



PRIMUS
PUBLIC SCHOOL



PRIMUS
Rhapsody
2022-23

Vol 12 - Official Magazine of Primus Public School



PRIMUS RHAPSODY

2022-2023

Table of Contents

From the Principal's Desk	01
Primus Academic Awards – 2021-22	02
Investiture 2022	13
Independence Day	15
Teachers' Day 2022	17
Diwali Carnival - “ i-Luminate”	18
Children's Day	19
Graduation Day	20
Sports Day	23
Annual Day	25
ATL - Atal Tinkering Lab	30
Republic Day	33
Sports Achievements	35
Kannada Rajyotsava	37
Kindergarten	39
Primary	50
Senior School	92
Penning our thoughts	107
Art @ Work	142
Class Photos	155
Acknowledgement	189



<https://www.facebook.com/PrimusSchool>



<https://www.instagram.com/primuspublicschool/>

From the Principal's Desk

Dear Parents, Students, and Esteemed Colleagues,

As I pen these lines, my heart fills with a deep sense of gratitude and pride. Gratitude, for the opportunity to serve as the Principal of this illustrious institution, and pride, for the remarkable achievements of our students and teachers.

Rhapsody, our annual school magazine, the chronicle of our collective experiences, reflects our school's values and ethos. In these pages, you will find not only stories of academic excellence but also of compassion, empathy, and resilience. Our students have shown that they are not just creative learners but also leaders, who can make a positive difference in the world.

To our parents, we extend our gratitude for entrusting us with the education and growth of your children. We recognize the immense responsibility that comes with this trust, and we pledge to continue to provide a safe and nurturing environment that fosters holistic development.

To our students, I would like to say that the world needs your talents, your energy, and your vision. You are the torch bearers of a better tomorrow, and we are confident that you will lead with integrity, empathy, and a commitment to excellence. Have the courage to try new things and embrace failure.

As students, you are in a unique position to explore and discover new ideas, talents, and passions. You have the freedom to take risks, make mistakes, and learn from them. And yet, some of you may hesitate to venture outside your comfort zones, fearing failure, ridicule, or disappointment.

But here's the truth - failure is not the end of the road. It is not a mark of inadequacy or incompetence. It is merely a stepping-stone towards success. Every successful person has failed at some point in their life. The only difference is that they did not give up. They persevered, they learned from their mistakes, and they tried again.

So, my dear students, I urge you to embrace failure – should it come your way - as a necessary part of the learning process. Do not be afraid to try new things, to experiment, to take risks. Whether it is learning a new skill, participating in a competition, or pursuing a new interest, go ahead and do it with all your heart.



As we turn the pages of this edition of Rhapsody, let us be inspired by the stories of our students who have dared to dream, who have taken risks, and who have succeeded against all odds. Let their stories be a beacon of hope and inspiration to us all and let us continue to strive for excellence in all that we do.

In the words of the great inventor, Thomas Edison:

"I have not failed. I've just found 10,000 ways that won't work."

This quote reminds us that setbacks are not the end, just steps on the path to success. So, my dear students, never be afraid to try new things, work hard, and embrace failure as a learning opportunity. Remember, with determination, grit, and a positive attitude, you can achieve anything you set your mind to.

Keep shining, keep striving, and keep dreaming big!

Regards,

Mrs. Minni Adhikari
Principal



Primus Academic Awards – 2021-22

The Primus Academic Awards 2021-22 was celebrated with great pomp and splendour on the 17th December, 2022. The function began at 9 am and was held in the Multipurpose Hall. It was attended by awardee students and their proud parents and teachers.

Over a hundred and twenty five students were awarded for their academic achievements in the ICSE Board Exams, the IGCSE Board Exams, the AS & A Level Board Exams and in the Pre-University (PUC) Board Exams.

The students were presented with trophies and certificates for their remarkable performances in four different categories:

1. For scoring an overall of 90% and above in the Board Examination

2. For scoring top marks in a subject

3. For scoring a centum

4. For the three overall toppers of the class (1st, 2nd and 3rd ranks)

Teachers teaching these classes in the academic year 2021-22 proudly presented the trophies and certificates to the students. Many students received several trophies having excelled in more than one category.

Srishti Dadhwal of ICSE received 6 awards, Amodi Kulkarni of IGCSE received 6 awards and Neha Nair of PUC received 5 awards. It was indeed a matter of great pride to see our students coming up to the podium to receive their trophies in all categories.

Special Achievement Awards were also presented to Sports Achievers :

Akshay Bhawe for reaching the National Level in Rock Climbing – Bouldering and Lead Climbing and winning a silver medal at Jamshedpur.

Sreenidhi Balaji for winning the International maiden Singles Title (Finalist).



Certificates were also presented to our Prefects of 2021-22 who were dedicated to the roles assigned to them.

Out of the 125 students who were felicitated:

1. 80 students received the High Achiever Trophies and Certificates for scoring an overall 90% and above in their Board Exams
2. 56 students received the Top Score Trophies and Certificates for securing the highest mark in the subject(s).
3. 50 students were honoured for scoring Centums in a particular subject.
4. 6 students were awarded with the 1st Rank Trophies.

5. 7 students were awarded the 2nd Rank Trophies.

6. 6 students were awarded the 3rd Rank Trophies.

It was a ceremony held with great pride to honour our student's achievements who despite the pandemic were able to rise above all the difficulties and do their very best putting in hard work and dedication that paid off. Both parents and teachers witnessed these Stars of Primus come to the stage to receive these prestigious awards after having started their education at Primus, many of them from the LKG and completing their Board Exams with such a flourish. It brought tears of pride to both parents and teachers to see how our students have grown, flourished and excelled before they launch themselves into the next stage of their lives.





CONGRATULATIONS

For Securing A* in all subjects - 2021 -22

<p>2nd Rank</p>  <p>95.75%</p> <p>KASHVI GUPTA</p>	<p>1st Rank</p>  <p>96.75%</p> <p>AMODI KULKARNI</p>	<p>3rd Rank</p>  <p>95.25%</p> <p>SHACHITA VEDAGARBHA</p>	
 <p>95.14%</p> <p>TANUSH SHARMA</p>	 <p>95%</p> <p>ANUSHKA P</p>	 <p>95%</p> <p>SALEENA MAHMOOD</p>	 <p>94.71%</p> <p>MIRRAPRIYA A</p>
 <p>94.43%</p> <p>ANSH KUMAR</p>	 <p>94.38%</p> <p>SANJANA KARTHIKEYAN</p>	 <p>94.13%</p> <p>SAMIKSHA PANDA</p>	
 <p>94%</p> <p>ADITEYA KAYAL</p>	 <p>94%</p> <p>KHUSHI BAGI</p>	 <p>93.38%</p> <p>ADVAITH M NAIR</p>	 <p>93.38%</p> <p>SADANA VINOTH BABU</p>
 <p>92.86%</p> <p>SUHAIL KYLE K</p>	 <p>92%</p> <p>VIVAAN HOODA</p>	 <p>91.75%</p> <p>SIDDANTH R G</p>	

Cont...



CONGRATULATIONS

“TO OUR BRILLIANT PERFORMERS”



Amodi Kulkarni

96.75% 8A*



Kashvi Gupta

95.75% 8A*



Shachita Vedagarbha

95.25% 8A*



Saleena Mahmood

95% 8A*



Anushka Purushothama

95% 8A*



Sanjana Karthikeyan

94.38% 8A*



Samiksha Panda

94.13% 8A*



Khushi Bagi

94% 8A*



Aditeya Kayal

94% 8A*



Sadana Vinoth Babu

93.88% 8A*



Advait M Nair

93.38% 8A*



Siddanth Geetha Rameshkumar

91.75% 8A*



CONGRATULATIONS

“IT’S RAINING A STARS”



Tanush Sharma
95.14% 7A*



Mirrapriya A
94.71% 7A*



Ansh Kumar
94.43% 7A*



Aayushka Lodha
93.25% 7A*



Suhail Kyle Karandikar
92.86% 7A*



Zia Kadajah
92.75% 7A*



Sakshat Pamneni
92.75% 7A*



Aditya B Pillai
92.75% 7A*



Sricharan Anand
92.63% 7A*



Kaustubh S Nair
92.25% 7A*



Trisha Iyer
92.38% 7A*



Sandra Bose Joseph
92.25% 7A*



Vivaan Hooda
92% 6A*



Tara Kumar Bailkeri
91.88% 7A*



Ayush Mohanty
91.43% 7A*



Anna Sushma Rajan
91% 6A*



Nulu Rama Aditeya
90.83% 5A*



Rohan Prakash
90.75% 7A*



Shreyas Godbole
90.63% 5A*



Aarushi Bhagavatula
90.14% 5A*



Freya Shinde
90% 7A*



Purva Ganeshan
89.57% 5A*



Ayush Manocha
89.13% 5A*



Hrishikesh Rupesh Raghuvaran
89% 6A*



Madhav Gopakumar
88.88% 5A*



Akshaya Ramesh
86.88% 5A*



CONGRATULATIONS

"KUDOS TO THE PRIMUS ACHIEVERS"



Sai Abhishek Indurthi
4A*



Smiti
4A*



Glen Kallingal
4A*



Sachie Sandeep Athalye
3A*



Kaveri Goswami
3A*



PRIMUS
PUBLIC SCHOOL



Aadi Pratap Singh
3A*



Nitya Vishnupad
3A*



P V S Lalitha
3A*



Agastya Sai Srivastava
2A*



Sneha Rao Beedu
2A*



Divij Ram Kodali
2A*



Radhika Beriwal
2A*



Aarushi Gandhe
2A*



Ananya Mukherjee
1A*



Kanaka Venkata Sai
Harshavardhan Reddy
1A*



Dhairya Patel
1A*



Jayant Sharma
1A*



Vidhi Dadha
1A*



Jash Rakesh Somayya
1A*



Prahaladh Vijay Srinivas
1A*



Parameshwari Banerjee
1A*



CONGRATULATIONS

to our ICSE students - 2021 - 22 on their excellent performance.

<p>1st Rank</p>  <p>98.6% Sanjana Guttapally 100 HISTORY & CIVICS</p>	<p>2nd Rank</p>  <p>98.4% Srishti Dadhwal 100 HISTORY & CIVICS BIOLOGY COMPUTER APPLICATIONS</p>	<p>2nd Rank</p>  <p>98.4% Asmita Mangipudi 100 CHEMISTRY</p>	
	<p>3rd Rank</p>  <p>97.8% V Aakanksha Reddy 100 MATHEMATICS BIOLOGY</p>		
 <p>97.6% Ananya Alfred 100 BIOLOGY</p>	 <p>96.6% Tushaar L Ganapa</p>	 <p>96.2% Arunasri Thangam 100 BIOLOGY</p>	 <p>96% Ranu Atri</p>
 <p>95.8% Yashvardhan Singh</p>	 <p>93.6% Surabhi Sinha</p>	 <p>93% Ishani Sinha</p>	 <p>92.4% Zayan Ahmed</p>
 <p>91.6% Vivaan Trivedi</p>	 <p>91% Akshath Pillai</p>	 <p>90.8% Ram Shashank Rayavarapu</p>	 <p>90.6% Shreya R Swamy</p>

Cont...









CONGRATULATIONS

To the toppers in AS & A Levels - 2021 -22

A LEVEL - SUBJECT TOPPERS

<p>2nd Rank</p>  <p>87% SHREYA GANDHI CHEMISTRY MATH</p>	<p>1st Rank</p>  <p>89.50% SANIYA JAIN BUSINESS STUDIES ECONOMICS</p>	<p>3rd Rank</p>  <p>85.75% NEHA POOLU PHYSICS</p>
 <p>SNEHA PANCHOLI PHYSICS</p>	 <p>NAMITHA P VISHNUPAD BIOLOGY</p>	

AS LEVEL - SUBJECT TOPPERS

<p>2nd Rank</p>  <p>91.25% AKSHAY BHAVE MATH , ECONOMICS</p>	<p>1st Rank</p>  <p>91.5% SHRAVAN KUMAR MATH , PHYSICS</p>	<p>3rd Rank</p>  <p>90.67% KHUSHI D CHEMISTRY</p>
 <p>88.25% SHASHANK J RAO BIOLOGY</p>	 <p>88.5% SAKSHAT JOSHI MATH</p>	 <p>84.67% MADALA VARDHAN BUSINESS STUDIES</p>

Cont...




CONGRATULATIONS

Our PU toppers have kept the Primus flag flying high!

SCIENCE

1st Rank



97.83% TANMAY DEUSKAR

PHYSICS
MATHEMATICS
COMPUTER SCIENCE

CENTUM

2nd Rank



97% NEHA NAIR

PHYSICS
COMPUTER SCIENCE

CENTUM

3rd Rank



96.67% AADITHYA HRUDHAY ANAND

PHYSICS
MATHEMATICS

CENTUM



96.67% NAVYA RAMACHANDRAN

MATHEMATICS

CENTUM



96.50% LISHIKA U

MATHEMATICS
COMPUTER SCIENCE

CENTUM



SUNAINA ANANTHA

OVERALL **96.33%**

CENTUM
CHEMISTRY
BIOLOGY



T SREEPAVITHRA

OVERALL **96.33%**

CENTUM
CHEMISTRY
BIOLOGY



NIKHIL C SURESH

OVERALL **95.67%**

CENTUM
MATHEMATICS
C.SCIENCE



SAFA FATHIMA RAFAEEK

OVERALL **95.50%**

CENTUM
PHYSICS
MATHEMATICS



VARUN EDACHALI

OVERALL **95.33%**

CENTUM
CHEMISTRY
MATHEMATICS
C.SCIENCE



PRANAV S BHAT

OVERALL **95.17%**

CENTUM
C.SCIENCE



ARVIND VIDHYASHANKAR

OVERALL **95.17%**

CENTUM
MATHEMATICS



SURABHI KRISHNAN

OVERALL **94.5%**

CENTUM
BIOLOGY



CHINMAY KRISHNA R

OVERALL **94.17%**

CENTUM
MATHEMATICS



HARISHANKAR

OVERALL **93.83%**

CENTUM
MATHEMATICS





ROHAN MULAY
OVERALL 92.83% CENTUM
CHEMISTRY
MATHEMATICS



YASH MATHUR
OVERALL 92.83% CENTUM
MATHEMATICS



HARISH S DHARANI
OVERALL 92.5% CENTUM
MATHEMATICS
C.SCIENCE



THERESA C ALEX
OVERALL 92.33% CENTUM
CHEMISTRY
C.SCIENCE



ADVAITH B
OVERALL 91.67% CENTUM
PHYSICS



JOHN TOM
OVERALL 91.67% CENTUM
MATHEMATICS



SIDDHARTH AYATHU
OVERALL 91% CENTUM
MATHEMATICS



ANISH MADDIPATLA
OVERALL 90.17% CENTUM
MATHEMATICS



RAHUL KUMAR
OVERALL 89.33% CENTUM
C.SCIENCE



ALFRED JAISON
OVERALL 88% CENTUM
C.SCIENCE



DEEP KALPESH KUMAR DAVE
OVERALL 86.67% CENTUM
MATHEMATICS



MEENAKSHI PRABHU
OVERALL 85.83% CENTUM
C.SCIENCE

COMMERCE

1st Rank



95.83% **DEVIKA R**

CENTUM
BASIC MATH

2nd Rank



93.17% **SREAH ANNA ABY**

3rd Rank



93% **SREERAJ PROMOD**



Investiture 2022

Investiture is a momentous event, where we bestow recognition on potential leaders of the future and global citizens in the making. The time-honoured ceremony of Investiture is believed to have originated in the feudal system of Medieval Europe. The word INVESTITURE is derived from the Latin roots “IN” and “VESTES”, literally meaning/ ‘to dress in robes.’ The implied meaning, of course, being: “to recognize one as a person of authority and bestow power.”

On 16th July 2022, the prefects of Primus Public School were conferred with the responsibility of leading the School. The Investiture commenced with the School song, Aude Sapere. The honour of pipping the Appointments was given to the parents of

the Prefects – a Primus Tradition. The appointments began with the houses Aristotle, Einstein, Newton and Socrates, followed by the Prefectures for Science and Technology, Arts and Culture, Student coordinators and the Sports Captains. The House mottos were presented to the respective Houses by the House Leads. Principal Mrs Minni Adhikari handed out the House flags to the House Captains. Then the school Captains received their mantles, and were pipped by their parents. The motto of Primus Public School was presented and the School Captain received the School flag from the Head of School, Mrs Anuradha Krishnan. After the oath and the trooping back, the newly appointed Prefecture and their parents joined us for high tea.



Cont...





Independence Day

Our school celebrated Independence Day on the 15th of August 2022, with great joy and pomp. A sense of pride and patriotism was seen among the participants, non-participants and the audience. Our Principal, Mrs. Minni Adhikari hoisted the national flag.

The theme for the year was 'Unity in diversity'. The welcome speech was an in-depth message on how we got freedom and it conveyed our sense of gratitude towards the soldiers and covid warriors,

who helped and protected us during difficult times. The cultural programme added colour and beauty to the auspicious day. Students set the stage on fire with their energetic performance. It was overwhelming to see the little toddlers portraying the 'Heroes of our nation'. The songs and dances performed, emphasized the sense of patriotism in the audience. They cheered with excitement. Sweets were distributed at the end of the ceremony.



Cont...





Teachers' Day 2022

Teachers' Day was celebrated in a splendid manner at Primus. The programme was ably organised by the prefects of Primus. The day was filled with excitement as the students organised sports activities and indoor games for the teachers. The theme was Retro and the teachers were dressed to the nines! Dance competitions and team activities

livened up the day! The teachers felt cherished and much appreciated. As Guy Kawasaki stated: "If you have to put someone on a pedestal, put teachers. They are society's heroes." We teachers certainly felt like superheroes as we basked in the warm appreciation which made our day so extraordinary!



Diwali Carnival - “ i-Luminate”

In Primus, ‘I-luminate,’ the Diwali Carnival is the most awaited event of the year. The carnival was lively, packed with enthusiasm and exuberance! We had various stalls, games and food. We had a jukebox, where people could play their dedications on demand. The Karaoke session was an excellent platform for new talent. The students, the faculty members and for the very first time, the Parents

of Primus Public school, showcased the spirit of Diwali through mesmerizing performances. The foot-tapping music played by our student band and the energetic dance performances prove Primus is a talent hub. Towards the end of the euphoric event, like the icing on the cake, people from the audience joined in to dance to the beats of Garba music!



Children's Day

Children's Day was celebrated on the 14th of November with much pomp and enthusiasm. It was a memorable day for our kids after two years. The day was commemorated with immense joy, enthusiasm and magnificence.

Our primary students enjoyed the craft activity assigned for their respective grades. They made minions using recycled items, photo frames with a note from teachers, wrist bands and rings. The

middle school and high school had a variety of fun filled activities and games.

The cultural programmes started with a traditional folk dance followed by spectacular performances by the teachers which includes dance, skit, and singing. The day ended with an enlightening dance. Students joined and set the stage of fire in the finale dance along with the dance teacher.



Graduation Day

“Intelligence plus character – that is the goal of true education.”

Martin Luther King Jr.

The year 2022-23, was the year of celebration, in terms of returning to the norm. Children put their heart and soul not only into academics but all the other co-curricular activities as well, after all it was after two whole years that they were in school.

Primus Public School celebrated Graduation Day on 7th December to commemorate the progress of Grade 12 students of 2022-2023. A total number of 195 students graduated that evening, 181 PUC and 14 A Level students.

The programme began with the school song. The trooping in of the teachers and students was led by the Principal, Minni Adhikari. Held in her hand the shepherd's crook, a symbolic representation of the care and protection given by the teacher to the students.

