



BHS PRESENTS
A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

THE FLAME

MAY 2025

THE EDITORIAL BOARD 2025

INDUSTRIA FLOREMUS **IN TOIL WE SHALL FLOURISH**

EDITORIAL BOARD 2025

The Flame

MAY 2025

Activities

SPELLING BEE - UKG CLASS

The LPD Department recently organized a Dictation Competition for the UKG class. This event aimed to enhance students' listening, comprehension, and spelling abilities in English, Urdu, and Hindi.

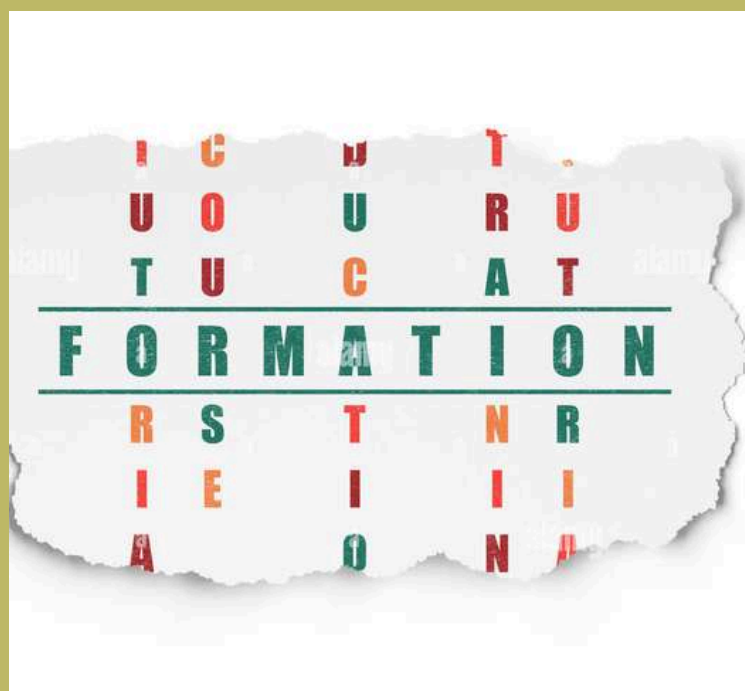
Subject teachers evaluated the competition, assessing students on their accuracy, neatness, and spelling. All students participated enthusiastically, and winners were chosen for their outstanding performance. Events like these are crucial for building a strong foundation in language and literacy skills at an early age.



SALAD MAKING COMPETITION

The Health Club organized a salad making activity for students in grades 1st to 4th. The young participants brought pre-cut fruits and vegetables from home and beautifully arranged them in the classroom. They then proudly shared their creations with their teachers and students from the senior classes.





PICTURE BASED WORD FORMATION

An engaging interactive activity was recently held for students in Classes 6 to 12. Students were shown a series of pictures and tasked with taking the first letter of each item to form a meaningful word. For example, pictures of a Fan, Umbrella, and Nose would lead to the word "FUN."

This activity successfully encouraged creativity, vocabulary building, and teamwork. Students embraced the challenge with enthusiasm, finding it a fun and effective way to enhance their observation and language skills.

FRAMING WORDS IN CONTINUITY

The literary committee conducted an interesting activity titled framing words and continuity on 29th and 30th April 2025 for the students of classes 1st to 5th. The aim was to build vocabulary and encourage quick thinking through a word chain game where each were had to begin with the last letter of the previous one. The students participated with great enthusiasm and displayed commendable language skills. The activities served its purpose effectively making it a meaningful to the experience for the children.



THE FLAME

MOTHERS DAY CELEBRATIONS

The school celebrated Mother's Day with a heartfelt program. Special mementos were presented to the male staff, recognizing their supportive and nurturing roles both at home and in school. Fr. Principal addressed the gathering, emphasizing the immense importance of mothers and their countless sacrifices. His words served as a touching reminder of the love and strength that truly define motherhood.

Adding a creative touch, Grade 5 students highlighted the significant role of technology in family life, showcasing how it can foster connection and support among loved ones. The event was a beautiful blend of gratitude, innovation, and inclusivity.



Happy Mother's Day



THE FLAME

THE LAUNCH OF BHS PULSE

BHS Pulse - The Voice of the Students
In May, our school proudly launched its very own radio channel, BHS Pulse - The Voice of the Students. This new initiative provides students with an exciting platform to express their ideas, share news, showcase talent, and promote creativity.

