

THE INDIAN INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL, DSO



Creative **HORIZONS:**
IGNITING Imagination



TERM 2
(2024-2025)



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Dear readers,

Welcome to the second edition of IIS Voice (2024-2025), the IIS-DSO magazine that celebrates literary and artistic talent within our campus. In this edition, students from KG 1 to Grade 10 have vibrantly showcased a range of poetry and prose focused on many creative themes. Keep reading as we unravel more stories in multiple languages!

العربية

صدق يقي وف

في غابة خضراء جميلة، كان هناك أرنب صغير اسمه

"لولو" وتعالب ذكي اسمه "ثعلوب". كانا صديقين يلعبان معاً كل يوم.

في أحد الأيام كان لولو يقفز بين الأشجار عند ما وقع في حفرة عميقة ولم يستطع الخروج. حاول لكتاً لم ينجح، بدأ ينادي: «ساعدني.. ساعدني» سمع ثعلوب صوته، فركض بسرعة، وعندما رأى الأرنب عالقاً، فكر: «كيف أساعده؟» ثم وجد غمداً طويلاً ومده إلى لولو. تمسك لولو بالغصن، وساعده ثعلوب على الخروج. عانق الأرنب صد يقي وقال: «شكراً لك، ثعلوب. أنت صديق وف»
ابتسم ثعلوب وقال: «الأصدقاء الحقيقيون يساعدون بعضهم دائماً» ومنذ ذلك اليوم أصبحا أقرب صديقين وتعلم الجميع معنى الوفاء والصداقة.



ساره 3-E

فرشاة الطلاء السحرية

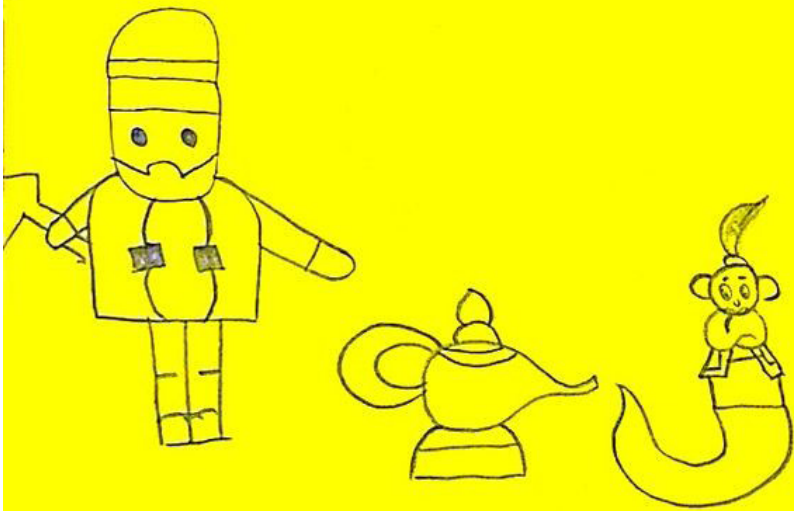
في قرية صغيرة، كانت هناك فتاة فقيرة تدعى رنا، تعلم بأن تصبح فنانة كبيرة. ذات يوم، أعطتها عجوز فرشاة سحرية وقالت: "كلما رسمت بها شيئاً، سيصبح حقيقياً". رسمت رنا شجرة، فظهرت الشجرة في الحال. ثم رسمت قريبتها، فملاؤها بالأشجار والزهور. في يوم من الأيام، قررت رسم السلام، وعندما رسمتها، انتشر السلام في كل مكان. استمرت رنا في الرسم، وعرفت أن السحريكم في النية الطيبة. النهاية.



أخلاقي: السحري في النية الطيبة.

الطالب و المصباح السحري

كان الطالب سالم فقيرا ويعيش في كوخ صغير.
في يوم من الأيام، وجد مصباحا سحريا، وعندما مسحه
خرج منه مارك قوي وو حده بثلاث أُمنيات طالب أن
يصبح غنيا، فصار لديه قصر و ذهب، لكن فقد
أصدقائه. ثم طلب أن يعودوا إليه، فعادوا لكنهم
أُجِبُوهُ من أجل ماله فقط.



أخيراً، فكر بـمكة و
تمنى أن يكون سعيداً
و يساعده و يشاعله

الآخرين. افتفى المار، و عاش سالم نياته بـبساطة
لكنه كان أكثر سعادة من قبل.

