



PRIMUS
PUBLIC SCHOOL



PRIMUS
Rhapsody
2021-22

Vol 11 - Official Magazine of Primus Public School



PRIMUS RHAPSODY

2021-2022

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From the Principal's Desk

Dear Parents,

The pandemic has transformed the Education sector completely. Teachers across the globe were not prepared for this sudden transformation. But, the fact that teachers up-skilled themselves and made sure the learning continued, has shown the grit, perseverance and commitment of all teachers. We salute all the teachers at Primus, in our country and around the globe who made arrangements to ensure that the learning continued for their students.

Of course, Ed-tech galvanized the online teaching-learning experience and the fact is, this is the way forward. While we completely believe that there is much more beyond the books and curriculum in an in-person classroom, we can't deny the massive power of an amalgamation of these two.

Despite the tough times, the pandemic has taught us a lot; we were so heartened to see many of our students who engaged in self-learning via MOOC, webinars, video tutorials. They are the ones who showed resilience. Students today are highly creative, natural problem solvers and default troubleshooters and we are proud of each one of them.

Covid-19 has demonstrated that, in today's world, when pandemics and the consequences of climate change are imminent, we need creative solutions for

the big unknown, show gratitude for what we have, innovate solutions that are for the well-being of our people, fellow mates, our country and the mankind.

As it looks now, when we move to a post-pandemic world, Change Is the Only Constant. Upgrade your skills from time to time just the way you upgrade your gadgets. As Charles Darwin aptly said, "It is not the strongest of the species that survive, but the most adaptable to change".

Regards,



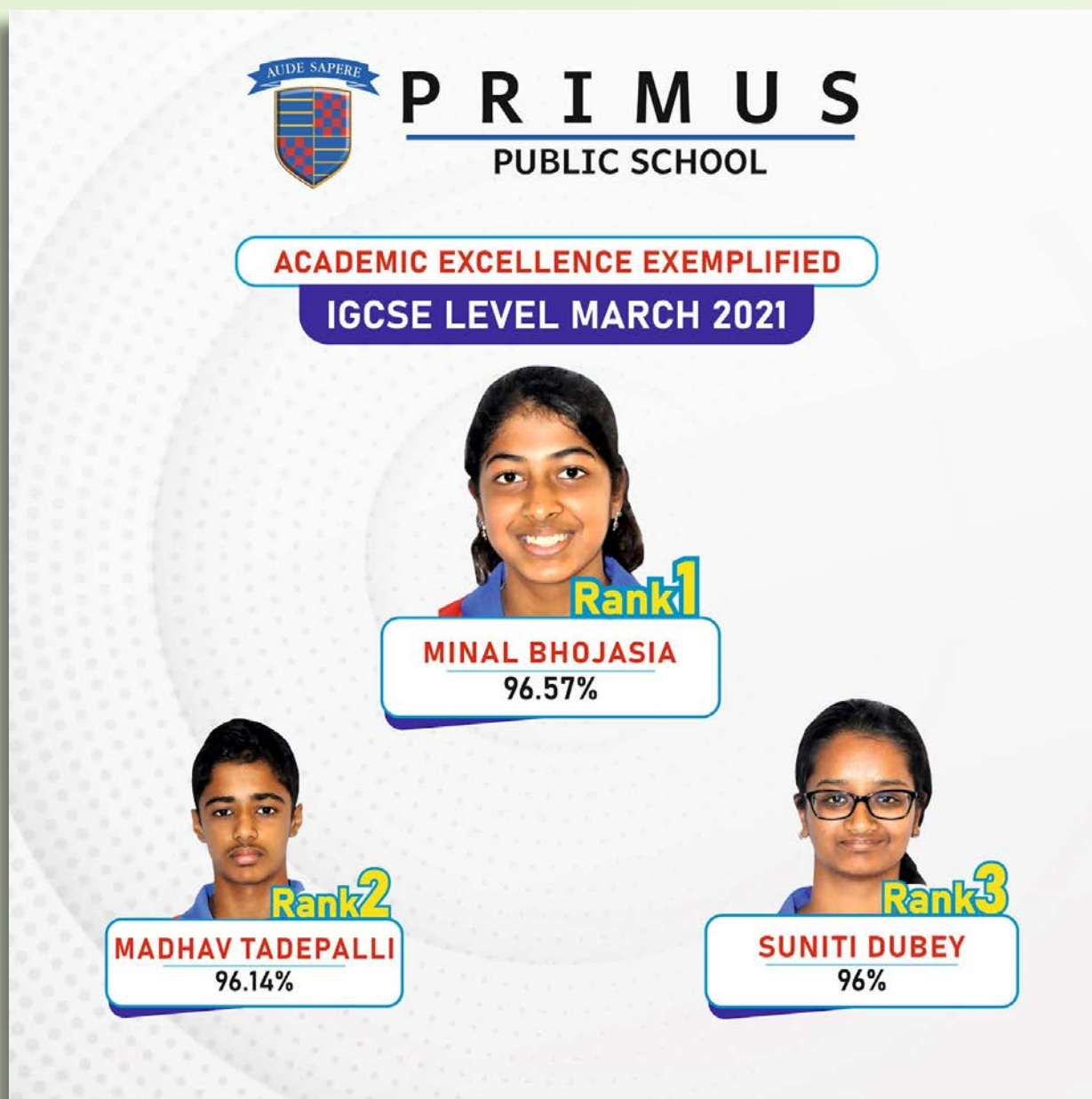
Mrs. Minni Adhikari
Principal



Annual Report - 2021 - 22

CAIE Results declared on 26th May 2021!

Hearty congratulations to all our IGCSE, AS-A level students and teachers! Our fantastic results this year speak volumes. 75% of all our grades in IGCSE are A Or A*s. 4 students have scored A*s In all their subjects. Our A level results are spectacular as well. 35% of our students have scored above 90% average, with the highest score being 95.3%.



The poster features the Primus Public School logo at the top, which includes a crest with a shield and the motto 'AUDE SAPERE'. Below the logo, the school's name 'PRIMUS PUBLIC SCHOOL' is written in large, bold letters. A central banner reads 'ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE EXEMPLIFIED' in red and 'IGCSE LEVEL MARCH 2021' in white on a blue background. Three students are highlighted with their portraits, ranks, names, and scores in individual boxes:

Rank	Student Name	Score
Rank 1	MINAL BHOJASIA	96.57%
Rank 2	MADHAV TADEPALLI	96.14%
Rank 3	SUNITI DUBEY	96%





PRIMUS

PUBLIC SCHOOL

ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE EXEMPLIFIED

IGCSE LEVEL MARCH 2021



DIVYANSHI KUMAR



SHASHANK J RAO



MEDHA RAO



MADHAV TADEPALLI



MINAL BHOJASIA



RIDDHI MUNDADA



KHUSHI D



SAMARTH RAWAT



AKSHAY BHAVE



NIDHI SUDHIR

7A*





PRIMUS

PUBLIC SCHOOL

ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE EXEMPLIFIED
AS LEVEL MARCH 2021



Rank1

SHREYA GANDHI
91%



Rank2

SANIYA JAIN
91%



Rank3

ADITYA ADUKURI
86.25%



*Primus is thrilled to announce that we have a World Topper in French:
Aarushi Garg scored 100% in French (0520).
Hearty congratulations to Aarushi!
She has also won the Cambridge Outstanding Learner Award.*



P R I M U S
PUBLIC SCHOOL

Congratulates



AARUSHI GARG

On her fabulous performance in the IGCSE exam 2021.

Top in the World
FRENCH

World Topper in Cambridge IGCSE Foreign Language French
(March 2021)

Winner of Cambridge Outstanding Learner Award

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PRIMUS

PUBLIC SCHOOL

ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE EXEMPLIFIED

A LEVEL MARCH 2021



Rank1

ANAYA MADDALI
94.5%



Rank2

ABHIGYAN PRAKASH
93.5%



Rank3

DRITHI KANDOUR
92.2%



Outstanding ICSE Results!

ICSE results were announced in February 2022.

Here is a glimpse into our outstanding ICSE results for Semester 1.

The ICSE students have done us immensely proud!

Our school toppers:

1st Sanjana Guttapally 97.5%

2nd Asmita Mangipudi 97%

3rd Srishti Dadhwal & V Aakankha Reddy 96.5%

ICSE SEMESTER I EXAMINATIONS - 2022 RESULT HIGHLIGHTS		
	Primus	
	No. of Students	% of Students
Appeared	32	100%
90% & Above	12	37.50
75% & Above	27	84.38
60% & Above	31	96.88
Subject Centum	19	
Topper (%)	97.50%	

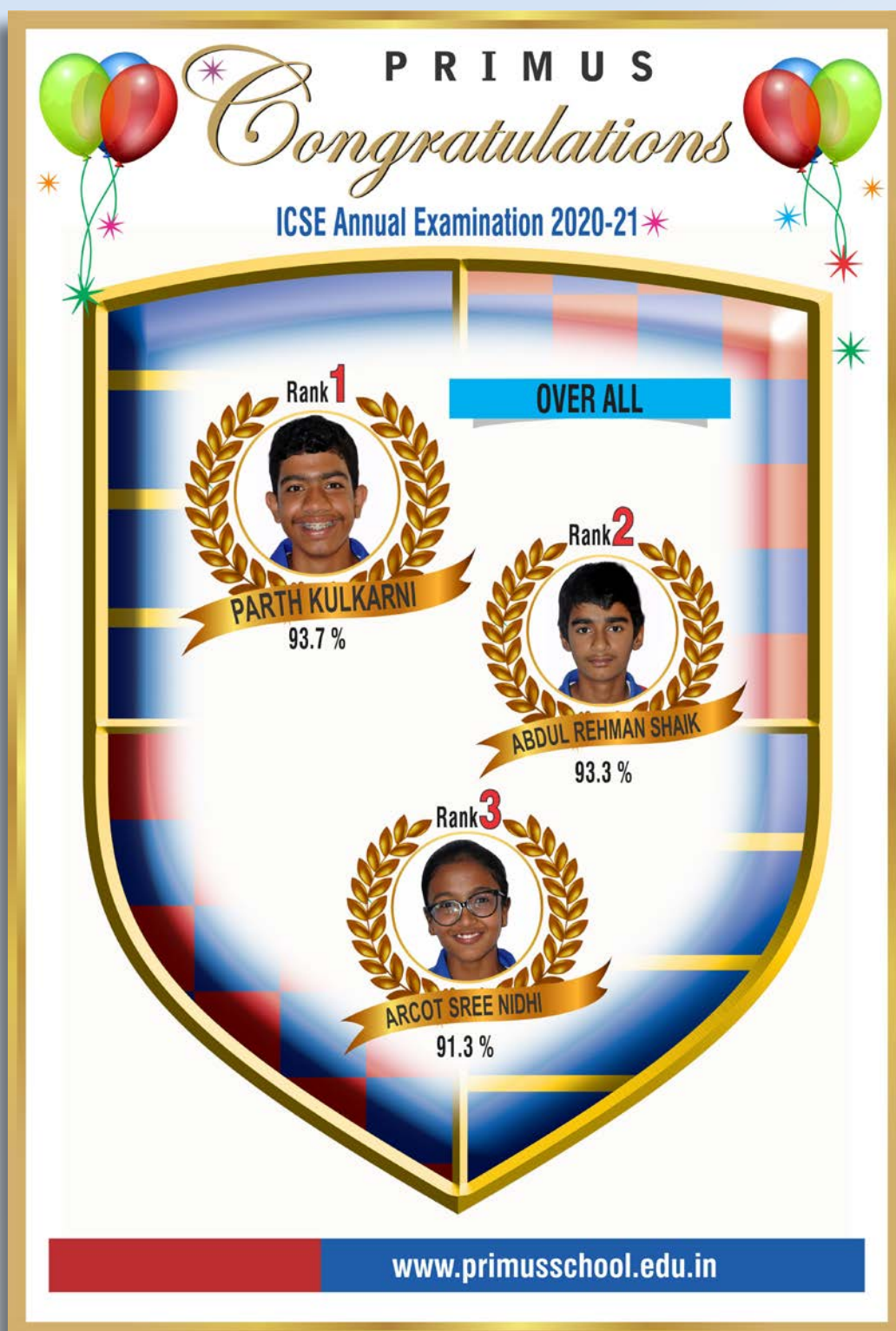
*Congratulations to all the ICSE students and teachers
on their amazing performance!*



ICSE Results - 2021

Primus Public School is proud to announce the results of the ICSE - 2021 Examination.

All 14 candidates of our first batch secured 1st classes. We proudly announce our three toppers:



Cont...





PUC Results - 2020 - 2021

Congratulations to our 2020-21 PUC Batch on their phenomenal results.

Our toppers have made us so proud with their stupendous scores.

This year, 98% of our students scored a first division and 72 centums were awarded across various subjects!










Congratulations to our star performers for their spectacular performance in the JEE Advanced exams. You make us so proud!!

Hearty Congratulations

PRIMUS
PUC COLLEGE

To our JEE Toppers You have made us so proud!!

 ATHARVA ARORA AIR -557	 MRIGANK SINGH AIR -1035	 SATHYAN S AIR -2521
 NISHANTH AIR -2967	 PRIYAM GARG AIR -3397	 KUSHAL MOHTA AIR -7710
 STUTI GUPTA AIR -8983		

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Primus featured in Times of India on 26th May

Primus was featured in the 26th May edition of Times of India. The tenacity and dedication of our students and teachers is commendable indeed!

We're proud to announce that Primus Public School is ranked #6 in Bengaluru in the Times School Survey 2021 International Curriculum. Congratulations to the parent, teacher and student community.

We pledge to continue developing our students into open-minded, fearless and resilient individuals through our child centric and holistic education.

We're proud to announce that Primus Public School is ranked 2nd in Karnataka and Bengaluru in Co-Ed Day Schools category by the Education World India School Rankings 2021-22.

Congratulations to the parent, teacher and student community.

We pledge to deliver all round excellence through a holistic approach to build the leaders of tomorrow.


Sports achievements

Hearty congratulations to Sreenidhi Balaji of Grade 9 for winning the Championship Series U-18 conducted by All India Tennis Association at Amogha Sports, Palace grounds, Bangalore. She has also won the 2nd most prestigious Tennis Tournament of India, THE NATIONAL SERIES SINGLES Title (held from 06-Dec to 10-Dec 2021) and also DOUBLES RUNNER-UP Title held at Jhajjar, Haryana conducted by ALL INDIA TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

Sreenidhi has also emerged victorious in the SUPER SERIES DOUBLES U-18 Girls Title conducted by All India Tennis Association held at Sawai Mansingh Stadium, Jaipur. Sreenidhi has reached the position of **INDIA No.7 and KARNATAKA No.1 in the Under-16 category of All India Tennis Association (AITA) National Ranking**. She has now stepped into the International Tennis Junior circuit. Well done, our young champion!






















*Hearty congratulations to our Olympiad winners!
You are all champions and you make us so proud!*


PRIMUS
PUBLIC SCHOOL

International English Olympiad

*Hearty Congratulations to our
International Toppers - 2020 - 21*

  <i>Yug Gandikota</i> Grade - 3b	  <i>Rutwa Ulhas Morbale</i> Grade - 3c	  <i>Samaira Arvind</i> Grade - 3a
  <i>Vigya Gupta</i> Grade - 3a	  <i>Om Nair</i> Grade - 4b	  <i>B Kairav</i> Grade - 4c
  <i>Manveen Singh</i> Grade - 3c	  <i>Laksh Manickam</i> Grade - 3c	  <i>Ekansh Lodha</i> Grade - 3a



Cont...



International Math Olympiad

*Hearty Congratulations to our
International Toppers - 2020 - 21*



*Ninad Dipal
Zambare
Grade - 6b*



*Manav Sriram
Grade - 4b*



*Deetya S
Sanganeria
Grade - 3b*



*Arush Rana
Grade - 4a*



*Jayant Bhojasia
Grade - 5c*



*Atharv Lakhani
Grade - 4b*



Environment Day

Our UKG students marked World Environment Day by making paper bags from old newspapers.

Kindergarten students marked World Environment Day with various fine motor activities while understanding the concept of REDUCE, REUSE and RECYCLE.

Our Nursery children crafted trees using tissue paper rolls.

Our Primary school students did a variety of activities to raise awareness about the importance of our natural environment and the benefits of sustainable living. Some of these activities include making lanterns out of leaves, making posters, crafting pen stands and bird feeders from waste materials and

producing gift wraps from newspapers. Kudos to your creativity, children!!

This year's World Environment Day was celebrated by our CAIE students under the umbrella of #GenerationRestoration.

As part of the celebration, students of A level prepared a survey on environmental awareness.

Grade 8 had a guest talk on the topic "Green Architectonic" by Mrs. Akshata Bhavi Mut.

Under the banner of "Reimagine-Recreate and Restore", animation and comic strips were created to spread awareness about eco-friendly alternatives.

Join World Environment Day celebration 2021

GREEN ARCHITETONIC

#GenerationRestoration
with our Guest Speaker

Mrs. Akshata Bhavi Mut, Architect

At 10:20 am on June 4th(Friday) 2021
On Google Meet

PRIMUS

THE UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES

A man decides to take his car to work.

OH NO! I'm Late...

He gets a quick breakfast at work...

— You're late!

But don't finish it!

He throws the food and the plastic into the waste.

The food goes into a landfill and leaks harmful methane into the ground!

and the plastic goes to the ocean!

In just waking up and going to work
He caused damage to the earth
But it was not intended

• Remember to be careful
Even simple things can harm the earth!

Credits -
• Script writing - Hari Menon
• Compiling - Hari Menon
• Drawing - Haripriya Antora, Divya Arushi





Grade - 3



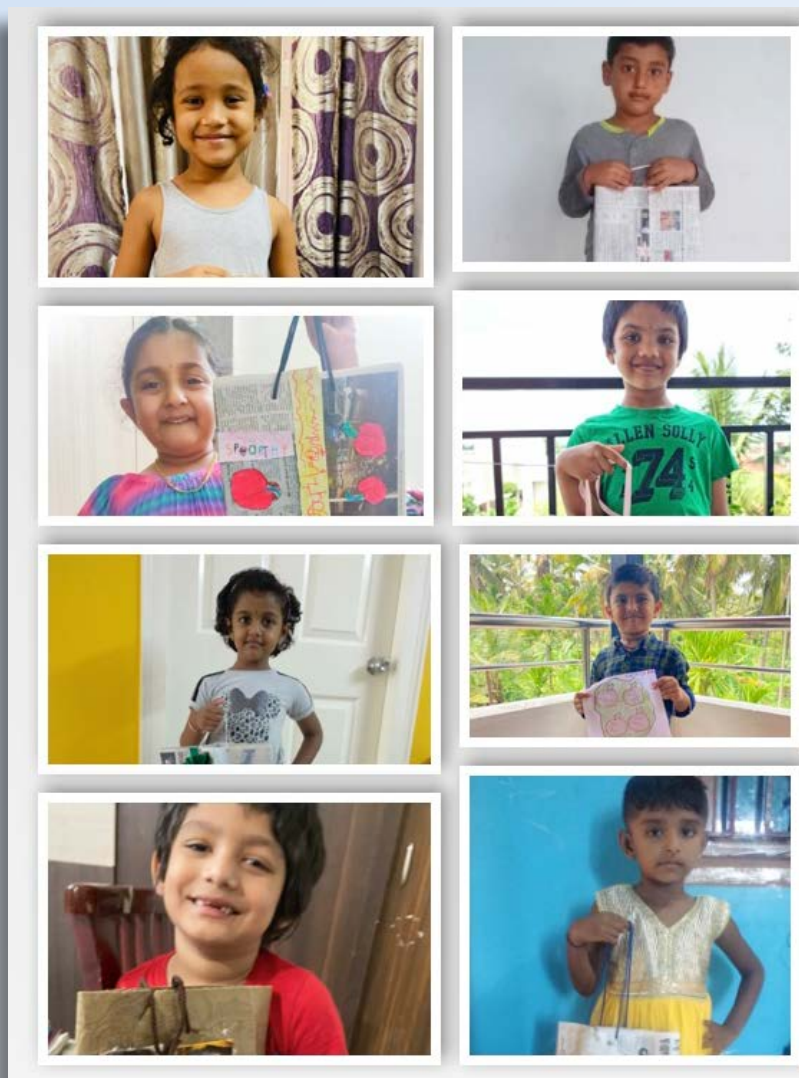
LKG 2

Cont...





Grade - 5



UKG 2

Cont...





Grade - 2



Grade - 3



Environment Day-Pen holder making

Grade - 3



Grade - 3



Grade - 5



Grade - 5



Primera

In the month of August, we conducted our first ever Interschool event - PRIMERA-'21. PRIMERA –'21 has been absolutely electrifying!! Our curtain-raising event, The Model United Nations (MUN) got off to a great start with delegates joining from schools all across the country. UNSC, WHO, and UNOOSA were the three committees that were raised. These committees encouraged the delegates to discuss current global challenges, prepare resolutions to address them, and collaborate with other world leaders of the future.

ShipWreck, an impromptu elocution event at Primera 2021, was a veritable medley of creativity, humour and intelligence, all in under a minute. The ship has collided with an iceberg and is taking on water! There are only 3 places left on the lifeboat. Panic is rising! There are so many left to be rescued. The only hope is to use extraordinary abilities of persuasion to earn a place on that liferaft. The participants talked their way off the sinking ship onto a life raft.

<https://youtu.be/nAm9JlFIbs>

Primera's event "Mad Ads"- the advertisement-making competition was a roaring success. The enthusiastic participants & fabulous judges made it thoroughly enjoyable. With participants from all

over India, the hilarious scripts and wonderful acting kept the viewers mesmerized. Watch the Mad Ads competition here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BGAUDO2pZ-0>

Primera '21 provided a fantastic forum for students to showcase their talent. The solo singing competition, "Soundscape" was conducted in two categories- Bollywood and Western.

We had over 50+ entries from which 6 were shortlisted for the final round. These incredibly gifted children sang mellifluous tunes and mesmerised the audience.

Click on the link below to watch the video for the Bollywood singing category:

<https://youtu.be/Jfdn3-C2lNo>

The Soundscape Western Solo Singing Competition was held in the last week of August. Here is the link for your listening pleasure.

<https://youtu.be/51xsXQIJ5kY>

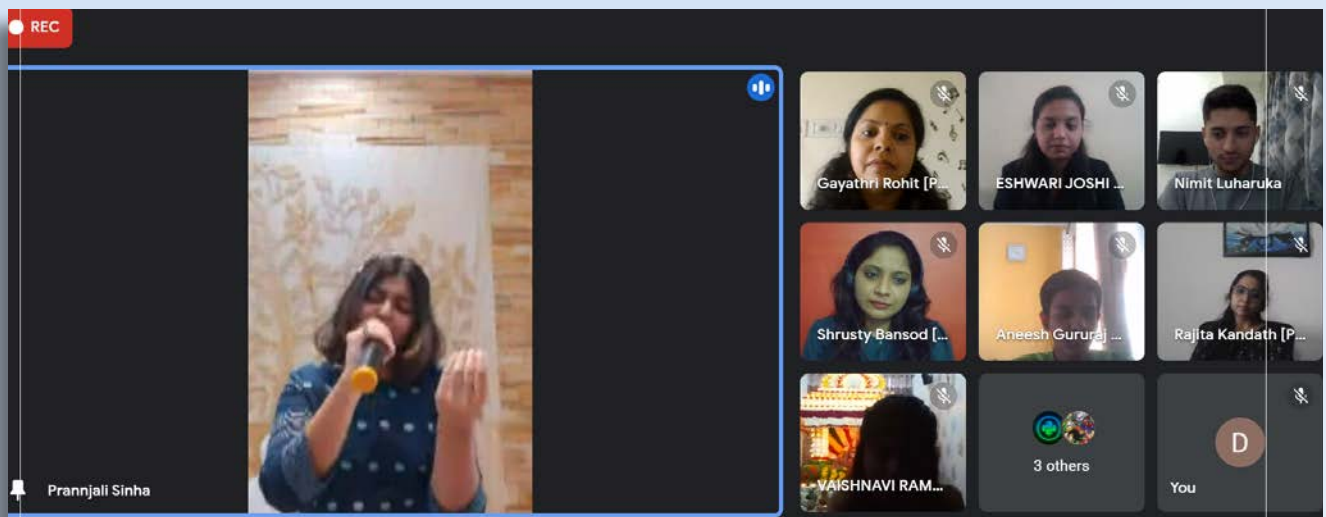
Viewers also enjoyed Dans Melange, Primera's delightful Bollywood dance duet competition:

<https://youtu.be/w-7Jl1LANzI>



Cont...





Independence Day

Our Kindergarteners celebrated India's 75th Independence Day with creative craft activities, while learning about our National flag and significance of the tricolour. Children also sang the national anthem with great gusto.

LKG students created a tricolour wall hanging.

Nursery kids made a tricolour handprint.

UKG children enjoyed creating a tricolour kite.

The spirit of patriotism was palpable in the Independence Day celebrations of Grade 1 to 5.

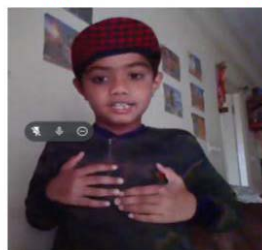
Students of Grade 1 made tricolour fish whereas Grade 2 created tricolour paper bags. They also made cultural presentations in their assembly.

Grades 3 and 4 enjoyed a 'Special Craft Session' and the students of Grade 5 sang patriotic songs.

We are so thankful to our guest Ms Namrata Priya who took time off from her schedule to conduct these fascinating activities with our children.



Grade 1 - Independence Day Assembly



Cont...



Grade 1 - Independence Day Craft Activity



Grade 1 - Independence Day Assembly



Grade 2- Independence Day Activity



Grade 2- Independence Day Activity



Grade 3 - Independence Day Activity



GRADE 3 INDEPENDENCE DAY ACTIVITY- BUTTERFLIES IN TRICOLOUR



5A Independence Day Special Assembly

5A Independence Day special Assembly 13/8/21

Who was the head of Indian national army before independence?

- Subhaschandra Bose
- Subhash Chandra Bose
- Bhagat Singh

Subhash Chandra Bose



5A Independence Day special Assembly 13/8/21

Let's celebrate today paying tribute to those who fought for our freedom!
Let's be proud celebrating 75 years of independence.

Happy Independence Day!



5A Children prepared an informative quiz for their friends.

5A Independence Day special Assembly 13/8/21

Facts:


- Gandhi was sad because of the India-Pakistan partition so he did not celebrate independence day.
- Lal Bahadur Shastri joined the freedom struggle at the age of only 17!
- The Sepoy Mutiny Of 1857 was India's first war of independence.
- The ashoka chakra has 24 spokes to show the 24 rishi's that came before and The ashoka chakra was also known as samay chakra in which the 24 spokes shows 24 hours in a day.
- The Indian national flag with 3 horizontal stripes of red, yellow and green was hoisted on 7th August 1906 at Parsee Bagan Square, Kolkata. The first variant of our current national flag was designed by Pingali Venkayya in 1921. The current flag with saffron, white and green stripes with the 24-spoke Ashok Chakra was officially adopted on 22nd July 1947 and hoisted on 15th August 1947.

5A Independence Day special Assembly 13/8/21

Who gave the slogan "Swaraj is my birthright and I shall have it"?

- Mahatma Gandhi
- Lal Bahadur Shastri
- Bal Gangadhar Tilak
- Dr. Subhaschandra Bose

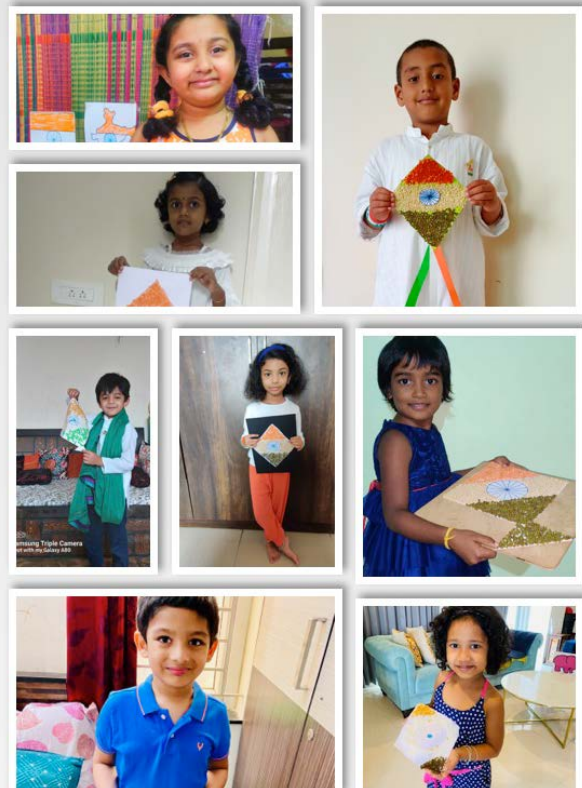
Bal Gangadhar Tilak



LKG



UKG



Children's Day

As Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru said "Children are like buds in a garden and should be carefully and lovingly nurtured, as they are the future of the nation and the citizens of tomorrow."

This year, we were fortunate enough to celebrate Children's Day both online and in school. For our pre-primary students, their teachers made the day special by involving them in various games like 'Spin a wheel', 'Indoor scavenger hunt' and Memory games.

The tiny tots of pre-primary commemorated the day with immense joy, enthusiasm and magnificence. The celebrations began with a 'Spin the Wheel activity' conducted by the class teachers in the respective classrooms and encouraged the students to showcase their innate talent in various areas such

singing, dancing, acting, etc. Children later enjoyed the 'Indoor Scavenger Hunt' game with so much excitement, thrill, and fun.

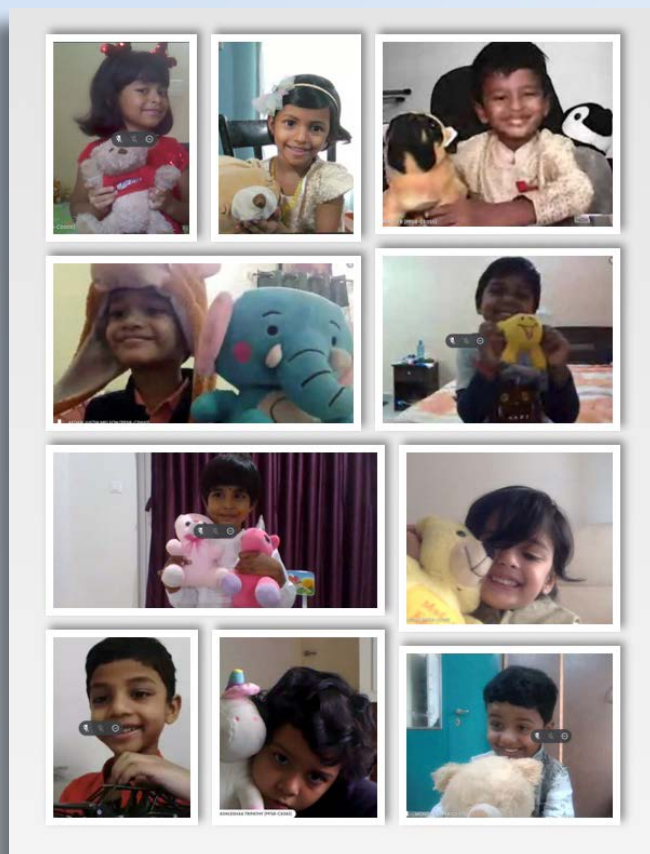
Children's Day for the students of Grade 1 to 5 unfolded with fun activities. Students of Grades 1 and 4 put up a spectacular talent show, Grade 2 students baked a scrumptious cake, Grade 3 represented the different states of India and Grade 5 students had a fun dress-up session along with an indoor scavenger hunt. The teachers created a video and PPT dedicated to the students.