The Principal, the Head of Schools and the teachers lit the lamp of knowledge which was followed by the most important event, passing the light of knowledge. All the students in their graduation gowns with tassel on their right received the light of knowledge from them. It was a solemn moment.

Nathanael Benjamin Kuruvilla administered the oath to the students. The Head Girl, Rhea Shenoy and Head Boy, Keerat Bhasin Singh shared their journey through their wonderful school years. Medha Rao also spoke about her experiences at school, sharing

all her favourite moments. Each student was called up on stage and awarded the graduation scrolls.

Anuradha Krishnan, Head of Schools and Minni Adhikari, the Principal honoured all the students' achievements, acknowledged their hard work throughout the years and spoke to them about the big adventures that lie ahead of them.

As a mark of graduation, children were asked to flip their tassels from the right to the left. The ceremony ended with the act of throwing caps in the air, a symbolic act to end a chapter of the graduate's life. It was an overwhelming moment for both the spectators as well as the graduates!

At the culmination of the ceremony the guests, parents and faculty were thanked for their presence and for making this ceremony a success and wished the graduates a fruitful and successful life. This was followed by a scrumptious dinner spread and a group dance session by the students. The parents congratulated and spoke highly about the stage décor, dedication and tireless effort of the faculty members and the overall ambience of the ceremony. They thanked everyone for creating an unforgettable memory that they will cherish for long time. The graduation Ceremony ended with joy. It was indeed a memorable evening for all.



Cont...







Sports Day

Primus Public School conducted its Annual Sports Day on 22nd December 2022. The honourable guest gracing the event was a former Indian hockey player and captain of the Indian Hockey Team, Arjun Halappa. The Principal, Minni Adhikari extended a formal welcome to the guest, parents and students. Our chief guest declared the meet open by releasing balloons to mark the expression of joy and happiness.

Sports day promotes leadership, teamwork and communication skills in students through the power of physical activity and team-based challenges.

We witnessed many participants exuding great enthusiasm and sportsmanship on this eventful day. The zealous parents gathered in large numbers and encouraged the participants in the field track displays such as 100mts, 200 mts, 400 mts races and 4X50 mtr relay.

Winners of various events such as shotput, bent arm throw and track events were awarded medals and trophies towards the end of the day. Special awards for those students who displayed excellent performance were also distributed by the principal. It was indeed a thrilling and exuberant day.



Cont...





Annual Day

Primus Public School celebrated its 15th Annual Day on 29th January 2023. The theme of this year's Annual Day was 'Life is a Fairy Tale.' Annual Day in Primus has always been a grand celebration. The students from kindergarten to Grade 7 showcased their best performance through the skit, dances and songs. The performances by students enthralled the parents and all present there. The audience was awestruck by the talent revealed in each performance. The props and costumes added colour to the festive occasion with the synchronised dance movement to the foot – tapping music. The artwork, decoration

and the stage setup added to the grandeur of the programme.

The Head of Schools, Mrs. Anuradha Krishnan and the Principal, Mrs. Minni Adhikari addressed the gathering. They highly appreciated the efforts of students, teachers and all the people involved in making the event a grand success. The event came to a close with the National Anthem as a tribute to our nation. The exhilarating show was an unforgettable experience and left a lasting impression on the minds of everyone present there.



Cont...











ATL - Atal Tinkering Lab

With a vision to 'Cultivate one Million children in India as Neoteric Innovators', Atal Innovation Mission has established Atal Tinkering Laboratories (ATLs) in schools across India. The objective of this scheme is to foster curiosity, creativity, and imagination in young minds; and inculcate skills such as design mindset, computational thinking, adaptive learning and physical computing.

Primus ATL Expo 2022-23 was conducted in the month of January. Grades 6 to 7 presented the projects they did as part of their experience in the ATL lab. It was a month-long exhibition which started with Grade 6 on 10th January 2023, Grade 7

on 24th Jan, Grade 8 on 17th Jan and ended on 1st February with the presentations of Grade 9.

Around 400 students participated in the exhibition. Vacuum cleaner, line following robot, smart irrigation, smart lockers with RFID, lie detectors, heart beat monitoring system, smart classroom monitoring, Traffic monitoring systems etc were some of the projects that were presented. Each presentation had unique and very interesting ideas. The students and parents who attended the event were left awestruck. Kudos to the children who participated brilliantly and presented with great enthusiasm and confidence.







Republic Day

Republic Day Celebrations at Primus were held on Thursday, 26th January 2023. The event was celebrated with great nationalistic fervor. The day's proceedings began with the unfurling of the national flag by Principal Mrs Minni Adhikari. On this momentous occasion, our primary school students skilfully displayed various yoga poses as well as surya namaskar while our middle school students performed gymnastics for the enthralled

parents. An enlightening Republic day's message was delivered by member of staff Ms Sonal Mehrotra. Two senior school students performed mind-blowing martial arts feats; S. Akshaya Krithi's action-packed Silambam and Nethraa Singh's energetic Kalaripayattu left us all mesmerised. It was wonderful to see the cheerleaders as they performed to patriotic songs.



Cont...





Sports Achievements

Sports Achievements of Sreenidhi Balaji, Tennis champ, playing at International level:

We are delighted to share that **Sreenidhi Balaji**, Grade 10 IGCSE student of Primus has won the International maiden Singles Title (Finalist). She clinched the Doubles (Winner) title in the International Tennis Federation (ITF) World Tennis

Tours (Juniors) tournament held at Pokhara, Nepal. Sreenidhi Balaji has also won the doubles title in the international juniors' tournament hosted by International Tennis Federation (ITF) held at Guwahati, Assam in November 2022. Sreenidhi has also won the first International Tennis Juniors Doubles title(R) in ITF J5 at Al Zahra, Kuwait.



We are extremely proud to acknowledge the major achievements of our Primus students in the Inter School competitions.

Our students received a silver medal in the Badminton state level inter school tournament conducted by New Horizon in the under 12 age category.

Notre Dame Academy conducted an Inter school relay competition in the age category of 9th and 10th grade; Primus ranked fourth in the same.

In the inter school football tournament conducted by Deens Academy, our U-18 team placed first, U-16 placed second and U-14 team placed 4th. .

Angelica Saha, 6A IG received 1 platina and 3 gold medals for gymnastics in the IGCI Gymnastique meet at Chennai.

At the Inter School relay conducted by St Patricks Academy, grade 5 boys won gold, grade 5 girls and girls under 12 category won silver, grade 3 boys and boys Under 16 and under 14 category won Bronze.



Interschool Sports at St. Peters School

Several of the ICSE students from all grades took part in the InterSchool Sports events hosted by St. Peters ICSE School and won accolades to Primus. They took part in Athletics, Table Tennis and Football. They won medals and **Dhruv Bhandari** of 10A-ICSE won the best player of the Tournament.



Interschool Sports at EuroSchool

Our under 16 and under 12 boys team won gold in the Euro Inter School Football tournament conducted from 24th to 26th November. Primus football team (Under 16) has never come back without a medal and on 25th Nov at Euro where 40+ schools have participated, Primus holds its record by returning with the gold medal.

Man of the tournament – **Dhruv Bhandari** – 10A-ICSE

Best Striker - **Dhruv Bhandari** – 10A-ICSE

Top goal scorer - **Dhruv Bhandari** – 10A-ICSE

Interschool Events at EISB - Rhapsody:

Ebenezer International School, Bangalore conducted relay competitions on November 18th, 2022. Grade 5 girls won gold, grade 7 girls won bronze, grade 7 boys won silver. Grade 9 boys won bronze, grade 12 boys won silver, grade 12 boys & girls won bronze for mixed relay. It was indeed a proud moment for the school!

Our Grade 10 ICSE students participated in the Interschool event held at EISB – Rhapsody and won prizes in :

Quiz – **Aarav Shisodia** and **Dhruv Singh** – 1st place

Plane crash – **Diya Pradeep** - 1st place

JAM – **Lekhya** – 2nd place

Dance – **Tvaritha** – 2nd place

Many of our 6 to 9th graders also participated and won many prizes



Kannada Rajyotsava

After almost two years, we celebrated Kannada Rajyotsava on the 2nd of November 2022 in a spectacular style. With over fourteen performances, this vibrant event saw the entire school participate in the programme - from primary students to PUC students.

The event had energetic dance performances from grade 1, 2, 3 6, and grade 8. With their preparation and well-rehearsed performances, the show was a runaway success. The students also presented musical acts and skits where they won over the

audience with their presence, elaborate costumes, and attention to detail.

We also had a “Pride of Karnataka” segment where our students walked on stage dressed as local heroes. Seeing the little ones walking in their costumes - and their teachers introducing each of them - was a beautiful sight. The last section of the event, where the students presented different dance forms of Karnataka and a skit about the capital Bengaluru proved to be one of the most enjoyed segments by our audience.





Kindergarten

FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

Anxiety, excitement, joy and curiosity filled the KG classrooms as the Kindergartners walked into the gates on their first day of formal schooling.

The students began their day with the school prayer

followed by story reading and some fine and gross motor skill activities. The little ones bid goodbye to their teachers looking forward to more fun and learn activities for the next day.



YOGA DAY

The age old saying "Health is Wealth" was reinforced to the Kindergartners on International Yoga Day. The students were given an understanding of what is yoga and how it plays an important part in shaping our health. They enthusiastically put in their best efforts by practicing along some basic asana demonstrated by the P.E teachers.



TIGER DAY

International Tiger Day is observed to raise awareness about tiger conservation. To promote this cause our Kindergarten children celebrated Global Tiger Day on July 29th. Our students were made aware about the need to protect the natural habitat of tigers. To mark this event children made

tiger masks, puppets and went on a parade raising the slogan “SAVE THE TIGERS” “SAVE THE TIGERS” around the school.

Overall, students acknowledged that tigers have a special place on the planet and in our lives.



KRISHNA JANMASHTAMI

At Primus, Krishna Janmashtami was celebrated by staff and students of Kindergarten on 22nd August 2022. Janmashtami is celebrated as a symbol of the end of darkness and rooting out of the evil forces.

The story depicting the birth of Lord Krishna with the message of victory of good over evil, was

presented to the children. Children came dressed in ethnic wear as Radha and Krishna. The students were overjoyed when they broke the “Dahi Handi” filled with chocolates to grace this occasion.

It was a beautiful day with joyous melody and twirling dancers.



GRANDPARENTS' DAY

The celebration of Grandparents Day was a great time to remind ourselves of what grandparents' means to us, and to celebrate with them

Our Kindergarten had this special Grandparents event on Sept 17th, where grandparents were allowed to visit classrooms and see their grandkids in

this special environment. They were invited to share their memories about their grandchildren. It was a wonderful day filled with activities, music and songs dedicated to them. It was a perfect opportunity for children to connect with these special members of the family.



DUSSEHRA

Lighting up the festive spirit, Kindergarten celebrated Dusshera on 28th Sept. Though the festival is celebrated in diverse ways our adorable children together took part and performed the

Dandiya. The celebration was summed up by a craft activity conducted in the class. All the children enthusiastically participated and enjoyed the festival.

DIWALI

DIWALI, the festival of lights that enlightens the heart and brings joy was celebrated on 20th October for Kindergarten. The importance of the festival and the victory of light over darkness were explained to them through the story. Children along with their mother decorated appropriate festive crafts like the Diya, lantern and garlands with colors and glitter.

The dance performance by the students and their mothers added energy and excitement to the festival.



JOY OF GIVING

There are many things in the world that can make us smile but nothing beats the invaluable joy of making someone happy.

The Joy of Giving event was observed before Diwali, reflecting the spirit of empathy and

generosity of the students and parents alike. It gave us an opportunity to reach out to the less privileged people with our acts and words of kindness. Our students contributed toys, clothes and were most happy. The proceeds from the same were donated to Santosh Charity.



KINDERGARTEN FUN LEAGUE

Sports play an important part in character building. To inculcate the sporting spirit in children the Annual Sports Day for Kindergarten was organised under the title “Kindergarten Fun League” on 17th December 2022.

The students came in color-coded sports attire. The Sporting extravaganza commenced with a victory march by the students of all grades of KG holding their dress colour flag and bearing a pleasing smile.

As the title says, it was a day about having fun, being physically active and building coordination and motor skills, so as to give the little ones an

opportunity to display their self-confidence, patience and sportsmanship. All activities were planned in such a way that in each game the participation of the parents was also involved. To name a few - walking on the feet, frog crossing the pond, stringing the beads and stacking the hula hoop!

The programme closed with the distribution of medals to all the participants.

A victorious smile and contentment on the faces of kids and parents spoke volumes about the success of the event. It was a fun-filled day for one and all.







STUDENT LED CONFERENCE

Student Led Conference (SLC) is an important way to engage children in understanding and taking ownership of their learning. For Kindergarten, SLC was held on 25th February at Primus Public School. Students conferred their portfolio of

work of each subject, showing work samples and explaining them to parents. Parents were proud to listen to their child's presentation. The programme was a great success and helped to enhance the process of learning and growth.



NATIONAL SCIENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS IN KINDERGARTEN:

February 28th is celebrated as National Science Day to mark the invention of the Raman Effect. It's a day that aims to encourage scientific knowledge and development. Kindergarten students enthusiastically participated by presenting science related projects like Float and Sink, Climbing Rainbow, candle and glass, Water Cycle, Properties

of Water and Magnet and many others. The Science Day was successful and highly appreciated.

It was indeed a very enlightening day in which the main motive was to spread the message about the importance of Science and its applications in daily life.



ENVIRONMENT DAY



Primary

Environment day



Grade 2 Children made craft items by reusing old newspapers.



Grade 3 students did candy jar using plastic jar as a recycle activity to save environment



Grade 4 Children created a flower vase out of used water bottles and decorated it to show that Reduce, Recycle, Reuse will save the environment.



Independence day



The first graders of Primus enjoyed making a tri-colour greeting card on Independence day. The activity enhanced their creative skills along with a sense of patriotism.



Grade 2 Students dressed up as freedom fighters and spoke about them for a minute each.





Grade 3 Students made tricolour fans using origami papers.



Grade 4 Children dressed up like freedom fighters and spoke about those brave men and women and the Grade 5 Children did a tri colour badge to show their Independence day spirit.



Diwali Activity



Grade 2 Students made paper Diyas with beautiful patterns on them.



Grade 3 Students coloured earthen diyas and decorated it.



Children's Day



Grade 3 Students made and painted minions pen stand using toilet paper rolls.



Grade 4 Students created beautiful wall hangings out of construction paper and ice cream sticks and decorated them.



Christmas



Grade 1 Children poured their creativity in making their own Christmas themed art.



Grade 2 children created and decorated their Christmas card





Grade 3 Students made different christmas ornaments to adorn their Christmas tree.

Grade 4 Children created a Santa cap made of the chart and enjoyed the activity by wearing the cap.



Students of Grade 5 made a 3D Christmas tree pop-up card.



Grade 1 - English

My Favourite Character

Children chose a character from the stories in their Coursebook and described it using adjectives. They also mentioned why it is their favourite character and what did they learn from it. They used flashcards and also dressed up like the character.



Grade 1 - Computer Science

Making a Cyber safety Poster

Children from Grade 1 were involved in Poster making activity during Cyber Safety Awareness Week.



Grade 2 - English

Antonym Dominoes

Students took turns matching the words on the right-hand side of the cards with their opposite on the left-hand side of another card thus forming a train of cards. This activity helped them to identify antonyms in a fun way and improve their vocabulary.



Nature Walk

Students went for a walk around the school premises. This activity was carried out while learning the lesson 'My School'.



Matching Adjectives to Nouns

Students were divided into groups. Each group matched the adjectives best go with the picture(noun) given to them. This fun game helped them to understand the describing words better and improve their vocabulary.



Pongal Greeters

Students wrote the word 'Pongal' on a sheet as big as possible. They prefixed the word 'Happy' and turned it into a greeting card by adding details to it.



Grade 2 - Kannada

Selling Fruits and vegetables in the Market

Students brought fruits, vegetables and flowers from their homes and sold to school staff while learning the lesson 'Sante'.



Story telling

Students presented different moral stories using the drawing, masks etc while learning the lesson 'Arive guru'(Knowledge is teacher)



Grade 2 - EVS

Food Pyramid

Students of grade 2 made a food pyramid which helped them learn the concept of a balanced diet.



Segregation of Waste

Students of grade 2 learnt about the segregation of wet and dry waste. This activity created awareness among the children that the segregation of waste is one of the important ways to protect our environment.



Best Out of Waste

Children created beautiful items out of waste materials available at home and presented their ideas to the class.



Grade 2 - HINDI

Favorite fruit or vegetable

Children had to make a model of a fruit or vegetable using thermocol or chart paper and speak a few lines about that fruit or vegetable in Hindi.



Grade 2 - MATH

Octopus - Project

Students did an 'OCTOPUS' activity in which they learnt about the facts such as Number name, Place value, Expanded form, Odd/Even, Successor, Predecessor, Face value and Greatest number from a 3-digit number.



Grade 3 - SCIENCE

Germination Activity

This activity helped students understand the basics of germination, how a seed grows into a plant and how the root and shoot system develops.



Food Chain

Students created various food chains which helped them to understand how plants and animals are all interconnected and dependent on each other in making our ecosystem.



Robotic Hands

This project was done with the aim to make students understand how various bones and muscles in our body help in movement.



Phases of the moon with Oreo

Students were challenged in this activity to remember and make the different phases of the moon and then arrange them around the earth given to them using oreo biscuits.



Grade 3 - KANNADA

Festivals

Students made posters wore colourful dresses, brought sweets from their homes and explained about the importance of festivals while learning the Poem 'Sankranti'.



Grade 3 - ENGLISH

Nouns on Pebbles

Students sorted the nouns embossed on the pebbles into proper and common nouns. Students could recognise their teachers, cartoon characters, writers, actors, countries, continents, books etc. and categorize them into proper nouns.



Put your hands together for Conjunction

In this craft activity, students joined two sentences using conjunction. They showed how 'and', 'but', 'so' and 'or' are used by cutting them out and using them as connectors between two sentences.



Grade 3 - HINDI

Healthy Ladoo Making- Chiku ne seekha sabak -kahani

As part of the lesson 'Cheeku Ne Seekha Sabak' Children made Ladoo using Jagary and Mava and learned a healthy way to eat sweets.



Sangya Presentation

Children made charts for sangya and presented them in the class. This activity helped the students learn and explain the concept individually.



Vyanjan Activity

Children made caterpillars and wrote all the vyanjan themselves and coloured their caterpillars.



Ped bachao Ped Lagao

As a part of the outdoor activity children created a poster on saving trees plant trees.



Lemon Race

Students enjoyed their time out playing lemon race, learning to count and balancing with fun.



Grade 3 - MATH

Measurement Length, Mass and capacity

Children learnt to measure the length using Measuring Tape and mass using a balancing scale and weights. They also learnt to measure and made bhel puri.



Save Tiger Poster

Children created awareness of saving Tiger by creating the poster.



