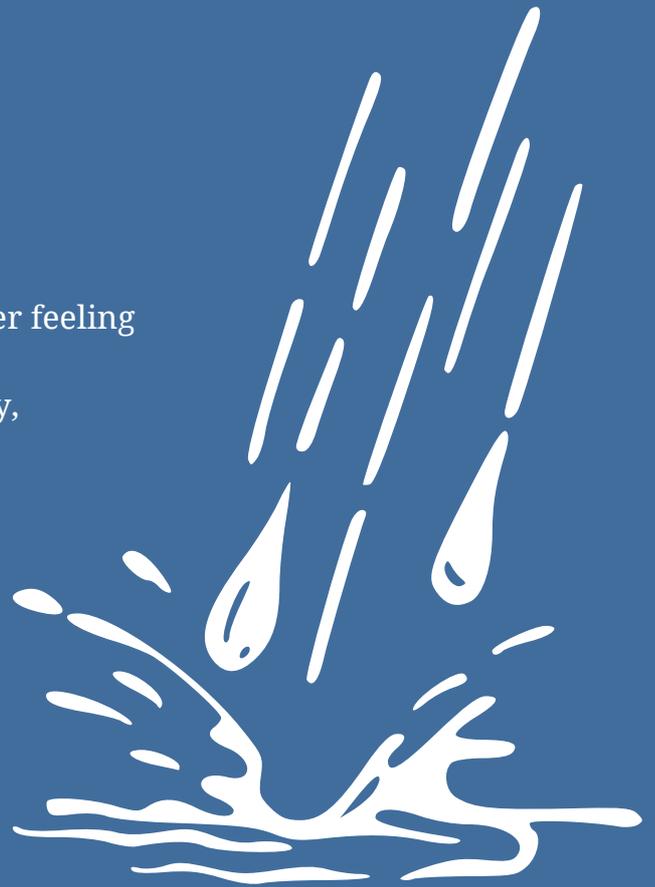
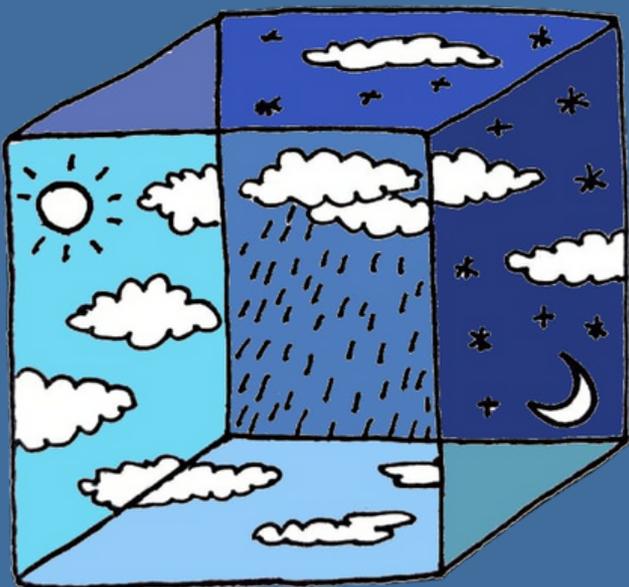


THOUGHTLESS THANKFULNESS

CRASH!

Thunder and lightning,
Illuminating the outside of my room.
Pitter patter, trees shake, leaves scatter
As the crowded clouds above loom.
Tap-tap-tap I run to my balcony and hum,
Sticking my tongue out, I taste the rain, no longer feeling
glum,
Abandoning pretense, all defenses washed away,
My mind with the trees does sway.
As the petrichor infiltrates my senses,
Blurs my spectacle's lenses,
I feel my feet lift in the air,
All intelligent thoughts ensnared.
When the rain down does subside,
When it no longer clouds my eyes,
When the sky's tremble fades
And my heart moans in pain
For many more days in the rain,
Often I don't restrain
From giving in to elated feelings,
Naked feet suspended in the air, my wounds healing,
Left drenched and shivering all alone with my mind,
Left to evaluate, left to seek what remains inside.

By-Riya Mukherjee,
12 A



PETRICHOR

Long summer days,
Trotting through the sun's scorching rays.
The lonely drop of happiness,
Snuggled its way through the world's distress.
And down they started streaming,
At first glance, I thought I was dreaming.

The damp earth breathing once more,
The world filled with petrichor,
It broke the dry spell,
The verdant world peeped out of its shell.

The parched land blessed with a green garb,
And so disappears the farmer's frown.
The pitter-patter of rain is heard once more,
With all pervading petrichor.

Upasana Bagaria
6 A

Epiphany

The mirror sees her everyday
Sees her reflection,

The tangled webs
The skeletons in her closet,
The carefully contrived costumes
The burning memories,
The overflowing gallery
The home she bought,
The shadow of regrets past
The face in the dark.

Walks out early morning
Whirl of thoughts in her head,
Sees herself through the
Shards of broken glass that
They put together.

Then suddenly the rain pours
And smothers the
Deafening crescendo in her head.

The raindrop sees her now
Sees past her reflection,

The golden heart
The pure mind,
The washed blood stains
The family heirlooms,
The child in her soul
The house in the clouds,
The echo of her hearts won
The girl in the sun.

The umbrella lies closed beside
As its owner has an epiphany,
Carefree as a floating cloud
On a sunny afternoon.

