



***ENGLISH***

***EDITORIAL***



## SOCIAL MEDIA: HAS IT MADE US MORE SOCIAL OR HAVE WE TURNED ANTI-SOCIAL?

Social media has had a profound impact on our lives, revolutionizing the way we communicate and interact with others. One of the most significant effects of social media is its power to connect people. Platforms like Facebook, Instagram and Twitter have brought individuals from different corners of the world closer, enabling friendships and collaborations that would have been unlikely otherwise. Through social media, we can now share our thoughts, experiences, and ideas with a global audience, fostering a sense of community and understanding.

However, social media's influence on personal relationships is a double-edged sword. On one hand, it allows us to stay connected with loved ones, even across great distances. We can share updates, photos and videos, bridging the gap created by physical separation. On the other hand, excessive reliance on social media can sometimes hinder face-to-face interactions, leading to a sense of disconnection and superficiality in relationships. It's important to strike a balance and prioritize meaningful, offline connections.

The impact of social media on mental health is another area of concern. While social media offers a platform for self-expression and connection, it can also contribute to feelings of inadequacy, anxiety, and depression. Constant exposure to carefully curated highlight reels of others' lives can create unrealistic expectations and a fear of missing out. It's crucial to be mindful of our social media usage and prioritize self-care, setting boundaries to protect our mental well-being.

Moreover, social media has transformed the way we consume information. It provides a platform for news dissemination, citizen journalism and the sharing of diverse perspectives. However, the rise of fake news and misinformation poses challenges. It's important to critically evaluate the sources of information, and be aware of the potential biases and inaccuracies that can be present on social media. Responsible digital citizenship includes fact-checking and promoting reliable information.



Lastly, social media has had a profound impact on society and culture. It has become a catalyst for social movements and activism, amplifying voices that were previously marginalized. From the Arab Spring to the ‘#MeToo’ movement, social media has played a pivotal role in driving social change. However, it can also perpetuate harmful stereotypes and contribute to the spread of hate speech. It is essential to use social media as a tool for positive change and to promote inclusivity and empathy.

In conclusion, social media has undoubtedly transformed our lives, connecting us in unprecedented ways.

by Anaaya Misra  
7A

## I HAVE A DREAM

I used to have a really strong desire—a desire to be the richest person on the globe, to own the most expensive cars, and the largest homes, and to be paid the highest compensation. But as I developed into the person I am now, an understanding started to seep into my being. For whom would this grandiose dream mean anything? Of course, having a lot of money might make one happy but would it be true happiness, or an illusion? I now firmly believe that there is more to our existence than just selfish interests. Being of service to others, a ray of hope and encouragement is what makes us who we are. With this profound insight came the beginning of a new hope that I have for the future, a dream of a world free from hunger and homelessness, where people may live happy, fulfilling lives.

Homelessness and hunger are two of the most serious issues faced by modern society, in my opinion. I believe that every person should have a safe and cozy place to live, not just a place to escape the weather but also as a source of comfort, happiness, and safety. People who suffer from hunger or the severity of homelessness come into our lives daily, yet most of the time we turn a blind eye to them. We continue to be apathetic and do nothing to improve their situation. We bow our heads, pretending not to know, trying to push them from our minds. That being said, I sincerely hope that this cycle of disdain and apathy is broken in the future; that is, a future in which everyone will have a place to live and a hot meal to eat each day.

Although I have not personally gone through the horrific ordeals of hunger or homelessness, I am well familiar with people who battle these demons daily. The sight of people I care about sinking into the depths of poverty, unable to pay their rent, provide food for their children, or dress properly, has hurt me tremendously. This revelation causes me great grief since it makes me responsible for the well-being of those I care about passionately. Even in the middle of our financial hardships, my family and I have relinquished our food from the refrigerator to our loved ones. We have eagerly shared our garments—be they ill-fitting or simply forgotten—in the trust that they might offer relief and raise the spirits of those in need. The act of giving liberally in these circumstances has saturated our hearts with a significant sense of fulfillment, knowing that we have favored the lives of those beset by such destruction.



“In a society where people have so much, how is it possible that there are still people that have so little. The homeless are humans, no different than anyone else.”

—Martin Luther King Jr.

And so, driven by an unflinching goal, I have a dream —a dream that endeavors to annihilate vagrancy and starvation, a dream established in giving haven for the poor. I long to be a pillar of strength for those who have fallen on strenuous times. I intensely crave to favor those in need with each ounce of my being, whether by passing them an ardent grin or offering upon them some arrangements that will offer comfort. This dream of mine dwells at the center of my being, strengthening my spirit, and relentlessly encouraging me to form a significant impact on the lives of people and, by expansion, the complete world.

by Deeksha Rangwani  
9A

## TRANQUILITY AMONGST NEWLY KINDLED FLAMES

My name is Anastasiya. I am a refugee from Ukraine. I left my home in May of 1932 due to the mass starvation event called Holodomor. Holodomor was a man-made famine set by Joseph Stalin, for he feared that the Ukrainians might overcome his power. I was from Kviy, the region third most affected by this tragedy. Our village was blacklisted for not producing enough grain. We were trapped inside. The situation grew so severe that the villagers began to eat anything- including each other. I knew I had to escape. I ran away with my younger siblings Ionna and Aleksander. Ionna could walk, but Aleksander was just a baby. I still remember the excruciating journey. We had barely any food and could eat even less of that before it rotted away. It took us weeks to even catch a glimpse of civilization. Not long after, we had crossed the Polish border. We were taken in by a young couple whose names, which I learned later, were Leon and Julian. We were well-fed and taken care of. Aleksander didn't remember anything about the cannibalistic and gory nature of our old home, and Ionna remembered barely a thing. I was glad because I did not want this to scar their upbringing. I finished my education in Poland itself. Leon and Julian treated us as one of their own. Soon after we had settled, around January of 1934, I received the news that the famine had ended. I was glad to hear that their suffering had finally ended. I, myself, had found new friends, a new life, and a new place to call home far away

from my house. I hope that this comfort after this catastrophic calamity will last for as long as my siblings, my new parents, and I live and grow through the pages of this book we call life.

by Disha Saigal  
7A

## A TONGUE HAS NO BONES, BUT IT CAN BREAK MANY

It's funny how we grew up saying "Sticks and stones will hurt my bones but words will never hurt me" because it's all too sad knowing that it isn't true. It is simply incorrect that people are bullied because of the way they look, the way they act, their gender, eye color, facial features, and primarily their skin color.

In the context of this, an incident had happened to me. My father had got a promotion and we had relocated to London. I was extremely happy that I would get a chance to experience a new city but little did I know how unfairly I would be treated later. The apartment we had rented had a flat that was a small, filthy place but I did not let that spoil my mood.



There were quite a number of children living there. I gradually started to have a hard time there because I used to get picked on repeatedly. In an attempt to annoy me, they used to call me names which I utterly despised. I used to face this treatment due to my dark skin color. To make this situation worse, all the other children were Londoners and I was the only oddball there with a dark skin tone. As this worsened, one day I could not hold it in any longer. I told my parents about it. They were absolutely shocked and immediately comforted me since I had started to misjudge myself as well. They talked to the children's parents and the situation gradually started to improve. Their parents apologized and I believe taking this action was a good idea because heretofore, those children never mocked me again, and to date are my best friends.

We should never bully or judge anyone because nobody is perfect. God has put a little of everything in each creature on this planet and we should respect this fact. Moreover, we should never lose confidence in ourselves because as a great person said "Perfection is boring, run behind excellence rather than perfection".

by Uthsavi Khetan  
7A

## FIRST DAY OF MIDDLE SCHOOL

As I walked through the doors of my school, a rush of nerves and excitement flooded through me. It was the first day of middle school, and I couldn't believe how quickly the summer had flown by. I was both eager and apprehensive about what the day would bring.

The hallways were bustling with students chatting and laughing, all wearing new clothes and carrying new backpacks. I felt a bit out of place as I navigated through the maze of classrooms. I was relieved when I finally found the right room and settled into a desk at the back.



The teacher introduced herself and went over the syllabus for the year. I scanned the room, taking note of the unfamiliar faces around me. I was nervous about making new friends and fitting in with my classmates. But as the day went on, I started to relax and enjoy myself. I found that most of the other students were just as nervous as I was, and we bonded over our shared experiences of starting middle school.

Lunchtime was both exciting and intimidating. A friendly classmate waved me over to their table, and I gratefully joined them. We chatted and laughed as we ate, and I felt a sense of belonging that eased my fears.