The radio channel features engaging content, including student anchors, interviews, announcements, and entertaining segments, all produced and presented by the students themselves. BHS Pulse aims to build confidence, improve communication skills, and foster a strong sense of community within the school.

BHS Pulse has already received a positive response and promises to become a highlight of school life.



BHS PULSE

RADIO AND PODCASTS



THE FLAME

THE LAUNCH OF BHS FLAME



BHS FLAME

Burn Hall School was proud to announce the successful launch of its official monthly newsletter, BHS Flame. This new initiative, which debuted in May, became a cornerstone of communication within the school community.

BHS Flame aimed to illuminate the vibrant life at Burn Hall, providing a comprehensive overview of student achievements, upcoming events, and important updates. The newsletter served as a dynamic platform, reflecting the spirit and progress of our dedicated students and faculty, and fostering an even stronger sense of connection and pride among all members of the Hall family. BHS Flame quickly became an eagerly awaited publication, keeping everyone informed and engaged with the exciting developments happening across our campus.

THE FLAME

THE FLAME



INTERNATIONAL BIODIVERSITY DAY



INTERNATIONAL DAY FOR BIODIVERSITY 2025

Harmony with nature and sustainable development

The students of 4B conducted an assembly to raise awareness about the importance of biodiversity, coinciding with International Biodiversity Day. The event was graced by two special guests, Sr. Clare D'Souza and Sr. Leena. Sr. Clare D'Souza, who had previously spent time at the school during the 2014 floods, also took the opportunity to counsel the students on the importance of making the right choices in life.

The Flame

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HOUSE MEET



A House Meet was successfully held at Burn Hall School. The purpose of the gathering was to select co-club leaders for the school's four houses: Keats, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.

The entire process was efficiently managed and overseen by the House Captains and House Coordinators, whose guidance was instrumental in the smooth running of the event. House members actively engaged in nominating and electing their new co-club leaders, demonstrating a strong sense of involvement and responsibility.

The meet was a testament to teamwork, leadership, and fostering a vibrant house spirit within the school community. The event concluded with well wishes for the newly elected leaders and encouraging words from the school staff.

FINDING A GOOD WORD

The Literary Club recently hosted an engaging activity titled "Finding a Good Word." This section-wise competition, designed for students from Classes 6th to 12th, saw one boy from each section represent their class. The activity proved to be an excellent exercise in critical thinking, challenging the boys to ponder deeply and rack their brains to unearth the perfect words.

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EXTEMPORE COMPETITION



On May 24, 2025, the Literary Club hosted an engaging Extempore Competition for students of Classes 9th and 10th. This inter-house activity was designed to help the boys sharpen their public speaking abilities and enhance their critical thinking skills. All participants performed commendably, showcasing their ability to think on their feet and articulate their thoughts effectively.

WORLD TECHNOLOGY DAY

Shakespeare House of Burn Hall School conducted a special assembly in observance of World Technology Day. The program was skillfully anchored by Azeem and Shah Zaid, guiding the audience through an insightful exploration of technology's role.

Amaan Ali delivered an inspiring speech, emphasizing the profound importance of technology in our daily lives and its pervasive impact. Following his address, a creative skit was performed, thoughtfully illustrating both the myriad benefits and the inherent challenges posed by modern technological advancements. The overarching message of the assembly underscored the critical need for responsible and innovative utilization of technology in the contemporary world.



CALLIGRAPHY COMPETITION



From May 27 to May 30, 2025, the Literary Club organized a school-wide Calligraphy Competition, engaging students from Classes 6th to 12th. The competition was held section-wise for each class, providing an opportunity for a wide range of students to participate.

Students showcased their penmanship in four languages: English, Urdu, Kashmiri, and Punjabi. This diverse linguistic offering encouraged participants to enhance their handwriting skills and take a keen interest in the art of beautiful writing. The event was a success, fostering a greater appreciation for the aesthetic aspects of language.

THE FLAME

UNDER THE CHERRY TREE

ROSE HAD ALWAYS BELIEVED LOVE STORIES WERE BEST LEFT TO BOOKS. HER LIFE IN THE COUNTRYSIDE REVOLVED AROUND PAINTING, READING BOOKS AND WATCHING THE CHERRY TREE OUTSIDE HER COTTAGE, BLOOM EVERY SPRING.

ONE APRIL MORNING, WHILE SHE WAS PAINTING THE PINK BLOSSOMS, SHE NOTICED SOMEONE WHOM SHE DIDN'T KNOW, UNDER THE TREE--SKETCHBOOK IN HAND, COMPLETELY ABSORBED. CURIOUS, ROSE APPROACHED.

'MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK?' SHE ASKED

THE MAN LOOKED UP, SMILED, AND SAID. "ONLY IF I COULD SEE YOURS."

THE MAN'S NAME WAS DANIEL, HE WAS AN ARCHITECT WHO HAD RENTED THE NEARBY CABIN FOR A FEW WEEKS. THEY BOTH SAT UNDER THE TREE FOR HOURS, SHARING ART, STORIES, AND LAUGHTER. DAY AFTER DAY, HE RETURNED. AND DAY AFTER DAY. ROSE FOUND HERSELF NOT JUST SKETCHING THE BLOSSOMS -- BUT HIM.

ONE EVENING, AS THE PETALS DANCED IN BREEZE. DANIEL LOOKED AT HER AND SAID, "I CAME HERE TO ESCAPE THE NOISE OF THE CITY, BUT NOW SILENCE FEELS EMPTY WITHOUT YOUR VOICE."

SHE BLUSHED, HEART POUNDING, "THEN STAY, AT LEAST UNTIL THE LAST PETAL FALLS."

HE STAYED. LONG AFTER THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS WERE GONE. THEY KEPT RETURNING TO THAT TREE-- WHERE A SIMPLE MEETING TURNED INTO FOREVER LOVE.

MICHAEL GILL - 9TH A

There are sins on my shoulders that I haven't
committed,

There is hypocrisy in my words,

There is love in my sorrow,

Do you see?

Maybe my truths were also wrong,

I questioned your love,

Your roads were closed; I didn't force,

I killed my flower; I couldn't keep it alive

I couldn't hear; your leaving was quiet

I don't know--will you come back quietly
tomorrow?

I don't think so

Maybe my truths were also wrong

I questioned your love

Your roads were closed; I didn't force

I killed my flower; I couldn't keep it alive

MAYBE

AHMAD MURSHID KHAN -
9TH C

THE FLAME

CARPE DIEM

"Carpe Diem", meaning "Seize the Day". It comes from Latin, the language of ancient Rome. It was first penned by the Roman poet Horace in his Odes, (Book 1, Poem 11), written over 2,000 years ago.

But here is the chilling part- Latin is now a dead language. The very tongue that gave birth to this immortal phrase is now dead, buried in history. The people that once spoke it? Dust. Their empires? Ruins. Their regrets? Lost in time.

Yet, "Carpe Diem" survives, just like a ghost from the vanished world, whispering to us, "they too thought they had more time". This phrase isn't an inspiration, it's a warning, a warning that our time is passing, minute by minute, and if we don't make the full of it, before we would realize, our time would be gone, lost in darkness.

There is no "right time" to start, there is no motivation, there is only "now", now or never.

So are we going to waste our lives thinking about the times we could do better? NO! , we would rather seize our moments, tear open our days with opportunities, speak the truth that slits our throat, burn brighter than fear and go to infinity and beyond. Because the clock is ticking, and sooner than we think, we will die one day. And ghosts of our potential will stand by the deathbed, questioning us, "why didn't you ever dare?".

Is this how we imagine our end? If not, than how do we?

Our time is rushing to its end. The best thing we can do, is to capture the moments, stand against the ordinary and "suck the marrow out of our lives". But this comes with consequences too. Because the world hates the ones who refuse to kneel.

So, do we have the courage to "Seize our Day"?

Or rather die and rot beneath the talents and opportunities we once possessed?

The choice is all ours.

AWAAN FAROOQ -9TH C
ASST. CAPTAIN
LITERARY CLUB

IN THIS WORLD OF COLD AND HEAT

In this world of cold and heat
People are killed in a beat
No matter its them or their feelings
There no mercy and no point of the believing's

I lived a life full of sorrow
Yet still feelings I borrow
It may be complaints of sad
Or even how much they are mad

Hoping friendship would help my heart that aches
But they turned out to be backbiters and fakes
Oh, maybe love heals I thought
But for it meaningless battles I fought

For every heart is cold as ice
The people were as of scavengers like mice
Over the face of misery, I wore a smile
But happiness is nowhere to be seen, not even in a mile

As I walked through the alley of gloom
There were no plants not even blooms
Reaching my destination, I started to think
That what would heal the hearts of the hopeless in the blink

Then there came a thought In my mind
The answer was right, only we are blind
Joy ad kindness were the answer
But no one cares, their hearts full of cancer

Perhaps there is no way to eternal peace
As we kill each other over an expired lease

SYED MUHAMMAD
9TH A

THE FLAME

نَا خاكسمار ز نورس پايغا MUHAMMAD UMAR - 9TH

NUNDEBON

BY YAWAR ABDAL

Joyful tears of Nundebon have arrived; my beloved did not come.

