

Fazaia Inter College

Summer Vacation

English



Task#1 Book And Beyond :



Instructions:

Read a novel or short story collection of your choice (e.g., Holes by Louis Sachar, Wonder by R.J. Palacio, or any age-appropriate book). Then answer:

- **What the Main Theme:**

The main theme of "**Don't Be Sad by Dr. Aaidh al-Qarni**" is a highpowered self-helping book rooted in Islamic teachings and divine wisdom. It offers hands on advice for overcoming sadness, anxiety, and despair through faith, patience, and gratitude. Taking from the **Qur'an, Hadith, and stories of the Prophets**, the book highlights **trusting Allah's All mighty perception** during hardships. The Author "**Al-Qarni**" motivates **readers** to live in the present, avoid dwelling on the past, and not worry excessively about the upcoming. He promotes contentment, tolerance, and hope as tools for **inner peace**. With a blend of inspirational quotes, narrative, and psychological insights, **Don't Be Sad** lifts the heart and provides a faith-based path to **readers** to embrace life with strength and positivity.

- **Describe a character you relate to and explain why:**

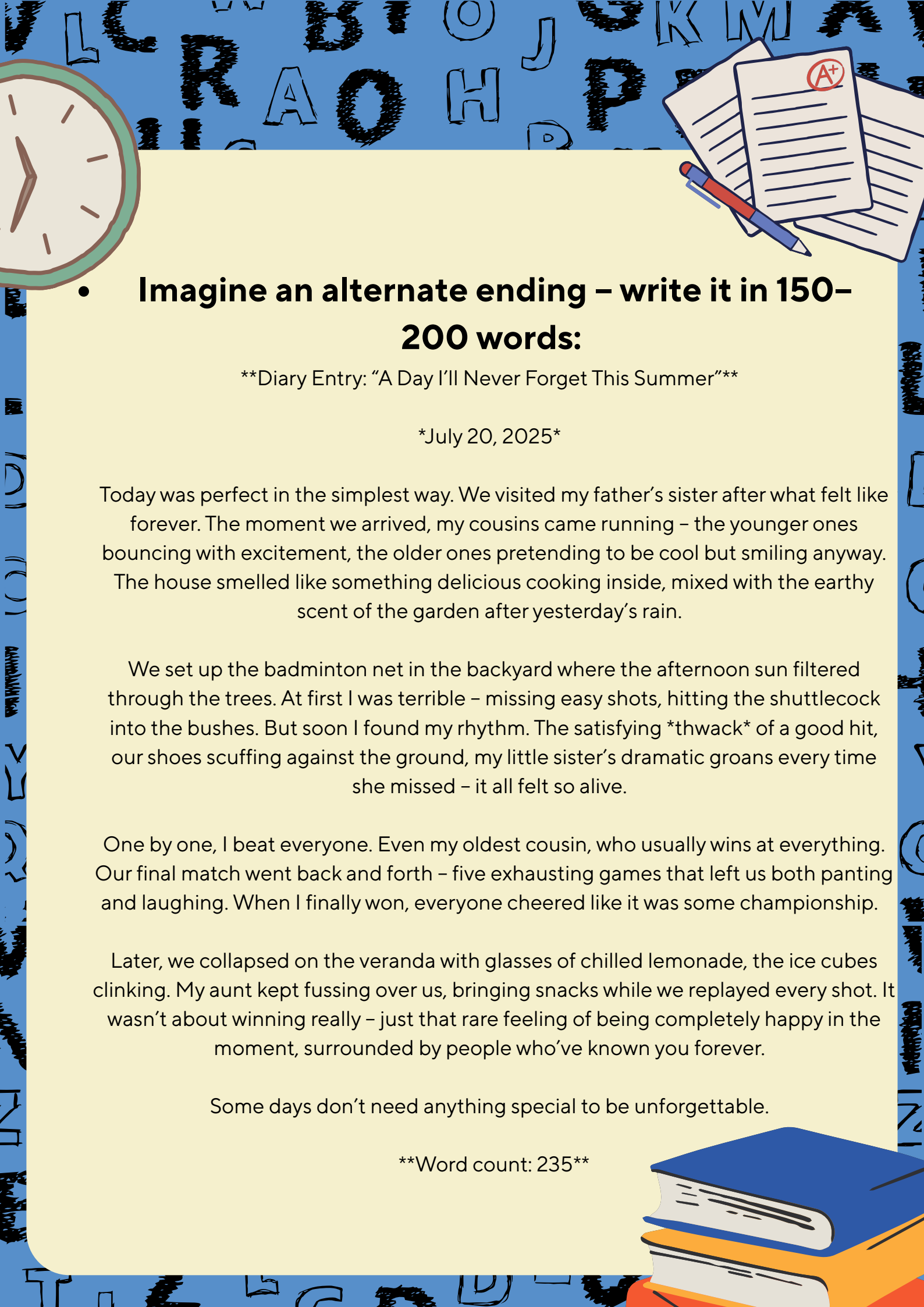




In *Don't Be Sad* by Dr. Aaidh al-Qarni, I relate to the character of the Prophet Yusuf (peace be upon him). His story is mentioned in the book as an example of patience, faith, and forgiveness. Prophet Yusuf faced betrayal by his own brothers, was thrown into a well, sold into slavery, and later imprisoned for a crime he didn't commit. Despite all this, he remained strong, hopeful, and trusted in Allah's wisdom. I connect with him because I've experienced times when I felt misunderstood or hurt, yet I tried to stay patient and leave the outcome to Allah. Hazart Yusuf's ability to forgive and rise above hardship inspires me to handle challenges with faith, dignity, and trust in Allah's plan.

- **Imagine an alternate ending – write it in 150–200 words:**

In an alternate ending to *Don't Be Sad*, instead of simply offering advice and reflections, the book concludes with a powerful fictional story. A man, burdened with grief and anxiety, walks away from his family and isolates himself in a distant desert, believing he has failed in life. While alone, he finds an old, torn copy of *Don't Be Sad* buried under the sand. Curious, he