By the end of the day, I felt relieved and proud of myself for surviving my first day of middle school. I realized that it wasn't as scary as I had imagined and that I had already started to make new friends and find my place in this new environment. I knew that there would be challenges ahead, but I also knew that I could face them head-on and grow from the experience.

As I walked out of the school that afternoon, I felt a sense of accomplishment and excitement for the year ahead. Middle school was sure to be a rollercoaster of emotions and challenges, but I was ready to face them with courage and determination. My first day may have been nerve-racking, but it also showed me that I had the strength and resilience to thrive in this new chapter of my life.

by Saachi Jhunjhunwala  
6C

# BEYOND BORDERS



My urge to travel stems from the fact that only 10% of the world has been explored and I aspire to change that statistic to at least 20%. The world is full of captivating places, fascinating people, diverse cultures, and many unexplained intriguing phenomena.

One of my top destinations is Dubai, home to the iconic Burj Khalifa, boasting the title of the world's only seven-star hotel. Nestled within its opulent confines is a room commanding a staggering \$100,000 per night, hosting royalty, dignitaries, and luminaries from across the globe.

I yearn to see the Rainbow Eucalyptus tree, a marvel which grows in Papua New Guinea, Hawaii. It sheds its bark, revealing a neon-green layer inside. Over time these layers once exposed to air, age into different colors earning the tree this majestic name. Astonishingly, despite its lush forests, Hawaii remains devoid of snakes, adding to its mystique.

Norway beckons with its pristine landscapes and the enchanting spectacle of the Northern Lights. The country embraces sustainability, with electric Tesla cars dotting its roads, incentivized by substantial tax discounts from the government.

Venturing further, I am drawn to the quaint charm of Huangluo Village in China, where tradition intertwines with modernity. The girls of this village cut their hair only once when they turn 18 to celebrate their transition into adulthood. Their hair weighs about 2-3 pounds and they use a secret shampoo made out of rice water, herbs, fruits, and tea to keep their hair strong.

Venezuela offers a spectacle like no other with its Eternal Lightning Storm, illuminating the skies over its rivers nightly from 7 PM for a mesmerizing 10 hours. Nature's dazzling display captivates and mystifies, drawing travelers from far and wide.

Lastly, I also want to visit the Boiling River in the heart of the Amazon. The water there reaches a scorching 200 degrees Fahrenheit and has no life. The surprising thing about this place is that there are no volcanoes nearby to even cause this phenomenon.

I want to visit not only these places but many more that lie unexplored and create a travel blog because of which people can get information and are inspired to travel. I hope to inspire people to embark on their journey of discovery and explore the captivating beauty that the world has to offer.

by Pranaaya Todi  
6C

# A HIDDEN TRUTH

Life is like a journey, full of ups and downs. Sometimes, unexpected twists in our journey alter our perspectives. An incident in my life made me perceive someone close to me in a very different way. It made me think about trust, loyalty, and how complicated relationships can be.

The incident occurred at a family reunion, a laughter-filled gathering. As the evening progressed, conversations ebbed and flowed. I was engaged in a discussion with Sarah, a family member I had always admired and trusted.

Sarah had always been a pillar of support in my life, offering guidance, wisdom, and unwavering encouragement. Her presence exuded warmth and reassurance, making someone confide in her without hesitation. However, our conversation took an unexpected turn that evening when a contentious topic emerged.

As differing opinions clashed, emotions ran high and wild. Amid the heated exchange, Sarah's demeanour shifted, revealing a side of her that I had never witnessed before. Instead of fostering understanding and empathy, she resorted to judgement and criticism, dismissing opposing viewpoints with disdain.



At first, I thought she acted that way because things were intense. I hoped that she had just made a mistake. But as the night ended, I still felt really disappointed. It made me wonder if our friendship was real. I realised that maybe I didn't really know Sarah like I thought I did.

In the days that followed, I found myself grappling with conflicting emotions as I tried to reconcile the image of Sarah that I had held in my mind with the reality of her actions. But, during all the trouble, I realised that whatever happened had forced me to think about things differently and grow as an individual. It made me rethink what trust and loyalty really mean. I learned that they are not always set in stone and can change. I also realised that everyone makes mistakes, even people we care about. The important thing is to accept those mistakes with kindness and understanding.

In the aftermath of the incident, I made a conscious effort to communicate openly with Sarah, expressing my feelings and seeking clarity on the events that transpired. Through heartfelt conversations and moments of vulnerability, we can navigate the turbulence and emerge with a deeper understanding of each other.

While the incident may have shaken the foundation of our relationship, it ultimately strengthened our bond, fostering a newfound sense of honesty and authenticity. It taught me the importance of resilience in the face of adversity and the power of forgiveness in healing fractured relationships.

As I reflect on the journey that led me to this realisation. I am grateful for the incident that compelled me to confront my biases and embrace the inherent imperfections of those I hold dear. Through these experiences, we truly learn what it means to love and accept others for who they are.

by Krishna Jeloka  
7A

# THE ACCIDENT

Accidents can numb you like a bolt from the blue. They creep up suddenly like a ghastly monster sucking your soul out. I found myself in the midst of a precarious situation that changed my life for a brief period. It was a regular day, bustling with the mundane activities of a teenager, when, suddenly, fate took a sharp turn. I met with an accident that landed me in the hospital for a week. It was an experience filled with a roller coaster of emotions, oscillating between fear and hope, from pain to relief. Let me walk you through my journey of recovery.

The accident occurred on a bright Monday morning. I was on my way to school, lost in my thoughts, when a speeding car veered towards me, leaving me with no time to react. The impact was sudden and severe, and I found myself spread-eagled on the pavement, surrounded by concerned bystanders. The pain was excruciating, and I could barely move.

Next thing I knew, I was in the hospital, hooked up to various machines, with doctors and nurses hovering around me. The initial shock of the accident was slowly wearing off, and the grim reality of my situation started to sink in. I was perplexed and scared, a bundle of nerves, unsure of what lay ahead.

The first few days in the hospital were a steep climb up the mountain. The pain was relentless, and even the slightest of movements sent frissons of pain down my body. Simple tasks like sitting up or walking to the bathroom became gargantuan challenges.

However, amidst the pain, there was a glimmer of hope. The doctors assured me that with time and proper care, I would soon be on the road to recovery.



As the days rolled by, I began to adapt to life in the new environment. I was constantly indulged by doctors, nurses and family members lifting up my spirits and filling me with hope. Each visit brought with it a renewed sense of determination to push through the wall of pain, and strive for a fast recovery. I knew I had to push the bar. I found solace in the support of my family and friends, who visited me regularly, offering words of encouragement and comfort.

Despite the physical pain, being confined to a hospital bed gave me ample time for introspection. I reflected on the fragility of life and the importance of cherishing every moment. I also realised the resilience of the human spirit – how even in the darkest of times, there is a spark of hope that keeps us going.

Finally, after a week that felt like an eternity, the day of discharge arrived. It was a momentous occasion, filled with a myriad variety of emotions. I was elated to be leaving the hospital, as I hobbled out of the hospital corridor on my crutches supported by my loved ones, I felt a newfound sense of strength and a deep admiration for the selfless services of doctors and nurses which we often take for granted. They are truly the representatives of God on earth.

The recovery was herculean, and it took months of physiotherapy to regain my strength and mobility completely. However, looking back on my week in the hospital, I realise that it was a turning point in my life. It taught me valuable lessons about resilience, perseverance, and the importance of cherishing every moment. Most importantly, it reminded me that no matter what, our loved ones are always our pillar of support who stand by you through the thicks and thins of life.

In conclusion, my week in the hospital was a journey of self-discovery and resilience. It was a testament to the strength of the human spirit and the power of hope.

by Yashvi Mall  
9A



# I WRITE-

I was asked a question by a wide-eyed four year old girl today,

A question so seemingly simple yet my writer's mind twists the question inside my head till its a knot that cannot be untied.

So, I lied.

In a sickly sweet voice, the little girl asked me-

'Didi, what do you do in your free time?'



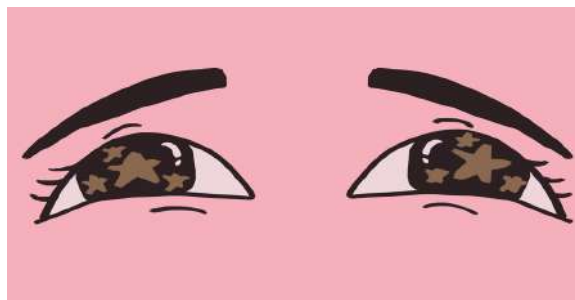
How do I tell her that I become a voluntary prisoner in my room?

