

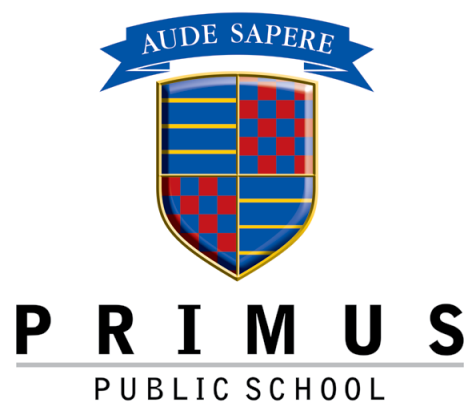


**PRIMUS**  
PUBLIC SCHOOL



PRIMUS  
*Rhapsody*  
2020-21

Vol 10 – Official Magazine of Primus Public School



# PRIMUS RHAPSODY

2020-2021

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## *From the Principal's Desk*



In the past year, if there is one thing I have learnt, it is to be grateful for small mercies! I am back in school, as are some of our students and teachers. That is a blessing in itself. Being in the midst of our young learners with all their enthusiasm and joyful chatter is rejuvenating and uplifting. Slowly, we are able to see a semblance of normalcy return... however precarious it might be. We've grown more appreciative of what we have and learnt not to take anything for granted.

It has been a year of tremendous learning for us all. The children, being digital natives, adapted to the new world more easily than anyone else and were often spotted offering support to their teachers! The parent- school partnership also was at an all-time high with parents becoming active participants in the child's learning. While the pandemic wreaked havoc across the globe, some of the changes it brought about were positive.

"It is not the strongest of the species that survive, nor the most intelligent, but the one most responsive to change." We must appreciate the wisdom of Charles Darwin who said this 200 years ago. Life is always going to be easier if we are open to adapting to any new situation or challenge that comes our way.

What actually kept the wheels of the world turning this year was technology. Can you even begin to imagine what would have happened if the pandemic had hit us 20 years ago or even 15 years ago? None of the technologies and apps that we have come to take for granted would have been available to us. No Google Meet. No Google Classroom. No Zoom. No Jamboard. No Webex. No Teams. No WhatsApp..... and slow internet speed!! Nothing to mitigate the doom and gloom of the pandemic!

I guess we must consider it as something of a boon that such a global pandemic hit us at a point when we did have relatively easy access to such amazing communication technology that helped us stay in touch with each other and continue to teach, learn, have meetings, conduct business, shop and entertain ourselves. India's internet charge per GB is the lowest in the

world allowing more people access to the network. While schools like ours were able to shift to online learning very quickly, even schools which were in distant places were able to leverage technology, using YouTube channels and WhatsApp groups to send lessons to the students. Technology truly became the enabler not just in education and business but in so many other ways.

While we had begun shopping on e-tail sites, the process gathered steam and took on a life of its own during this year. Delivery services, particularly of food and supplies, were a blessing. In the field of entertainment, streaming platforms gave much needed relief to those forced to stay indoors! I would classify the facilitation of easy video communication with family and friends as the jewel in the crown of technology use!

George Burns said, "Happiness is having a large, loving, caring, close knit family ..... in another city!" Seriously though, all of us love being with our family and have always yearned to have more time to spend with our children, our parents, our siblings and our spouses. None of us realised that our wishes would be fulfilled in such abundance! It was a treat to spend such quality time with them. It gave us all an opportunity to understand and appreciate each other, to come to each other's aid and just be there for others. It helped us all realise how much sustenance we get from the love of our families and that we do need to invest in those relationships. What a family gives us is invaluable - unconditional love, rock-solid support, enthusiastic encouragement, warm comfort and immense confidence.

It's not that I don't see the devastating impact of the pandemic and its aftermath, both in the larger picture and at the personal level. I know it has been a very difficult time for most people and it will take the world years to recover from the consequences.

It is just that I choose to focus on the positive side of things. I hope that each of us is able to see the glass as half full and take what we can from the enormous learning opportunity that this year has given us. Let us all accept the new reality with grace, be agile in our response to the changes it brings and try to see the silver lining on every cloud. As Rumi says, *"Yesterday I was clever, so I wanted to change the world. Today I am wise, so I am changing myself."*

Regards,

*Anuradha*

Mrs Anuradha Krishnan  
Principal





## Annual Report - 2020 - 21

We're delighted to inform you that Primus Public School, Bengaluru has secured second position in the International Day School Award by Education World India School Rankings 2020-21 in Karnataka (as well as Bengaluru). Primus has also been the recipient of the Times Education Excellence 2020. This goes hand in hand with the award we have won for effecting Social Impact (recognized by Education World). We have also received the award by MEGA 2020, Manipal Group, MAHE for Excellence in Pedagogy and for our exemplary contribution in implementing Quality in Education.

Primus Public School has won the prestigious IDS Award (International Dimension in Schools) for the period 2020-23. Organised by the British Council, this programme supports schools in fostering an international ethos throughout the school and embedding it within the curriculum. This programme of study involved a tremendous amount of commitment, coordination and concerted effort from both students as well as the members of staff.

The spectacular performance by our students is a telling indicator of the sterling work, dedication and commitment of the entire team at Primus. The exemplary performance of the students is also reflection of the school's culture of discipline and focus that has become an ingrained value in every student graduating out of our school.

We had organised a Virtual Celebration of the Primus Academic Awards of 2019-20 on 13th September 2020. Here is a snapshot of the results:

### II PUC

Percentage of students with First Class/ Distinction: **96.6%**

Number of perfect 100s scored: **16**

Highest overall percentage: **Science: 98% ; Commerce: 96.8%**

Highest percentage in Core subjects (without languages): **Science: 99.7% ; Commerce: 94.8%**

Highest number of 100s scored by an individual: 3 - **Rishit Tyagi in Physics, Chemistry & Math**

### Overall Toppers

Science	Percentage	Commerce	Percentage
Rishit Tyagi	98%	Nishita Noushad	94.8%
Aparajita Singh	94.7%	Shambhavi Kulkarni	94.5%
Anjali Pattathil	93.8%	Madhumita B	93.8%

### Core Subject Toppers

Science	Percentage	Commerce	Percentage
Rishit Tyagi	99.7%	Nishita Noushad	96.8%
Aparajita Singh	96.2%	Aranitha Nayana	96.5%
Merlin Jenish	95.7%	Shambhavi Kulkarni	96.5%
		Megha Manoj	94.8%



### Centum Scorers

Aranitha Nayana	Business Studies
Megha Manoj	Business Studies
Madhumita B	Statistics
Meenakshi	Computer Science
Roslyn Pius	Computer Science
Rishit Tyagi	Chemistry
Rishit Tyagi	Physics
Nandita Mahesh	Physics
Rishit Tyagi	Math
Nandita Mahesh	Math
Anant Nambiar	Math
Anjali Pattathil	Math
Anushka Gupta	Math
Aparajita Singh	Math
Merlin Jenish	Math
Pranav S Krishnan	Math

Primus PU College continued its legacy of academic excellence with excellent results in JEE. Mrigank Singh from Primus scored a whopping **99.956%** followed by many other students who scored phenomenally high in the competitive exam.

### A/ AS Level

Number of **A and A\*** in AS/A levels: **24**

### Toppers

A Level	Percentage	AS level	Percentage
Divit Singh	91.25%	Ananya & Bhargavan	92%
Laasya Eluri	89%	Dhriti Kandoor	91.3%
Sneha Raghava Raju	86%	Abhigyan Prakash	90.75%



## IGCSE

Percentage of **A & A\*** in IGCSE (Extended): **81.9%**

Percentage of grades C and above: **97.14%**

### Subjects with highest percentage of A/A\* in IGCSE

**Biology/ Chemistry/Physics: over 80%**

**Math: 75%**

**English/ICT /GP: over 60%**

### Toppers

Name	Percentage
Chinmay Krishna	91.88%
Aarushi Shisodia	91.5%
Syed Nabhan	91%

### Students with Maximum A\*s in IGCSE

**7 A\*** - Aarushi Shisodia

**6 A\*** - Neha Poolu, Chinmay Krishna, Yohan Bhojwani,  
Syed Nabhan, Arnav S Kumar

Our students have also won accolades in co-curricular activities and sports. Primus cub Arcot Sriniketan of Grade 6 won the bronze medal in the team event at Karnataka State Level Shooting Championship. We are proud to announce that one of young scholars, Vignesh Arunkumar of LKG has been recognized by India Book of records for identifying more than 350 logos of automobile brands. Several Primus students have also won multiple medals and certificates in International English as well as International Math Olympiad. A truly stupendous achievement!

As you can see, our cup of joy overflows! The students and their teachers who have motivated them to push beyond their very best have plenty of reasons to celebrate.





## Fundraising Initiative by Primus cubs

Recently, the enterprising students of Grade 10 initiated a fundraiser for the support staff. They crowd-funded a total amount of Rs.1,66,850, which was close to Rs.4,700 for each staff member. This was consolidated and presented to the staff by the

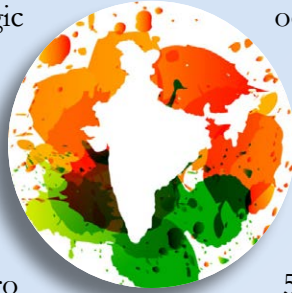
students themselves. This was a purely student-initiated endeavour, organised and executed seamlessly by the young people themselves. We are proud of our Primus cubs for exemplifying solidarity and empathy during these challenging times.





## Independence Day

Primus students and teachers put together a virtual cultural programme to celebrate India's 74th Independence Day. The programme was memorable for its cultural dances, brilliant musical performances as well as a magic show hosted by a student of Primus PU College. Students of grades 6, 7 and 8 participated in various cultural activities like dance and recitation. The students organised a memorable skit on freedom fighters and created a voice-over video about our unsung hero Uma Bhai Kundapur.



As part of the Independence Day celebration, our Kindergarteners and Grade 1 students made tricolour hearts and flowers. What a lovely and creative way to celebrate this momentous occasion! Students of grades 2, 3 and 4 professed their love for the nation by unleashing their creativity. Tricolour edible toppings, vegetable printing and creating bookmarks of national symbols - such charmingly unique ways of celebrating our Independence Day. Grade 5 children made impromptu portraits of freedom fighters.

## E-Music Concert 2020

Primus Public school's much-awaited music concert was a virtual event filled with exuberance, where students from high school and Grades 11 and 12 performed for their peers on an online platform. On 30 August 2020, these dedicated singers and

music maestros weren't bound by any limitations and challenges. Their love for music made them find innovative ways to perform with unbridled ardour and passion. They performed memorable renditions of Justin Bieber, Train, Ed Sheeran, Ruth and more!



## Teachers' Day

Primus students made Teachers' Day a very memorable one for us. Though it was a year of distance learning, the warmth and exuberance of our students was unabated. The children planned a trip down the memory lane by creating Quizzes based on the 90's. They



put together an entire virtual Teachers' Day programme with Bollywood performances to musical renditions and heartwarming messages to the gurus. With handmade cards, appreciation videos and interactive sessions with the children, we couldn't have asked for more this Teachers' day!

## Hindi Diwas

September 14th is Hindi Diwas, a day to celebrate the history, importance and beauty of the Hindi language. Hindi Diwas was celebrated with great gusto by Primus students. Primary school students did numerous craft activities on Hindi Diwas. They did a very engaging activity on consonant sounds (vyanjan). The children made paper animals with the



starting consonant sounds of the words. The students celebrated this day by engaging in meaningful debates, singing songs and penning down various manifestations of the language. Students of Grade 7 interviewed their grandparents on the occasion of Hindi Diwas. Students of grades 9 and 10 hosted a Vaad-Vivaad pratiyogita.

## Children's Day

Children's Day was celebrated with great gusto and enthusiasm. The teachers organised extremely engaging games and activities. They also put up dance and theatre performances and a puppet show as well. There was a card tricks show by our very own Primus cub, Sreeraj Promod. A Fancy Dress Show by the children of Nursery and a Talent show by the students of LKG and UKG added a dash of excitement, exuberance and energy to their fun-filled day. In primary



school, Grade 1 students celebrated the day with a picture quiz and bingo while Grade 2 students had a Scavenger hunt game. Grades 3 and 4 students enjoyed the 'Children's day skit' created by teachers and enjoyed the day with music, dance and a movie too. Senior school students too had a wonderful session with a quiz and activities organised by teachers. The students wholeheartedly enjoyed the teachers' performances (all compiled in an entertaining video!)





## Christmas Celebration

Our kindergarteners celebrated Virtual Christmas with great fervour and enthusiasm. Children sang carols and created Christmas trees. They also finger-painted Santa's elves, drew reindeer and enjoyed the Christmas spirit in class. Grade 1 students were involved in decorating cookies and sing Christmas carols while Grade 2 students presented Christmas decorations made by them with used household items. Students of Grades 3, 4 and 5 participated in 'Joy of Recycling'



competition in which they made Christmas themed products out of reused and waste materials. They enjoyed the exciting games conducted by Ms. Tina George and learnt the story behind Santa Claus.

Senior school students too listened to an insightful Christmas message and had an online celebration with class activities and interesting quizzes conducted by teachers. Senior school students were thrilled to attend a virtual baking session with Mrs Suvasini Sridhar, our French teacher.

## Republic Day celebration

India's 72nd Republic Day was celebrated online with great nationalistic fervor. On this momentous occasion, our little patriots of Kindergarten created charming tricolour flowers, badges and cards. Our primary school students unleashed their creativity and put their patriotic spirit on full display. The students of Grade 1 made tricolour coasters from old CDs and Grade 2 dressed up as national leaders of India. Grade 3 students made

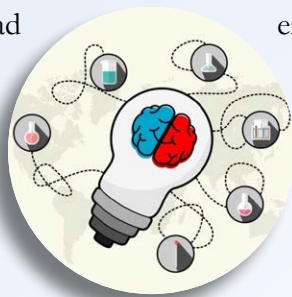


paper windmills while Grade 4 made tricolour sandwiches. The students of Grade 5 incorporated the Indian tricolours into origami peacocks.

Senior school students performed enthralling classical dances – right from a splendid Odissi performance to a traditional Bharatanatyam dance. It was a wonderful experience to see the Kindergarten parents dance alongside their little ones as they performed to patriotic songs.

## Science Day

There was a week-long celebration on the occasion of National Science Day. We called it "See the World under a Microscope". Harshad Roonwal, a student of Grade 2 took the initiative to demonstrate the reliance of fire on oxygen while students of Grade 5 commendably demonstrated the process of creating a solar oven from a pizza box. The solar ovens



Science project encouraged the students to learn about sustainability, solar power and harnessing energy. In addition, there were live demos by grade 8 students, live experiments, online games, group discussions, debates, skits, quizzes and much more! The Guest speaker Soumya Sharma, part of the Primus Alumni, spoke ardently about human-animal interactions.



## Kindergarten

Parents' Day was celebrated by our Kindergarten and Primary school children with hugs, kisses and unconditional love. Our children made special cards for their parents and handcrafted a whole bunch of indelible memories in the process.

Our Kindergarteners observed International Tiger's Day by recognising that the tiger is a symbol of

Beauty, Bravery, Strength and Nationality. They learnt the importance of spreading the message of saving the tigers so that they will have the opportunity to see these magnificent animals in the future too. Our children did a craft activity where they made a cut out and coloured it orange and black to look like tiger cubs.





To celebrate Janmashtami, our little ones in Nursery and LKG dressed up as Lord Krishna and Radha, complete with flutes and peacock feathers. They played Dahi – handi with their parent's help and

also danced with a lot of zest. UKG children made tiny footprints of Lord Krishna using paint on chart paper. They enjoyed listening to the story of Lord Krishna's birth.



Cont...





The Kindergarteners had loads of fun as they celebrated Onam in class. Nursery children made pretty pookalams with flower petals, rangoli powder and paint. LKG students dressed up for the occasion and displayed their pookalam designing skills. UKG

children used chart paper strips and wove them together to make the famous snake boat. Of course, all the kids thoroughly enjoyed the activities and listening to the Onam Festival Story.





Our UKG children had a day filled with fun and enthusiasm when they dressed up as community helpers. They were eager to show the costumes and

props they had made. Their excitement knew no bounds as they spoke about the community helper they were for the day.





As part of the Dussehra celebration, our little ones were made aware of the significance of this festival through a storytelling session about how and why we celebrate Dussehra. The Nursery children did an activity of stringing mango leaves to make Torans. The LKG students had a 'Show

and Tell' about Navratri and many of them danced too. They also drew dandiya sticks and made Torans using mango leaves. UKG children made dandiya sticks using newspaper and decorated their sticks using chart paper, sequins, glitter, etc.





The Kindergarteners celebrated Makar Sankranti, the harvest festival, by making colourful kites. They also learned about the different names the festival

goes by in different states. The children's excitement and enthusiasm was palpable during the celebration.



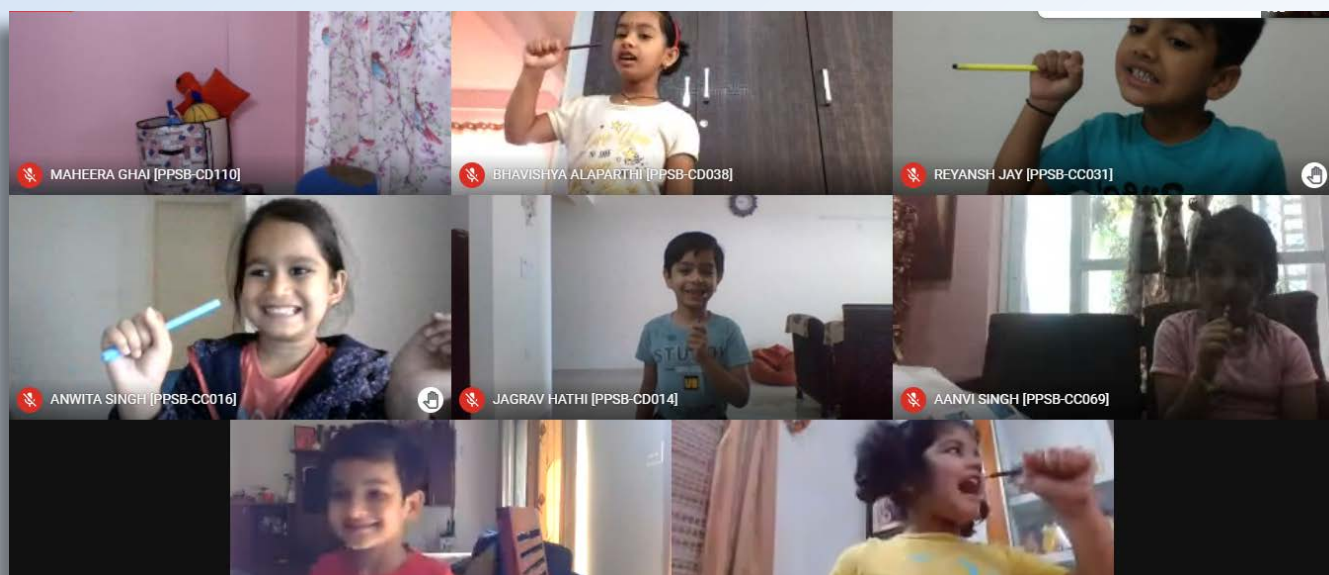
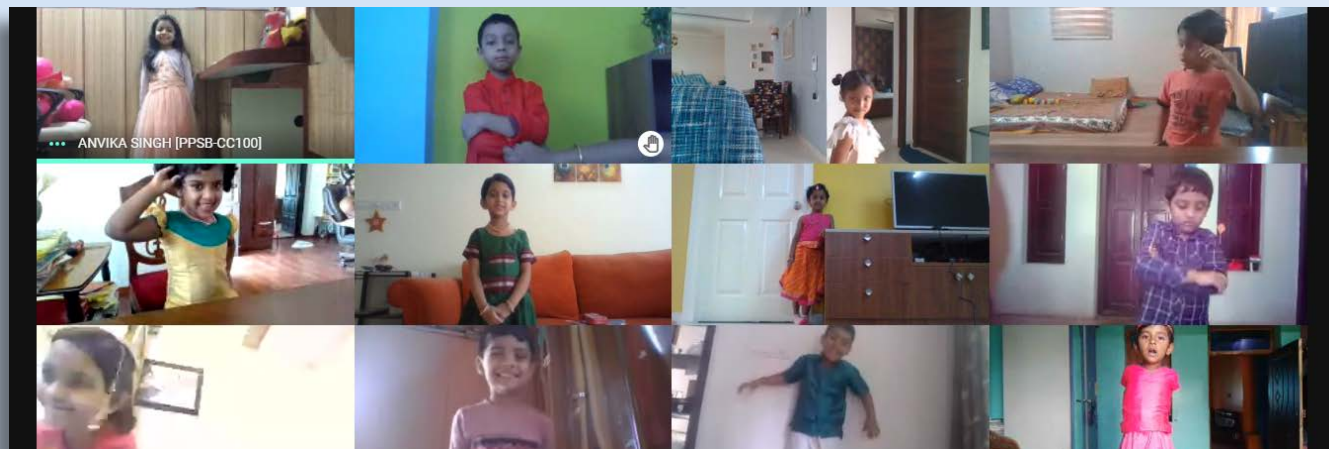
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Mother Language Day is observed annually on 21st February to promote awareness of linguistic and cultural diversity. Our kindergarteners celebrated the

diverse languages of our unique country by singing a song in their mother tongue. They thoroughly enjoyed this experience.