نينيكا 5B
Nainika 5B

حي ♥ الإمارات

حي الإمارات يا قلباه حبيها وأغسل همومك طرا في شواطئها

وسر على تربها مستأنسا فرحا فهل عرفت لها ندأ يدانيها!



هنا تقيم المعاني دولة وهنا يطاول الشعر تياها مبانيتها

يا نضر الله وجه الباذلين لها أعمارهم مثلما قد كان بانيتها

أقول زائداً يمتد المدى ألقا من السجايا فسيحات معانيها

فليحفظ الله هذه الارض ما طلعت شمس فغارت من النور الذي فيها

رسالة على النافذة !!

في ذروة الجائحة ، شعرت ليلي
بالوحدة . كتبت على نافذتها :

في اليوم التالي
رَدَّ جاراتها :

"معا
سنجتاز
هذا !!"



انتشرت الرسائل ، وتقولت العزلة
إلى رابط قوي . لم يكن القيروس
أقوى من الأمل !

Ada Jinnah
6F 6702

Adg.

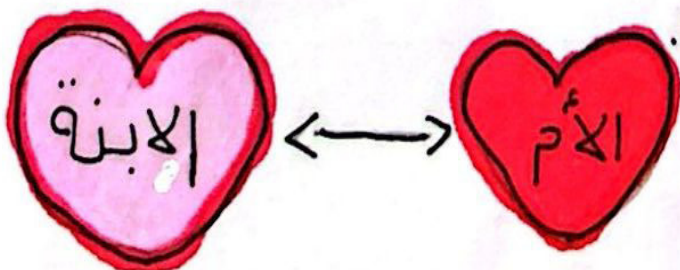
حَسَنٌ بِكَ وَوَعْدُكَ
وَعَمَلُكَ بِرَبِّكَ وَوَعْدُكَ



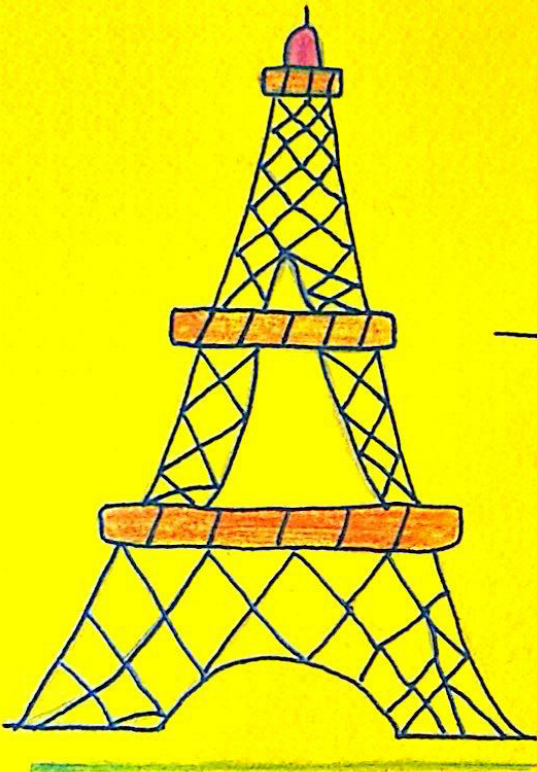
سند خاص الرابطة بين الأم والابنة

في قرية مريحة، كانت فتاة صغيرة تدعى عائشة،
تحب قضاء الوقت مع والدتها زينب. وفي كل مساء، كانوا
يجلسون تحت شجرتهم المفضلة، حيث كانت زينب
تشاركهم قصص طفولتها. في أحد الأيام، كان لدى عائشة
مشروع مدرسي عن الصداقة. "ماما، هل يمكنك مساعدتي
في إظهار مدى أهمية صداقتنا؟" سألت بفارغ الصبر.
فابتسمت زينب وقالت: بالطبع! لقد جمعوا أوراق ملونة
وأنشأوا ملصقًا مليئًا برسومات لأوقاتهم الممتعة معًا، مع
عبارة "أمي هي أعز صديقاتي!" وفي يوم العرض التقديمي،
شاركت عائشة بغير قائلة: "هذا يوضح العلاقة التي
تربطني بأمي. لقد علمتني أن أكون لطيفًا وأن أؤمن بنفسي
شعرت زينب بالفخر وهي تتباهى ذلك. في تلك الليلة،
احتضنتها عائشة بهوة وقالت: "شكرًا لكونك صديقي المفضلة
يا ماما". فابتسمت زينب: وشكرًا لأنك نورتي يا عائشة.