How do I tell her that I look under the bed, seek out the monster and shape it into words?

How do I tell her that I mould all my emotions into sentences that ends with rhymes?

How do I tell her that I keep chipping off that poor heart of mine?

Then I glanced at the girl; the picture of purity with pigtails, looking cheerful and bright.



So I just decided to say two words-

i write.

by Shanaya Danish  
9B



*PO*

*ET*

*RY*

## LIMERICK FUN

1. There was once a brave pirate by the name of  
Calico Jack,  
He had sailed the seven seas and was on his way  
back.  
On the way, he hunted for a great stash of treasure,  
Of which he could not define the measure.  
And sure enough, he was on the right track.
2. Mary was walking up the street.  
On the way, she heard a little lamb bleat!  
She ran to catch it.  
Her mother saw and had a fit!  
And away it ran on its little feet!
3. Under the deep, blue sea,  
What do we see?  
A big, blue whale,  
Out on a sail.  
That is what I want to be!
4. Colours! Colours! Oh so bright!  
Colours! Colours! What a sight!  
Mix one or two-  
To make the colour of you.  
Colours! Colours! They are best to be seen in the light.

by Saanvi Rajgarhia  
6B

# LOCKED IN FEAR

Trapped in a room with no way out  
Your heart beating oh so loud  
Both eyes shut with fear  
As eerie voices whisper into your ear

Screaming with terror at the top of your lungs  
As a disembodied doorbell continuously rung  
With no idea what to do next  
Jump through a trapdoor hope for the best

A soft landing, oh what a relief  
Staring into the darkness in disbelief  
A pair of red eyes glaring at you  
Oh so fierce, sending a shiver right through

Heart pounding, you face the unknown  
In the darkness courage is shown  
Escaping the room, the path is clear  
With a leap, you break free from the fear

by Myra Bansal  
7D

# TWILIGHT TERRORS

In the night, oh so deep  
With ghostly cries, nightmares creep  
Through the mind they prowl and roam  
In dreams, where fear makes its home

In the darkness, a ghost floats by  
Whispers soft, where shadows lie  
With an eerie glow, as white as snow  
She chants a spell, makes terror grow

In the despairing gloom, fear grips tight  
Nightmares tell tales, in the moonlit night  
As reality blends with dreams, mysteries stir  
The answers to questions, always a blur

by Myra Bansal  
7D

# LIFE- A JOURNEY

Life is a journey, full of twists and turns,  
It can be filled with joy or it can burn,  
We navigate through highs and lows,

Learning and growing as we go.

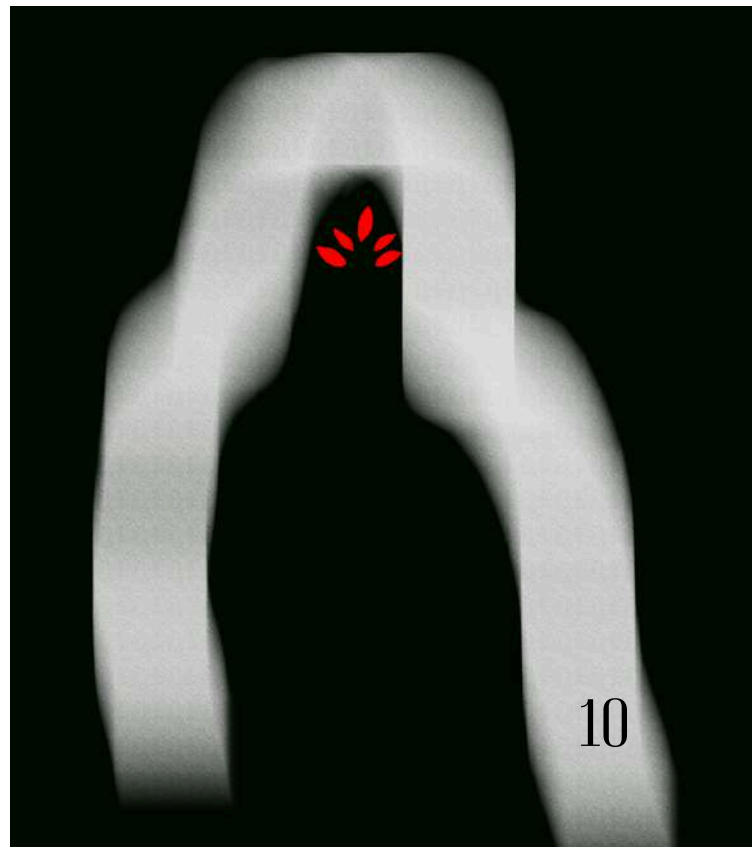
In the morning, the sun will rise,  
Bringing with it new surprises,  
Each day, a chance to start anew,  
To chase our dreams and see them through.

Life is a gift not to be wasted,  
So make the most of each moment tasted,  
Cherish the good and learn from the bad,  
Every experience, both happy and sad.

Embrace the challenges that come your way,  
They shape and mould you, come what may,  
And when you feel like you can't go on,  
Remember, in the end, you'll have won.

So live each day with purpose and grace,  
And never lose sight of your place,  
In this vast and wondrous world we share,  
Make the most of your life, show your care.

by Saachi Jhunjhunwala  
6C



# THE NIGHT SKY

In the stillness of the night  
When the world is hushed and quiet:  
The beauty of the sky unfolds  
A tapestry of stars, a sight to behold.

Glimmering diamonds scattered above  
Infinite in their number, each one a love,  
A reminder of the vastness of space  
The mystery of the universe, an endless race.

The moon hangs low, a silver orb  
Casting its gentle light, a celestial sword,  
Guiding the way for lost souls below  
A beacon of hope, a comforting glow.

Shooting stars streak across the sky  
Leaving a trail of magic, a fleeting goodbye –  
They grant wishes to those who gaze  
Upon the heavens in awe-struck daze.

The planets dance in cosmic rhythm  
Their movements graceful, a celestial hymn  
Mars with its fiery red hue,  
Venus with its radiance shining through.

Jupiter, the giant, king of the night,  
Saturn with its rings, a dazzling sight,  
Neptune and Uranus, mysterious and cold,  
Pluto, the dwarf, a story yet untold.

Constellations form patterns in the sky  
The hunter, the bull, the scales up high  
Orion, the warrior with his sword and shield,  
Cassiopeia, the queen, never to yield.

The Milky Way stretches across the expanse  
A river of stars, a cosmic dance  
We are but specks in this vast sea,  
A part of something greater, a mystery.



The beauty of the night sky, so pure  
A canvas painted with stars, so sure,  
It inspires wonder, awe, and delight  
A reminder of the beauty of the night.

So let us gaze up at the stars above  
And marvel at the beauty, the mystery, the love  
For in the darkness, the light shines bright,  
The beauty of the night sky, a wondrous sight.

by Srishti Chakraborty  
8A

# FRIENDS

In the darkest hour when shadows loom,  
Friends appear dispelling gloom.  
With comforting words and gentle touch,  
They offer love, they offer much.

Through trials faced and battles fought,  
Their presence is a comforting thought.  
In laughter shared and tears shed,  
They stand by you no matter what is ahead.

In the tapestry of life, they weave,  
A bond unbroken, a heart unbroken,  
Through every twist and every bend,  
Friends remain faithful till the end.

So cherish them, these souls so dear,  
In joy and sorrow, they are always near.  
For in life's journey come what may,  
Friends are the light that guides the way.

by Navya Dugar  
7A



# THE DICHOTOMY OF YOU AND I

i.

On a hot summer afternoon  
I leave the unending grains  
And the spicy yellow lentils  
On the delicate china  
Hearing the buzz of the intoxicated flies overhead  
I leave to enter Antarctica  
At least that's what it feels like  
A room fit for the ice queen  
I cushion my body  
with a thousand pillows  
Envelop a thick duvet  
over my delicate ribs  
Then  
inhale  
Exhale  
Slowly  
Letting the sweet warm slumber  
engulf me

ii.

On a hot summer afternoon  
Your head breaks open  
As if the heat has burned it to ashes  
Your stomach feels empty  
The mice running in it now  
Are far too many to count  
You look at the sky in all its  
merciless glory  
And wonder  
How many days has it been?  
Maybe four you decide  
You inhale  
Exhale  
Letting your own body eat away  
at you  
Your flesh  
Your organs  
Soon you will be it  
It will be you  
You.

iii.

