and bigger groups would have been better at hunting and gathering food, better at sharing the spoils, and better at fighting off predators. Following the hunter-gatherer era came the agricultural revolution, the bronze age, establishment of civilizations, empires and life as we know it today, all enabled by our basic ability to cooperate.



-SALEHA ANWAR- 11G6





# VIEWS ON ONGOING ISSUES

*“There is no friend as loyal as a book.”  
— Ernest Hemingway*

# Education Inequality

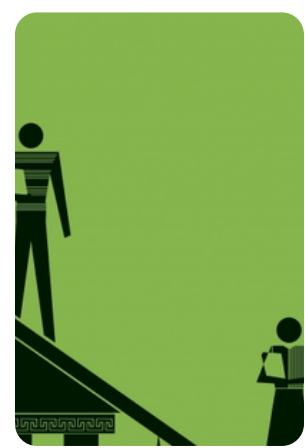
Many factors have such a wide-ranging and far impact on the entire quality of a human's and a society's existence is lack of education.

Despite its status as a fundamental human right, education is still deprived to many students around the globe. The factors that hinder a person from receiving high-quality learning are as serious as the consequences of poor education. This is why nations with low finances and underdeveloped education systems are unable to break free without outside involvement or assistance. Essentially said, developing a solid education system necessitates a thriving economy, and a thriving economy necessitates decent schooling.

Because advanced countries have increasingly acknowledged the value of education, accessibility to school is a given in many of these nations.

On the other extreme, schooling is a privilege that many undeveloped nations and financially suffering portions of the world cannot obtain. Many people across the world have been prevented access to a decent education, and the information they have is insufficient to effectively face the problems of the twenty-first century. The causes for this might be economic, geographical, and social in origin.

The damaging outcomes of a lack of education or poor training are diverse, and they can have an influence on both an individual's life and the lives of humanity as a whole. They include wellness, societal, and economic factors, all of which have major consequences. The longer an individual or group is denied access to education, the more serious, long-lasting, and irrevocable the ramifications become.







# BOOK REVIEWS

*“I have always imagined that Paradise will be a  
kind of library.”  
— Jorge Luis Borges*