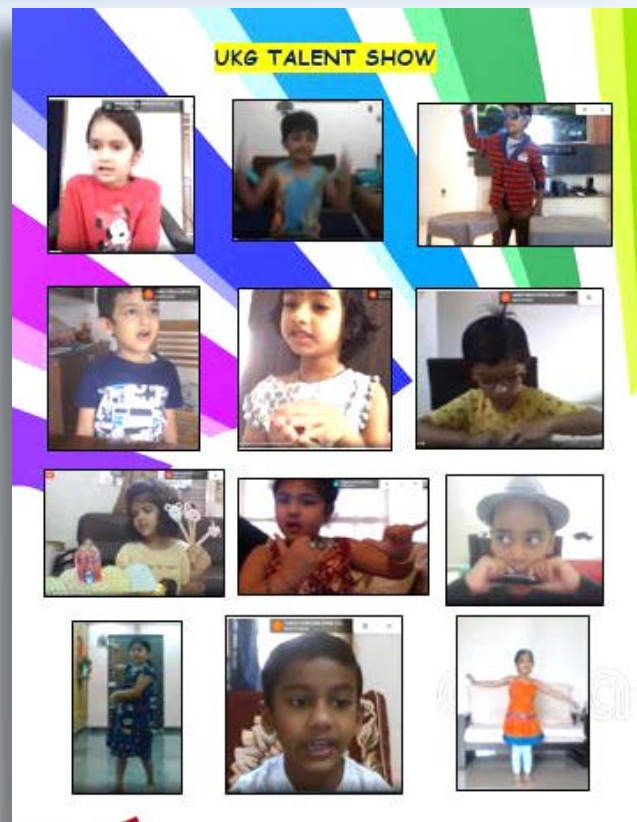
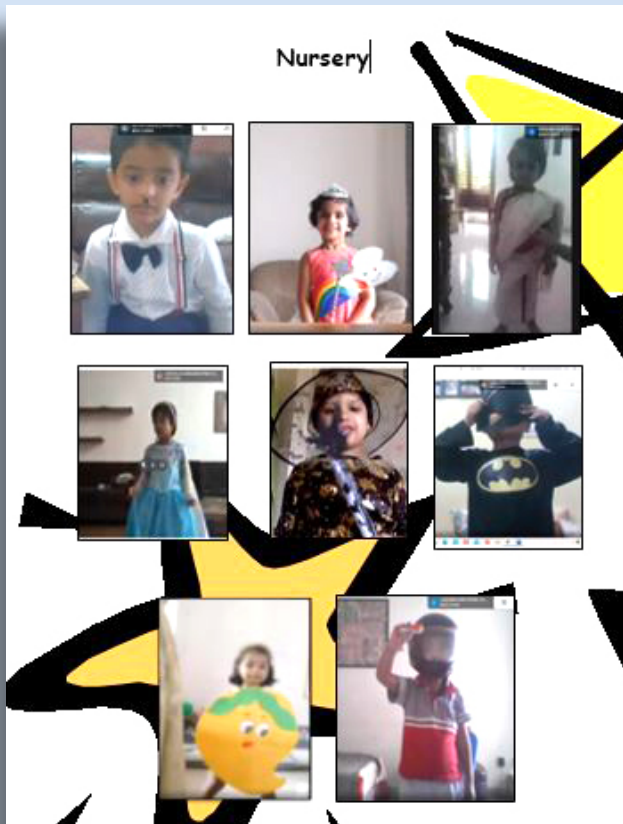
Our kindergarteners conducted a “Show and Tell” as a part of the “Seasons” theme. The children enjoyed speaking about their favourite season whilst showing the accessories, fruits, flowers and food items that they had brought as props.

The kindergarteners also celebrated the colourful festival of Holi in class. They made a “DIY Holi T-shirts” using toothbrush to spray paint their white T-shirts with vibrant colours.



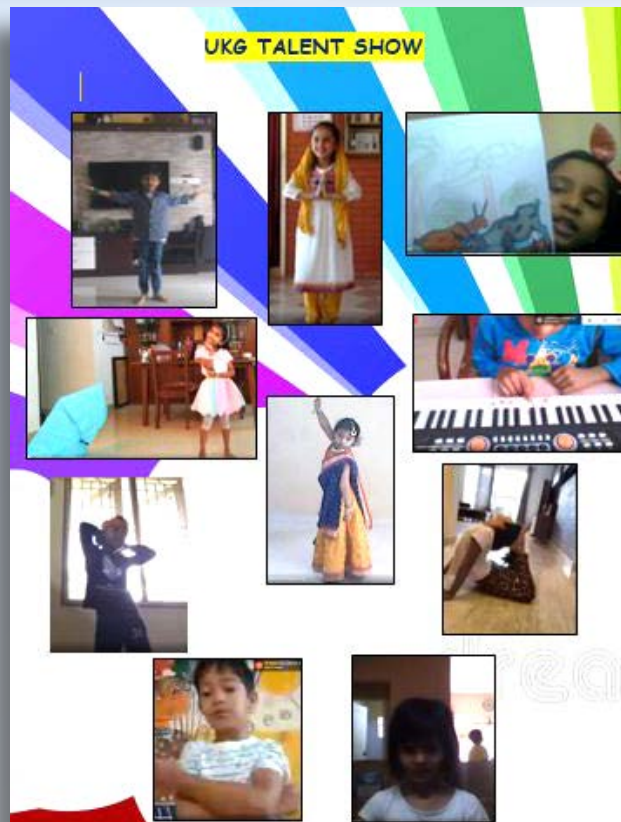
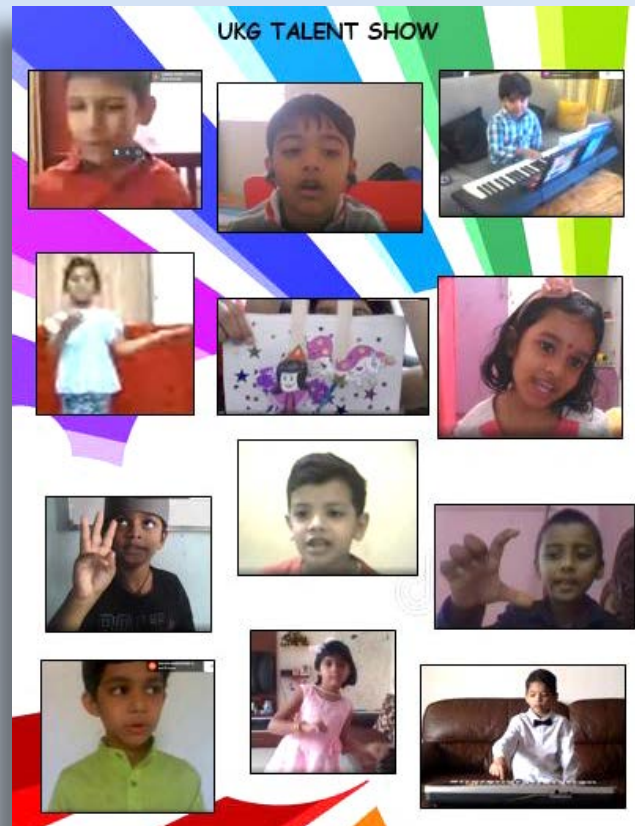
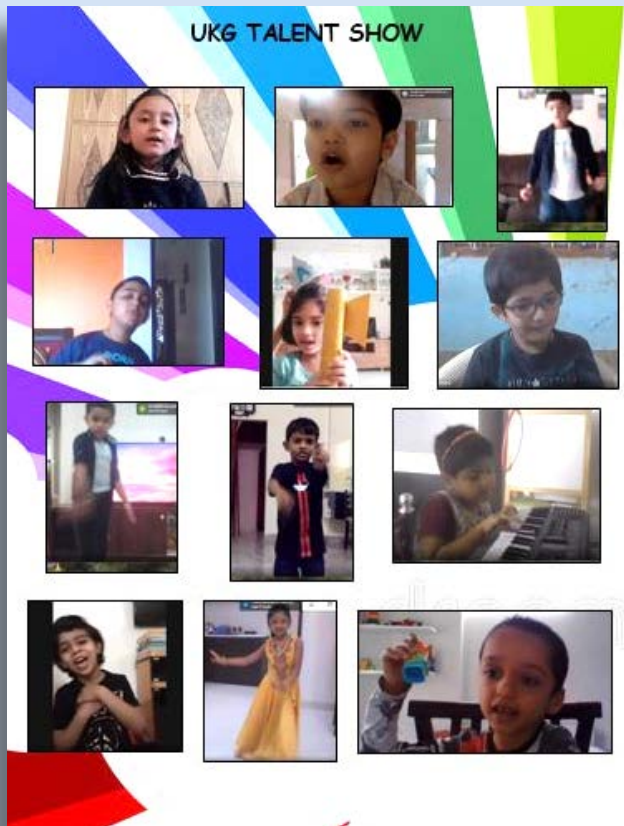


## Kindergarten Children's Day





## Kindergarten Children's Day



## Republic Day





## International Nutrition Day





## Parents' Day





## Independence Day





## Holi



Cont...





## Ganesh Chaturthi

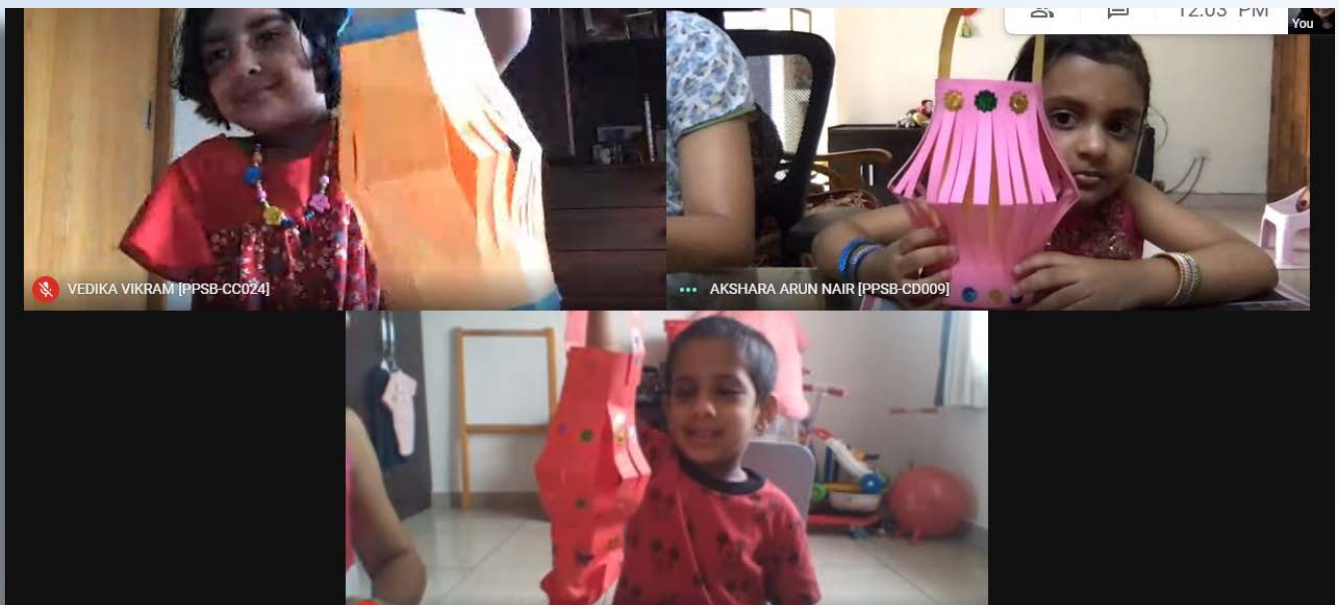


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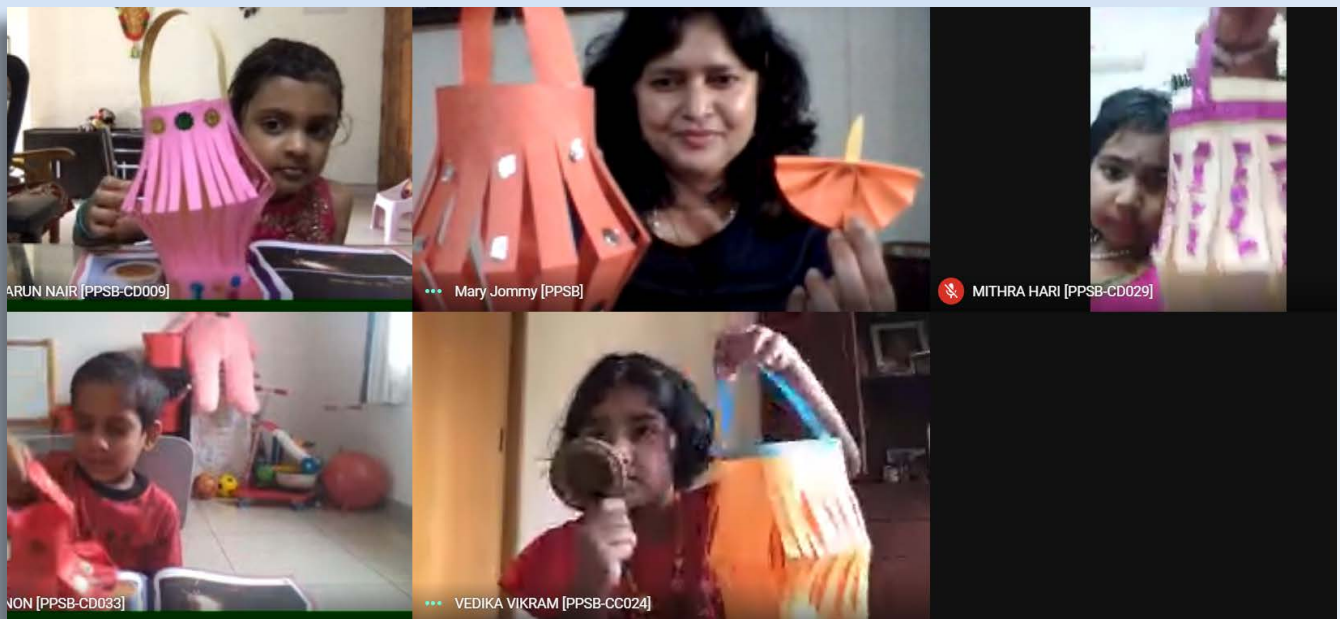
## Diwali



Cont...







## Christmas



## Primary School

Primary school students have had quite an eventful year, full of activities ranging from Book Clubs to Theatre workshops, from Creative Writing to Story-telling sessions, from Science competitions to Arts and Crafts workshops, from Recitation competitions to Reading Programmes!

Students from grades 1 to 5 enthusiastically took part in this year's Art Competition. Their creativity found expression in some amazingly perceptive paintings and sketches. The topics assigned were: Grade 1 - My Favourite cartoon character; Grade 2 - Me and

my family; Grade 3 - Underwater Kingdom; Grade 4 - My Fantasy place; Grade 5 - Corona Warriors.

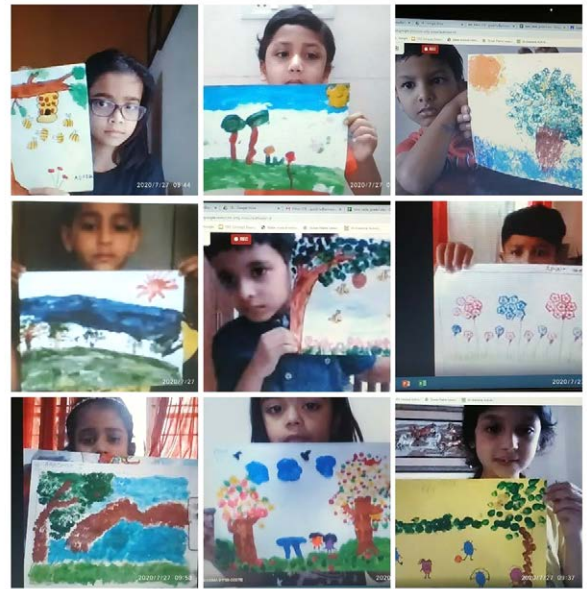
Primary school Students celebrated 'Parents Day' to express their love and gratitude for their parents by making special cards for them. Needless to say, the parents were overwhelmed by this lovely gesture.

Grade 1 students created a natural landscape using thumb/finger prints. They also presented the musical instrument created by them as part of their Science class.

*Grade 1 - Christmas Celebration  
Cookie Decoration Activity*



*Grade 1 - Making a Nature's Scene using Finger prints / Vegetable prints*



Cont...





*Grade 1 - Making a Tri-colour Flower for Independence Day Activity*



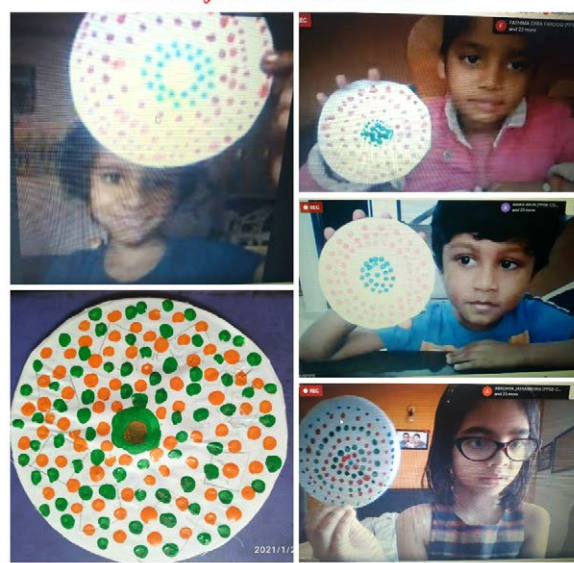
*Grade 1 - Making a Tri-colour Flower for Independence Day Activity*



*Grade 1 - Joy of Recycling Competition*



*Grade 1 - Republic Day Activity  
Making a Tri-colour Coaster*





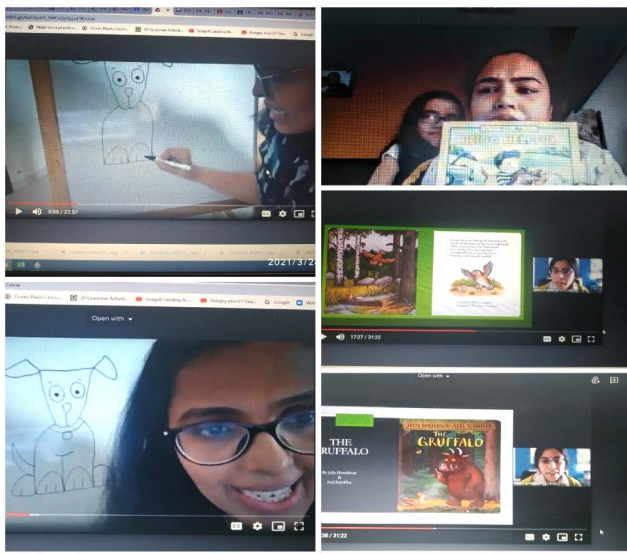
**Grade 1 - Sorting Animals for  
Science Activity on Animals**



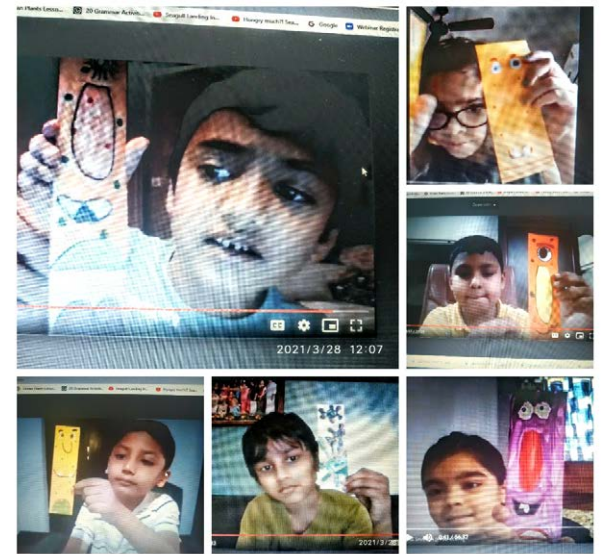
**Grade 1 - Science Activity  
Make your Own Musical Instrument!**



**Grade 1 - Sessions conducted by Parents  
Fun Quiz, Art Activity and Story Telling**



**Grade 1 - Science Activity  
Making a Germs Bookmark**





As they say, playing dress-up begins at the age of five and never truly ends. Our Grade 2 students participated in an Online Fancy Dress Competition. The theme for the event was “Things we use every day”. It was heart-warming to see the children

dressed up as hand sanitizers, toothpaste and brush, tender coconut seller, teacher, tailor, doctor, nurse, milkman, newspaper hat, internet and what not! What a unique way of blending learning with fun!

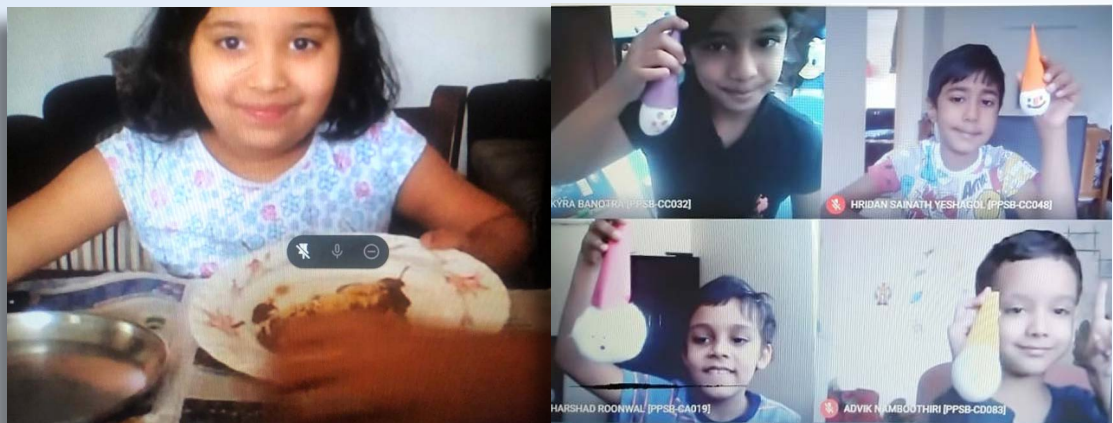
### *Fancy Dress Competition*



### *Independence Day activity*



### *Baking and Egg shell craft activities*



*Cont...*



Our experimental scientists of Grade 3 demonstrated their knowledge of seed germination by sowing coriander and fenugreek seeds and providing the necessary atmosphere for the plants' healthy growth. The root structure was also studied. Students of Grade 3 participated wholeheartedly in a 'Creative Food Art' competition. Their creations were not

just innovative, but had tremendous aesthetic appeal as well! Grade 3 Students also had a peek into the intriguing world of birds as part of an environmental project. They learned the importance of birds in our environment and ecosystem. Students dressed up as birds and spoke on a few interesting facts and characteristics about that particular bird.