It feels as if  
I have consumed the meat  
Leaving the bone  
For you to chew  
with your  
Sharp canines  
Till the  
Bone you devoured  
has lost the  
Fragrance of flesh  
Till your canines  
Have become a little  
Too blunt  
Till all that remains  
Of the bone  
Is grinded to dust

iv.

All you get are leftovers  
All I feel is blood  
Dripping  
From  
My hands  
Holding the burning  
Raw  
flesh  
Close to my  
Heart.

by Ankolika Chowdhury  
10C

# THE TIME TRAVELLER

As a time traveller, I roam through history's pages  
From ancient civilizations to modern ages,  
I witness the rise and fall of empires grand  
And the shifting sands of time's eternal hand.

In ancient Egypt, I see the pyramids rise  
A testament to the power of human enterprise  
The pharaohs ruled with iron fists  
As slaves toiled under the relentless sun's kiss.

In Greece, I witness the birth of democracy  
As philosophers ponder the nature of reality  
The art and culture of this golden age  
Will forever be written on history's stage.

In Rome, I see the might of the empire  
As legions march to conquer lands entire  
The Colosseum roars with the sound of the crowd  
As gladiators fight for the approval of the proud.

In the Middle Ages, I see the rise of knights  
As chivalry and honour are held in high regard  
But beneath the surface lies a world of turmoil  
As peasants struggle under the weight of their soil.

The Renaissance brings a rebirth of art  
As painters and poets find inspiration in their heart  
The Medici family supports the flourishing of culture  
And Italy becomes a beacon of knowledge and sculpture.

The Industrial Revolution brings a new era  
Of machines and factories that shape the world's terra  
Cities grow and populations boom  
But pollution and hardship loom.

World War I brings a world in turmoil  
As nations clash and blood is the soil,  
Millions die in the trenches of despair  
As the world is engulfed in a fiery snare.



World War II brings even more devastation  
As the world is torn by hatred's temptation  
The Holocaust brings a darkness so profound  
That the world will forever bear its sound.

In the 1960s, the world is swept by change  
As the civil rights movement fights for justice's range  
The Summer of Love brings peace and harmony,  
But beneath the surface lies a world of dissonance and cacophony.

As a time traveller, I witness it all  
The rise and fall of civilizations tall,  
The beauty and horror of humanity's dance  
As we navigate the corridors of chance.

But through it all, one thing remains true  
The resilience of the human heart's hue  
Through all the trials and tribulations we face  
We find a way to overcome and embrace.

So as I journey through time's eternal gate  
I am reminded of the power of fate  
And the endless possibilities that lie ahead  
As we navigate the river of time's thread.

I am but a traveller in this grand symphony  
Witnessing the beauty and tragedy  
Of humanity's eternal quest  
For truth, love, and eternal rest.

by Srishti Chakraborty  
8A

# SEEKING THE TRUTH; SPEAKING THE TRUTH

As the roots of insatiable hunger  
Pierce through the ground of lies that has been  
weaved  
A long, arduous journey is to be faced  
It never ends,  
Even when the thirst for the truth has been  
quenched,  
For Seeking the Truth never stops once it begins

What travels through the trunk,  
What is spoken through the mouth,  
It is only the truth that comes out.  
For Speaking the Truth is living a virtuous life,  
The branches start to grow into wisdom,  
confidence and courage;  
And into happiness, not despair.

The branches bear fruits with their own gleaming  
glow of success  
And those under the light of the tree  
Will continue the legacy  
Of helping the blind see,  
And the mute speak.

If a person manages to grow into this tree,  
Their life will be full of glee.

by Drisha Agarwal  
8B

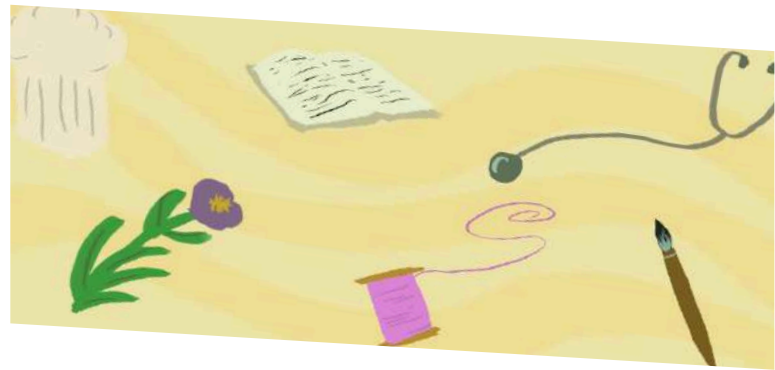
## MY IDEAL VOCATION

Teacher, Teacher, what do you do?  
I teach writing and reading too.

Doctor, Doctor, what do you do?  
I help you when you are sick with a cold or flu.

Fire fighters, Fire fighters, what do you do?  
I fight fires that might hurt you.

Fashion designer, Fashion designer, what do you  
do?  
I design beautiful dresses for you.



Chef, Chef, what do you do?  
I make delicious food for you.

Author, Author, what do you do?  
I write wonderful story books for all of you.

Gardener, Gardener, what do you do?  
I plant trees for you.

Soldier, Soldier, what do you do?  
I guard the country for you.

Carpenter, Carpenter, what do you do?  
I repair furniture for you.

Artist, Artist, what do you do?  
I reflect my thoughts through my art and  
represent them to you.

“What about you, what is your vocation?”  
Oh, I am still confused, but I will be something just  
like you!

by Navya Dugar  
7A

# FRIENDS

Friends are  
Like sugar in a cake,  
Like butter on bread,  
Like water for fish,  
Like salt for a dish,  
Like blood in a cell.  
Friends are the best,  
Who never let me rest.

by Navya Dugar  
7A

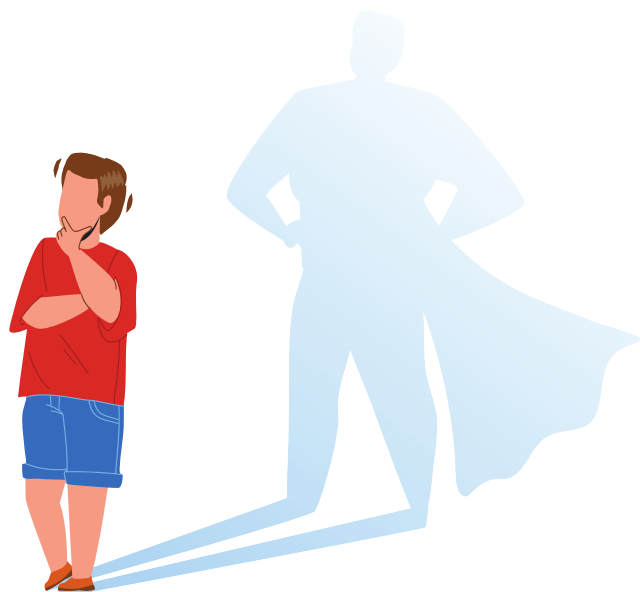


# COURAGE

Oh God, thank you for giving me  
courage,  
Courage enough to do my  
duties,  
Courage enough to stand up for  
my rights,  
And also for stepping up against  
incorrect people,  
Thank you, God, for giving me  
the courage,  
Not for bad but for good work,  
Not to support wrong but to  
correct wrong,  
And also not for encouraging  
bad but turning them into good,  
The mercy you showed me, God,  
Show it to all,  
Let us all hold hands and do the  
right thing,  
Instead of wrong.

by Navya Dugar

7A





# THE LITTLE FROG

That little frog,  
Hidden behind the log,  
Has a special bond,  
With that dirty pond.

He swims all-day,  
Which makes him gay,  
Splash-Splash here and there,  
Splash-Splash everywhere!

As day fades, the frog sings,  
Leaves rustle, nature brings,  
Peace, in twilight's embrace,  
Simple joys, in this space.

The dragonfly saves itself,  
He says to himself,  
What is this life, if not full of care?  
I have no time to stand and stare.

by Navya Dugar  
7A



# BILLIE EILISH

In the realm of music, a whispering tale,  
Billie Eilish's voice is like a haunting gale.  
From "Ocean Eyes" to "Bad Guy" fame,  
Her melodies linger, never the same.  
In "When We All Fall Asleep, Where Do We Go?"  
Dark dreams and fantasies start to flow.  
With "Happier Than Ever," emotions unfold,  
Billie's lyrics weave stories, boldly.  
In the shadows of sound, she finds her art,  
A symphony of emotions, torn apart.  
Billie Eilish, with her unique style,  
Captivates hearts with each beguiling wile.

by Navya Dugar  
7A



# TAYLOR SWIFT (i)

In the twilight glow of a "Love Story" told,  
Taylor Swift's melodies are a treasure to behold.  
From "Tim McGraw" to "All Too Well" pain,  
Each song is a chapter in her vast domain.  
With "Fearless" leaps and "Red" desires,  
She sings of love and burning fires.  
"Speak Now" moments, her voice so clear,  
Echoing tales we hold dear.