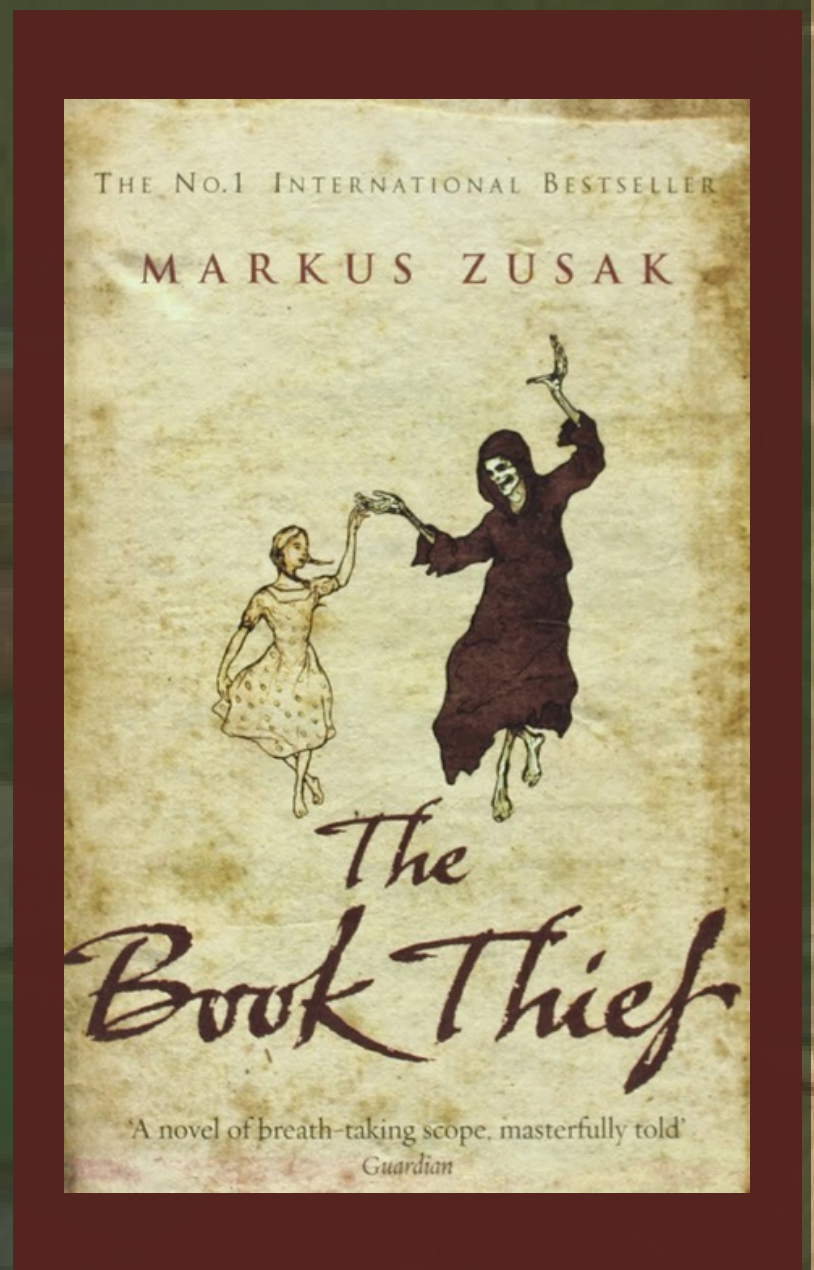
# The Book Thief

## By: Markus Zusak



This is a novel to hold dear, a modern classic. I thought it was fantastic. The Book Thief is situated in Germany in the years 1939-1943 and relates the narrative of Liesel, as told by Death, who has in his hands on the manuscript she wrote about such periods. As a result, they are both book thieves in certain ways. Liesel steals haphazardly at first, then deliberately, yet she is never greedy. Death takes Liesel's notebook after she abandons it, abandoned in her despair, in the midst of the devastation which was once her neighbourhood, her house, and bears it with him. When I read a good novel, I can't help but read it in two different ways: the story and the way it's written. They aren't entirely inseparable, but they do support each other out. Markus Zusak has demonstrated that he is a great author, a linguistic artist, a composer, and an intellectual phenomenon in The Book Thief. His words are melodic, evocative, poetic, and insightful.

Death is shown realistically as a lonely, troubled person who is captivated to youngsters and has had plenty of time to ponder and marvel at human behavior. Liesel is extremely real, a kid living a child's life of sidewalk soccer, snatched joys, unexpected emotions, and a full heart as bombs fall around her, injured soldiers hang themselves, and heartbroken parents glide like ghosts. Many elements save this novel from being completely dismal. For one thing, it's never morbid. The pages are alive with laughter, and the depth of the imagery, as well as the fullness of the protagonists' emotions, cannot help but bring you up. Furthermore, it's refreshing to read such a realistic account in which regular.



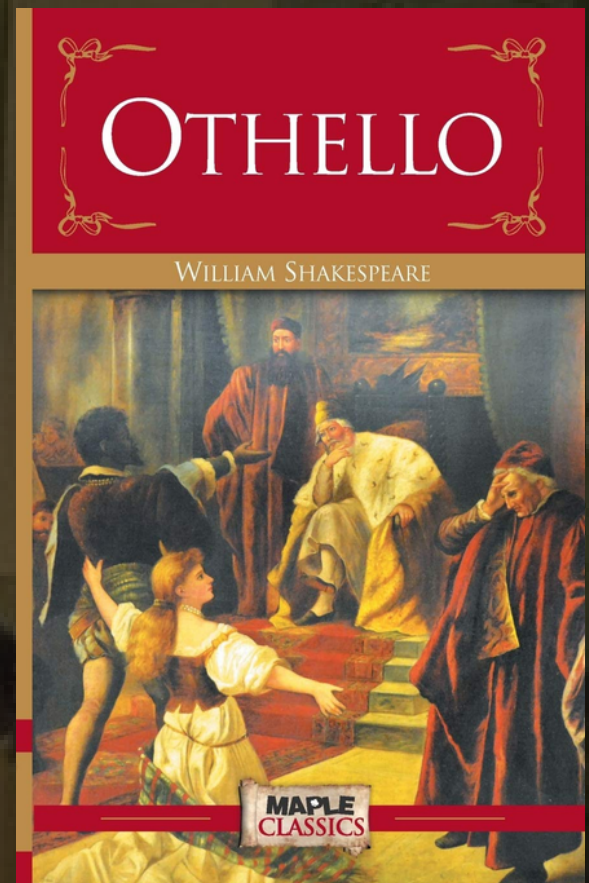


# Othello

## By William Shakespeare



Throughout this read, I realized that Othello is far more than the finest of melodramas, but that the essential to understanding its complexity rests in the notion of the social disguise. Othello is a warrior who constantly appears in public wearing a mask: the mask of a completely competent military captain who is much too noble to be influenced by sentiments that would drive someone else to be trivial or dishonest.