"رابطتنا مميزة للغاية." النهاية.



قصة عن تجربتي :-



في باريس، تجولت في الشوارع
التاريخية واستمتعت بأجواء
المدينة الرومانسية. زرت برج
إيفل ليلاً، حيث أضاءت الأنوار
الساطعة السماء. استكشفت
متحف اللوفر وتأملت روائع
الفن مثل الموناليزا. تناولت
الكرواسون الطازج واستمتعت
بالقهوة الفرنسية في مقهى
صغير بجانب نهر السين.

صدقة السنجاب والجرو

ذات مرة كان هناك صد يقان : سنجاب وجرو .
كانوا يعيشون ويلعبون معا . كان السنجاب رياضيا
للغاية وكان يفوز دائما باللعبة . اعتاد الجرو أن
يشعر بالسوء ويعتقد أنه لا فائدة منه .

وفي أحد الأيام بدأت السماء تهطل بغزارة . وكان
السنجاب في حالة معنوية عالية . بدأ في القيام
بتصرفات غريبة لكنه فجأة فقد توازنه
وسقط في مياه الممر .

اتصل بصد يق الجرو طلبا للمساعدة . جاء الجرو
لا تقاذه . صعد السنجاب على ظهره ووصل إلى
مكان آمن . وشكر صد يق على إنقاذ حياته .

وتحدثوا عن صد اقتهم كيف تجعلهم أقوى وعاشوا
في سعادة دائمة

النهاية

السنجاب
والجرو



سُبْحَانَكَ يَا مَنْ لَا يَمُوتُ وَلَا يَمُوتُ



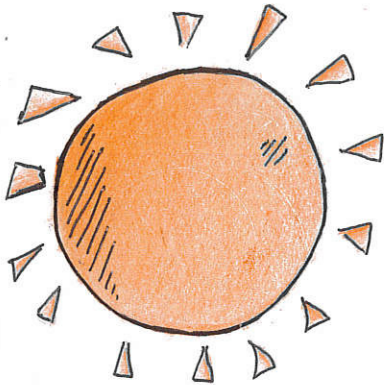
NAMIRAH PATEL 9 -E



French

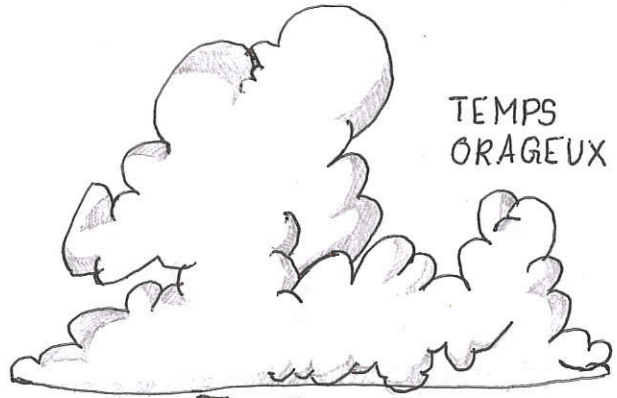
Les saisons et la météo

- JOSHIETHAA
7A



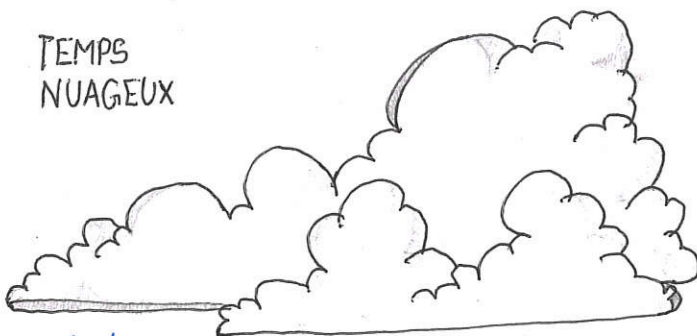
TEMPS
ENSOLEILLÉ

Il fait généralement beau
en été. Il fait chaud et
le soleil brille.