### *Explora Vision Competition - Renewable Resources*

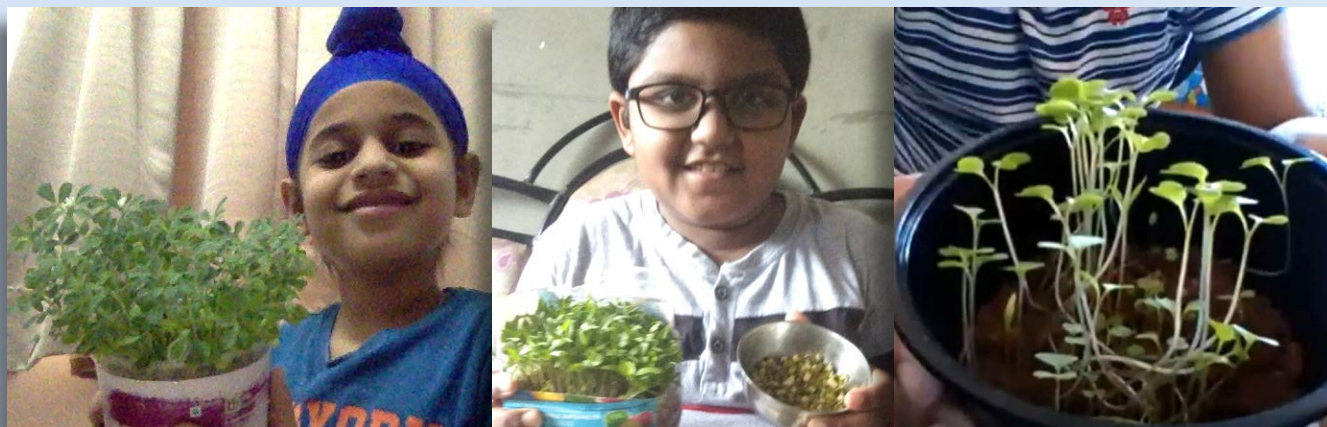


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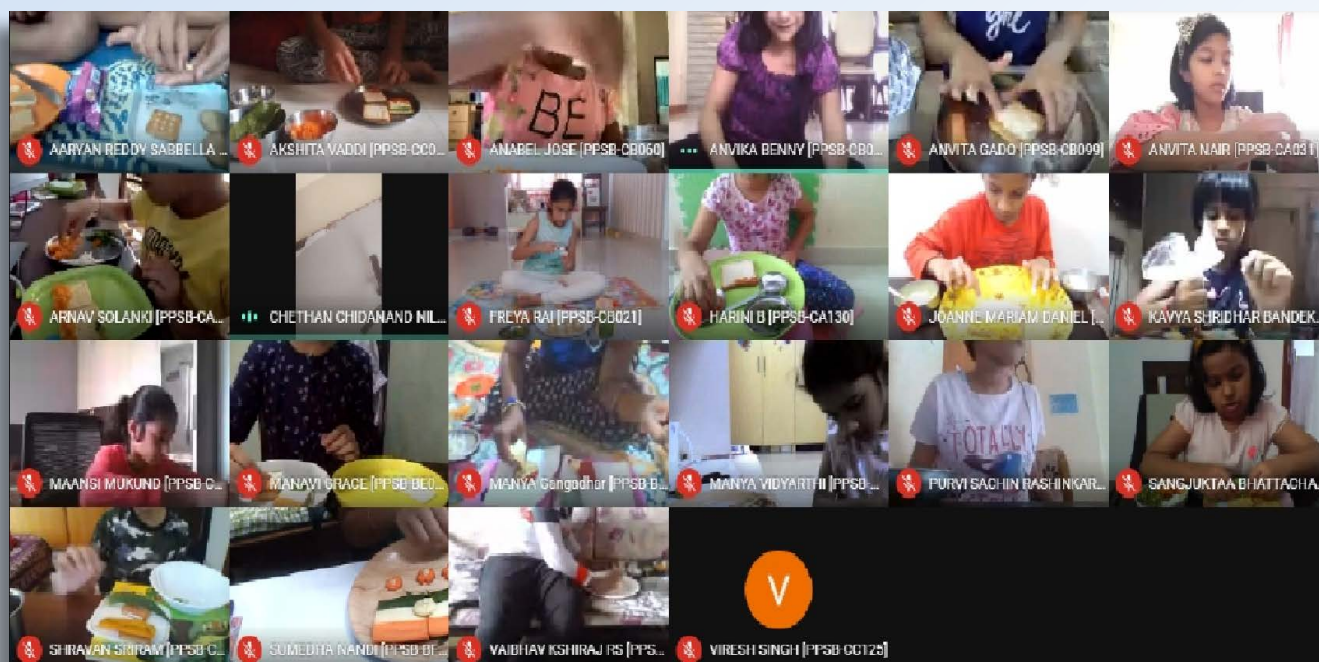
## *Germination of Plants Activity*



## *National Science Day - Baking soda and vinegar experiment*



## *Independence Day Activity - Making tricolour sandwich*



*Cont...*





## Math Tangram with Subtraction Activity



## Vegetable Painting Activity

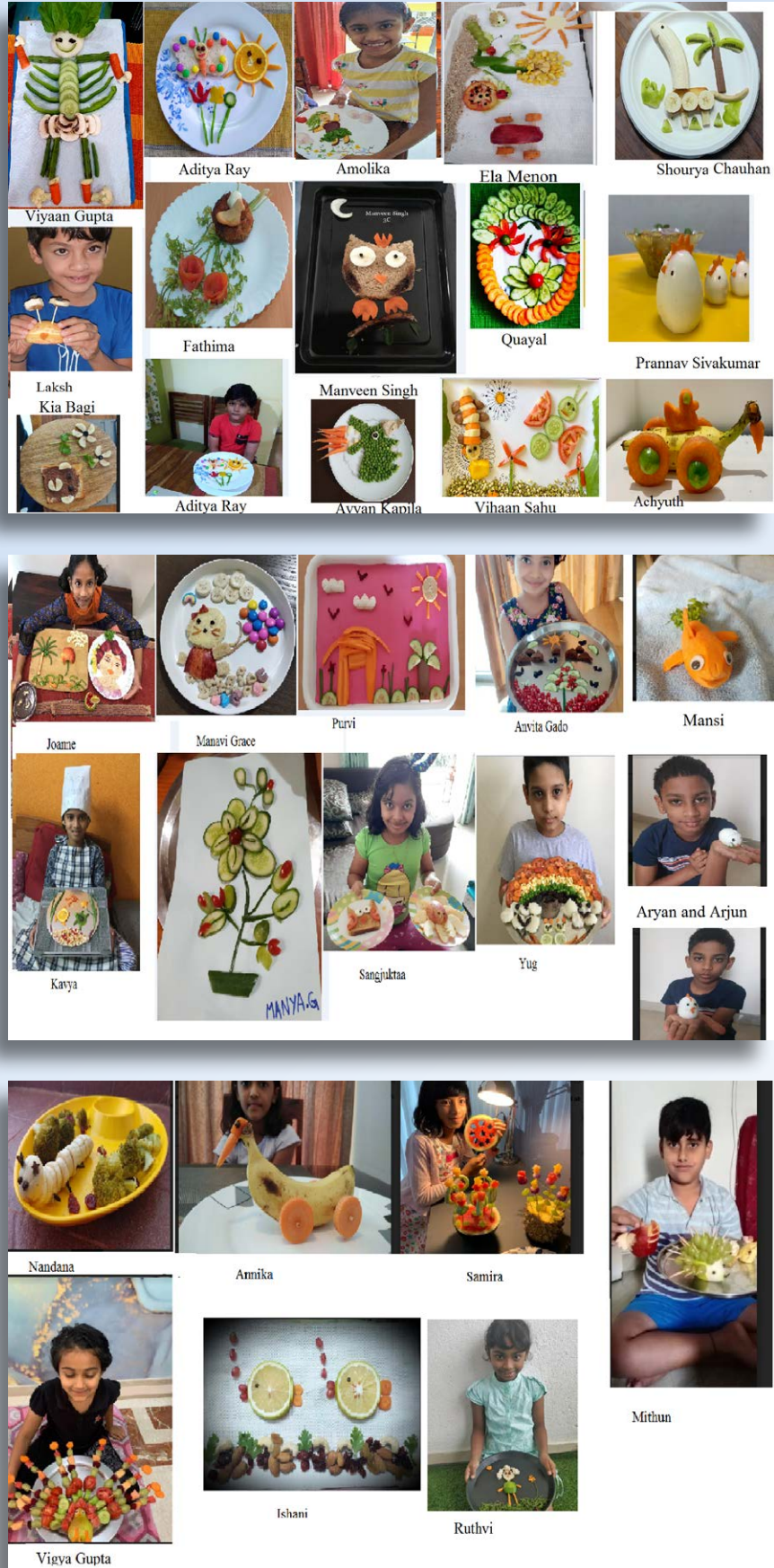


## Parents' Day - Card making activity





## Creative Food Art



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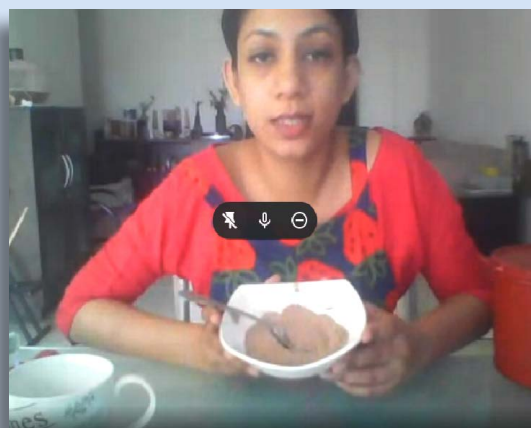


Grade 4 students participated in an exciting session conducted by ExploraVision; they researched and made models of different gardening tools and understood their uses. Getting Jazzy with Jingles was a unique activity performed by the enthusiastic children of Grade 5 to interpret various logos and slogans. They learned the meaning of "catchphrase" and "catchwords" in persuasive writing and created a visual representation of feelings and emotions. They created and presented advertisements to the whole class (to assess which ads are the most convincing).

The students had quite a treat in the first week of March. Special baking demo sessions by Chef Anaita brought out the little chefs in all of them. The children were delighted with their own creations – banana mug cakes!

The Primary School Annual Day was a virtual celebration this year! The children performed with great enthusiasm and their zeal was unabated! The colourful costumes, enchanting dance and music performances as well as the expressive narration made this a memorable event!

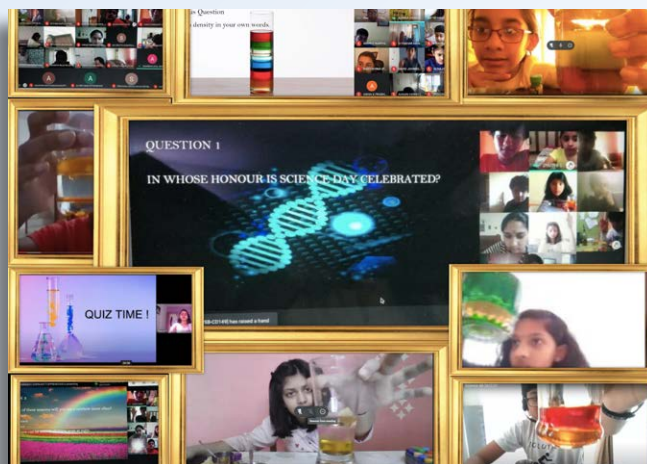
### *Baking session with Chef Anaita*



### *Independence Day*



### *Science Day*





## Science Activities



☒ < > ☑

Instructions, ideas, or the right sign  
to use for instructions for learning

## Solar Oven Investigation

Use this photo grid of the different **weathering**. On right has **weathering** examples that show how it is different to humans. Use right icons beside effects on site.

Use this photo grid of the different **weathering**. On right has **weathering** examples that show how it is different to humans. It is a good in basic nature and no mention of positive side effects compared to UV light.

Heat energy, also called **thermal energy**, is the energy or effort the heat source of the movement of its molecules, and heat energy is the energy that is transferred from one object to another object. Heat energy is Earth comes from the sun.

Use this photo grid of the different **weathering**. On right has **weathering** examples that show how it is different to humans. It is a good in basic nature and no mention of positive side effects compared to UV light.

Heat energy, also called **thermal energy**, is the energy or effort the heat source of the movement of its molecules, and heat energy is the energy that is transferred from one object to another object. Heat energy is Earth comes from the sun.

How does solar cooking work?

**Introduction**

Solar cooking is possible to the concentration, absorption and reflection.

**Conclusion**

Why do solar ovens need reflector light rays to heat food?

**Conclusion**

Solar ovens are used to reflect light rays and concentrate them in different light rays that cannot escape. Different weathering has the type of energy that makes the water, fat and protein molecules in food cook and heat up.

**Conclusion**

Reflection is the process in which a ray of light bounces off a smooth surface and the reflected surface (light) is absorbed or stops in the line. Dark materials absorb sunlight, making them efficient.

After concentration the heated area should be made of dark material to absorb that reflected the heat. It is absorbed and stops in the line. Dark materials absorb sunlight, making them efficient.

### Further Exploration

Use this photo grid of the different **weathering**. On right has **weathering** examples that show how it is different to humans. It is a good in basic nature and no mention of positive side effects compared to UV light.

Heat energy, also called **thermal energy**, is the energy or effort the heat source of the movement of its molecules, and heat energy is the energy that is transferred from one object to another object. Heat energy is Earth comes from the sun.

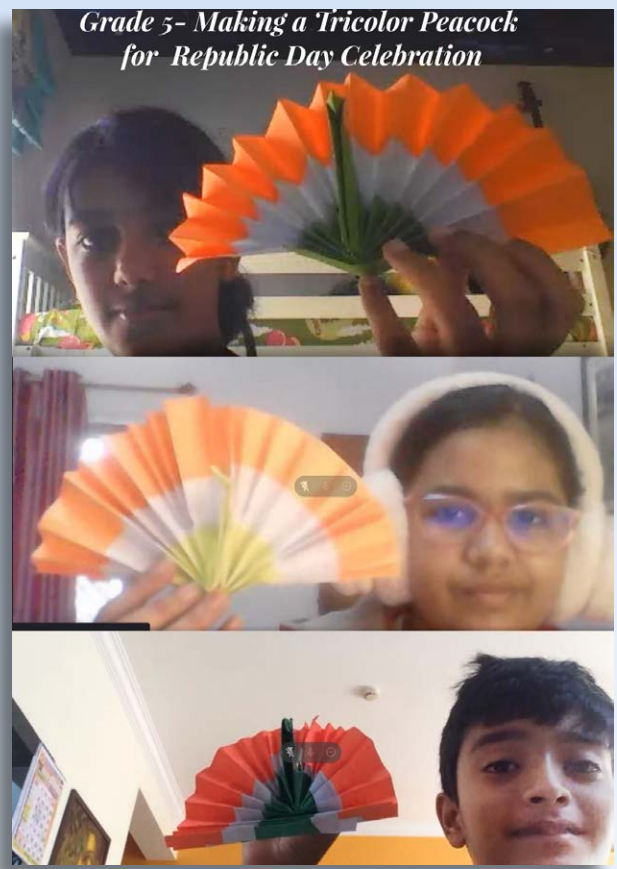
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## Senior School

The year started with a Poster Making competition for Senior school students of Primus. Various topics were given for different grades, the children could choose any medium of their choice.

Our high school students are engaged in an online chess tournament. Each round of the chess game came to a nearly nail-biting finish!

Grade 7 students had an interactive session with RJ Durba Dhyani on Thursday 16th July. Ms Durba spoke extensively about Voice Modulation, Stressed syllables and Intonation in English, the 3 "S"s of RJ-ing and much more!

The students of Grade 6 had a cookery session Munchies with the Munchkins with Vidya Menon on Friday. It was an interactive session on Google

Meet, where Ms Vidya taught them how to make a yummy chocolate fudge and an open sandwich. The kids had a blast!

On 24th and 25th July, we had our very first Online MUN, for students of grades 8 to 12. Primus Alumni conducted the MUN and there were 115 participants across all grades. The students used a popular online platform to conduct the event. MUN had two committees United Nations Security Council (UNSC) and All India Political Party Meet (AIPPM). The agenda discussed in UNSC was Crimean Annexation and in AIPPM, it was reviewing and analysing the economic policies of the NDA government from 2014 to 2019 with special emphasis on demonetisation, GST, cross border and international policies.



Cont...



'Art of Kokedama' was a collaborative project done by Grade 8 students of Primus Public School and St. Peter's College, Kolenchery. Kokedama is the Japanese art of growing plants in a moss-covered ball of soil wrapped with string. There was enthusiastic participation from all the students, who displayed their baby plants with great pride.

There was an interactive session for senior school students called Boring News, which enlightened the children about the way media influences the masses. Senior school students also attended KidzByte Junior TV Anchor Workshop, an enlightening session on presentation style, facing the camera with confidence and other elements that go into the making of a documentary.

Students also planned virtual special assemblies on a variety of pertinent topics. Grade 8B students for

instance, organised a special assembly on "We are all in this together....", which gave a glimpse into the lives of young people during the pandemic, while class 9B put up a fascinating talent show.

On World Environment Day, students of grade 8 prepared questionnaires for all, followed an Environment Day talk by Sneha D'Souza from A Level; students also interviewed parents as part of the programme. In August 2020, the students of Grade 6 conducted and participated in an engaging Biology Quiz on the topic - The Digestive System.

In honour of the French National Day, our students were treated to a video with an informative skit, put together by our French department. The skit reminded French students of the significance of the French Revolution and included glimpses of the Fall of Bastille and other events of historical importance.



PRIMUS PUBLIC SCHOOL PRESENTS

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Come celebrate the 34th Science Day with this week-long event.

LIVE EXPERIMENTS | GROUP DISCUSSIONS | SCIENCE GAMES | LIVE DEMOS | SKIT

FEB 22nd-26th, 2021

LINK/NICKNAME FOR THE LIVE ACTIVITIES WILL BE UPDATED ON GC

Cont...





The Senior School Annual Day celebration was an event to remember! In spite of the fact that this time it was a virtual programme rather than a live one, our students' enthusiasm remained as high as ever! Students of grades 6 to 8 explored the dances around the world. From the ubiquitous American hip-hop to Spanish foot-tapping beats, from Korean dance numbers to the fascinating Poi, the programme had it all!

This year we have organised a series of Career counselling sessions on inter-disciplinary studies and liberal arts for senior school students as well for students of Grades 11 and 12. These were conducted by representatives of various reputable universities like Ashoka, Krea and Spark Career Mentors.



Yashvardhan Singh, Grade 9  
1st prize in Inter Gavel Club Championship



Hari Menon, Grade 7  
2nd rank in Inter Gavel Club Championship



Arcot Sriniketan, Grade 6  
Karnataka State Level Shooting Champ



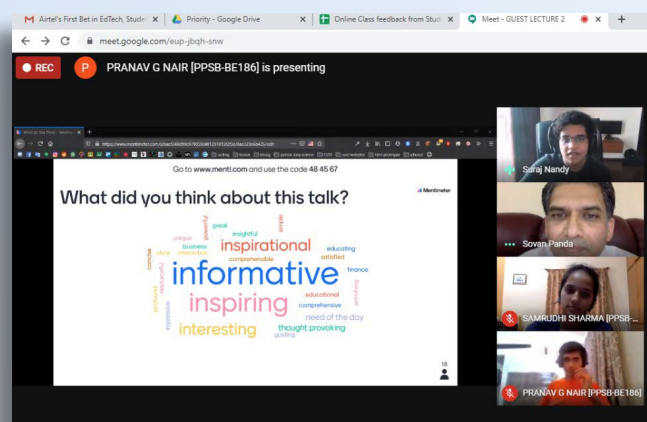
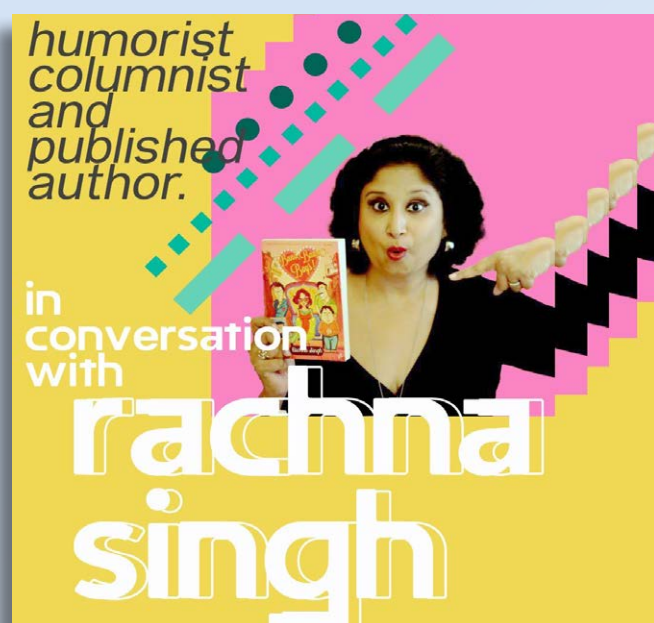
## Grades 11 and 12 (PUC/AS/A Level)

The students of Grades 11 and 12 have had the opportunity to attend many stimulating talks and events this year. There was an interactive session on Negotiation Skills by guest speaker Mr. Manu Karan. The session's objectives were to impart knowledge about negotiation skills through role play. Students were divided into pairs to enact a negotiating session between a producer and a movie director. This gave students a better insight into real world scenarios.

Author and Blogger Rachna Singh addressed the students in a session aptly called 'The Unconventional Humorist'. One of her very first pieces was 'Dating,

Diapers and Denial' which is a comic look at a woman's years from the age of 20 to 40. Another one of her hits was her book titled 'Mums Gotta Live', a compiled monologue about her thoughts during her encounter with cancer. Another one of her books called 'Band Baja Boys' has been adopted into a television series.

We had the privilege of inviting another respected guest speaker Mr Sovan Panda, who is the CEO and co-founder of Mangosteen Holdings as well as a Primus parent. Mr Panda shared his experience as a mentor and leader with the students.



Cont...





Mr Trishul Chinappa, renowned golfer and winner of the All-India Amateur Championship addressed the students and talked about his journey towards becoming a successful golfer. One of our esteemed guest speakers was Mr Sunil Gangadharan, PhD who is the Head of US East Coast Strategic Partnerships for Imec.

Mr Gangadharan spoke extensively about his translational cancer research and his experience at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine as part of the oncology faculty.

Innovationeer Supreeth Y S is the CEO of Tequed Labs. Mr Supreeth shared his experiences and his journey of success as a young entrepreneur.