The children in school played some amazing games and simply enjoyed each other's company after a long period of 19 months.

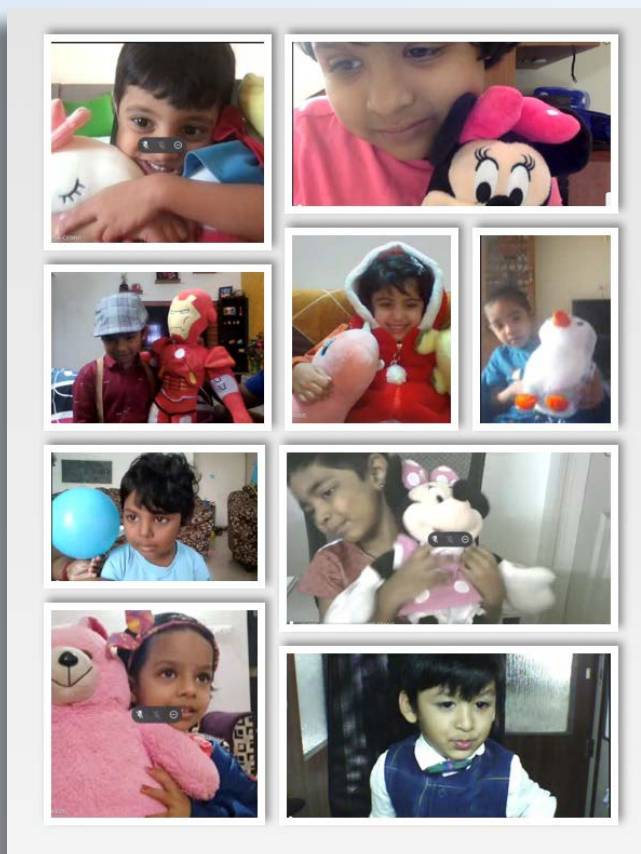
Overall, Children's Day was a smashing success.

What an awesome day!

LKG -1



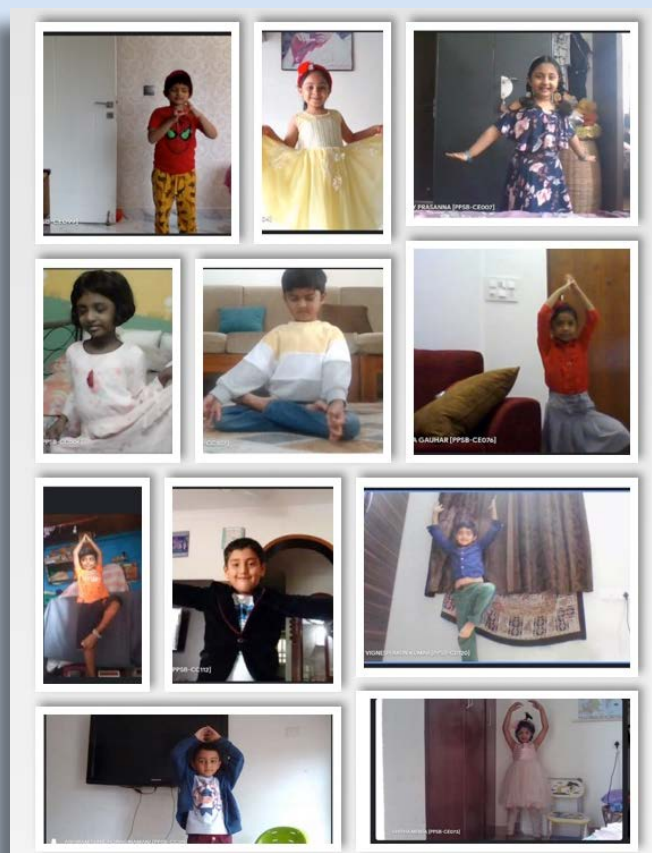
LKG -2



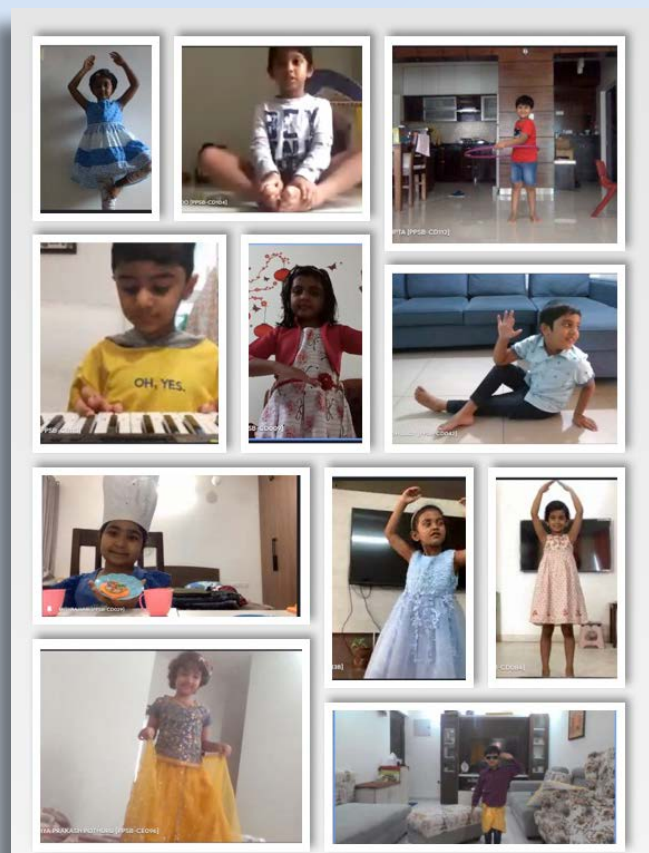
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UKG -1



UKG -2



Grade 1 - Talent show on Children's day

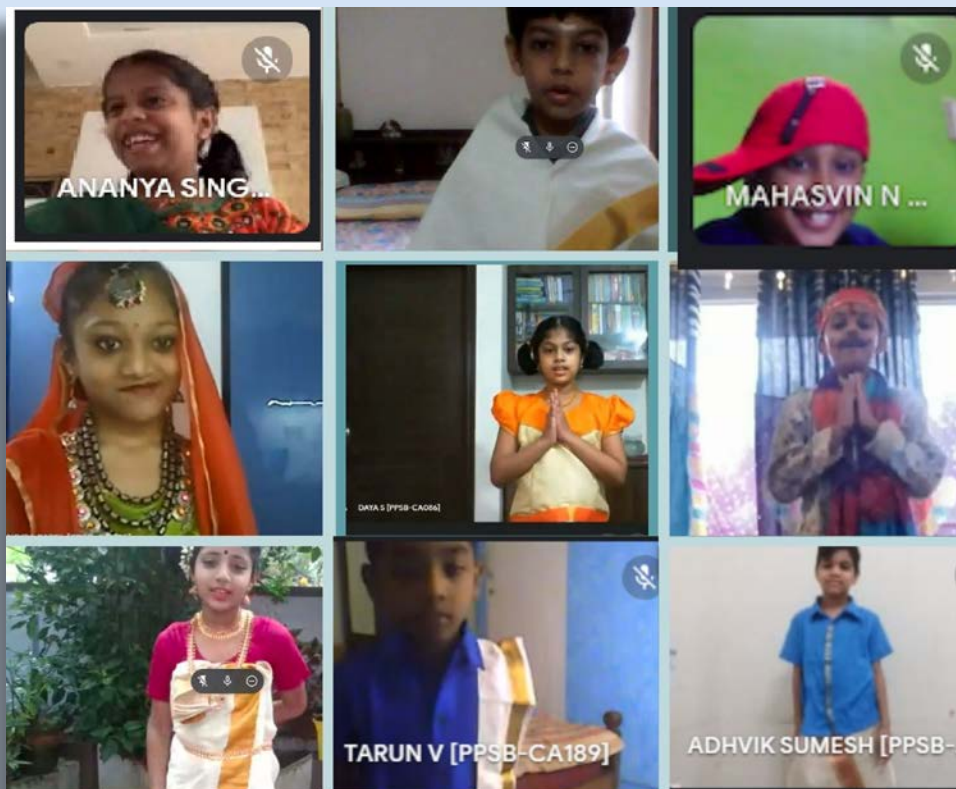


Grade 1 - Talent show on Children's day



Grade 1 - Talent show on Children's day



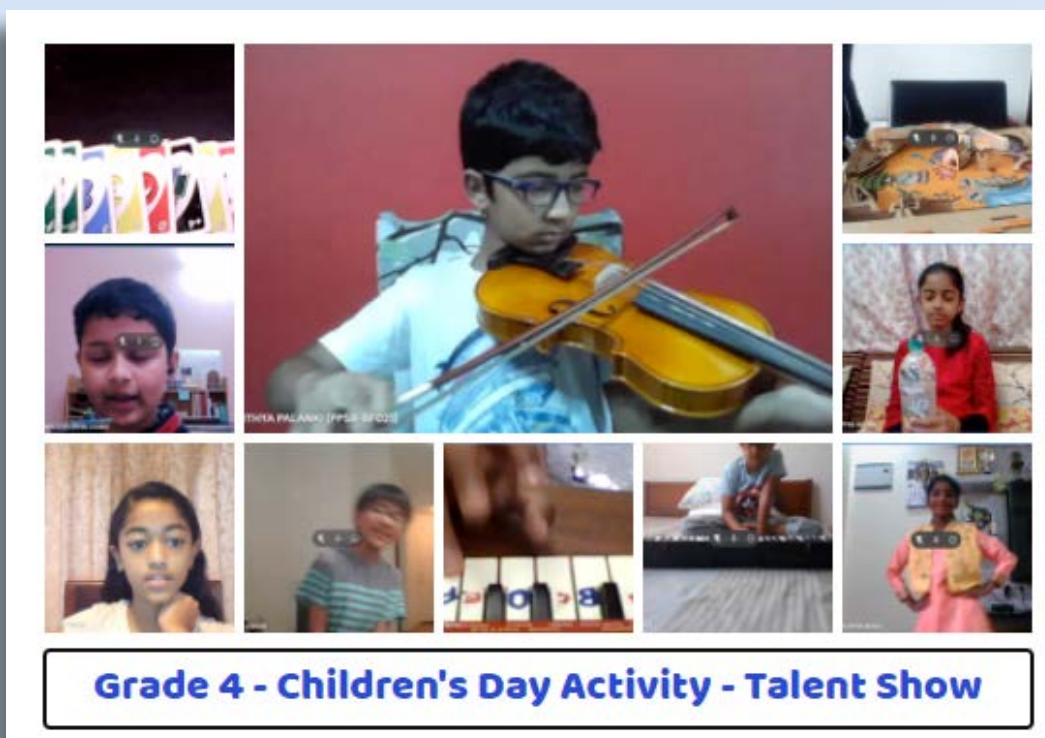


Grade 3- Children's Day activity on Staes of India



Grade 3C- Children's Day activity on States of India





Grade 5 - Children's Day



Christmas Celebration

Students of Pre-Primary classes celebrated Christmas with great enthusiasm. The children donned the Christmas colours and wore cheery outfits in red, white and green. They sang Christmas carols, and danced joyfully to Christmas tunes.

Nursery students made Santa masks, students of LKG made paper chain Christmas crafts and UKG students made colourful paper stars marking the day. Teachers explained the significance of the day with Christmas stories.

All in all, it was a fascinating and enjoyable Christmas Celebration.

Our Primary students welcomed the season of joy with an array of crafts. The students of Grade 1 created a Christmas tree using their fingerprints, Grade 2 students crafted a greeting card with a snowman made of cotton, buttons and satin ribbons. Grade 3 students enjoyed creating Christmas themed food art where they used fruits to create Santa Claus, Christmas trees and ornaments, Grade 4 crafted decorative items and Grade 5 made a snowman with paper. Post the craft activity, children watched a short-animated movie and sang carols to spread the joy of Christmas. What a fun- filled day!!

LKG -1



UKG -1



Cont...



Grade 1 - Christmas Activity



Grade 1 - Christmas Activity



Cont...



Grade 3- Christmas Activity



Grade3- Christmas Activity





National Science Week

The National Science week recalls the notable invention "Raman Effect" by Indian physicist Sir C V Raman. The objectives of this program were to emphasise the culture of science and its application for the welfare of people, display fun-filled science activities, and popularise science and technology.

National science day is all about trying and creating new things.

On the 23rd of June, to celebrate Science week, the students of Grade 8 organised a wide range of fun activities for the students of Grades 1 to 9. The event was featured in the Times of India on 22nd June.

Pre-primary students of Primus Public School celebrated National Science Week on 28th February.

Our LKG students enjoyed doing some fun experiments with tissue papers to understand the concept of capillary action. Teachers showed how

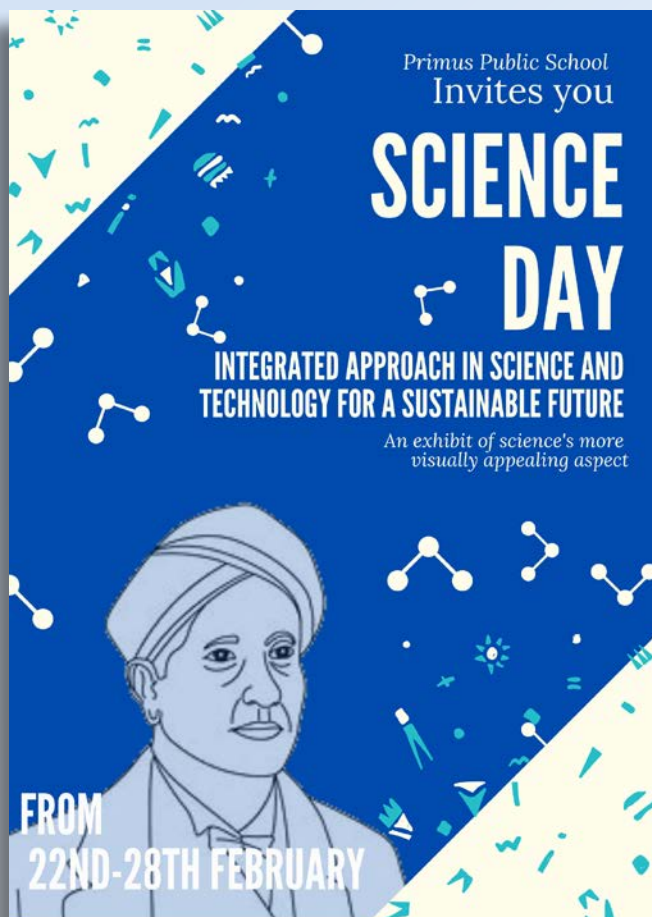
flowers also need water to bloom through the blooming paper flowers experiment by making the flowers out of paper.

In Nursery class, kids were amazed to see how to discover a new colour using primary colours using paint. They learnt the importance of hand washing through an experiment using pepper powder and soap. They also enjoyed weighing objects using handmade weighing scales and learnt the "heavy and light" concept.

UKG children did Sink & Float Activities and were very curious to know the facts.

Teachers showed Water Density Experiment and Oxygen Extinguisher (Candle and glass) Experiment.

It was indeed a very knowledgeable week in which the main motive was to spread a message about the importance of science used in daily life.



Cont...







Sustainable Development Goals

On 15th June, as part of the school-wide effort to raise awareness about the UN's Sustainable Development Goals, the GP students of Grade 9 did a team project on the topic of "Urbanization" (SDG 11- Sustainable Cities and Communities)

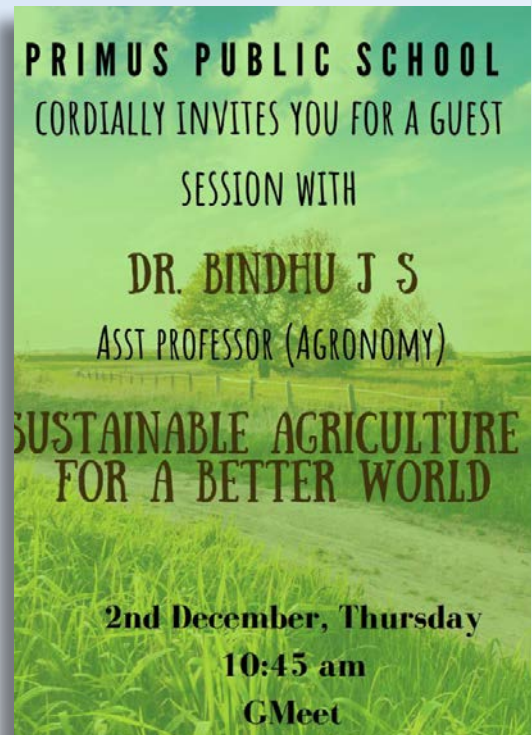
Students were quite intrigued to know how Artificial Intelligence can be used in Sustainable Development Goals. So, we touched upon different components of SDG like Water Conservation, Species Protection, Agriculture, Renewable Energy and Air pollution. Students also learnt about sensors that can be created using AI to detect the contamination in water and check the quality of air.

Sustainable agriculture is farming in sustainable ways to meet society's current food and textile needs, without compromising the ability of present or future generations to do so. On 11th December, students of grade 8 had an informative guest session with Dr. Bindhu J S, Assistant Professor Agronomy, On Farm Research Centre (OFRC), Vellayani. Different elements of sustainability such as permaculture, agroforestry, crop rotation was explained, along with the benefits and future impact of sustainable agriculture.



What are the benefits of urbanization?

1. Trade and commerce:
2. Improves Transport systems
3. Culture
4. Less poverty
5. Less unemployment
6. Modernised equipments
7. Improved standards of living



Winners

Congratulations to Advit Agrawal of Grade 6 on having secured State/International Rank-1 in the final stage of grade-5 LogIQids Olympiad held in March 2021.



Hearty Congratulations to Advit Agrawal of Grade 6. His Robotics project on Smart Bulb was shortlisted under top 10 projects by "Practically".

"Practically" has awarded him with a personalized Goodie box for his spectacular project and presentation video



Ahaan Mittal was placed second in Grade 7's Singing competition. Watch his mellifluous take on the song "End of Time".



Jayant Bhojasia of Grade 6 demonstrated the process of loss of water due to transpiration by setting up a simple experiment at home. Transpiration helps the plants to absorb water and minerals from the soil by creating a Transpiration Pull in the Xylem vessels of its vascular system.

Well done, Jayant!



Cont...



Aneesha Pochiraju of Grade 9 excelled at Public Speaking by winning first place in "Giving voice to their virtues - Declamation".



Congratulations to Rhea Krishnamurthy of Grade 10 for winning the Bronze in the Junior Women's Category of the Addo Boxing Festival. Well done, Rhea!



Samarth Kandoor of Grade 8 and his team "Kreedakshetra" won the title for the "Gopalan Cricket Challenge Cup 2021" in U14 category. 16 quality teams from Bengaluru competed in this tournament. Congratulations, Samarth!



Cont...



Congratulations to Aalaya Mathi of Kindergarten for winning third prize in the Rainbow Peel competition at Deens Academy's inter school fest, Kideens Lollapalooza. Her creativity found expression in a collage that she fashioned out of fruits and vegetable peels. Well done, Aalaya!



Our very own Masterchef, Shachita Vedagarbha of Grade 10 was recognised for her talents in the Chef's Choice Flameless Cooking competition.



It gives us great pleasure to share the most recent successes of Akshay Bhawe (AS level) and Arushi Bhawe (8B). They participated in the 2022 edition of Tata Steel Sports Climbing Championship held last week (22-27 Feb) in Jamshedpur. It saw huge participation with over 270 climbers from 12 states.

Akshay got the silver medal in Youth A Boys category while Arushi got the silver medal in Youth B Girls category.



Harshika Narwani of Grade 6 scored third place in the Freshtishta event of SPARK Interschool Virtual Fest. Well done!

We are so proud to acknowledge a major achievement by Shankarnarain Subramaniam of Grade 11. Shankar created an app called SaveMed to address the serious issue of water pollution caused due to improper disposal of unused medication. His app has been endorsed by the medical fraternity and he was featured on ZeeNews as well.

The students of Grade 7 had a wonderful time participating in a Singing Competition. Aarti Hattangadi secured first place with her melodious rendition of ABBA's Thank You for the Music. Take a listen!

Congratulations to our talented students who won awards at the Universal High School Inter school fest.

Congratulations to Meith Ostwal of Grade 11 for receiving a certificate of honour and a letter of appreciation from St. Gregorios School. He participated in the Gregorian MUN that was held on 14th and 15th August, 2021. He served as the Deputy Executive Director (Vice Chairperson) in the UN Women Committee. In his own words "The debate was fruitful and engaging and the experience was fabulous."

Hearty congratulations to Ishitha Menta of Kindergarten for garnering appreciation for reciting all the elements of the periodic table. She recited 118 elements of the periodic table in 1 minute 56 seconds at the age of 5 years and 3 months, as confirmed on October 7, 2021.

Thank you, students, for representing Primus in such impeccable style!



Kindergarten

WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY

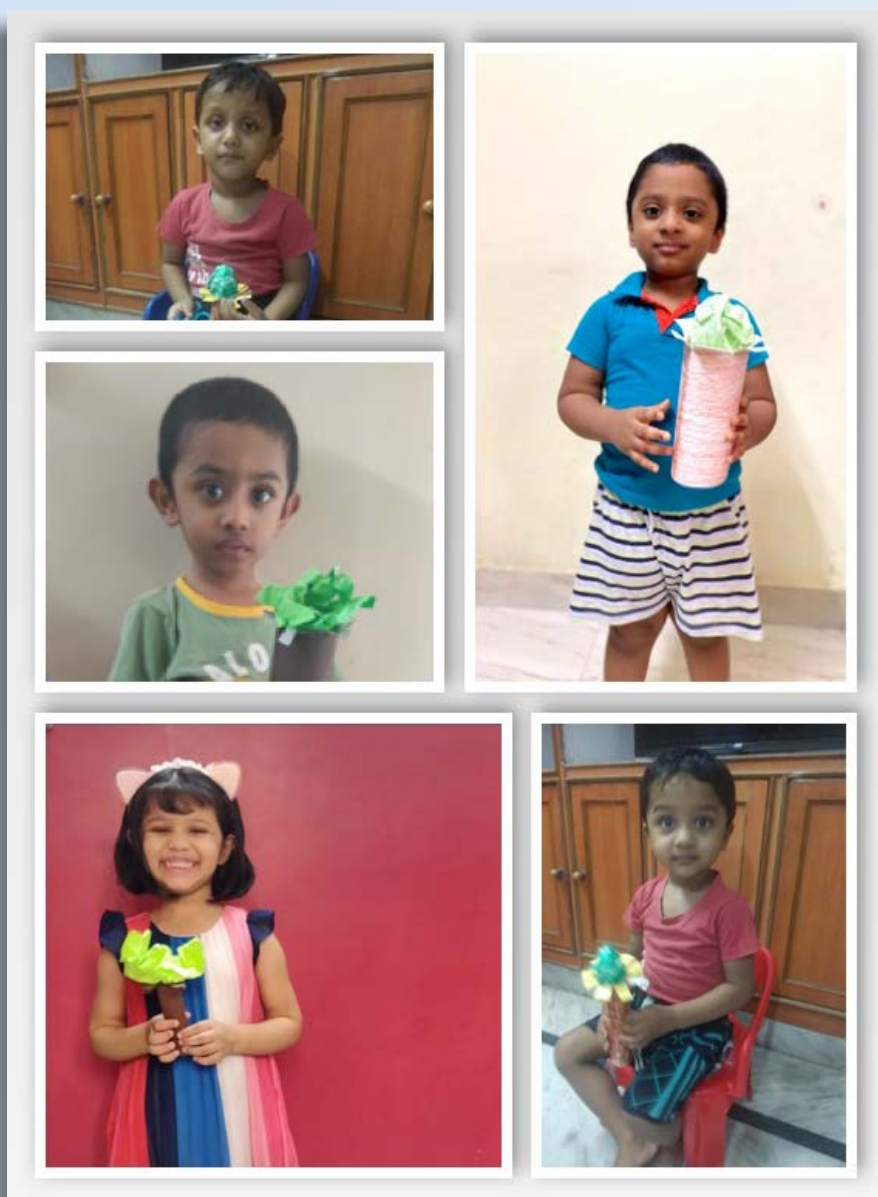
Kindergarteners at Primus Public School celebrated World Environment Day on June 5th, 2021, with great zeal. World Environment Day is celebrated every year to sensitise the children to do their bit to save, love and respect Mother Nature with all their heart and soul.

Students from Nursery, LKG and UKG learnt the importance of trees through eco-friendly, best out

of waste craft activities. Children created paper bags using old newspapers, tree crafts using tissue paper rolls and enjoyed the tearing activity creating a tree artwork.

These hands-on fine motor activities focused on raising awareness among the students regarding the 3 R's - Reduce, Reuse and Recycle.

Nursery



Cont...



LKG - 1



Cont...



UKG - 1



FATHER'S DAY

Primus Public School kindergarteners virtually celebrated Father's Day on 18th June 2021 with great pride and enthusiasm. Father's Day is celebrated on 20th June every year. It is a day dedicated to honouring fathers and celebrating fatherhood and the influence of fathers on the child in particular and society in general.

The students of LKG and UKG displayed their creativity by making beautiful "Best Dad" badges. They also prepared apple cookies with love for their

fathers. Nursery children made a colourful photo frame with their favourite picture with their father.

The event was concluded by the children where they shared special moments with their father, expressing their love for and how much they mean to them. The celebration was an effort to quantify the presence of fathers in our lives and bring out the essence of Father's Day.

Nursery



Cont...



LKG - 1



LKG - 2



UKG



PARENTS DAY

Parents day is globally celebrated every year on the 4th Sunday of July. Kindergarteners at the Primus Public School celebrated a virtual Parents Day on 23 July 2021. Students welcomed their parents to the class.

The celebration started with a "Creative Clothing with Paper" event to encourage parents and children to spend quality time with each other. Parents had

beautifully designed costumes and accessories with newspapers for their little ones. The kids happily wore those costumes and hugged their parents to express their gratitude for everything they do for them.

The day ended with all parents and children enjoying themselves and taking back fond memories of a day well spent.

Nursery



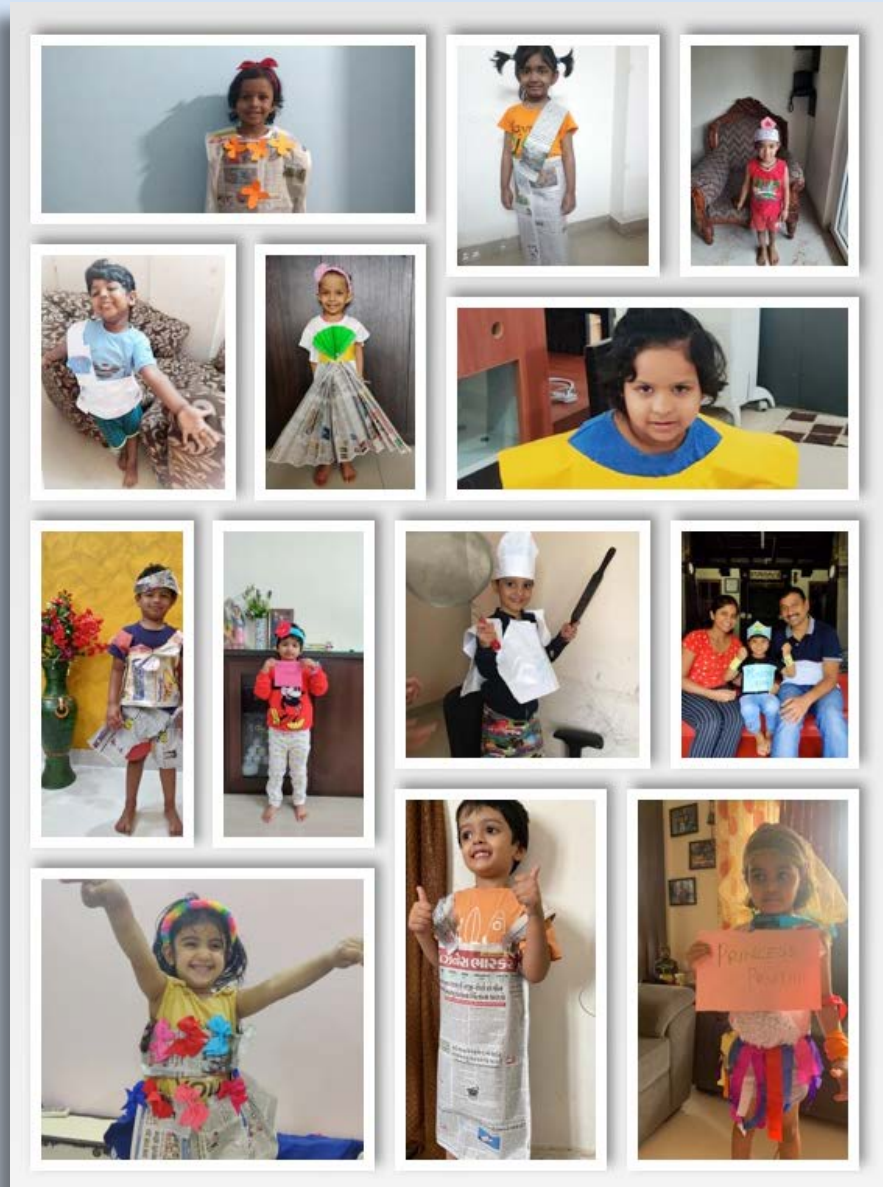
Cont...



LKG - 1



LKG - 2



UKG -1



UKG - 2



INTERNATIONAL TIGER DAY

International Tiger Day is annually celebrated on 29th July. Primus Public School organised various activities for its kindergarteners to raise awareness and knowledge about tiger conservation.

Students from Nursery and LKG depicted the magnificence of tigers through art and craft activities like making tiger hand puppets, drawing a tiger

in simple steps. UKG kids had fun making tiger crafts and tiger masks. Children also expressed how these magnificent creatures will be on the verge of extinction if we don't join hands to save them.

The event was a huge success and helped spread awareness about the need for the conservation of tigers.

