



## MY "DADU" AND HIS PLANTS

By Deyashini  
Chattopadhyay  
7-A

Once, there lived a little girl by the name of Deyashini. She had already decided a few things in life when she was very young - one was to forget everything as per one's own convenience, the second thing was not to trust humans unless they gave you cookies and smiled with their eyes and that home isn't a material place, it's where your grandfather is. That girl was me.

I first came to live with my grandparents at the young age of five. My grandmother was not very fond of the fact that my mischief hampered her housework in the morning, and therefore I kept out of her way. Thus to keep myself occupied, I found my way to my grandfather. Every morning, my grandfather, who I fondly referred to as 'Dadu', took me upstairs to our terrace. We lived in a three storey house and the terrace was in the third storey. On the terrace, in brown clay pots, Dadu grew plants. He had an entire collection of them - hibiscuses, adeniums, flowering cactuses were the list of perennial plants he nurtured. All the plants thrived under his care. Hibiscuses flowered in various hues - baby pink, a smokey orange, the classic red and an angelic white. Adeniums or Desert Roses - he preferred adenium - grew in bright robust colours of blood red, dark pink, classical white with a soft pink edge under his careful watch. I personally thought that it was admirable, the way he cared for the cacti.

According to me, cactuses were thorny, boring plants which had no use. So when I saw cacti bloom into a sickly but natural light green and into the darker shades of pink, I was astounded. I thought my grandfather was creating magic. And later realised that he was.



## ILLUSTRATION By

**Saira Dua**  
**IB-1**

According to me, cactuses were thorny, boring plants which had no use. So when I saw cacti bloom into a sickly but natural light green and into the darker shades of pink, I was astounded. I thought my grandfather was creating magic. And later realised that he was.

When Dadu noticed my weird interest in stroking the leaves of plants (it was my way of caring for the plants), he gave me a flowering cactus, biologically known as *Euphorbia*, to weed. Apparently, I passed his "Euphorbia-weeding-test" because I went on to adeniums. This helped me in staying out of my grandmother's way the entire day for all I did was dug and weeded plants. However I was extremely scared of insects and ran whenever an insect appeared within a three mile radius of myself. But I trusted my Dadu when he said that the occasional earthworm that crossed my path wouldn't devour my fingers as I dug and it is probably the only insect that I am not scared of. But then, of course, school started.

Each day, I came back from school, ate and ran up to the terrace. My Dadu was there, waiting for me to arrive. I dug and weeded the adeniums and I went onto the Hibiscuses. I knew exactly how much Dadu cared for Hibiscuses (he didn't even let Romesh, the caretaker of the garden, touch them) and felt proud that I was allowed to weed them. A fun fact about my grandfather was that he could speak to plants. I, on the other hand, spoke to inanimate objects. This habit grew when I was five and lonely enough to start imagining the people I read about in stories and interacting with them. However, I never did this in public. It was the same with my grandfather. He only spoke to the plants when he thought I wasn't around, or listening. But he did. You could see his lips moving, the words forming, the sentences caressing the plant he was communicating with. He wasn't mad to do so, for plants too have a life - they feel. So when he spoke to them, they replied. They nodded their leaves at him, they moved towards him and they always stood up for him against the strongest storms.

They gave him back what he gave them - love. At least, I felt the exchange of affection between this peculiar pair. Moments like this made me realize that my grandfather and his garden were a huge part of my life. I still think I trust plants more than human beings.



**THE CHILD IN  
ME By  
Ishani Dey  
8-C**

**ILLUSTRATION  
By Prakriti  
Chakravarty  
11-A**

Years have gone by,  
Moments have been lost too,  
But not a minute goes wasted,  
That I don't remember you.

For hours and hours we would laugh!  
Fooling around as if we were three,  
Wondering about the world,  
Now I miss the child in me!  
The child that used to bring me joy,  
And make me forget all sorrow,  
The child that showed me,  
A completely different tomorrow.

The fairytales I'd read when I was three,  
Always helped me to fill up with glee!  
But now those stories mean nothing at all,  
On reading them, my mind becomes an  
empty hall!  
Yet till now I am fooling around,  
Getting myself back from 'Lost and Found',  
I think being an adult is what I have to be,  
But then, I can't leave the child in me.  
Years have come, years have gone,  
Hours spent and memories long,  
Of the kind person I used to be...  
I truly miss the child in me.



I opened a book and I strode in,  
Where Darrell was opening a Sardine Tin.  
I had walked into a midnight feast,  
They were not concerned about getting caught in  
the least!

They had won a lacrosse match against St. Clare's  
Matron would ask them to darn those huge tears.  
But for now, they were having the best time ever,  
All these memories would last in their minds  
forever.

Alicia was sneaking around behind my back  
With a tiny cat in a sack  
I think I was invisible so I didn't get caught  
Then I saw Gwendolyn and Alicia as they fought.

Irene was still looking for the clip which was on her  
head,  
All of them looked very drowsy and well-fed.  
They slowly snuck under their covers  
But the smell of those sardines still hovers.

**I OPENED A  
BOOK...**  
By Vanshika  
Rustagi  
IGCSE-1

**ILLUSTRATION**  
By Lipika  
Jhunhunwala  
9-D



# CELEBRATING CHILDREN By Oindrilla Das 6-D

# ILLUSTRATION By Somya Daga 11-C

"Come, let's jump into this muddy puddle! David! Splash some more red on Jessica!" "Let's roll on the grass and see who is the fastest!" These were the good old days! Perhaps, these may sound messy and disgusting to an adult, but believe me, I've lived this life and I can tell you, it was heavenly.

Born in Manchester, UK, I attended Teddy's Daycare Nursery from the age of 9 months to 3 years as my parents worked there as doctors. I had a fantastic time with my little friends there. We used to dip our hands in paints and place them on a big canvas thinking we were great artists. We decorated cupcakes not just with chocolates and sprinkles, but also with flowers and pebbles that we gathered from the garden. I still remember making the longest 'wiggly worm' of play dough at a competition. Peppa Pig was my role model and I used to talk, walk and sleep like Peppa. We loved jumping into muddy puddles like Peppa and George and hiding under baskets pretending we were snails in Grandpa Pig's garden. No one stopped us. "Dirt is Good" said one of the posters in our nursery. I simply adored making strange mixtures with rocks, mud, grass, water, flowers, live insects and what not.

I was given the liberty, freedom and encouragement to explore and try my little hands at anything and everything. I was never told off for breaking things or making a mess. I loved making snowmen with my friends in winter and we threw snowballs at each other in snowball fights as if they were real wars. Then we would rush inside, cuddle up near the fireplace, sip our hot coffees with marshmallows and listen to fairy tales told by our caregivers. I remember holding live spiders by their legs and bringing them to my mother saying "Mama, look at my new friend." My mother would shriek and get rid of all my friends." Even after relocating to India, I enjoyed a marvellous carefree time during my Nursery days at MHS.

As I grew up and started learning new things, I slowly gave up my little habits and found a whole new world to explore. I would be giving tests, exams, preparing for singing on stage and receiving prizes. Although I enjoy growing up, that bubbly, enthusiastic and imaginative child who used to jump in muddy puddles and make friends with spiders is still inside me. At times she is still allowed to burst out and run wild while.