*This Week's Guest Speaker*

**TRISHUL CHINNAPPA**

**WINNER OF THE ALL INDIA AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP**  
**WINNER OF THE SURYA NEPAL AMATEUR COMPETITION**

Here to talk to us about his experiences as a successful golfer

**FRIDAY AUGUST 7TH**  
**10:30 AM**

VIA GOOGLE MEET

Hosted by: Sneha D'Souza and Ananjan Kaushik  
Organised by: A level



*This Week's Guest Speaker*

**SUNIL GANGADHARAN**  
**PHD**

**HEAD OF US EAST COAST STRATEGIC PARTNERSHIPS FOR IMEC**

Here to talk about his experience in scientific research and the oncology department at Johns Hopkins

**FRIDAY JUNE 26**  
**9:30 AM**

VIA GOOGLE MEET

Hosted by: Sneha D'Souza and Abhigyan Prakash  
Organised by: A level



*This Week's Guest Lecturer*

**SUPREETH Y S**

**CEO OF TEQUED LABS**

Here to share with us his journey and experiences as an entrepreneur

**FRIDAY JUNE 12 2020**  
**10:30 AM**

VIA GOOGLE MEET

Hosted by: Sneha D'Souza & Abhigyan Prakash



Ms Aarthi Ganesh, Associate Director of Adecco India spoke to the students of Grades 11 and 12 about various job opportunities and the skills, along with an overview on the current market situation.

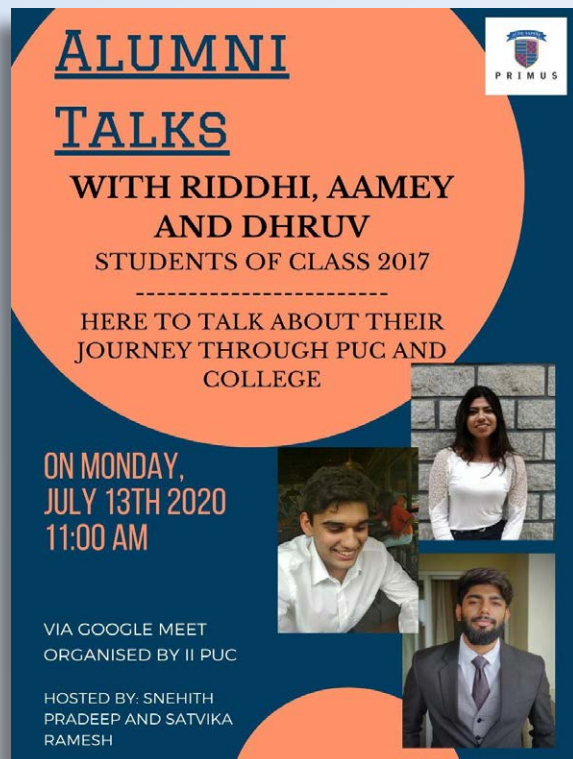
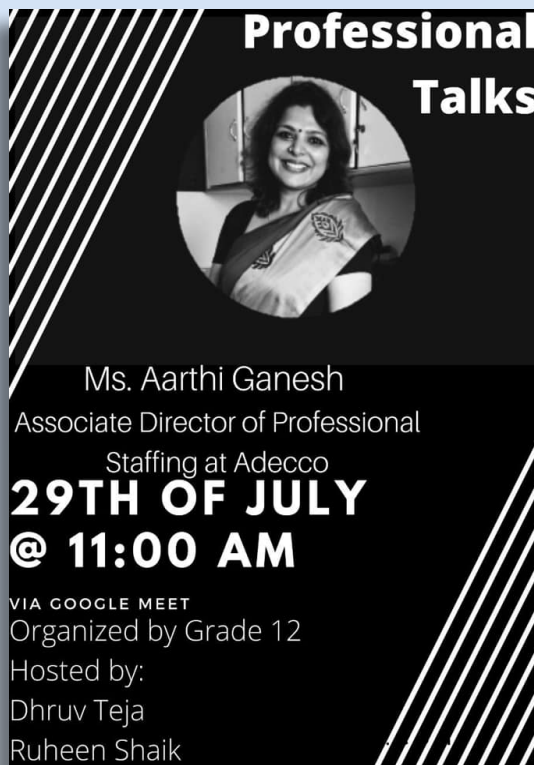
The Alumni Talk by ex-Primus cubs, Dhruv Satish, Riddhi Bhojwani and Aamey Mehta was memorable. The speakers gave specific tips on how they became the toppers of their batch. They explained their unique and specific methods of preparing for each subject.

Another interesting event was "An App That Caught My Attention", where the students presented apps that had grabbed their attention. The friendly competition permitted the students to

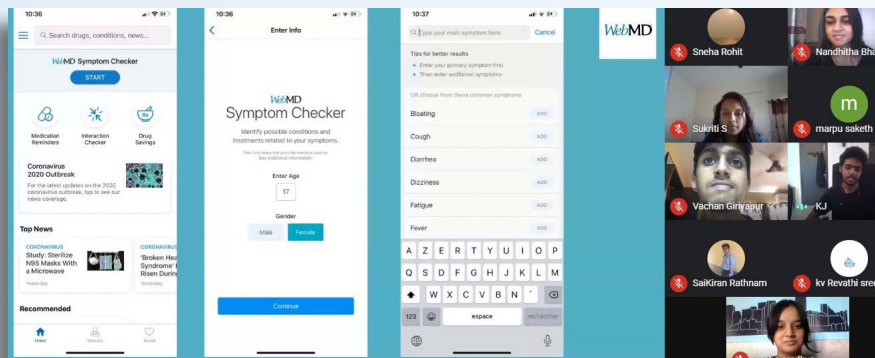
exhibit their non-academic side and showcase their other interests. The apps presented include: Spotify, WebMD, Notion, Wysa, Pinterest, and Microsoft Office Lens.

Mr Vivek Prabhakar, Founder of Chumbak spoke to the students about his business, his journey and the values he imbibed from his experiences. He talked at length about his journey, experiences, decisions and how it all tied up with the success story of Chumbak.

Mr. Karthik Sivanandam, Vice president, E-Commerce and Digital solutions explained the trends in digital marketing and gave an insight on related topics such as customer tracking through digital means. A hands on experimentation of



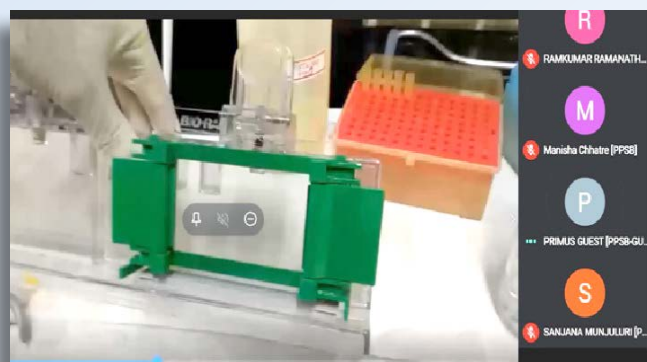
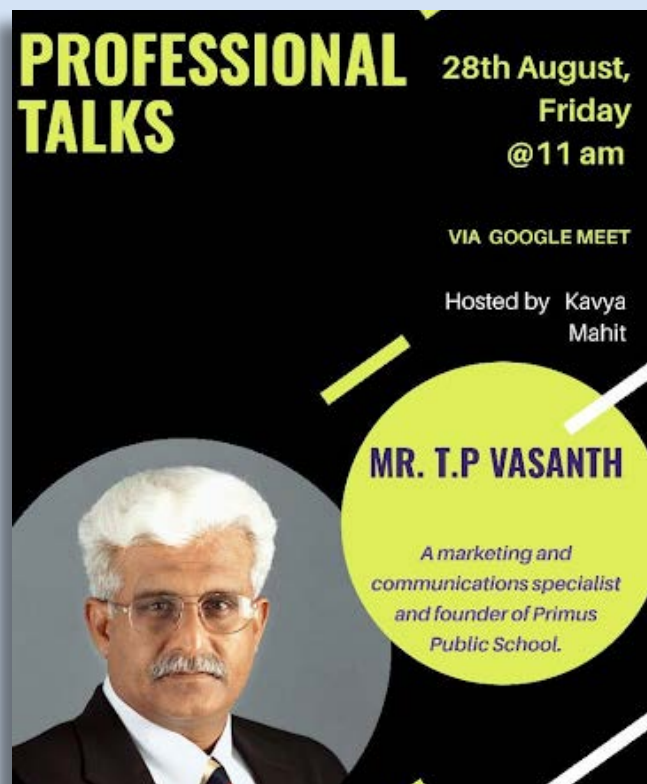
### *An App That Caught My Attention*





customer tracking was also facilitated for better understanding. This made the session engaging and interactive for the students.

In his enlightening session Mr T P Vasanth, Co-founder, Primus Public School narrated many inspiring anecdotes, emphasising the importance of



good leadership, effective management and ethical living. The students were absolutely enthralled by the inspirational talk.

Our highly effervescent Grades 11 and 12 students held a Virtual Fresher's day to welcome the new first year students to school. The second year hosts conducted activities and icebreakers for the new students.

The Molecular Capsule Workshop organised by PhD fellows of Sri Chitra Tirunal College on molecular biology techniques was another remarkable session.



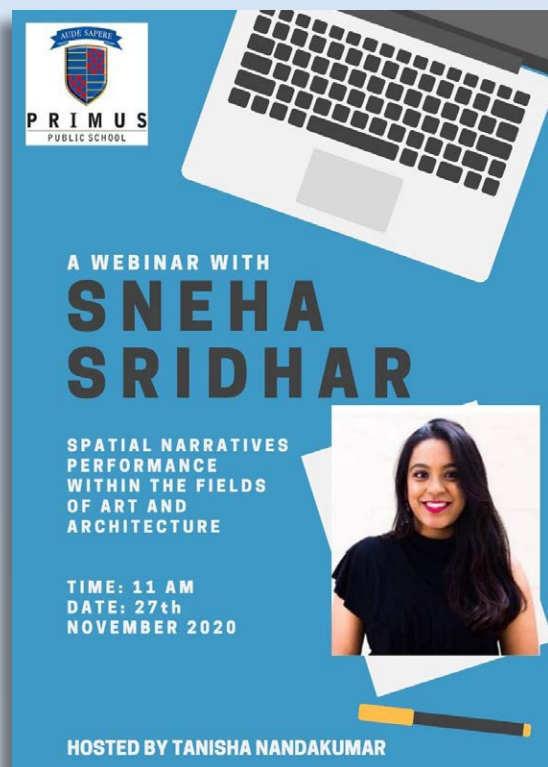
The students of Grades 11 and 12 were treated to an extremely informative talk with Sneha Sridhar, an architect, educator, and theatre practitioner. She gave them a deep insight into spatial narratives and also on architecture as a profession.

Our students had an extremely informative and interactive session with Dr Sunil Kini, Sr. Consultant Joint Replacement and Arthroscopy Surgeon at Manipal Hospital. He spoke to our Science students about careers in the medical field & the challenges and rewards of being a doctor. He also touched upon the topic of the Coronavirus. The students benefitted immensely from this interaction.

Our Grades 11 and 12 students are a talented lot as is evident from the amazing magic show by Sreeraj of

I PU and the unforgettable Vande Mataram dance performance by Sreenidhi during the Independence Day celebration. The students also organised their first ever E-Music Fest in August 2020, which was an instant success! It was an unforgettable experience. Also on July 15th, World Youth Skills Day, some of our senior school scholars talked about the challenges they have faced during the pandemic and how they have adapted to this altered world. We laud our resilient youth!

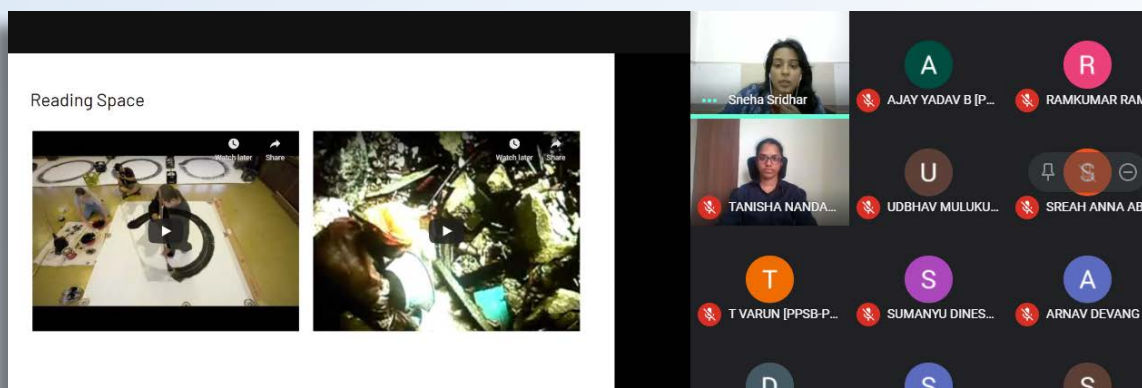
On Graduation Day, we bade farewell to our Grade 12 students with a bag of mixed emotions- a touch of melancholy as we parted, a sense of pride and unbounded joy as we behold the fine individuals they have become.



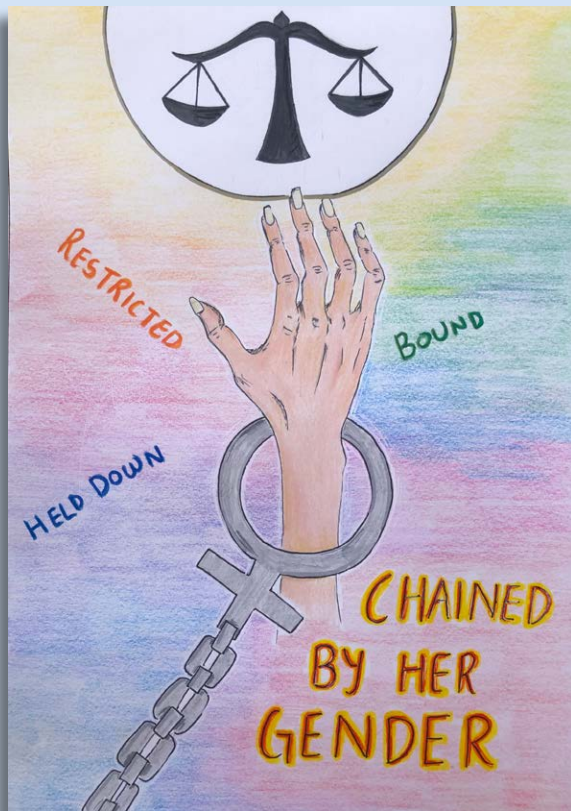
### Session by Dr Sunil Kini



### Session by Sneha Sridhar



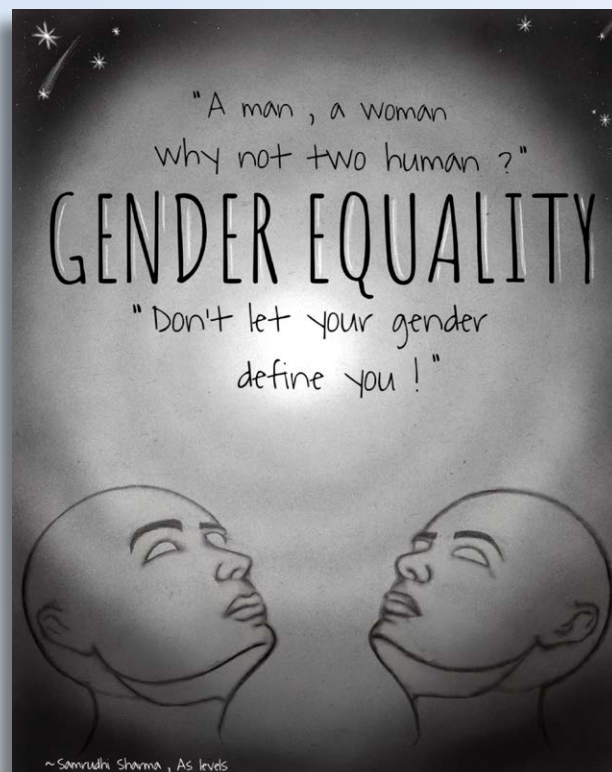




Rayana, A Level  
Winner of Poster Competition - 1st place

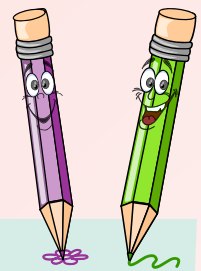


Sneh Pancholi, AS Level  
Winner of Poster Competition - 2nd place



Samrudhi, AS Level  
Winner of Poster Competition - 3rd place





### **Back to a Time**

The idea of time travel has been around for such a long time that there are so many movies and notions about the possibility and survivability of it, but come to think of it, the concept of time travel would be pretty fun. Yeah, I know, it kind of sounds like a starry-eyed dream or something but, it is a pretty serious thing to consider. If messing with time, we might just be able to change the very fabric of reality, and we wouldn't want that now would we?

This leads us to our protagonist, Aspic who was one of the brilliant minds in his college. He always wanted to try something new like time travel or going on an adventure. The students in his college used to envy him and used to tease him that he was a nerd. Aspic was kind of used to all that.

He lived in a small town in Detroit in a small apartment where he used to try all sorts of scientific experiments. At present, he was trying to figure out time travel and do it himself so that he could visit Egypt during its glorious days and also check out ancient Greece and maybe Rome as well.

He loved history as well and was interested in finding out many things that are still mysteries like the death of King Tutankhamen or maybe the curses of his tomb.

Aspic was pretty close to figuring it out and that day, on the 25th of August, he was able to crack the science behind time travel. He was so overjoyed that he thought of trying it out that night itself but decided against it. He needed some more time to make sure all his calculations were correct.

The next day, after coming back from college, he planned to give his new method of time travel a go. The machine began to hum once he turned it on and off he went to explore old civilizations.

Aspic first went to Ancient Egypt and he was dressed in traditional Egyptian kilts. He found it intriguing that the people around him did not notice much of a difference. He found himself on a footpath leading into the main city. It was the year 1323 B.C.E. i.e. during the rule of King Tutankhamen. He walked into the main city and realised that he was just in time to witness King Tut's death. Once the pharaoh died, the public was told that the pharaoh had died due to a broken bone. People did not think much about it and believed it blindly. He knew that it was not true and committed the mistake of speaking up.

Aspic had to run with all his might so that the pharaoh's soldiers would not catch up to him. He dodged a few civilians along the way and reached his time machine, just in time to escape into a different timeline. Being in a hurry, he had not set the year back to 2020. Instead, he was on his way to good old Ancient Greece.

He found himself inside a Temple of Apollo (the Greek god of the Sun). With his knowledge about Ancient Greece, he understood that he was at the Delphic temple due to the presence of the enigmatic Delphic symbol "E". It was teeming with worshippers who gave offerings to Apollo. They were musicians and artists who were praying for good luck just before their

*Cont...*





competitions began. They were participating in the Pythian Games to honour Apollo. Aspic was excited and terrified with his past incident in ancient Egypt. He loved a good adventure. He went to the gallery to witness this ancient spectacle. The first event he witnessed was a chariot race. There were ten chariots in total with each one more magnificent than the next. He considered it a great honour to witness these games. He noticed the satisfied looks on the faces of the people and thought about the peace that existed during that time. He just thought about it and realised that maybe, time travel was not the best idea.

Aspic returned to the exact moment he had left in 2020. He loved the experience and also came to know about the dangers of exploring the past.

This story has got me thinking about the way things were in the past. Maybe it was a way for History to teach us some valuable lessons. Aspic thought that it was best if things were left in the past as they were and that we don't try to change any of it as everything took place for a reason. And this is the end of our adventures with Aspic for now. Let's keep exploring.

Navya Ramachandran, PUC S1A

### **When Man Leaves**

The sun rose for the last time on this barren land,  
Its wilted rays struggling under the heavy smoke;  
Even though man has long left the mainland  
Of this Earth's horizon,  
The sun still delivers warmth and drapes this  
choked world  
With a motherly cloak.

Man is selfish and cowardly,  
Left his mother when she became too old,  
To seek a surrogate more lively;  
He drained his mother of all the love she  
could give  
And still managed to have enough greed,  
To let her rot so that he could live  
Amongst a kind that could never repay  
The Earth's greatest deeds.

And so the Earth lays among her siblings in pain,  
As she gazes at the dirt and the waste  
That man laid onto her with disdain;  
Yet she overlooks her dishevelled complexion,  
And only weeps over the loss  
Of her most prized creation.

Now man looks over at his mother,  
Enveloped in the loving arms of another,  
With not the slightest guilt;  
Now the Earth looks over at the man on her  
deathbed,  
With a heavy, restless heart,  
As the sun rises for the last time  
On her tortured body, blood-red.

Sunaina Anantha, PUC S1A



## The Fire

As I sat, engrossed in a newly-purchased novel, not once did I bother to look at my surroundings. For the past hour, I had been oblivious to the environment that engulfed me. As the clock counted down the minutes, I started to find myself getting unnerved every second. Something was off, something was definitely strange.

Then, suddenly, I felt the not too hot, not too cold, but tepid weather change to a warmer one. It was getting hotter every minute. All of a sudden a girl hollered rather unpleasantly. It was a shrill, dissonant scream and her voice was as jarring as ever. My eyes followed her outstretched finger and I realized the reason for her shriek – Smoke! We could see small billows of smoke not hundred metres away from us.

It took me a few seconds to take in my surroundings, for I was so into the novel. Suddenly it struck me and my expression changed from a perplexed one to an appalled, distasteful one. That was the reason for the heat, I thought.

With an unwavering gaze, I observed the smoke, trying to trace its source. As my head tilted higher up, I saw the dark, black smoke tainting the azure sky. Mesmerized, I watched as the black of the smoke mingled with the apparently white, scudding clouds, as if the long-lost friends had reunited.

My focus shifted to the ground and I could see the soft black drizzle marring the beauty of the Elysian landscape – the verdant pastures. The idyllic setting was no more idyllic, but blemished, tarnished.

I noticed as the girl yelled, crying desperately for help. She had been nudging me, only to realize that I had not noticed or felt it. At first, she seemed anxious yet determined

to put to an end to the growing billows of smoke. She circled the lush luxuriant grass, looking for water, screaming for help. Even though we stood on a vast expanse of land there seemed to be no one for miles away and she had realized that I would not help. Instead, I would admire the transfixing sight ahead of me – the smoke.

Within minutes her expression changed to a sullen, morose one and she looked defeated as if her last vestige of hope had been smashed to smithereens. She sat down on the fine grass, her knees to her chest, head down, hands folded. The smoke was increasing at an uncontrollable rate.

I stood, coughing obnoxiously as my lungs were trying to consume as much oxygen as they were allowed. I thought I would not escape this place. A wave of utter disillusionment passed through me and I realized that I was so surprised, so taken aback by whatever had happened that I was failing to help the girl. Another wave, this time one of guilt, rushed past me as I thought about how I had given up before even trying.

Slowly, I closed my eyes, preparing to die. The smoke was now a vortex, swirling in the sky and consuming everything that came its way. It was too late to do anything.