Nursery



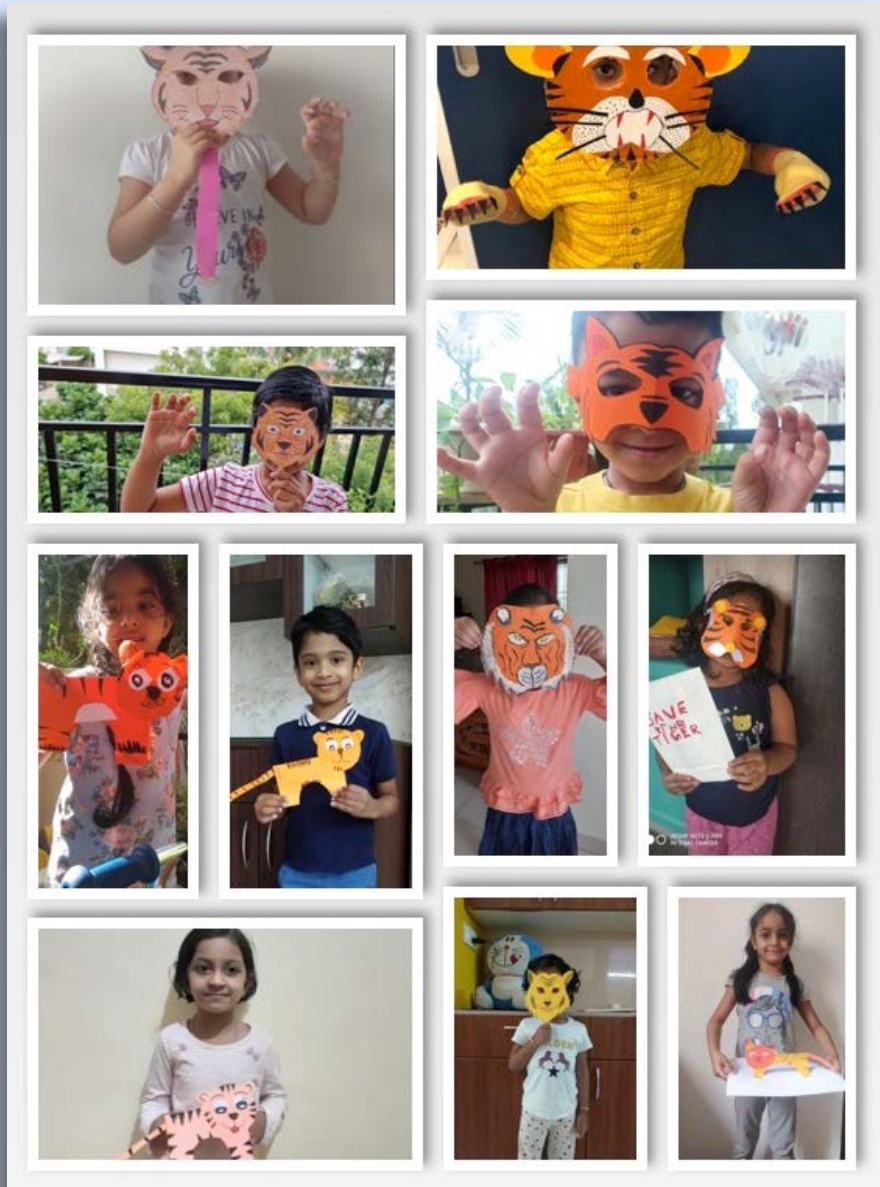
LKG - 1



LKG - 2



UKG - 1



UKG - 2



JANMASHTAMI

Krishna Janmashtami was celebrated with great passion and enthusiasm by the kindergarteners at Primus Public School. Krishna Janmashtami is an annual celebration of the birth of the Hindu deity Lord Krishna.

The little ones prepared a sweet with beaten rice (Poha), grated coconut and jaggery by mixing them

with their little hands in a bowl. Later they watched the story of Krishna, and were also told the tale of Sudama, a childhood friend of Krishna from Mathura, who visits Dwaraka to meet Krishna.

The virtual celebration was informative and brought creativity, enjoyment and fun to our students.

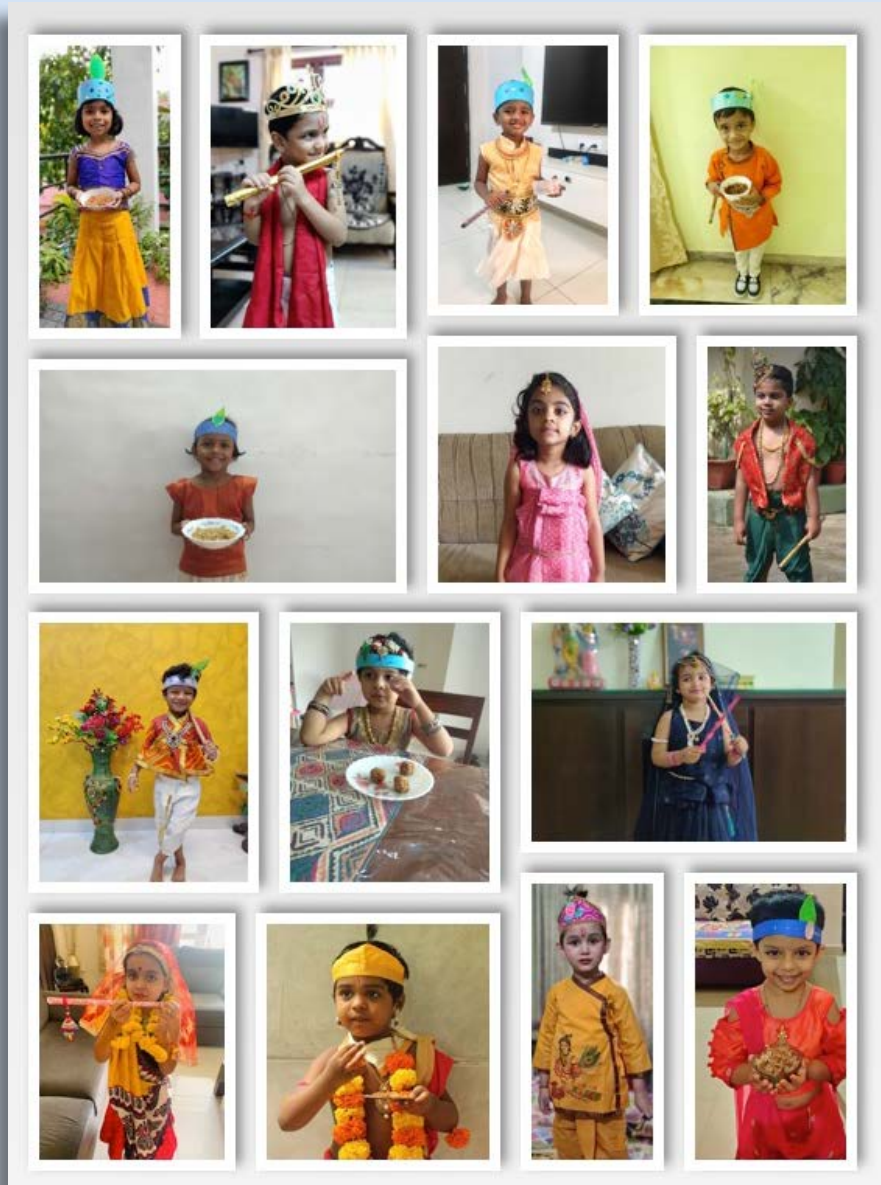
Nursery



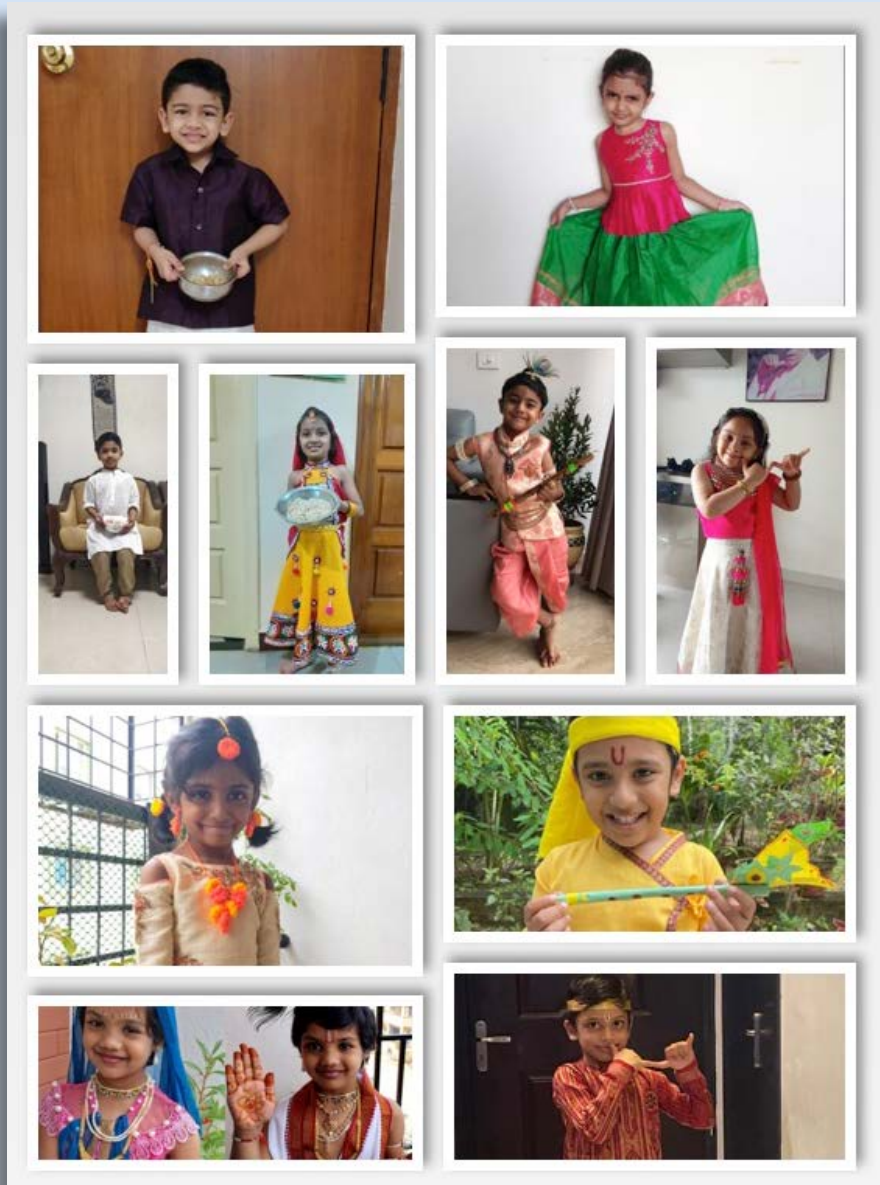
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LKG



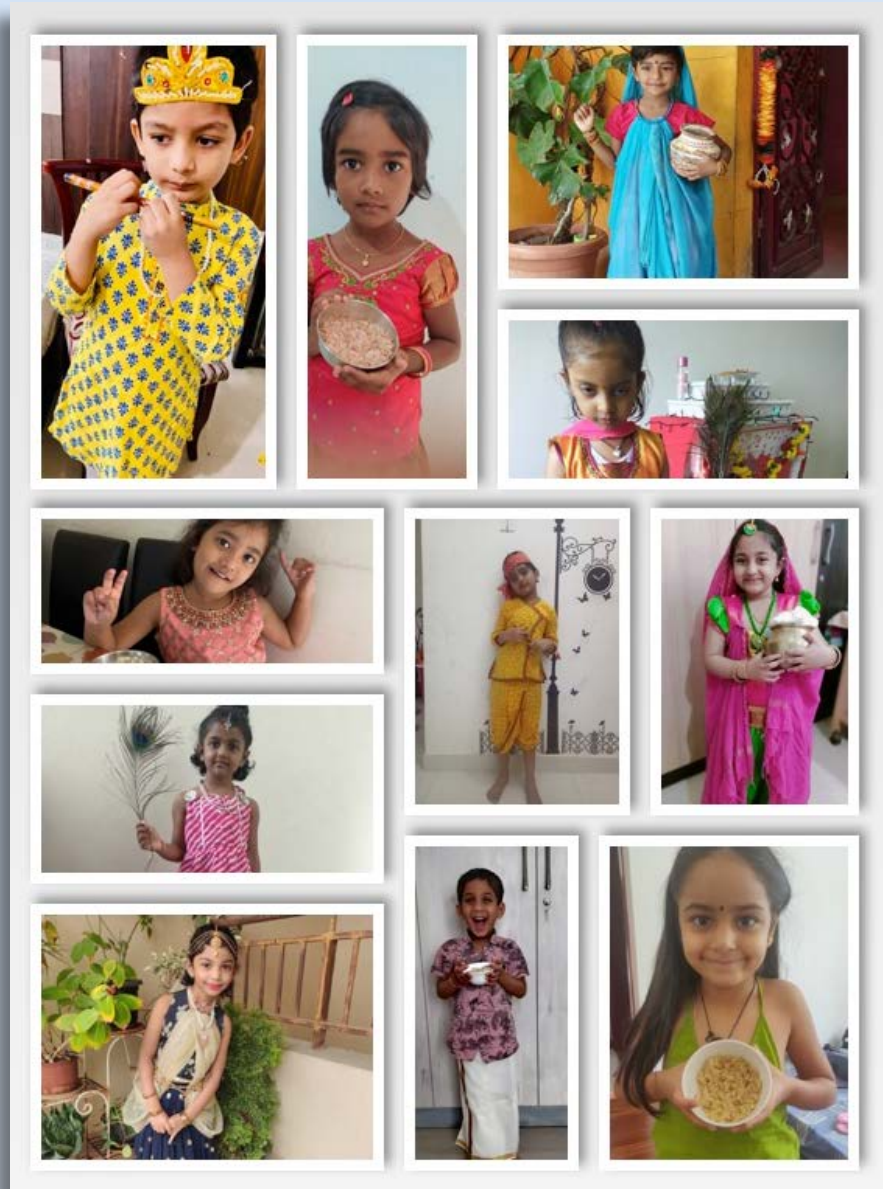
UKG - 1



Cont...



UKG - 2



INDEPENDENCE DAY

Independence Day has always been a vibrant celebration in our school. This time, we maintained the same energy through the virtual medium. Our aim is to invoke pride and nationalistic spirit associated with India's Independence Day in every child's household.

Our little ones sang the national anthem and spent their day enjoying creative craft activities such as tricolour wall hangings, handprints with tricolours, and sticking pulses creating tricolour kites, while

learning about our national flag and significance of its tricolours.

This 75th Indian Independence Day celebration helped our children realise the value of the sacrifices made by our freedom fighters and their duties as responsible future citizens. We helped them learn about keeping the spirit of patriotism alive and, at the same time, enjoying the spirit of freedom through the Independence Day celebrations.

Nursery



LKG - 2



UKG - 1



GANESH CHATURTHI

Ganesh Chaturthi was celebrated virtually by the pre-primary children with a lot of enthusiasm and fervour. The sole purpose of the celebration was to let the students stay rooted in Indian culture and enable them to understand the significance of this festival.

The story of Lord Ganesha was narrated to the children as a classroom activity. Our little ones from

the nursery prepared modhak, and LKG and UKG kids made colourful craftwork of Ganesha with paper cups and paper plates. There was devotion, creativity and fun altogether.

The whole experience brought an auspicious mood to our virtual classes. There was a festive spirit and the day ended with learning and fun-filled activities.

LKG



UKG



GRANDPARENTS' DAY

Grandparents hold a special place in every child's heart. They are wise and experienced, and we turn to them in times of trouble. Through their unconditional love and care, grandparents bring a family close together. To honour them the pre-primary children of Primus Public School celebrated a virtual Grandparents' Day.

The day commenced with the little ones making a personalized greeting card, watching a story together

and then children along with their grandparents shared their memorable moments with the class. The children were very excited to see their grandparents join them in these activities.

On the whole, it was a beautiful and blessed day with abundance of respect and admiration.

Nursery



LKG



Cont...



UKG



DUSSEHRA

Vijayadashami, also known as Dussehra, was celebrated at the Primus Public School to mark the victory of good over evil. Dussehra festival was celebrated with great fun and enthusiasm by our pre-primary children.

The tiny tots spent their day enjoying various creative craft activities. Nursery children made thorans, the students of LKG made hanging elephants symbolising the Dussehra celebrations in Mysore and the UKG

children created Goddess Durga with trishul, eyes and nose ring cut-outs. Children were taught about the significance of the festival with a story and were also educated about how Dussehra is celebrated in different parts of India.

The enthusiasm and passion amongst the children was unparalleled and the celebration created an opportunity to teach children more about our culture and heritage.

Nursery



LKG - 1



Cont...



UKG - 1



UKG - 2



DIWALI

Diwali, also called Deepavali, is the festival of lights which is celebrated across India. The festival signifies the victory of light over darkness. The pre-primary students of Primus Public School celebrated Diwali through the virtual platform with the same zeal and enthusiasm.

The tiny tots learned about the significance of the celebration through a Deepavali story. Children then participated in craft activities such as painting diyas and created elegant paper diyas, paper lanterns, diya holders with clay to enhance their creative skills.

Nursery children painted diyas and also created beautiful diya holders with clay. LKG students prepared elegant paper diyas while our UKG children made striking paper lanterns. Our tiny tots learned about the significance of the celebration through a Deepavali story and various songs.

The students enjoyed the day thoroughly by indulging in cultural and fun activities and left for a festive break with a heart filled with happiness and excitement.

Nursery



Cont...



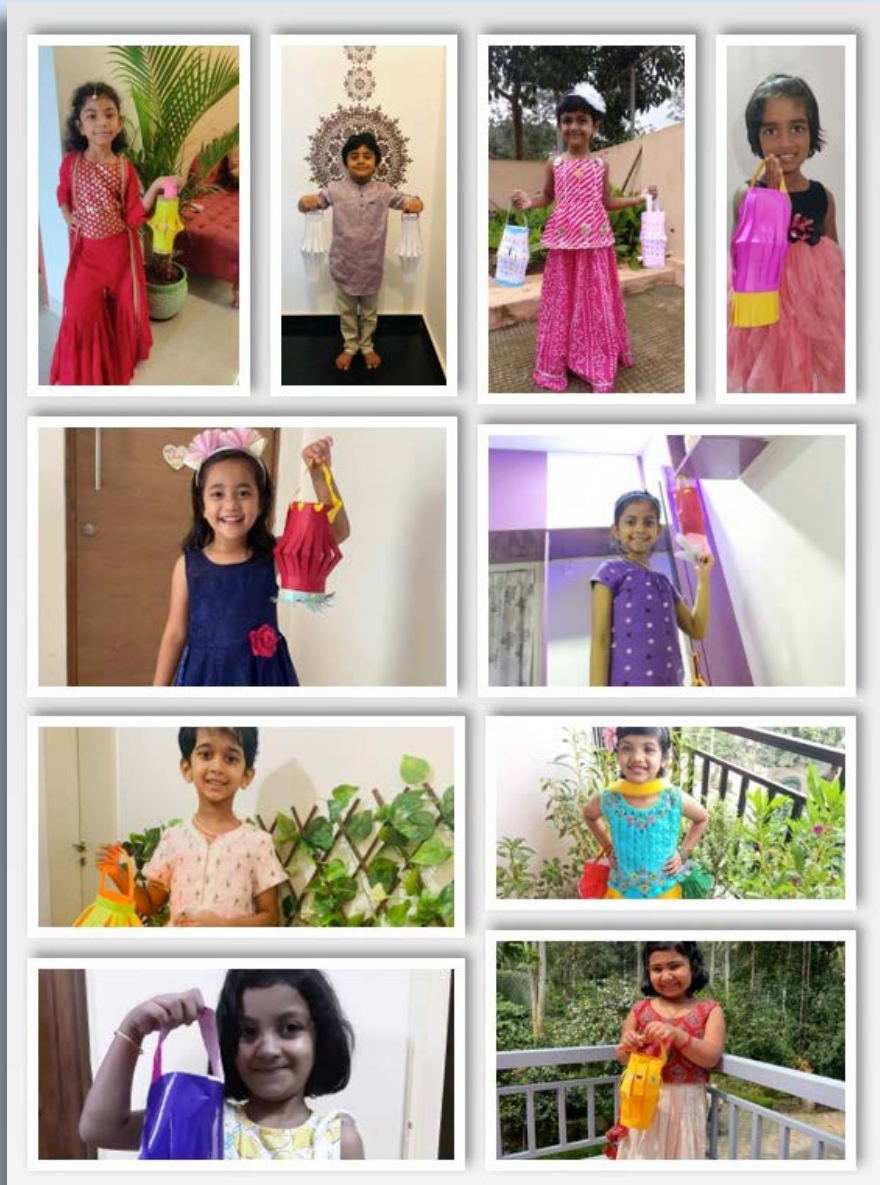
LKG - 1



LKG - 2



UKG - 1



MAKAR SANKRANTI

The pre-primary children at Primus Public School virtually celebrated Makar Sankranti with great enthusiasm. Makar Sankranti is a major harvest festival marking the onset of the spring season, and it is celebrated with different names and customs in various parts of India.

Teachers showed children a video depicting the celebrations across different states to help them understand the importance of how and why the

festival is celebrated. Nursery and LKG kids enjoyed drawing various elements of the festival, Pot, Kite and Sun, using the patterns they learned in the class. UKG children created beautiful origami kites.

Our children explored various elements of the festival, kites, sesame seeds and jaggery sweets, harvests, bonfires and appreciated the rich diversity of the festival.

Nursery



LKG - 1



LKG - 2



UKG



REPUBLIC DAY

Republic Day is celebrated in India on 26th January to honour the date on which the constitution of India came into effect. It is a day of national rejoicing and a red-letter day in our country. The day is celebrated with pomp and show, zeal and spirit, throughout the length and breadth of the country.

Pre-primary students of Primus Public School celebrated 73rd Republic Day with great pride and patriotism as they came dressed in tricolour. The tiny tots spent their day enjoying various creative craft

activities. Nursery children created tricolour birds. Students of LKG made beautiful tricolour caps, UKG children created tricolour feather craft.

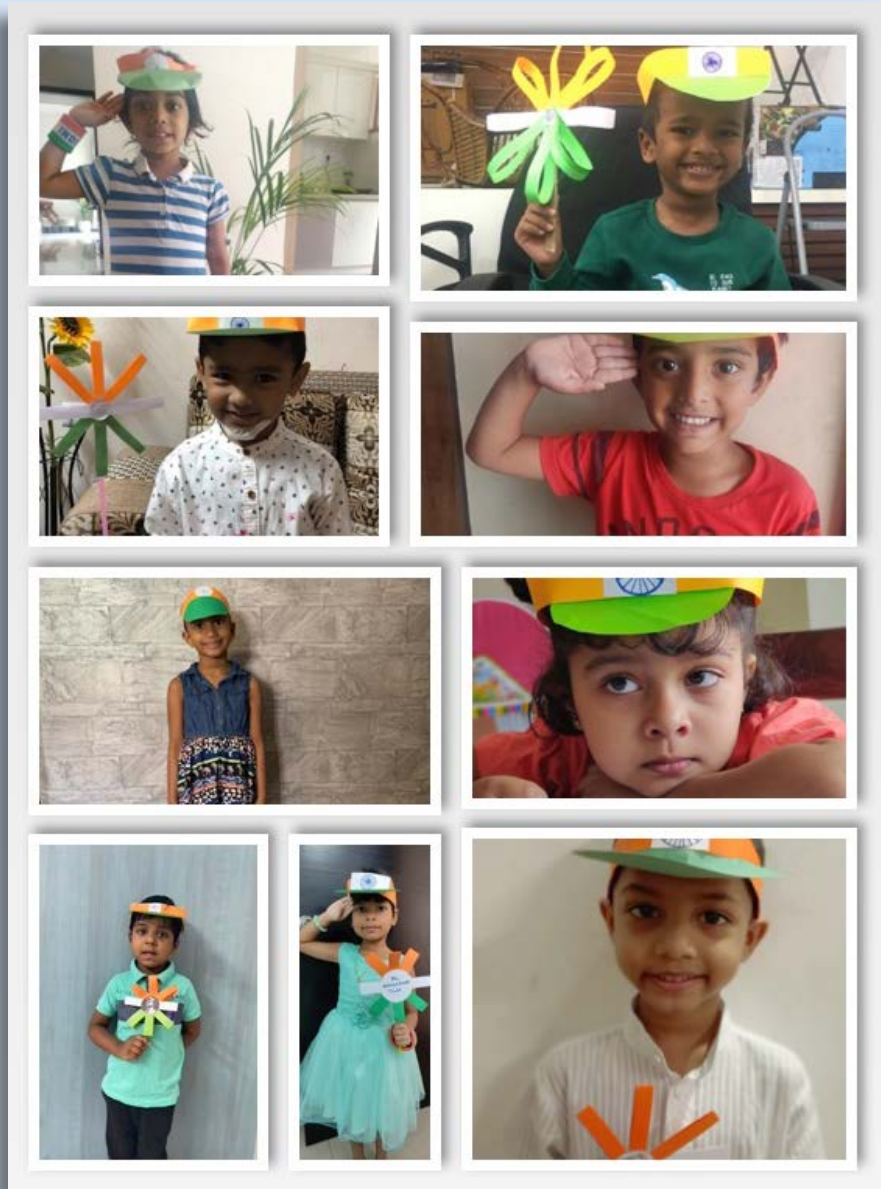
Teachers explained about the significance of tricolour and the Republic Day by showing a video. Little ones spoke about great freedom fighters and the national symbols of India, sang patriotic songs and also danced to the patriotic tunes marking the occasion.

Overall, it was a fun-filled learning and enjoyable day!!

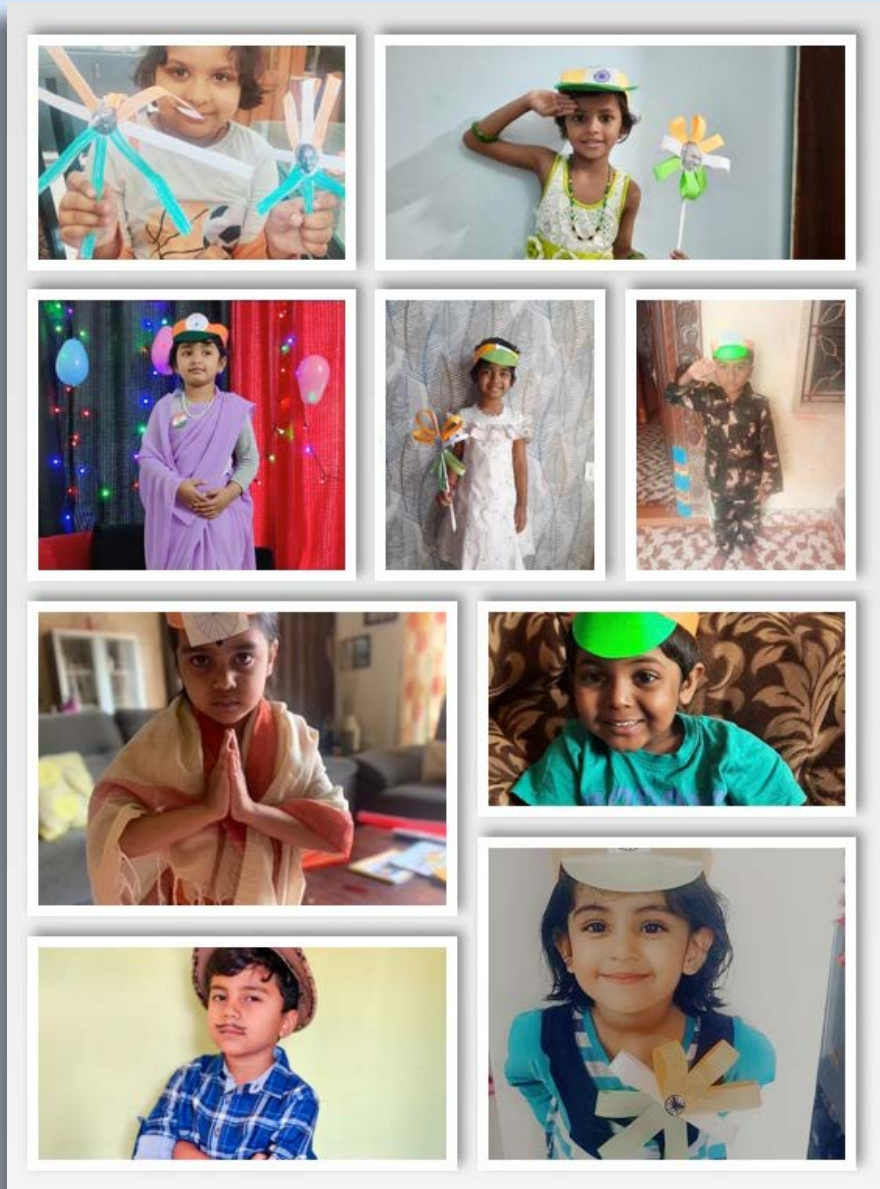
Nursery



LKG - 1



LKG - 2



UKG



KINDERGARTEN VIRTUAL ANNUAL DAY

Kindergarten had their first Virtual Annual day this year on 18th Dec. This time our theme was Rhythm & Rhymes. Though our dance practice sessions were online, our children had loads of fun coming to school for offline recording. They thoroughly enjoyed singing and dancing on their favourite rhymes.

Click on the link below to watch our splendid KG Annual Day 2021.

<https://youtu.be/mpJxAJdpxxc>



Primary School

Hindi Activity- Grade 1

Fun with Vowels!

The twelve vowels in Hindi took their shape to form the part of a beautiful chain in the hands of the 1st graders. The students made letters from paper cut outs and connected them with satin ribbon. This activity helped them to understand the shape of the letters and apply them correctly in their writing.



GRADE -1 SWARMALA PROJECT



GRADE -1 SWARMALA PROJECT



3R Activity- Grade 2

Our eco warriors of Grade 2 learnt about the significance of the 3RS (Reduce, Reuse, Recycle) through an extremely engaging activity. They recycled scraps and damaged objects to create aesthetically useful products like flower pots, vases, pencil holders, boxes, & musical instruments.



Cont...



The 3 R's



Math Activity- Grade 2

Grade 2 learnt the facts of 3-digit number in a creative manner in math by making an octopus out of paper cup with facts written on its tentacles.

Grade 2 - Math Project - Octopus



Grade 2 - Math Project - Octopus

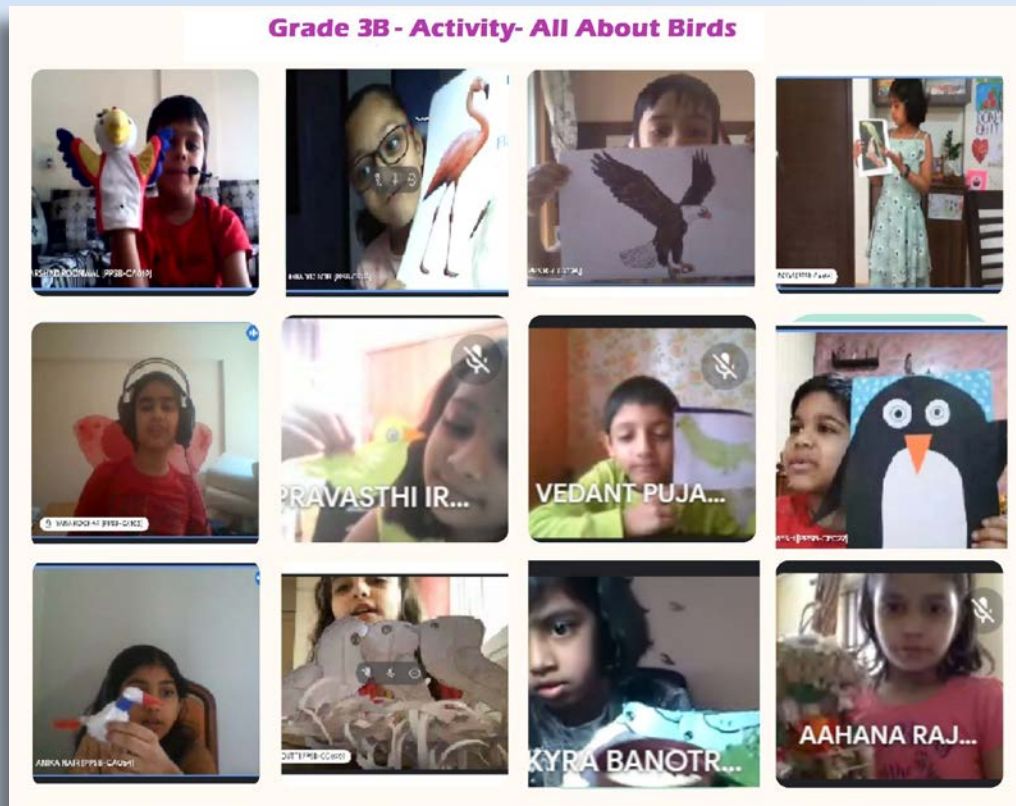


Science - Birds Activity- Grade 3

The students of Grade 3 learnt about birds through a series of delightful activities. At the outset, they dressed up as different birds and also made models of birds using colourful chart paper. And that was not all - they also spoke

about the physical features, food habits and characteristics of numerous species of birds,

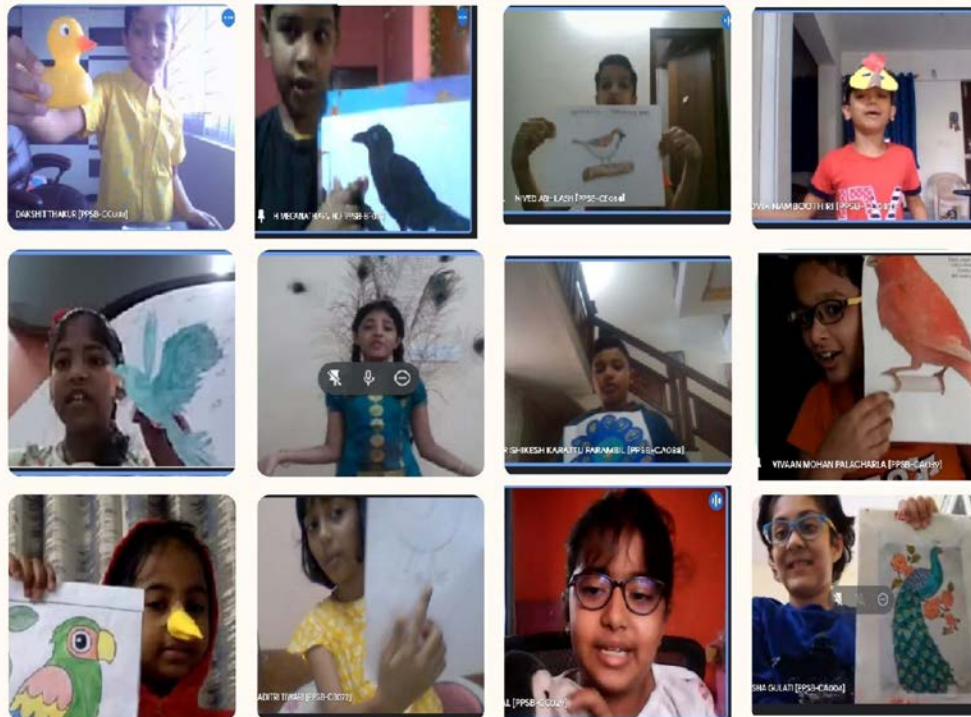
It was a fun, hands-on learning experience for all!