I tremble and might die; the wound in my heart deepens.

She, my hope, turned away; day and night, my heart longs.

O Rasul, tell me, who is upset? Who will come to console me?

Joyful tears of Nundebon have arrived; my beloved did not come.

I tremble and might die; the wound in my heart deepens.

Love hadn't yet taken on the hue of madness, O Ghalib.

What remained in the heart was a taste for humiliation, alas.

My pain causes you restlessness, alas.

What happened to your cruel negligence, O tyrant? Alas.

People say that Khusrau worships idols.

Yes, yes, I do; I have no concern with the people.

I am an infidel in love; I have no need for Islam.

Every vein of mine has become a string; I have no need for the sacred thread.

TRANSLATED BY AHMAD MURSHID KHAN - 9TH C

نَا رحمٹک مولا، برکتک راز،
تہ چہ روشن، سون چہ نیاز۔
نہ تاج، نہ تخت، نہ فخرک ساز،
حقس ڑ چہ توبی منز خاص راز۔

توہ چہ پٹھی تھووی ز چیل خود،
یتیم کور چہ گوندی تہ دل سد۔
بیوون چہ وچہ تہ دری توہ
زخمن پٹھ وچہ گولس گوہر توہ۔

تیہند لفظ چہ زخمن تیم،
پھلن بت چہ سہراون نیم۔
توہ چہ بولی ز روحن آو
خوف تہ تاریکی گڑھ گڑھ چھاو۔

نہ تختس، نہ تاجس، نہ قہر،
ریت پٹھ گڑھ گوو توہ بوزار۔
بوکن منز بانٹک رزق،
دکھن منز گوو حوصلک فقہ۔

توہ چہ نورس، رائٹک چراغ،
نیوٹک نشان، حیاتک باغ۔
مگر گھمنڈ گنہ تہ فخرس سون،
بمیشا دلن منز چہ گوڈ بون۔

نَا حبیب خدا، ربیر پاک،
تیم رحمت چہ یے نہت خاک۔
توہ سکھای ڑ زیندس ڑ روو،
خدمت کر، معاف کر، فدا چہے سوو۔

غار سٹھ عرش پٹھ ونج گوو،
بر زبان منز ناوک ونج گوو۔
بر دعا منز توہند ذکر،
بر سانہ منز تو

THE FLAME

THE DREAM LOTTERY

In the quiet town of Eldermoor, nestled between dark pines and fog-choked hills, something strange began to happen.

It all started with Anne, a Florist. One morning she woke up and got to her Shop; she saw a very strange thing, just like what she saw in her Dream. A massive Building with a beautiful Interior with Skylights, an enchanted Orchid display, and even her Grandmother's voice humming through a hidden Radio she never bought. Anne, astounded by the Beauty, chalked it up to Fate. But the next Night, someone else's Dream came true. Each Morning, the Town woke buzzing with Rumors. Someone's sick Father had walked again. A Teenager's Sketchbook had come alive. A Writer's unpublished Novel appeared in the Bookstores across the State. One Dream per Night. No Pattern, no Warning. No one knew who would be next. Then came the Night when Ben Carroway dreamed of Fire. He'd always been plagued by Nightmares, the terrifying ones you know. And the one he saw that Night was no different - his House burning, Smoke choking his Lungs, People screaming at the top of their Lungs. He woke up in a Sweat, Heart pounding, with Words uttering from his Mouth. He says with a Sigh, "Ah! Thank God it was a Nightmare." By Dawn, Eldermoor's Mayor's House had burned to the Ground. No one could explain what just happened. But Ben knew.

The Dreams weren't just becoming real. They were becoming literal.

Now, the whole Town lives in Fear. Dreams, once harmless Fantasies, are now unpredictable, living Truths. People try not to Sleep. Others give their all to control their Dreams. And somewhere deep in the Forest, a group of Insomniacs gathers by Firelight, whispering of how to put an end to the Dream Lottery before the wrong Person dreams again.