In "1989" dreams, she takes flight,  
And "Reputation" roars with might.  
"Lover" whispers secrets untold,  
In "Folklore" woods, where stories unfold.

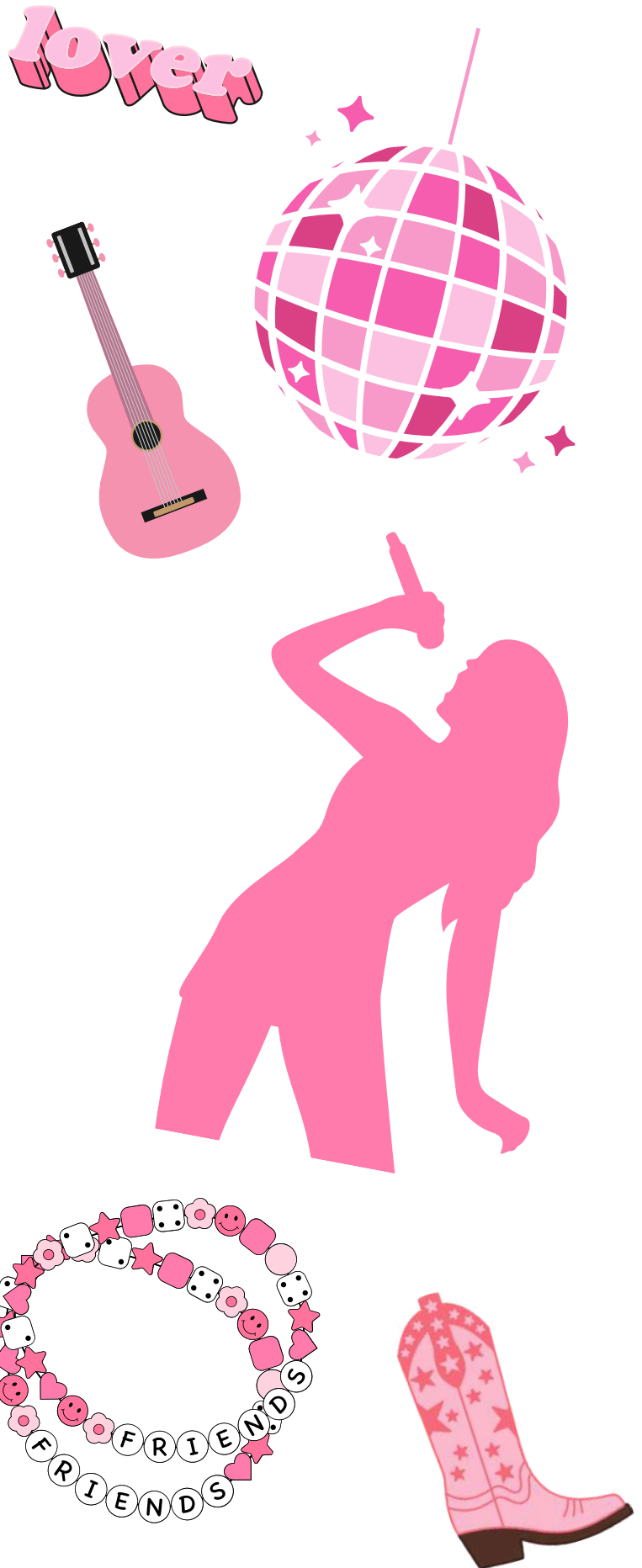
With "Evermore" echoes, she spins her art,  
Taylor Swift's songs, a beating heart.  
Through joy and tears, she guides the way,  
In lyrics that linger, come what may.

by Navya Dugar  
7A

# TAYLOR SWIFT (ii)

In the echoes of "Begin Again," a melody so sweet,  
Taylor Swift's songs are a journey to repeat.  
From "22" adventures to "Style" so chic,  
Each lyric is a memory, a story unique.  
With "Shake It Off" resilience, she takes the stage,  
And "Blank Space" fantasies captivate like a cage.  
In "Delicate" moments, vulnerability is shown,  
Taylor's music is a world of her own.  
From "Wildest Dreams" to "Cardigan" embrace,  
She paints pictures of love, longing, and grace.  
In "The 1" reflections, she finds her soul,  
Taylor Swift's songs are an endless scroll.  
Through highs and lows, she sings her truth,  
In melodies old, and lyrics of youth.  
With each album, a new chapter unfurls,  
In Taylor Swift's world, music swirls.

by Navya Dugar  
7A



# FOOD

In kitchens bustling with pots and pans,  
Where spices dance and flavours expand,  
Food, the muse of every hungry soul,  
In tales of taste, it plays a role.  
From the sizzle of bacon at dawn's first light,  
To the sweetness of cake on a festive night,  
Each dish tells a story, each bite a tale,  
Of love and comfort that'll never pale.  
In simmering soups and crispy fries,  
In creamy pastas and savoury pies,  
Food unites us in a timeless bond,  
Across cultures, languages, and beyond.  
So let's gather around the table with glee,  
And raise our forks in jubilee,  
For in every bite, we find delight,  
In the poetry of food, a pure delight.

by Navya Dugar  
7A



# HARRY POTTER

In a world of magic, where dreams unfurl,  
Lies a tale of wonder, with a wizard named Earl.  
With spells so grand and potions so rare,  
He roams the land without a care.  
From the hills of Hogwarts to the streets of Hogsmeade,  
He flies on a broomstick with unparalleled speed.  
With friends by his side, brave and true,  
Together they face whatever comes into view.  
Ron, Hermione, and Dumbledore too,  
With Snape and Hagrid, always in the crew.  
They battle dark forces with courage and might,  
In the shimmering glow of the moon's soft light.  
Through trials and tribulations, they stand tall,  
Facing challenges, big and small.  
With every adventure, their bond grows strong,  
In the heart of the magic where they belong.  
So raise your wands to the heroes we see,  
In the world of Harry Potter, where they roam free.  
With rhymes that echo through time's grand scheme,  
In the realm of magic, where dreams do gleam.

by Navya Dugar  
7A



# THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

The constant ticking of the eternal clock,  
Like drops of dew, dripping down,  
Grains of sand, blown away and eroded,  
Into the never-ending midnight.

I walked along the path of life,  
Meandering, twisting, turning,  
Like a river's currents flowing,  
Choppy waters frothing and bubbling vigorously.

The dangers of existence,  
Lurking in the depths of an abyss,  
Intimidating, engulfing, menacing,  
And I walked on, on the path of the unknown.

Kindred souls accompanying me,  
Guiding me and blessing me,  
Some were left behind, others stayed,  
Together through storms of waltzing thunder.

Fading loneliness and solitude,  
Facing the waving flame of predicaments,  
Erupting sentiments all the way,  
A thousand suns rise and set.

A fresh ray of sunshine,  
Melts its way, hopefully,  
Through the pits of sorrow and despair,  
A glow and a smile, innocence lighting my spirit

By **Sanvi Atul Sharma**  
**9B**



# RECLAIMING REALITY

In the glow of screens our souls decay,  
Lost in the digital haze, day by day.  
Do you ever feel the grip of wires tight,  
as they bind us to screens, stealing our light?

Slow down, my friend, don't fall deeper in,  
for the virtual World is a cavernous sin.  
Do you see the shadows of what  
we've become in the endless scroll in the beat of the  
Drum?

In the labyrinth of pixels, we lose our way.  
Trapped in the web,  
where shadows play. Do you pause to ponder the cost  
we pay, for the convenience of a life led astray?

Technology, an uncontrollable beast. Consuming our minds,  
never to release. Do you ever fear the loss of our souls,  
In the digital void, where darkness patrols?

Slow down, my friend, before it's too late,  
for the price of progress, we can't abate.  
Life's essence fades, the spirit cries,  
Lost in the echo of digital lies.

In the realm of likes, our world is defined,  
Caught in the cycle of a digital grind.  
Do you ever feel the weight of comparison,  
in the endless feeds,  
where illusions fashion?

Social media, a double-edged sword,  
Binding us tighter to its virtual cord.  
Do you ever sense the loss of connection,  
in the shallow depths of digital affection?

So let's break free from this endless chase,  
find solace in the real,  
in the tangible space.

Before we're consumed by this digital tide,  
let us reclaim our souls, with hearts-open Wide.