Grade 3C- Activity- All About Birds



Grade 3D- Activity- All About Birds



The students of Grade 3 learnt about the respiration process of plants through a fun experiment. Bubbles on the leaf kept in water show that leaves have tiny pores called stomata through which the exchange of gases takes place in plants.

Respiration process of plants



The students of Grade 3 learnt about germination through the sprouting of moong dal seeds. Watch these delightful videos as they take us through the process.

Germination of seeds



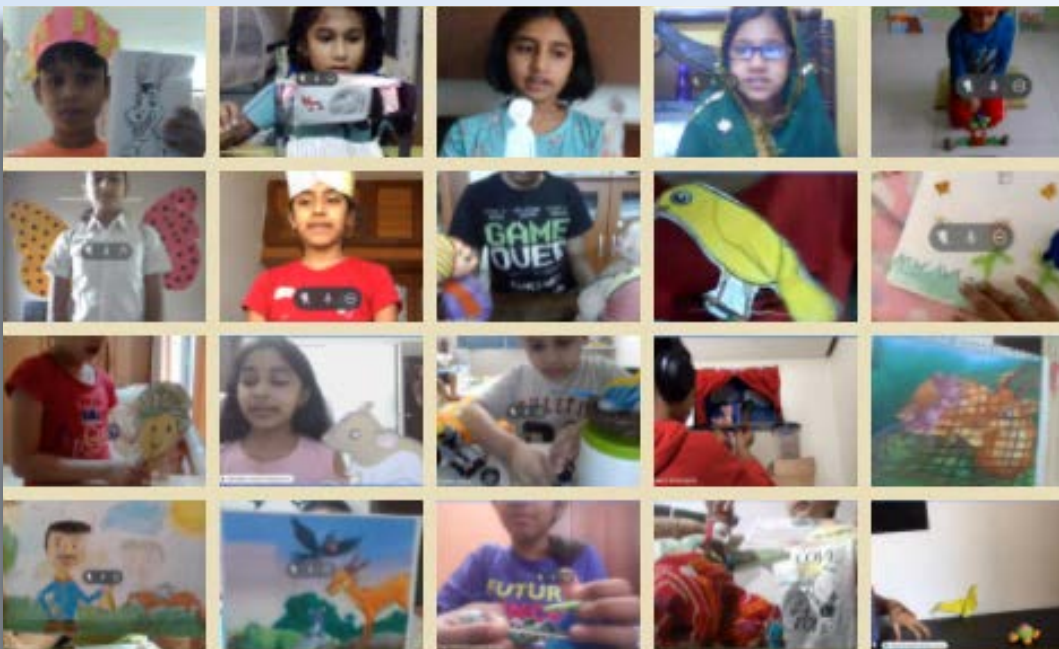
English Activity- Grade 4

Dramatize Or Narrate a Folktale: -

Students chose folktales from different parts of the world and dramatized it creatively using different props. The effort taken by students and parents is commendable.



Grade 4 - Dramatizing / Narrating A Folktale



Grade 4 - Dramatizing / Narrating A Folktale



Science Activity Grade 5

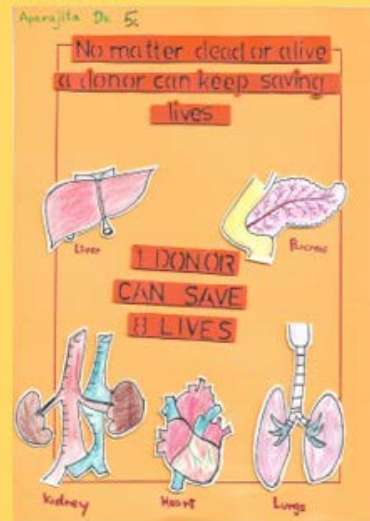
As part of their Science Project, the students of Grade 5 created impressive posters which emphasised the importance of Organ donation.

Grade 5

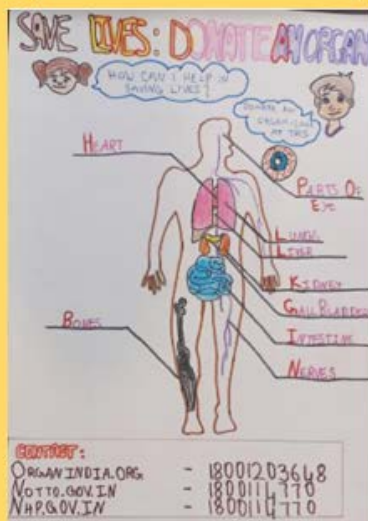
Science Project on the Importance of Organ Donation



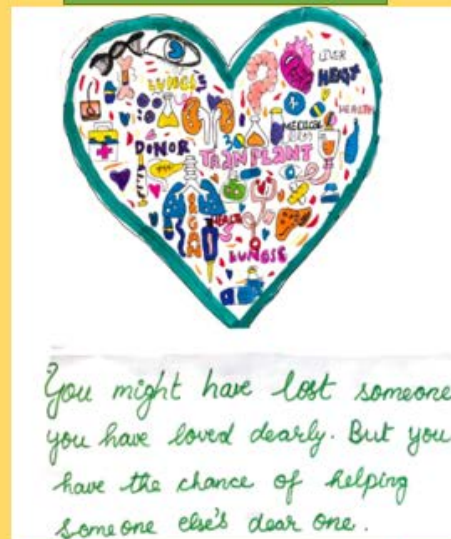
Daraneesh Karthik 5C



Aparajita De 5C



Abhay Robert Pinto 5A

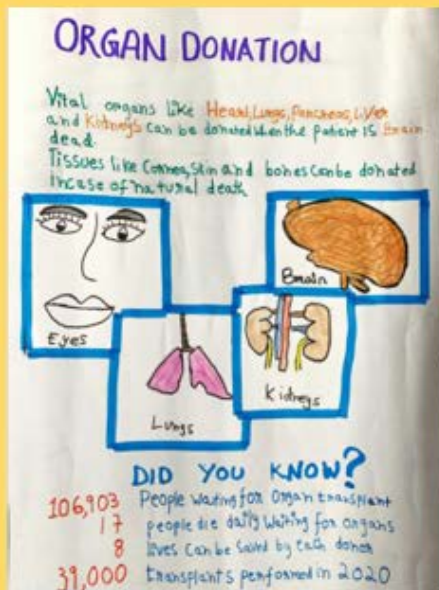


Ananya Kusampudi 5A



Grade 5

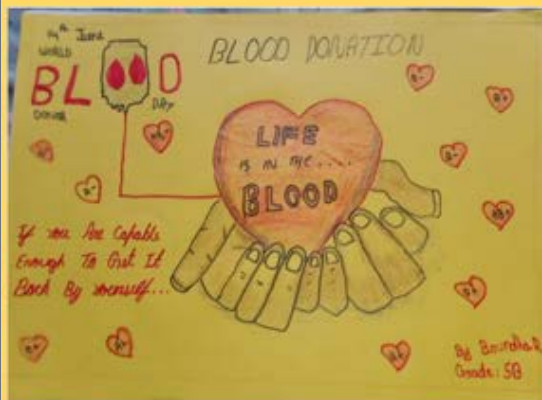
Science Project on the Importance of Organ Donation



Aliya Pillai 5C



Vihaan Singhal 5B



Brundha R 5B



Vivaan Ashok 5B

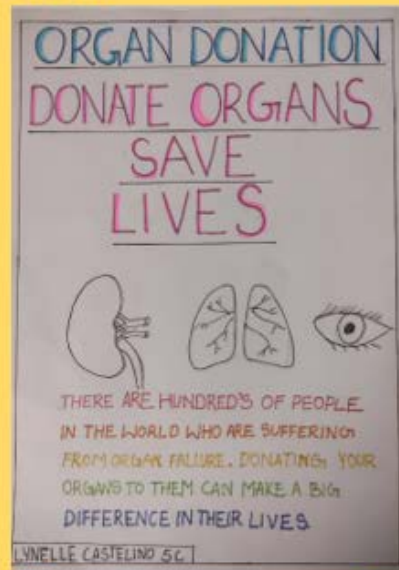


Grade 5

Science Project on the Importance of Organ Donation



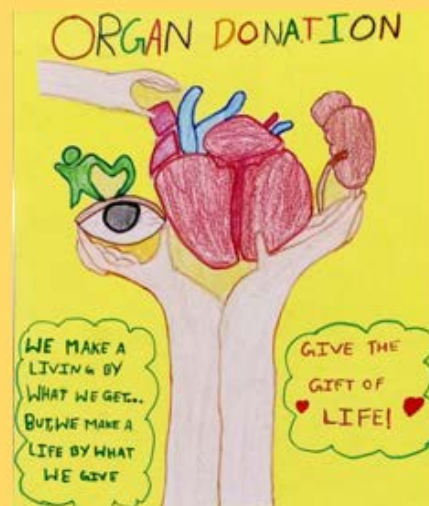
Shounak Mukherjee 5B



Lynelle Castelino 5C



Anvita M 5A



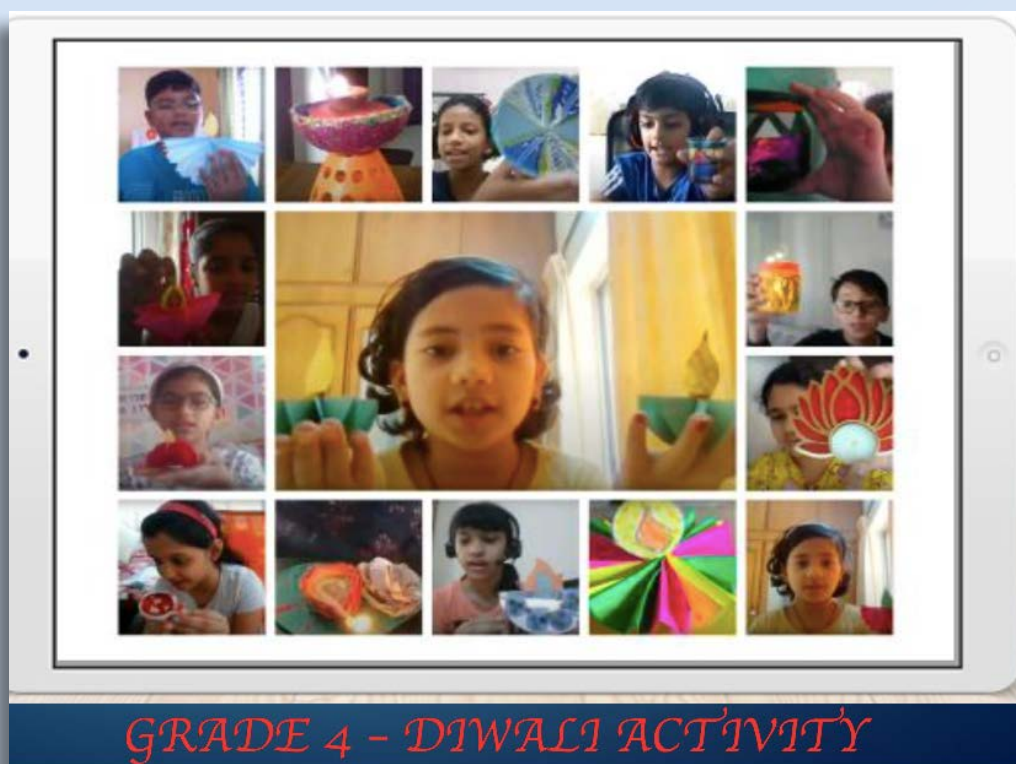
Shreshtha Arora 5A



Diwali

Our Primary school students celebrated Diwali, the Festival of Lights, by participating in a host of delightful activities. The students of Grades 1 and 2 made gorgeous Diwali cards, Grade 4 made dazzling diyas and Grade 3 and 5 made stunning lanterns.





Parents' Day

Grade 1 children enjoyed making lovely cards using pencil shavings and gifted them to their parents.

Grade 2 students celebrated 'Parents Day' by doing a fancy-dress activity. They dressed up like their parents and imitated them. A few of the students spoke about their parents. Each performance was unique and showed the bonding and intimacy they possess. The dialogues they delivered expressed their admiration and adoration for their parents.

Students of grade 3, made beautiful wall hangings, with sweet messages written on it, for their parent's. A very thoughtful gesture by these young minds who expressed their love and gratitude on Parent's Day.

Grade 5 Students were given a choice to choose the type of card they would like to gift their parent on this special day, either a pull-out card or a scratch card. Children thoroughly enjoyed making the cards. Such wonderful gestures of unconditional love!!



Grade 3A- Parent's day Activity



Grade 3C- Parent's day activity



Grade 2- Parent's Day Activity



Story telling session

A storytelling session was conducted by Ms Janet Rodrigues on the 25th of November 2021 for our Primary students.

It was heartening to see the overwhelming participation of the students who dressed up as domestic and wild animals to match the theme of the story.

Ms. Rodrigues brought a wide array of animals to life by dressing up, acting and mimicking their sounds.

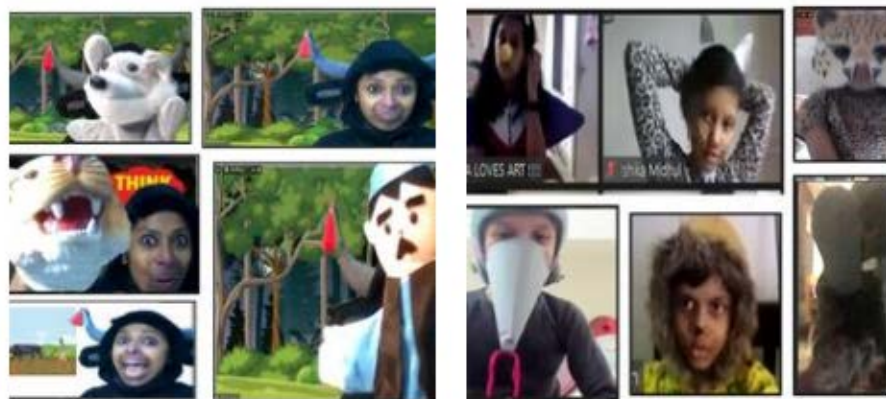
The display in the background aided her well. She even connected the story of 'The Wise Buffalo'

to the immediate present by talking about social distancing and cleanliness.

She conducted activities such as identifying animals from their sounds.

The little ones were thrilled to dance to the tune of 'Beat It', by Michael Jackson.

A spirit of competition was brought into the activities and the students were encouraged by the positive feedback they got.



Story Telling Session By Ms. Janet



Story Telling Session - Ms. Janet - 25 / 11 / 21

Cont...





Story Time - 25 /11 /21



Story Time - Ms. Janet - 25 /11 /21



Senior School - IGCSE and ICSE

Middle & Senior School Quiz 2021-22

The school quiz was conducted for 2 categories this year.

Category 1: Grades 8 & 9

Category: 2 Grades 6 & 7

The preliminary rounds for both categories were conducted on 24th January, for which all students

of grades 6-9 participated. Each category had about 150 participants.

16 highest scoring students and stand-ins from each category were chosen to move ahead to the final round of the quiz.

Middle School Quiz

The Category 2 Finale was conducted after school hours on 28th January 2022.

The quiz mistresses did a fantastic job, the rounds were innovative and covered topics ranging from architecture to math & logic.

The winning team was the Yellow team followed closely by Blue, Green and Red.

TEAM YELLOW :1st Place

7A IGCSE Vishwesh S Hombal

7A IGCSE Ahaan Mittal

6A ICSE Adhanya Alfred

7B IGCSE Snigdha Panigrahi

7A ICSE Tanush Goswami

TEAM GREEN: 3rd Place

6A ICSE Samiksha Guttapally

7B IGCSE Smruti P

7A ICSE Anaikah Mathew

7A IGCSE Akhil G

7A ICSE Shreyas Teggi -
Standby for Green

TEAM BLUE: 2nd Place

7A ICSE A. Praneetha

7B ICSE Ragavarshini

6 IGCSE Abhyudit Rajesh

7B ICSE Prisha Singh

7A IGCSE Aarti Hattangadi -
Standby for Blue

TEAM RED

7B ICSE Nimra Nousheen

7B IGCSE Ninad Dipal Zambare

7A ICSE Advik Biju

7B ICSE Aditi Joshi

6A IGCSE Anishwar Vasudevan –
Standby for Red

All teams put in great effort in preparing for the quiz and were quick on their feet.



Question 4

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Senior School Quiz

The Senior school quiz finals were conducted after school hours of the 31st January 2022.

The Quiz was challenging and the teams performed exceptionally well. The rounds were creative, and the participants were kept on their toes throughout.

The Green team won the event, closely followed by Black, Blue, and finally the White Team

TEAM GREEN: 1st Place

9A ICSE Dhruv Singh

8A IGCSE Sneha A Navada

9B IGCSE Auric Paul

9A ICSE Shreya Vivek

TEAM BLUE: 3rd Place

8A ICSE Sohan Bose

9A ICSE Tvaritha S Guzar

8A IGCSE Siddhanth

9A IGCSE Saharsh Kothapalli

TEAM BLACK: 2nd Place

9A ICSE Kushagra Gupta

8A ICSE Shaivvi S

8B IGCSE Hari Menon

9A IGCSE Omkaar Nerurkar

TEAM WHITE

8B ICSE Abhinav Kanchi

8B IGCSE Akansha

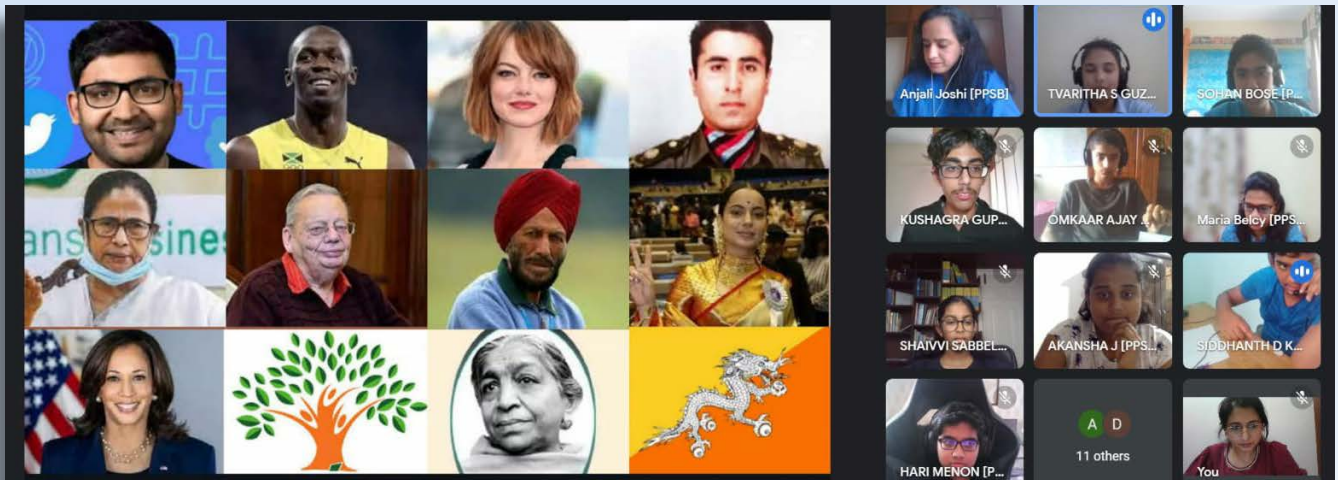
9A ICSE Dhruv Bhandari

9B IGCSE Dhatri Shetty

The school quiz 2022 was an exciting and fun event. It brought together students of various classes, and was a good opportunity for participants to sharpen their intellectual and teamwork skills.

Congratulations to all participants and teachers who put in time and effort in making this event a grand success!





Math & Logic

△ ABC is constructed from nine small, equilateral triangles, as shown. If the perimeter of each of the nine small triangles is 6cm, then the perimeter of △ ABC, in cm, is:

A. 18

B. 24

C. 27

D. 36

E. 54



Fund Raiser

In these challenging times, our children are showing us the way with their kindness and generosity. An initiative by Lekhya Bandapalli of Grade 9 aims to raise funds for providing basic essentials to the

underprivileged. You can make a contribution too, by clicking on the link below: <https://milaap.org/fundraisers/support-lekhy>

Exploring Artificial Intelligence

In the month of August, our students of the secondary section were having a gala time, exploring the magnificent world of Artificial Intelligence. In Week 1 of the AI Certification Course, they learnt to distinguish between Computer Systems and Artificial Intelligence Systems along with training bots to identify objects.

As our secondary students explore the amazing world of Artificial Intelligence, they were thrilled to enter the interesting zone of Autonomous Driving cars like Tesla, Google Waymo, etc. Last week, they

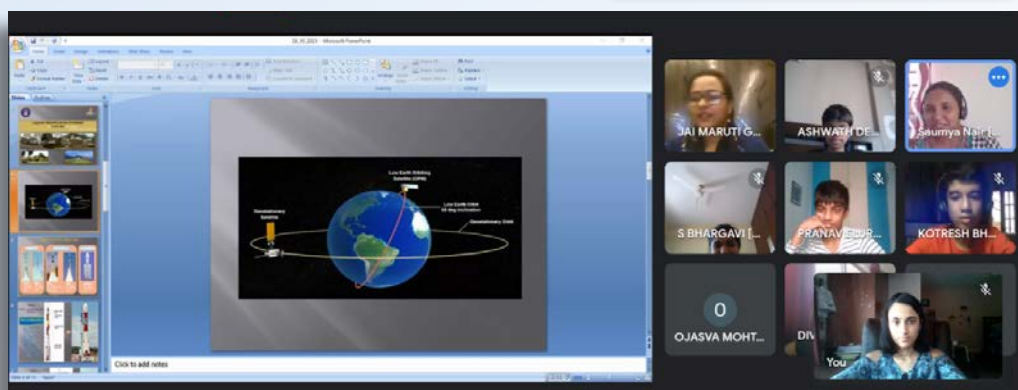
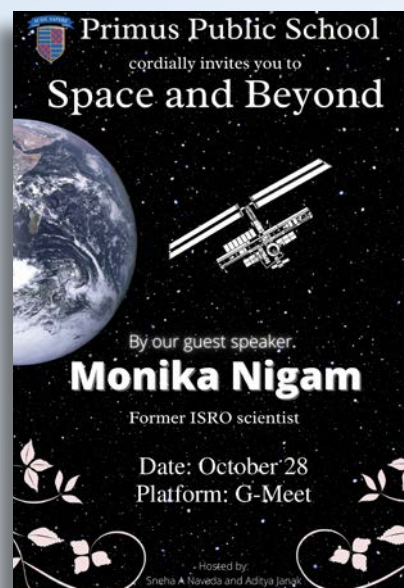
gained knowledge about Sensors, Lidar, and Radar, along with Image/Object Detection and Recognition models, which help an Autonomous Car to function without anomaly. They were super excited to know more about this less chartered territory

Artificial Intelligence can work wonders in Health Care. Our students learnt posture detection through Posenet algorithm which helps the AI system to predict the action of an object. Our students had a gala time as they gained an understanding of how the AI system creates data points for different postures.

Expert Speak

On 29th October, as part of our "ExpertSpeak" guest lecture series, Mrs Monika Nigam, former ISRO scientist delivered a guest talk to the students of Grade 8 on the topic "Space and Beyond".

She gave an overview of ISRO and various launch vehicles such as PSLV, GSLV, different types of propellants etc. Students participated enthusiastically and were curious to know more about the "final frontier".



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Extremely innovative and engaging English classes.

Pratik Kundu, our Cambridge CELTA certified English Teacher, preaches the concept of teaching and learning the English Language as a subject rather than a language. Children of Grade 6 IG and ICSE were involved in various Grammar games like 'Run to the Board', 'Sentence Snake' and 'Onion Rings'. Children attending classes online and offline acknowledged the sessions as motivating and rewarding. If conceptual learning is facilitated with innovation and customisation, it leaves long - lasting imprints in the minds of the students.



Namma Bengaluru Kite Club featured in a leading daily.

Namma Bengaluru Kite Club is the brainchild of Pratik Kundu, who teaches English at Primus. This club was formed in August 2021 and happens to be Bengaluru's first professional kite - flying club. The agenda of the club is to address the mental health issues of people in Bengaluru and to promote the near forgotten game of kite - flying. As one of India's foremost kite vloggers, Pratik Kundu has been crusading against the production and use of the fatal Chinese / nylon manjha being used for kite - flying

nowadays. The Indian Express conducted Pratik's interview on the occasion of Makar Sankranti in 2022.

Pratik Kundu has also had the golden opportunity of meeting with Ustad Ali Nawab, based in Lucknow. At ninety-two, Ali Nawab is one of the oldest kite makers in India and used to make kites for Pt. Jawahar Lal Nehru and veteran actor Dilip Kumar. Ali Nawab's kites are much sought after even today in the genre of professional kite - flying.



Cont...





Dynamic Teacher Award presented to Pratik Kundu

We are proud to announce that Pratik Kundu, teacher of English at Primus Public school was awarded the Dynamic Teacher Award under the flagship Education Excellence Awards, organised by Kiteskraft in October 2021. The aim of the award was to felicitate the educationists who'd contributed phenomenally, to the field of education during the pandemic.

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Grade 11 & 12 (PUC/ AS/ A Level) Events

Primus e-MUN

On the 13th & 14th of August, we had our first Inter-School e-Model United Nations, for students of grades 9 to 12. Primus Alumni & Students conducted the MUN and there were 91 participants across 13 schools. The MUN had three committees: United Nations Security Council (UNSC), World Health Organisation (WHO) and United Nations Office for Outer Space Affairs (UNOOSA). The agenda discussed in UNSC was the De-Escalation of the conflict between North American & Chinese forces

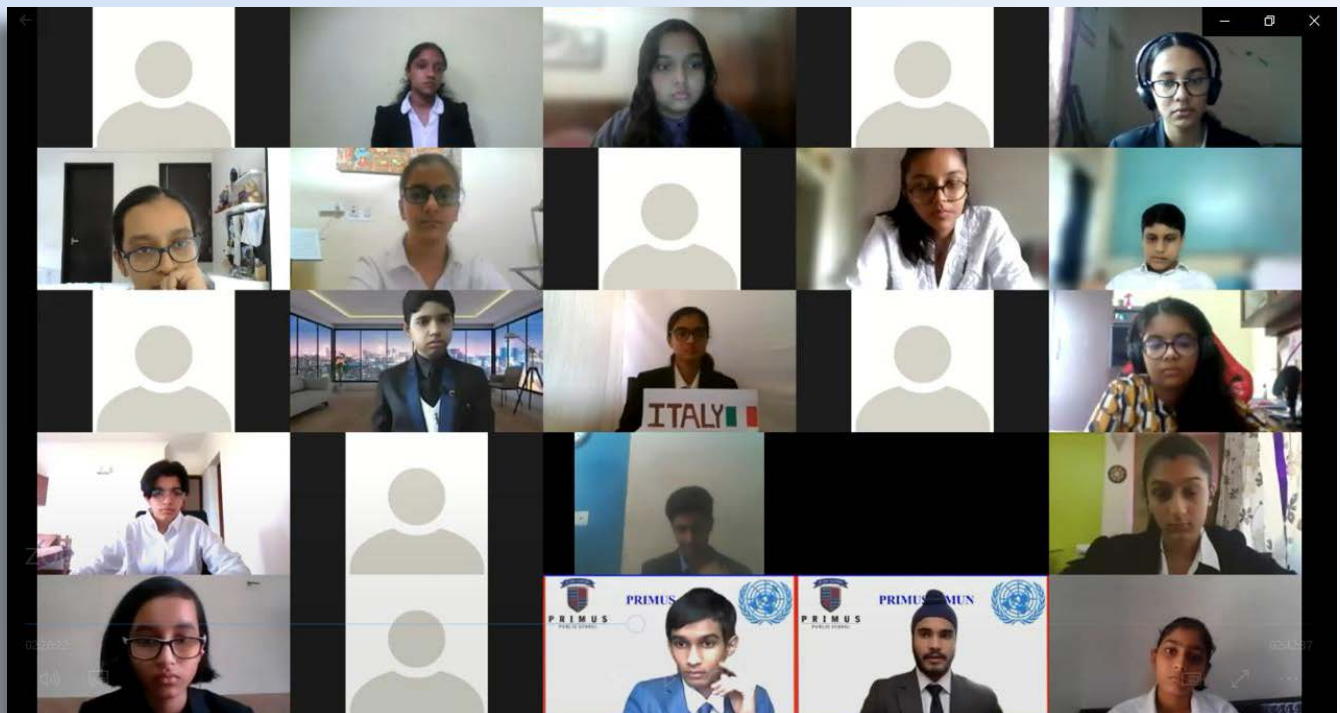
in the South China Sea. WHO discussed methods on fighting the dissemination of disinformation in terms of Healthcare & Medicine and plans to quickly detect and contain viral outbreaks in the future. The negotiations in UNOOSA were on determining the governance and boundaries of Mars & its colonies.