Suddenly the girl jumped, as if spurred on by newfound hope and indeed, she was. However, I started feeling weaker, my coughing grew more intense. Everything was now a haze, a mist. Blackness.

I found myself clutching onto the novel I had been reading. I flipped a few pages and began to read from where I left as if nothing had happened, least bothered about how the girl had saved the day.

Aarushi Garg, 10A





## The Picture

The wrought iron gate creaked open, revealing the sprawling mansion in the distance. Ominous dark clouds hovered over the house and cypress trees grew in the lane like sentinels protecting the property from outside.

There was something very eerie about this. I was desperate in my attempts to get possession of that property at such a reasonable rate which was like loot in the market. Between the posh houses and villas, the house lay ideal and was really very strange that no one ever thought of buying the property at such a bargain rate.

Anyhow, the deal was set and I was ready with the cheque and the papers. Everything was done but the dubious thought was running in my mind related to the isolation of the house. I was about to interrogate the manager but was intervened by his assistant then he left the room.

It grew my suspicion even further that why was he dodging my questions? I left with more questions than answers. The day was finally here; my wife and I shifted to our newly renovated house. The first day was usual and mundane, there was nothing new to do so we unpacked and placed all our goods.

There was a drastic turn of events when a few days later a mysterious letter was dropped at my house. It was appalling that the sender's name was not mentioned and it really got my attention. I instantly read through the letter and it said-

“To the very unwanted neighbour who just moved in- It is more of a warning than a threat letter. Vacate this house as soon as possible or the consequences will be dire and you will meet a terrible fate.

Your well-wisher.”

I was petrified and a farrago of questions ran through my mind. ‘who could it be?’, ‘what is the motive behind it?’ ‘why am I treated so abhorrently’. Amidst these confusing eddy of

thoughts, I was interrupted by my wife who called me for dinner. I acted as if everything was fine, but deep down the negative thoughts kept rocking my head.

Four days passed but nothing suspicious happened so pessimism plummeted and I became more relaxed. Moreover I thought my neighbours were playing a prank on me as they were jealous of such a colossal mansion which I owned.

One night while I was asleep, there was a huge thud instantly waking me up from a siesta. Chills ran through my spine as my worst nightmare was about to come true. All those suspicious thoughts came rushing back as I was getting paranoid. I gathered myself and went to look for the mysterious source of the sound. My wife didn't give a second thought about this as she wasn't aware of the suspicious letter.

As I went down to the first floor, the silence of the room made my blood as cold as autumnal air that crept through an open window. There was no whispering noise as if nature conspired to keep that sound in the dark. I was swept by the horripilation due to this.

Suddenly I heard my wife howling from my bedroom, immediately I sprinted towards my room and I saw my wife, tremulous, crouching against the wall behaving very strangely. When I looked carefully, her eyes were dilated and it was clear that she was under some kind of drug.

I rushed my wife to the hospital and called the police. They ransacked the house but they didn't find anything. When my wife was recovering in the hospital, I came back and wanted to sort things out.

For the next few days these muffled thumps continued and I didn't have the nerve to go out and check. This is when I decided I need help from a detective. A detective named ‘Bruce Williams’ was appointed to solve my case.

*Cont...*



I gave him a call and I told him to meet me the next morning. The next morning when he was there, He was tall, aged 30-35, well built man with blue eyes and flaxen hair wearing an overcoat, hat and a pair of shiny shoes.

I explained to him my condition and he was carefully listening to each and every word. He enquired, "when did you receive the letter? And can I have a look at it?" I nodded and gave him the letter. He scrutinised it and read it multiple times, searching for clues. He then folded the paper and kept it in his pocket. He exclaimed "interesting!" and enquired who had sent this letter. I answered and said no. He asked me to accompany him to his office.

After we reached, he did a database search and found out that the handwriting was matching Mr Smith Smock. It was interesting to see that he was the former guard I lived in. We tracked his address and paid him a visit.

After reaching, the detective rang the bell many times but there wasn't a response. We decided that we had to break in and so we did. We kicked in and saw Smith there, Bruce pointed the gun towards him just to threaten him, when I saw him; he had a very broad and pulpy face and had a stern expression. He had grey hair and a beard all over his face.

In a very deep and hoarse voice, the detective asserted "Tell me about the letter you wrote and what do you want?". He replied 'I wrote this letter to save Mr and Mrs Lee's life'. He continued the house is jinxed and there is a hidden cursed picture. There is a myth that whoever finds the picture dies a brutal death. Whoever till now has lived in the house and have been brutally killed. Before being killed all of these people were winning about some strange scenarios. All of these scenarios tempted all these people to look this up and forced them to find the picture. The detective who helped them was also killed. No one alive knows where the picture is. All

the people living next to the house avoided the residents' picture because they were afraid of dying(that's the reason why the house was cheap). This is all I know about the house.

We left Smith's house and right before we entered the car, Smith yelled 'I'm warning you don't investigate this case. Leave the house immediately or you two will perish'.

We immediately left for the house and Bruce took a Sledge hammer. When we reached he led a scrutinized investigation. Using the hammer, he broke parts of the wall, checking if there was any secret room. He checked all the walls and found nothing, he was angry and hit the hammer hard on the floor, a piece of it came out and a huge empty void was seen.

We picked a rope and went down; it was approximately 20m deep. As soon as we got down we both caught a glimpse of a gigantic picture. It contained 4 people standing in a maroon room and it looked like all of them were throwing death stares at us. Their eyes were partially red.

I was horrified by looking at that picture. I felt a bit comforted knowing Bruce was there. Bruce being fearless went towards the picture and pushed the picture in certain angles. He squinted his eyes and found out that there was a hidden door behind the enormous picture which he forcefully opened and there was no one but a series of computers.

The computer was showing a live feed of the whole house, to my shock there were secret cameras around the house and I was always being watched, I felt violated but that was not the time, we further looked and suddenly saw a man who was about to enter the room. Bruce hid behind the door, I panicked and couldn't hide which made the person spot me. He immediately pulled a gun and told fiercely, "you have made a huge mistake by coming here". To my surprise, Bruce casually walked towards the

*Cont...*





miscreant and the miscreant gave him another gun. I was left aghast by the fact that Bruce had turned on me. I cried "You traitor! You have been the one behind this all this time just like a parasite." Both of them cackled loudly and Bruce said "You were a fool that you trusted me. In fact you made my work easier by appointing me for this case. By the way, meet my brother Jonathan Williams. Any ways you wouldn't be alive to tell the tale"

He was slowly moving his finger towards the trigger, trying to increase the agitation in me. I knew no miracle could save me so I accepted my fate. But I was wrong and I was never so happy about being wrong. Suddenly I saw a silhouetted man slowly creeping towards the brothers with a shovel. As he approached the light, it was a familiar figure. I exclaimed in my mind "It is Mr Smith!". He incapacitated them by giving them a hard blow on the head, so swiftly that both of them fell almost simultaneously.

I immediately called the cops and till they reached Mr Smith revealed everything to me. He was actually an agent working for the police, who had a suspicion on Bruce, for a long time,

because he was giving partially sadistic ideas for the betterment of the department. So he went undercover and purposefully wrote me a letter and made those weird thumps, so Bruce could be appointed to my case. After meeting Mr Smith for the first time, he secretly followed us and found the location of 'The Picture' and captured Bruce and Jonathan. I was infuriated because he used me as bait but he had a pretty legible reason to do so, that was to capture a criminal.

The police had reached and both the brothers were interrogated. It was found out that they were the first one to live in this house and they killed their family because of their sadistic nature. They both built a secret basement where all the planning was done. The myth of 'the picture' grew as after every victim died, there was a note saying 'Cursed Picture'. I could not live in this house anymore, knowing that many had lost their lives. So me and my wife bought a small and affordable house. We lived happily ever after.

Krish Pratap Singh, 10B

## Fantastical Lands

Sprawling pink fields,  
trees rustling in a gentle breeze,  
their spiralling branches,  
they twist and turn  
and reach for watercolour skies.

Across soft rolling hills,  
nestled deep in a windless valley,  
there lies a glassy black lake,  
its unbroken surface masking  
the thriving life in its endless depths.

Up steep mountains,  
and past their jagged peaks,  
there lies a mystical forest,  
its mysteries enfolded by fickle mist.

And far, far beyond the hazy horizon,  
There lie vast expanses of royal blue.  
Little grains of gentle sand,  
They whirl and eddy  
In a tumbling dance.

Deeper we go into the infinite unknown,  
wonders beyond dreams  
we find at every turn.  
Adventure awaits our restless hearts,  
through fantastical lands we journey and roam

Suniti Dubey, 10A



## The Road Not Taken

The wind whistled past my ears, as the grey clouds above were buffeted to the east, rolling across the great hills like a colossal shadow. There was a slight chill in the air, emanating from Scotch mist, borne by the wind, bringing promise of a deluge from above. All the colour seemed to have been drained from the sky and the earth, leaving an entirely greyscale universe. And yet, in spite of the dreary landscape, the palest of yellow rays from the sun were striving to break through the clouds, as though determined to bring some warmth, a glimmer of hope, despite the bleakness which had graced itself upon the land.

The weather reflected my innermost feelings perfectly, like the sickle moon reflects upon the ghost-still surface of the crystal clear water, as bright as diamonds.

For I was leaving my old home; my rock, steadfast in its place in my life. I was moving to the city.

My eyes fell upon my old cottage. Plain yet resilient, it has withstood the harshest of gales nature had thrown at it. It was, both literally and metaphorically, a haven for me, whose rough-hewn stone walls weathered even the toughest of storms.

Wrenching my gaze away, I surveyed the breathtaking scenery around me. I was surrounded in all directions, as far as the eye could see, by vast, rolling hills of majestic grandeur. Not another soul in sight. It was simply marvellous, having miles and miles of land all to yourself, to while away the rest of your days in pure bliss. To be able to holler from the top of a hill, at the top of your lungs, with not a care in the world - to be able to scale the tallest of Bens and dive into the deepest of lochs -

I ruthlessly slammed the memory at the back of my mind, not wanting to dwell on it if I could help it. Too much melancholy, too much anguish. That was the way I dealt with pain and loss. I locked up those unwanted emotions I couldn't control in my heart; locked them up, until they withered and died right there.

Inwardly sighing, I glanced over at a hill, on the other side of which stood a van, ready to take me to a different life. And this is what I drew hope from.

No point in pining over what is lost. Keep moving - that's what I should be doing, I told myself.

Of course, it would take time for the wounds to heal, leaving nothing but a faint scar. Of course, it would take time for the pain to fade away to numbness. Of course, it would take time for the slate to be wiped clean again, like the sun wipes the starry sky afresh, heralding the start of a brand new day.

But as I have learnt the hard way, in cases like these, letting go means acceptance of the inevitable. And only with acceptance can there be recovery.

So, with wistful regret I tried to suppress, I turned around and started the laborious trek up the hill. I closed my eyes as I traipsed up, trying to savour the gust of wind that blew my hair around, the scent of rain coming from the heavens, and the feel of the scant sunlight on my back. Trying to ingrain the feelings in my mind, trying to burn them in my memory. For I would never return.

And yet, in spite of the hopelessness of it all, I couldn't help but recall a wonderful poem, by the ever perceptive Robert Frost. It stirred from the deepest recesses of my mind, providing solace when I needed it the most.

*Cont...*





*"I shall be telling this with a sigh Somewhere ages and ages hence:"*

I bent my head against the onslaught of wind, pushing against it, ever rising.

*"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—"*

I pressed on... without trying to look back.

*"I took the one less traveled by,"*

I crested the peak. Looking below me... I felt like I was at the top of the world.

*"And that has made all the difference."*

Amodi Kulkarni, 9A

## Lamentation

Her frail, egg-shell mind was balanced precariously on the razor-edged stern of the ship called sanity, where one could tumble into the depths of irrational thought like a rock tumbling into the depths of the ocean... and they wouldn't even realize.

The pain made her delusional. Insane. Everyday, she shed tears for her beloved. They were numerous, and looked trivial, insignificant as they washed away into the salty water of the sea. She was hopeless, lost in grief.

Eventually, she came to a point where she couldn't bear it anymore. She was human, after all. Her emotions swirled around her lungs, clutching at them, showing no mercy as she gasped for air. Her legs buckled, and she collapsed. Her frangible nerves were utterly destroyed. The world was spinning.

"Jay", she whispered, her voice cracking with exhaustion.

She felt her eyelids grow heavy. Her vision was blurred. This is the end, she thought.

It's over.

But it wasn't.

And pain that doesn't kill you only makes you stronger.

Five years later, on the other side of the world, Zaylin sipped her macchiato, smiling faintly as she relived her agonizing past. How much had changed!

Zia Kadijah, 9A



## Only One Life

My name is Clara. I'm a 15-year-old girl living with my parents and pet beagle, Bruno. My life so far has been a real rollercoaster.

I was born into a loving family as a single child and I never wanted siblings as I already have my dog, Bruno. We used to live in Germany, but we moved to Canada when I was 9. I really miss my old friends back there but I have a family who help me through everything. I love to read, write and watch soccer and basketball matches. And guess what? I have tubes through my nostrils! I know that was abrupt, but really, I have tubes through my nostrils.

My parents got me everything I've ever wanted but there's one thing that came on its own, something I never wished for: cancer. It's been around 3 years since I was diagnosed with lung cancer. I remember it as if it was yesterday. For a long time, I had trouble breathing. This was one of the main reasons why I never took part in sports even though I liked soccer and basketball. We often visited the doctor to get my breathing issues checked but they never found anything wrong with me. I absolutely dreaded these visits but now, the hospital is my second home.

When they didn't find anything wrong, we just thought it was normal, like how people have asthma and stuff. I remember how I had to carry around an inhaler in case I was feeling out of breath. One night, a couple of months before my 12th birthday, I started choking in my sleep and could barely breathe. Obviously, my inhaler

wasn't helping in this situation. It felt like my life was being sucked out of me. I felt like a limp doll, not being able to do anything on my own. It was a horrible feeling.

I was immediately rushed to the hospital where they checked to see if anything was wrong and then they saw it. There was a tumour growing in my lungs which is why I had difficulty breathing. I was sort of missing in action when they were investigating my lungs as I had passed out on the way to the hospital and remained unconscious until the next day. By the time I was awake, Dr Maria and Dr Jacob had finished their investigation and obviously, there was some bad news. In my case though there was a lot of bad news.

My doctors said that I was admitted late so the tumour growth couldn't be stopped, but it could be slowed down. They said that at the most I could live for till I became 16 years old. The hope that I would be fine was shattered after this, I was completely devastated, we wept and cried and sobbed but then just learned to accept it. After all, it is a part of me. We decided to enjoy the last years of my life together.

After a few chemotherapy sessions, I was discharged from the hospital. There was a chemo session and check-up every 2 weeks. They were closely monitoring the tumour growth. Now, instead of an inhaler, I was made to carry around a machine that would do my lousy lungs' work. By now I looked really weird. I had to drag around a machine with me, I was bald because of the chemo and my skin was pale and under oxygenated.

*Cont...*





I did have a few friends here, in Canada, but after my cancer transformation they didn't really hang out with me anymore. We sometimes meet but we aren't very close. Because of my cancer, I couldn't go to school anymore. Sure, I was kind of happy, I didn't have to take the math test that was due the next week or sit for boring physics lessons, but I did miss my school.

My mom enrolled me in classes conducted by an institution that taught children with cancer. They had all the equipment that I needed in case something happened to me.

I know what it feels like to almost die and honestly, it is nothing like how they describe in the movies or books. This experience is the answer to a question asked by millions, 'what does it feel like to die?' and it's really exciting to hold that answer while still alive.

I've learnt a lot of things from my experience of cancer and one of the most important things that I've learned was the value of life. It hurts me to see so many people just taking life for granted while so many out there are battling for just a chance to live for longer.

Over the years I've made more friends. I met Hanna and Agnes at a cancer conference that I was invited to. Both of them are cancer survivors and amazing advisors. It feels really nice to talk to someone who's actually been through the hardships of cancer.

I find it really thrilling how I could die any second now. Some just burst into tears at the mention of my death and others get really worried about my mental health. It's absolutely hilarious seeing people's reactions to this thought.

I don't feel very well and it is getting late. I think I'll read a book and head to bed.

As I start reading my favourite novel, I can feel my soul departing on a journey to God's land. I can feel my vision fading. I can feel my heart steadily slowing down. I can feel my life being sucked out of me. I can feel myself dying.

This life couldn't have been any better and I'm grateful for everything in my life, even the cancer.

Sadana Vinoth, 9A



## The age of AI

Artificial intelligence or commonly known as AI, is one of the most discussed topics these days. Our world is growing faster and faster but no one seems to perceive the use of AI around us. Day by day AI is only learning more and more about its user...

So let us take the example of the most used search engine around the world 'Google'. If you are a frequent Google user and say, you search a lot about movies. The next day, when you open Google you will see updates and notifications about new movies and when they will be releasing. How is Google doing that? Well, the answer is simple...

Google uses something called machine learning to study its user and see what he or she likes/hates the most. To understand machine learning let us take an example. Humans when seeing the alphabet can differentiate between an alphabet "A" and an alphabet "C." Same thing for the machine, given a period of coding the machine will be able to differentiate between an "A" and a "C." If a certain more level of software is used then it can predict what will come after "C" too. So, using machine learning, Google can predict what movie you are going to search /when you are searching and what genre of movies you like. All of this merely with artificial intelligence.

It's not that you should never use Google anymore. This was just a small example from hundreds of different applications around us.

### Benefits of AI

AI is very beneficial, which is the core reason why we created AI; to make our lives easier. There are people around the world using artificial intelligence and robotics to save people's lives. Robotic firemen are used, during rescue operations reducing the number of lives lost. In risky situations like a bomb outrage, the bomb diffusing operation can be done by AI, saving millions of lives and also not putting

other people's lives at risk. Of course, a certain level of guidance is needed for AI in case of a flaw in the system.

Self-driving cars or autonomous driving systems are another application of AI, wherein the AI, drives the car and the user simply has to pinpoint the destination. AI is also used in the assembly line while manufacturing cars and reduces the number of human errors caused while manufacturing them, saving big industries millions of dollars. Big car manufacturing companies have more robots than human workers these days to maximize their profits.

### The disadvantages of AI

AI may also be a harm to the human race as it is said that more than 70% of the jobs present today will not exist in the coming decade or so. Robots will replace surgeons in hospitals; drivers will be replaced by autonomous vehicles, and so on. Tests of these robots that will replace human jobs are already going on. But new jobs will also open up as someone has to be controlling the AI and at the end of the day, it's just a machine that can have several flaws. Most importantly, AI lacks the power of decision making like humans.

So in conclusion AI is made only to reduce human errors. A lot of people die during brain surgeries and other critical operations. Today, several major brain surgeries are done by robots. For example: The Medtronic robots used in surgeries around the world have done several successful surgeries.

Today, thousands of software engineers are working around the world on bringing this ideology to life. Will the AI be the so-called "Pandora's box", that when we open it, "all hell will break loose"? Well, all we can do is wait and see what the future holds.....

Madhav Gopakumar, 9A





## The Last Train

Marissa sat in a dingy corner of the railway station and smoked a cigar. A puff of smoke escaped her mouth as she sighed, partly due to exhaustion and partly due to the chilly wind which bit at her bones. The empty railway station made it evident that she was boarding the last train. She held her train ticket in her hand and memorized her train number- IE01 out of boredom.

When the train finally arrived, she sat in the first compartment and carefully observed the strange woman sitting in the next compartment. She wore a drab black dress, black velvet gloves and a thick veil as if she was trying to conceal her identity. Only her snow-white shins remained exposed. Marissa disapproved of her peculiar appearance.

She closed her eyes and lit another cigar, ruminating on the next day's lethargic schedule, endless meetings and office work. The train felt peaceful, as she and the woman were the only passengers in the train and she enjoyed the solitude of the train. Randomly, the train stopped and

the lights went out. Marissa groaned in vexation. Suddenly, annoying sounds of metal screeching made her get up from her seat. The eerie woman happened to be writing something on the wall of the train with a rusty nail. She tiptoed carefully to get a clearer view of the engravings. She had written several names and had crossed it out and then, in huge letters she carved 'Marissa'. After that, she rummaged through her pocket and started polishing a bloody knife.

Marissa stood quaking in her boots before she scurried to the nearest door and forced it open. She ran without looking back while vigorously flailing her arms through the empty railway station. When she ascertained herself that the coast was clear, she walked in a calm manner. She walked past a newspaper stand, in which an old newspaper's headlines caught her attention. In bold letters it was written- "Train IE01 destroyed in an accident- female passenger killed in the accident".

Trisha Iyer, 9B



### Battle of the Ring

*(21st century treasures included)*

“Hey Aragorn , I got a request ,  
Please send Rohan’s soldiers to quest,  
We need help here, it is killing fest”,  
Pippin cried to Aragorn on his iPhone,  
When Aragorn put it on speaker and  
showed it to Théoden alone,  
Saying, “My King, Gondor has called for  
help for in this battle they are yet to set  
the tone”,  
“Fine”, said the king ,  
When he got an idea bling,  
And put up an offer that was an attractive  
thing,  
He said that whoever would fight would  
win a MacBook,

And millions showed up owing not to  
their lust for being a rook,  
But due to the thirst for a MacBook,  
Soon they aired a thousand airbuses to  
ferry them to Gondor to fight against the  
orcs who were the victims of evil curses,  
But in this battle was killed Théoden King  
by one who had taken many an evil lead,  
So everyone addressed that hour’s need,  
They live-streamed his funeral on  
YouTube; What a deed!  
And so too was live-streamed Aragorn’s  
marriage and coronation as king ,  
Who ever heard of such a thing?  
And hence the true story not being like  
this is a true blessing.

Asmita Mangipudi, 9C

### TITLE IS MISSING IN WORD FILE

Geo is easy they said  
It’ll be fun they said  
Easy? From which angle!?  
Lies and deceit is what they fed me  
Only Satan could come up with a purer form of evil;  
Inside Pandora’s box was a Geo textbook I say!  
Guess the answer and get it right? Yeah, you wish  
You have a better chance at the lottery  
Rest assured our teacher is amazing  
But the root cause is the subject itself

And oh the mapwork! The infinite mapwork.  
From Andes to Zagros and all the letters in between  
Please try to understand our misery and suffering  
It has left us all jaded, malfunctioning  
How is it that when the French stormed the Bastille, it  
was historic  
But children rebelling against an equally evil  
subject is not  
Yes! Our exams are almost over!  
Never mind, another year awaits.