Tangram Activity

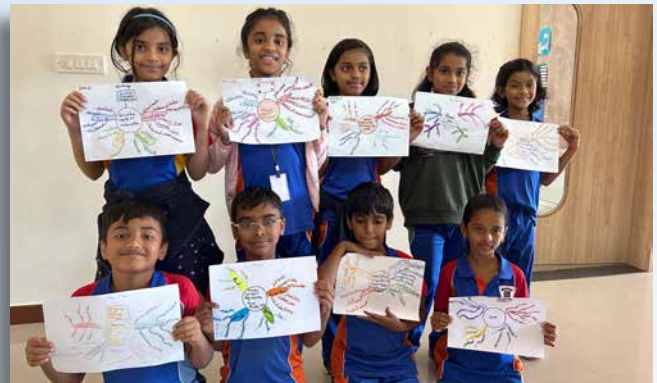
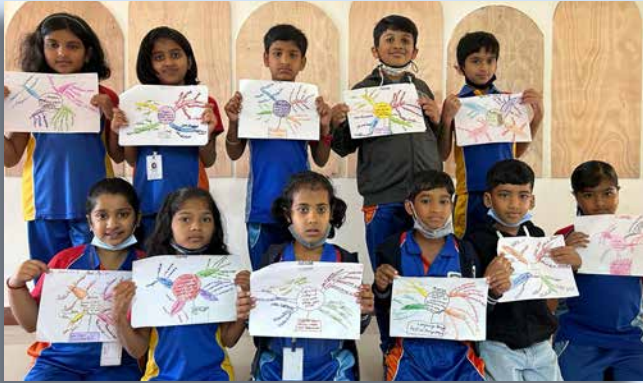
Tangram is a Chinese puzzle where students used their creative skills and made different animals like cats, dogs, fish, rabbits etc using seven different flat shapes.



Grade 3 - SOCIAL STUDIES

Mindmap Activity

Children made mind maps of different cities in India. Mind mapping is an excellent tool for students of any age. It helped them recollect a big topic in a fun way. They enjoyed and enthusiastically explored this new technique of learning.



Role Play on Community Helpers

Grade 3 students did a role play of community helpers. This activity enabled them to showcase and enact the role of their favourite community helper.



Early Humans and Modern Day life comparison

Children depicted the life of early humans and the modern-day man with posters. They beautifully presented their ideas using their art skills.



Land of Festivals

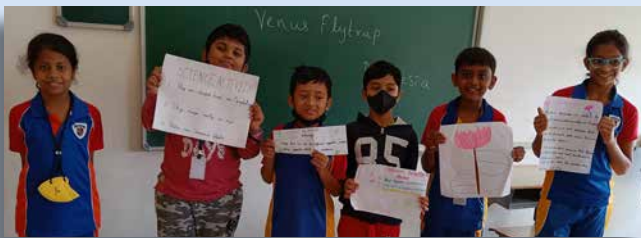
Grade 3 students made a project on religious, harvest and national festivals of India. They explored more about the festival and shared the facts gathered along with pictures with the class.



Grade 4 - SCIENCE

Adaptation in Plants

Group activity based on the Adaptation of plants in different habitats was presented by children in the form of a skit.



Adaptation in Animals

Children created the habitat of animals using charts and cardboard and explained about the adaptations of animals belonging to a particular habitat. Children wore masks of various animals and participated with full enthusiasm.



Windmill

Children created a windmill model to learn about the importance of clean energy and the flow of wind.



Types of Forces

Children did this activity to find the surface which has more friction and Children proved the buoyant force by immersing a ball inside a bucket of water.



Food chain

Children created a food chain using charts and learnt the importance of Primary producers and consumers and their contribution to the ecosystem.



Balanced Diet Jar

Children learnt the balanced diet by creating a balanced diet jar containing real food items. This activity turned out to be a guide that educated and encouraged children to select healthy meals and snacks everyday.



Force-Project

Students created the model of various types of forces like mechanical force, and frictional force and understood how some simple machines made our life easier.



Grade 4 - MATH

Tangram Activity

Tangram is a Chinese puzzle where students used their creative skills and made different animals like cats, dogs, fish, rabbits etc using seven different flat shapes.



Reflection Symmetry

Children used thread, paper and different colour paints to learn the concept of line of symmetry and reflection symmetry. They worked individually and spoke in front of others.



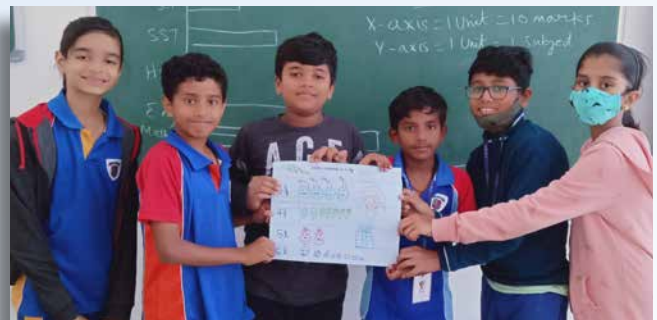
Perimeter

Children in groups found the perimeter of their Math textbook by measuring all the sides using the metre scale and thread and took turns to present their tasks.



Pictograph

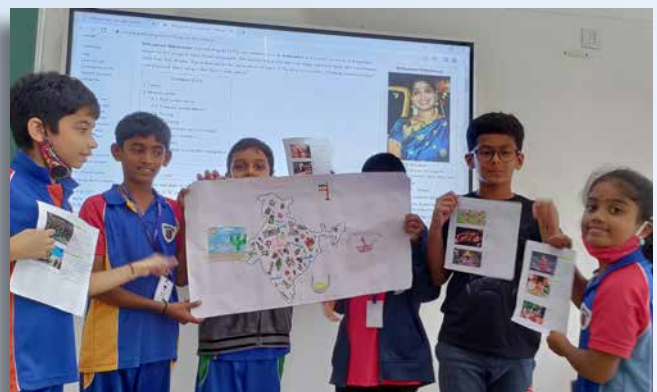
The class was divided into four groups where they collected the data from others and represented them in the form of pictographs. The children enjoyed collecting data about what they want to become, the number of glasses of water they drink every day, favourite icecreams and birthdays celebrated in different months and their charts were displayed on their classroom boards.



Grade 4 - SOCIAL STUDIES

India and its Cultural Heritage

The students of Grade 4 enthusiastically presented the various rich heritage, languages, music forms, and dance forms of India before the class. This class activity was conducted to instil and strengthen communication, social, and self-awareness skills in the students' minds.



Making a desert model with cardboard

Grade 4 students prepared the model of the western desert of India with cardboard, sand and cutouts of models of camel, cactus, trees etc.



Industries in India

Working with others enables you to pool your ideas and see problems from different perspectives.



King Ashoka- Role Play

The ability to gather information, put together the ideas of the group, creating a scrapbook with relevant information with apt pictures was witnessed when the students started their project work.



Grade 4 - KANNADA

Punctuation

Students identified the punctuation marks and pasted the symbols on an A4 sheet. This sensory activity helped the children to develop fine motor skills while learning to punctuate sentences.



Post office

Students collected different stamps and post cards and explained the role of post offices.



Grade 4 - HINDI

Kite Flying

Children enjoyed flying kites on the school grounds. They were introduced to our traditional ways of sending messages and celebrating the kite flying festival.



Kahani Presentation

Children dramatized the chapter in a group. It helped them to learn the unit with fun. They learned unity while speaking in Hindi.



Swar Ka Ped

Using Chart paper children cut the trees and write all the swar. This art activity helped them to learn with creativity.



Sangya Activity

Children Created Flash cards and explained the Sangya topic with presentations in groups.



Grade 4 - ENGLISH

Folktale Presentation

Students narrated folktale with its setting, characters and plot using creative techniques.



Conjunction Butterfly

The topic was well understood and explained in class individually using the conjunction butterfly.



Travel Brochure

A complete package about a favourite destination along with various aspects were included. It inspires the tourist to enjoy their trip and make it a remarkable one.



Grade 5 - SCIENCE

Simple Machines

Children made a model of a simple machine of their choice using waste materials.



Layers of earth

Children made a model of the layers of the Earth using clay. This activity boosted confidence in children and helped them to learn the concept in an engaging manner.



Grade 5 - KANNADA

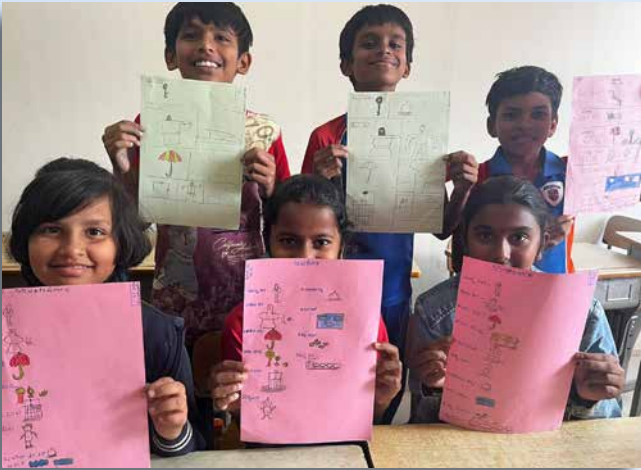
Nature's message

Children made different posters using the dry leaves and flowers and explained how to save nature while learning the poem 'Message from Nature'.



Adjectives

Students collected pictures from newspapers and magazines. They got a chance to be creative and imaginative while pasting them next to the given adjectives.



Senior School

IGCSE - Global Perspectives - Team Project on Mental Health

As part of our Global Perspectives team project on Mental Health, we, the Grade 10 students decided to spread awareness on Animal Therapy, highlighting how animals, specifically dogs, can sometimes help us in ways that even humans can't. In honour of our four-legged therapists, we spread awareness and raised funds, collecting a grand total of Rs.50,000, which we donated to Maruthy Dog Shelter, run by Ms. Aditi Sengupta. She appreciated and commended our project, agreeing with our

issue on so many levels. An added bonus for us was that we got to spend time playing with the dogs there. Looking back at the effort put in by the five of us, we are delighted by what we've accomplished and hope to do more in the future.

- Vishakh Arunkumar, Shirley Jayakumar,
Alisha Philip, Akshara Balu, Team Project Eden,
Students of Grade 10 IGCSE



On Friday, the 18th of November 2022, we visited the Ashraya Children's Home in Indiranagar. As part of our team project, we are working towards spreading awareness about women facing domestic violence and abuse. Ashraya Home provides housing and daycare facilities for the children of these women who are trying to get out of their situations by giving them jobs in nearby factories. Recently, we ran a donation drive in school by putting up boxes in the corridors, and we donated the items we received (clothing, stationery, food,

books, toys) to the home. We interviewed the President of the Ashraya Organisation, Shanti Chacko, and Miss Kavitha. They gave us inspiring insights into how the organisation first began, and the challenges they have faced over the years. After the interview, we interacted with the children living there and spoke to them for a while.

- Niva Joshi, Aditi Bhamidi,
Ira Sharma, Eshaan Lokesh,
GP Students of Grade 10 IGCSE



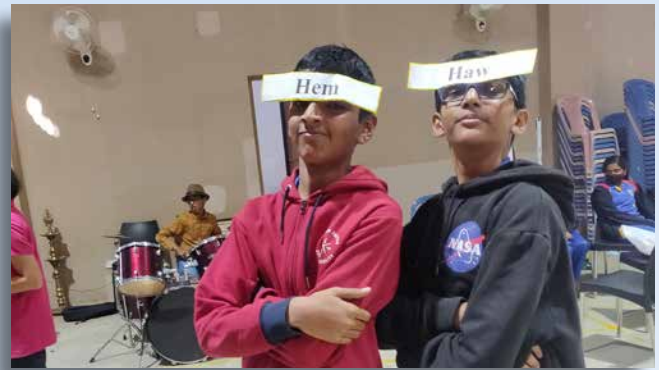
IGCSE Special Assemblies

Special assemblies, which are conducted at school, are a way to showcase the incredible talent of our students. Grade 6 IGCSE students performed special assemblies on a variety of topics like Truth is Invincible, Empathy, Patriotism and Unconditional Love. Grade 7 students made an interesting presentation on Who Moved My Cheese? - Change is inevitable! Students of Grade

8B did their special assembly on Early to Bed, Early to Rise while Grade 8A presented a unique street play on the theme of Inner Beauty.

Grade 9 students mesmerised the audience with their exceptional talent and their special assemblies dwelt on the theme of Keeping up with social expectations and Look before you leap.





ICSE Special Assemblies

The classes of ICSE presented their Special Assemblies using themes from their English Literature and from Shakespeare. Each grade went all out to do their best and the result was evident in the applause they received and the satisfactory look on their faces of a job well done.

The Special Assemblies conducted so far:

1. Grade 10A-ICSE – Enacted a scene from Shakespeare’s ‘Merchant of Venice’ depicting the choice from the three boxes for Portia’s hand. All roles were played to hilt and the 8th and 9th graders got a good glimpse into the scene of the play to which they would be encountering in their next grade.

1. Grade 9A-ICSE – The story of R. K. Narayan’s ‘A Horse and Two Goats’ which was spectacularly done by the 9th graders. The scripting of the play to incorporate a wonderful presentation of the story, music and dance to showcase the talent of the entire class was a treat for the audience.

2. Grade 8A-ICSE – Shakespeare’s ‘Comedy of Errors’ really brought out the humour of this play

which was enacted beautifully by the children. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all students and teachers. Everyone left the Multipurpose Hall with smiles and giggles.

3. Grade 8B-ICSE – ‘Stranger Danger’ based on the book ‘The Witches’ by Roald Dahl. The students scripted the play themselves and did a marvellous job of acting, singing and dancing which brought out the talents of all. It was a most enjoyable experience and students in the audience got the message of the danger of talking to strangers.

4. Grade 7B-ICSE – ‘How Covid 19 impacted our lives’. This play was written from scratch by the 7th graders who put their heads together to cover all aspects of how Covid 19 affected several aspects of our lives. They included plenty of humour which really brightened up everyone’s day, and students and teachers left the Hall with smiles on their faces.

The students of 7A-ICSE and 6A and B ICSE will be presenting their Special Assemblies in January as they had their Second Term Tests starting from the 5th – 19th December.



Cont...





Halloween celebration:

On the 31st of October, students of ICSE celebrated Halloween. They donned costumes and masks to make the day a real treat. They shared

candy and decorated their classrooms with artificial cobwebs, pictures, masks and toys that gave their classrooms the Halloween touch.



Grade 10 OBL to Kaadgal resort

In December 2022, Grade 10 students were thrilled to go for their first Outbound Learning trip after two years of the pandemic! Students visited a resort called Kaadgal and participated enthusiastically in a variety of activities including trekking and zip lining.

The day's outing was a great success and the students were absolutely delighted to have been part of the adventure! They had a wonderful day and made memories that they will always cherish



Quiz Whizz

With the successful completion of the preliminary round, it was time for the final round of Quiz Whizz, Inter House Quiz competition at Primus. Students who qualified the first round, were the participants for the finals. This finale of Quiz Whizz was a highly awaited event with participants and audience equally excited for the competition.

The quiz was divided into six categories.

The first category comprised Clue-based questions followed by the Multiple Choice Questions Round which was also a buzzer round. . The third category introduced the Audio-Visual questions. The audience was also given a chance to guess the correct answer in case any of the teams could not answer the question.

Spell Bee was the fourth round and each correct spelling carried 10 marks and each team was given two words to spell. The round that followed was the 'Hum Aapke Hain Kaun' or the Blood Relationship round. This reasoning round was impeccably handled by all the teams.

The last round was the Rapid-Fire Round which had four categories, namely Literature, General Science, Information and Communication Technology and Sports. Team with the highest points was the first one to choose the first category of its choice followed by the second highest scorers and so on.

With this we headed towards the results; the moment that all our students waited for. With their quick responses and sharp presence of mind, Aristotle were the team with the highest score. Newton bagged the third position with their great teamwork.

Tie breakers are not uncommon when the competition is tough. With Socrates and Einstein at the equal score, a deciding tie breaker made way for Socrates bagging the third spot and Aristotle taking the fourth place.

Each team displayed immense focus and zeal and the audience was equally involved, supporting their houses and cheering for the participants. It is a matter of sheer joy to witness all the students putting their best foot forward.

Grade 11 & 12 (PUC / AS / A level)

We started our first week in one of the most colourful fashions. Both the teachers and the students came dressed up in specific colour codes. The corridors came alive with ethnic, formal, and casual dresses – all in different shades of the same colour. If you ask the students, we remember the week as Vibrant Week.

With an extensive curriculum, we need to conduct classes for PUC on Saturdays, and the students often complain about the same. So, as a surprise, we hosted several activities on one of our working Saturdays. The students came out from their classrooms to the ground and participated in games like relay races and block walks. This Saturday Activity – as we call it, witnessed the united participation of the entire II PUC and their teachers.

After the Vibrant Week and the Saturday activity, we inaugurated our Weekly assemblies and opened the stage for students to come and deliver a short

speech for their peers. We have had at least one student's talk in each of the assemblies we have conducted.

Our assembly on the International Yoga Day finds a special mention in this newsletter as we celebrated the day with not only a student's speech on the importance of yoga but also by practicing some simple yoga poses.

The graduating bunch needs to understand and hold responsibilities. And to promote the need for leadership, networking, and event planning, we asked the II PUC if they wanted to host a Freshers event for the I PUC. And how they agreed! We saw an active enthusiasm in the graduating bunch as they organized a happening and a very successful Freshers' event for their juniors. The event was a big success with dance performances and games like musical chairs. All the credit goes to the students who stepped in!



Fair Trade

Fairtrade's approach enables farmers and workers to have more control over their lives and decide how to invest in their future. As a leader in the global movement to make trade fair, Fairtrade supports and challenges businesses and governments while connecting farmers and workers with the people who buy their products. By choosing Fairtrade, people can create change through their everyday actions.

Primus Public School associated itself with Fair Trade to partner and learn more about sustainability goals.

As part of fair trade Activity, we formed a steering committee with students and teachers to associate and learn the sustainability goals and importance of fair trade. We initiated the process by conducting few assemblies for our students to explain sustainability in its growing importance. We conducted debates for our Grade 8 and 9 students on topics related to sustainability and the outcome was that our students learned the importance of sustainability in today's world.

We then conducted the activity of planting seeds by Grade 7 and 8 students who learned the importance of farming by learning the process of sowing seeds to growing it into saplings. We also conducted waste management techniques where our senior school students taught the importance of waste management across grades and taught the students the importance of recycling waste products.

Our senior school students visited the Chikkanayakanahalli Government School and taught the government school students about sustainability, waste management, importance of farming to our nation and the difficulties faced by farmers. We finally conducted a drama which was written, directed and enacted by the Grade 8, 9, 10, AS and A level students to create awareness about sustainability to the students and their parents on the August 15th.

We are now awarded the title of Fair Aware School by Fair Trade India.



Nirvahana Commerce Fest 2022

The Commerce fest, held for the first time in school on August 26th, was a resounding success. The event was a platform for students to learn about various aspects of commerce and entrepreneurship.

The fest began with guest lectures on cryptocurrency and stock market investing practices by experts in the field. The lectures provided valuable insights into the world of finance, and the students were able to gain a better understanding of the concepts discussed.

Following the lectures, the event moved to the product launch segment, which encouraged budding entrepreneurial talent. Students showcased their innovative products, and the audience was impressed by the creativity and potential of the ideas presented.

To keep the festivities going, there were a variety of food stalls and sales, and a quiz competition that tested the knowledge of participants on business-related topics. The atmosphere was energetic, and the participants were enthusiastic about the activities. There were exciting prizes won in each of the categories.

Overall, the Commerce fest was a grand success. It provided a unique learning opportunity for students and a chance for budding entrepreneurs to showcase their talent. The fest left an indelible impression on the participants and is sure to become a regular event in the school calendar.



Counselling @ Primus:

The counselling department has been conducting/organising sessions with university representatives, uploading student data to the CIALFO database, and providing one-on-one counselling sessions to our students.

Crowdfunding for Akshaya Patra:

Our students organised a crowd-funding campaign to assist Akshaya Patra, an NGO. They were instrumental in raising significant funds for the NGO.



Field trip to APCA Academy of Pastry and Culinary Art

AS and A levels along with PUC students had the rare opportunity to learn the art of cooking and baking in a highly professional environment.