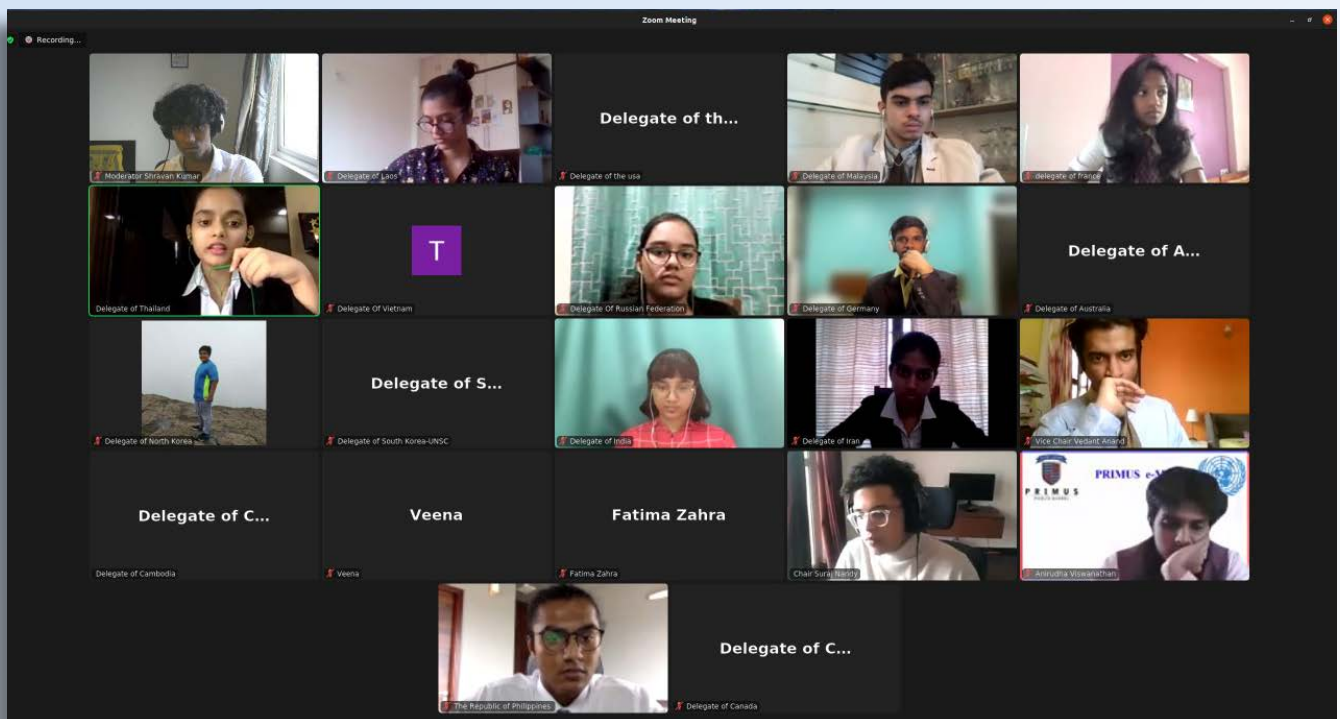
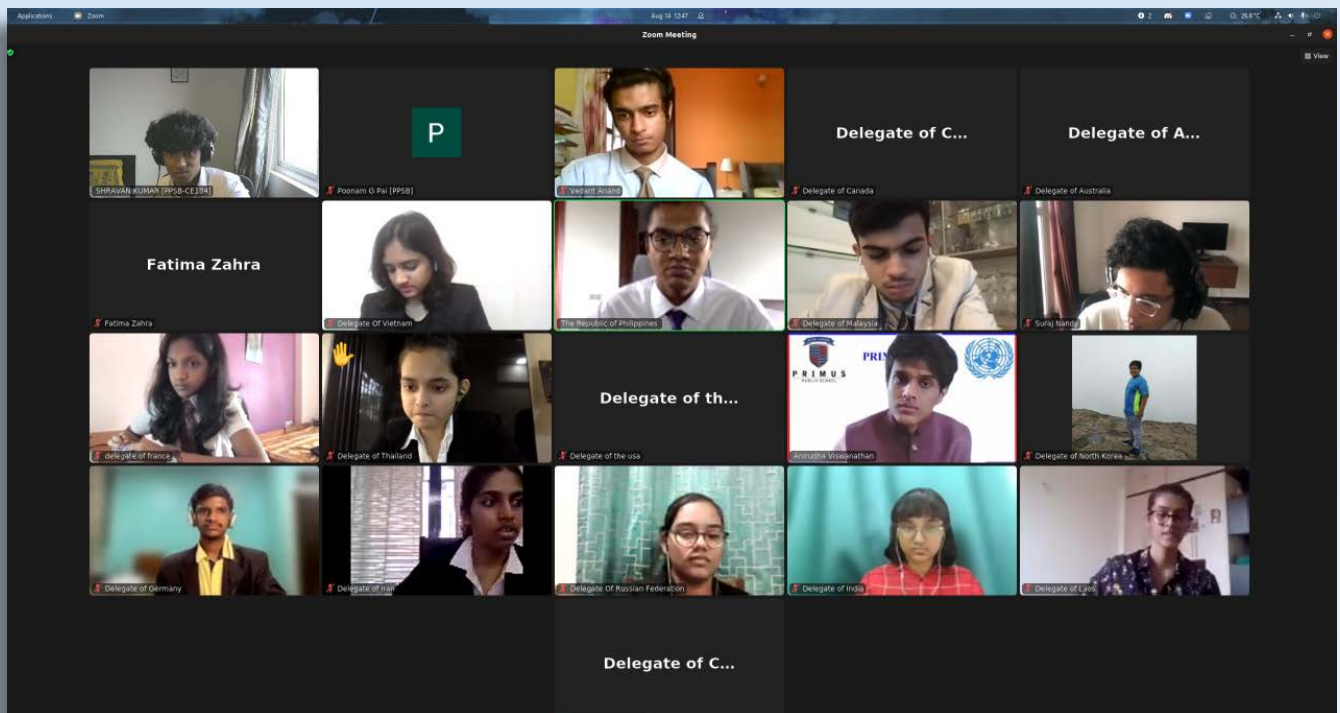
Delegates had two days of intense debate on pertinent global issues which aimed at expanding their knowledge, broadening their perspectives and training them to be the leaders of tomorrow.



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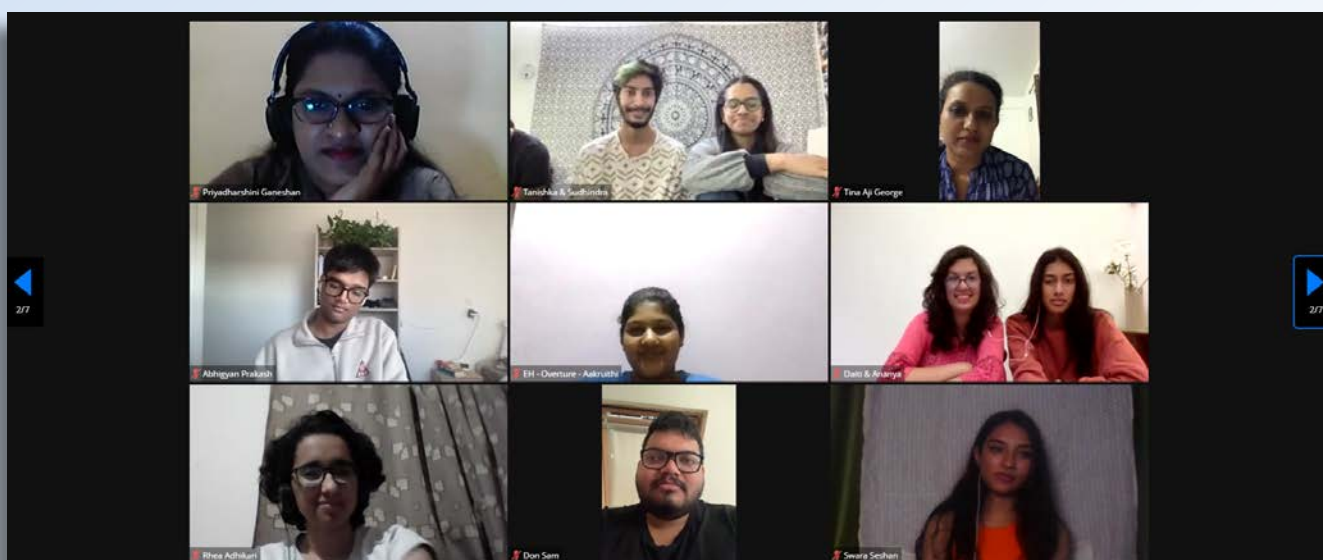
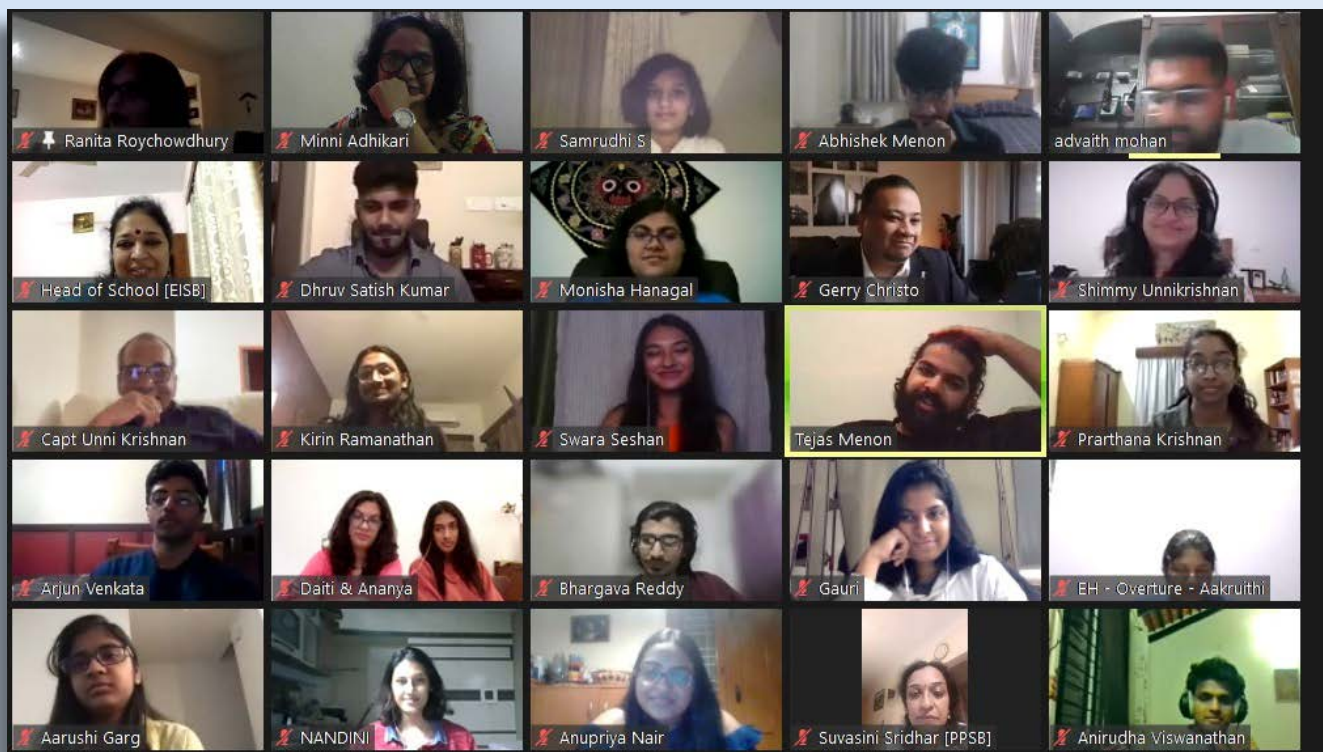


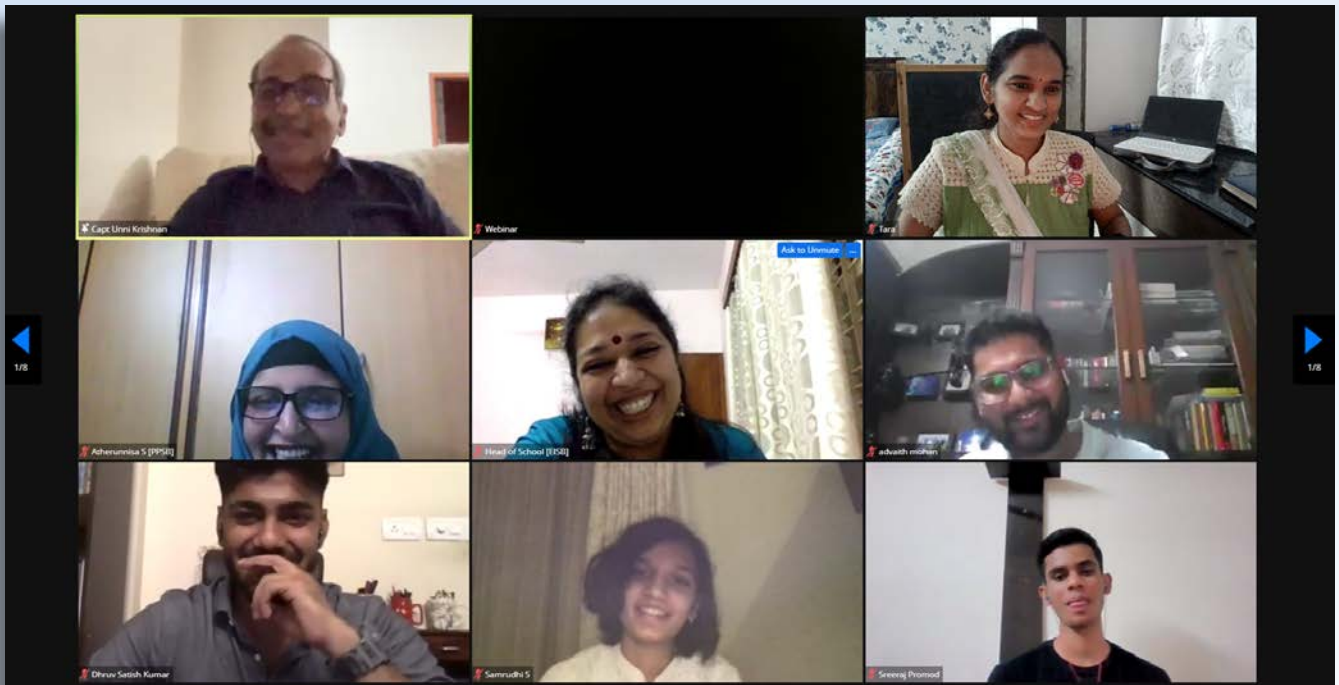


Primus Alumni Meet

On the 18th of December 2021, Primus Public School had its first virtual Alumni Meet. Alumni from all over the world, in all time zones, made time out of their hectic schedules to attend the event. Both the teachers and the students found it to be

a very nostalgic experience. The alumni committee had arranged a series of activities for the day so that alumni could reconnect with classmates and teachers and reminisce.







EXPERT SPEAK - Guest Lecture series

Our "ExpertSpeak" guest lecture series aims to provide real-world exposure to our Senior school students. This year, several erudite speakers conducted interesting and insightful sessions on a wide variety of career choices.

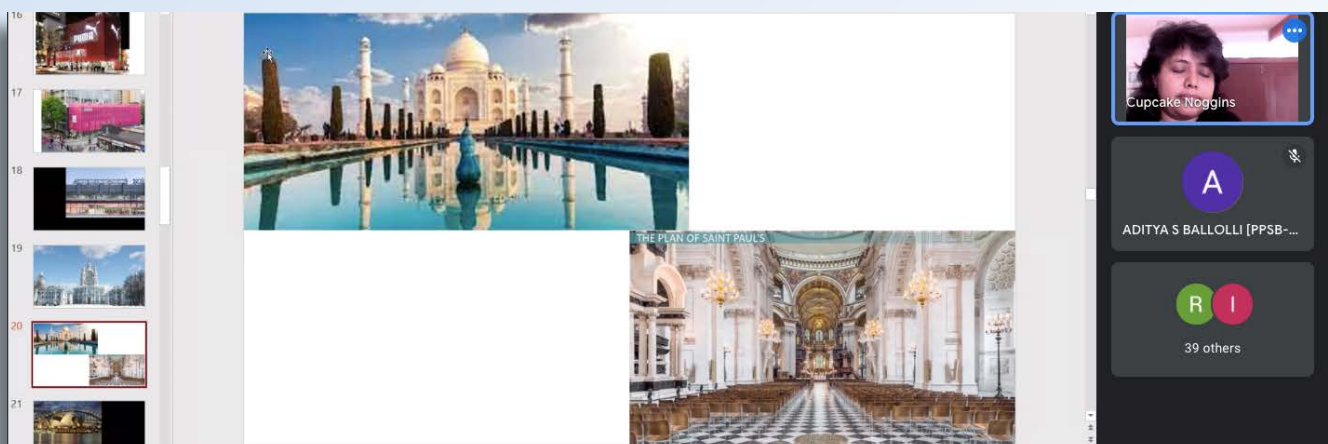
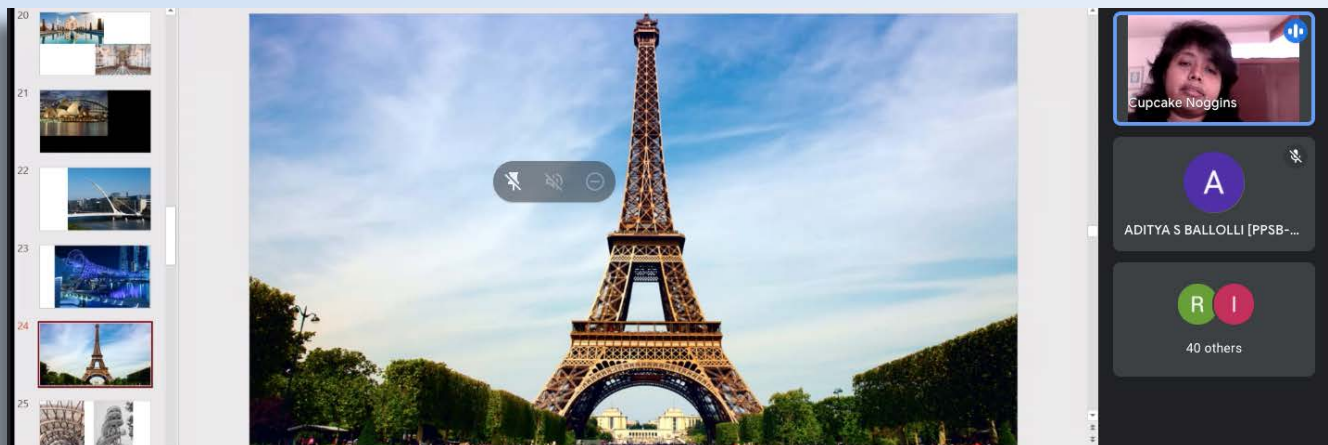
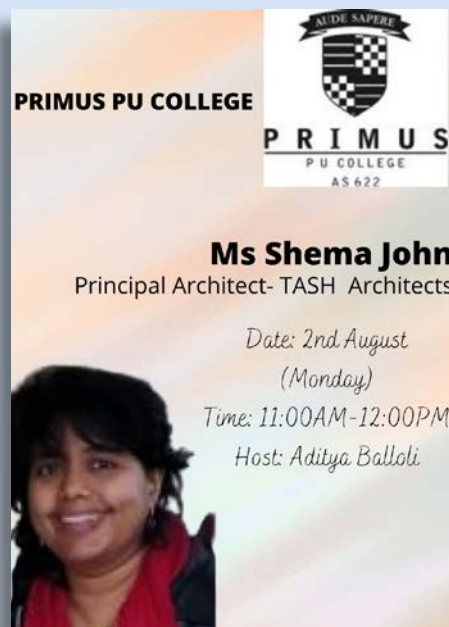
Mr John Philip (Marketing and Sales MBA) with 30 years of experience, gave important perspectives on pursuing a career in Sales and Marketing. He advised the students to be confident, compassionate, inquisitive and competitive.



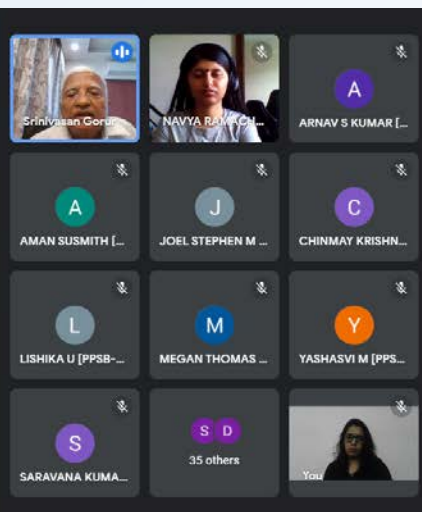
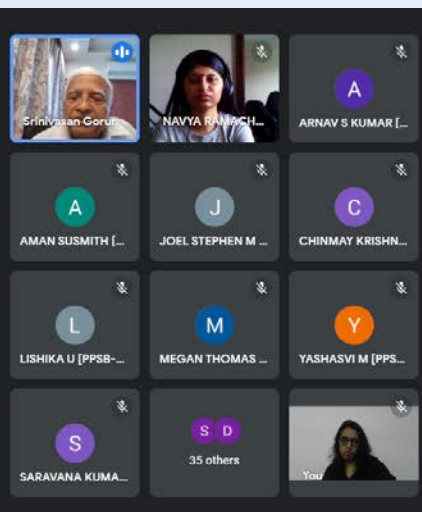
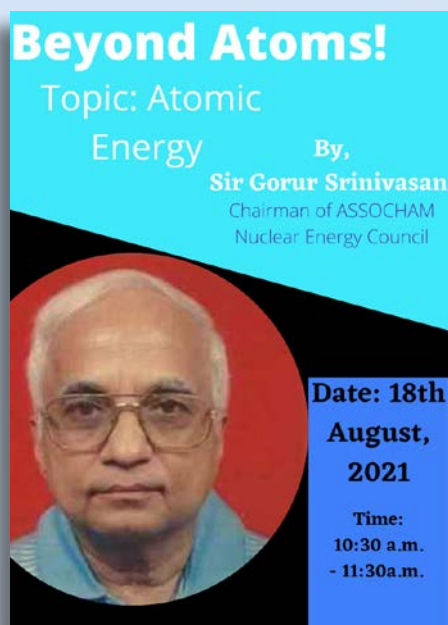
A screenshot of a Zoom meeting. On the left, a presentation slide titled 'DIFFERENT SALES OPTIONS' is displayed. The slide features a central yellow oval labeled 'Anything® Sales' surrounded by seven other ovals: 'Software Sales' (pink), 'Store Front Sales' (light blue), 'Real Estate Sales' (grey), 'Telecom Sales' (purple), 'Medical Sales' (light pink), 'Application Sales' (blue), and 'Medical Sales' (light pink). On the right, a grid of 16 participant video thumbnails is shown. The first row includes Mr. John Philip, Rohit Palliy..., Hritik Bakay..., and Vaibhav Shar... The second row includes Pragnya Jai..., H A Thanushr..., VEDIKA SHRIRA..., and SUDHIKSHA S R... The third row includes Gayathri Rohit ..., DEVIKA R [PPS..., UDBHAV MULU..., and RESHMEE G [PP... The fourth row includes SHEELA MANJ..., SOUGATO SIN..., 27 others, and You.



Ms Shema John, the Principal Architect of “TASH ARCHITECTS” spoke to our students about the fascinating world of architecture. With the help of a well-crafted presentation, she demonstrated the history, importance and beauty of architecture. She gave valuable insights into how architects work, learn and implement their unique skills



Mr. Gorur Srinivasan, the current Chairman of ASSOCHAM Nuclear Energy council, enlightened our senior school students on the various job opportunities in the Atomic Energy sector. He spoke about the various requirements, institutes, salary, advantages and also about his experience in the Department of Atomic Energy. He also highlighted our nation's various collaborative efforts with other countries in developing the field of atomic energy. Overall, it was an enlightening session and gave the students new insight on the future of atomic energy.



We invited Ms Sneha Sridhar, Architect and Theatre personality to speak to our young scholars. Her presentation on "Art Installations" was stunning, to say the least and her perspective on careers in architecture and design provided such valuable insight! The session was organised by our English teacher, Ms Anjali Prasad and ably moderated by Pragnya Jaishankar of Grade 12.



*“Graduation – We may not be able to prepare the future for our children,
but we can at least prepare our children for the future.”*

Franklin D. Roosevelt

The year 2021-22 has been a watershed moment in terms of acclimating to the new normal for teaching and learning. However, this has had no effect on the students' and teachers' dedication and hard work at Primus Public School.

Primus Public School celebrated Graduation Day to commemorate the advancement and development of Grade 12 students into their university lives, and commended the young passionate learners for their outstanding performance in the academic year 2021-2022. It was a hybrid event keeping in mind the demand of the current situation. The students were dressed in their graduation day attire.

The programme began with a school song. Further on the list was the most significant event – Passing the light of Knowledge. All the graduating students in their graduation dress, received the light of knowledge from the Principal and teachers. It was a memorable event that brought charm to the atmosphere.

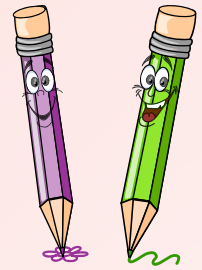
The programme began with the school song. The most important event was next on the list: passing the light of knowledge. All the graduating students in their graduation dress, received the light of knowledge from the Principal and teachers. It was a memorable event that infused the environment with a sense of accomplishment. Sneha Pancholi administered the oath to the students. Samrudhi Sharma, Head Girl, and Sreeraj Promod, Head Boy, talked about their journey through the delightful school years. Yajushi Hulgundi too spoke about their experiences at school.

Head of Schools, Anuradha Krishnan and Principal, Minni Adhikari emphasized the value of education and the principles that should be carried through in their lives. They also emphasized the need for students equipping themselves with the necessary skills and knowledge to overcome challenges and excel in their careers. It was indeed a memorable experience for all.





Penning our thoughts - English



Pete had a pet

Once upon a time there lived a boy called Pete. All of Pete's friends had pets. He too really wanted to have a pet. He kept asking his mom to buy a new pet for him.

"Can we buy a dog?" asked Pete.

"No no, if you run, the dog will chase you." mom replied.

"What about a cat mom?" asked Pete

"No no, it will scratch you." said mom.

"Mom, can we buy a rabbit at least?" asked Pete.

"No no, it hops so high that you can't catch it." said mom. Now Pete was very sad.

So Pete and mom decided to go to the pet shop. Pete was left with no choice. Finally he saw fishes.

"What about a fish?" shouted Pete

"That's a great idea dear," said mom. Both were now happy.

They bought a fish tank and two lovely fishes. Pete invited all his friends to his house to show his pet.

Krithik H, 1A

The Intelligent Donkey

One day there was a donkey named Jaggu. He was very intelligent but as he was a donkey all the animals of the jungle thought he was foolish.

One day there was a mango on a tree. The wolf wanted to eat the mango, Jaggu also wished to eat the mango. But sadly, everyone thought he could not take the mango from such a height.

The wolf tried hard to push the tree and scratch it to make the mango fall down but failed. Jaggu knew he couldn't do this by himself so asked the monkey's help by promising him half the mango. The monkey said yes.

Then the monkey went to the tree and easily plucked the mango. All the animals realized their mistake and praised the donkey because of his intelligence.

MORAL: Do not judge the book by its cover.

Varenia Raina, 1C

My little dog, Meeko

"He loves to eat,

He loves to play,

He knows how to sit and stay,

He chews thing all the day,

He sleeps, he eats, he runs along,

He plays a lot and he is so strong."

Bandapalli Tisha, 2A

Do you love rabbits?

Do you love rabbits?

Yes I do, as they are cozy and soft

They're small, clean and cute too

Do you love rabbits?

Yes I do

I love pink colour and

Some rabbits are pink too.

Asmi Bhattacharya, 1A



The Baby Tiger

I am a baby tiger,
I live with my parents in the jungle,
I play with my friends in the morning,
And, like to sit beside the waterfall
in the evening,
I am a baby tiger,
At night, I love to look at the stars
while I am sleeping,
I am a baby tiger.

Soham Mukherjee, 2A

The Sea

I stand at the shore,
Gazing at the sea,
I wonder if I could dive,
Into the deep blue sea.
With a swimsuit on,
I can go miles down,
Seeing the lovely creatures move
around,
Oh! What an adventurous trip it
would be.
The thought of it makes me laugh
with glee.

Adrija Maity, 2A

The Animal Greedy For Cheese

Once, a mouse and a snake made a deal that
if the mouse gives the snake some food,
the snake will give the mouse some cheese.
For many days the mouse gave the snake
some food and the snake gave him cheese.
One day the mouse didn't have anything to
give the snake and the mouse asked "What
should I give you, snake, for you to give me
some cheese.?" The snake said that he would
eat the mouse and he ate the mouse in one
gulp.

The moral of the story is never to team up
with your enemies.

Timothy T Mathew, 2A

My Funny Dog

I have a dog,
Who is afraid of a frog
He runs so fast,
I am sad that he is lost
He jumped out of a bush,
And landed on slush
I gave him a bath,
And wiped with a cloth.

Agratha Arjun Halappa, 2A



Win All Your Fears

Covid is spreading
Every day it is becoming more dreading
Symptoms like fever, cold and cough take away our immunity
We need to take care of ourselves in unity
I miss my friends, school and my grandad
I miss sharing fun times and that makes me sad
We need to stay indoors
Instead of roaming on the roads
Now all is quiet and there's peace all around
Only frightening thoughts in our heart, we have found
Don't give up, the end is near
If we all stick together, we can overcome all our fears.

Veda Thakur, 2B

Hero-X

I am Hero-X. I help Earth by cleaning the air with my Vacuum powers. There is a villain who is always mischievous. His name is Smoke-man and all he does is pollute the air in the city. One day, he squeezed himself and emitted a lot of dark smoke. I pressed a button on my hand. It sucked all the smoke into a black hole. It never came out again.

I defeated Smoke-man and brought everything back to normal with my Regenerate-Earth power. All the people cheered for me and we celebrated. I saved the day again. The end.

Nived Abhilash, 3D

Oh! My Milo!

The first thing I would do is ask my cat, Mr Milo, some questions. I would ask his favourite things to do. I am sure that he would reply that his favourite thing to do is annoy me! He would also say that he loved getting a massage.

Then we would talk so much that we would start an argument and out of the blue he would say, 'Can you scratch behind my ear?', and I would start to laugh. He'd probably copy me and laugh too! Then I would try and train him because it would be easier as I could communicate with him.

Then I'd ask why he made so many weird noises and he'd reply that there are so many reasons but the main one is because it's fun! I'd tell him not to attack birds but I'm sure that he wouldn't listen as it's just too much fun for him. So instead I'd ask the birds not to go near him or their lives he wouldn't spare!

Then I would continue to teach Milo what's right and what is wrong. These are some things I would do if I could communicate with animals.

Ivana Rachel George, 3A



Guardian of Earth

Hello! I am the Guardian of the Earth. I was sent to protect the Earth. The Earth saw something in me she had never seen in her life before. Mother nature has appointed me to protect the Earth. I accepted the challenge. It was not an easy task.

I saw a fog. I started to cough. I saw something giant releasing smoke. Everyone had a mask on. Everyone stayed at home due to the pollution in the air. I used my power to clean the air. BOOM!!!!!!!!!! my power cleaned the air.

Next, I went to the sea. I saw nothing but garbage. I saw a dolphin choking on plastic!

I helped the Dolphin recover. The dolphin and I became friends. I used my water power to clean the water. BOOM!!!!!!!!!! my water power washed the garbage away. I rode on my dolphin friend for a little while. I came to the forest and I saw that the trees had been cut down , so I used my power and grew the trees back. My job was completed. I returned to mother nature. She was happy that I saved the Earth. "Little one, you have saved Earth, now I can move on," said Mother Nature.

Yadunandan Lokesh, 3C

Nature Woman

I am a Nature woman. I am appointed to save and protect the Earth. I am blessed with magical power. When people throw the garbage, nature will cry and I could hear that. Suddenly I press the Green button on my ring. I rescue nature with my superpower. I can fly anywhere anytime, whenever I see garbage I use my magic power to decompose all the garbage within seconds.

I clean the lake, river, ocean, sea, pond, mountains and forest. As soon as I clean my mother Nature, I click on my Red button and I come back to my home and sleep soundly until I hear nature crying again.