Yashvardhan Singh, 9C





### **The Story of the Army Made because of a MacBook**

“Aragorn, please persuade the king”, cried Pippin over his i-Phone to Aragorn. “Fine, I’ll see what can be done!”, replied Aragorn, slightly tense. He finally hung up on Pippin and jogged towards Théoden king.

“My king, Gondor has called for aid”, said Aragorn. “Oh! Have they now? Then aid they will get!”, replied Théoden as he dialled the number of his general on his smartphone. “Eomer, assemble as many men as you can find immediately”, “But uncle, they won’t volunteer, at least most won’t and the Uruk-hai have their strength in numbers”, “Then.....bait them in with a..... MacBook!.....c’mon Eomer, you are to take after me as king, you have to know how to please people”, Théoden quietly said, “ Ah! Yes uncle, you are smart “, smiled Eomer on the other side of the phone.

Soon millions appeared and the army was counted to be as much as a trillion men, and so booked were the airbuses and MacBook’s (they stayed true to their word . Poor Apple!) And then they soon started their journey to Gondor.

Alas! Théoden fell in that grave battle along with many more Rohirrim, and since he was quite popular, they decided to live-stream his funeral and Aragorn’s coronation and marriage on YouTube! What a deed! Hence be grateful that the true story is not like this.

Asmita Mangipudi, 9C

### **Dark and Light**

When we do something wrong,  
the conscience goes to hide.  
When we do something right,  
all sorrow goes wayside.  
But when the choice is hard,  
we must always fight.  
For in the darkness,  
there is always a hope of light.

### **The Perfect Guile**

If something is too good to be true,  
it probably is.  
Never trust something new to you,  
for your fate it can twist.  
Come out of this trap, have a few,  
and caution they insist.  
For behind the perfect face and hue,  
lies a treacherous whist.

### **The Burden of Conflict**

With bitterness in the heart,  
all beings fall apart.  
With uncertainty in the soul,  
We always hunt for more.  
But when the peace arrives,  
we come back to life.  
So keep your mind free,  
for then, you can live in tranquil harmony.

Asmita Mangipudi, 9C



### **Black and White (a colour poem)**

Black.

It obscures light,  
unleashes,  
Darkness, horror, despair  
into this world until  
it consumes everything,  
yet it is hungry for  
more.

It is the colour beyond all colours  
It's the void,  
It's the shadows.  
Shadows of a  
moonless night.  
It is the feeling of everything  
yet nothing.

White

It's the splendour of flowers blooming.  
It's the richness of pearls.  
It's the majesty of a wild stallion.  
It's clarity and peace.  
It's everything.  
It represents the innocents and stands  
for what's  
right.

It's pure, it's clean,  
it's consumed by darkness  
but it shines,  
it shines a bright light,  
when citizens see it  
they cheer for  
freedom.

Eshaan Lokesh, 8A

### **Space: A Poem**

There are many things I wonder,  
Like what's out there in space.  
But before doing that,  
I have to learn to tie my shoelace!

The universe is bigger than space,  
Or is it the other way?  
I have to ask someone,  
But I don't want to pay!

There are many celestial objects.  
All they do is go round and round.  
But we humans are stuck on Earth,  
In a state of lockdown!

Space is very vast,  
But most of it is black.  
But to explore it,  
The technology, we lack.

We don't know much about space,  
But we are trying our best.  
And for now,  
Let us take some rest!

Omkaar Nerukar, 8A





## How Do Memories Work?

The human brain is quite extraordinary, controlling our every breath and heartbeat, hosting all our thoughts, and powering our every move and that is pretty impressive considering the fact that the organ in itself is much smaller than your average football. So, how does this tiny object hold the power to capture and preserve a piece in time for decades to come?

A memory, or “the encoding, storage, and retrieval, in the human mind of past experiences” is a common function performed by almost all of us. But, how does it really work?

To start off, we have two kinds of memories; short-term memories and long-term memories. A short-term memory, or a memory that is only useful to you in the current moment, is usually forgotten in the first few seconds or minutes of learning it. A long-term memory is a more lasting memory, and can stick with you for years.

Whenever you experience something new, the experience is converted into pulses of electrical energy that pass through your brain along a network of neurons. The experience is divided into your five senses; what you can see, what you can hear, what you can feel, what you can smell, and what you can taste. Your neurons carry this information throughout your brain, and by doing so, they communicate with each other. When two neurons communicate with each other repeatedly, or a memory is played over in your head again and again, the efficiency of communication between the two neurons increases, and it becomes easier for you to remember that particular event. By doing so, events are converted into long-term memories.

So, if you’ve ever wondered why in some cases, reading something over and over helps us memorise it, it’s because you are literally causing your neurons to constantly keep communicating with each other, therefore increasing their connection and helping you remember what it is easily.

Aditi Bhamidi, 8A



## PEACEMAKER

I ambled through the empty street, feeling every inch of the peeling brick wall next to me. My nose burned: the air smelled of lifeless corpses and rust. My ripped shirt was hanging from one shoulder. Plumes of smoke and dust covered the sky; drones circled over with their search lights scanning the area.

There were no voices or the usual commotion of the street or the usual smells; all I could hear was the sound of droids marching through the damaged roads; covered in debris from collapsed buildings. The droids have their guns cocked and ready to eliminate the last of the human race.

The fear of the inevitable happening was crawling up on me. A shiver went down my spine. My palms started to become sweaty. A lump formed in my throat. My legs felt like jelly. The plastic bag with assorted food items fell to the ground; I quickly picked them up and double checked that I did not leave any behind.

“What if they catch me? They’ll torture me until I tell; then it’s the end for me and all humanity.” I thought to myself.

I heard thunder rumble and lightning flash through the night sky. I slipped and tumbled as I ran on the uneven terrain, having no sense of where I was going. A deadly cold wind ripped across my bare skin; like a sharp shard of glass on my cheeks. The city was engulfed in darkness. I banged my head on a metal pole plummeting towards the hard ground: an agonizing pain seared through me. I could not get up

I woke with a start. I felt my head; it was wrapped with bandages, yet it seared with pain. I heard the soft gurgle of someone pouring hot water into a glass. The room was filled with warm air; as a fire kept a gentle flame. I heard footsteps approaching me. I started to wedge myself into the delicate cushions of the sofa.

“You’re awake,” said a hushed voice, “no need to be afraid, I’m here to help you. Drink this; it will help you regain your strength.” The soothing voice calmed me. I drank the warm concoction: it tasted of herbs.

“What were you doing out there, the droids could have found you.” said the hushed voice.

“I was bringing food to my family; we’re starving down there in our small home.”

“There are more of you?! I thought I was the last of us.” he said in a surprised voice. “My name’s Lloyd by the way.”

“Adam. Where are we?”

“We’re on the coastline, just south of the city centre.”

The city centre was once a dazzling district with countless number of shopping malls, entertainment sites, skateboard parks, restaurants, and hotels. In the middle of it all stood the Prime tower which was a 3000m tower with 200 floors, including luxury hotels, more restaurants, apartments, and offices. Tourists from all over the world would come to see this magnificent structure. The whole tower was made of aluminium, chrome, concrete and steel.

*Cont...*





Unfortunately, as our technology advanced: it gained a mind of its own and it took over. They created a war against their own creator, they destroyed Prime Tower and all that's left of it is rubble. Shopping malls and restaurants are deserted; maybe you'll find the occasional rat finding sustenance. Parks are piles of metal and concrete, trees and plants rot in despair.

It is sure that humanity will die by our own hand.

The sound of the silent waves filled the small log cabin.

"Nice place," I said.

The cabin had a paraffin lamp in the corner. There was a small desk that had some books and a picture of a woman with red hair. A bunk bed filled half of the room. The floor creaked and dust fell from the wall as Lloyd paced back and forth and the paint on the wall was peeling off.

"How long have you been living here?"

"Couple years after my wife passed."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that."

"Don't be."

There was a deadly silence.

"Anyway, you must be starving. Would you like something to eat?"

"Yes, please."

He gave me some stale bread and some leftover rice and an apple on a plastic tray. I ate the food, savoring every bite until the tray was clean.

"You should rest, before you go back out there."

I didn't want to rest, but I was so tired I couldn't move a muscle. As soon my head hit the pillow, I fell asleep.

Suddenly, an alarm went off and became louder and louder in the distance. That alarm only meant one thing. War

I got out of the bed quickly and we rushed outside the cabin. Hovering above the city was the mother ship. Multiple smaller aircrafts started to shoot out of the sides and headed towards the ground. One landed a few miles from the cabin. I could make out the aircraft despite the darkness. The back compartment opened, and several droids ran outside with their guns pointed and search lights on. Missiles from the mother ship filled the night sky and showered the city in a violent destruction.

"We have to find shelter underground," bellowed Lloyd.

"But...but my family, I have to go get them, they won't survive." I said with fear in my voice.

"You won't SURVIVE if you try to go get them, the droids will get you!"

"No, I have to go get them!"

"And how do you plan on doing that?"

I felt my knees go weak and I fell to the ground.

"I'll go get them." said Lloyd with a calming voice.

*Cont...*



“How?”

Lloyd rushed back into the log cabin and moved the desk to one side; a big red button was behind it. He punched the button. The cabin shook with a start. Two doors opened into an elevator. We went in and Lloyd pushed another button that was labelled “Armory”. The elevator doors closed, we started to shoot down. Within seconds the elevator slowed to a stop. The doors opened and I stepped out.

Computers covered the entire room; a suit stood in a glass box in the middle of the room. It was green and gold and had a black mask and had two slits for eyes, it had an 8-pointed gold star on the chest, black gloves and a black and gold belt.

He took a remote from a desk, which had a large computer, and pressed a button. The glass covering around the suit slid down. Lloyd’s eyes turned a bright green and gold. He quickly put on the suit.

“Adam, stay hidden while I’m gone.” said Lloyd in a deep voice.

He shot through a circular door that opened above that displayed the outside world. All I could see was smoke and dust; all I could hear were missiles falling to the ground and destroying our city; all I could feel was an overwhelming fear.

I got back into the elevator and went back up to the log cabin. I opened the door and rushed outside. Among all the plumes of smoke and debris, I saw a bright light blast through the city. He flew straight up and

crashed through the mother ship and came out the other side, he flew straight in again slashing it in half. Droids began shooting at him with their lasers and guns, but he blocked them with a force field. He started to power up his energy. He glowed brighter and brighter until he shot a beam from his chest towards the ground knocking back all the droids. The impact was so tremendous that it created a huge explosion destroying everything in its path. I was hit by a piece of metal that hurtled towards me. That was the last thing I remember.

“Hey, wake up.” said Lloyd.

I felt weak and couldn’t get up.

“What happened?”

“You blacked out during the explosion.”

My eyes widened. “What about my family, did you get them?” He looked at my cold eyes and said silently, “I’m sorry.” I stared at him in disbelief; a tear ran down my cheek. I wiped it off with my shirt.

“I should thank you for... everything.”

“No problem. It was the least I could do.” He started to walk back to the cabin.

“What are you called?” I said to him, standing up.

“What do you mean?”

“What’s your ‘Superhero name?’”

He thought about it for a minute and turned around to look at me and said, “Peacemaker.”

Eshaan Lokesh, 8A





## The Shiny Bracelet

*Inspired by the short story 'Hearts and Hands' of O.Henry*

The passengers streamed into the coaches of the eastbound B&M express with their luggage and some with whiny babies. In one coach there sat a suave, immaculately dressed young man. Among the newcomers were two young women, one of confident air about her with elegant manners and taste; the other an uncouth though pretty young lady. The two were handcuffed together.

As the two staggered down the aisle of the coach, the only vacant seat offered was the one facing the young man. Here the linked couple seated themselves. The young man looked at the elegant lady repeatedly, and suddenly with a sparkle and a glad face he began to address the elegantly dressed young lady,

"Well, Ms Mari, if you will make me speak first, I suppose I must. Don't you ever recognize old friends when you meet them in the west?"

Mari, looking confused, said to him "I think you have me confused for someone else..."

"It's Mr Beno" he replied with a smile, "from Mather school, don't you remember me?"

Ms Dakota smirked at the conversation that Mr Beno was having with Ms Mari.

Mari, still not remembering, clasped his hands with her constrained hand, saying "Please forgive my poor memory."

"It's quite understandable, given the fact that it has almost been a decade. So what brings you here with a shiny bracelet?" he asked, in a sarcastic manner.

He continued to ask "What kind of trouble did you get into, maybe my law experience might help?"

Mari responded with a chuckle "this is a funny miscommunication" she continued to say "You have me mistaken, I'm the marshal who is taking Ms Dakota to prison"

The concerned look from Mr Beno's face slowly became calm and he smiled, feeling more comfortable to converse with Ms Mari.

"So now you are one of those dashing heroines who jumps into dangerous situations and saves the day?"

Mari replied with a laugh and pleasant smile "I'd like to think so". Mari liked when she was appreciated for her work and she grew fonder of his charm and gentleman like behaviour even though she didn't remember who he was.

Mr Beno was getting a little distracted by the glittering handcuffs and stared at them.

"Don't you worry about them sir, all marshals handcuff themselves to their prisoners to keep them from getting away, Ms Mari knows her business" said Dakota, the prisoner.

Mari, hoping to spend more time with Mr Beno asked "So where are you off to now? If you want I can show you around Orlando sometime."

Mr Beno smiled, understanding what Mari meant by that and replied "I look forward to spending time with you"

*Cont...*



Maris' face lit up, with a sudden inflow of blood to her cheeks. She was delighted.

Dakota sat there the entire time irritated and rolled her eyes from time to time, then she asked Mari ``Oh ,come on now, I haven't had a drink all day. Haven't you two chit- chatted enough?"

Mari replied, "Well I guess I could allow a drink, it's probably your last for a very long time."

Mr Beno then said "Well then, it's finalized, I'm getting you two fine young ladies a drink, would you be so kind to follow me to the bar on the train?"

Mari now replied saying "Well I guess I could, this is my last shift for the day...."

They all went to the bar and Mr Beno bought three Margaritas. He gave Mari a whale of a time, cracking jokes and narrating amusing anecdotes.

After a couple of drinks Mari looked uncomfortable. Mr Beno in concern enquired if everything was fine.

Mari replied "I think I might have had too much to drink and I need to use the restroom, but the only problem is that I can't leave Miss Dakota unsupervised."

Mr Beno replied, "Oh no! that's not good, don't worry you can handcuff Ms Dakota to me."

Mari didn't know how to respond, one part of her was worried about her job, the other trusted Mr Beno, but Mari had to react quickly, as she felt the urge to throw up.

Mari replied holding her mouth. "Alright then...I'll be back as fast as possible, please be careful."

Mr Beno nodded, and Marie handcuffed Dakota to him, and rushed to the restroom as if it was a Black Friday sale.

Mari came back in a jiffy to the coach expecting to see Mr Beno and Ms Dakota. The train stopped at the next station, Mari looked everywhere but they were nowhere to be found, Mari panicked as the train picked up speed. As the train left the station, she caught a glimpse of the linked couple running for their lives. It was too late for Mari to jump off the train. The couple smiled and waved at Mari.

Mari was supposed to report the matter to the nearest police station. As she took her radio, their smiles and love for each other kept her from calling immediately. She waited for some time just so they could get a head start.

Two hours later, she informed the nearest police station and informed her superiors about the situation.

Mari sat there in the coach slowly processing all that had happened. Looking back she realized that Mr Beno had spiked her drink. She chuckled to herself saying " All for Love!"

Sharon Davis, 8C





## Just Another “Normal” Day

I drove my car, listening to my favourite music. It was already night, and the streets were voiceless. I had quit my job a few months ago, but I started to miss solving crimes, and catching bad people that bring chaos into this world. I was one of the best policemen in my department, and a lot of my juniors looked up to me.

I started reminiscing and remembering my old memories with my partners in the crime world. I turned the music a little down since I was almost home. I took the last turn, but then I saw a dark figure, around fifty feet away, leaning down to something that looks like a sac or a body. He could just be looking for something, but my mind went wild with all the possibilities.

I made my way out of my car and ran towards the dark figure while thinking about all the risks I'd be taking if the figure turned out to be a criminal. The figure turned towards me and tried picking up the sack in front of him as fast as possible.

The street lights were lit, so the closer I came to the figure, the better I could see. The man finally picked up the sack and started to sprint a little.

I caught up to him, and pushed him to the pole of the street light that was just beside me. The sack fell from his hands, falling beside him. He groaned as he felt a sharp pain in his back.

“What is in the sack?” I said, trying my best not to scream at the man.

The man looked up to see me but didn't answer my question. He looked very aged and weary. He had white hair and a white beard. He was thin and wore battered clothes.

“Tell me! What is in the sack?”

As he didn't answer, I opened the sack to see guns, grenades, and spiders. The spiders crawled out of

the sack and suddenly grew two stories tall. I pulled the man with me and ran to my car. I pushed him in the back seat, and I went to the drivers' seat.

I started the engine and drove as fast as I could. I looked back and the spiders were growing bigger and bigger while chasing us.

I reached Cadabams Hospital and ran in with the man.

At last I saw a familiar face. “Mr. Jung! Please help me! Help us!” The doctor's head shot up at me.

He left the files which were on his hand and called the three other nurses that take care of me.

“Why did you run away from here? Do you know how worried I was?” said Dr. Jung. While panting.

I pushed the man towards the front saying, “I caught him. He is a criminal. But help me. There are huge spiders coming here”

The three nurses took me to a white room, and made me take a few pills. The old man had followed me here, but after I took the pills the nurses gave me, he disappeared. Dr. Jung sighed and sat next to me.

“Listen Emma! Don't try to run from here again. It's dangerous for you. Your schizophrenia is getting worse.” I looked at him and looked down.

“I know you were a policeman before, but you need to remember that you have a mental disorder now. It is safer to stay here.” He continued.

I looked around and saw the nurses leaving. I knew that it wasn't safe for me anymore. People see me as a monster now, and I am safer in the mental hospital than the outside world. I quit my job knowing I have schizophrenia. The normal world is somewhere I don't belong.

Anushka Bose, 8C



## In a Blaze of Crimson Glory

### 2020, Planet-Aurlene

As I wrote my test I thought, 'Well, guess I'm going to fail this test.' Five minutes left for the bell to ring and I start thinking how odd the world I live in now must seem to my ancestors. 300 years ago, an ordinary baby became a superhuman. That moment was the start of it all. After that, these inhuman humans starting popping up everywhere and soon the abnormal became normal. Now, 95% of the population have powers and to not have powers was a very rare case.

I have that very rare case. Born into a rich family with no powers I was automatically a disappointment. My parents tried not to show it, but it was oh so very obvious. My sister Emily absolutely despises me because my parents don't treat me differently and so I am bullied by her in school. I hate my sister but I have no power to stand up to her and so I just have to deal with it.

I was waiting outside my sister's classroom with my friends to tell her about tonight's party and to annoy her. The bell rings and there she is; Lara Anna Goldshade. The reason as to why I'm so bitter about life. The powerless are preyed on by the powerful, and yet Lara is treated as an equal by my parents. I don't understand them.

She finally steps out and I with a smirk on my face remark, 'Well, well, well look who finally decides to step out?' I said. She rolls her eyes which annoys me to my inner core. How dare she do that to me? I punch her and my friends start laughing. 'There's a party tonight, try to be there.'

As Emily starts to walk away, I hear alarms which show that there is a threat on campus. We were told to run into the nearest classrooms. The school was an utter mess. There was chaos everywhere you looked and panic clearly showed on everyone's faces. I rushed into the same class I came out from. Emily joined me but pushed me away and ran. That was typical of her.

I was the first to enter the classroom but I accidentally pushed Lara. I panicked but as soon as she entered the classroom I felt relieved. The thought struck me as a strange one as I hate her. Right?

We all sat in silence for hours. There was no sign of them showing up or leaving. Then suddenly, we saw the door blasting open and all the students got into position to attack. Six men entered the class and all the students dropped to the floor in pain. One of the men with black kajal looked at me and said 'We've got a cripple over here eh?' The other men smiled at one another and the man with kajal looked at Emily with a look of satisfaction on his face. Seemed like Emily was the one they came for. They choked her, kicked her and tortured her right in front of my eyes. I started crying and rushed towards her. They got a weapon out to kill her but then in a rage of fury I blocked them. They jumped back not knowing what was happening. One of the men yelled, 'She's a flame. That's why she wasn't affected!'

A flame? I didn't have powers though. Then I realized my whole body was literally on fire. I took advantage of them being distracted and attacked. Since I had no control over my newfound power, the fire lashed out. Emily, who was barely holding on countered it as she had water power. The hand I used to attack was burnt and didn't function. Darn it! What am I gonna do? No one here was able to fight so I was their last resort. My head started getting fuzzy and I couldn't think straight. I realized I was going to die here, in a classroom, protecting people I hate. Surprisingly, the thought of me dying for them didn't seem like a bad idea.

Lara was cornered by the men. I shouted her name but she didn't hear me. Then suddenly she started burning up, my first instinct was to protect everyone else in the room so I created a barrier. The men along with her started burning, I cried and yelled but she didn't hear me again. As she started being affected by her fire I screamed, 'Get back here!' To that she smiled a sad smile and uttered the words I never thought she would say to me, 'I forgive you.'

I started weeping and in a blaze of crimson glory, turned to ash and a martyr who will forever be remembered.

Ameliya Benny, 7A





## The Worst Day of My Life

I woke up at 2 a.m. hearing the loud cries of my baby sister. Try as I might, I couldn't fall asleep after. I got out of bed to see dark circles under my weary eyes. I decided to get some studies done but fell asleep halfway. I woke up listening to mum, screaming all the way from the kitchen asking me to get dressed.

Breakfast didn't go as planned either. Mum had made French toast and a chilli mango milkshake to go with it. Having salt instead of sugar was not a good twist. My French toast and milkshake tasted saltier than anything I had ever eaten. One glass of milk was all I got, that too, a cold one.

I made it to the bus stop just to realize I had missed it.

The bell for lunch rang. So far so good. Never in my life have I ever dropped food. Well, today was the day. Curd was pouring all over me. On top of that, my friends were having an argument about who should come with me to the school nurse to get a pair of clothes for me to change. I ended up wearing an oversized shirt with shorts.

"When nothing goes right, go left"

Well...I am going left tomorrow.

Diya Anish, 7A

## Alone

As the light of dawn seeped into my room and my alarm went off, my eyes awakened immediately with the excitement of the pancakes my mum was making today! I quickly put away my soft pink blanket and went to get ready. I was ready and went dancing down the stairs calling for my mum. Well, she always does this – never replies! The only way to get her attention was to scream in pain and act as if I was hurt. Surprisingly, that didn't work either. I searched here, and there and everywhere! I thought she would already have my pancakes ready, but there was no one in the kitchen. I felt a sense of worry, but I searched all over the house – in the yard, the bedrooms, the garden, the washrooms – THE WHOLE HOUSE! This was when I realized I was alone!