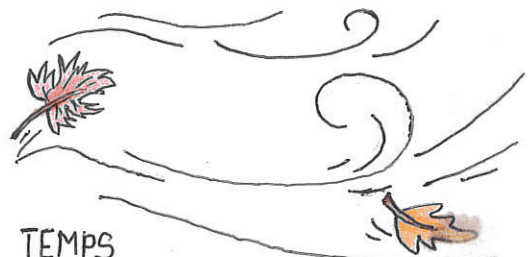
TEMPS
ORAGEUX

C'est généralement pendant
la saison des pluies. Il y a
de la pluie et des orages



TEMPS
NUAGEUX

C'est souvent au printemps
et en automne, et parfois
en été



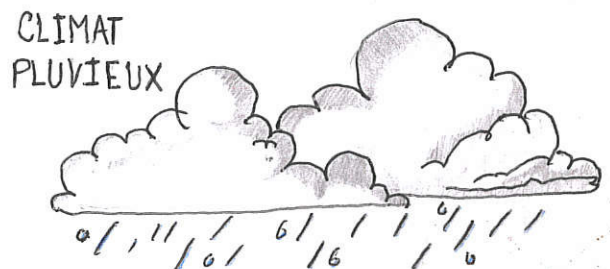
TEMPS
VENTEUX

C'est généralement en automne
et en hiver. En automne,
il souffle des vents frais, tandis
qu'en hiver, les vents sont plus froids



TEMPS
NEIGEUX

C'est généralement en hiver
La neige peut aussi tomber
pendant cette saison



CLIMAT
PLUVIEUX

On le voit souvent pendant
la saison des pluies, mais
aussi lors des changements
de saison.



La monnaie est présente dans tous les pays, des dirhams aux roupies, chaque pays a sa propre monnaie.

La monnaie de la France est l'euro.

Pourquoi avons-nous besoin de monnaie?

Cela nous permet d'acheter des jouets et des aliments.



Le Jardin de l'Cube

Le soleil se lève, douce lumière du matin,
Les oiseaux chantent, un hymne divin
Les fleurs s'éveillent, parfums, exquis dans
l'air,
Les ruisseaux murmurent, secrets deux à
partager.
Les arbres dansent, au gré du vent léger,
La nature s'épanouit, en beauté infinie.
Nos cœurs, battent, en harmonie parfaite,



Par Zélar Dias

Mon Journal par inaaya 5H.

Premier jour, samedi

me réveille au son de la télé en me levant, Je vais aux
ttes et je me brosse les dents, puis je vais au salon pour manger
à ma grande surprise, nous passons la soirée au cinéma
très amusant.

deuxième jour dimanche

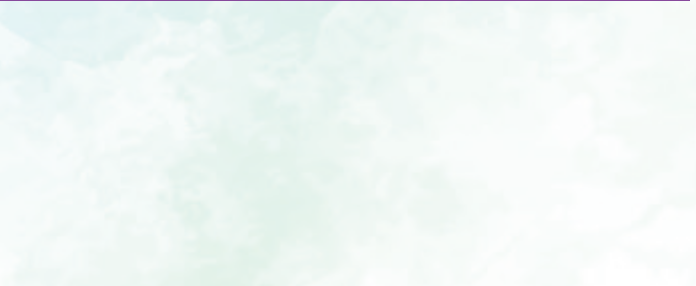
me réveille vers 9h00 et j'ai pris le thé puis j'ai pris
thé puis j'ai regardé la télé vision pendant un moment
nt de préparer du repas avec mon père



troisième jour lundi

me réveille vers midi et puis je me dépêche parce que nous étions
le point d'aller dans un centre commercial là-bas nous
s mangé et acheté un projecteur.





A Letter to My Future Self

Dear Future Me,

I hope you are doing well and life is treating you kindly. Right now, I have so many dreams and hopes for the future. Have you achieved your goals? Are you happy with the choices you've made? I hope you have worked hard and followed your heart to do what you love.

I hope you are still the same - kind, curious, and full of energy. Do you still enjoy the little things in life, like laughing with friends, playing games, and spending time with family? I hope you haven't forgotten the wonderful memories from school, the fun times with friends, and the lessons learned from the teachers.

Life might have had some challenges, but I hope you faced them with courage and learned from your mistakes. Remember how we always believed that hard work and honesty could take us anywhere? I hope you still believe that.

No matter where you are now, always stay true to yourself. Keep dreaming, keep learning, and never stop believing in your abilities. The future is bright, and I know you can achieve great things.