By Adrishaa Sengupta

# CELL

Vibrant, vivid and lively caged by grey metal.  
Fierce, aggressive and divine yet cannot move  
a limb to settle.

A flock of wings, all dressed in bright colours!  
All of them in a clutter, unfairly suffer.

How very cute,  
How the dogs & cats cry at night but you  
pretend that they are mute.  
Standing confidently as you pet the snake  
from outside the glass,  
Not even thinking twice before you harass.

All throughout your childhood, haven't you  
heard of the tale?

Which reads, never to pull a dog's tail.  
Beware folks or the witch might keep you,  
In the cell in which you've been trapping all  
the animals in the zoo

By Ambika More  
7AD



# RAIN

In whispers soft, the sky unveils its tale,  
A dance of droplets, a soothing, rhythmic hail.  
From heavens high, a symphony descends,  
Rain's gentle touch, a story that transcends.

A pitter-patter, a melody profound,  
Each drop a note, in symphony unbound.  
They paint the world with hues of gray and blue,  
A canvas washed, refreshed, anew.

Upon the leaves, they form a silken thread,  
A gleaming necklace, nature's artistry spread.  
They kiss the earth, a lover's tender sigh,  
Quenching thirst, as life begins to sigh.

The fragrance rises, petrichor's embrace,  
A fragrant tale of earth's sweet grace.  
In whispered secrets, raindrops softly speak,  
A language known to all, yet wildly unique.

Through stormy tempests or a gentle pour,  
Rain serenades, a chorus to adore.  
It cleanses wounds, both old and new,  
An ancient healer, tried and true.

Oh, rain, you gift us solace, pure and free,  
Your tender touch, a balm for souls to be.  
In your embrace, we find our hearts aglow,  
A symphony of peace, in your rhythmic flow.

By Neevati Jumrani  
9AD



# MY FRIEND MATH

Math, o Math, my dear old friend,  
You challenge me until the very end.  
You make me sweat, you make me thrive,  
But then I realize that I'm alive.

From Algebra to Arithmetic,  
People are so problematic.  
They never solve their problems on their own,  
Whether it is finding the volume of a cone.

Math, you make me sleepy,  
even though you're not so creepy.  
But I know you'll be with me till the end,  
Even when we're not so good friends.

By Kashvi Agarwal  
7D

# SHORT STORIES





## My Black Cat

The doorbell rang. I opened the door, and saw a black cat. To me, black cats are very helpful animals. They help us wizards and witches by being our servants. They are very good with spells.

Taking the black cat, I named it Whiskers because his whiskers were very long. He helped me with all my spells and I cared for him a lot. One day, when I was reading The Wicked Witch Newspaper, I read that Witch Kirri Kirri had lost her black cat. It was also written that the cat was very well trained, and could dance when her nails were touched. I

nearly fainted when I read that part. I touched her nails – and at once she started to dance!

Witch Kirri Kirri was a very powerful witch. She could turn people into pumpkins if they did not obey her orders. At night, I suddenly heard Whiskers meowing. I went to her play area and saw that she had been kidnapped. I decided to perform a spell that would tell me where she was. Witch Kirri Kirri had taken her away.

The next morning, I saw Witch Kirri Kirri sitting on the couch, waiting for her husband Wizard Woly Woly to come home. Whiskers was sitting beside Witch Kirri Kirri. I took my chance, and put a Freezing Charm on the witch. Then I took Whiskers and ran home. I never let her out of my sight again. When Witch Kirri Kirri's husband came back home, he unfroze her, but she had already caught a bad cold and fever, and passed away.

by Anaisha Singhal

6B



## Five Words in Eight Days

Ryan sighed, his eyes trained on the blinking text cursor on the empty digital page, which lit up the screen of his laptop. It had been eight days at that point, and he had still not been able to write a single word of the new chapter he was supposed to submit to

his

editor the next day. He ran a hand over his face, bringing it to rest at the scruff of his unshaven jaw, attempting to shoo the sleep from his features, having just woken up a

few

minutes ago. He huffed and snapped his laptop shut, resting his head in his hands. He attempted to rub the sleep from his tired brown eyes, having tossed and turned at night for the last week or so, each passing day a Westminster Chime reminding him of the impending deadline.

A ping from his phone shook him out of the chain of thoughts, his eyes reluctantly opening to view the text message. It was his sister.

"Hi, Mom and I were thinking we would go out for dinner tonight. Do you want to come too? We could meet at the fancy coffee shop and decide what to do from there. You

know

the corner plot on the 27th? That one. Around 7 pm. Even if you can't, remember to take some time off. Love you."

He pursed his lips, kissed his teeth, and started to type out a reply.

"Seriously, stop bothering me. I'm already so stressed out that I don't even have time to shave. What makes you think I'd want to go to dinner with you and Mom, who,

by

the way, very much disapproves of my chosen career, I'm kind of starting to think she

was

right. I am a horrible writer. I can't even write 5 words in 8 days".

"Sure. I'll let you know. Love you too."

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Seven p.m. rolls around, and away. Ryan doesn't let his sister know. It's been like this since he started the god-forsaken book. With its stupid princesses and its stupid kingdoms

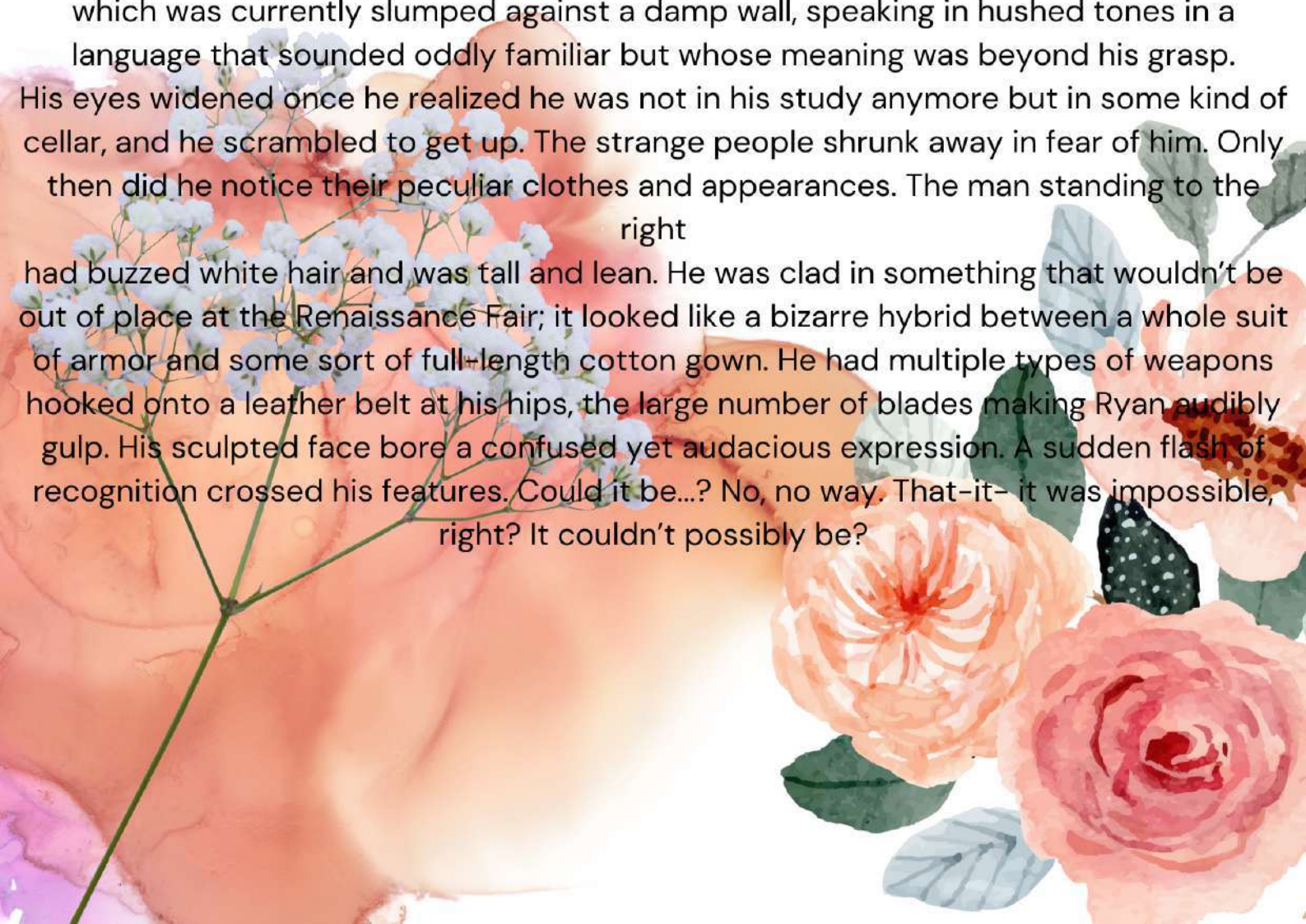
and their idiotic languages and accents, making writing their dialogues ten times harder, as if his current speed wasn't already two words per hour.