One Week later, a 15-year-old Boy named Malfoy, who belonged to a Noble Family, found a Book. The Book seemed quite old with Dust covering it all over. He dusted it; the Title was "Arneus the God of Dreams." He read it. It was written in the Book that Arneus the God of Dreams controls the Dreams of every Human Being. He wears a Crown with a big red Ruby in the middle. The Ruby's work is to make sure that the Dreams Humans see are only to remain Fantasies. If the Red Ruby on the Crown is removed then all the Dreams will become real. It was also written that Gods lived in the Underworld whose Gate was "The Door of Gryphoid." If anyone wanted to open the Door, they needed the Breath of Dragon, an ancient Potion. After Malfoy finished reading, he sat off on his Horse to Mr. Snape, an Alchemist. When he arrived, he asked Mr. Snape to give him the Dragon's Breath. After getting it, he set off on his way to "The Door of Gryphoid." He finally arrived at the Door, he used the Potion and got through the Door. When he entered the Underworld, he saw very strange Creatures, not to mention the fact that there was very dim Light, so he was not able to see clearly. Malfoy was a Parseltongue [one who can speak the Language of Snakes]. There he saw a Red-colored Snake with Yellow Eyes, so he asked him where Arneus lived. He answered, "He is no longer alive." Then Malfoy asked him what happened to him. The Snake replied, "There was a fight between Arneus and Zeus; Zeus killed him and sealed his Crown." Then Malfoy asked, "Can you show me where Zeus lives?" The Snake agreed and showed him where Zeus lives. Malfoy entered the Castle in which Zeus lives. In the Hallway, he saw a Crown sealed. He said, "This is the Crown of Arneus, but there is no Red Ruby in the middle." As he had expected, the Ruby was missing. He asked the Snake about the Ruby. It told him that it is most likely to be in Zeus's Bedroom. They sneaked into Zeus's Bedroom and Malfoy found the Ruby. It was in the middle of Zeus's Crown that he only wore on special Occasions. Then Malfoy said, "It is not safe to put the Crown here, otherwise Zeus would take the Ruby." So they gave it to 'Poseidon' the Serpent God to keep it safe. After that, Malfoy made his way back to the Real World and all the Chaos was solved. Now People live happily with no Fear of their Dreams.

THE FLAME

MEET THE EDITORIAL BOARD



**HEAD BOY
SAMAD PANDITH**



**1ST DEPUTY HEAD BOY
MUHAMMAD BIN ASAIF**



**2ND DEPUTY HEAD BOY
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**EDITOR
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INDUSTRIA FLOREMUS

IN TOIL WE SHALL FLOURISH

"WHAT IS THE LEAF IN YOUR ARMOUR, MY BROTHER?"

LIKE A LEAF, SO'S MY LIFE:

BUDDING FORTH IN MY SPRING:

"LOST IN THE NUMBERLESS FOLIAGE OF SUMMER,
GIVING GREATNESS AND STRENGTH
TO THE MIGHTY CHINAR"

"LITTLE YET GREAT IN MY LIFE, LIKE A LEAF
SWEEP AWAY BY THE WIND

"IN THE FALL - WHO KNOWS WHERE?"

"WHAT IS THE ROUND IN YOUR ARMOUR, MY BROTHER?
AND THE GOLD LINES WITHIN
RISING UP TO THE LIGHT?"

"THESE ARE THE SHAPES OF OUR LETTERS AND LEARNING
OF THE SEARCH OF OUR MIND
FOR WHO'S BEAUTY AND TRUTH"

"CIRCLE AND SINE MAKE UP SCIENCE AND ITS WAYS
MOVE THE WORLD AND ITS WHEELS
WORK OUR FACTORIES AND FIELDS."

THEREFORE, "IN TOIL WE SHALL FLOURISH", OH BROTHERS
AS THE LEAF PROVIDES FOOD
AND FRESH AIR TO THE WORLD
WE TOO SPREAD LIFE AND NEW STRENGTH ALL AROUND US
DOING HUMBLY OUR TASK
TO SEEK KNOWLEDGE AND LIGHT,
LITTLE YET GREAT IS MY LIFE, LIKE A LEAF,
GIVING GLORY AND STRENGTH
TO A MIGHTY CHINAR.

SCHOOL ANTHEM

The background image shows a large school assembly taking place on a grassy field in front of a multi-story school building. A large circular logo is overlaid on the upper half of the image. The logo features a sunburst design with the words 'INDUSTRIA - FLORENSIA' and 'UR HA' visible. The text 'BHS PRESENTS' and 'A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER' is centered over the logo.

BHS PRESENTS
A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

THE FLAME

THE EDITORIAL BOARD 2025