Tanishka Deepesh, 3D

The Language Of Nature

One fine day in the countryside,
when the beautiful songs of the birds couldn't hide..
And the waterfalls falling with all their might,
twinkling stars staring at us at night..
Though our nature can't even give a wail,
it's more charming than a nightingale..
The mist, covered by a range of peaks,
this is the language our Nature speaks....

Arnav Anand, 3D



Dan's Dream

Dan was a boy who loved to read books. One day, before going to bed, he was reading a book.

'Once upon a time, in magic land, everything could talk. Dan arrived there with his family in a boat in the middle of a river. He crossed the river and slept on the soft grass in the night.

The next day, Dan found himself with his family in a dungeon. The dungeon was located in a castle that was owned by a wicked witch.

But the witch was nowhere to be seen. They found out that she had gone to the mystical land. With his mother's hair clip they were able to unlock the dungeon and free themselves.

Dan found a book where there were a lot of recipes. He found a page which had the recipe to destroy the witch.

He needed a unicorn horn, the sacred leaf and the wing of a dragon. The problem was that the things they required were extremely rare.

They went out of the castle in search of the necessary items. The unicorn gladly allowed them to pluck off the horn. The sacred leaf and the dragon too, let them take the necessities from them as they desperately wanted to get rid of the witch.

They went back to the castle with the ingredients. Just when they finished making the mixture, the wicked witch arrived. Dan pushed her into the mixture and got rid of her. They told the other animals that he got rid of her and they were freed from their wicked ruler.

Splash! Dan woke up and found out it was all a dream and his mother had thrown a cup of water to get him up!

The End

Ela Menon, 4C

A Helping Hand: The Wee Little Island

One windy night in 1944,
a ship was sailing, shaking to and fro..
The fierce wind was roaring like a phantom,
throwing an enormous tantrum..
It ripped the ship's second sail,
and the captain gave out a dismal wail,
he hoped and hoped they would not fail..
the sailors secured the other sail,
And aimed to a tiny island they could see,
an island very, very wee..
And lo, they steered the ship ashore the little island,
what a helping hand it had lent.....

Arnav Anand, 3D

Wisdom : The Treasure of Knowledge

Once there lived a humble duke,
to him riches and treasure were as worthless as
pure puke..
He said, "Wit beyond measure,
is man's greatest treasure"..
He was wise and clever,
greed came to his mind never..
He was as reasoned,
as young crops recently seasoned..
His philosophy was, "It is unconditioned wit,
that you will benefit"..
If you asked him a question, it was a glint in his
eyes,
and an answer in a trice..
We know his simple secret, he worshipped loyalty,
not royalty.....

Arnav Anand, 3D



In The Night

When the sun begins to lower,
and take a dip in the ocean.
Then, the calm moon gently comes up,
and gives us a nice, bright smile.

The birds fly south, the children go home,
all this in the night.

When the little animals go home,
cows go to their shed.

The owls, bats and all,
come and regain their sight.

The stars shine and join the moon,
so it doesn't get lonely.

The angels come down to earth,
giving us our blessings.

The crying baby soon goes to sleep,
While the bleating lamb rests like other sheep.
But this isn't all, Did it cross your heart?
All of this, on this beautiful night ?

Fathima Shehnoor Karuparamban, 4C

Kindness

Being Kind is the best thing to do

It's the power inside me and you.

Kindness is like a growing flower

It gives us love, strength and power.

If you find kindness you never have to feel sorry.

Kindness is everything, you don't have to worry about it.

Helping others is the best thing to do

Because they will help you too!

Sangjuktaa Bhattacharjee, 4B

My Lovely Teachers

Thanks to all my teachers, you're the best!!!

Thank you, my teachers, who taught me from kindergarten till now.

You teach me all the assets and give me a little rest.

I didn't know many things before, but you've taught me now.

I'm very lucky to have all the kind teachers for which I'm really grateful.

You teach me to appreciate triumph and disaster
for all of these, I'm quite thankful.

You clear all our doubts and make everything you teach clear,
In the nicest voice for us to hear,
and to conclude, all I know is 'You are the best of the best!!!'

Joanne Mariam Daniel, 4B



From Abhay's diary: My trip to a nature resort

Day 1: 28th December

Early this morning, my parents and I left home to go towards Red Hills Nature Resort, in Nilgiris. It was going to be a LOOONG 7-hour drive. We stopped for breakfast at a place where rabbits and goats were taken care of (The rabbits were SO cute that I wanted to take one with me!). On this journey, we went through a big forest (Spotted a group of barking deer with their fawns, monkeys and an elephant), through 36 dangerous hair-pin bends on the hilly road to reach the beautiful nature resort. This place is over 100 years old and is situated at 7,500m above sea level. Then we finally arrived. As soon as the luggage was kept in the cottage, I ran off to explore the property. Much to my excitement and delight, I came across:

- 3 islets within 2 lakes, surrounded by hills right in front of our cottage
- A flight of steps leading me into a tea plantation
- A path through an arch leading to a trek trail
- Hidden from visitor's sight was a small place for keeping cows, hens and roosters
- 4 dogs that the owner had. One of them had given birth to two puppies who were at least 2 weeks old. They were EXTREMELY cute and loved nibbling on my fingers!
- The puppies were kept in an underground hole by their mother
- A small temple.

I had the time to explore this further. It was situated in a place which was a bit hard to reach. Along the path, there were 2 huge grass 'blockers' and 1 stream which was 10 ft below the ground! The problem was that we had to jump quite a distance to cross it. When we reached the temple, it stood proudly before us. It was as small as a 4-poster bed! In front of it was a small bull's statue (most probably Nandi, Shiva's vehicle). At its rooftop, a square shaped lightning rod was there. I guess that the temple was dedicated to lord Shiva because of the bull and the sculptures.

Back in my room, my father informed me that a Big Cat lived on the property. That night, when the

dining area lights had been put off, sitting there I saw something move! What do you think I saw? A Big Cat with spots; a leopard! Wow!! It was 100 feet away, at the temple! It seemed to be looking at something, which could have been a rabbit. It slowly moved through the bushes and was gone! Ooooh!

Day 2: 29th December

I was awoken by the 4 dogs barking right outside the balcony. (Who let the dogs bark? Woof! Woof, woof, woof!) I'm sure they were calling me to go on an expedition in the tea plantation. So, all 5 of us (the 4 dogs and I) went off. What a brilliant way it was to end the last night and start it this morning!

After breakfast, a group of us went on a 3-hour trek. The initial climb was through a forest-like area, on a path so narrow that it held only 1 human at a time. It was so steep in places that instead of putting one foot in front of the other, I had to sit on a rock to pull myself up! The next bit of the climb was through an open area with dry grass and rocks. We were surrounded by hills that seemed as if covered by a thick green carpet. When we reached the top, which was 8,000m above sea level, the view was breathtaking. I wish I could live in that spot forever! What lay down below in front of us was the BEAUTIFUL valley surrounding an emerald color lake called 'The Emerald Lake'. While there, we spotted 2 'Leopard Butterflies' (Phalanta Phalantha). We were lucky because people rarely spot them.

When I returned back to the cottage, the 4 dogs were waiting to play with me. I played with them and the puppies for the rest of the remaining day. I ended my day by sitting by a bonfire, while around me the night became colder and colder.

Day 3: 30th December

Today, after breakfast with a very heavy heart, I bid farewell to the dogs, their puppies, and the beautiful place....Red hills nature resort.

Abhay Pinto, 5A



Omicron

Omicron is a new variant of the Covid-19. Omicron was named after the 15th Greek alphabet.

Is it dangerous? If it is, why is it?

Ans- It is believed that any person having Omicron can spread it to others even if they are vaccinated. Omicron is expected to become more dominant than the Delta variant.

Where did it come from?

Ans- It came from South Africa.

What can be the symptoms of Omicron?

Ans- It can be fever, loss of smell or taste, coughing.

How to prevent it?

Ans- The best thing we all can do right now is that we should not step out of our houses unless it is very necessary. And if you are even stepping out, wear double masks and maintain distance from other people and keep on sanitizing your hands.

What to do if you catch it?

Ans- First of all, do not panic at all, it will be fine soon enough. As told, Omicron spreads very fast, even faster than the Delta variant. So, it would be better if you would quarantine yourselves and not come in contact with anyone. You should eat and drink hot things like Kada and warm water. But, do not take cold things at all! Then if you are bored, you can watch something on your TV, you can draw something, listen to music and make a video call with your friends or relatives. There are many things to do at this time. Always think positive, that's how you will stay healthy then.

Advit Agarwal, 6A IGCSE

Your sins are pardoned

Once upon a time there was a farmer. His name was Uthkal Jee. Uthkal Jee lived a peaceful life, minding his own business tending to his farm. But even the most peaceful of men had trouble. Tharmi was a pest in the form of a tiger. He would lurk in the jungle, his hungry eyes fixed on Uthkal Jee's cattle. Some days he would pounce, devouring all of the herd and making a mess of things. Other days, he would lurk at the threshold of the peaceful farm, agitating the cattle. One day, Uthkal had had enough. Tharmi was going to have to pay for all the troubles he caused the peaceful farmer. He set a trap that would teach Tharmi a lesson. The contraption was a simple one. Uthkal placed a juicy, tender piece of meat, that was to lure Tharmi towards the bear trap placed nearby. Just as Uthkal had predicted, Tharmi smelled the juicy scent of the meat, and followed it.

Eventually, he came upon the meat, sitting in a clearing. He pounced on the piece of flesh, not noticing the bear trap on which it was placed. The bear trap snapped shut on Tharmi's mouth. Tharmi couldn't scream, only struggle. His mouth was shut by the bear trap, and struggling against it would only make it more painful. Uthkal walked up to Tharmi and said "Stop eating my cattle and never come back to this farm ever again. Then I will let you go." Tharmi couldn't reply, he only nodded his head and joined his two front paws, begging Uthkal to let him go. Uthkal let him go, making Tharmi promise never to come near his farm again. Tharmi never came back and Uthkal lived a peaceful life with his cattle since then.

Rehaan Singh, 6A IGCSE



Mr. Wizard

I was going to visit Grandpa today. I was so excited! I hadn't seen him in years. Mum and Dad were going on a business trip, and I was to stay with Grandpa. Mum wasn't thrilled about the idea, but it was either him or the grumpy woman next door. In my opinion, Grandpa was really cool. He'd show me all sorts of tricks, and they weren't the cheesy ones magicians did in parties. They were real. As our car pulled over, I ran out the door and into his garden. There he was, reading a newspaper on a plush armchair on the porch. "Grandpa!" I yelled, hugging him. He smiled with that twinkle in his eyes and hugged me back. Mum walked towards us, lugging my suitcase. "Well, I hope you can take care of her, Dad. Goodbye, Lilly!" she smiled.

"Goodbye!" She left. "So, Lilly, want to see a magic trick?" said Grandpa, grinning. "Yes!"

"Watch this," he tossed a silver coin in the air, and it exploded, leaving millions of colourful streamers falling on us. "That was amazing!" I laughed. "I think it's time for bed," he said, opening the door and walking inside. I yawned

– I was sleepy. I wished Grandpa goodnight, ran up to my room and passed out on the bed. Hours later, I was in this wonderful dream when I was woken up by a sound. I stood up, walked downstairs and followed it. It took me moments to realise that it was coming from Grandpa's room. I felt a rush of adrenaline. Should I go in?

I opened the door and tip-toed in. The sound led me to under Grandpa's bed. I looked down, and my eyes widened. There was a door on the floor! I opened it and my jaw dropped. There was a whole world under his bed! I squeaked as I tripped and fell inside! I gasped. Suddenly, I landed on a mattress. I looked around and saw Grandpa. "Are you alright?" "F-fine. D-did you put the mattress here?" "I zapped it here." "What?!" "All these years, I thought you would never find out, but... I've studied the art of magic, and, well..." "You're a... wizard?" "You could say that." I would have told him he was crazy, but I was crazy too, "Show me another trick!"

Naavya, 6A IGCSE



Methane Breathing Aliens

In 2050, Earth received a signal from an exoplanet. The signal contained an audio and when it was played, an eerie and shrill noise could be heard followed by whirring of machinery. This astonished astronomers and physicists alike. The discovery was kept confidential and space agencies were notified. A year later, Earth received another signal from the exoplanet which also contained an audio. This time when it was played, a voice spoke an unknown language in a threatening tone. This alarmed space agencies and progress was made to decode the language in it. The effort was futile and a permanent solution had to be found. All countries signed a treaty wherein their armies could be used for retaliation against extraterrestrial threats. Later in 2056, the James Webb telescope captured a picture of 550 unidentified space crafts heading towards the Milky Way galaxy. Space agencies and governments were notified and drills were practiced. The general public was then told about the threat of an alien invasion. In 2070, a sighting of an unidentified spacecraft was spotted in the asteroid belt of Jupiter and another spacecraft was spotted near the Moon.

A hasty decision was made and all troops were stationed on Earth. On 30th December 2071, a disc-shaped spacecraft was found hovering over a farmland in India. 5 alien-like creatures equipped with a respirator connected to a gas cylinder were dropped from the spacecraft and left to fend for themselves. They were unarmed and they were unable to bear the weight of the cylinder as they stumbled across the flat terrain. The spacecraft from which they were dropped was tracked and army troops were sent to the farmland. One of the aliens got tired and disconnected the gas cylinder which resulted in the alien not being able to breathe. The alien gasped and died immediately afterwards. The rest of the aliens were shot dead by a passing helicopter and their corpses were taken for investigation. It was found that they needed methane to breathe and needed to carry heavy gas cylinders to breathe. The humans knew exactly what to do next.

Raunak, 6A IGCSE

A Teacher's Importance

O teachers!
You are like artists,
Who paint our minds
With every shade
You could ever find.

Every time you give us lessons,
You transport us to fantasy lands.
Ancient civilizations, fantasy lands,
No other places can be better to find.

We learn the magic in numbers,
And the science of plants and animals.
Be it alchemy or friction,
You help us with your dedication.

You show us the emotion of music,
And also the way of art.
I couldn't ask for anything more
With such wonderful teachers at the fore

Inika Kanugagadda, 7A ICSE



Effects of the COVID-19 pandemic on mental health

Due to the Covid-19 pandemic, people of all ages have faced trouble with their mental health. From the fear of losing their jobs to the fear of getting affected by the disease. Most teenagers have developed social anxiety by staying isolated for the last eighteen months. Since the pandemic, the role of technology in our lives has increased, making social media a big part of our lives as well. The media is not something to be taken lightly, it promotes negative messages such as self-hate.

During the pandemic, many have stopped their daily exercises due to a lack of motivation. Not exercising can lead to larger problems. Research has shown that lack of physical exercise can cause dementia and depression. Finding ways to keep one's mind motivated during these stressful times is hard yet some have found a way to do so. Most have found hobbies to keep themselves occupied. Music has been one of the major ways of escaping these problems. Trying to avoid these issues is crucial as having poor mental health can affect a person physically as well. Being positive in these difficult times is crucial as it not only helps us but the people around us.

Ira Arvind, 7B IGCSE

How do you write a poem?

How do you write a poem, you ask?
It's not such a big task
First you pick up a pencil,
In your hand
Then sit comfortably,
Anywhere on land.
Write any sentence that comes to your mind,
Then for the last word, a rhyme you must find.
Now there are poems,
Without rhyming word
But they're just as boring,
As newspaper crosswords.
Keep rhyming the lines,
Until the time where your pencil will fall
Name your poem,
That's all!

Mrudula P Nair, 7B ICSE

The Winter Wind

The Winter Wind blew through the house
Slamming doors and hurling chairs
Blowing out fires, upsetting papers,
Running up and down the stairs
Breaking wood, smashing windows,
Dropping pots, ripping plants,
Uprooting trees, breaking lights,
Opening cupboards and wearing clothes,
Blowing doors off their hinges,
Shattering everything in its path,
A moment of silence,
But then a mighty blow
And the house fell from high to low
To be consumed by the snow.

Ninad Dipal Zambare, 7B IGCSE



In a Game of Chess

In a game of chess,
It's like a mess
There's a huge board of black and white,
Where two great armies are to fight
On either side they stand,
Looking absolutely determined and grand,
At every enemy piece they will diagonally strike,
These are the bishops who we like.
There are rooks who crush pieces from side to side,
Saying, "to our rules, you must abide!"
To fight against the knight, you won't dare,
Making unpredictable jumps here and there.

The pawns are not something that bore,
These little, brave warriors have surprises in store!
Queens are the most valuable and powerful of all,
Stirring trouble in enemy ranks for she's like an awl!
Finally, the king – The big boss,
Decides if it is a win or a loss.
This game requires high intellect for it is quite hard,
As victory,
It isn't that easy.

Joshua Daniel, 7A IGCSE

Music Therapy

The music treatment is like no other. Many musicians have said that the industry has changed their lives entirely. Music is a language of emotion in that it can represent different feelings and barge into the soul with no boundaries or limitations. People are always challenged by the fact that "no one understands them" or know how they "really feel", so they turn to music.

Music therapy is the use of music to address the physical, emotional, cognitive, and social needs of a group or individual. Music changes the perspective of things. Many hospitals also recommend music therapy as it is the most effective and simple treatment. It reduces stress and improves mental well-being. It employs a variety of activities, such as listening to melodies, playing an instrument, drumming, writing songs, and guided imagery. Overall, music therapy decreases pain perception, reduces

the amount of pain medication needed, helps relieve depression in patients, and gives them a sense of better control over their pain.

Different people opt for different music genres. Not all prefer relaxing music as others do. Researchers found that patients who listened to music while getting an IV inserted reported significantly less pain, and some demonstrated significantly less distress, compared with patients who did not listen to music. It may also improve mood and help with one's overall well-being. When the body is stressed, it may feel tense and tight. Listening to music can help facilitate relaxation. Music therapy improves the heart rate, reduces anxiety and improves learning. Music therapy has proved to be a miracle therapy!

Ira Arvind, 7b IGCSE



The Golden Age of Baghdad

The city sparkled like a thousand suns. It had a lazy air, like a cat curling itself to sleep. Its buildings appeared to have been baked. It was as if a thick, creamy golden sauce had been poured over the whole town. Brightly polished stones gleamed like jewels in the rich soil.

But those weren't the only riches. Everywhere one went, they would be offered food, shelter, fine clothing and more. Kindness.

The bazaars on the other hand were filled with all kinds of magic. The merchants offered everything from fine carpets to singing birds.

And before one can realize it, evening approaches. But the city still has more to offer. The most delectable foods that tingle on one's tongue to the spiciest brews that can burn them right off.

Still the city gives more. There's singing and dancing and laughing. And the city watches, its lights twinkling like the starry sky.

But soon the magic and madness will come to an end, as all things do. The people will move on, but the city will stand, waiting and waiting for more to come. But even as its fire is extinguished, the story will continue to burn.

Pratibha, 8B IGCSE

She

She looks into my eyes

She is beautiful

She is hideous

She has become everything I hate

I see her smile at me

I want to hurt her

I try to hit her

My hand hits a mirror.

Saachi Chaudhari, 8B IGCSE



Monster

You gasp and stutter, walking hurriedly down the dark lane,
On hearing a distant thunder, a haunting boom; it's about to rain.
Not soon after, you hear a monstrous voice,
Like a devious creature that's made up its devious choice.
Looks like you better up your pace,
Because you'll soon need to start to race!
You must escape!
It starts to rain.
Oh no! Now the ground's slippery, you can't run!
You shiver, as the monster chuckles,
You feel that the creature is rather having fun!
You hear the piercing chink of its sharp claws, frightening! You better hide!
Looking back a glance, your eyes catch a terrible shadow,
You must escape!
You set your eyes upon a wooden wheelbarrow.
Ah! Maybe it might make your escape faster,
You hop on the barrow and push to build momentum; it's working!
The creature shrieks with annoyance, and chases you after.
You must escape!
The barrow picks up speed on its descent, down the lane.
Looks like the monster's having trouble keeping up,
And you might just live another day.
Suddenly, a terrible screech
Interrupts your short-lived triumph,
Your barrow swerves, as you stumble to your side,
On the wet ground— wet with rain
This, along with a familiar feeling – pain.
You must escape!
You gather yourself, enough to look ahead
Your house is there, can you make it? – a meter or two, and you seem to have enough breath!
You get up and run, and never look behind.
For you never want to see again, what lurks in the night.

Siddhant Sinha, 8B IGCSE



Syrian Refugee Crisis: The children

Oftentimes, during the event of a war or crisis, children are sent away from the place of conflict, most times without their parents in order to safeguard them from mental and physical harm.

An estimated 35 million (42%) of the 82.4 million forcibly displaced people are children below 18 years of age (end of 2020). Between 2018 and 2020, an average of between 290,000 and 340,000 children were born as refugees. More than 10 years of conflict in Syria has had a devastating impact on the country's children. This conflict has created the world's largest wave of displacement in modern history. More than 13 million people are now displaced, including 6.6 million refugees and more than six million internally displaced people.

Children are the most important and the most vulnerable members of society. They are the ones that carry the country's future in their hands. So, they are supposed to be saved from a crisis as a priority. Even though this is the case, the children lose their parents when they are evacuated from their country to a place which is "supposedly" safer. They are taken away from their homes, schools, friends and families, and have been forced to start new lives in strange and hostile environments, desperate for food, clothing,

education, health care and help to recover from the trauma of war.

The children are emotionally damaged without their parents and it would be hard for them to survive. We don't know how they'll be treated in other countries, whether they'll be discriminated against or not. This traumatic experience can cause depression and make their blood run cold. Furthermore, they are physically stressed when they have to do the jobs of their parents, do chores and earn money to get a proper meal. The chances of them getting educated is very low and even if they do get the chance, they would not be able to because of the work they have to do and the urgent need of necessities. It has many negative effects when you look at this situation from a national and global perspective. The place the people are moving to might get overpopulated and the citizens of that country may not be happy which would impact the economy. The country will also develop slowly. With the reasons given, I conclude that evacuating the children first (mostly without their parents) is not the best thing to do unless the situation demands it.

Hridhhi Pamnani, 8B IGCSE



The Red Alien

Have you ever lost a pen,
or perhaps a pair of socks ?
I'm sure you have a lot of keys,
without any locks.

This is the work of the Red Alien,
living in our house.
He has wrinkly, red skin,
and is as tiny as a mouse.

He borrows all the things which,
You don't think about much.
Takes them to his dining table,
and play with them for lunch.

After some time, you may notice,
the things are back with you.
I guess he got bored with them,
and forgot about them too.

Oh, about the Red Alien,
something alarming I have found.
He can control the mind of,
every person around

Guntas Kaur, 8A ICSE

A Lie

A lie can make you cry.
A lie can make you fight.
You might fool everybody else,
But never can you fool yourself.

Telling the truth can be harsh,
But at least it gets over fast.
No guilt, no sleepless nights,
You won't have any reason to hide.

Aneesha Pochiraju, 9A ICSE



All We Have is Now

I took a deep breath with my eyes closed. My cheeks were tingling as the cold monsoon breeze brushed up against my flushed face. I opened my eyes slowly as though the moment would last longer and I smiled. Before my eyes lay a stream of water gushing down in an endless chain surrounded by tall thick trees. The smell of wet rocks and damp soil enveloped me as I listened to the gentle hush of nature.

I had been trekking in this scenery for almost two hours, but this moment was surreal. I felt liberated from the pain of the material world. Listening carefully to the chirping birds, I entered the stream. The cold water and slippery, algae-covered rocks heightened my senses as though nature was calling out to me "don't let this moment pass you by!". I laughed as the playful waters tossed me about. Gazing at the treetops, I felt truly alive.

The tranquility of my surroundings made me mindful of that moment, nothing else. I had an epiphany. Life is too short to let it run across your eyes. We should stop, to be in the present. As I sat on the rocks, drenched and cold, I could see all my worries flowing in that stream, but I had stopped to breathe and look around. To listen to the rustling leaves, to smell the fresh air, and to feel the joy of gratitude.

My weary legs slowed down as we returned, but my eyes shone with the peace inside my heart. I will always remember that day and the priceless lesson it taught me.

Aneesha Pochiraju, 9A ICSE

A Beautiful Dream

I had a surreal dream,
I saw clean air with pristine streams.
There was no hunger or poverty
And throughout the land, there was peace and honesty

Nature was majestic and beautiful,
And her children dutiful.
They did not litter,
And their golden hearts held nothing bitter,

But alas I awoke!
To see the earth covered by a poisonous smoke.
Hunger, death, hate and disease
As far as my weary eye sees

How did this happen?
When did all beings lose compassion?
Will my dream ever come true?
Or will it remain a poem to you?

Aneesha Pochiraju, 9A ICSE



My Summer Pie Business

Ahh summer! The first thing that comes to one's mind after we say summer is vacations. Summer is the time to drink cold liquids, plan picnics, visit the beach or the pool, put on breezy summer outfits and what have you. Unfortunately this summer was nothing like the other ones. No one was allowed to leave their homes. People spent all day watching T.V, lying in bed and if they were feeling extra motivated, then mastering new interests etc.

My parents were constantly asking me to be productive. Well I like to bake and everyone at home likes to eat so I decided to make an apple pie. After 4 hours of learning to prep the ingredients and putting the pie together, I slid it in the oven and waited. *Ding* the oven went. I put on my oven mitt and carefully slid the pie out from the oven. The oven mitt, you see, was slippery against the metal tray in which the pie was sitting. And the next thing I knew, the hot metal tray slipped out of my hand. My pie was all over the floor. There was just enough pie in the tray for one person. So naturally we all split the little pie that was left. It turned out really good and I was urged to make more to satisfy everyone's cravings.

And just like that I began selling apple pies under the brand name "Mad Pies". I started by making a flyer and then sending it out to the people in my community. I was

exhilarated by this new opportunity and eager to learn new things. I started getting ready for my first six orders. I made the crust and then the filling. It took me hours to make all six pies. I put them in the oven and printed out the stickers that would go over each box. The aroma of the pie unfolded in each nook of my house. As I cautiously took out the pies, making sure I don't drop them again, I sprinkled powdered sugar over the golden brown crust and positioned them in the box where they fit perfectly. I sealed the box and stacked them one above the other.

I wore my gloves and mask and delivered the pies to my newly made clients' doorstep. It hadn't even been an hour when I began to get texts appreciating the pies. All of my clients cherished my pie and a few even ordered it again. They spread the word about my pies, and I got 3 times the order I got last time. I was thrilled. The only complication I confronted through this experience was not understanding how much money should every pie cost. After hours of calculations, I came up with an appropriate amount. My summer break was ending, and I got jaded about making apple pies. I decided to make cookies and cinnamon rolls for my next vacation. I can proudly say that I learned a lot from my first business, and it turned out to be an exciting experience.

Aishani Agarwal, 9A-ICSE



Dark Dark Wilderness

Lush, green, immense, endless nature all around me.
The glow of the moon, bright as hope,
shined through the petals of the trees.
The smell of the wilderness lingered in the air.
And the sound of rustling leaves.
Wilderness, sleepy and calm,
yet so vicious.
You never know. What happens
in the dark. Dark wilderness.
Many creatures roam these areas:
creatures and critters, mammals and birds,
predators,
prey.
Wilderness, monstrosly populous
yet so mysterious.
You never know. What happens
in the dark. Dark wilderness.
An area of land
untrammeled by man,
where humans are visitors
who do not belong.
Wilderness, it offers many things
beauty, serenity, vegetation, water,
our essentials for survival.
Which we take for
granted.
Wilderness, vast and dense
yet so unknown.
You now know. That it is
dying.
Protect the wilderness.
Protect humanity

Eshaan Lokesh, 9A

The Visitor

My abode was a cold, lonely one. Strewn with empty wrappers, dishes lying around waiting for the first drops of cleansing soap to rid them of their stains, and floors littered with socks and other pieces of clothing, it was truly a pitiable place to live in. Long were the days here, and gloomy was my mood every time I looked out the window into the streets I once used to roam.

It had been days, no, weeks since the last time I came across one of my own kind, and the topic of my social skills that had long since withered away into nothing was one I contemplated heavily on. Every passing moment of mine had all faded into a blur, and there was no change in routine to tell my days apart from each other. It was a miserable and dreary existence, and how I would have longed for a companion to get me through the dark pit of loneliness I had succumbed to.

All until that fine day, when I finally heard that ear-piercing ring, a sound that had once made me submit to a cacophony of horrors, but now sent tingles up my spine in excitement.

“Ding dong.”

And the sight that lay in front of me as I swung open my door nearly took my breath away.

Standing on the porch was none other than a real, living person, who appeared to be here to see me. And although the bright rays of sunshine that seeped through behind me were blinding, they did nothing to eradicate the utter joy I felt as I stared in captivation at the surprise visitor. I could feel myself awakening again, sparks coursing through my body as my spirit that had been crushed to pieces after ages of isolation rose again. The fresh, musky scent of cheap deodorant, one that I had no idea how much I missed until I finally smelled it, hit me. I stared dumbfounded as the visitor placed something in my hands.

“Your package, sir.” The stranger muttered, as the hope in my eyes dwindled away again.

Aditi Bhamidi, 9A



The Door

At the end of the corridor, the closed door was waiting. I took a step forward.

My first steps. Parents smiling down at me. Someone laughing with joy in the background. An infant walker left behind, to slowly be forgotten as the time passed.

Another step. Another five years. A large, intimidating yellow bus, waiting by the house. Anxious eyes, darting around. My first day of school. I had spilled orange juice on my pants that day. It hadn't been a great start to my schooling life, but the journey from there had been worth it.

Ten years and many bad choices later, I had walked home, my backpack heavy with the weight of what would have been an insignificant piece of paper, if only it hadn't been for that little 'F' marked in red. The guilt, the self doubt, the scoldings, the crying. And finally, the turning point, setting a new life for myself and starting myself on the path to recovery.

The day I joined the student school council, the many assemblies I spent inspiring other students to believe in themselves and do the best they could, the day I graduated, the college applications, the letter of admission, my first day at college that I spent arranging my room and meeting new people, finding others with the same interests as me, the lectures, the parties. My first job interview being the first time I had to truly wear something formal, my first full time-job, buying my first car, the first time I did my own taxes, and the first time I bought a flat, a tiny one at that, but bought with my very own money.

The first time I met a special someone, the first time I realised they were here to stay, the first few years we spent together and the first time I held up a child of my own in my arms. The second time I held up a child of my own in my arms. Their firsts became mine, and I bore to witness all that I had experienced before, except this time, I was the outsider. The first time in many decades that I had not spent in an office, but at home instead, trying to while the hours away nevertheless. The many mornings I spent sitting on the front porch, watching others live through what I once was living through too.

And then, my last few days, in a hospital bed, surrounded by my family and friends, not a very large party, but consisting of those who had stayed by all this time, and that was enough for me.

I had spent my whole life experiencing new firsts, and today, I was finally going to experience my last. It was a long corridor, but I had finally crossed it. Taking a deep breath, I pulled down on the handle, slowly inching open the door, not in a scared fashion, but with the manner of one who was worn down and tired, and with the tranquil finality of someone who knew the end was near.

"Are you ready?" Death asked me, from the centre of the room.

"I am." I replied, smiling as I took its hand, and let myself be carried over onto the other side.

Aditi Bhamidi, 9A



The Bustling Kitchen

Although humidity usually gave off a sweaty and uncomfortable aura, the kitchens at The Taste Of Paradise weren't as such. It was warm, like standing in front of an oven as deliciously soft and fresh cake baked inside, and cosy, like coming back home on a cold night to find an already-lit and blazing fireplace awaiting you.

The warm, white light, seeping through into every nook and cranny of the kitchen made the entire place appear spotlessly clean, although the credibility of that illusion was questionable. The clinking of cutlery and the clanging of pots and pans rang out throughout the place, and in the background the continuous rumbling of dishwashers and scrubbing dishes squeaky clean sounded. Glancing around the busy kitchen swarming with shades of white all across, you could see the chefs scrambling about, trying to get to their respective stations before their timers hit zero, signalling that the food had been cooked.