Environment Day

A-level students planned a variety of activities for primary, middle, and high school students. During an interactive assembly session with students, the themes for Environment Day 2022-23 were introduced, including "Only One Earth." A-level

students organised a "REUSE" workshop and taught students how to make candy jars out of old plastic bottles. High school students attended a session on environmentally friendly cosmetics.



Model United Nations:

Our students have been participating in MUNs hosted by different schools, gaining a better understanding of world affairs and winning awards for the school.

Alumni Talks:

As part of the Primus tradition, our alumni return to school to advise their juniors on various aspects of college life. One of the sessions focused on the admission requirements for UK and US universities.



Calculating Biodiversity index by students of A level

A-level students visited the school's botanical garden to learn about the flora and fauna. They counted and recorded the number and type of species as part of calculating an ecosystem's biodiversity index.



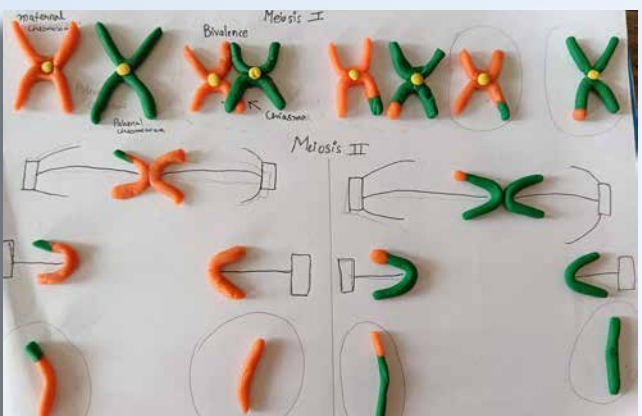
Learning the art of inheritance by A level

The random selection of alleles was explained by this activity. Children were encouraged to make an organism with new characters by choosing features randomly.



Class Activity on cell cycle

This activity demonstrated chromosome behaviour during meiosis using playdough. This assisted students in understanding chromosome segregation and reduction, a more complex procedure during meiosis.



National nutrition week

Every year from September 1 to September 7, National Nutrition Week is observed to raise awareness about the importance of nutrition for the human body and how we can take adequate and timely measures to eradicate hunger and malnourishment. This year's theme was 'Celebrate

a World of Flavors.' Students created materials to demonstrate the nutritional value of most fruits and vegetables and why they should be consumed. In a competition to find the 'MasterChef,' students cooked food without using any fire and only nutritionally dense ingredients.



University Visits

On our campus, Primus, in collaboration with Next Genius, and Global University Conclave hosted a University Fair for Indian and foreign universities. Students in grades 10 to 12 had the opportunity to interact with university representatives and learn about university admission requirements. Students

had the opportunity to attend several virtual university fairs from across the world.

Career guidance session on Commerce, Law and Management was conducted by different guest faculties from various universities.



Adventure Learning Trips for Grades 11 & 12

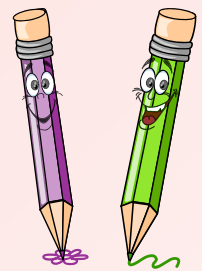
An outbound excursion was planned to Camp Shristi for students from grade 12 while Grade 11 students enjoyed an adventurous trip to Kaadgal resort. The students were enthusiastic. Their spirits were lifted by the pleasant surroundings and the allure of getting to travel and stay with their buddies. Silly war cries like “the wheels on the bus go round and round!” and the catchphrase of the trip “Hey hey, ho ho” had them smiling eye to eye. Some of

the activities which lit up their competitive spirits are key punch, all aboard, pipeline, a rope course and human foosball. A major highlight of the trip was the decision to abstain from using phones and giving digital detox a shot. And of course, the day ended with music and dancing. It gives a feeling of immense satisfaction that the school could provide its outgoing batch with this opportunity to create some cherishable memories.





Penning our thoughts



Rosey and Charlie

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Charlie. She always wanted a dog. One day her parents surprised her with a dog! She named it Rosey. Charlie loved her. Charlie and her family went to the store and got Rosey toys and dog food. One day, Rosey got lost!!

Charlie and her parents searched everywhere, but they couldn't find Rosey. Charlie and her family put up lost dog posters. But no one found Rosey. A few days later, Charlie went to the pizza shop to buy pizza. She heard barking in a dark alley. Charlie went inside and saw white fur. She went closer and saw Rosey!! Charlie took Rosey home and they lived happily ever after.

Chaarvi Mittapalli, 2A

Thinking Wisely

Once upon a time there were some fishes. They were living happily in a small pond. One day, a fisherman came there seeing that there were many fishes in that pond. He took one fish and decided to come back to collect more fish the next day along with his big net. Hearing this, the fish got frightened and made a plan. The next day, when the fisherman came again, he pulled the net, and suddenly all the fish came and splashed the water on the fisherman. The fisherman got scared and thought that there might be a crocodile in the water and ran away.

Moral: With our presence of mind and good thinking we can overcome any difficulty.

Varenia Raina, 2B

Princess

I am a princess,
I have a pink dress
I wear a tiara,
My name is Miara

I rule a country,
I have a poultry
I have a rabbit,
Whom I call Babbit

I nicely do my duty,
My mom calls me Cutie
I love my people,
Who gift me an apple !

Asmi Bhattacharya, 2A



Friendship

An onion was walking. He wished to have friends, but no one likes to be his friend because he makes them cry. He talked to the carrot but the carrot cried. He talked to the strawberry but she cried too. Then he asked the pineapple to be his friend but he cried too.

The onion was sad. Then another onion saw him. He sadly asked, "can you be my friend". The onion said happily "I was looking for a friend too". So the onions became best friends.

Fruits saw the poor onions playing alone and decided to be their friends. And all of them lived happily ever after.

Gauri Ramprasad, 3C

The Treacherous Theft of the Treasury

Sherlock Holmes was called by a police officer because someone had robbed the King's Crown jewels.

He was shocked! It was the first time a theft had happened in the king's treasury. He told the police squad that instead of sending a search party they should be looking for clues with him.

So they all went to the king's hall.

There sat King Charles..... in disappointment.

Sherlock told the king that if he had to solve a mystery he would interrogate the people at the crime scene and the victim.

After doing the same, Sherlock learnt that the King's father, the 'Great King' had told him to keep the crown jewels safe. But there was a catch. The Great King had a minister who always ill-treated the subjects of the kingdom. So the Great King banished him. The minister also wanted to be king and have all the gold in the treasury for himself. The minister's son was the same as him.

After learning about this, Sherlock revisited

the crime scene and started looking for more clues. He soon found the thief's footprints.

How silly of him to not see it before!

After Sherlock Holmes traced the footprints he was soon led into the thief's hideout. Surprise, surprise! It was the old minister's son!

As Holmes fumbled through his pockets for his phone, he realised, quite foolishly, that he had misplaced it...

So he ran to the nearest telephone line and called his friend, the police officer.

Soon the police officer, along with his team, cuffed the evil minister's son and put him behind bars. After a good interrogation, they located the crown jewels and put them back in their rightful place. The evil minister's son was desperate for money and was greedy for the world's most precious jewels.

But thanks to the valiant Sherlock, Justice was served yet again!

Stay tuned for more :D

Sriram Pradeep, 3C



Nora the Lonely Kitten

If I could talk with animals I would never buy an alarm clock. I'll just tell my little birdies to come at 7:00 AM and chirp so that I would give them their seeds for breakfast. My life would be full of glory.

If I could talk to the shy little kitten named Nora, who was left alone by her mother who is a wild cat. She had two sisters named Thunder and Lovey. Her sisters

were mistakenly killed by me and my friends because we held them in our hands after they were just born.

If I could just talk to Nora, everything will be alright, but everybody just scares her off. Nora is just frightened if the same thing happens to her. I just want to be her friend and make her comfortable.

Sunaina Baral, 3B

Future of the World

Beautiful trees that are as tall as clouds
That stand straight, tall as proud as proud
Green Green Green Greenery everywhere
Colourful flowers that bloom here and there
The sounds of birds chirping are as soothing
as can be
There is nothing as amazing as hearing the
waves of the sea
The leaves that sway side to side
The peaceful days outside
How we take care of nature
Determines the future of the world

Bandapalli Tisha, 3C

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 lend.....

Arnav Anand, 4D



THE TWO KINGDOMS

The two kingdoms had tales & stories
Just to tell the infinite rails of glories

An Indian king Porus had ruled
And he was filled with his mighty cruels

He fought the Great Alexander
But, he opened the deadliest chamber

While in the war of hell and heaven
Both of the kings showed they're raven

In the town's atmosphere of quiet and peace
And the invitation of friendship by the Greece

Unless they conquer an enormous mansion
or even another universe or dimension

Though Alexander did show his mercy
But only when he had his time's accuracy

Eventually you'll understand this poem
only If you know about the Rome

Aarav, 4C

The Dove

Feather princess, the graceful dove,
Looks as though it's full of love.
Shining in the sun, so beautiful and light,
Wearing a beautiful gown of white.
Scavenging round city crowds,
Her charming looks change people's mood.
And this is the way,
She gets food.
With a happy diet,
And a happy day.
The white dove,
Goes home to lay.
So, if you walk through the city on a beautiful night,
You may see a peeping breast in the colour of white.

Fathima Shehnoor, 5B

The Moon

I stay up all night to see you,
a beautiful colour of yellow and blue.
Something you can't hate,
something you can love
a beautiful circle in the black sky.

A Ananya, 5A

The Circus

The circus comes to town.
I'm here to see the clown.
Round, round, round
The horses run around.

Kids are in the air,
The dogs are walking fair.
Round, round, round
the monkeys swing around.

Acrobats flying around,
Making me so proud.
Gymnasts doing tricks,
Helping everyone tick.

Round, round, round,
The circus comes to town

Virika Vikram, 6B - ICSE



Are We Inching Towards the End?

We are killing the Earth by:

- burning fossil fuels for electricity and heat, by far, the main drivers of climate change,
- transportation - driving, flying and the like makes up nearly 15% of global climate change, according to 2012 data synthesized by WRI.

We are putting an estimated 9.5 billion metric tons of carbon into the atmosphere, due to burning fossil fuels, and 1.5 billion metric tons of carbon through deforestation. But not every human in this world cuts trees and burns fossil fuels. This leads us to the question about how normal people have been contributing to global warming.

When you charge your device, electricity is produced by burning fossil fuels. Your transportation - cars, motorbikes and buses emit carbon dioxide, which is already in our atmosphere causing the greenhouse gases to be unbalanced. The more we buy, the more factories work. Hence, gases go into the atmosphere and cause global warming. Now, as

much as we love watching T.V and accessing the internet; they need electricity. Not all countries have combustion facilities to produce electricity.

Global warming can be addressed by:

- Saving electricity
- Saving water

We need to use better methods though. A simple common method is the 3 Rs - Reduce, Reuse, Recycle. We reduce our waste by buying less, and using more. We use an item repeatedly to avoid it going into trash. For example, you carry plastic crockery to the picnic and dispose of them. The environment doesn't like it. By buying less, we don't use those items and the usage goes so low that the factories stop manufacturing it. Reuse is finding new ways to use unnecessary items. For example, if you have old clothes, you can donate them to a charity. Recycle is turning something old into something new. For example we can turn plastic milk jugs into recycling bins.

It's time we save the Earth.

Srishti Agarwal, 6B - ICSE

Life

We all have a life, jocular and carefree and I'm grateful,
Sometimes I feel pain, making me feel about myself hateful,
I have grown enough old, and now it's about time for me to go,
The clouds subdue only two things, water and white snow,
And so do we also live for two reasons, to live and let live,
Everyone in their lives want to survive,
Although many people centralize their attention towards money,
The same prosperous people also satirize the vagrant people as if they're funny,
Everybody have to die one day, including our Mother Earth,
But just a few hours before the Earth dies, envisage yourself on that day giving a rebirth.

Darsh Choudhari, 6B - ICSE



The World of Books

Books - what is so amazing about them?
It just has printed pages, nothing so precious like a gem.
But I have found a whole new world inside,
Adventurous, humorous and full of pride.

Turn the pages to get the pleasure,
I am telling you books are a real treasure.
Full of mystery and curiosity,
Read the chapters to learn about the story.

Books are like our best friends,
They teach us the new and old trends.
Good books give us inspiration,
They are the world's greatest creation.

Yelena Garg, 6A - ICSE

When I look at the moon

When I look at the moon
I wonder every time
What would happen if it came at noon?
Will the world end that time?

Will it explode
Or will it freeze
For one thing I know
It will happen with ease

Or will it be hard
Will it take years
For it will be eerie
To hear it with your ear

So, whatever happens
I will enjoy it the most
Cause my dream is to become an astronaut
And then I will have something to boast

Advaith Vivek, 7B - IGCSE

A Tanka For Each Season

Blazing summer heat
Crowded beaches everywhere
Cold drinks and ice cream
Days of vacation fly by
Hydration keeps us alive

Clouds over the sky
Tiny drops become drizzles
Which lead to huge storms
Filled with thunderous lightning
As the downpour fosters life

Cold winds approach fast
Faded leaves hang on to trees
Gently falling off
Tree trunks are standing alone
While the dead leaves fly away

Snowflakes in the air
Flitting, falling, to the ground
Covering the grass
Hearths burn hot, embers ablaze
Giving comfort in the cold

Sunlight shines through it
The cloud curtains draw open
Blue skies, soft breezes
Frozen lakes melt, new life grows
As flowers dance in their fields.

Harshika Narwani, 7A - IGCSE



It's Always the Quiet Ones...

The shrill sound of the bell echoed through the empty corridor, causing the students inside of Mr. Katz's history class to jump at the sudden noise. They had arrived early.

Five minutes passed.

Ten minutes.

Fifteen.

Mr. Katz finally entered the small classroom, announcing his presence and mumbling excuses as to why he was late (he had to drop his pet parakeet off to the vet's again as it had swallowed one of his son's Lego pieces).

Finally, he moved off the topic of his personal life and on to his own subject (a much more interesting one, I assure you): World History.

He put on his glasses, fumbling with them slightly, before plunging into the lesson – it was about the Aztecs, and how they sacrificed at least fifty people a day. Human sacrifice was a thing way back in the day. "I'm so glad I didn't live there," someone commented.

A few minutes into the lesson, everyone's attention was on Mr. Katz and his mumbling bee-like voice. The only consistent noises to be heard were their teacher's voice, the ticking of the clock and the creaking of the chalk on the blackboard.

Then, all of a sudden there was a loud bang.

The door had burst open, revealing burly two men in black suits and black sunglasses. Everybody froze. They could all see the men. They could all see the guns.

Everyone watched mutely as the pair weaved through the trashed desks and dirty school bags.

Many questions were swimming through the students' minds, but they did not dare voice them.

The men suddenly stopped at the corner of the classroom, each on either side of a boy named Troy. Yes, Troy, like the ancient Greek city.

His eyes widened with fright, his cracked lips parting ever so slightly. Before anyone could say anything, the men roughly grabbed his shoulders and shoved him out of his seat.

"I didn't do it!" he yelled, trying to escape their grasp, but it was no use. "I didn't do it," he whispered, but the men simply shook their heads and dragged him out of the room.

Everyone was thinking the same thing:
What did he do?

The door closed with a click.

Then all of a sudden the sprinklers went off as if there was a fire, but instead of water falling down, it was a gas. It had a sickly odour to it and went before anyone could register it was actually there.

There was pause. A breath, before Mr. Katz started to teach again in his bee-like voice. He spoke about the Aztecs, and how they sacrificed at least fifty people a day. Human sacrifice was a thing way back in the day. "I'm so glad I didn't live there," someone commented.

Mr. Katz began to take attendance. "Ah," he said, referring to Troy's empty seat, "Troy must be absent."

Naavya Tomar, 7B - IGCSE



Utkal's Misadventure

This is a humorous account of one of the many misadventures of Utkal. I was sitting on my favourite armchair, drinking one of my favourite juices, watching one of my favourite television series, when I noticed a dark, ominous cloud looming outside my house. That was the moment when I feared bad news was just round the corner.

I was half-right. I heard a continuous ringing of my doorbell. I grunted and I went to open the door. Outside, my friend (Utkal) was standing.

Utkal just stormed into my house and helped himself to a packet of chips. 'What happened?' I asked, 'Why are you in such a bad mood?'

'I don't want to talk about it,' he said. His face was flushed with anger. I thought it was an excuse to eat the chips, but since he was in such a mood, I let it be. I clicked on the TV remote. However, just before the show started, Utkal started talking as fast as Shanghai's Maglev bullet-train.

I rolled my eyes and switched off the television. 'This world, it's so cruel and the people even more,' he said.

I sighed. 'Did you get scammed again?'

'Yes, I did. Let me narrate the story to you.'

Utkal said, "I was aimlessly walking on the street when something caught my eye. A board which said, and I quote, "Get a Super Cheap and Modern (SCAM) car for only fifteen-thousand rupees. Our warehouse is in Dark Alley, right in front of the State Prison"

My old car randomly broke down when I was driving through the Western Ghats last month. I had to hitch a ride with a group of rock singers to reach home. But that is a completely different story. The point is, two seconds after I saw the board, I had made up my mind to buy this wonderfully cheap car. I went to the nearest ATM and withdrew the required amount. After that, I went to the mentioned address, where I saw a medium-sized building. I said: - 'I want to place an order for a Tata Nano.'

I bargained with the cashier and got the price down to twelve thousand rupees. I happily gave twelve-thousand to the cashier and asked him when I would get my car. He told me that I would get it the next day. I waited for a week. Then, I realised I had gotten duped. I quickly filed a police complaint. The police visited the warehouse as quickly as possible. They found it empty, and that is the end of the tragedy."

I had the urge to laugh, but I restrained the feeling. He was staring at the TV as if he wanted to pick up a hatchet and smash it to smithereens. But I felt sorry for him.

Ever since then, Utkal always called me and asked for advice, and he has never gotten scammed after that.

Nikhil A Nerurkar, 7A - IGCSE



Violets Aren't Blue

Roses are cross
Violets are naught
You're the boss
Are you not?

Roses are blue
Violets are red
Hearing of you
Evil fled

Roses are lissome
Violets are wearing a hat
You're awesome
Did you know that?

Roses are red
Violets aren't blue
You smiled-
Didn't you?

Abhishri Thakur, 7B - ICSE

First Day Of School

Oh no! The dreaded day is here!
I'm going back to school after two whole years!
My mind is clouded with excitement and fear

Oh no! I've finally reached school!
I'm walking in circles but can't find my classroom
According to my watch, classes start soon

Oh no! The teacher's already there!
Even though I'm late, he doesn't seem to care
He smiles at me and tells me to pull up a chair

Oh no! Where do I sit?
There's only one seat next to a girl named Scarlet
We introduce ourselves and quickly become friends

I smile. Why did I fear?
It was such a fun day filled with cheer!
That was the best start of the year!

Avni Jain, 7B - ICSE

Dogs

Dogs come in every colour
Brown, Black or White.
If you give them a chance,
They can be a delightful sight!

They'll be your best friends forever,
And be there whenever.
They're here for you at your lowest,
And bring you cheer!

With their big dazzling eyes,
And a soft coat of fur.
They'll turn your world around,
Without a doubt, for sure!

Advita Menon, 7B - IGCSE



Electric Vehicles (EVs)

One of the most important steps in the fight against climate change is to transition our transportation system to electric cars. Electric cars are a green choice that reduce our carbon output and energy consumption, while not being dependent on fossil fuels. The number of electric vehicles has increased rapidly in recent years and the future prospects for these vehicles appear bright.

The environmental benefits from an increased use of electric cars can greatly outweigh their upfront costs when considering the lifetime cost savings. An individual who purchases a new car for \$25,000 will save about \$420 per month on gasoline if they bought an electric car instead (prices vary significantly depending on location).