Iago adopts a comparable mask: that of a completely professional soldier subordinate who is forthright and genuine and immune of deception. Othello's façade conceals a spider's nest of concerns, fears born of discomfort as a black individual in a foreign white society. Iago's façade conceals the truth that he is a psychopath driven by envy and wrath. Othello is unable to discern the actuality of wickedness under a mask that is identical to his own, but instead misconstrues each forthright action of his loving wife as evidence of the devilish mask of an expert adulteress. This is Othello's deadly mistake, and Desdemona as well as Othello pay heavily for it.

-GAZEENA AKHTAR-10G6

If you want us to review your book suggestions, email them to us at [twswritersmagazine@outlook.com](mailto:twswritersmagazine@outlook.com) and we'll read them and get back to you!



# URDU ENTRIES

*“That’s the thing about books. They let you travel  
without moving your feet.” – Jhumpa Lahiri*



# کام کے تجربے کی اہمیت

"علم کا واحد ذریعہ تجربہ ہے۔"  
البرٹ آئن سٹائن۔

بہت سے طلباء کے لیے، کام کے تجربے کی تفویض ان کی پہلی فرسٹ ٹائم جاب ہو سکتی ہے۔ اس بات کو ذہن میں رکھتے ہوئے، کام کے تجربے کے بارے میں بہت سے سوالات کا ہونا حیران کن نہیں ہے۔ کیا کام کا تجربہ آپ کے مستقبل میں مدد کر سکتا ہے؟ کیا یہ ایسی چیز ہے جس سے آپ لطف اندوز ہوں گے؟ کیا یہ آپ کو کوئی فائدہ مند مہارت پیدا کرنے میں مدد کرتا ہے؟ میرے نقطہ نظر میں، کام کا تجربہ بہت اہم ہے اور اس کی بہت سی وجوہات ہیں۔

جب آپ کام کا تجربہ حاصل کرنے جاتے ہیں تو آپ کا آجر آپ کو بہت سے کام پورا کرنے کے لیے دیتا ہے، ان کاموں کے ذریعے آپ کو احساس ہوتا ہے کہ آپ کے لیے کیا قابل لطف ہے اور آپ کو کس چیز میں دلچسپی نہیں ہے۔ کام کا تجربہ آپ کی مستقبل کے ارادوں کا فیصلہ کرنے میں بہت مددگار ثابت ہو سکتا ہے۔ اسی طرح، یہ کام آپ کو آپ کے افسران کے ذریعے دیے جاتے ہیں اور آپ ان کو مکمل کرنے کے لیے دوسرے ملازمین کے ساتھ تعاون کر کے کام کرتے ہیں۔ آپ جانتے ہیں کہ کسی کے ماتحت کام کرنا، ان کی خواہشات کا احترام کرنا اور اپنے ساتھیوں کے ساتھ مل جل کر کام اور بات چیت کرنا کیسا ہوتا ہے۔ آپ اس ماحول سے واقف ہوتے ہیں۔ جب آپ اپنی ملازمتوں کے ذریعے اپنی غلطیوں سے سیکھتے ہیں اور اپنے کام کو صحیح طریقے سے انجام دینے کا طریقہ جانتے ہیں تو آپ بھی زیادہ بالغ ہو جاتے ہیں۔ کام کا تجربہ جو آپ اسکول میں مخصوص تقریب پڑ رہے ہوتے کا تجربہ اسے حقیقی زندگی میں -اس چیز کو لاگو کرنے کی اجازت دیتا ہے

سب سے اہم بات، یہ آپ کو اعلیٰ تعلیم حاصل کرنے میں مدد کرتا ہے۔ اس سے جامعہ میں داخل ہونا گا۔ کالج ایپلی کیشنز میں کام کے تجربے کے لیے ایک مخصوص جگہ ہوتی ہے، یہ آپ کو انٹرویوز کے لیے ایک مضبوط امیدوار کی طرح بھی محسوس کرے گا کیونکہ آپ کو معلوم ہوگا کہ مستقبل کی ملازمتوں کے بارے میں کیا کہنا ہے جیسا کہ آپ پہلے ہی تجربہ کر چکے ہیں۔ جب آپ بڑھتے اور ترقی کرتے ہیں تو آپ بدل جاتے ہیں۔ آپ کا علم، مہارت، دلچسپیاں، یہاں تک کہ آپ کی اقدار اور شخصیت بھی بدل سکتی ہے۔ کام کا تجربہ آپ کو جذباتی اور روحانی طور پر بڑھنے میں مدد دے گا۔