Yours Sincerely,
Your Younger Self.

The Plastic issue - How plastic affects Marine Life...

6E
KARTIK
LAKHOTIA
9520

Introduction: About 8 million tons of plastic enter our ocean every year. This is a major crisis, as it affects marine life. As of now, 5.25 trillion pieces of plastic are estimated to be in our ocean. In this article, we will explore how plastic affects the marine life critically.

The rise of Plastic: Plastic came to our world in the early 1900's, but it wasn't famous until the 1950's. People discovered how convenient, cheap and durable plastic was and found its use in almost every industry, but there was a catch. Plastic is not biodegradable.

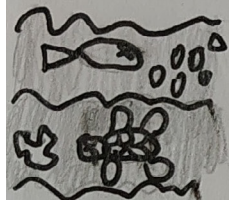
The problem: Plastic is not biodegradable, and instead it breaks down into tiny pieces called microplastic, which is found almost everywhere including marine life. Millions of tons of plastic is thrown and dumped in water bodies. Marine animals like birds and turtles mistake it to be food, eat it, and consequently die. It's estimated that 100,000 marine creatures die each year. The Great Pacific Garbage Patch is one of the five large plastic garbage patches around the world. It is twice the size of Texas and contains 1.8 trillion pieces of plastic.

What can we do?

To prevent plastic going to our water bodies, we can:

- Avoid single-use plastic.
- Participate in clean up and recycling programs.
- Support brands and policies that promote sustainability.
- Reduce consumption of things.

The fight against plastic begins with small changes. If we act now, we can protect our oceans and next generations. Will you be part of the solution?



TECHNOLOGY IN SCHOOLS- PROS AND CONS

Technology has been introduced to us since covid 19. It helped us to continue our studies without getting infected with the disease, since then technology became a vital part of our daily school life, including our daily switch for school- to educational games. In this article we will see the pros and cons of technology in school.

Pros

Enhanced learning: The internet is a vast resource of information, articles and different perspectives. It acts as guidance and support in understanding tough topics and subjects.

Students can use e-books and videos to further learn about various topics. It provides access to a variety of educational resources.

Collaboration and communication: It help communicate and collaborate with people regardless of their geographical location. It helps students collaborate in group projects with platforms like google workplace and zoom and many other document collaboration platforms like Canva etc. It gives practice to what students can experience in their future job life

Efficiency: Technology has simplified many processes that teachers and students do daily, like attendance, switch for school or grades, etc. If a student is absent than he/she can refer to the lesson materials in learning platforms. Additionally, parent-teacher communications can occur virtually, enhancing the efficiency of the educational process for both staff and students.

Future Use: Living in this virtual world, it important for students to know how to use online applications and many other virtual skills. As technology has been integrated in nearly everything, knowing virtual skills like creating slides, sending emails, writing articles is one of the qualities that employers will be searching for and that can be handy to students for their future careers.

Cons

Distraction: Social media, text messages, recent videos and updates on many apps or games can distract oneself from lessons, making it a hard task for teachers to make students stay on point as well as for the parent to ensure their kid studies in school. Most of the time students can also play games on their device instead of studying.

Excess of Screen Time: Students are on their devices most of the time for entertainment and so adding technology to school would convert what used to be their offline time into screen time. Another element here is that if assignments are assigned online then that increases the amount of time a student spends in front of a device even at home.

Cheating: Cheating has been easier ever since the introduction of technology. Students can copy and paste information in their assignments, and in online tests open two browsers in case they didn't study, they can even now search in AI platforms like **OPENAI** and **COPILLOT** and copy the samples or information given by them.

In summary technology was built to make our lives easier and if used with right intentions and for the right amount of time, can be beneficial for our future lives.

SCHOOL TIME RIDDLE CHALLENGE
BRAIN TEASER FOR YOUNG LEARNERS

1. You go here to learn and play, five days a week. It is where you stay. What is it?

Answer : School

2. I am filled with desks, book, tables and chairs. You can find students and teachers there. What is it?

Answer : Classroom

3. I am the one who helps you learn from letter to Math. Who am I?

Answer : Teacher

4. I ring so loud to signal time, for recess, lunch, fire drill and home time. What am I?

Answer : School bell

5. I carry your books, pouch and food on your shoulders. What am I?

Answer : Bag

6. I am full of pages, neat and white. I help you learn both day and night. What am I?

Answer : Book

7. I am colourful and fun to use. I help you draw or choose some hues. What am I?

Answer : Crayons

8. We talk, we laugh, we sometimes fight, but in the end I and the one who lends a hand when you need help. I understand. Who am I?