Electric vehicles are the future of transportation. They will continue improving, and in order for continued improvements to occur, more and more drivers need to be aware of the benefits of electric cars.

Electric vehicles are made up of metal components that make up their body, including the wheels, frame, and suspension. As an electrically powered car relies on an electric powertrain to provide propulsion.

The most common powertrain consists of an electric motor used in lieu of a traditional gasoline-powered engine that turns a set of wheels driven by a differential (a mechanism that transfers torque from one axle to another). This allows for integrated use of regenerative braking (an energy recovery system) along with various other components. There are several additional systems

included in electric vehicles including the power control unit (PCU), CAN bus, and rechargeable battery.

The key components of electric vehicles are lithium ion batteries (the beginning of the electric car), powertrains, and battery management systems. The lithium ion batteries that make up electric cars were invented in the 1980s. The first patent was filed by Sony Corporation in 1991. It was not until 2008 that lithium ion companies began producing them at a high volume for commercial use. There have been many advances since then, and scientists continue looking for ways to improve these components by adding more energy storage capacity, decreasing cost, and improving safety.

The cost of battery technology has slowly decreased and many experts believe that lithium ion batteries will soon become almost as cheap as fossil fuels. As battery technology continues to advance, car manufacturers are vying with one another to develop the latest designs. The number of electric cars on the road has exploded in

recent years, including a 63 percent increase in 2015. This increase is due in part to companies like Tesla Motors, who have made their vehicles widely available for purchase and lease through various channels including authorized dealerships.

Roadster was the first all-electric sports car made and was widely recognized for its advanced design, performance capabilities, and build quality.

Divyam Mundra, 7B - ICSE



Save Humans

Before the world was cheerful
Everyone's face had a grin
Everyone helped each other
No matter what situation they were in!
Our ancestors laughed together
and together they also cried
But then maybe someone lied
And darkness started to creep in
Many faces lost their grin
People started to fight
The world was no more bright
Even relations started to break
Bombs and viruses people began to make
Why can't we bring our glory back??
Why can't we have each other's back??
We need to save each other again
Why do we need to be in so much pain
We need to get back together
Set things right
Reunite
And be bright
Let's save each other from misery
Create a fantasy
A world in which we
Believe
And all we need to do
Is stay bright and reunite

Kavya Singh, 7A - ICSE

2021

"Why isn't it ending?",
I always ask myself,
I can't keep pretending
This is the way to enjoy oneself.
That's the thing they say -
'You've got to find a way'
How many ways should I find?
My life seems undermined.

I wonder if they are right
Maybe there's still some light
I am hoping for the best
I can't keep getting depressed
This lockdown drives me crazy
And super-duper lazy.
Half the time I lay on my bed
Thinking about when this will end.

Through my window, I hear chirping sounds
And see the birds making their rounds.
Bees, birds, and butterflies
and the glowing light of fireflies
It makes me want to talk to them
And touch those pretty crystal gems.
In the garden, the peacocks in the rain
With their beautiful feathers, dance in vain.

These wildlife beauties,
And the bamboo trees
I imagine would be awesome
And in spring, the flowers, I am sure will blossom.
These beauties of nature are doing fine without me
But I long to be in their midst, and with my very
own eyes see these.

I think that after all,
This virus might have come to a halt
But the time of 2021
Will be remembered by everyone
Not just as a tragedy
But also as nature's rhapsody

Medha Karan, 7B - ICSE



The Climb to the Moon

Aria groaned long and hard, kicking her boots off in anger, and proceeded to lie on the coarse grass. Her back was slumped against the rock. Her eyes catch a glimpse of the mountain, and she curses the Elders of her town and herself for sending her on this "trip." "More like torture," she grumbled. She tried to scream her frustration, but instead choked on her words.

She had been trudging on and on for a whole week without pausing to catch her breath. How could she possibly climb Mizaki Mountain if she felt like fainting with every step? How was the mountain still so far away despite days of walking? Did she make one wrong turn that set her off on one of those twisted and deceptive trails that made her limbs sore?

Was it a mistake to search for the being that the villagers yearned to see to solve all their agony and starvation? What did she get herself into?

She pulled her flask from her rucksack and drank water as though she were inhaling it. After some anguished gulps, the desolation of her village and the disappointment of her parents compelled her to get going.

Aria remembered the events unfolding scene-by-scene like a movie, except she wished she had tuned out sooner. The agonising screams were drowned out by fear; the murky black sky was devoid of its

usual cloud-spat blue; the white-hot flames shimmering through the fierce orange and blood red fire as it licked and devoured the wooden houses and heaps of rubble that were as broken as she was while searching for the all-powerful dragon; this was their last flicker of hope in this impending darkness.

The tales of a dragon with gold scales and turquoise eyes captured the wonder of the ten-year-old girl. The myth of the dragon who makes water flourish in the village's river and dampens the parched river banks, grants life to the fig trees, cherry blossoms, and seaweed of the land, and brings prosperity to its followers was the very one she had to find miraculously.

The faces wrinkled with creases of apprehension, and the way everyone glared at her before she left felt as though the weight of the world was on her shivering shoulders. Her world in this tiny, isolated place was on her head. The expectations were seared into her mind. Aria, the girl who never uttered a word in class and who had her head in the clouds and distanced herself from excitement, was going to be the saviour before the last leaf of the Tree of Candor fell and destruction became their companion for centuries.

But she didn't know how.

Liza Mary Rengith, 8B - IGCSE



Mind Waves

Don't we all love controlling things? Wanting things to go our way. Wanting people to do what we want. When we control the outcome of everything, stress and worry overwhelm us.

There are some days that go great for us all; we get everything we want and just feel proud. Then there are those days that let us down because it didn't go our way. This is the time if for a moment we could let go of our emotions and think logically. Do we actually control anything? Do we control ourselves? Well, no, we don't. We don't control anything, not even ourselves. Controlling things is a mind game, the more you believe it the more you think it is true. Our brain has its own way of manipulating us, that is by making us believe that we control things. Well, you don't really have to get manipulated. If you ask how? Here is how.

This part of the brain is called the subconscious brain, here is where most actions in your day-to-day life occur by default. For example, when someone says something to you, you never think about what to answer them, it just comes to you. Most times we don't even know what the next sentence will be. This is happening through the subconscious brain automatically. We have very little control over what happens here. So, accept them and move on. After

realizing this, you will look at life from a new perspective. Now that we have seen this world in a new perspective, you would wonder how to be part of this new world. The only key thing to fit into this world is by being calm and composed.

Would you rather waste your time stressing or use your time and energy on things that can be completed rather than complaining? This is a question you should ask yourself. When you have many assignments due and are in a hurry to finish everything, this stress kicks in. You can begin by calming down and assessing what needs to be done and by when. After that, you can start doing it all one by one. Your focus shouldn't be to get it done, instead it should be to understand what you're doing and doing it right. When you shift your focus from getting things done to doing something right, you lose the stress and will be able to complete the work efficiently. This makes you more organized and calmer. The only thing you can control is how you react to things. Only when you accept things and move on, can you be relaxed and do anything.

Bryant McGill once said, "Your calm mind is the ultimate weapon against your challenges. So, relax!"

Dhanya Aravindan, 8B - IGCSE



The Darkness Within

Darkness, all around me. Suffocating me until I break. A shaft of light in the distance flickers and then glows. I try to reach out for it; my only hope out of the looming darkness. I know I have no way out of this never-ending nightmare. I try to scream for help, hoping someone can hear my call. But to no avail. I choke on my words and all that comes out is silence. I cannot feel. I cannot hear. I cannot speak. I am desperate. I am alone.

The light flickers again and fades away. The one beacon of hope in this void has disappeared. I feel like I am being pulled back. I try to resist but, the more I do so, the stronger the pull feels. I give up. Desolation and sorrow overwhelm me once more.

Suddenly, the darkness disappears in the blink of an eye, replaced by a white hot, blinding light. I hear a monitor steadily beeping in the background. Muffled voices can be faintly heard outside my door. I try to call for help like I did in the void of

emptiness. This time, a weak sound can be heard from my mouth. Moments later the door opens with a creak. I feel myself blacking out again.

The next few minutes are a blur as I weave in and out of consciousness. Voices swimming around me all the while. I am suddenly wrapped in someone's embrace. I feel warmth after what seemed like an eternity of cold. Suddenly, every memory comes flooding back like a wave of guilt, fear, sadness and horror.

The scream. The gut-wrenching sound before shards of glass flew at me. The feeling of being trapped. The faint noise of sirens. Darkness, one that envelops me. Consuming me like white hot poison.

I snap back to the present. I use all my remaining strength to lift my hands and return the embrace given to me by whom I realize is my mother. It then comes to me, clear as day. I am okay. I am alive. I survived.

Snigdha Panigrahi, 8B - ICSE

The Misery of the Clouds

The tears of the clouds falling on land
Is it going to save or harm our
motherland?

Everyone is going to stay home
That's what most assume.

Everyone likes a bit of rain
That's what they claim.

But would it stop if we protest
Or will we be depressed?

Anyone would be miserable
if the clouds keep on pouring
its sadness on them.

Showing no mercy to some.

What has been done can't be undone

But what could have it won
Except letting go of its pain
By giving it to verdant fields.

Kanaka Mokshitha Reddy, 8A - IGCSE



The Buddhist Tissue Paper

I believe in reincarnation. I know it's true because I have lived several lives before. I began my first life as a tiny sapling in a forest full of 50 ft pine trees. I lived in that forest for over 20 years and it was a wonderful, peaceful time. Then that fateful day came, the loggers arrived.

The destruction was everywhere. The tallest of us could see them advancing through the forest pulling down tree after majestic tree. Inevitably they reached me and my brethren. It was a terrifying experience, to be cut, to fall, to be dragged away. We had no idea where we were going, what was to become of us.

The next few days are mixed in my memory. Chopping, sawing, pulping. Rolled out impossibly thin and dried with a searing heat. I must have passed out because when I awoke I had been transformed. I was now part of what I have come to learn is known as a newspaper.

This life was short-lived. Within a matter of days I had been discarded. Piled up with a number of other discarded newspapers all made from a mix of countless trees from all over the world. In time we were bundled up and sent to the recycling center, my first trip there.

More cutting, more pulping, more rolling and drying. This time emerging as a

beautiful notebook. I was bought by a young lady who kept me in her purse and took me everywhere. This was a wonderful time. True, she mostly use me to write down shopping lists, directions, telephone numbers. But, sometimes, inspiration would strike and she would write the most beautiful poetry. It was during these times I felt the same peace I did when I lived in the forest.

Sadly this time had to end too. Back to the recycling plant for transformation. I've been a part of packing boxes, printer paper, wrapping paper. Each time I'm recycled I'm split and mixed with other ex-trees and each time I lose a little piece of myself until I'm not sure where I begin and end and if I'm really one entity anymore. In any case, I think this current reincarnation will be my last. Toilet paper doesn't get recycled.

To be honest, I'm ready for it to be over. The constant reinvention, becoming at ease with each new purpose just in time to be pulped and re-transformed. The word is, after processing at the sewage plant, we will be released back into the environment.

Oh! If only this is true! To be back, in nature! My only hope is that I might be used in manure to feed a new generation of trees, back in the forest where I'm supposed to be.

Natasha Mathews, 8B - ICSE



A SCREAM

Can you hear a scream?

The silent tales of those who don't speak,
The withering groans far beyond a dream,

It is you that they seek.

Can you see those eyes?
On a misty field,
Where the dead arise,
Perhaps to repay an old deed.

Can you feel a cold hand?
On your shivering spine,
Your feet sinking in endless sand,
Knowing it is your decline.

Can you feel past anger turn to fear?

They are here for revenge,
They will not pay heed to your despair,
Your strength will collapse as you fall off
the edge.

But fret not, because as scary as it may
seem,
The last thing you will remember will only
be a scream.

Sadhil Raina, 8A - ICSE

Riches Come with a Price

Once a man who desired great riches,
Went to the forest, to find the witches.
He made a deal, a bargain, a contract,
The man swore he would honour the pact.

The man went home, with riches in hands,
All the bounty anyone could desires across the lands,
The man had promised his first-born away,
He thought no further about it, they say

Years later, the man had a wife,
Together, they brought a child into life.
The man had forgotten all about the deal,
But he was bound by a dark magic seal.

So one night, at the dead of night,
When all was silent, perfectly quiet,
A witch snuck into the man's rich house,
And disguised herself as a small mouse.

Scuttering to the child, she beguiled,
Transforming back, she smiled.
Carefully, she picked up the child,
And then fled back to the wild.

The man and his wife wake up the next morn,
Discovering their child gone, felt quite torn,
Upon seeing a magic symbol in the blood of mice,
The man remembered his riches had a price.

Aathmitha Vummadi, 8A - ICSE



WHERE AM I?

It sounded like a straightforward request. It should have been a straightforward request. What had stopped it from being a straightforward request? The answer lies in my horrible, scratch that, catastrophic sense of direction.

I glared at the books in my satchel. Obviously, I blamed them. I would've never been kicked out to return them to the library if it hadn't been for them. If it weren't for them, I'd be nice and cosy at home.

I needed to get back home. And what of the books, you may ask? Listen, I gave up on the library thirty minutes ago when I took a wrong turn and ended up in the Concrete District. Literally, that's all there was for miles. Just huge blocks of concrete in every direction. A street sign would've had more individuality and free spirit.

I looked up at the sky. Storm clouds approached from every direction. I needed to get going, now.

I ran forward, taking every turn I could think of. I know, I know, I'm probably the dumbest person alive. But look, I was desperate, okay? You would be too.

I ran and ran, rounding every corner, my heart beginning to drop by the second. Tears began to build up as I wept, wailing for the death of innocence. Weeping for my lost sanity. Crying as...

Okay, this is getting a bit dramatic. Basically I ran around till I realized I was running in a circle.

I blame the books.

Rain pelted my frozen body. Lightning flashed from the darkest corners of the world to give me suffering. Thunder roared in unholy fury as the demons of the storm chanted in evil glee. I sighed, resting against a concrete pillar as I stared out into the distance, the headlights of an approaching car blinding me for a moment as-

A car!

I practically sprinted from the building. The car doors opened automatically as I chirped away my address, before collapsing in the warm, plush seats.

I didn't notice the worried expression on the driver's face at first. My horror began to build as he stared at me, his cheeks red and his eyes a mixture of amusement and sheepishness. I could've cried when he said the cursed words.

"Actually, I'm kind of new here. Could you tell me where I am?"

Ayush Bhagat, 9B - IGCSE



THE BROKEN ONES

Sam sighed, dragging her feet through the dirt as she took another gulp of water. Above her, the sun shone fiercely on the wild, unkempt land around her. The birds refused to sing, choosing instead to perch on the nearest trees, avoiding the glare of the sun.

The wind was still and unmoving. No clouds passed across the blue sky, which shimmered like a mirage. Pulling out her map, she examined her options. She'd known what she was signing up for when she begged Dr Richards to let her undertake this operation. But being out here, in the wilderness; that was different.

She turned back to where the camp had been. She wasn't sure where the others had gone off to. All she knew was that when she woke up yesterday night, they were gone. Their things were still there, melting in the hot sun. She'd waited a full eight hours for them to return. They didn't answer their phones either.

When she called Dr Richards, he advised her to keep moving. When she asked him why, he hung up the phone.

Something about the call seemed off. Dr Richards was usually a jovial man, witty and understanding. But something about the disappearance seemed to have shaken him up. She could hear it in his voice.

She continued walking. Her goal was a monastery deep in the woods. If Richards was right, it could have been the most earth-shattering discovery to rock the historical world. If he wasn't...well, disappearances would become the least of his problems.

The monastery was still a fair distance away, though Sam hoped she'd get there before night fell. She'd seen enough movies to know that camping outside in uncharted territories was never a good idea when alone.

The sound of singing stopped her in her tracks. She turned around. Nothing. Where was that beautiful voice coming from? It was soft, yet resonated with strength. It called to her like a moth to the flame.

Always pulling her in, no matter how much it burned. Until she was nothing but ash on the wind.

A twig snapped underneath her feet. A wave of nausea swept over her as she doubled over, vomiting all over the ground. She coughed, blood spewing from her mouth. She held onto a tree for support.

What happened?

The sunlight was gone. The temperature seemed to have dropped to negative degrees. She stared into the night. The blood moon mocked her, taunting her as if to say "You didn't think it would be that easy, did you?"

She checked her watch. She'd left camp at ten in the morning. It read: 9:30 PM

Eleven and a half hours had elapsed in the seconds she'd spent enchanted by that song. She pulled out her flashlight, which flickered and died in seconds. She'd changed the batteries yesterday.

"What is happening here?" she muttered, pulling her jacket tighter around her. The gentle breeze of the night had become a cold chill that sent stabs of ice trickling down her spine. Her breath turned to mist before her eyes.

And that's when she saw it. The cold seemed to emanate from the building before her. The birds refused to go near it, instead choosing to watch as she approached the dilapidated monastery.

She shivered. The weight of a thousand eyes seemed to watch her every move, peeling away her flesh until her soul was laid bare to them. Something was very, very wrong about that place.

Had this been a standard horror movie, she knew that this would be the moment. The moment where the audience threw tomatoes all over the scene, screaming at the woman in front of them to not go inside.

Naturally, she decided against it.

And then they appeared.

Cont...



Monstrous, writhing masses of black clouds. Lightning flashed through their shadow faces, accompanied by the demonic roars of thunder as they approached. The soft breeze had become a shrieking hurricane of death and misery, freezing her to the bone.

Rain pelted the Earth as she hurried inside. Better to be warm and safe in a creepy temple than to be cold and hungry in a thunderstorm.

The temperature inside the monastery was enough to make the rain seem comfortable in comparison.

She staggered forward, taking out her camera. Even the cold weather couldn't dampen her shock and awe. The Monastery of the Broken Ones. The Temple of the Cursed. It was real. And she'd found it.

Click.

She stumbled backwards, nearly falling over her own feet as the flash of the camera blinded her. She growled. Of all the times to forget to switch off the flash. She sat down, trying to rub out the spots in her vision.

She hadn't realized how dark the room was. At least outside the moonlight illuminated enough for her to make her way through the forest. Here, there was nothing. Just an endless, black void. If she walked forward, she would've fallen right in.

"Don't be stupid," she chided herself. "That's ridiculous."

After finally deciding that her vision had cleared up enough, she took out her flashlight.

Second time's the charm, right?

She screamed as the rest of the monastery came into view.

Standing before her, was a seven-foot-tall monstrosity. Its eyes were as white as bone. It had no skin, and all the inner workings of its body were in clear view. Its heart worked tirelessly to pump blood, arteries and veins pulsated beneath the surface as the red liquid coursed throughout its body. It tilted its head at her, as if curious.

She'd heard of this creature before. How couldn't she? It was among the most fundamental philosophies attributed to the Broken Ones. They believed that humanity was inherently flawed, or broken. Their perfect souls, they stated, were imprisoned by imperfect vessels. Their duty, they decided, was to rise above the needs of those vessels, establishing themselves as the sole authority over their universe.

They shunned the delights of mortality. They neither ate nor drank, and spent countless hours immersed in books of every kind. They limited their sleep, with some choosing not to sleep at all.

Their dogma was a strict one, and held little appeal for most of the population. As such, their teachings died out, their legacy but a footnote hidden among the pages of history.

She wondered if the creature would be a little miffed about that. She would too, to be perfectly honest.

"Hello?" she asked. The creature continued to stare, not making a sound. She tried to ignore the bugs that were crawling inside its body. It was a willing host to many parasites. Staring would probably be considered rude.

Sweat trickled down her forehead. She began wondering if she'd accidentally offended the creature. Were there any obscure cultural pet peeves Dr Richards had neglected to mention in Talking to Monsters 101? Why wouldn't it say anything?