He spends the next eight hours writing a few pages. Finally. Well- it's not the best and kind of reminds him of his second-grade composition assignments, but hey, its progress!

When the shorthand on the cerulean clock on the wall in his office points to four '1's, he sighs and decides to rest his heavy head for a few moments. He makes an incomprehensible noise of sleep as his forehead meets the mousepad. "Only for a minute," he reassures himself. Obviously, that's not what happened. It's not what happened at all.

Muffled voices in a foreign tongue flowed into Ryan's ears the moment he regained consciousness. His eyelids fluttered open, immediately squinting from the harshness of the bright light. The voices grew louder and more comprehensible the more he awoke from his deep slumber. He looked around, once his eyes adjusted to the light, and his eyebrows furrowed in confusion at what he saw. Three figures loomed above his own, which was currently slumped against a damp wall, speaking in hushed tones in a language that sounded oddly familiar but whose meaning was beyond his grasp. His eyes widened once he realized he was not in his study anymore but in some kind of cellar, and he scrambled to get up. The strange people shrunk away in fear of him. Only then did he notice their peculiar clothes and appearances. The man standing to the right

had buzzed white hair and was tall and lean. He was clad in something that wouldn't be out of place at the Renaissance Fair; it looked like a bizarre hybrid between a whole suit of armor and some sort of full-length cotton gown. He had multiple types of weapons hooked onto a leather belt at his hips, the large number of blades making Ryan audibly gulp. His sculpted face bore a confused yet audacious expression. A sudden flash of recognition crossed his features. Could it be...? No, no way. That-it- it was impossible, right? It couldn't possibly be?



"Kaltrin, tagel ov purl eeb?"

The woman in the middle spoke up, her words husky and her voice deep. Her attire that of a classic Halloween witch costume. Dark brown cloak, hood covering her eyes, and her slightly crooked nasal bridge, her face only visible from nose-down. Ryan spotted a flash of metal visible underneath the hood. A septum ring.

Kaltrin... she said- she said Kaltrin. Oh no. This must be a sick prank, right?

For some context, Kaltrin was a supporting side character in Ryan's famous franchise, Kurne Quests. The same franchise of which the fourth book he was struggling to write. The man with the white hair looked identical to the image in Ryan's head while writing him. This was surely some sort of pranking TV show, right? The cameras were just about to be revealed, and the actors breaking out into award-winning-grins and shouting out,

"Ha! You got pranked!" He waited for a moment for the scene to take place.

When it did not, Ryan's eyes flitted to the third face, its lips having not made a single sound up until now. His clothes were velvety and a deep Prussian blue, appearing to be fairly expensive, and his hair was jet black, reaching his broad shoulders. The hazel eyes were weary and calculated. His unwavering gaze locked on to Ryan's before it scanned his frame, and he finally spoke.

"Nir eeb gome hapeley."

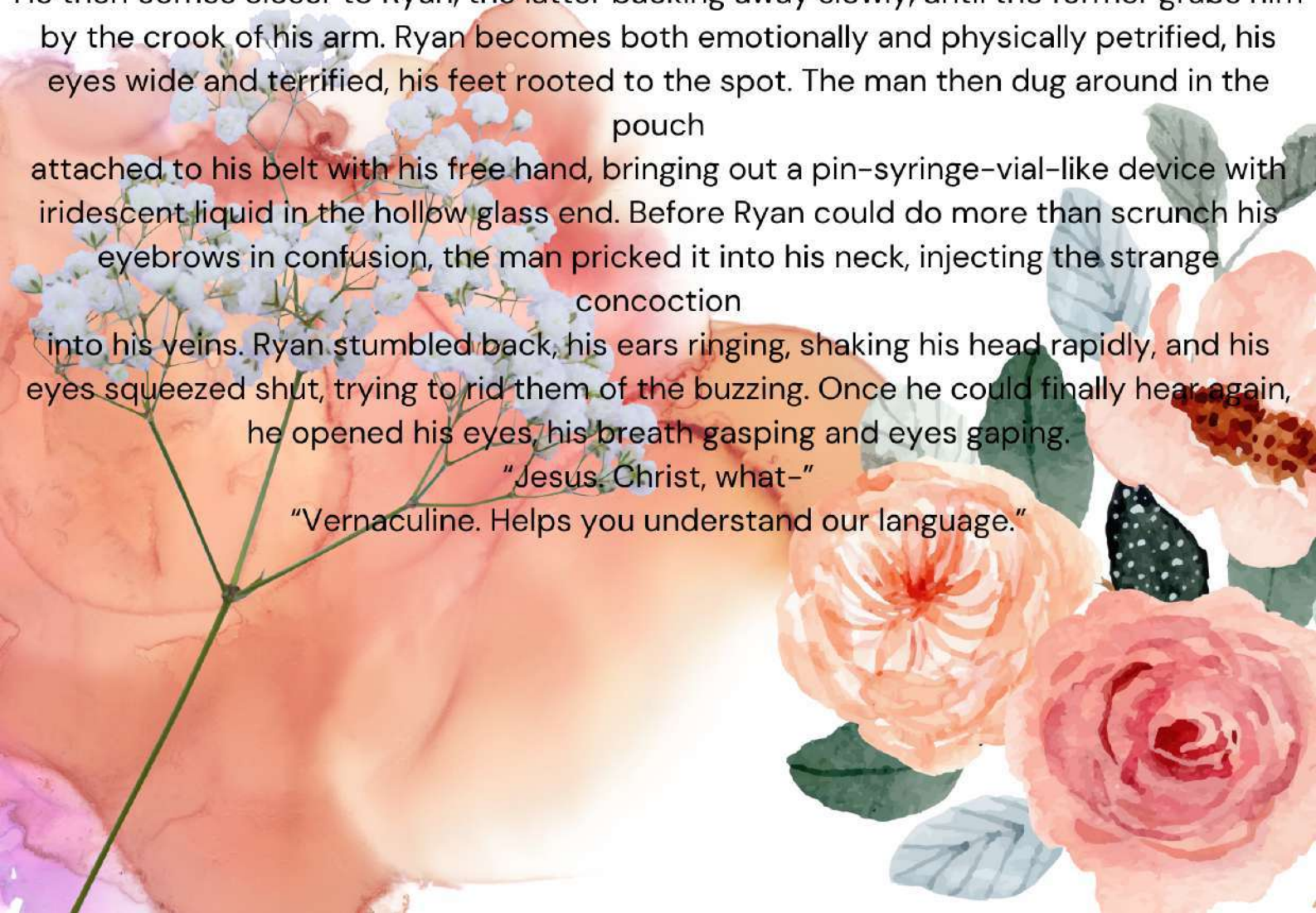
He then comes closer to Ryan, the latter backing away slowly, until the former grabs him by the crook of his arm. Ryan becomes both emotionally and physically petrified, his eyes wide and terrified, his feet rooted to the spot. The man then dug around in the pouch

attached to his belt with his free hand, bringing out a pin-syringe-vial-like device with iridescent liquid in the hollow glass end. Before Ryan could do more than scrunch his eyebrows in confusion, the man pricked it into his neck, injecting the strange concoction

into his veins. Ryan stumbled back, his ears ringing, shaking his head rapidly, and his eyes squeezed shut, trying to rid them of the buzzing. Once he could finally hear again, he opened his eyes, his breath gasping and eyes gaping.

"Jesus. Christ, what-"

"Vernaculine. Helps you understand our language."



A gruff voice that belonged to the silent man replied.

"Verna- what? Where am I? Who are you? Why do you look like Haeden Kurne?"

Kaltrin's eyes widen and he stepped forward in shock "How do you know his Eternal Divinity's birthname?" He approached Ryan menacingly, yet stopped when the prince raised his hand in command.

Hesitatingly, he backed off.

Haeden almost casually strolled up to Ryan with a confused yet inquisitive look on his face, pale eyes boring into the shorter man's.

Ryan mentally sighed, knowing it would be a long conversation.

"You see-..."