Answer : Your best friend

9. I am the tool that makes things right, I fix mistakes, clean and light. Who am I?

Answer : Eraser

10. I am long and yellow and stop on the street. I pick you up and give you a seat. What am I?

Answer : School bus

11. I am made of wood, long and skinny, but I cannot be a tree. I help you write so creatively. What am I?

Answer : Pencil

12. I am a Job you get at home. Sometimes I feel like a mountain to beat. What am I?

Answer : Homework

13. I am a device that fits in your hands, with me you can play games, do Rosen level up or watch on demand. You take me to school but not to see your teacher. I show you cartoons and can even take a picture. What am I?

Answer : Tablet

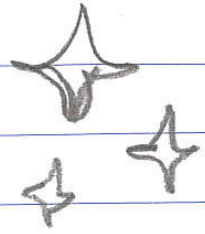
Thank You

Gatik Gopakumar

Grade 2 A

IIS DSO

Nobody is
Perfect

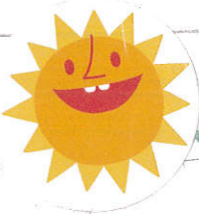


From the day I was born, the day
I was brought up, I had had learned
That no one can be perfect. We say wrong things
we do wrong things. We learn, and
we play. When we fall,
we get up ^{and} we live. We thank God for a
giving -

Another
Chance



Alishma Fatima 5E



NATURE

Big green trees.
Bright yellow bees
lively leaves.

Beautiful sunsets.

Animals in sets

Birds in their woven nest.

Bright lights of blue's

Colour changing hues

The even still dew's.

Big mountains

Heavy rains

Animals that endure many hardships

The smaller ants,

The hot sands,

The different types of cats.

Nature can have beautiful example

It's our duty to make sure that

these things are ample.



SHAMBHAVI
VERMA
1A



Cloud

Its fluffy

Its white

You can see it

When the sky is bright

It can float

It gives rain

It stays higher

Than a bird or plane

It's a cloud!



By: Sairah Mariam Sa

Grade - 4 Section - E

☆☆ Memories ☆☆

In class 2-A, where friendships bloom, not just photos, but memories loom.

Captured moments, laughter's song, in our hearts, they all belong.

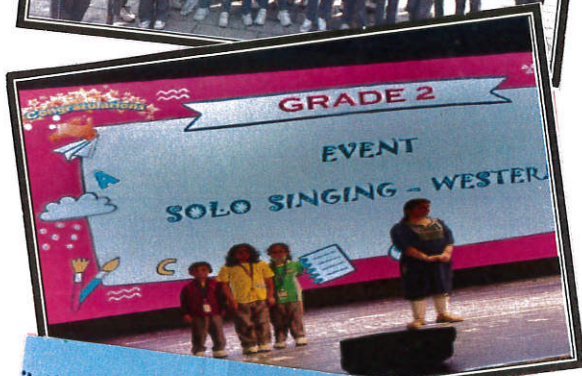
Years may pass, yet we will recall, the times we shared the joys, all.

Looking back, with smiles and tears, cherishing these golden years.

So, here's to us, the bonds we made, in class 2-A, where memories stayed.

Forever etched within our minds, the best of times forever binds.

Ved Anchan
2-A



The Mountains

Majestic and grand,
The mountains stand.
Tall and proud,
Above the clouds.

Their peaks touch the sky,
Where eagles fly,
Their slopes so steep,
Their secrets they keep.

The valleys below,
A tranquil and peaceful
show,
The rivers that flow,
A sight that we all know.

The mountains are a
wonder,
A beauty to ponder.
A place to escape,
and find solace in their
shape.

-Aamena Shaikh

6-G

You're Always There...

For my best friend

My life's such a wreck

But I know that when it's like that I can wrap my arms around
your neck.

Most of the time, I feel like crying

Though you make me feel like even that's okay sometimes,

Even though I keep denying.

I so deeply admire your passion for your future

That it inspires me to decide mine.

Sometimes I just hate everyone around me, for how they affect
and influence me,

That I so badly want to be with you, knowing you'll always be by
my side.