# پائیدار سیاحت

پائیدار سیاحت سے مراد اس صنعت کا ایسا لائحہ عمل اپنانا جس سے سیاحتی علاقے اور ماحول پر نا صرف مثبت اثر پرے بلکہ اسے بہتر حالت میں قائم رکھا جاسکے یہ حقیقت واضح ہے کہ سیاحت کسی علاقے پر منفی اور مثبت دونوں طرح سے ان انداز ہوتی ہے لیکن پائیدار سیاحت کے اصولوں کو اپناتے ہوئے ہم اس کے منفی اثرات کو کم سے کم اور مثبت اثرات کو زیادہ سے زیادہ کر سکتے ہیں۔ پائیدار اور ذمہ داران سیاحت سیاحتی مقامات کیے وہاں کے رہنے والوں اور ان کی سیر کرنے والوں دونوں کے لیے جنت بنا سکتی ہے۔

سیاحت دنیا بھر کے بہت سے علاقوں کے لیے ممکنہ خطرات کا سبب بن سکتی ہے۔ یہ کسی بھی سیاحتی علاقے پر زبردست دباؤ ڈال سکتی ہے جیسا کہ سیاحتی سہولیات کی تعمیر میں امانانے کی وجہ سے زرخیز مٹی اور جنگلات جیسے اہم زمینی وسائل متاثر ہوتے ہیں۔ زیادہ علاقے ہوٹلوں اور ریسٹورانوں یا سیاحوں کی کشش کی تعمیر کے لئے استعمال کیا جاتا ہے جو جانوروں کے قدر قدرتی ماحول اور مسکن کو تباہ ملی لٹاؤ اور آلودگی کا سبب بھی بنتا ہے۔

پانی جو سب سے اہم قدرتی وسائل میں سے ایک ہے ہوٹلوں اور سوئنگ پولوں کے لیے زیادہ استعمال کیا جاتا ہے۔ اس کے نتیجے میں پانی کی قلت اور پانی ک فرائی میں کمی کے ساتھ ساتھ گندے پانی کا زیادہ جم پیدا ہو سکتا ہے

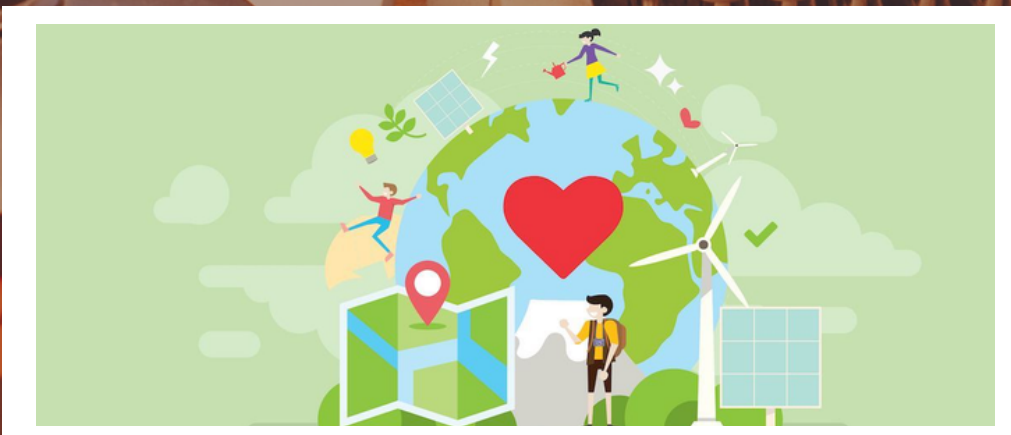
سیاحت آلودگی کا سبب بن سکتا ہے جیسا کہ ہوائی جہازوں کاروں اور سوں سے پیدا ہونے والی صوتی آلودگی -سیاحوں کے نقل و حمل سے پیرائے گے ویسائی آلودگی سیاحت آلودگی کا سبب بن سکتا ہے جیسا کہ ہوائی جہازوں کاروں اور سوں سے عالمی سطح پر اثرات مرتب ہوتے ہیں۔ یہ تیزاب بارش اور گلوبل وارمنگ کا سبب بن سکتی ہے۔ چڑچڑاپن تناؤ اور یہاں تک انسانوں کی سماعت میں کمی کا سبب بننے کے علاوہ یہ جنگلی حیات کے لئے پریشان کا سبب بنتی ہے خاص طور پر حساس علاقوں میں۔