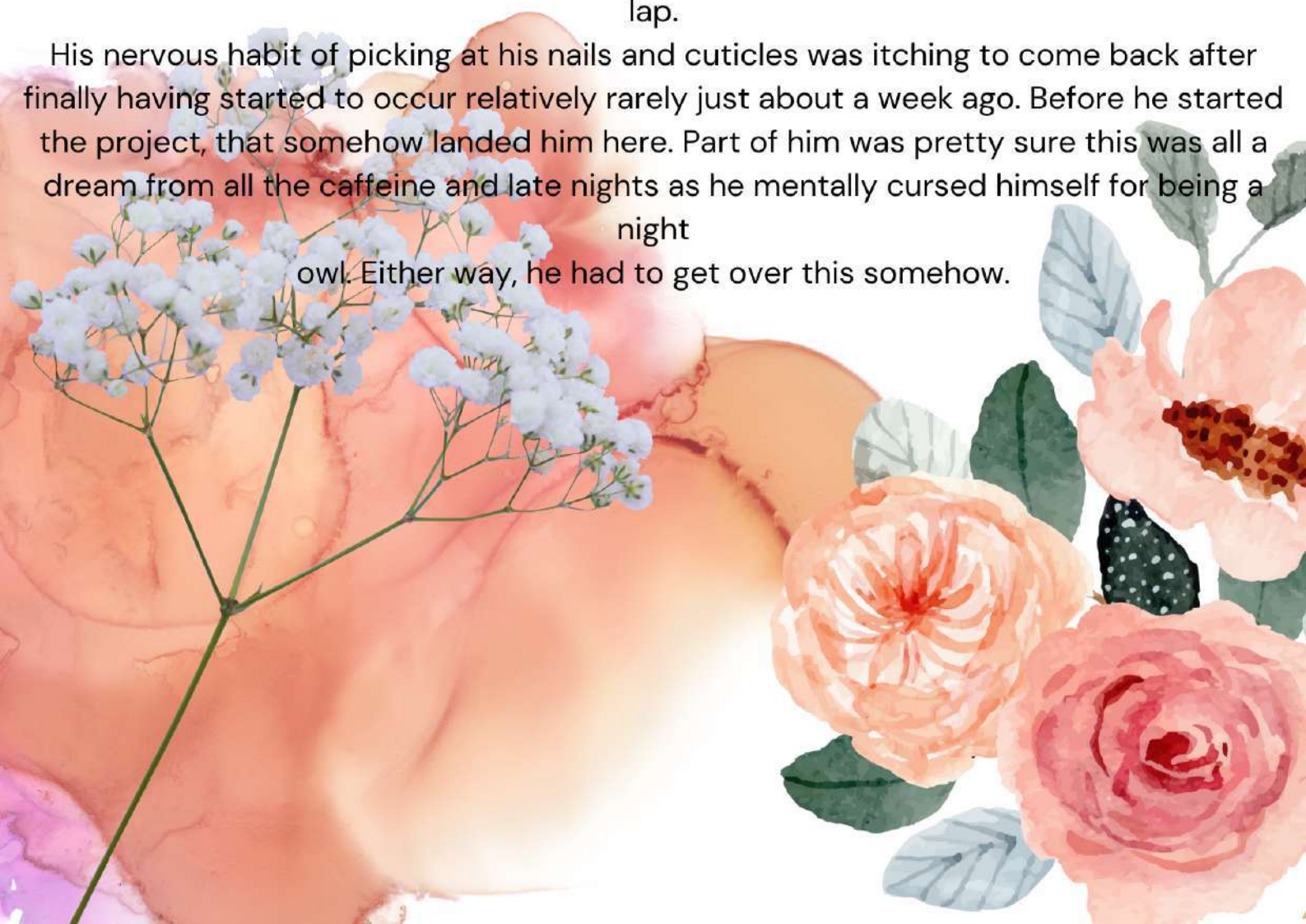
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"So you mean to tell me, that you...-" Beila Jongbux, the woman, looks Ryan up and down with a skeptical expression painting her hauntingly beautiful futures before she gazes back up at his brown ones ". -Are the creators? Of everything in this world? Us?" It was two hours later, the whole party had shifted to a pub after letting him borrow a simple traveler's cloak to put on over his pajamas to avoid suspicion.

Her doubtful amber eyes never waver from him, establishing an unintentional staring contest that was one-sidedly extremely awkward, making him look away down to his lap.

His nervous habit of picking at his nails and cuticles was itching to come back after finally having started to occur relatively rarely just about a week ago. Before he started the project, that somehow landed him here. Part of him was pretty sure this was all a dream from all the caffeine and late nights as he mentally cursed himself for being a night

owl. Either way, he had to get over this somehow.



"Yeah- uhm- Well, I'm not Jesus, if that's what-" He chuckled painfully, trying to ease the tension, but when his joke fell flat, his lips tightened into a pursed position at the confused looks on all three of his audience's faces.

"Right. Christianity does not exist here. Sorry- What I meant was, I'm not a god, per se.

Merely a writer. You're all just little storybook characters in my world like I said. I created the idea for all of you. I mean, on paper, at least. I had absolutely zero clue that you actually existed in a parallel universe. Haeden- uh- Your... Eternal Divinity, I- I'm like, extremely sorry about your- the basement incident, and Kapoforic War. Your parents

did kind of have to die- I- I mean! NO! I didn't like- kill kill your parents, but I mean, I kind of... actually... did." You get it right, its all for the 'gram? Or the cash- I really don't know what I'm talking about right now.

The prince's eyes widened in realization.

"Wait a second. You... you wrote my life's story. Correct?"

He gulped. "Yes."

"And you caused me all of this pain and suffering?" His eyes narrowed, his temper flaring up.

"It was uh- it was for the plot, for the sake of the story- I-"

Haeden's eyes hardened and glossed over with Ryan's words. A muscle in his jaw visibly ticked when he turned to Kaltrin.

"Take him to the Stockade. See to it that his head is on my wall tomorrow morning. Oh, and make it quick and clean. I don't want blood on my new Ebony, especially his."

He slammed his glass of liquor down on the bar top and stormed out of the pub, leaving Kaltrin and Beila to grab Ryan by the elbows and drag him back to the cellar beneath the

establishment. Once they manage to drag a kicking and although muffled- screaming Ryan into the dank room, they throw him into a corner, Beila coming closer to him before pressing two of her slender fingers with a noticeable amount of pressure onto the Carotid

Artery of Ryan's neck. Ryan's eyes widened, thrashing against Kaltrin's hold, but eventually, his head felt woozy and he had the sudden urge to sleep. So he did.

When Ryan woke up, it was the middle of the night. He had been transported to a tiny isolation cell. A guard grunted out, passing him a paper and a quill.

His eyes flutter open. Yay! Its Doomsday. How exciting.

H rubs the sleep from his eyes, but scrunches his eyebrows in confusion when he sees  
his

office. He rubs them again. There it is, the Cerulean clock. Hands pointing to an hourly ten, and a minutely forty-five. A smile slowly stretches his lips out, before he woops out in joy, jumping around his office like a madman. He spots a bruise in the shape of two fingers at the side of his neck, but doesn't think much of it. He's alive! And his head is not stuffed and pinned on to a strangely handsome yet murderous Prince's weirdly expensive wall. His neighbor, an elderly Mrs. Baggins, judges him from her lawn as she lays out her laundry with a creeped out look on her face, grumbling.

"I should give that young man's mother a call. Goodness knows what kind of bottles he's been chugging." She mumbles to herself.

But Mrs. Baggins couldn't possibly comprehend what the night had been like for Ryan,  
now, could she?

By Damyanti Roy

9 C



"Final Wishes. It's autoparch. Ya' can't wish to get out of here, or to be free. Clear?"

"Huh?"

"Enchanted paper? Wish-true? Parchment Genie? My Elpi, you must be poor. Never got one as a child?"

Ryan shook his head.

The guard shrugs

"Whatever. First time for everything, it seems."

He eyes Ryan curiously before carrying on with his patrol.

Realization dawns on Ryan. He scrambles to snatch the paper from the floor, scribbling with the quill.

"I wish I was home again.

Three.

When nothing happens, tears of frustration spring to his eyes. He stares at the wall ahead,

before dropping his head to his hands, sobbing like a  
I wish this never happened.

I wish that I never wrote the Kurn Quest books."

He waits a moment, his breath frantic.

Two moments. toddler who scraped his knee. He brings his knees up, resting his forehead

against his thighs and wrapping his arms around his legs. Soon enough, he falls asleep, curled in a fetal position, back against the hard, cold, stone wall.

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