Every time the shackles close,
She runs out of her head.
Walking through an empty street
While the showers wash the dirt away,
For she found her elixir in
Dancing in the rain.

Prisha Khemka

Season Of Emotions

It was late when I got home; I sat on my veranda to complete my assignments. The sky was overcast, which made the night seem darker than it was. I looked down upon the dimly-lit lane, the pounding sound of the rain on the roof making it feel like the house could collapse any moment. The sight was so beautiful and enthralling that I felt compelled to sit a little longer than usual after finishing my work.

The incessant downpour guided me down memory lane. I reminisced about those days when I would get drenched in the rain on my way home and give silly excuses for not carrying my umbrella when reprimanded by my worried mother. My friends and I had sworn to never take the umbrellas or the raincoats out of our bags. We would rush out of our school during dispersal when the rain stopped and breathe in the petrichor, wading through water-clogged streets. Memories of floating paper boats in puddles, and of dancing and singing in the rain in the late afternoons now come rushing back to me.

Rain on Friday nights was always accompanied by my Grandmother regaling me with stories of her childhood days. The pitter-patter on the windowsills seemed to open a floodgate of memories, her voice skipping over words as she struggled to hold on to long-forgotten escapades. I remember her telling me how the tiny white and pink wild flowers in her garden would shine after the rain, lit by honey beams of sunlight. Droplets of water would glisten on the leaves. Sometimes, a rainbow would show up, decorating the blue sky with bursts of color. The smell of the rain-soaked ground and grass would waft through the air. Lost in these thoughts, I didn't realize how quickly time went by. The sound of the rain that night was so soothing that it put me to sleep, enveloped by warm memories and the petrichor.

PETRICHOR

'Rain, just a simple word isn't it? Well, the word may look simple, but there are many mysteries and stories which lie gathering around the word. From those tiny frogs we see jumping over puddles and to big and admired monsoon festivals like Onam in South India.

The monsoon season starts in India in the beginning of June. After three months of intense heat and sweating, we get to experience a cool atmosphere. Rain not only cools us down from within, but also helps us with many other things needed in our daily life like the food we eat. "Rain is the farmer's best friend." Yes, it of course is. Without rain, we won't be able to get food on our plate.

Farmers pray for good rain every year as they hope to grow good and healthy crops for their benefits as well as ours.

Some of us might not like the season of monsoon but please do not let this stop you from learning more about the season. Monsoon isn't just about rain. It comes with festivals too! The festival of Onam which is celebrated in South India, is the most popular on the list. Apart from these, my favorite part about the rainy season is coming home from school all dirty with mud on my feet and asking if we have pakoras for snacks or not. I take no time to change and I grab that plate of pakoras and tell my mother to make a cup of coffee to accompany it! I sit beside the window, doing my homework while watching the rain and feeling the cool breeze with which it enters the room. I can also smell the earthy scent of nature from my window. In my opinion, monsoon season can be a little messy because of all the mud which gets stuck to our feet and the humidity during monsoon is really high, but monsoon season is indeed very helpful in many ways.

Oindri Dey

8A

Monsoon – in our life, is our life

With the arrival of June, July, August, and September,
After the bright and sunny May,
Rain makes its appearance,
almost every single day.

The sky from a lovely, light blue,
Turns into a deep, dark gray.
The world seems to suddenly dim,
without a beam or ray.

The world gets as quiet as a stone,
Except for the clouds' grumble.
The palm trees sway vigorously,
And the roads are devoid of people.

The birds in the sky disappear,
And the winds sweep away the dirt.
As the growing silence advances,
The drops drench the silent earth.

But as and when the raindrops fall,
The noises cease at last.
The birds chirp happily,
And little children come outside fast.

Accompanying their joyous cries,
As they smell the petrichor,
Farmers gladly stare upwards,
And hope their crops grow more.

As the rain touches the soil,
The trees offer their thanks.
The rivers come out of the blues,
Making the soil damp on their banks.

The gifts of heaven shower the earth,
Enlightening the faces of most men.
As chilly October turns up, we wonder,
"Oh rain, when will you come again?"

Sanika Biswas

8D

A Letter to the Rain

Dear Rain,

I know how you are regarded as one of the driving forces of life on our planet. It's because of you that we are alive. Thanks to you our flourishing civilisation hasn't crumbled to pieces. I should be grateful. To me you're rather like a friend- you always have been.

I have tried talking to nature many times, I've tried befriending the moon, trees, hills, sea and, of course, you. However, to me, the sea and you have been the best confidants. Maybe it is because you always reply with your pleasant, drizzling voice, and the sea with his waves and breakers.

It's true I've talked to you whenever I get the chance, but I've always felt that letters are special, so I thought you'd like one as well.

I have too many things on my mind these days. I don't have the sea to pour out my emotions to anymore – we moved from the coast, you see, and you're only there for three months a year. So please try to come more often. Oh, and since your drops land in the sea, could you tell him I miss him a lot?

I really enjoy all the gifts you give me – the petrichor, the splashy puddles, even the cheerful frogs. The next time though, could you please bring me a rainbow? I've never seen one before.

I don't quite know how to get this to you, and I'm pretty sure the post office won't be able to get this up to the clouds. So I'll just tie this to a balloon and let it go. You will find it, won't you? And when you do, I'm sure you'll reply again with your soft drizzle.

With Love,
Tista

Soumili Sadhukhan
6 D