Then she realized it couldn't. Its vocal cords had deteriorated to the point where speech was impossible. Even more evidence of damage could be seen in the other organs. All except the heart. Why was that?

She inched closer, not even realizing what she was doing until she was right in front of the being before her.

"What are you?" she whispered.

She didn't expect an answer. But it came anyway.

"What do you think it is?"

Ayush Bhagat, 9B - IGCSE



Thunderstorm : THE PARTY

Have you ever been outside,
When Earth dances in her starry hide?

She wiggles and jiggles,
To the Universe's Tune,
And starts to party,
With her best pal, Moon!

First come the masks,
Full of fluff and haze,
Those pretty white costumes,
Swirling with craze

Next, a big bomb blasts,
And the Showers start to prance,
For what's better in a party,
Than a mad, water dance!

Then Earth starts to disco,
With the showering leakers,
As the lights go flash,
And BOOM go her speakers

The party continues,
All night long,
As I dance with Earth,
To the Universe's Song

Guntas Kaur, 9A - ICSE

No Control

Twenty four months ago,
there was a girl free like a bee
but in a month or so,
darkness was all she could see
How her life turned into misery ,
Nobody knew except she.

She was stuck under a roof
For a pandemic had emerged.
No friends and no play
So at home she stayed.

One fine day she stands on the scales
OH MY GOD! She says!
A life of imbalance was born.
But, it never struck her , for her vision was gone.

The door opened slowly,
She began to go outside
But what was the use she was lonely,
Little by little she lost all that stood by her side.

People saw her and would say!
That girl there! Is she okay ?
No one could change her mind
For she thought she was fine.

In the inside she knew,
her mind was off control!
Her stress and emotions grew
And hence depression struck the lonely soul!

Finally she realised,
A little by little she got back her life
Her eyes opened and she saw
What a mess she had created, what all she lost!

Her friends came back,
Her depression went away,
And now she is getting better every day
What she is going to achieve!
Nobody knows ,not even she!

Lekhya Bandapalli, 10A - ICSE



Impact of Lockdown on Children

In an instance, a mere minute, a trifling sixty seconds, India was rattled. Prime Minister Narendra Modi announced the first complete lockdown. 21 days long, starting from the 25th of March, 2020. 1.38 billion citizens to be confined within their homes to prevent the spread of a new, highly infectious respiratory disease.

Eyes slightly widened, yet sensing no apparent emotion, I listened as my parents briefed me. As a 7th grader who had started an early summer vacation by the cancellation of my exams, I was ecstatic. As a young girl, I always spent time outdoors, walking, running, playing about and basking in the sunlight as I breathed free air.

Now, for the first time in 12 years, that freedom was challenged. “Okay” I said, taking it in. The gravity of the situation slowly setting in, I couldn’t help but feel a tingle in my heart. Yes, the future was uncertain, but this new change in the course of my life was faintly exciting.

The first day started off with a major disconnection: no classes, school or socializing. Having just entered this phase, we were not digitized yet, still, I kept in contact with my friends and family. I had to start helping around a little at home, this was new but not unwelcome.

Soon, life seemed to gain some form of a routine, baking and listening to music were two hobbies I nurtured habitually. I even built a fortress of pillows and blankets at home and spent time with my brother. Often, my family watched movies and spent some quality time together. Sure, things were different, but bearable.

Unfortunately, as the days passed, time got slower and the fervor with which we started was fizzling out. I longed to break free and leap out like a caged lion cub. The bleak emptiness outside was unsettling. The boisterous chatter and cries of children every evening faded away, instead laying a deafening silence.

I wanted it to end. Impatience gave way to anger and sorrow. Crying often, I found myself losing hope of the “old days”. Little did I know that I’d have to wait another two painstaking years to somewhat see a semblance of my old life.

After that rough patch, the sun shone again through the gray clouds. I started online school, I kept in contact with my friends more and made new friendships which I still foster to this very day. Some days were tough, but it got better. Now, I’m almost 15, and I don’t go out too often anymore. I have changed a lot and I miss my old self sometimes, but change is the law of nature.

I am stronger now, and by the bittersweet gift of hindsight, I can see that hope is all it takes. Preachy, I know, but if I could get through lockdown, what can’t I do? A wise man once said “Today is the first day of the rest of your life.” I am ready to move forward with the lessons I learnt and see what the future holds for me.

Aneesha Pochiraju, 10A - ICSE



Blissful Respite

The sweaty stench hit me like a train, the cacophony of car horns was deafening, all eager to get home to their anthill-like dingy apartments overflowing with life. The pretentious streets filled with a sea of aluminium, the bright blinding neon shop signs hankering after attention. "Joe's Pawn Shop" read one with a steady flow of visitors. The inherent chaos of the scene was all too apparent.

The humid atmosphere was chained to me, constricting my very movements, every breath a laboured pant. The incessant honks of cars never easing, never ceasing. The perfidious back alleys were all too common. I resignedly gazed up at the grimy moonless sky, the stars all blocked by the light pollution.

I peered into one of the dingy alleys, two men with heavy dark coats stood with their backs to me, exchanging what seemed to be packets of white powder. "You better not be late for this payment," the tall man growled gruffly, soliciting a meek response in a timorous voice by the shrivelled-up figure. I moved away quickly as the small man turned back and nervously exited the alley, furtively checking each direction before jogging off into the south. The drone of life continued on as if nothing happened.

I stood on the street, unmoving, ensconced within the traffic of people, an audience to the angry phone calls, some pleading for more time and some rebuking their subordinates for missing the deadline. I could no longer take this harrowing place.

I resolutely marched north, until finally the constant grating of my shoes against the pavement morphed into the soothing sound of the brush of grass.

The countryside slowly came into view mystically instilling a growing sense of calm with each step, starkly contrasting with the feeling induced by the city. Glad to have escaped that dreadful, soul-crushing environment, an uncontrollable desire to scream in jubilation welled up in my heart.

My wind-strewn hair parted as I ran my hands through them in glee. The salty smell of the ocean opened up my nose, I could almost taste the ocean on the tip of my tongue. The heralded scintillating ocean soon sprang into view and along with it a sprawling village.

I strode closer to what appeared to be the village centre judging from the uniformity of the vibrant, lush-green grass. The salubrious one storey houses and shops seemed to come forward as if in greeting. The gentle, sonorous ringing of the town bell signalled the approaching sunset.

I came upon a red bricked house with Victorian style mullion windows. A wooden sign next to the poplar tree identifying the previously thought house as a bakery. The smoke billowed from the chimney, the silvery gray undulating mass rising up to the stunning sky artfully painted with myriad colours by the painter that was the setting sun.

Rachit Kumar, 10B - IGCSE



The Night

White, skeletal hands grasped at her as she wailed, begging for help. The air was being sucked out of her chest as she struggled to breathe. She fought against the hands, but she was not strong enough. At last, the hands had swallowed her entire body. They were drowning her, and she could no longer breathe.

As she closed her eyes and gave up, she could feel things fading. She woke up from another one of those dreadful dreams. She sat up on her bed, gasping. The walls of her room seemed to be closing in, the remnants of the nightmare still haunting her. Dark shadows seemed to be peering at her from the dark corners. She did not want to wake anyone in the house.

After a few moments of convincing herself, there was nothing to be afraid of, she silently crept towards the balcony and slid the door open. She walked into the balcony and sat on the plush loveseat sofa. She stared at the familiar scene from her balcony and took in deep, calming breaths. The moonlight glinted off the windows of the tall buildings, casting ambient blue lighting. The air was crisp and fresh, calming her nerves.

The inky night sky shone brightly with stars that looked like diamonds against the dark background. She felt as if they were alive, telling her it was okay. The familiar sounds of the city were a comfort to her and helped bring her out of the dream. The crescent moon was particularly stunning that night and was a mesmerizing sight. She was safe and secure in her little cocoon.

As she stared at the scenery, she felt small in comparison, insignificant even. With the light from the moon softly caressing her face, she closed her eyes. She was tired from the day's endeavors and needed to rest. She breathed in slowly, relishing in the refreshing air. She slowly felt herself drifting away as she slept.

Aadhisree Nagulapally, 10B - IGCSE

Camping Out

As we motored through the serpentine road, the spiny pine trees towered over us. The air suddenly seemed to be covered with dense fog, which cleared up after a few seconds. We had passed the clouds and the craggy, snow-clad mountaintops beckoned.

We pitched our vibrant blue tents at a clearing near the road. Curious squirrels darted up the trees and gazed at us. The ear-splitting trill of cicadas emanated from the forest. An infinite sea of fluffy cotton was pierced by numerous white cones.

We set off on a hiking journey after a warm, delicious cup of coffee. The incline of the edge of the mountain forced us to trudge on all fours. Although the air temperature was below zero, the late afternoon sun mercilessly scorched and tanned our necks and limbs.

We reached the peak in time to witness the sunset. We sat and caught our breaths as the sky ignited. After the sun sank below the horizon, we made our way down in the twilight. We had a supper of canned tomato soup and burnt marshmallows and presently fell asleep.

The next morning we woke to the twittering of small birds in the trees. My legs ached slightly. The clouds cleared up giving a magnificent view of the picturesque valley. Running through it was a clear stream, our next destination.

After a light breakfast, we made our way through the woods towards the valley. The ground was strewn with verdant, dewy ferns. There were acorns and pine cones hanging from the trees and scattered on the mossy ground. My brother picked one of each to keep as a souvenir.

When we arrived at the river, we were delighted to see salmon making their way upriver. Being fed up with tomato soup, my stomach growled at the thought of fish meat. Evidently my parents shared my opinion because they were only too keen to go fishing. We had a quite fruitful, satisfactory catch and ate our scrumptious lunch of cooked salmon ravenously.

After lunch, it was time to leave so we packed up our tents and belongings and loaded them onto the pickup truck. After one last glance of the verdure, we set off on our return journey.

Ryan Varma, 10B



Restless Night

It was 3 a.m, the hour of the dead. Silence reigned across the streets, the peaceful quiet of the night uninterrupted but for the occasional vehicle zooming by. Shadows seemed to lurk in every corner of my room; whispering, chattering, and hissing before receding into nothing once again. The monotonous ticking of the wall clock, that to match my heartbeat; was my only companion in this long, cold night.

I pressed my eyes closer together, willing the sleep to come rushing in like waves of mystic lethargy, for me to be borne away into the rivers and streams of a night's long dream. But alas, nothing came. The constant ticks of the clock, serving as a reminder as to the impending morning did no good soothing my nerves.

I took a deep breath and turned to the other side. The lingering prospect of my upcoming promotion made me quiver in excitement, that which I tried my hardest to suppress. A night full of restless tossing and turning in anticipation would be of no help in upholding my reputation. Shutting my eyes again, I took another deep breath, hoping the stinging cold of the night would aid in calming my racing heart. Sheep flashed before my mind, numbered and jumping over a fence turn by turn.

By now, I could sense a good few minutes had passed, but I still hadn't been swept away into a state of torpor, much to my annoyance. I opened my eyes, sweeping in the room before my eyes landed on the culprit, the harbinger of disharmony, my clock. Its repeated ticks and tocks engulfed me in a sea of desperation as I reached to grab onto my true saviour; complete silence.

Dismantling the battery, I returned to my bed, already feeling myself being lulled into peace. I breathed slowly, smiling into my pillow as my long-awaited sleep finally came to me. In a few hours, I would awake again to my hard-earned promotion. But until then, all I could do was sleep.

Aditi Bhamidi, 10A - IGCSE

Zen

The soothing evening breeze gracefully swept through the crescent shaped beach, atop which the resort was situated. Stars began to illuminate the horizon like scintillating cosmic gems bathing the reflective pearly white surfaces of the resort building an ethereal glow. This was a rare, cherished time for a city dweller like myself. I marveled at the roiling waters of the ocean, as it moved in synchronous waves, ultimately ending at the foot of the sparkling, sandy beach. This was a period of true, undisturbed peace, where the natural beauty of the picturesque location could take centre stage, if only for what was a fleeting moment in the grand scheme of things.

I decided to leave for a leisurely evening stroll across the vast resort beach. This place, with its perfect combination of sand, stones and shells, was a sight to behold. Immaculate in its appearance, painstaking effort had clearly gone into maintaining the beach's grandeur and image. The resort as a whole looked as if it was completely unaffected by time, like a vivid, expressive photograph. The only disturbance came in the form of waves gently crashing into the beach.

This resort, at such a peaceful time, was a glimpse into absolute carefree luxury and splendour. Unmatched comfort combined with the spectacular beauty of all aspects of the natural world created a hallowed environment fit for only the most divine beings. The mollifying whispers of nature allowed for a state of pure bliss. The feeling resonated through my soul.

This environment was a delightful blend between incredible feats of ultra-modern architecture and geographical diversity. More stars had cemented themselves into the evening sky, causing the animated dance of luminous waves to reflect onto the resort's structure. It had been engulfed in dazzling brilliance, as if it were putting on a farewell performance for the calm tides and peaceful air as the world was gradually enveloped in dusk's frigid embrace.

This period of undisturbed quiet was ultimately ephemeral. The buzz of tourists slowly became the primary sound permeating the immediate surroundings. The beautiful, otherworldly twilight period had come to a close, as it had done many times before. That heavenly quiet I had grown so attached to had been drowned out, but the memories of such a zenith of tranquility would be crystal clear for a long time.

Manav Das, 10A - IGCSE



The Search for The Elder

“With the stars, our light was infinite, our land basking in a gleaming gold warmth.

But where there is light, there is darkness. And in the deep depths of darkness, evil lurks. Over time, the darkness became too powerful. Its tenacious fingers encroached onto the land insidiously, consuming it in a dry cold, casting the stars away. Long years have passed, but now I call you. Wake up, my child. Revive the stars.”

I opened my eyes, awaking myself from a deep slumber. The waves rolled up to the shore, shoving cold soft sand between my toes. The sea water was an inky black. It looked like a sheet of glass that stretched across to the horizon. The calm night merely masked the otherworldly abominations which hid themselves among the cracks of cavernous caves.

The air became increasingly dense, making each breath short and heavy. The cold tingled my fingers. A voice beckoned me, beckoned me to move forward. I was puzzled and doubted whether the darkness had finally taken control of me; how had this voice unknowingly seeped into my head? I began to think whether I was going to join the people that had fallen into its malicious hands. But these thoughts were muffled when the voice became louder and clearer.

In an ominous and deep tone, the voice told me to move forward. I moved. My feet glided over the sand with frictionless ease. I was led to a cave. It gaped forlorn. I reluctantly ambled in. Instantly, I was struck with a blow of fear. The hollow rock was a hungry abyss. Eldritch noises echoed off the walls endlessly. But the voice in my head became pleasant and soothing. A newfound courage sparked a fire in my heart, lighting the path ahead.

I walked through the cave until I reached the end. The cave gradually became larger. Soon, I realised that the cave was not just a puncture in the earth's rock, but a lair. A lair for the undesirables to thrive in. Opaque masses of fog weaved itself into spectral images of jagged rocks. Then I saw it. In the distance, a dark void flying through the mist.

The behemoth of a centipede-like creature twisted and turned and snaked through the air. Its legs dangled below the body. Its back was like the silhouette of a vast expanse of a mountain range. Two horns protruded out of its head. The serrated points seemed to seamlessly slice through the very fabric that intertwines and binds our universe together. No light reflected off its skin. It looked like a drawing: an uneven yet perfect outline filled in with the darkest of blacks. No white space was shown mercy. In the centre of the head, a bright blue eye shone a ray of light over the ground, searching for intruders.

“That is a Krineer. The embodiment of darkness,” the voice told me. “Get past it and get to the end of the cave.” I accepted the challenge. I ran through the various openings in the towering rocks, their cover providing solace for me, away from the threatening light of the beast. But I found myself in a predicament. The stretch from the rock I was at to the end of the cave was open, stripped of any protection.

I ran. But whatever hope I had was burned in a quick flame. I was covered in a blinding blue light which turned a scarlet red. The Krineer veered towards me. It gave off a deafening metallic screech, a cacophonous mayhem of sounds. I sprinted across the sand, the long strides hurt my legs. At the end of the cave, I saw a crack, a sliver in a rock.

Cont...



Small enough for me to fit in. The Krineer was getting closer at tremendous speeds. I reached the crack and squeezed myself into it. The Krineer, its thoughts consumed by the one objective of eliminating me, did not realise that it was much too large to fit through the crack. A close shave resulted in a horrifying crash onto the rock. The beast curled in on itself. It plummeted to the ground and lay motionless.

I squeezed myself through the crack and found myself in a large room. The walls were inwrought with vines and flora, forming complex and intricate patterns. But they were limp and grey. They seemed to gravitate towards the centre of the room. A statue lay there. It kneeled and held what looked like a staff in its stiff hands. At the top, the staff curved into a crescent arch.

“Go closer,” the voice whispered. The statue compelled me to move before I could even think to. Then, I felt weak and numb. My knees buckled below me as if they were strands of cotton. I felt my life force being sucked out of me and being taken by someone. I was losing breath.

The statue moved. The rock grinded against each and crumbled away. Below the brittle stone, someone emerged. The Elder had been awakened.

He was a tall man with a white venerable beard and wore a dark blue robe. He gripped his staff with bony fingers. It began to glow a scintillating white light. The light in the darkness grew. It overpowered the darkness which faded in defeat. The dead plants lifted themselves up and their petals unwrapped. The light was revitalising, like an elixir. An aura radiated from it. I regained my strength. He looked down at me, his eyes covered in his luxuriant eyebrows, and nodded.

The land once again basked in a mellow light. The air was fresh with the smell of dew drops. The sky was a brilliant blue with snow-white clouds and life began to grow and proliferate. Civilisation sprouted. During the night-time, the navy-blue sky was a canvas, dappled with specks of white.

The stars have returned.

Eshaan Lokesh, 10A - IGCSE



The Quest for the Arcandum Elixir

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 willing to say, 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 and death lurked around it. It contrasted sharply with the beautiful flowers that surrounded it. An underlying 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.

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. It moved into the shadows and appeared to become part of them. 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, agape, as the human shadow solidified and covered the distance between

Cont...



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 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.

A deep voice resounded in my head. "What you have just witnessed were the consequences of awakening Rynlin with the Arcandum elixir," it said sadly.

"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."

I recalled the pile of bones outside and 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.

The shadow agreed to my terms, 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, AS Level

Peace

I know these winding roads that lead
To a home away from home,
And the stretch of valley where you leaned Out the window
And screamed for more.
We're like animals
In the ardent pursuit of chaos,
Because we couldn't stand the stillness Or the idea of living for aeons.
I still remember your voice, Guttural in the morning light,
That we'll become so much more, All we've ever dreamed;
That the best is yet to come
And we'll be bursting at the seams.
That burning look in your eyes That fiery intention,
And that conviction as you spoke, Left no room for apprehension.
That there is a fire in our bones
That will always be our own,
And we'll forever crave more;
I don't think peace is a word we'll ever know.

Tara Kumar Bailkeri, AS Level



Kraken

A cool breeze swept across the deck, carrying with it the thick scent of the ocean and a sticky salt spray. "Naomi, the galley awaits. Your break only lasts so long, you know?" called Derrick, the deck hand. I took in the sunlight and the gleaming sapphire ocean before heading below deck. Heaven knows if this sight may be my last. I've heard so many stories about tragedies at sea. I shudder to think the "Queen Caroline's Crown" could end up like that.

I toiled through the evening, preparing a measly stew that required a lot of vegetables. Of course there were other cooks in the galley, but I always ended up with the most cumbersome tasks. I left the galley as the last of the stew was being consumed, heading back up to the deck. I had heard from Derrick beforehand that there was a patch of bioluminescence near where we were sailing tonight.