Coffees were brewed, veggies were fried, and pancakes were tossed into the air by newer chefs who seemed to be unanimously competing on who could possibly entertain a watching customer more. Every seven seconds, a pressure cooker erupted out a cloud of steam,

disrupting the chaotic order of prevailing noise with its shrill, high-pitched sound, and quieting down, only to start over once again another seven seconds later.

The citrusy aroma of lemonade being juggled up and down in a closed tumbler clashed with the pungent one of garlic being chopped up for a plate of pasta, creating an acrid smell together. Chefs chattered amongst themselves in the fast food corner, a muffled choir of frantic explanations on what foods tasted the best, serving as the auditory backdrop of that area.

The water boiling on the stove bubbled up to the surface in a frenzied motion, unable to break the surface tension and float upward out of the steam, and hissed as it came in contact with cooler parts of the pot that hadn't yet been exposed to its scorching heat.

As the clock struck 3 and the restaurant closed down until dinner to give its employees a break, one of the chefs slid down against the wall onto the chillingly cool floor, letting out a sigh of exhaustion.

Aditi Bhamidi, 9A



Shrouded and Distorted

The lighthouse transformed the ocean into a fleeting display of light as we neared our destination. The rain appeared to be torrential yet it felt like a clement and calm night. As we advanced closer and closer, the rough and surging waves gradually mellowed. Amazingly, time itself seemed to slow from a march to a stroll, as we stepped on to the beach.

Immediately I observed multiple unusual features. The pale sand was resistant to rain and somehow seemed to have aged with the passage of time. Parts of the world around us looked distorted and warped, flecked with an effect of static. The blended colours of the night sky were partly tranquil and partly disturbed. The stars, one of the last reminders of normality, had faded behind enormous opaque clouds. The oddly geometric rock formations littered the strangely barren landscape. We were instantly confused about how empty the beach was. After all, we had arrived here because we'd heard of wonderful structures and formations, ancient beauty around every corner. Somewhat aimlessly, we started walking when suddenly, something truly astounding appeared out of the distortions in the air...

The horizon quickly disappeared as great ruins materialized all around us, conjured by the beach. We heard a resonant harmony from indiscernible directions, the music amplified near the distorted areas. Species of flora never seen before crept onto the towering walls, forming vivid, complex and intricate patterns. The ruins themselves were pastel pink in colour and appeared unaltered by the elements despite being derelict and partly rubble. Parts of the walls seemed to defy the laws of physics themselves, suspended by what we thought was magic. Multicoloured plants and grasses had quickly grown in absolutely uninhabitable conditions. After taking it all in, we decided to venture further into the mystical maze on the shore.

The lighthouse's light was frequently scattered by the distorted patches surrounding us, creating a frenetic display of light, fractured in various ways many times a second, projected onto the reflective walls of the ruins. Navigating our way around the labyrinthine and meandering corridors was difficult as the distortions dismantled our senses of time and direction. When we more carefully

observed the distortions, through the disorienting static, we could surprisingly catch glimpses of ourselves a few minutes in the past, and occasionally visions of a great stone monument. Unfortunately, we could not discern more details because the image faded back to static so quickly. When the dispersed light reflected off of the flora, their colours were shortly amplified; all around us there were brilliant, rapidly shifting bursts of colour. It was a vibrant, beautiful display of hues amidst a dark, mysterious atmosphere.

We felt like we were getting closer as we began to notice the ruins around us change in fascinating ways. The creeper plants on the walls became more iridescent, growing in an increasingly directionless manner. The distortions grew more intense and the music of the ruins had been drowned out by an indescribable noise coming from ahead. Somewhere around that direction at least, we could not understand where the way forward really was anymore. The sky was shifting between a calm morning and a stormy, turbulent night. Reality itself felt like it was beginning to warp beyond comprehension. We kept moving in the direction that the effects continued to magnify. Every way but forward was completely obscured by the distortion, and it was increasingly clear that we were nearing some kind of end. Suddenly, right as everything was becoming completely incomprehensible, we felt a surge of energy course through us as we were launched forward.

Upon getting up, we quickly looked behind us. The ruins were gone, just as rapidly and enigmatically as they had appeared before us. The beach was once again barren save for the rock formations. No trace of the great ruins, the plants or even most of the distortions and static. The lighthouse's light was normal once more. It was very late at night, so we had to return home quickly. Back on our boat, while my friends were frantically discussing the experience with great excitement, I kept to myself and was left with my own questions. What were those plant species? What were the distortions? What did I see through them? Where did the ruins come from? How could such a place exist?

I hope they can be answered someday.

Manav Das, 9A



The Rainstorm

A heavy mist hung over the city, and the tops of the tallest buildings were shrouded in pale grey, only a shadow left behind to tell of their existence. The air was cold and wet, and every movement felt like a dunk in freezing water. The pathways, laden with weeds, stones, insects, and whatnot, was now merely the bearer of a massive puddle, stretching to what could have been described as 'eternity and back'.

The grass on the sides glistened with hanging dew drops, and as you walked through it, you could feel the tingling spreading across your body as it came in contact with your bare skin.

Although the sun had already risen to welcome a new morning, only a slight, feeble, amount of it made it through to the ground, filtered by the blanket of fog wrapped loosely around the city. Across the whole

place, the earthy smell of raindrops and damp soil wafted around, and breathing into it felt like you were at one with nature and all things green.

In the distance, the melodious call of cuckoo bird singing could be heard, its shrill but sweet sounding voice carrying out for miles into the unknown, beckoning creatures from afar into a sense of gentle and serene torpor.

It was still early in the morning, and the absence of a cacophony of vehicles rushing past to where they had to be was like music to the ears. As the day began to progress, though, the constant chattering of joggers and cyclists filled the air, and slowly, what image of peaceful solitude had been building up before slowly began to dissipate into a nothingness.

Aditi Bhamidi, 9A

A Journey

A lone man walked across the desolate landscape with only coniferous trees in white coats for company. A hefty black bag, laden with basic supplies weighed down his drooping shoulders. He looked up at the cloudless, azure sky with his identically paletted eyes and let out a sigh, his warm breath condensing in the freezing cold air.

The faint crunches of his leather boots on the deep snow were the only sounds as he trudged on the bare, lifeless landscape. A dollop of snow from one of the towering trees fell on his fur-lined hood, the crown of the tree clouded by the misty winter fog. A vermillion fox abruptly sprung on his path and glanced at the clean-shaven face of the now still man for a brief moment before heading off on its way.

After a few hours of monotone walking, aided by the sun illuminating his tree-lined pathway from behind,

he surveyed his surroundings, scouting for a suitable place to make camp. Eventually settling on the shelter of a tall spruce tree flecked with cones, he laboured for an hour in the dying light to set up camp.

The sun descended into the horizon as he gathered firewood, bathing the sky in a picturesque display of orange and yellow lights with streaks of purple running down it for the ceremonious exit of the ball of gas. "The days get over too fast in winter," the man snorted to himself.

Finally setting down the firewood and lighting the fire, he sat down, sighing in contentment as he gazed at the moonless sky now filled with scintillating stars. Hints of a smile materialised on his weary face and all regretful thoughts had now been cast away.

Rachit Kumar, 9B



The Frame Up

“Don’t panic! I’m sure there’s a solution.” said Knowles to his friend James. “But I didn’t even do anything and I’m in jail, the prime of my life is going to be spent in jail” cried James. Knowles looked at the proud man with heavily built features sitting on the bench surrounded by gray featureless walls with sparse furniture.

“I will find the guys who framed you!” said Knowles with conviction. James looked at Knowles with rekindled hope, he knew that even if Knowles was a small man he was strong and intelligent. Knowles said, “I know that you would never engage in such unacceptable activities like drug smuggling” as he walked out of the cell.

Knowles knew that James had many enemies as he was the chairman of a large shipping company. He always thought that James’s deputy chairman was suspicious as it looked to him like he wanted to be the chairman and would go through any means to achieve it.

He started his investigation by tailing the deputy chairman and bugging his room. Then questioned the customs official at the airport who received the tip off that he was carrying drugs. He was going home for the night after surveilling the deputy chairman whose name was Crux as he later discovered.

When he heard the telephone ringing in Crux’s room from his headphones, he started listening in on the conversation. “Hello?” said Crux, “is he in jail.” asked in a raspy voice. “Yes,” replied Crux, his tone suddenly serious, “and no one has a clue we set it up,” chuckled Crux. “Then I will expect my payment at the Vermont hotel lobby at 11:00 p.m.,” said the raspy voice as he hung up.

Knowles knew that this was the key as he sat in the black van and waited for Crux to get in his car. An hour later Crux got in his car. An hour later Crux got

out of his house with a briefcase and drove off in the direction of the Vermont hotel with a black van following him furtively. He soon reached the hotel in ten minutes and waited outside his car till the man with the raspy voice met Crux.

At exactly 11:00 p.m. a man wearing black pants and a hoodie that covered his face tapped Crux on his back and they set off in the direction of Central Park. Knowles hurriedly got out of his car and followed the two men.

After five minutes of walking they reached Central Park and headed off to an obscure corner hidden by trees and bushes. Knowles suddenly stepped on a twig which broke with a loud noise and the two men turned immediately, the man with the black hoodie came running towards him.

Knowles fended off the blows one by one but he was tiring as he tried to edge out of the isolated place. He knew that he had to do something quick as he punched the man on the face with all the force he could muster but the mysterious man seemed unfazed and forced him to the ground, Knowles was losing hope.

When two policemen came running over and arrested the two men. They had been on the tail of the mysterious man for some time. Knowles visited his friend and jubilantly told him that he was going to be a free man as he had got enough evidence to win the case. James hugged his friend in exultation.

“Not guilty,” the judge announced in the dull courtroom, James now free while Crux and the mysterious man were sentenced to 10 years in prison. James now back at his job, the only difference being that the lunch break was dominated with the telling of his riveting story.

Rachit Kumar, 9B



An Otherworldly Visitor

At 12:04 AM I was just about to head to bed when I heard the chilling ring of the doorbell. After the initial shock, I became perplexed and questioned if my mind was playing tricks on me, but those thoughts were shattered completely when I heard it a second time, loud and foreboding. I hurried over to the door to answer it, and I opened it to see nothing that I had ever witnessed before.

Warily, I looked up to see a towering figure looming over me. They glanced down to look at me, but I could see no eyes. Only their shrouded face in the misty and gloomy October midnight. Terrified immediately, I moved back ever so slightly to get a better picture of the person who had visited. What I saw was even stranger.

Their coat was a hungry void, no light seemed to reflect off, a perfect and bizarre black shade. It was almost alien, it appeared to be a rip in the fabric of reality itself; I couldn't comprehend what I was seeing. As my eyes became adjusted to the deep dark night surrounding us, I could somewhat make out his figure. Eldritch abomination would be an understatement to describe the sheer absurdity of their appearance. Petrifying hissing and layered heavy breathing noises could be heard all of a sudden; a cacophony of the unknown, an outburst of auditory mayhem assaulted my ears.

They began to wriggle and writhe, becoming more voluminous and disfigured. My skin started to crawl as a million thoughts raced through my horrified mind.

My confusion grew as I wondered about the impossibility of them arriving here without being noticed. I tried to discern any features that would aid in such a task, but only found its pitch-black coat once more. Then, surprisingly, they began to speak, but amidst the sensory overload I could not understand a word at first. I couldn't find a mouth anywhere because the top of the creature had become an all-encompassing black hole of sorts. I could not tell how massive it was, but all I knew is that any glimmer of starlight had been utterly erased.

Its words gradually became clearer. In a deep, ominous tone, among the madness, it whispered, "We will be coming; you have been warned." With this, it vanished into the darkness, leaving me standing there, paralyzed by shock and awe. The night was at peace once more, but I was not. Fear hadn't even been able to set in before I'd sprinted back to bed.

Manav Das, 9A



Lifeless

The crisp smell of ammonia disinfectant cuts through the stench of grief and death. The combination is potent, and suffocating. The white tiles are pristine and glistening and look brand new, a sinister contrast to the people in here. The only sounds echoing through the empty corridor are the hushed whispers of doctors and nurses, and the sporadic digital chiming of the machines sustaining peoples' life forces.

I gaze through the glass at the frail form in the hospital bed, pressing my palms against the cold glass that separates us. She doesn't look like my sister. Her once flush face, full of life, is now pale and gaunt, with dark circles under her eyes. Her emaciated form is drowned by the overlarge hospital gown. Her lush hair has been reduced to barely there wisps, clinging stubbornly to her scalp. Her skin is paper thin, and even from a distance, I can see the purple-blue veins webbing across her body, like the path of a cold river. Her breathing is faint, and rattles on the way out. She is a ghost of her former self.

Much like everything else in the hospital, the room is drab, with nothing but stark white walls, and depressingly scarce decor. The few frames on the wall

hold superficial inspirational quotes, moot in this setting. The only furniture is the hospital bed, and a small armchair beside it, where my father sits. He looks just as exhausted as my sister. Insomnia has carved itself into his appearance, and he struggles to keep his bloodshot eyes open. Suddenly, all the noises in the hallway falter, and I am left in an eerily quiet stillness, like the calm before a storm.

The heart monitor beside my sister starts to chime loudly. Doctors in starched coats rush into the room, pushing my father aside. They bring with them strange instruments, and syringes of chemicals I'll never know the name of. As I watch, they attempt to force life back into the feeble remainder of a once lively person. They inject her with every manner of medicine, and the nurses bark orders at each other. Their voices are muffled from behind the glass, merely faint rumbles of changing pitch. They believe they can still bring her back, but as I see it, watching from the other side, their efforts are futile. She stopped living a long time ago.

Sanjana Kartikeyan, 10A

Afghan Children: A Ray of Hope

Scared to play, scared to fray,
For They will catch them.

Scared to study, scared to be free,
For They will not leave them.

Scared to let the world hear them,
For They have instilled fear in them.

Scared to live, scared to laugh,
For They will hurt them.

But hey! You can still dream,
Of a moonlight beam.
For dreams cannot be crushed,
And voices cannot forever be hushed.

Asmita Mangipudi, 10A ICSE

The Saviour

The road she must take,
Is full of despair.

It is not a stroll by the lake,
Of her image she must take care.

For a Saviour she is,
A Saviour she has to be.

The twelve tasks mount upon her head,
Her heart is made of lead.

A long struggle against her fears,
To prevent others' tears.

For a Saviour she is,
A Saviour she has to be.

Asmita Mangipudi, 10A ICSE



A Warrior's Quest

A cool breeze blew down the rough mountainside, leaving the hypnotic hiberiums dancing in its wake. With soft magenta petals and a heavenly aroma, these flowers were capable of bringing the most heartbroken soul to peace. Shining under the pale moonlight, the hiberiums unleashed the torrent of raw emotion I struggled to keep within me.

Shortly after my parents' assassination at the palace, Uncle Kendrick had brought me to see the very hiberiums that swayed carelessly in front of me. After the king and queen fell, the burden of the crown fell upon the small shoulders of my younger brother Dylan.

Overwhelmed by the sense of loss we tried tirelessly for four back-breaking years. Assisted by Uncle Kendrick, we did all we could to fill the void of power our parents left behind. However, it was not enough, the skirmishes at the Northern Border were becoming more frequent, each one planting a seed of doubt in our already agitated citizens.

As more of our allies withdrew their support, we were forced to find other means to help our people survive. Now our kingdom was at the brink of collapse. With the persistent threat of invasion and the dwindling faith of our people I knew that the only way we could save our land was if we fought united under one man. One who was both militarily shrewd and beloved by our citizens. Someone they would be willing to die for.

I could think of only one noble hero worthy of such a task - Rynlin. He had to be put in cryostasis after succumbing to a rare form of coma at the age of 25, a few years older than me. He was the great king who conquered

the lands our family was tasked to rule. The only known remedy was the Arcandum elixir. It was fabled to cure anyone who drank a drop from every illness as long as they had a pure heart.

But such strong magic like all magic came with a price. One that our family was finally willing to pay, or should I say was willing to pay. I knew both Uncle Kendrick and Dylan would not assist me. In fact, they would do everything they could to stop me.

So, I snuck out in the dead of night. Before my departure I filled my quiver with arrows enchanted to end the invincible beast that guarded the Arcandum elixir. I had spent many nights collecting the ingredients for the magical arrows.

The den of the elixir's guardian was said to be at the summit of a mountain surrounded by a hundred feet of hiberiums to deter anyone from seeking the deadly magic. However, my innate sense of responsibility for my kingdom helped combat the alluring fragrance of the hiberiums.

It was almost dawn when I arrived at the beast's den. A pile of bones lined the entrance with death lurking around it. It contrasted sharply with the beautiful flowers that surrounded it. An overwhelming sense of fear gripped me as I furtively crossed the distance to the den that radiated death.

I peeked inside; the den was a cave devoid of all forms of life except for a pool of liquid that glowed with power. I cautiously went deeper into the cave, notching my enchanted arrows, my bow at the ready. No one seemed to be home. Thanking my lucky stars, I filled my flask with Arcandum elixir, drowning the flask in the shiny liquid.

Cont...



After I filled the flask, I turned around and sprinted, not wanting to spend another moment in this cocoon of death. I was a dozen feet away when a winged creature swooped in. Moving into the shadows, it appeared to become part of it. The swirling darkness then morphed into the shape of a human. Taking aim, I left the arrow shooting one after the other, but none of them seemed to hit the infernal creature.

Soon, I reached back to an empty quiver. Frozen by terror I watched as the human shadow solidified. I watched agape as it covered the distance between us. Then I saw emerald green eyes staring at me. Those eyes were filled with such pain and ancient sorrow. It looked as if it were millennia old.

The shadow then seeped into the pores of my skin. What I saw terrified me. The green foliage of the mountains was replaced by barren land and my castle was reduced to ruins. Vultures swooped in from the blood-tainted sky feasting on the dead bodies left by war. I then heard a deep voice resounding in my head.

‘What you have just witnessed were the consequences of awakening Rynlin with the Arcandum elixir,’ it said in a melancholic voice.

‘Like the ones that preceded you I give you a choice. You can try fighting your way and risk dooming your kingdom to the fate you witnessed. On the other hand, you can allow me to possess you and lead your kingdom to victory.’

Recalling the pile of bones outside I imposed my own conditions.

‘I shall let you take control of me as long as my people and loved ones do not suffer,’ I responded with fierce determination.

Agreeing to my terms, the shadow tethered itself to me and I retreated to a dark corner in my mind. I waited, hoping that Dylan could forgive me for taking away another loved one from him. I rested in peace with the knowledge that Uncle Kendrick would still remain to help him through life. Then I succumbed into eternal sleep, wondering what would happen if my parents had not died.

Tanush Sharma, 10A



The Rebellion

The high-pitched squawk that was my alarm wrenched me from the warm embrace of my dreams to the cold touch of reality. I heaved myself out of bed with a gargantuan effort, and began freshening up for work. As I sipped my coffee, I flipped through the channels on my Silver Screen. The same Up High propaganda was being broadcast everywhere. I checked for any messages before stepping out through my door.

As I entered the corridor, the eye-like camera at the far side swivelled and fixed on me with its unblinking gaze. I made my way up to the telebarrier, entered the address of my office and stepped through the hazy mist-like wall. I emerged to the usual roar of the masses outside the building. I didn't not envy our security guards. Sometimes a protester would break past and into the lawn, only to be stopped by a bullet from a turret. But that never stopped them from trying.

I entered the elevator, and I momentarily forgot my floor, and my hand hovered over the largest number. No, you can never go to the top floor. I pressed the number next to it instead. I felt the increase in pressure as the elevator glided upwards, and the doors slid open. As I made my way down the bland concrete corridor, a muffled explosion went off, causing the whole building to rumble, and dust fall from the ceiling.

I rushed to the nearest window and looked down on the lawns. A horde of bodies was surging towards the building. Soldiers were opening fire without restraint, but for every body that fell, two more took its place. The turrets lay limp and smoking, and without their assistance the guards were soon overwhelmed. The Rebels sent scouting parties into the building to clear any

stragglers. I could hear their cheers from up here. They had finally breached the Office of the High.

My mind started to work quickly. I was trapped on this floor, as undoubtedly they would have control over the elevators. I contemplated hiding in my office and hoping they would pass me by, but that was just sitting around and waiting for my demise. I stuck my head out of the window then looked up. Yes, it was definitely possible. I was high enough that their bullets would be inaccurate, but also high enough that if I slipped it would be a one-way ticket to Heaven. But it was a risk I was willing to take. If I stayed there I was as good as dead anyways, and surely the Most High would be able to resolve this. He could not have held onto his country for a hundred years otherwise.

I tugged the rug off the floor, and braided it so it resembled a rope. I then stuck my head out the window and used the make-shift rope like a lasso. I tugged on it and it held firmly. I took a breath then slowly eased myself out onto the ledge, and began the gruelling climb.

It took all of my mental strength not to look down. Sweat beaded my forehead and drenched my back. To make matters worse, bullets started to whizz around me. I cursed; I had misjudged the range of their weapons. The windowsill of the top floor floated tantalizingly close. A bullet thudded into the concrete next to me, spraying my eyes with fine dust. My muscles were screaming and straining and my fingers were redder than an apple. Just as my grip was slipping I felt the ledge. I pulled myself over and lay there panting, my arms benefiting massively from the sweet relief.

Cont...



Once I had recuperated fully, I took stock of my surroundings. I was in an office nearly identical to mine, with nothing personal, just plain and drab furniture. I pushed through the steel door and into a corridor with a large wooden door at the end.

My feet sank into the wonderfully soft rug and I gazed at the intricately carved walls, lined with the solemn portraits of the many former leaders of Greater Dignitas, or the Most Highs. I moved down the hall, and as I was about to knock on the heavy oak door, a booming voice commanded 'Enter!' and stopped me in my tracks.

I tamped down an increasing amount of apprehension and pushed open the door. What I saw on the other side took my breath away. The ceiling was impossibly high and was held up by ornately sculpted marble pillars. The buttresses were festooned with golden curtains and in the centre of the room was a throne. It sat proudly in the centre, one of the smaller objects, but commanding you

to gaze in awe upon it. It seemed to emit its own halo, and perched upon it was the Most High himself.

He stood up and walked over to me. As he got closer I saw he was an android, but his face was quite life-like. He said in the same booming voice, 'There is a telebarrier behind the throne, take it. I followed your progress with great interest. Your bravery will be rewarded.' 'What about you?' I asked in response. 'I am going to quell this rebellion for once and for all. Do not fear for my life. I am everywhere.'

With that he began fiddling with a device on his left forearm. I entered my address, and took one last look at the throne room before stepping through. I emerged into my living room, and looked out of the window just in time to see a mushroom cloud blooming in the distance, as beautiful as it was deadly.

Suhail Kyle Karandikar, 10A



A Moment of Doubt

I woke up to a sharp sensation on my thigh, my eyes opened involuntarily and noticed an emerald, green bug sucking my blood with glee. I jerked my leg, and it flew away leaving its artistic experiments on my leg. I stood up as I had lost my will to sleep but my leg started to bleed profusely, I tore a small section of my robe and tied it around my leg to try and stop the bleeding. It was quite painful compared to the size of the wound. I took a deep breath and slid on my coat and boots. "The day is finally here" I thought as I stepped out of my tent.

I stepped out on fresh white glistening snow. The temperature was well below freezing point, and it was proven by the snow-clad mountains. The midnight sun gazed at us from the purple sky creating an eerie and tense atmosphere as if it knew the purpose of this day as well as I did. The towering mountains created a shadow over our camp which made it even colder in the valley.

I often credited Jonson for his incredible and strategic mind, but it was never enough. "Ought to find a new wife, that man", I thought to myself as it was obviously not healthy to always be engrossed in work. The soldiers were already up. Carrying their torches and guarding the entrances whilst bearing chainmail and sheathed swords. I entered Jonson's tent and the man looked like he was up all night, and he probably was. "My king", he uttered and bowed. He stood up from his table and guided me towards his workplace. He offered me a chalice of mead and started to elaborate on our situation. "The ravens bring news that Alec's army is marching north 100,000 strong along with a dozen or so elephants", he mentioned, "they'll be upon us by sunset my king", he added. "Elephants won't be able to survive

the north" I smirked and remarked while staring into the horizon.

I left the tent and untied my wound. It was still reddish with a burning sensation. I slid my foot out and plunged it into the snow. The nerve tingling was gone now. Time flew by and the seed of impending war implanted itself into the minds of each and everyone at camp. The only thing which could be heard was the howling of the winter winds until the cawing of the crow rang across the valley. They had arrived.

In the distance a crawling mass of silver clad knights was approaching. The evening sun reflected from their armour and conjured a sea of molten silver lava. Out of this sea one little goldfish caught the eye. "Typical Alec", I thought to myself. Ever since we were kids, he liked to stand out and be "exotic"; he never wore the same outfit ever again. Quite evidently the habit had stuck with him even now. "Hold", I ordered as their army kept narrowing as they approached the valley. I went up to the front and looked back at my men. We were no match number wise, and I could smell the tension within me. It was justified though; this was certain defeat, but we wouldn't back down from protecting our wives and kids. Jonson trudged along to my side and put his arm across my shoulders. "Too young to die Jonny" I blurted out while staring at the incoming army.

"We won't be here when we die Steve; why are you afraid?" he answered monotonously. I laughed out loud and looked at him. The sounds of bellowing men was now audible," It was nice knowing Jonny, " I whispered. My eyes swelled up with tears. "For Scandia!", I exclaimed, and my echo was immediately drowned by the roaring of men and thudding of elephant hooves as we charged.

Cont...



In no time the clanging of steel against steel and cries of men filled the air. The stench of blood and sweat hit me like a kick to the lungs. I wielded my sword and swayed to the music of war, swinging my sword gracefully cutting through metal and flesh like a hot blade to butter. In the midst of battle, I caught a glimpse of Alec. His helmet was off, and his raven black, long hair was plastered across to his face. His jawline looked like it could cut glass and his pale white ghostly skin made him look like a phantom gifting death via an obsidian sabre. We locked eyes and moved towards each other, once in range he swung his sword at my neck, and I parried it with my hilt. I punched him across the face and tripped him up. I held his chest with my heel and one look at his brown eyes caused memories to gush in at an overwhelming rate into my head.

I was the older one given the responsibility of taking care of Alec once our parents died. I oversaw his training and was the one who sent him on his first missionary order, but I had let him down and traded him away for the throne of Scandia. This mistake, which I had regretted my entire life, had finally come to bite me or more precisely kill me. Alec

was now the general of the opposition and chosen specifically to take me down because of my soft spot for family. I couldn't plunge my sword into his neck, I stopped midway, a moment of doubt cost me immeasurable time, Alec quickly reached for his blade and knocked me on the side of the head. I staggered backwards and he took the opportunity to stab me into the stomach. I looked across the field to find Jonson's body protruding from an elephant's tusks. I smiled at Alec. "So this is how it ends, huh!" I worded as blood spurted from my mouth. "Goodnight, Steve!" he muttered as he removed the blade from my body. I fell to the ground and was losing my consciousness. The pain was unbearable. A constant burn in my guts as the cold air was hitting my insides. Beads of perspiration trickled down my brow and the salty liquid made my lips crackle of dryness "I'm sorry" I cried, "I'm sorry too" said Alec as he stabbed me again and darkness consumed me. The little cub did not just bite the hand which fed him, he had gone straight for the jugular and did not miss.

Aditeya Kayal, 10A



Remorse

I was in front of his house. The area was plush, with greenery on one side and mansions on the other, housing the wealthy with too many cars to fit in the garage. Rich people problems! As I took the keys out of my pocket. A moment of doubt hazed over me. "Should I be doing this? Did he deserve it?" I thought to myself, staring at the obsidian black door. "Yes, yes he does". And so I entered.

The inside was no different from the outside. Magnificent paintings from well-known artists lined the bone-white walls, with little room to spare for the charcoal grandfather clock. Photos of his family were placed neatly on wooden shelves, with other tchotchkes. A huge 85" television hung on the opposite wall, big enough to make even John Cena cry. And a petite kitchen was on the left, filled with nothing but bags and a small stove, presumably because food was ordered every night.

I realised I got distracted for a second. "Time to move on".

I walked into the master bedroom, and couldn't help but gag. There was a dead body on the bed. Worms and hands were dotted sporadically on the carcass, and a sea of flies bigger than Times Square were above. Out of curiosity and boredom, I looked at 'his' face. It was my dad.

That sealed the deal. I cried my eyes out, a whole river of tears streaming down my cheeks. I couldn't save him. All of a sudden, a ball of guilt swelled up inside me. Why didn't I do anything? The wasted time caught up, and I remembered what I was here for.

I lit my cancer-stick, bobbing it to make little circles of smoke in the air. I couldn't save my dad, but at least I could ruin Bob's life. And so I dropped the cigar.

There was first a small flame on the once clean bed, which rapidly spread like bacteria on food. I was soon enveloped in the blaze. I couldn't think straight. The air was as thick as molten sand, and even a breath took much effort. Drops of liquid concrete pooled around the bed. All creatures flew away. Spikes of pain shot up my body like a seismograph during an earthquake. Lines of flame serpentine around me, and waves of heat tried to drown everything in its path. But I stood there, staring at the melting face of my once loving father.

I suddenly got up and looked around me. "What have I done?" The terrifying thought that I set this home ablaze was overbearing on me, and I quickly ran out, hoping to save my life at least. The irascible man in me almost got me killed.

The car was unlocked, so I got in, shut the door, and drove off to God knows where. I just wanted to get out. I stopped at a shack on the road, and stared incredulously at the building, feeling the pain wrap around me like a scarf. No matter what I did, no matter what I tried, the guilt always pulled me back into the ocean of remorse, like a riptide on the shore.

I couldn't do anything for Bob's family. I couldn't do anything for Bob. I couldn't offer my father a proper burial. I couldn't return what they had lost.

So, with that final thought in mind, I wrapped around the road and drove straight to the police station, to pay for my crime.

Ansh Kumar, 10A



The Invitation

Everything stopped, frozen in time like a framed picture. It felt exactly how John had imagined it would. Dread filled him as he saw the black envelope in his usual pile of mail. Everyone knew what it meant. He was going to die in the next forty-eight hours, and Death had invited him to dinner.

He put aside all his other mails, and carefully lifted the golden seal off the ebony black paper. And even as he saw the “D” in fancy lettering stamped into the seal, John wondered if it wasn't Death, but just a cruel person playing a prank on him. He was proven wrong seconds later when he found a thick black card with golden lettering. It stated that he, John Saeger, was going to die tomorrow. Below the message was Death's signature. On the back of the card, there was an address and a time, 20:00, 22 November.

It was already 11 in the morning, and he knew that he should have got up from his dining table and gone out and tried to enjoy the day. Spend the day with his loved ones (had he had any) or go on one last adventure. But he just couldn't move. He was just thirty-one. He was a good person, this shouldn't have been happening to him. He recycled his trash, he used environmentally friendly bags when he went grocery shopping, he was a good person. He was just thirty-one.

John had spent all day on that chair, thinking and thinking and thinking. Maybe this was all a nightmare and all John had to do was get to the end of it. Maybe it was all true and he was finally going to find out what happens after death. Maybe he was already dead. The sun was already setting, turning the sky into a palette of pretty pinks and purples. If he wanted to reach the place on time, he had better be out of his house in the next twenty minutes, and he felt like Death wasn't one to be kept waiting.

