

The Lanterns of the Heart



تم تحميل هذا الملف من موقع المناهج الإماراتية

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منهج انجليزي ا ملخصات وتقارير ا مذكرات وبنوك ا الامتحان النهائي للمدرس

المزيد من مادة
لغة انجليزية:

التواصل الاجتماعي بحسب الصف الثامن



صفحة المناهج
الإماراتية على
فيسبوك

الرياضيات

اللغة الانجليزية

اللغة العربية

التربية الاسلامية

المواد على تلغرام

المزيد من الملفات بحسب الصف الثامن والمادة لغة انجليزية في الفصل الثالث

The Hands That Hold the World

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هيكل الامتحان أسئلة وتدريبات 2026م

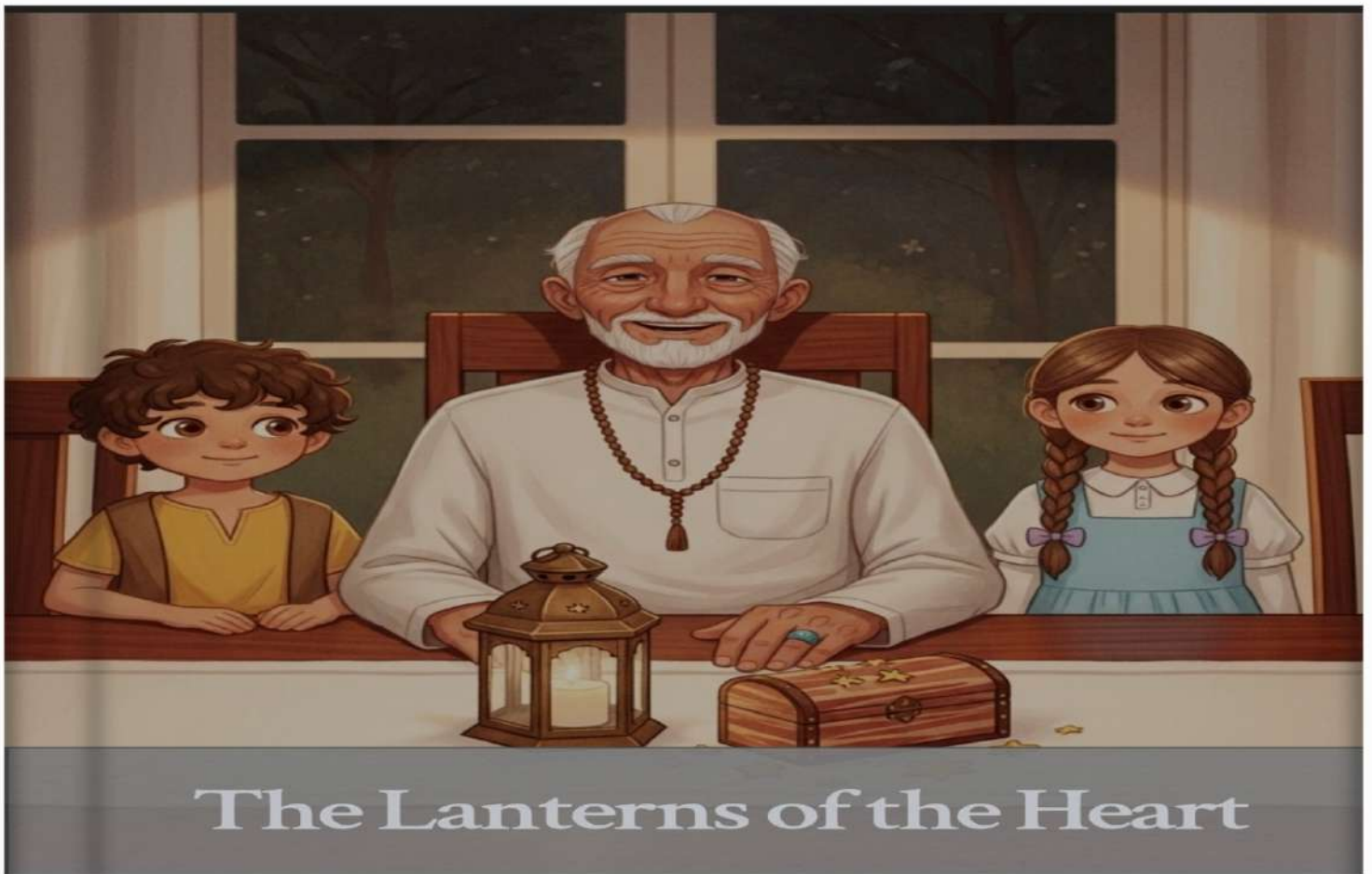
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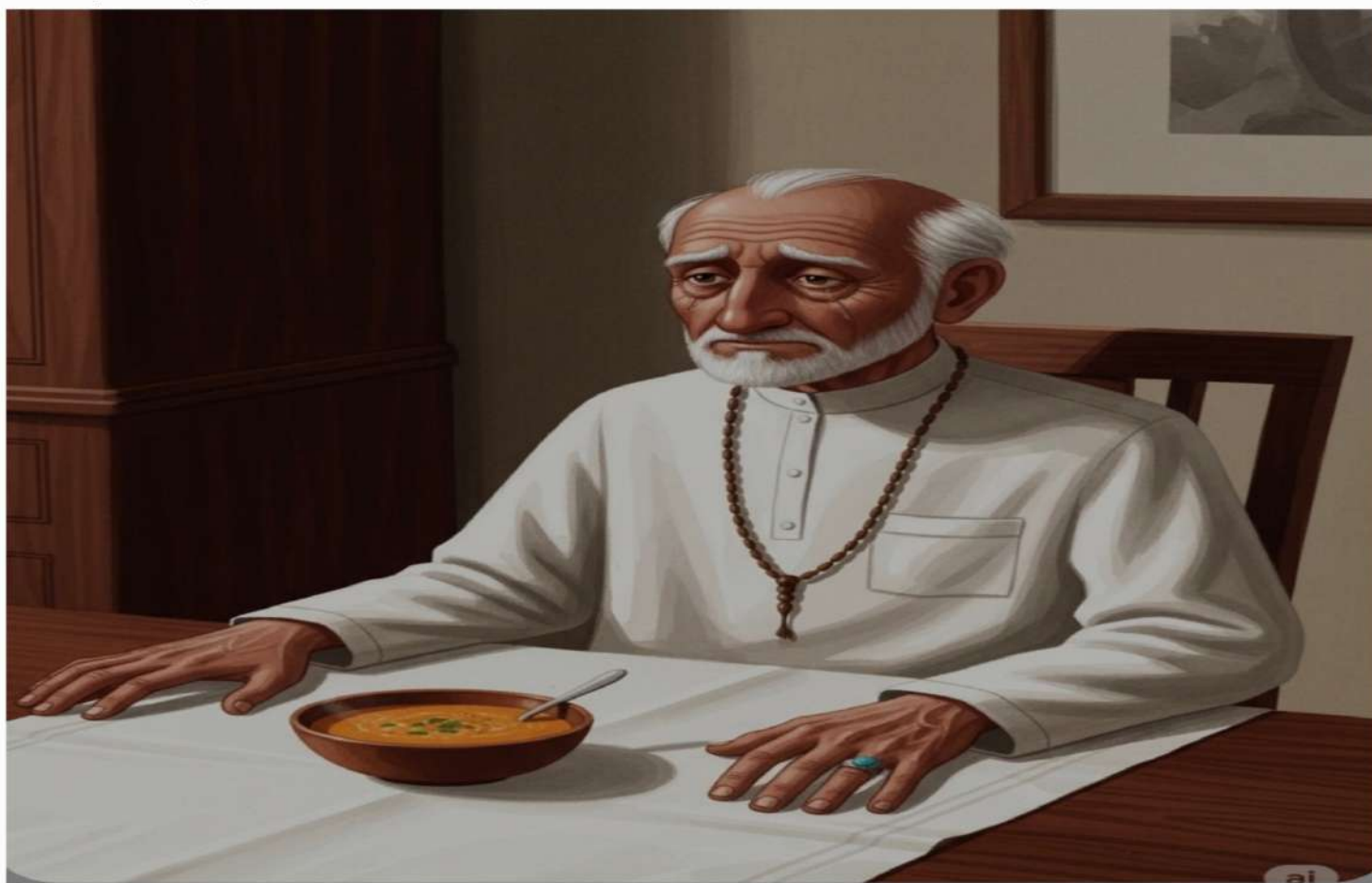
The sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in shades of violet and gold, signaling the end of the day's fast. Inside the dining room, Rayan and his sister Noor sat at a table laden with steaming dishes of lentil soup and fresh bread. However, the room was strangely silent. Instead of the joyful clinking of spoons, there was only the soft, rhythmic tapping of thumbs