The ship rocked beneath my feet as Derrick walked up to me beside the portside railing. "Beautiful night, ain't it? Ah, I meant to tell you, the stew today was excellent, I especially liked the veggies." We often talked like this, he knew how unfortunate I was to always end up cutting vegetables.

The ship's rocking became a bit troublesome and the bread I had eaten a half hour ago threatened to escape. "You said there'd be bioluminescence," I said rather disappointedly. At that moment I saw a bright patch of glowing green growing closer to us. "Ah!" He exclaimed, "I never disappoint." Full of self-praise, as always.

As the ship crept up on the jade patch, we suddenly lurched to port. I flew onto the railing, Derrick following moments later. I had to get my bearings right; each person had a role on this ship. I needed to get a rope to secure myself.

Just as I thought that, the ship lurched to the larboard and the crow's nest swayed frighteningly. A large glowing tentacle swept up from the sea and swatted the deck. Now I am almost certain I hit my head somewhere. People scurried around the deck, unsure of what to do given the dire, unexpected circumstances. "Everybody! Keep your heads down! We can't afford to lose anyone!" shouted Captain Long.

What hell-sent demon was doing this? Glowing tentacles made their way up the side of the ship. They danced the dance of death with the people on deck, scurrying like rats in the sewers. The ship was probably waterlogged by now. I ran across the deck to the bow and found a corner to hide in. This would be a good vantage point if not for the sheer desperation and fear lining the moment.

I could tell we were still moving, at a good pace too. At this rate, we may be able to outrun the jade creature. And surely enough, just as quickly as it showed up, it vanished. The midnight blue sea was calm once more and Captain Long was back to ordering the deckhands to clean up. "Naomi!" I jolted at his bark and lifted my head. "Come and clean! What are you moping around for?"

Somehow, we avoided disaster. And, as if the jade monster had never existed and nothing untoward had occurred, we began cleaning. I suppose, however, that this tale would get out soon enough. There are no secrets among sailors. And just like that, calm in the face of danger, Queen Caroline's Crown sailed on.

Tara Kumar Bailkeri, AS Level



Pompeii

You walk back home, pack slung over your shoulder. You think it's rather hot for November, the temperature is unnaturally high. You reminisce the last month, of how laughter and drink churned into a strange warm concoction in your gut; of how strangers turned into companions and finally, friends for life, people you'd keep forever in your heart of hearts. How the world is not simply the world as you know it; how sunsets can be even more breathtaking when viewed against the ethereal backdrop of the interminable ocean, yawning before you, crimson and vermillion bleeding into the deceptively calm sea. How you left home with a small heart and infinitesimal dreams and returned with more dreams than you can fit inside your body. You think they're seeping out from the seams in your skin, from your pores and orifices, you think they'll leak out and sink their stubborn claws into the whole universe, like a parasitic beast. But you console yourself, thinking that they're just dreams.

Snow begins to fall in front of you, blanketing the ground white. Something is wrong: it's far too warm to snow, it has never snowed in your city before, and it's far too dark for this time of year. You look up, great grey clouds hang low in the sky, blocking out all sunlight. You hold out your hand curiously, intrigued by this unusual phenomenon. Faux snow settles in your palms, and you rub it between your fingers trying to feel out its texture and composition.

You look up again, ashes like snow raining from above, as deceptive as the serene sea. Your gaze lands before you, upon where your beloved city should have been, hidden under layer upon layer of ash.

"My city," you whisper, eyes stinging, you stumble forward, "my beloved city," you fall to your knees, your backpack, all the dreams you thought would rot the world— forgotten. "My city, my city, my city!" You howl, so aware that

no one can hear you, heart tightening in your chest, you clench your fists into the ground, earning a handful of ash, you throw it aside in anger. The tears fall freely now.

You think of your loved ones, unsuspecting, going about their daily business, sealing the wine jars, and burying them so they can ferment. You think of your sister, almost reverently picking chestnuts from the tree in your garden, of how your mother loves wintertime because she simply adores pomegranates. You think of your father, how he'd go on about how you shouldn't waste your time wandering and should learn to make the wine instead of consuming it, and hopefully soon. You think of how that will never happen.

It's so easy, you think, to pretend. Because, if you close your eyes, it almost feels like nothing has changed at all, it almost feels like, in a few steps, you'd reach the southern entrance to your city, large gates welcoming, tugging your heart home. If you close your eyes you can picture summer days on Vesuvius, the lush green of the mountain foliage, racing down the slopes with your friends, laughing at jokes that seemed funny at the time but, in hindsight, were not. Vesuvius would not look like an enemy, standing ready to proclaim war upon your precious city, Pompeii would not be under ash and rock so deep it was erased off the face of the world.

Because, if you close your eyes, you can still see the baths up north, the Herculaneum, and the amphitheater, you can point the directions to each one blind, you know your city inside and out, and it's simply...not there anymore. It's gone, and there is nothing you can do about it. A poignant sense of hopelessness settles upon you. You turn, lying on your back, gazing up at the imposing black clouds, no sun or stars in sight, and wonder why you ever left home in the first place.

Tara Kumar Bailkeri, AS Level



You're afraid to live,
In any way that matters,
Because it means you can die,
In a way that matters.

You are beautiful and you are damned,
And afraid to put your curse into words,
The curse of youth,
Of young adulthood,
The ailment with no cure.

Your curse is that of hope,
Reckless foolish hope
But you clutch your hope with a fervor,
Like it can be taken from you—
Just like your youth.

But you are still young
You've got greed,
You've got teeth
That sink in deep.

How does it feel,
Hiding that greed?
Behind words like ambition,
Like want, like passion.

Because the things you do,
In the name of that hunger,
With that nagging taste on your tongue—

But the things you desire,
And the things you require

Youth

Are seldom the same.
And when you realize you've chosen wrong,
You're the only one to blame.

But blame it on your youth,
Your evanescent youth.
Where dreams go to die,
Where dreams are born.

And this reality is the strangest dream,
You'd turn back time if you could.
Back to when you'd run for the thrill of it—
The thrill of having something to run from.

Back to your old chains,
That felt so comfortable.
That felt more freeing,
Than freedom.

But it's all done now,
If you want it to be,
Burn the world, set it aflame,
Go forth and dig your own grave.

Stop wondering if you are what you make of time,
Or what time makes of you,
It's one thing and the same.
And remember, if you have any regrets,
You'll always have your youth to blame.

Tara Kumar Bailkeri, AS Level



A Paradise Full of Books

The librarian, a middle-aged woman, dressed formally, greeted me with a cheerful “Good morning”. I chose a book from the 'Trending' bookshelf and sat down near the window. Speckled light danced on the table when I drew back the curtains.

The electrical lights overshadowed the natural sunlight that reflected off the window panes. There were small antique table lamps sprinkled throughout the library. As time ticked by, more people trickled in through the heavy doors of the library. Every time the door opened, a faint creak echoed through the library.

The readers who had come in for leisure Sunday summer reading sauntered through the narrow paths between the towering bookcases. Each leisure reader picked out different books, skimmed through and replaced them within a few minutes. The remaining huddled in compact groups. There was white noise, but a peaceful

silence flooded the library. The hushed whispers, the soft tapping, the whirring of the table fans and a muted hum did not bother anybody.

A pile of books accompanied each child. They flipped through the pages quickly enough to leave a constant fluttering sound. The children dangled their feet like pendulums from the high chairs. Some college students were glued to the bright screens of their electronic gadgets and typed away faster than a pecking hummingbird while others ran an interested finger across the pages of velvet-covered books. There were books strewn across the length of the hand-carved wooden table. Squinted eyes peered through the thick glasses.

As Jorge Luis Borges aptly said, "I have always imagined that Paradise will be a kind of a Library."

Anshi Pillai, A level



The Library

Inside its hallowed halls, time stood frozen. Still beams of sunlight penetrated through the high and lofty windows, illuminating the snow-white specks of dust that lay suspended in the near-petrified air. Massive velvet drapes spanned the few parts of the walls not covered in bookcases, and most of the windows too, only allowing the barest slivers of light to pass through into the library's vast, almost uninhabited rooms...and all the secrets they held.

The white pages that decked the lower shelves gleamed golden in the evening sun, while others were condemned to only cold shadows, their leather bound covers bearing embossed titles and aged yellow pages impossible to decipher through the veils of shadow cast over them. The deep brown oakwood shelves stood like silent, motionless giants, stretching from the crimson carpeted floor to the forty foot high ceiling, leaving only a small gap between the two to let a window just squeeze in. It was impossible not to wonder when these colossi would awaken from their slumber, as the imaginations of all ran wild and amok through the vast halls of the library.

A soft draft drifted through the benches, gently lifting the few readers that still sat, out of their dreamlike trances and back into the real world. It was easy to get lost in the library, amongst the millions of alluring pages begging to be turned. The few who dared enter stood no chance, as the childlike imagination that they must always keep confined while outside could finally break its shackles loose and gain a taste, a glimpse, of freedom.

The library was filled with noise, yet one could hear a pin drop through the air thick with

magic. A thousand battles took place, a million heroes started their journey, poets cried out their tormented words in the throes of passion and ancient philosophers stretched their voices through time to hold loud and lively discourses. A rowdy medieval feast filled with shouts and cheers for more food and drink and the sombre silence of a funeral in the rain. Juliet's last heartbroken monologue and Darcy and Elizabeth's first dance. Shelley's painfully passionate cries of the thorns of life and Plato's enigmatic discourses. The whirrs and beeps of Asimov's spaceships and robots and the thundering march of Tolkien's army of orcs. All of it (and more) could be heard, if only one chose to listen.

The ignorant outside observer saw only a few dishevelled lazing readers, an out-of-shape librarian in beige clothes peering through his bifocals at an ancient monitor and a by all means squalid looking public library struggling through neglect and disrepair. It served only as shelter for hobos stuck in the rain and daring teenagers looking for some privacy. You couldn't really even concentrate when the sharp, blaring horns and booming engines of the traffic outside kept crashing through into the building.

Yet, to those who knew, to those who chose to listen, they had the luxury to dwell in a sacred abode, one enchanted by magic, where omnipotent gods and indulgent kings, humble peasants and ambitious townsfolk, proud citizens of galactic empires and the daring subjects of tyrannical regimes, artists, musicians, warriors and more, all stood to tell their tale, only waiting for a good pair of eyes and an open mind.

Shravan Kumar, A Level



Moonlight

The moon shone with a strange light tonight as it played hide-and-seek amongst the dark grey clouds overhead. Maybe it was the fine drizzle of rain that seemed to fall in an endless array of droplets, scattering the moon's light in a thousand directions, like a cut diamond scintillating in sunlight. The tall, damp grass, swaying gently in the cool night breeze provided the perfect cover as she silently stalked through. One moment she was here and the next her jaws were clamped tightly around its neck - almost like a phantom apparating and disappearing at will.

The sharp crack of tooth against bone broke through the eerie silence of the night. Like a gunshot, the remainder of the herd jerked upright, ears cocked towards the direction of the sound. It was imperative she remain still. The slightest rustle, the softest growl, and they would be off in a flash; gone as fast as the life of the doe that lay at her feet. Ten seconds.... twenty seconds...she grew impatient. The hungry mewling of her cubs, as she had left them before going in search of prey, played in her mind. Her cubs, her poor starving cubs, she could not make them wait. She had eaten her fill, but the rest of this carcass would not be enough. Another kill would have to be made. Tonight.

The moon was just beginning to peek its head out from behind the cloud it had been hiding. A thin sliver of moonlight struck the earth, illuminating just enough for her to latch on to her next target - a stag! Just then, it raised its head and looked directly at her as if challenging her to try. It wore its antlers like a majestic crown, displaying it for all to see. She knew the stag would be a hard hunt, very likely ending up with no kill, but she was desperate. He was large, and her cubs needed meat to grow large and strong.

The breeze had turned into a mini gale. The wind howled and moaned as if urging her on. She knew this was her chance, and yet she hesitated. A memory of her mother flashed through....the pain....the antlers stabbing her stomach....she

was left all alone.....no, that would not happen to her cubs!

Padding along silently, she flitted through the grass, hunched low that her belly almost dragged through the ground. Each step was sure and careful, not even an ant was unintentionally disturbed. She was almost on him. Two more steps. Its hind legs were in sight through the blades of the grass. A loud angry buzz of a bee shook the shroud of silence. And he was off, bounding away towards the treeline, With an ear-shattering roar she followed., hot in pursuit. The stag veered wildly, trying to throw her off course, but she's no amateur. Just as she's about to give in to exhaustion, the mewling of her cubs awakens a long dormant side of her. Snarling, she leaps at it with renewed vigours, and snaps. A loud guttural bleat emerges from its throat as her jaws crunch through its hindlegs. Even then, the fight isn't over. Kicking and thrashing, she endures its dying resistance as she tears its throat open.

A loud triumphant roar shakes the trees as she stands over her prey, proclaiming that she is, in fact, queen of the jungle. Dragging it back to where she left her cubs, a deep sense of loss engulfs her. Confused, she shakes her head and swats the air with a paw, as if trying to kill an annoying fly. The stag, one of the largest she had ever killed, would satisfy her cubs growing appetites. So, why was she feeling this emptiness? She lays it outside the bush and enters, softly growling to announce her arrival; there is no response - no soft mewling or playful snarls that usually greet her. Panicking she penetrates deeper, but they aren't there. Her cubs, her beautiful cubs were gone. Abandoning the carcass, she keeps growling, hoping in vain to hear a response. The forest is silent, asleep, and her cubs are missing. Turning towards the sky, she lets out a long pitiful howl. The night has just got longer. Sniffing the ground, she runs in the direction of their scent, hoping against hope that they had not been captured by Man.

Akshay Bhawe, A Level



Fitting In

Twelve year old Sami soaks up the praise from the audience after a dance performance to a medley of Kannada songs. It is Kannada Rajyotsava Day 2018 and she is exhilarated from the music, mostly songs from old Kannada movies and a hit with the audience—mostly parents of the performers, and from the twirly bouncing steps she had just performed. The Auntie who choreographed that dance is smiling at her now, ‘Channage madidvi, maga’ she tells me—well done, child! To me, it is more than an offhand compliment from a woman who has seven other children to congratulate on their efforts, but the best way I know of retaining my culture as an Indian person living abroad. I tuck away the words carefully in my mind, all the ways of using that phrase swirling around my head as I look for my mother amongst the parents of my friends, and tug on her dupatta to get her attention.

Later, in the car, I tell her again how glad I am that she insisted on me attending Kannada Kali, the Kannada language learning classes I attended every Sunday in a sunny building in Orange County, California. It is a language close to my heart, even though my mother is Konkani and my father Telugu. It is the language spoken in the city I come from, Karnataka’s bustling capital, the silicon valley of India, Bengaluru. Having lived half my life in that city, its language and kind people were what tied me to it even as I lived in a different country. In fact, the Indian community my family found in SoCal made me feel more Indian than I ever did when I lived in my country of origin. I was surprised to find that my American-born Indian friends were more Indian than I, or so it felt at times. They were more culturally adept; they learned Indian classical dances and Carnatic music to feel

connected to the land their parents were from, and donning a kurti or lehenga during diwali was special and meaningful. So many things that felt routine to me while I lived in my own country slowly grew to become important traditions carried out consciously, and they started to hold more of a purpose in my life. But it wasn’t always so.

I was eleven when I left home behind to join my father in Irvine, a curious tween, excited to be back in the country I had lived in six years previously. On my first day at Woodbury Elementary, I wore a new dress and felt quite confident about the whole situation. That was, until I lined up with everyone else to be led to my fifth grade class and noticed how differently dressed I was from everyone else. It was just another day of school for my classmates; they were dressed in leggings and jeans and boring t-shirts and hoodies, the unofficial summertime uniform of the SoCal pre-teen. I had a flowery headband in my hair and I stuck out painfully. While no one commented on my appearance besides a ‘your headband is cute’ from Katherine, I rested my head on my new desk and wished I had known better. Against my better interest, I glanced at my would-be-frenemy, Siya Mishra and her plaid button-down and dark-wash jeans— not the most well-put-together outfit, I thought to myself. I rested my head on my new desk and wished I had known better. Against my better interest, I glanced at my would-be-frenemy, Siya Mishra and her plaid button-down and dark-wash jeans— not the most well-put-together outfit, I thought to myself, but still more appropriate than mine. One Indian girl fit in. One didn’t.

Samyukta Polumohanti, I PUC, S1A



Art @ Work



Aahana Rajgarhia, 4C



Aashna Rakesh, 4D



Adinath M Nair, 4A



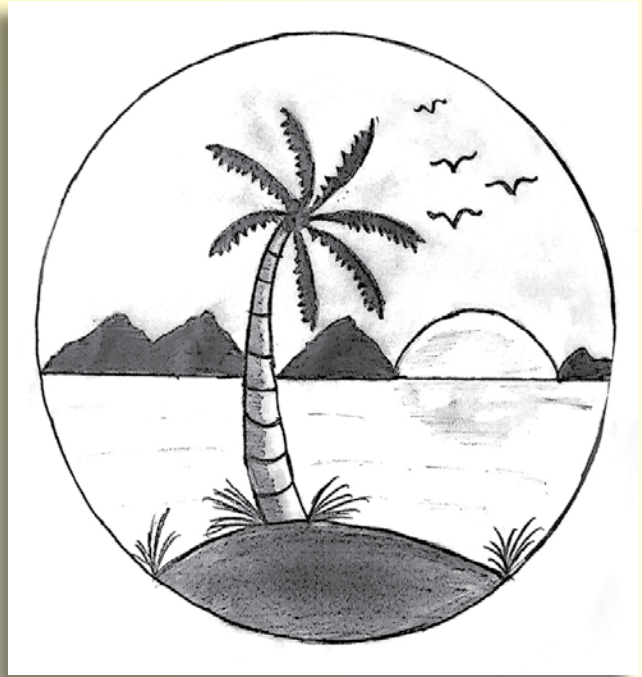
Adarsh Prasanna, S1F (PUC)