So John put on his finest suit, combed his raven hair to perfection, got his car out, and drove. This was going to be his last drive, his last night. It was cruel and unfair, but it was also life. And so, by the time he pulled into the driveway of the massive mansion and got out of his car, he had accepted it. He was going to die tomorrow. He used the skull-shaped door knocker and as if by magic the door opened by itself. “Come in! Come in! You are a few minutes late.” John stopped moving, breathing even, but after a pause Death said, “Don't worry, it's not like I am going to kill you for that. At least not yet,” the deep voice beckoned from inside and John stepped in. The door closed behind him.

Radhika Beriwal 10B



Pumpkin Spiced Caramel

A swirl of pumpkin spice wafts through the air, the slightest hints of caramel and cinnamon tickling the tip of Joanne's nose. The sweetness of it is so sickening that she can taste it. Handing the spiced caramel latte to the young lady, Joanne works up a crooked smile to the customer as she waits for the next one in line to order.

It is a Thursday like none other, eddies of people swirling into and out of the shop. The once pleasant jingle- jangling of the bell now feels like two metal plates clanging against each other, the haphazard chorus of noise carving dents into her brain. Just a few feet in front of her stands a man dressed to the nine, his eyes a pleasant shade of emerald, nose sharp and skin almost gleaming as sunlight seeps through the tinted glass windows. Her eyes meet the glowing green orbs and cannot help but notice the dark bags that come with them.

The line grows impatient and hordes of people flood the cafe with no care in the world. Orders swarm in and Joanne thinks she can no longer smell the bitterness of the coffee, her nose feeling numb. Order after order, she can feel her smile tremble into something less genuine. Exhaustion seeps into every muscle of her body, and it cuts her to the bone.

Ninety minutes later and Joanne can hear the softest cries, a baby gurgling chirpily and clapping her hands together. The balsamic scent wafers through the air, a scent all too comforting. The mother's unabashed adoration for the baby is enough to lift Joanne's spirit as she closes the register and hands over the bill.

The late morning rush slows down into a steady pace before picking up just before sunset. The subtle hues of pink and gold dancing around

shift into something more sombre, as though the sun did not want to be out either.

The jangling of the bells starts again, except it is accompanied by a clattering of mugs as a customer walks over to the counter in a frenzy. With customers rollicking with each other, the atmosphere shifts into something more cheerful and Joanne is reminded of the holiday season and how much she longs for it.

The lingering warmth in the cafe is not enough to change the numbness and fatigue Joanne feels crawling up her limbs but is enough to get her through the day. Her shift is almost over when she feels a subdued glow on her face as she watches the sun go down in hues of purple, the slightest of blues. The shades of colours meld into each other so effortlessly like celestial bodies harmoniously in love.

Thirty minutes later and Joanne's stomach is rumbling; it sounds so loud she is sure everyone in the shop can hear it. She manages to down a grainy muffin and a rather odd-looking cookie to ease the consistent grumbling. In the last fifteen minutes, she manages to sneak open her copy of "Leaves of Grass" by Walt Whitman (her favourite poet), leafing through the pages for some semblance of comfort before serving the last customer and clocking out for the day.

Opening the door, Joanne hears the jangling of the bell one last time before wandering around town for a bit. When her legs start to give in, she calls for a taxi and stares dumbfoundedly at the panoramic view beyond the window- the night sky clearer than ever and the wafer of a moon scintillating in the darkness.

Nitya Vishnupad, 10B



Sleepless

Sleep was not easy to come that night. I knew, the closer the night progressed to daybreak, the closer my final trial in court, my judgement loomed. That day, the cold and bare cell bed felt even more dreadful and bleak.

I lay motionless, staring up at the unpainted and now familiar ceiling. Even without the soft, subtle moonlight entering through the high barred window, I could picture every stain on the ceiling clearly. They were almost like stagnant stars in the sky.

The four walls of this cage were a dull lifeless grey, only the artistic carvings or the imprints of madness of its previous inmates glowed and reflected the moonlight. The rusted loose knobs of the dirty ivory sink, sitting in a corner, dripped water in a slow monotonous rhythm; like a time bomb ticking away in slow motion.

The stone - cold, rock - hard bed under me was stiff and unaccommodating. Once in a while, my body would react to the cold and send shivers down my spine. Although after a point, I could no longer tell if it was the cold or apprehension for the next day.

The thick, but rag-like blanket on me did nothing to keep me warm. The spontaneous, piercing gusts of wind allowed themselves through the window and found me through slits in the quilt, chilling me to the bones. Occasionally, the fraction of heavy clouds visible from the frameless window grumbled to sympathise with my discomfort.

In the distance, one watchdog let out a long, sorrowful howl, his companions followed suit. They continued their loud, dissonant and melancholic melody, each howl longer than the last. Their tragic song finally reached a crescendo and came to an abrupt stop.

The sturdy grandfather clock in the mess hall struck three o'clock. A loud gong resonated; once, twice and finally thrice. Daybreak was nearing and so was my judgement.

My body ached and my eyes began to get weary, but sleep was not an option. Anxiety had me in its strong grip. Wild thoughts ran untamed through my head. An eddy of emotions engulfed me. The first rays of sunlight crept in, bringing with them my drowning hopes.

Kashvi Gupta, 10B



Exploring the Infinity

The infinite is familiar,
Yet filled with uncertainty.
It is freeing,
Yet it appears to be a closed loop,
An unyielding maze,
A circle.

Then, is it the circle of life?
Is it repetitive,
Or endlessly changing?
Is it the familiar path I walk everyday,
Or a drive to a new dimension?

Maybe it is both.
Maybe it is the view from a ship sailing across the Pacific,
Everchanging, yet familiar,
The ocean stretches out vast, it appears infinite,
Yet it is only the ocean.
No land in sight,
Water becomes the only constant,
Yet it is different from yesterday's.

It drives me to insanity,
Too vast to view,
Too unchanging to capture my interest,
And too abstract to comprehend.

Then why do I yearn for it?
Why do I strive to achieve that which is unreachable?

The infinite beckons me,
The infinite void, the infinite unknowns,
The longing to see beyond my horizons,
Learn what I do not know,
And explore the world that I am yet to see.

It is me,
I am my own infinity,
And this infinity is me.

Alankrita Shisodia, I PUC

Finding Ourselves

Perhaps the only inherent meaning of life, is to find ourselves – in everything we do, by catching glimpses of what we're made of. In the stories we know (that character is literally me!) and in the music we hear (I could engrave those lyrics on my gravestone). In those, in whose images we form ourselves, and in our mothers – to stitch ourselves into the memory of their cadence. In the stains left behind in our coffee mugs and in the softness of our favourite sweaters. In wistful sighs, tranquil silences and racing raindrops. In our songs and in our dances, in our drawings and in our games with convoluted rules – all an expression of something inexplicable and elusive – 'me'. In our parents and in our friends, in our lovers, to whom we plea – "Know me. Learn my body, my mind and my soul. Learn me so I may see myself reflected in you."

We starve and cut ourselves raw to find some truth written on jutting bones beneath our skin. Our affections reiterate themselves infinitely, so we may discover ourselves in the smiles of those we love, in the happiness in their voices and in the glitter in their eyes.

In every moment of joy and of pain - in every moment of life – we try to find ourselves. Perhaps that's what all the dreams and ideals really come down to – to comprehend ourselves through the traces we'd like to leave behind. Perhaps at the end of our lives we'll have realised that in trying to find ourselves, we created ourselves.

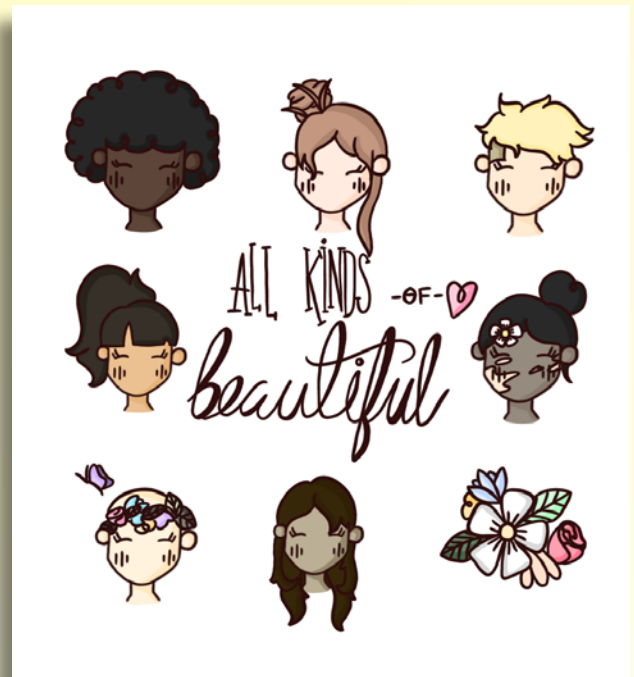
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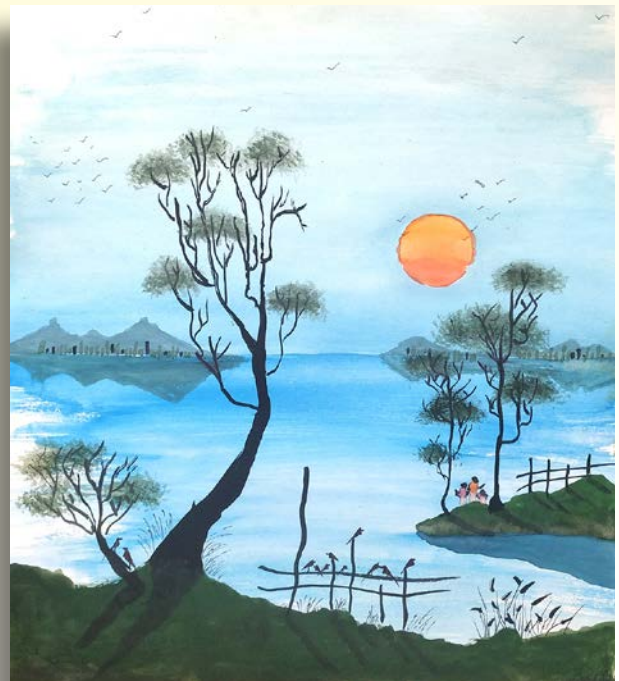
Aadi Bhattathiripad, 9A-ICSE



Aditi Nair, 7A



Akshara Balu, 9A



Aisha K P, 5B



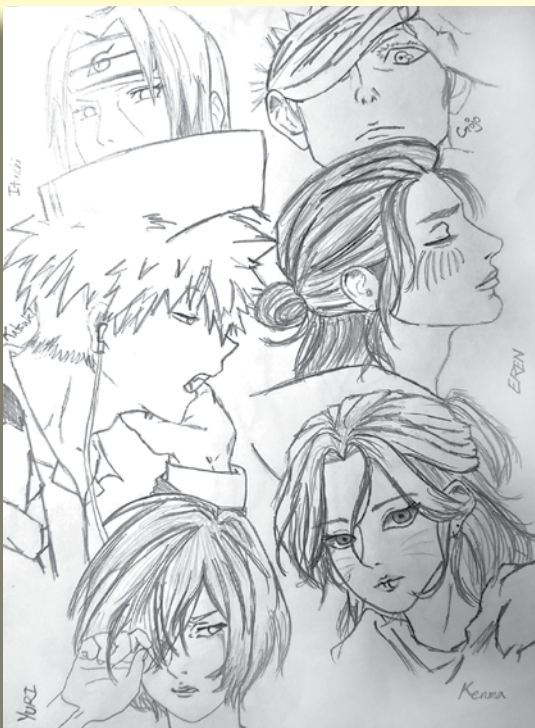
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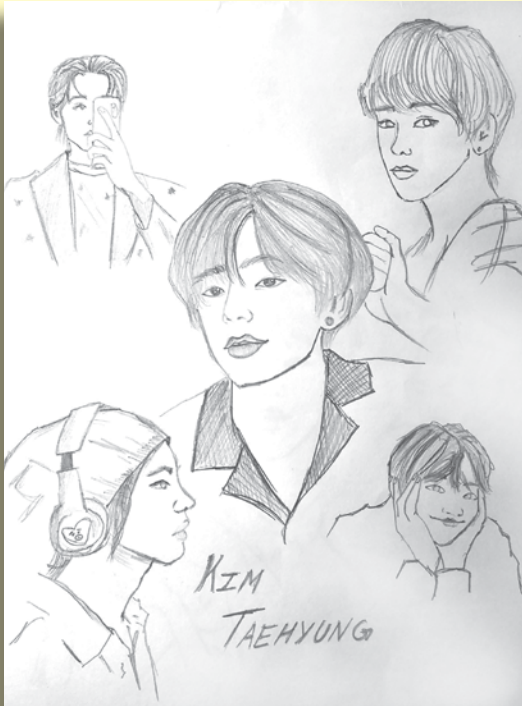
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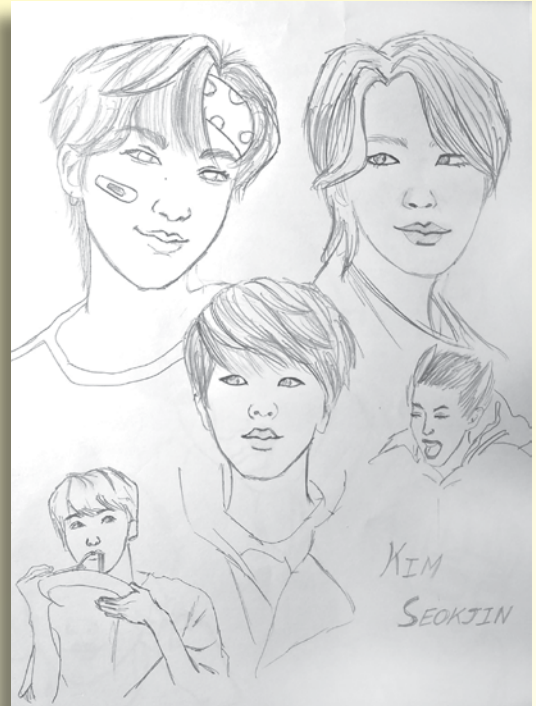
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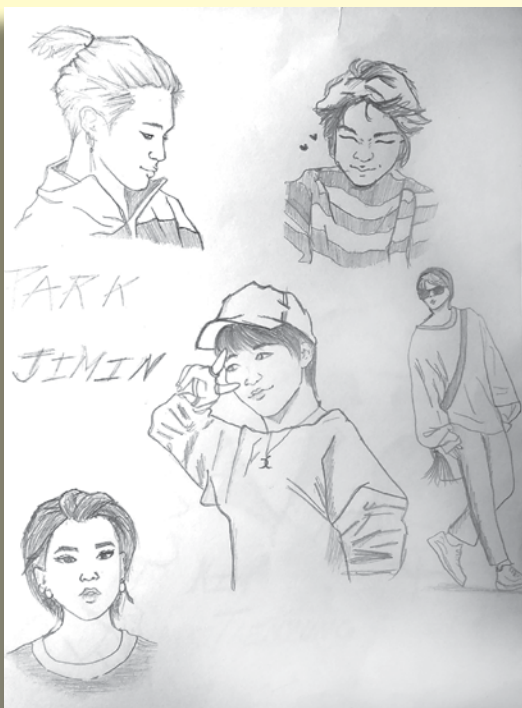
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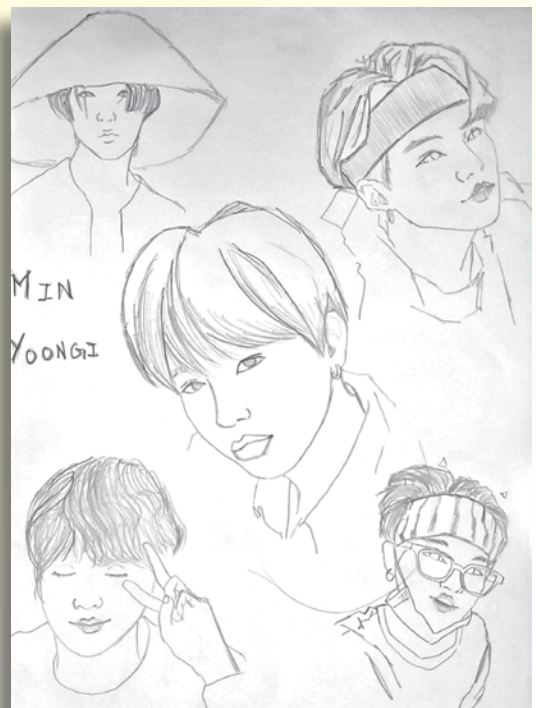
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Anushka Bose, 9A-ICSE



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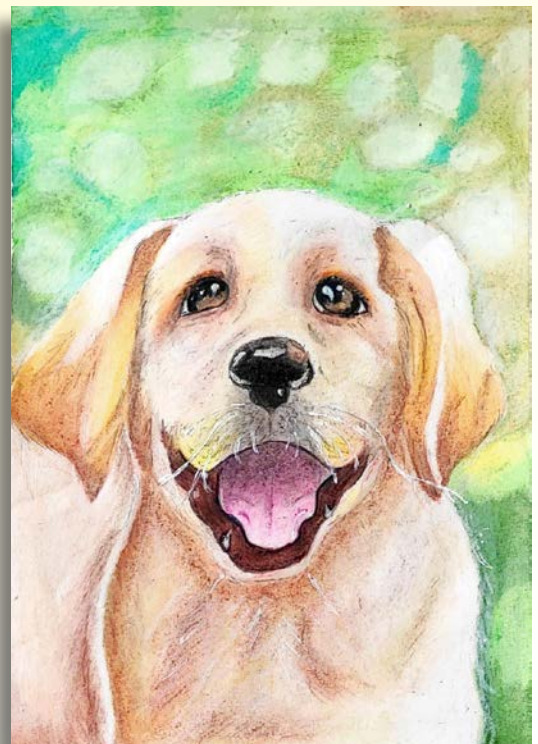
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Ashlesha Agarwal, 8A-ICSE



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Eshaan Bopanna, 10A-ICSE



Eshaan Lokesh, 9A



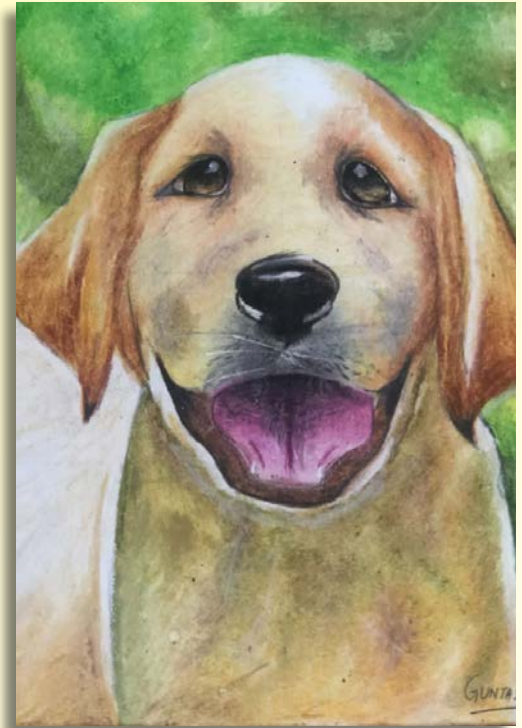
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Eshaan Lokesh, 9A



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Guntas Kaur - 8A



Jiah Bansal, 9A-ICSE



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Joanne Mariam Daniel, 4B



Krish P Singh, I PU- S1D



Krithik H, 1A



Krish P Singh, I PU- S1D



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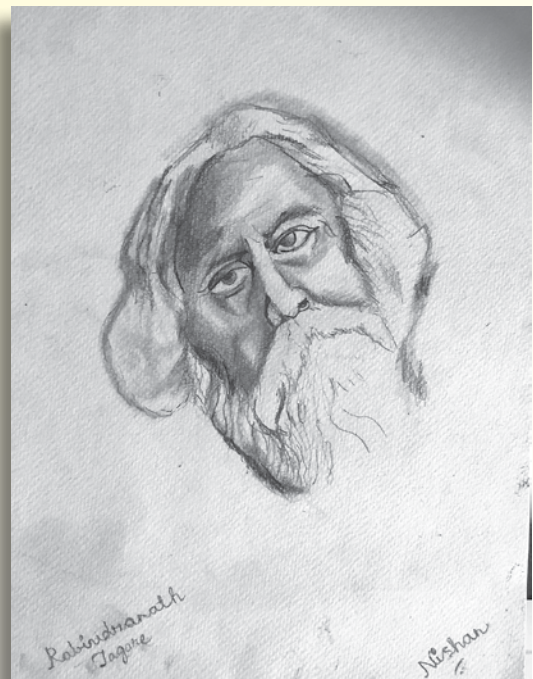
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Nandini Guleria, 9A-ICSE



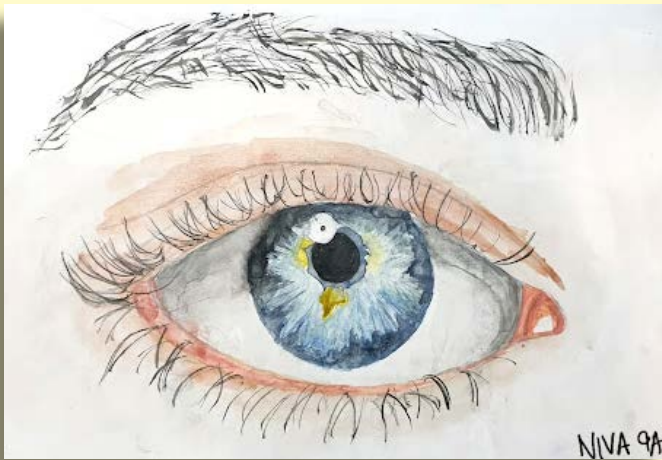
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Olivia Mahajan, 8A-ICSE



Olivia Mahajan, 8A-ICSE



Pari Dutt, 9A



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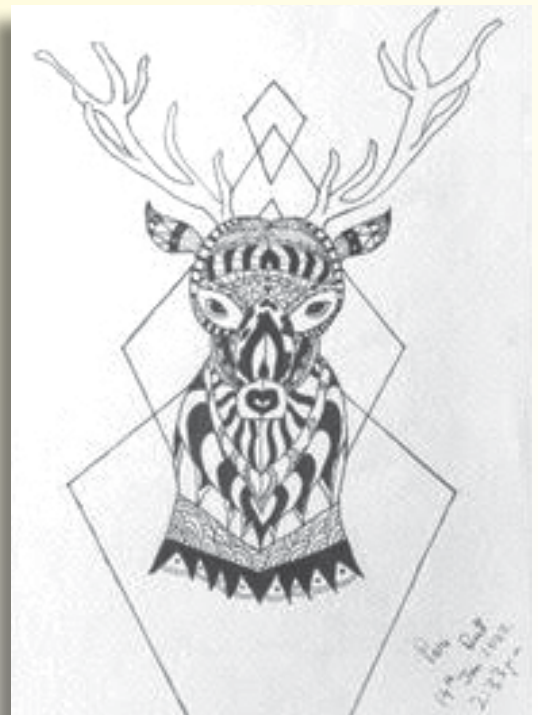
Prisha Singh, 7B



Pari Dutt, 9A



Reshma Premkumar, 9A-ICSE



Pari Dutt, 9A



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Reshma Premkumar, 9A-ICSE



Reshma Premkumar, 9A-ICSE



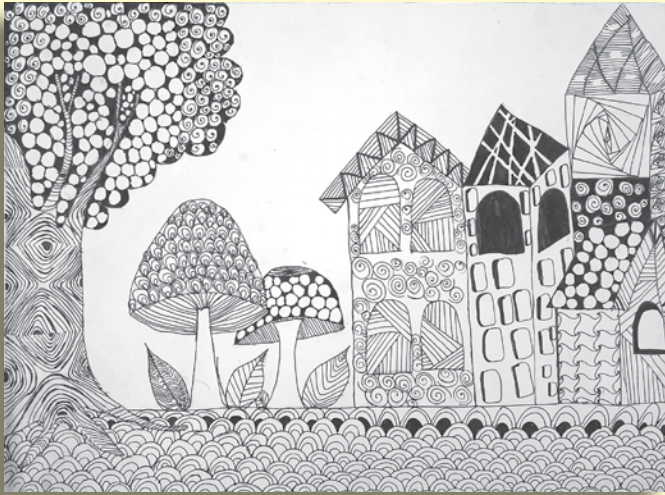
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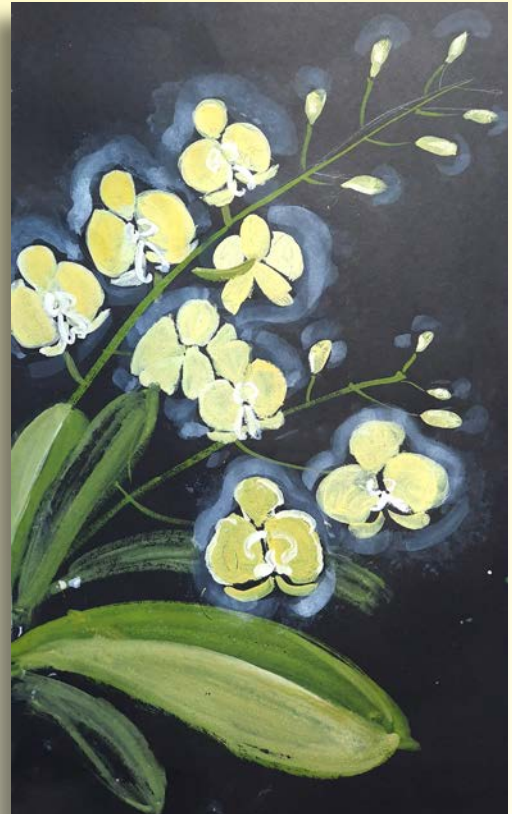
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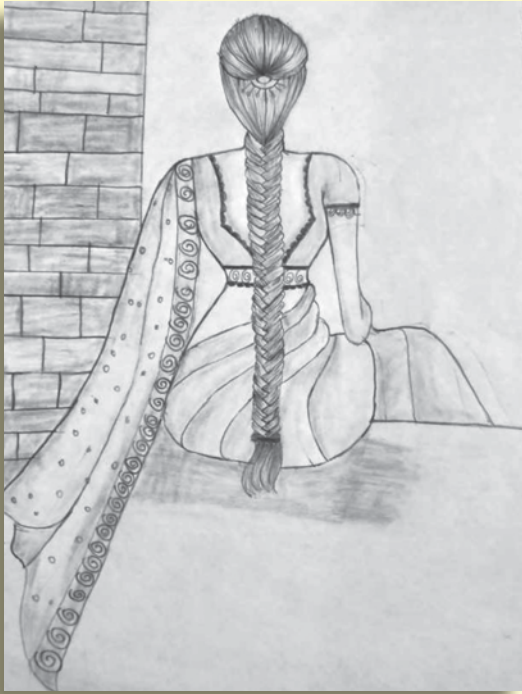
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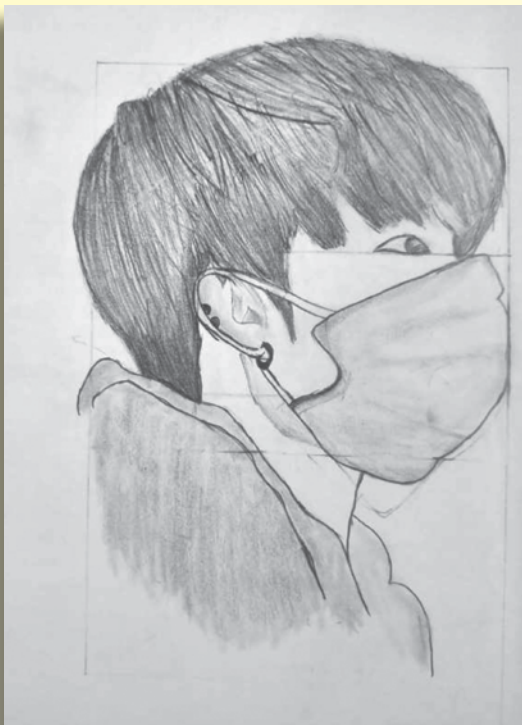
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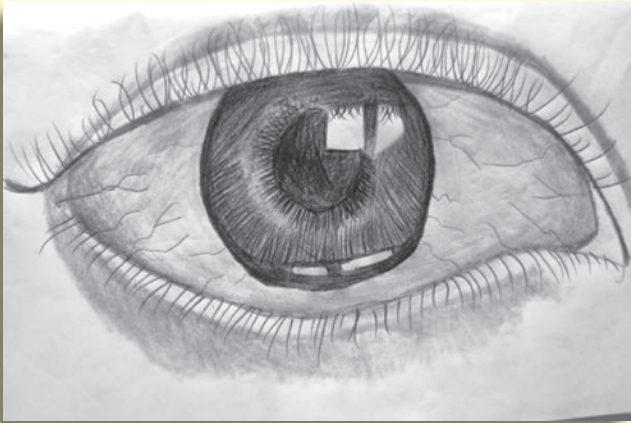
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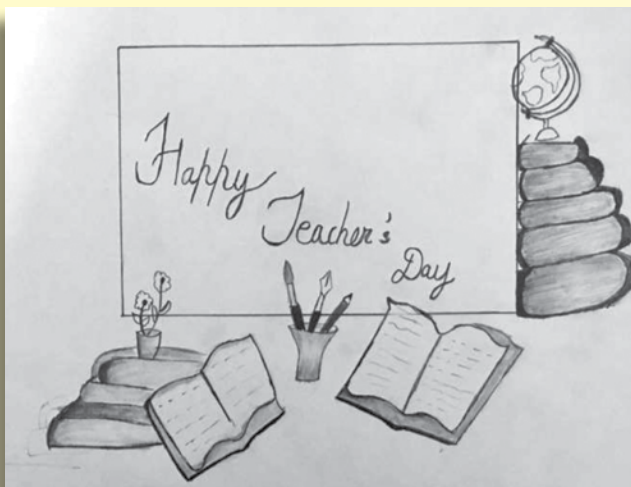
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Sana Mariya, 10 A-ICSE



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Varenja Raina, 1C



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Yelena Garg, 5A



Yelena Garg, 5A



Niva Joshi, 9A



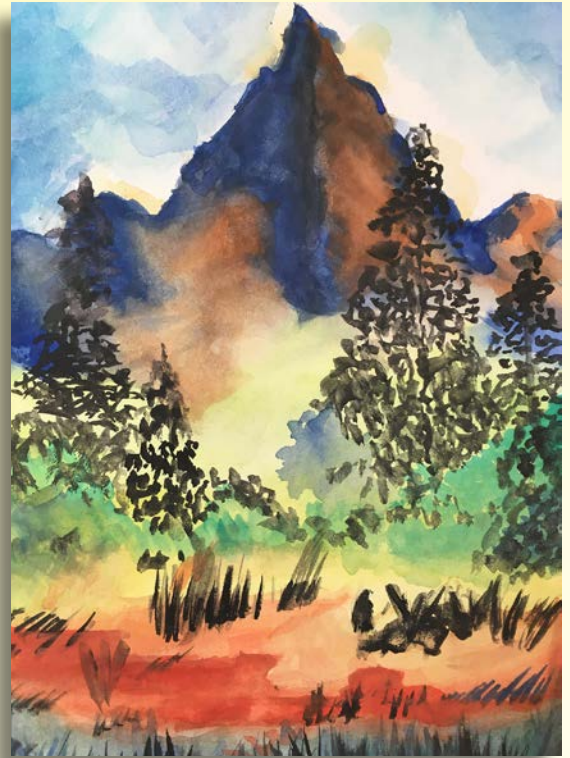
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Acknowledgement

*The Editorial team wishes to express its
heartfelt appreciation to the Board of Trustees
for its unstinting support, encouragement and guidance.*

*Our Principal, Mrs. Minni Adhikari
has been our mentor and an inspiration at all times.
We are very thankful for her creative suggestions and expert counsel.*

*Thank you, dear teachers and students, who have
contributed to the magazine with great enthusiasm.*