on screens. The blue light from their phones illuminated their faces, casting long, lonely shadows across the feast.



At the head of the table sat Grandpa Idris. His hands, wrinkled like a map of a long and storied life, rested empty on the white tablecloth. He looked at his grandchildren, then at his own cooling soup, his expression heavy with a quiet sadness. He remembered a time when the air during Iftar wasn't filled with the hum of

electronics, but with the vibrant music of family stories and the shared, holy breath of prayer.



"In my village," Idris said softly, his voice finally breaking the digital silence, "we didn't have much, but we had everything." Rayan paused his game, the blue light still reflecting in his eyes as he looked up. Idris began to describe a single long wooden table where three different families would

squeeze together every night. They didn't have fancy electric lights, only the warm, flickering pulse of a communal lantern and the true heat of companionship.



Idris's eyes grew misty as he pictured his own childhood. "We would pass a single plate of dates from hand to hand," he whispered. "Each piece of fruit felt like a treasure because we looked into the eyes

of the person giving it to us. We weren't just feeding our stomachs; we were feeding our souls with the kindness of our neighbors. We were present, truly present, in every moment of the blessing."



Rayan looked down at his phone. He had spent the whole day 'liking' photos of beautiful Iftar meals from around the

world, yet he felt a strange, hollow hunger that bread and water couldn't fix. He saw Grandpa Idris's reflection in his dark screen—a man who lived for the real-world moments that Rayan was currently scrolling past. He realized he was miles away from the person sitting right next to him.



Noor put her device face-down on the table, noticing the way Grandpa Idris's

shoulders slumped just a little. "Is that what the spirit of Ramadan really means, Grandpa?" she asked softly. "To truly see the people around us?" Idris nodded, a gentle, encouraging smile touching his lips. "It is the month of seeing the invisible, Noor—the hunger of those less fortunate, the countless blessings of the Creator, and the precious hearts of those we love."



After the plates were cleared and the house grew quiet, Rayan and Noor met in the hallway. The house felt too still, a digital silence that felt heavier than the fast itself. "Grandpa is lonely even when we are in the same room," Rayan whispered, his brow furrowed in thought. Noor nodded, clutching a discarded ribbon from a gift. "We need to bring back the light he talked about. We need to find a way to be here, together."



They spent the rest of the evening working in secret. Noor found an old wooden chest in the pantry and carefully decorated it with paper crescent moons and stars she cut from gold foil. She used a calligraphy pen to write "The Heart's Treasure" on the lid. It wasn't just a box; it was a sanctuary

for their attention, a place to lock away the distractions that stole their time from the people who mattered most.



The next evening, as the call to prayer echoed melodiously through the neighborhood, Rayan approached Grandpa Idris before they sat down to eat. He wasn't holding a phone; instead, he held the decorated wooden box. With a solemn

smile, Rayan placed his own phone inside first, then Noor's. "Tonight, Grandpa," Rayan said, pulling out Idris's chair for him, "there are no worlds but the one inside this room. Tell us more about the lanterns."



The table was transformed. Without the screens, the laughter sounded brighter, and the simple dates tasted sweeter than any luxury. Rayan and Noor listened as Idris led them in a heartfelt prayer, their

hands joined in a circle of gratitude. They finally understood the moral of the old stories: the beauty of Ramadan isn't found in a digital world or a lavish feast, but in the simple, sacred act of being fully present for one another.