Art @ Work



Adinath M Nair, 4A



Akshita Vaddi, 5A



Akshita Vaddi, 5A



Anvita Mallu, 10A - ICSE



Art @ Work



Anvita Mallu, 10A - ICSE



Anvita Mallu, 10A - ICSE



Anvita Mallu, 10A - ICSE



Anvita Mallu, 10A - ICSE



Art @ Work



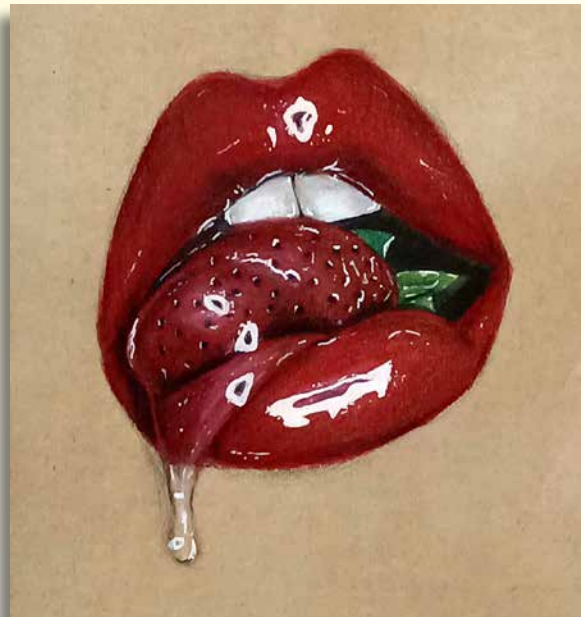
Anya Kumar, 5B



Ashlesha Agarwal, 9A - ICSE



Ashlesha Agarwal, 9A - ICSE



Ashlesha Agarwal, 9A - ICSE



Art @ Work



Daya S, 4D



Jiah Bansal, 9A - ICSE



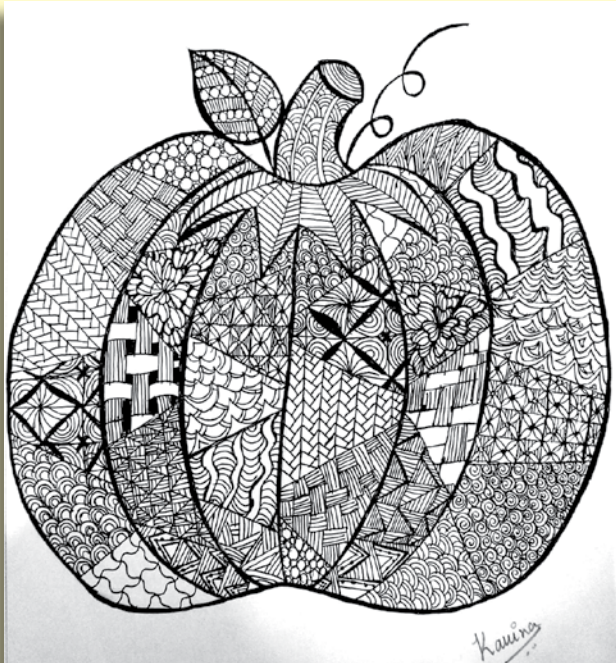
Harshika Narwani, 7A - IGCSE



Fathima Shehnoor, 5B



Art @ Work



Kavina R, 9A - ICSE



Kavina R, 9A - ICSE



Kavina R, 9A - ICSE



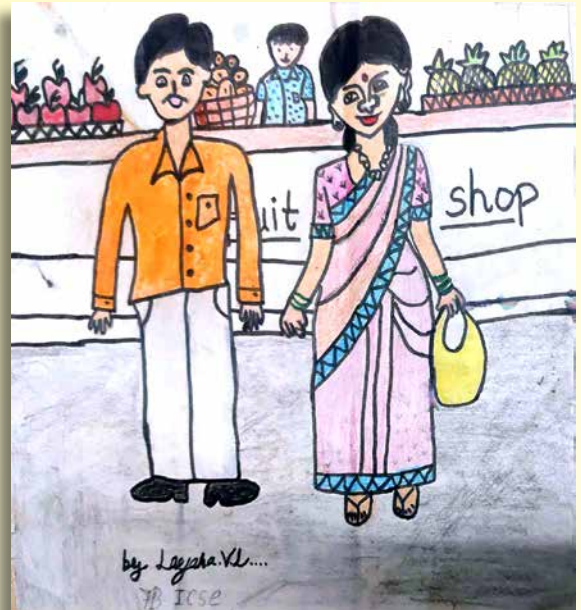
Kavya S Bandekar, 5A



Art @ Work



Kia Bhagi, 5B



Layana Grade, 7B - ICSE



Manavi Grace, 5B



Manveen Singh, 5A



Art @ Work



Manya G, 5B



Nandini Guleria, 10A - ICSE



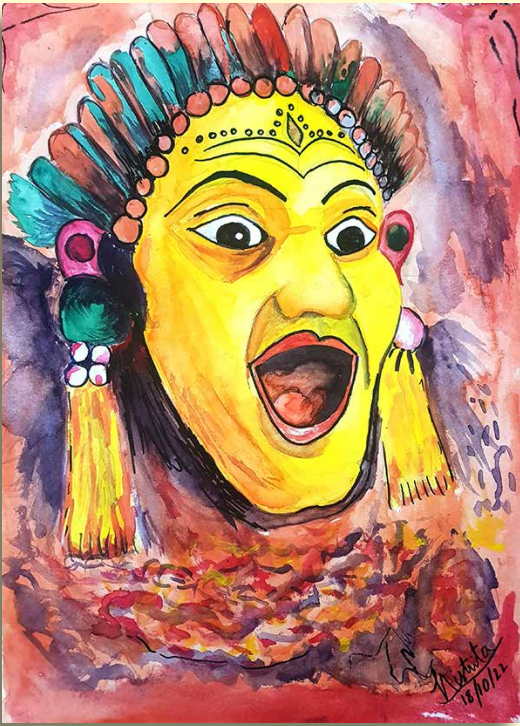
Nandini Guleria, 10A - ICSE



Navan Dutta, 9A - ICSE



Art @ Work



Nishita Naik, 8A - ICSE



Pratham, 5C



Prerana Ramesh, 5B



Reshma Premkumar, 10A - ICSE

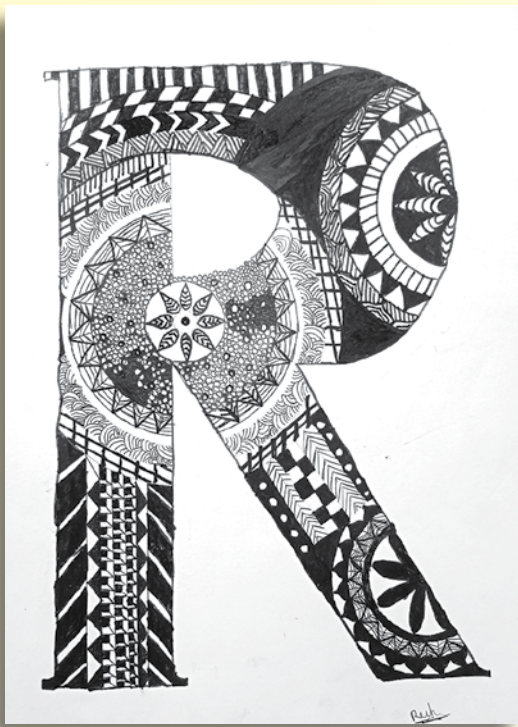




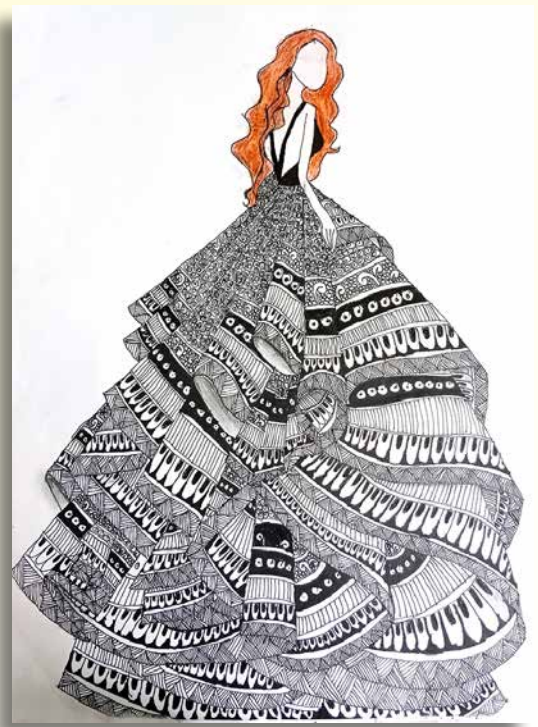
Reshma Premkumar, 10A - ICSE



Reshma Premkumar, 10A - ICSE



Reshma Premkumar, 10A - ICSE



Reshma Premkumar, 10A - ICSE



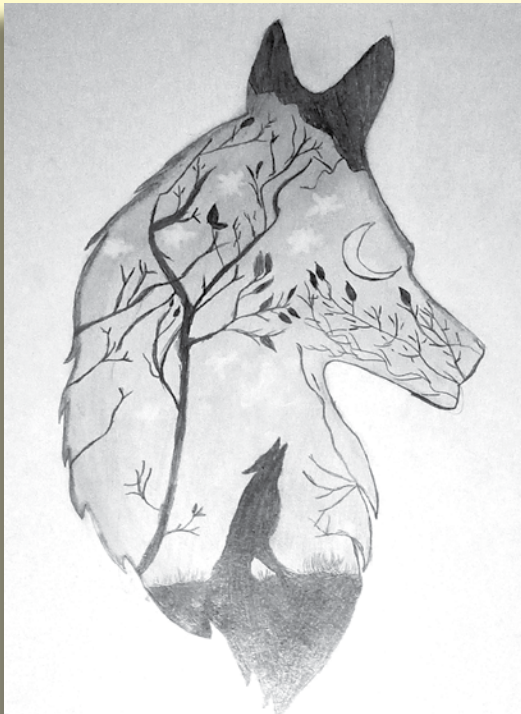
Art @ Work



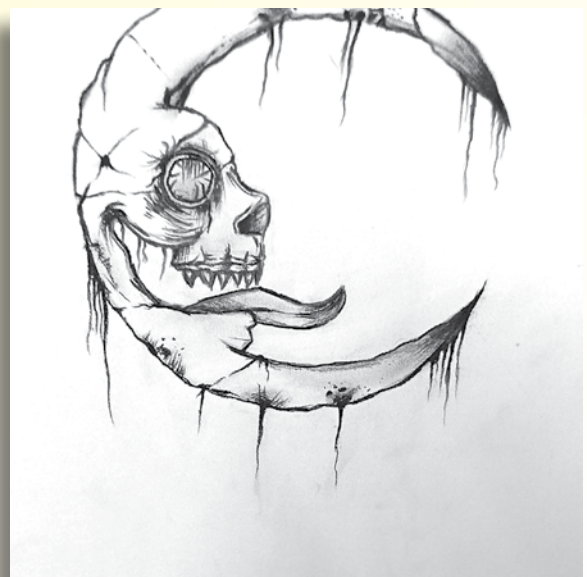
Ridhima Sharma, 8A - ICSE



Ridhima Sharma, 8A - ICSE



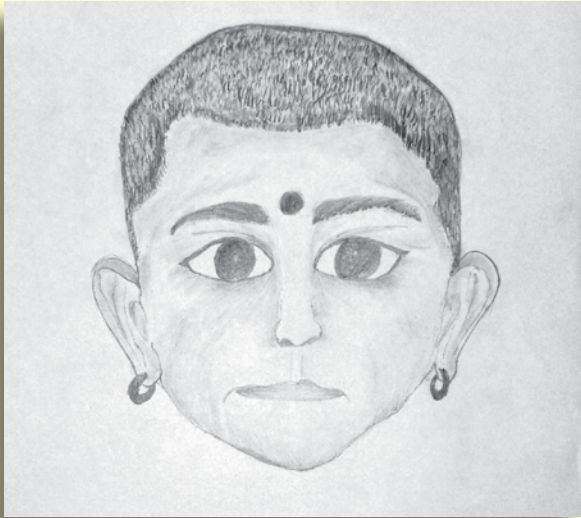
S Akshaya Krithi, 10A - ICSE



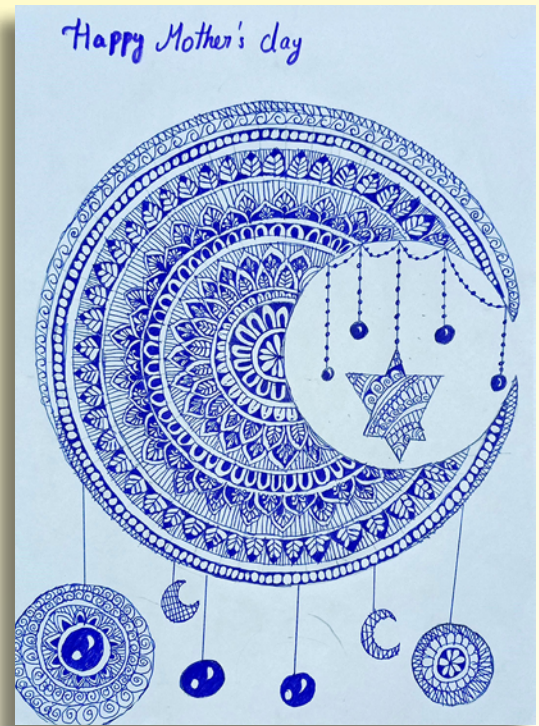
Ridhima Sharma, 8A - ICSE



Art @ Work



S Akshaya Krithi, 10A - ICSE



S Akshaya Krithi, 10A - ICSE



S Akshaya Krithi, 10A - ICSE



S Akshaya Krithi, 10A - ICSE

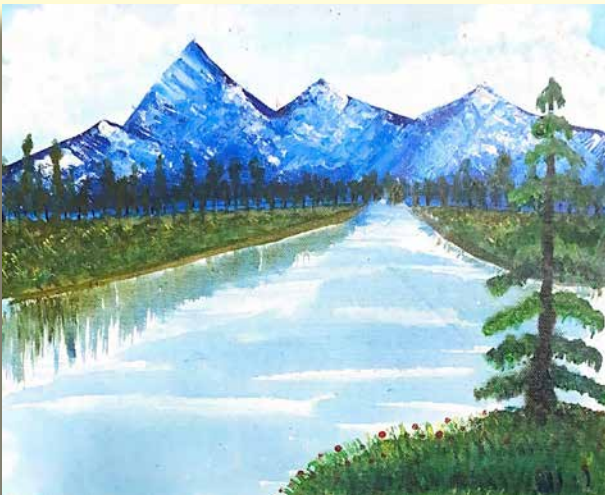




Sharanya Das and Shivangi, 7A - IGCSE



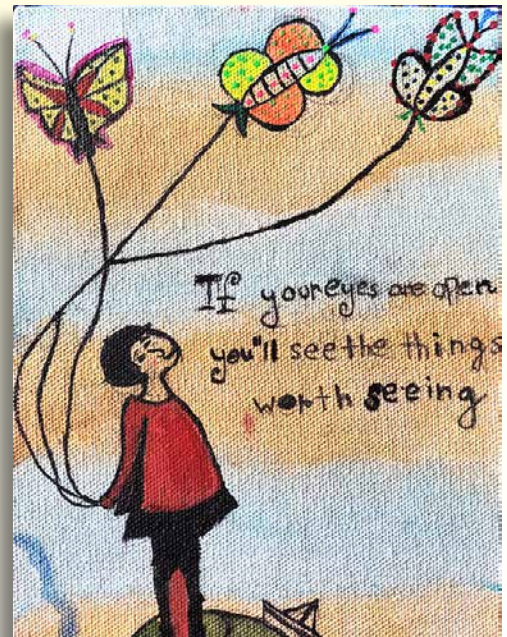
Varenya Raina, 2B



Sharanya Das and Shivangi, 7A - IGCSE



Sangjukta Bhattacharjee, 5C



Shriya Jaju- 10A - ICSE





Nursery - 2022 - 2023



LKG A - 2022 - 2023





LKG B - 2022 - 2023



LKG C - 2022 - 2023









Grade - 1A - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 1B - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 1C - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 2A - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 2B - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 2C - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 3A - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 3B - 2022 - 2023







Grade - 4B - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 4C - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 4D - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 5A - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 5B - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 5C - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 6A ICSE - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 6B ICSE - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 7A ICSE - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 7B ICSE - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 8A ICSE - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 8B ICSE - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 9A ICSE - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 10A ICSE - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 6A IGCSE - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 6B IGCSE - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 7A IGCSE - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 7B IGCSE - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 8A IGCSE - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 8B IGCSE - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 9A IGCSE - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 9B IGCSE - 2022 - 2023





Grade - 10A IGCSE - 2022 - 2023



Grade - 10B IGCSE - 2022 - 2023





AS LEVEL - 2022 - 2023



A LEVEL - 2022 - 2023



Class Photos



I PUC COMMERCE - 2022 - 2023



I PUC SCIENCE A - 2022 - 2023





I PUC SCIENCE B - 2022 - 2023



I PUC SCIENCE C - 2022 - 2023





I PUC SCIENCE D - 2022 - 2023



I PUC SCIENCE E - 2022 - 2023





I PUC SCIENCE F - 2022 - 2023



II PUC COMMERCE - 2022 - 2023



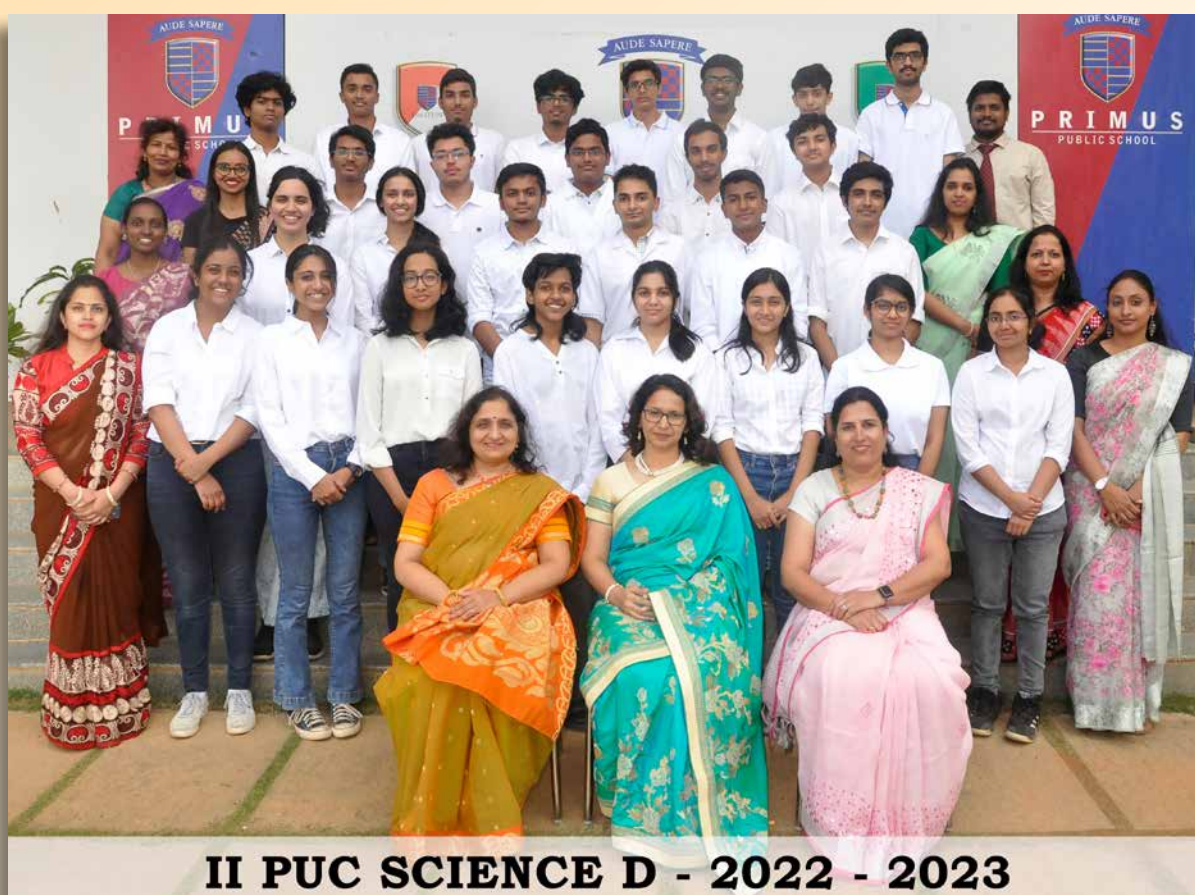


II PUC SCIENCE A - 2022 - 2023



II PUC SCIENCE B - 2022 - 2023







II PUC SCIENCE E - 2022 - 2023



KINDERGARTEN TEACHERS 2022 - 2023





PRIMARY TEACHERS 2022 - 2023



IGCSE TEACHERS 2022 - 2023





ICSE TEACHERS 2022 - 2023



A & AS LEVEL TEACHERS 2022 - 2023





ADMIN STAFF 2022 - 2023



BUS CONDUCTORS 2022 - 2023





BUS DRIVERS 2022 - 2023



HOUSE KEEPING 2022 - 2023





TEACHERS 2022 - 2023



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.

{EDITORIAL} team