دیکھا جائے تو ساحت مقامی برادری کے لئے خلل کا سبب بن سکتی ہے۔ قدرتی ورثہ مقامات کے تحفنا کومزید مشکل بنا سکتی ہے اور عالمی کاربن فٹ پرنٹ میں اپنا حصہ ڈال سکتی ہے۔ سیاحت علاقوں کی قدرتی شکل کو بدلنے کے ساتھ ساتھ وہاں کے رہنے والوں کے لیے بھی مشکلات لاسکتی ہے مثلاً وہاں پر ملازمت الرموسمی اور ناقص سیادت علاقوں کے قدرتی شکل کو بدلنے کے ساتھ ساتھ وہاں کے رہنے والوں سول پر ہوتی ہیں۔ باہر کے لوگوں کے آتے ہی ثقافتیں اور روایات تبدیل ہوئی۔ بھیڑ بھلڈ اور ٹینک جام آئے دن کا معمول بن جاتا ہے۔ مقامی دکانوں میں قیمتوں میں اضافہ ہوتا ہے کیونکہ سیاح آکر مقامی آبادی سے زیادہ دولت مند ہوتے ہے۔

جہاں سیلات کے منفی اثرات سے وہاں اس کے مثبت اثرات کو نظر انداز نس کی باسکتا جیسا کر پیدا کردہ ملازمت کی وجہ سے بے روزگار لوگوں کے مواقع کتے ہیں۔ ملک کی معیشت مضبوط اور رکم کی ترسیل سے مقامی آبادی کا معیار زندگی بڑھتا ہے۔ اس کے ساتھ ساتھ سیاحت کے لیے بنائی جانے والی سہولیات سے مقامی لوگوں کو بھی فائدہ حاصل ہوتا ہے مثلاً سڑکیں وغیرہ۔ مقامی غذائوں اور دستکاریوں کی زیادہ مانگ کی وجہ سے مقامی لوگوں میں اس صنعت کو مزید فروغ دینے کا جذبہ پیدا ہوتا ہے۔

اب سوال یہ بنتا ہے کہ پائیدار سیاحت کو فروغ دینے کے لیے سیاح اپناحمتہ کیسے کال سکتے ہیں۔ اول یکموہ شور کو کم سے کم رکھیں۔ کچرا جیسے کوئی چیز پیچھے چھوڑیں اور اسے مناسب طور پر ٹھکانے لگائیں۔ اس کے علاوہ جانوروں کے اورری مسکن کا احترام کیا جائے اور وہاں پر راج قوانین کے مطابق عمل کریں۔ خاص طور پر پانی خشک سالی کے شکار مقامات پر پانی کے استعمال میں حد درجہ احتیاط کی جائے۔

ماحول پر سیاست کے اثرات زیادہ تر لوگوں کو معلوم نہیں ہیں۔ یہ ہمارا فرین ما ان اہسال ہے کہ اس اہم موضوع پر آگاہی پلائیں اور اپنے اردگرد کے ماحول کو بچانے کے لیے اپنا کردار ادا کریں۔





# LEISURE ACTIVITIES

Creative Writing prompts for those who love to write!

Speechless:  
Write a brief narrative about a moment which left you speechless

Boldly brief:  
Write a short essay that boldly contrasts with others' opinions

Knowing the unknown:  
Write a story about a rumor you believe others perceive about you to be true

Light at the End of the Tunnel:  
Write about a time when you saw hope when it seemed like a hopeless situation.

## Word Search

O	A	A	E	S	M	E	I	N	N	T	C	U	B
E	C	A	P	T	U	R	E	D	A	E	T	T	E
B	L	B	C	I	D	E	I	C	G	R	E	L	N
C	A	D	D	G	B	T	T	E	G	A	M	I	E
D	I	R	T	B	A	G	O	T	C	A	S	G	G
A	C	M	R	D	R	N	E	L	R	T	H	T	O
A	U	R	T	T	C	A	C	O	N	D	U	C	T
G	R	A	U	I	C	N	N	G	M	E	T	R	I
T	C	T	U	S	U	R	R	D	I	T	T	T	A
L	E	R	H	E	I	B	T	G	I	G	L	I	T
R	T	G	N	U	C	L	E	N	N	N	E	T	E
H	C	T	R	E	B	G	I	E	H	I	G	A	D
R	I	T	B	A	I	T	N	I	T	N	U	U	N
E	T	G	T	U	T	T	H	G	B	B	A	C	D

CAPTURED  
IMAGE  
BRANDING  
CRUCIAL  
HUB  
SHUTTLE  
NEGOTIATE  
CONDUCT  
TARGET

- Captured
- Image
- Branding
- Crucial
- Hub
- Shuttle
- Negotiate
- Conduct
- Target