I had mixed emotions, happiness because I could do whatever I liked but fear of the threats I would face. What worried me most was where my parents were. I started watching TV after grabbing the pack of chips kept on the shelf. An hour passed by, then another, and another... my stomach growled in hunger. Well, cooking a meal...was a great challenge indeed! I grabbed my mum's recipe book, but the language and instructions there didn't seem quite clear. I tried on

new things; my mum's clothes, reading my dad's secret journal (which he hid for years), made a mess of the house, eating junk, not doing homework, basically everything I found productive and was always stopped from doing. It was fun for a while, but then I really missed the fun company I had when my parents were around, the jokes my dad cracked, the food my mum made, etc.... It was really hard for me. I felt guilty for what I had done earlier. I finally realized how parents value our lives. I sat down, recalling all the memories I had with them, thinking that I would never see them again. I heard the sound of the door unlocking. I panicked and grabbed my pillow. But then, I heard a cough that sounded familiar. I didn't make a sound, but peeped from the sofa and was delighted to see my grandma standing in the doorway. Turns out that my parents wanted to surprise me. It all ended well, but the most important thing I learnt was the importance of family. Memories are not just the ones that make us feel like we are in heaven. Sometimes, it is unforgettable because of the sadness but at the same time, the joy you get after. Be it good or bad, it will still be a part of our lives.

Ayesha Ali Baig, 7A



## The Secret Attic

Knock, knock, knock... What was happening? I tossed and turned in bed till I couldn't take it anymore. "mom!!" I shouted. What was that sound? I needed to sleep! It was in the middle of the night! It wasn't even raining! Where was that sound coming from? "mom! dad!" I shouted again. No response. I got off of bed and walked silently towards their room. It was until I heard whispers in their room I was angry. I entered the room but there was nobody around. Were they trying to scare me? But when I went near the dresser, the whispers grew louder to a significant level. I could easily identify that it was Mom and Dad, but where were they?

I switched on all the lights and realised that the dresser was moved, and next to the dresser was a big black square patch. What was that? I never saw that in this room before. What was going on? But then the patch moved. How could a patch move? Then the patch opened like a door and inside standing were mom and dad.

They both looked at me and then rushed towards me. I never saw my parents acting so weird. Dad closed the patch – like a door and we all walked down to the living room, where I found Lara sitting. Why was my big sister up? Now as if I wasn't confused enough, she said, "What was in there?" Even she knew? "Ok Mom. What's going on? What was this thing behind the dresser? Tell me both of you?"

They both shuffled down on the sofa along with me and started to talk.. "Oh Bridget! What do we tell you?" Mom said. I wasn't scared, but still a shiver ran down my spine. " We were sleeping when we heard some weird noises. First we thought that one of you must be awake or it might just be the wind. We got up and checked everywhere but you both were sleeping and not a single window was open. We were about to go back when we heard sound from near the dresser. We pushed it aside and found this place. It is an attic. But we still don't know why there would be two attics in the same house and why we weren't told about it." Dad explained.

My eyes had widened and hundreds of thoughts were flooding inside my mind. "Did you find anything inside it?" Lara asked. "We didn't go that far, dear. We don't know what's inside it. It could be dangerous as well. But we did find out that the cause of the noise was that this attic's window was banging." Mom answered. "But then you could have gone a little further. .... Oh! We have to explore it anyways, and the sound is still not totally gone! Maybe even the other windows open? I'll take my torch with me and let's go Dad." Lara said.

Dad and Lara were both absolutely ready to go. I decided that I'd stick to Mom. "Go Mission Secret Attic!" Lara yelled and we both giggled. Dad and Lara entered the secret attic and Mom and I stayed in the room with lights on so that we could make sure that the door doesn't close. We had also brought all needed supplies so that in case Dad or Lara get in trouble we wouldn't have to go shuffling through the whole house. It wasn't even 10 mins before we heard Lara's scream. Mom and I went closer to the secret – attic's door, but then we heard Dad's echo saying that it was just a spider followed by Lara telling us that the place was huge. Mom breathed a sigh of relief and we both went back and sat on the bed.

We sat for almost half an hour, after which we heard another of Lara's scream. We thought that it was again something silly but when we heard Dad yell something, we rushed near the door. " There's a... a.. a.. girl here!!" Lara yelled again. Mom and I gasped and looked inside. All we could hear was whispers.

Mom and I quietly sat at the edge of the patch – like a door and waited. When finally they came close to the entrance of the secret attic, Lara was covered in dirt and cobwebs, while Dad was much cleaner. He was carrying a girl, who was almost my age. We all sat down on the floor and gave the girl some water to drink. She coughed and sat up. "Poor girl! Who are you? What were you doing here?" Mom asked gently.

*Cont...*





"I'm so sorry aunty. I'm Sally. Sally Lay. I... I... used to live in this house earlier, with my family. But one day, some strange man entered our house and asked for all our money. Daddy never kept cash, so that man, my Mom and my Dad went to the bank for the money. I was scared what the man would do if I called the police. So I didn't. But sometime later, the news came on the television that both my parents died in a car accident.

I was horrified, but I knew there was a secret attic in the house along with lots of supplies. So I went in there and hid, fearing that no one will be there to take care of me." the girl explained. "Oh child! How long have you been here for?" Dad asked. "I don't know. When I came here, it was 16th Jan, 2020." Sally said. Lara and I piped in, "Oh my god Sally! You were in here for almost 7 months!

Are you ok? How did you manage?" Sally shook her head and immediately started crying. Mom and Dad reassured her while giving me and Lara angry glares.

Mom and Dad discussed something, while Sally sat on the dining table sipping hot chocolate. After sometime, Mom and Dad walked up to us and their and Sally's eyes met. "What? What's wrong?" Sally asked. "Nothing dear. We were just wondering if you would like to stay with us as a part of our family?" Mom asked. "You mean that you want to adopt me? Yes! Please... thank you so much!" Sally replied. Sally leaned on Dad's shoulder and both of them kissed her on the cheek. Lara and I were happy to have a new sister. She looked like a nice girl. And so we lived happily ever after!

Olivia Mahajan, 7C

## Climate Change

Climate change is an increasing problem and we are doing almost nothing to prevent it. We are focused on 'here and now', not thinking about the future. We have to take actions that will also be felt in the future.

One may ask that if the problem is so serious, why haven't we started on a concrete action plan. One of the reasons is fear and discouragement. This problem is so complex, that many get discouraged thinking about it.

The extreme and disastrous form of nature observed in the form of a pandemic situation this year, has brought back the feeling of vulnerability of the human race and this feeling could help our world. This could be the year when we decide that we should save the earth. We used to believe that we dominate over other beings. We hope that this feeling of vulnerability will inspire us to do more.

The lock-downs of COVID-19 had brought out some changes - air pollution reduced, carbon

emissions reduced and birds were seen more often, but these changes were only temporary. Seeing these changes will hopefully encourage people and spread the thought that earth was worth saving.

Development is necessary for us, but Economic growth should be limited to the limits set by nature. We should be careful of what we are doing and how much it's hurting our environment.

And.... this is happening. We've realized the importance of the parks, the outdoors and the healing effect of spending time with nature. We just need everyone to join together now. COVID-19 pandemic has actually helped the earth, not because of the temporary changes in the lock-downs, but because it has opened our eyes.

We still have time to save the earth, but we need to work together, remembering that we are vulnerable and nature's force is much more powerful than us.

Guntas Kaur, 7C



### Bars

Full of riches, spoiled brat,  
On a golden chair he sat,  
No one knew where he was from,  
And his name was Mr. Tom.

Mr. Tom was just a kid!  
But he wanted to be treated big,  
Made servants tie his shoes,  
Threw the clothes which fit him loose.

He had a mansion filled with stuff,  
Stuff you cannot handle rough,  
Fast cars that made the hats blow off,  
All this costly stuff, just for show off.

Mr. Tom owned a big zoo,  
Quadrillion times bigger than you!  
There he had all the creatures,  
Creatures with all sorts of exotic features!

In this lockdown, in his head,  
He made a dramatic plea,  
"Oh God, please make this lockdown end.  
There seems to be a dead end.

I wish I was like the animals,  
who are always, always free!"  
Then a thought sparked up in his head,  
Then his craving for greed was dead!

If a few days in lockdown made me red,  
If I were these animals, I would be dead!  
All this time they are in cages,  
Like the 100 years meditating sages.

The next day, Mr. Tom set them free,  
And told them to lead a life of victory.  
Your time is over behind the bars,  
Now behind these bars is me!

Bhaskar Ghildiyal, 7C

### Mother

When the tears I shed  
I cried on your lap,

Your bright smile  
Lightened up my day,  
Even on the coldest days,  
Your hug gave me warmth,  
Songs which you sung next to my cradle  
keep echoing in my mind,  
Every morning I wake up,  
I see the clouds shaped as your warm smile,  
My dreams, only full of your pampers,  
You showered me with your love and  
blessings which I will cherish forever

Syeda Shanum, 7C

### The Crazy Fool

There was a student in my school,  
Who always acted like a fool.

He always danced around the class,  
And once he broke the window glass!

And when the teacher came inside,  
She saw the mess and closed her eyes...

And when she opened it again,  
She looked at us, and busted us  
Till it was time to board the bus!

And when we finally went to board the bus,  
Everyone there made such a fuss!  
For missing all the fun periods in school  
Because of that CRAZY FOOL!

Manna Rachel Mathew, 7C





### 3 Keys To Happiness

We all are in a better place today compared to livelihood in olden days, STILL... Most of the time, WE stay unhappy wanting to get more... WHY WHY!!!

Happiness is the feeling of truly enjoying your life, and the desire to make the very best of it. We spend our lives searching for the key to happiness, but there is no magic formula that will make you feel happier or better about yourself. So, we should stop looking for happiness and focus on yourself, because the key to happiness lies within us. Happiness is the "secret sauce" that helps us to do our best. Trying to live a happy life is not about denying negative emotions and pretending happy all the time....

For me the 3 keys to happiness would be a

“Gratitude, Smile and Simplicity”

#### **GRATITUDE**

The quality of being thankful, showing appreciation for and to return kindness is Gratitude. Giving thanks can literally make you feel much better. Practicing gratitude leads to joy, energy, enthusiasm, and ultimately, happiness. I think gratitude allows us to participate more in life. We notice the positives more, and that magnifies the pleasures you get from life. One of the reasons why gratitude can change your life is because it shifts your focus. Life is all about focus. Whatever we focus on, we move towards. Being grateful makes you feel happier. It strengthens and enhances your faith.

#### **SMILE**

Smile :) - Try this test: Smile. Now try to think of something negative without losing the smile. It's hard, isn't it?

Even when a smile feels forced, it still sends the brain the message that "All is Good!" Smiling elevates your mood and creates a sense of well-being. As behavioural psychologist Sarah Stevenson writes in her blog “Each time you smile you throw a little feel-good party in your brain.” Smiling induces more pleasure in the brain more than chocolate. I know you don't believe this. I don't believe it either. Let's SMILE and share happiness.

#### **SIMPLICITY**

*“Life is really simple, but we insist on making it complicated.”*

- Confucius

Being simple is always elegant. Simplicity is the essence of Happiness. Adopting simplicity certainly doesn't imply that we should subject ourselves to a life of poverty or that we give up all our material possessions and visit holy places or the Himalayas. Rather, simplicity is expressed in how we function. How we think, behave, live and make choices. Simplicity does not depreciate the value of life but makes it more accessible which in turn provides a lot of satisfaction & happiness.

Hence....

Many happy people realize happiness is a choice and it's up to them to intentionally choose it every single day. Fully experiencing it still requires a conscious decision to choose happiness each day... So...

STAY HAPPY... LIVE SIMPLE...

PAY GRATITUDE

Natalia J Prashanth, 7C



## The Shoe Swear

I walked along to the dreaded history class in a grumpy mood without my homework. It was with Ms. Finnegan, who was the harshest, malicious and remorseless teacher I had ever come across in sixth grade. A lot of people consider history a useless subject, but not me. I love history, courtesy of my father, a famed archaeologist. But I soon found out that Ms. Finnegan makes this class the worst class ever. She points out all the horrible events of history like the Civil War and why she thinks everyone who actually did stuff did it wrong. She actually criticised Einstein! She makes the whole class unbearable, giving out as many detentions as possible.

I exited my math class as quickly as possible so as to not get detention for being late. But you haven't done your homework, you'll get detention, alright, my mind chided. Thinking all these terrible thoughts, I sat down on my unfortunate front desk, which I had chosen on the first day, excited to start class. Now, I'm not so excited.

One by one, students entered the classroom, looking very stiff. I was the only one to look relaxed, but I was feeling nauseated myself. The bell chimed, and then entered the spawn of Satan herself, Ms. Finnegan.

'Have you all done your homework?' she said. Another thing about Ms. Finnegan, she doesn't wish anyone 'Good morning'. Whenever she enters the class, she gets straight to the point. No one replied. Her beady eyes narrowed dangerously. 'I said, have you all done your homework?' she repeated with a growl, glaring at the clutter of children sitting in front of her. There were a few murmurs of 'yes', but some didn't answer, including me. She scanned the crowd of unlucky kids, and, unfortunately enough, her eyes landed on me.

'Evana,' she called, 'Are you deaf this morning?' I decided to play along. 'What did you say Ms. Finnegan? I can't hear you,' I said. Some of the students snickered at the back. Her head snapped up. 'Detention, Mr. Thomas and Ms. Moore.' she said in a calm but dangerous voice. They groan in complaint. 'I'm sorry, but did I just hear a Saturday

detention calling your name?' she said, cupping her hand to her ear wildly, to elaborate.

'I don't hear anything Ms. Finnegan. I think you should get your ears checked.' I said nonchalantly. She glared at me and I glared back. When did I get so daring? 'Ms. Osborn, might I remind you that I am your teacher and you should treat me with respect?' she said, her face stony.

'And might I remind you,' I shot back, 'that I am no adult, hence you should not address me as one.'

She took a step closer to my desk. 'Right you are, Evana,' she snarled, 'right you are.'

'You don't have to repeat yourself, you already said it once.' I snapped. She squinted at me from behind her spectacles, the light shining off them, making beams of brightness attack the wall. She chuckled darkly. 'Do I have to inform the Principal of your disturbances and misbehaviour in class?' she said evilly.

My eyes widened. Principal Barney, the purple dinosaur, was even more feared than Ms. Finnegan. He expels at least one person from the school each year to keep the rest of us on our toes. You never know who's next.

'No! I swear, I'll be good, just please don't tell him!' I whispered, mortified.

She stopped laughing like a maniac for a moment to consider it. 'What would you swear on? The Bible? Jesus? Your existence? Tell me, Evana. What would you swear on?' she asked mockingly.

I took a deep breath.

'My shoes.'

A couple of kids sniggered, I expected Ms. Finnegan to bark at them to keep quiet, but she continued to stare at me. 'Your shoes? What are they? They just clothe your feet.' she said, clearly confused by my answer.

'You see, Ms. Finnegan, these are my favourite shoes and the only pair I have,' I said, clicking my white sneakers, 'and if I swear on them and break my oath, then I shall have to walk barefoot and probably get

*Cont...*





an infection someday, which I certainly don't want.' She looked at me as if I just offered her to go up to space with a pink giraffe while learning Spanish and listening to songs, in other words ; as if I'm insane.

I broke the silence in the room by saying, 'I, Evana Osborn, swear on these white sneakers that I will never again misbehave or disrupt Ms. Finnegan's classes, and if I break this vow, I will never wear these shoes again.' Ms. Finnegan said nothing in response. All I could hear was the breathing in and out of all the students.

Finally, she spoke up. 'Alright, Ms. Osborn, but if you break the vow -' she mimed cutting off her neck.

I nodded. That's when the bells blared through the speakers, signalling that the period had come to an end.

'You're dismissed.' she announced.

Once I was out of the classroom and in the hallway, I grinned to myself. Poor Ms. Finnegan, I thought, walking away as my toes jammed at the tip of my shoes, such a joke to play on her, such a joke. I'm getting another pair of these today, they're much too small for me.

And I skipped to science class, laughing all the way.

Naavya Tomar, 5B

## The Portal

It all began when my friends and I went into the forest during our winter vacation .It was a forest like no other, somewhere in the middle of Western Ghats; thick and green, cozy yet noisy, dark yet colourful .

We were pumped up with energy when we started, singing songs which sounded like "hia hoa hula pula yada yada yada". We wandered further into the forest and by noon we were sounding like "Ayoo Appa amma uffff aahhh yada". Luckily, just when we were about to collapse, we spotted an old, dusty abandoned shack. After a little investigation (and to my great relief) we decided to stay there for the night. It was huge and we were weary and tired so we directly took out our sleeping bags and slept almost instantly without noticing the comfy beds which were in perfect condition! It was as if the house could clean itself! So we snoozed heartily for 8 hours straight and got up. First thing as we woke up we brushed our teeth, ate our Chapattis and started exploring. We decided to split up .After a while one of my friend screamed "Guys you have to see this, come fast!" We all went rushing to see what he was screaming about. At first we saw a cockroach and together said "What's so special about a cockroach?" He gave us an 'are you stupid' look and we looked up. OMG! There was

a portal "Let's check it out" I said. We went in and read a board reading "Welcome to the fourth dimension!" We were shocked! "Could it really be a portal?!" one of my friends asked. We crossed the board and immediately became 4 dimensional! We were weird, indescribable. This 4D world was completely different from our usual 3D world. To name a few things you sleep while standing up and feel no difference, all the usual things that stay down like the furniture were on the ceiling. We booked a room with our ten rupees (which in the fourth dimension looked like one lakh rupees) and relaxed in luxury. We were exploring this unusual world when we saw a portal and another board which read "Teleport to anywhere and anytime you want in the 3D world with this portal". Some of the options on the menu were –"Jurassic age, Stone age, Ice age, Pyramid age, Primus school online session 2020, Mars colony (2172)".

Looking at these options all of us got excited but one of my friends was super excited, he squealed, jumped, tripped and accidentally pressed the option "Primus school online session 2020".

Alas! Here we are again back in the online classroom; Gooooood moooorniiiiing maaaaam!

Advaith Vivek, 5A



## HALLOWEEN

Now that Halloween is near,  
Will the ghosts again be feared?  
The witches, mummies, vampires and zombies will be here,  
Then will it all be clear?

The trick-o-treating this year,  
Won't be happening because of the fear,  
So keep your dear ones near,  
And pray next year the fears won't reappear.

The vampires are sharpening their teeth,  
And preparing to go and eat,  
The witches are making a brew,  
That will cause us to go dizzy and make us get the flu,

The ghosts are going to get their revenge,  
The monsters are hiding in a trench  
Frankenstein is reborn,  
And the goblins stay forlorn.

The feared and creepy are getting ready to cause some screams.  
And we'll wish it was just a dream.  
Because it won't look like what it seems,  
Since we don't know their schemes.

The lights will flicker,  
And monsters will fill the streets,  
Vampires will enjoy their feasts  
The Ghosts will hide in dark places,  
And the zombies will be following everyone at a slow pace.

So everyone hear,  
Because this year,  
You won't want to go out,  
Because you will meet,  
Your WORST FEAR.

Mukund Girish, 5B





## The Adventure in Spain

One morning a boy named David woke up first and then woke the others. Then, the four children went downstairs to eat breakfast. They were very excited, as they would be leaving for Spain. At 2:00 pm they were seated on the airplane. Christie, the eldest, was reading the guidebook; Peter, second to her, was looking out of the window and the twins, Beth and David, were playing snakes and ladders. "We'll first visit Alhambra, a sprawling fortress then", said Christie.

"Who wants to play snap?" interrupted David. "Me!" everyone shouted. Minnie, the cat, who was asleep, woke up with a jump and meows loudly. After half an hour, the plane reached Cordoba. The four children hailed a taxi and soon reached the hotel. All of them had to share a very big room. They spent the rest of the day relaxing.

The next day, they decided to go to the beach as they wanted some fresh air. They were enjoying the beach when suddenly Christie exclaimed, "I'm worried! Minnie ran into that cave a while back and hasn't come back yet". Worried, they decided to enter the cave and search for her.

Luckily for them, David had a flashlight. "How are we going to find her?" Beth asked. "Paw prints! Let's follow them!" Peter said. They followed the paw prints, and after some time, reached a narrow tunnel and halted. Beth, being the smallest crawled through it and at the other end, gave an exclamation! The others immediately crawled through the tunnel and when they reached the other end and saw a small door! Minnie, who knew how to pull a bolt, had sneaked inside.

Peter, his heart beating fast, opened the door and there they saw a man tied up to a chair, a rag in his mouth. When he saw the children, he began to struggle. The children helped him and Christie caught Minnie. The children then asked the man what had happened to him.

The man introduced himself as Jack and told them that he was working for the government to do some important work and that these men wanted to steal his work. They had appeared a few days ago to his house and asked him to give them the papers. When he refused to give them, they kidnapped him. Luckily, he had hidden the papers someplace that no one knew of. He had barely finished his tale when they suddenly heard footsteps.

Beth, slipped out and bolted the door. Then, she hid behind a rock. Inside, the three children tied the man, put the rag back and hid. None of them had noticed that the door was bolted. The man whose footsteps they had heard earlier, opened the door. He said in a dark tone, "So will you tell us where the papers are or not?" Jack remained silent and the man left the room.

Suddenly, they heard somebody pull back the bolt and the door opened. Then, from outside Beth whispered "Let's go!" They untied the man and led the way back to the hotel. After a few days they were enjoying the rest of their holidays. They visited the Alhambra and cities such as Granada and Seville.

Avni Jain, 5C



## Sucklu's Inventions

Once upon a time, a very long time ago, there was an old man named Sucklu. He was given this name because his hair looked like a sickle. People would constantly make fun of him by calling him "Sick Sickleyo". Regardless of this, he was a very kind old man. He was also wise and intelligent. He used to work in his workshop, where he would make inventions. In fact, he actually made "revolutionary inventions" which were actually "invented" years later! He made a telescope, a plane similar to that of the Wright Brothers, and surprisingly, he also had a prototype for a steam engine!

These were all done in complete secrecy, well, until his death. After his death, the village he lived in was raided and looted. Every house except his was burnt. The raiders had heard stories of this weird man, so they spared his house. Instead of burning it, they went inside the house to investigate what was inside. They found the blueprints of his inventions. Then they presented the

blueprints to their top tier "national scientists". They told the scientists to make an exact copy of his inventions, and so they did! Well, it didn't go so well! Nobody could remake his inventions! So they stored the blueprints.