begins reading, and with each page, he feels his heart lighten. Slowly, the teachings remind him of Allah's mercy, the value of patience, and the beauty of hope. He weeps for the first time in years—not out of sadness, but relief. Renewed with faith, he returns home and rebuilds his life, helping others with their emotional struggles. The final pages show him teaching children, guiding the elderly, and comforting the sick, repeating the words that once saved him: "Don't be sad—Allah is with you." This ending would symbolize how the book itself becomes a tool for change, turning pain into purpose and guiding a lost soul back to light, through the timeless wisdom of faith and gratitude.



- **Imagine an alternate ending – write it in 150–200 words:**

****Diary Entry: “A Day I’ll Never Forget This Summer”****

July 20, 2025

Today was perfect in the simplest way. We visited my father’s sister after what felt like forever. The moment we arrived, my cousins came running – the younger ones bouncing with excitement, the older ones pretending to be cool but smiling anyway. The house smelled like something delicious cooking inside, mixed with the earthy scent of the garden after yesterday’s rain.

We set up the badminton net in the backyard where the afternoon sun filtered through the trees. At first I was terrible – missing easy shots, hitting the shuttlecock into the bushes. But soon I found my rhythm. The satisfying *thwack* of a good hit, our shoes scuffing against the ground, my little sister’s dramatic groans every time she missed – it all felt so alive.

One by one, I beat everyone. Even my oldest cousin, who usually wins at everything. Our final match went back and forth – five exhausting games that left us both panting and laughing. When I finally won, everyone cheered like it was some championship.

Later, we collapsed on the veranda with glasses of chilled lemonade, the ice cubes clinking. My aunt kept fussing over us, bringing snacks while we replayed every shot. It wasn’t about winning really – just that rare feeling of being completely happy in the moment, surrounded by people who’ve known you forever.

Some days don’t need anything special to be unforgettable.

****Word count: 235****



Commitment:

Emad Fahim
VIII-F

- My Laptop(HP Notebook 15)
- My Canva skills & Github
- And Google for reasearch