Eventually, over a period of time, these blueprints were lost forever. However, one blueprint remained on a trading port. This blueprint was taken to Florence, in Italy! They took it to Galileo Galilei, where he would then wonderfully remake the telescope. The "Telescope" which was definitely NOT invented in Italy, became the pride of Italy. Eventually, the other two blueprints too shipped away in trading, and they too were wonderfully remade. Thus, the wonderful inventions of Sucklu were stolen and remade and the credit now goes to those people who had copied his blueprints.

Raunak Lumde, 5A

## Hunting for Prey

Once upon a time while hunting for prey, a tiger caught a fox. "You can't eat me!" said the fox. The Emperor of Heaven appointed me the King of Beasts.

If you eat me, you'll be disobeying his orders. If you don't believe me, follow me. You will soon see whether the other animals run away at the sight of me or not.

Agreeing to this, the tiger accompanied him. The fox walked first and the tiger followed, to see whether the fox was telling the truth or not.

All the beasts saw them together, gave frightened looks and dashed away. The tiger was impressed with this show of power by the fox and left it alone.

Snehansu Srivas Nayak, 4A

## LIFE

Life is happy  
Life is sad  
Life is a cycle  
As you peddle the life goes on  
Even the life has pain  
Sometimes you fall down  
As you get up  
you bear the pain and go forward  
You get up, you have confidence  
you are stronger.  
Life is happy  
Life is sad

Saanvi R Amidal, 4B





### **What's your Mood?**

Emotions, OH! There are many,  
Sad, angry, love & happy.  
They are inside you & me,  
Some we enjoy & some burn like hot tea.

Happy is as sweet as honey,  
But we can't buy it with money.  
Angry is like a hot burning sun,  
I don't think you can play with it & have much fun.

Sadness is a feeling that no one likes,  
To avoid it you can go out & play in the sunshine.  
Love is as beautiful as moonlight,  
It always brightens up the dark night.

All of them are very special,  
Their effects are really magical.  
Save & use them wisely,  
Try to spread happiness kindly.

Yelena Garg, 4A

### **I wonder**

I wonder what it feels like to be on the moon,  
I wonder what it feels like riding a balloon.  
I wonder what it feels like to have a pet dog,  
I wonder what it feels like to jump like a frog.  
I wonder what it feels like to be a Superhero,  
I wonder who I'll be, maybe Green Arrow!  
I wonder what it feels like to fly like a bird,  
I wonder what it feels like to travel around the world.  
I wonder what it feels like to be lost in a jungle,  
I wonder if anyone will save me from the hungry Mongrel.  
Turning ten means turning into a wonder.  
I'll get to spread my wings and fly even higher.  
And Oh yes!! will get all my heart's desire!

Aparajita De, 4C



### **A Different Birthday**

It was the month of March  
Time for my birthday  
We had planned a party  
And a huge balloon arc  
But along came corona  
And spoilt all my plans  
No gifts and laughs  
And no trip to Japan  
I screamed and cried in protest

Then sat in a corner with hands over my knees  
Because now I wasn't going to get the gift that I thought was the best  
I waited for corona to go  
So that I could call my friends  
And give my candles a blow  
But corona had a different plan  
It wasn't done with its scan  
I wondered why I was so unlucky  
That I should have had a birthday so yucky

No cakes and friends to laugh and play  
Only a day that's dark and grey  
My mother told me to look everywhere  
Look at people who weren't lucky to even have someone to care  
She told me to see what corona had done  
Toppled poor people's lives just for fun  
Some didn't have any food to eat  
Some didn't have any ground to sleep.  
I looked and now I could see  
So I thanked God for protecting me.

Anvita Gado, 3B

### **Christmas**

Christmas is here and we all are in cheer  
Christmas trees decorated  
Houses lit up with stars  
So many gifts under the tree  
Oh yeah, yeah!

Reindeer's are waiting for a ride  
Children are waiting for Santa  
to get their gifts  
So much of cheer all around  
The best time of the year  
OH! Yeah, yeah

'Merry Christmas' is here  
We all are in cheer!

Joanne Daniel, 3B



### Leo and Lamb, the Day and Night makers

Once upon a time, there were two stars. One's name was Leo and the other's name was Lamb. Both of them had different work to do. They both worked together. Leo's work was to make day and Lamb's work was to make night.

One day Leo said, "Hey Lamb! I am going to rest because I have to do all the work". Then Lamb answered "Do you think making nights is easy, no it is not". And they both started the fight. The fight became so terrible that they stopped talking to each other and went to different galaxies.

On Leo's side, every single thing started melting and on Lamb's side everything started freezing and shrinking. Things started going out of control for both. The people got exhausted so they complained to

nature. Nature got worried that if this goes on, every single thing will be destroyed and the world would come to an end.

Nature rushed to Leo and Lamb to talk about this. Leo and Lamb explained that they both had a fight and cannot work together. Nature told them if they do not work together, as per their responsibilities, things will start falling apart, both will lose respect. He said "Both of you are equally valuable and work hard. Helping each other will make you both successful".

They realised the real value of their friendship and teamwork. Since then they have never fought again. They work together and make Day and Night.

Amolika Sahu, 3C

### Coco

I have a brother, his name is Coco,  
He follows me wherever I go.  
He likes to eat, he is very greedy,  
He is very fat but also very speedy.  
He has a few friends, he plays with them  
I don't know but they all look the same.  
He sleeps with me, under my feet  
He is so warm I don't need a sheet.  
He sleeps whole day, like a lazy log,  
You must be wondering why he is like this...  
But I love him very much, he is my pet dog.

Divij Singh, 1B

### The King's Lost Treasure

Once upon a time there was a king who was very polite to everyone. One day while the king was walking in the palace grounds, his soldier came running to him. "The treasure is missing" he said panting. The moment the king heard this he declared the palace to be searched. The soldiers looked and looked and finally they found the thief who stole the treasure. He was sitting on the roof. He apologized but the soldiers were asked to put him in the prison.

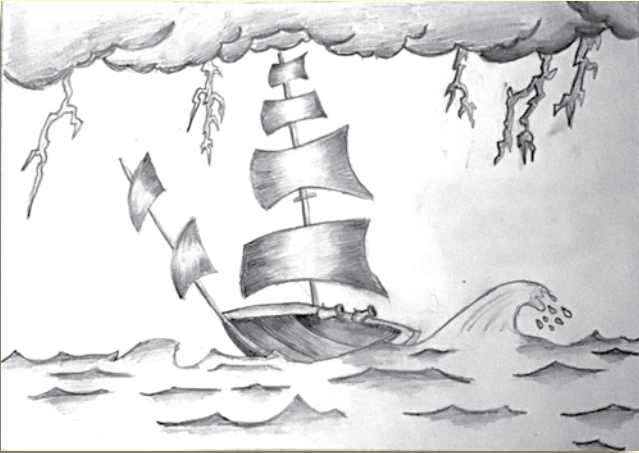
Moral - Never steal.

Krishna Menon, 1B

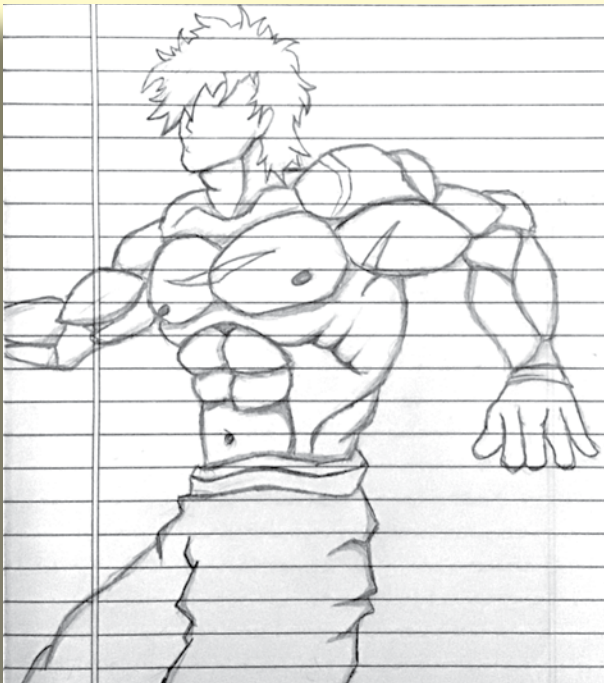




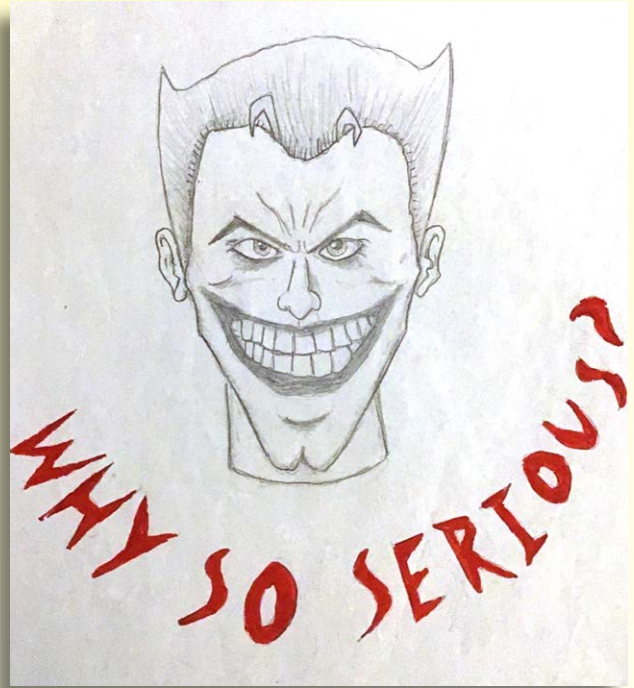
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Aarav Anil Devan, 7C



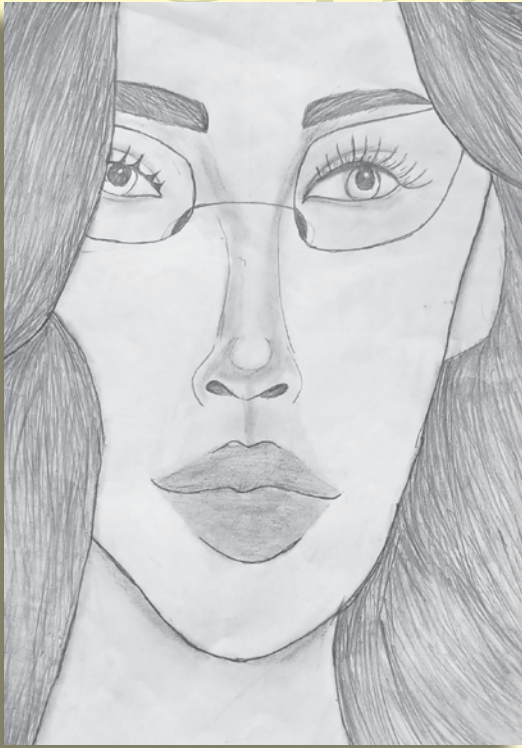
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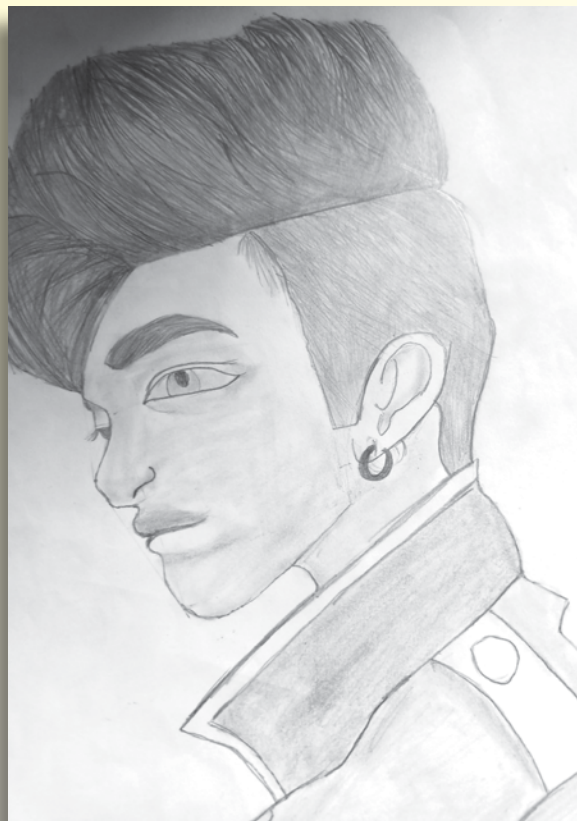
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Akshaya Kriti, 8C



Akshaya Kriti, 8C



Akshaya Kriti, 8C







Akshaya Kriti, 8C



K.Sana Mariya, 6C



Akshaya Kriti, 8C



Akshaya Kriti, 8C



Akshaya Kriti, 8C







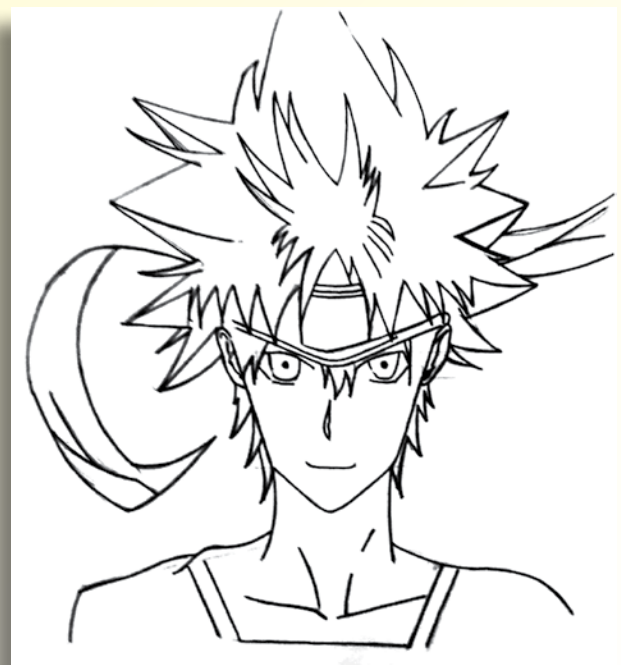
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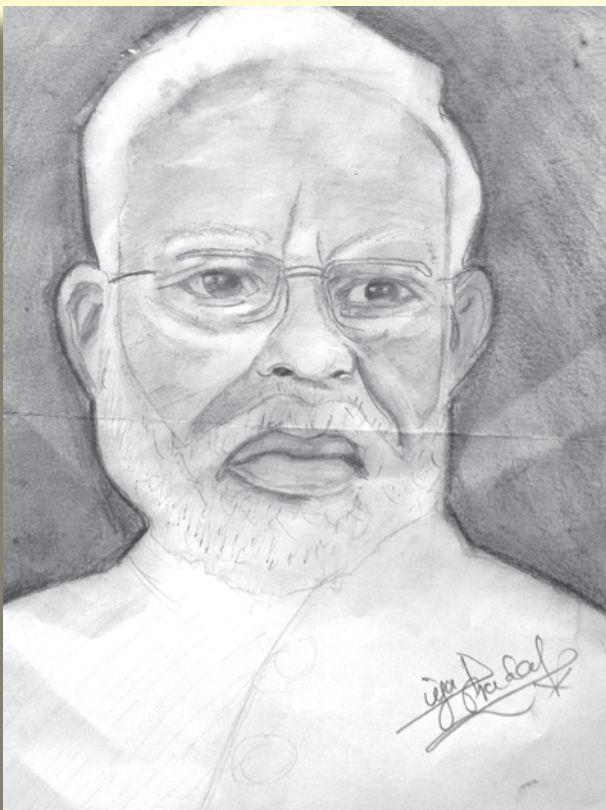




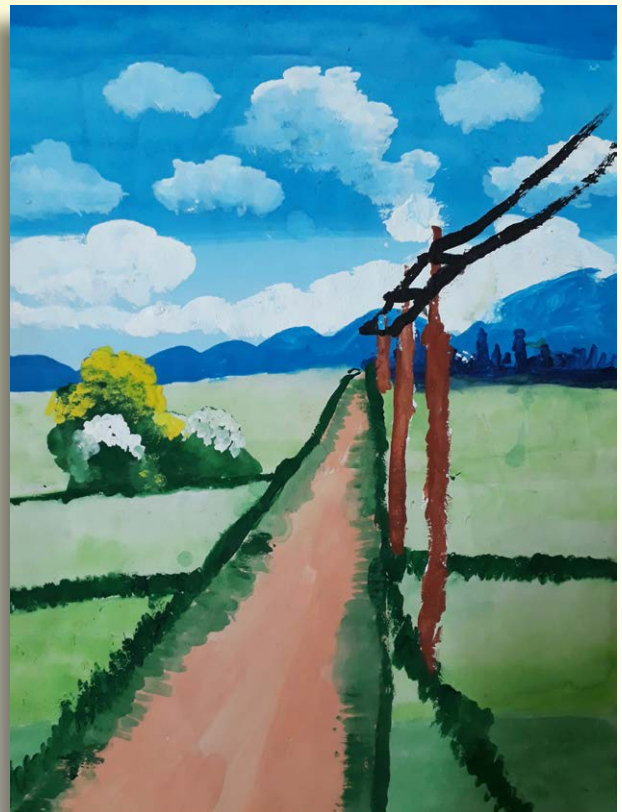
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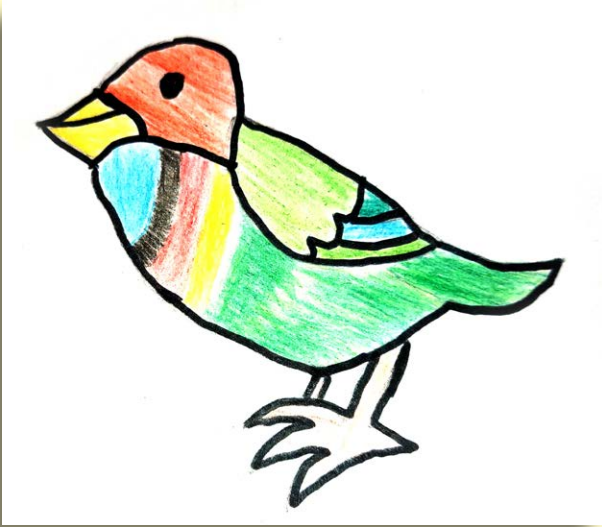


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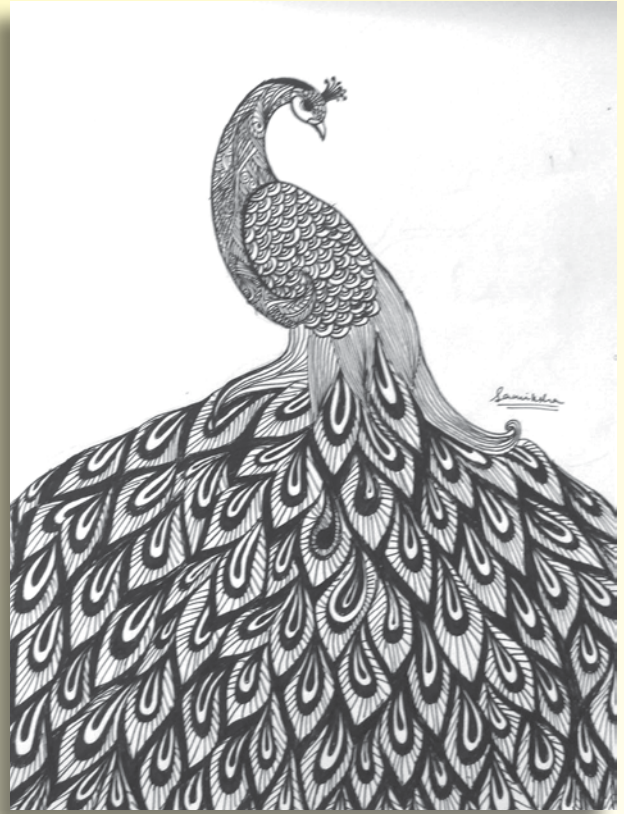




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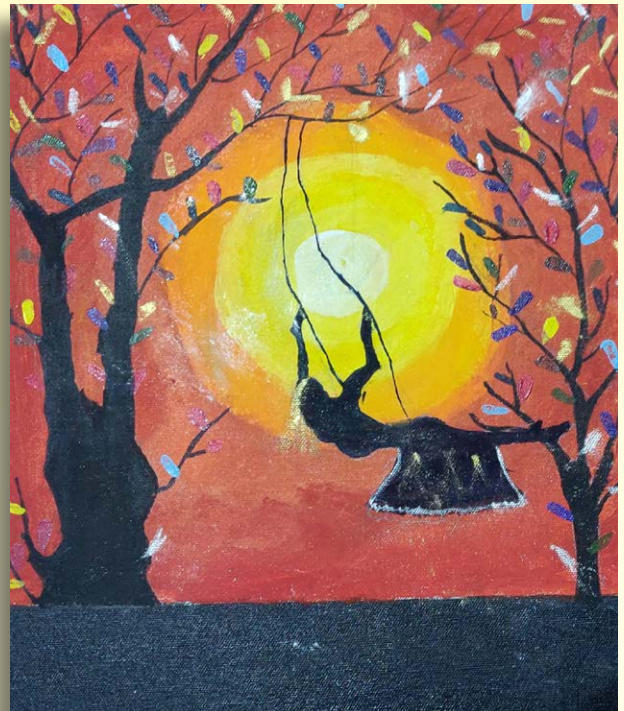




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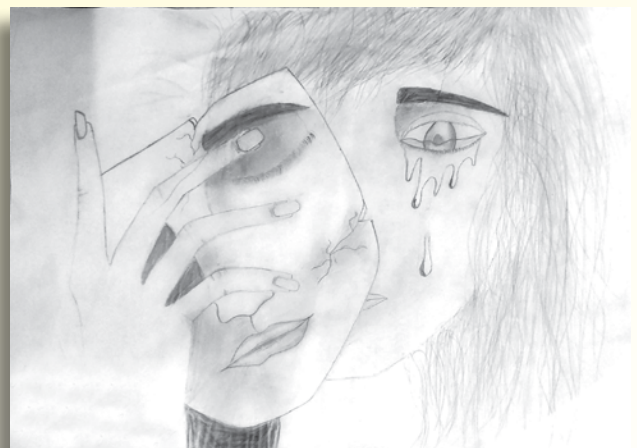
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