I treasure our memories, those I will never intend to forget

So, you see, what we have, the sisterly bond, means so much to me

That much, that it's something I hold wealthy.

Aleena Rahman 7F, IIS

The Long Wait - An Original

10th July 2024

I remember when I was just five
Pleading Mom for a one like you
All my friends had siblings, except for me, and I didn't appreciate the vibe.

I stayed up all night, praying for the other half of me
That I couldn't wait to see.

I waited, Oh how I waited

All those years I felt like the odd one out
Little did I know that the almighty had decided otherwise, my wish be true.

And there you laid in that comfy bed, my heart no longer blue.

I wonder on the adventures we'll have together
& the future with you is to cherish forever.

Even though I'm ten years older than you,
It doesn't matter, it's a fact you can't beat.

As you have a mother in me, more than a sister
But don't worry, because I will be most fun person you'll ever meet.

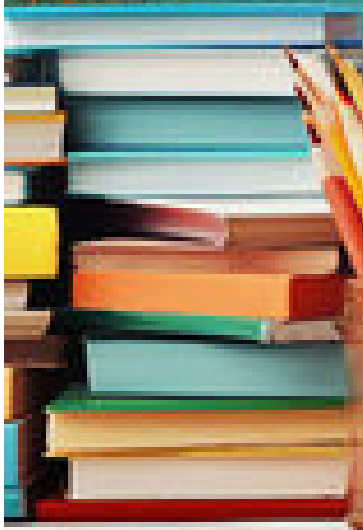
The one by your side is and will always be me
I love little brother, with all my heart and soul
You are the dream of my childhood,
It is what makes you so special and whole.

- Aleena Rahman

A POEM ABOUT SCHOOL

A place where our imaginations fly
And our bad habits say goodbye
A school is a place where we can learn and teach
Where knowledge goes to each
As we spread out into the world so wide
We all stop to say our goodbyes
Not just students, but teachers too
As they were the ones who gave strength to you
Nevertheless, our knowledge stays intact
And our facts stay true and exact
School is a place of wonder
A place to always remember

By Alisha. 5-J



LIFE VS DEATH

Birth is the beginning of life

Whereas death is known to be a strife.

Life is a huge process

Sometimes as fast as horses,

Or maybe as slow as turtles

Along with numerous hurdles.

We never knew life's purpose

Due to which it was grievous

But everyone likes it

As they all seem to fit.

Death on the contrary is feared by all.

Because it might come next fall

Death is that of liberation

Not that of you reaching your expiration.

Death makes life as a whole

It might also be a good stroll.

BY AOUSIKKA SC

Poem- Nothing without you

Dear Teacher, you are so kind

Brings us joy and peace of mind!!

You teach us what is wrong and right

Which helps to make us bright and bright!!!

I wonder how you work so hard

Never take a break and get tired!!!

You show us the way when the path is rough

Solving the problems, I can't thank enough!!!

Hope one day I can make you proud

By achieving something but still in ground!!!

Thank you for being my teacher, what I am, and I will be nothing without you!!!

By: Aura Pradhan

Grade 1D

Ice cream

Ice cream Ice cream

So cold and sweet

In the summer season

It's a yummy treat

Lots of flavours

Lots of colours

Cup, cone, or stick

I can't wait to lick

Ice cream can be sticky

Ice cream can be sweet

Ice cream is delicious

It's my favourite treat.

Jui

Grade 4E

Lost in the stars

Lost in the stars where the silence feels right
I'm painting my dreams with the colours of night
The moon whisper secrets don't worry never knew
In the still of the sky, I'm searching for you
The Wins carry songs from a place far away
A melody soft as the break of the day
The clouds hold a promise, the stars hide a key
To a world that exists in the depths of the sea
Canvas of dreams where I wander with you.
Time slows to whispers the moments feel free,
Like a bird chasing echoes of eternity.
The echoes of Starlight keep calling my name,
A journey through whispers, no two paths the same
The Galaxies spin in the waltz just for me,
Each step a reflection of who I could be,
Through shadows moonlight, I follow the glow,
A map of the heavens that only I know
The night holds its breath as the world falls asleep,
In the quiet expanses, all my secrets I keep,
The Universe hums with a sound soft and sweet,
A rhythm that guides every heart it will meet
Lost in the stars ...
Lost in the stars ..



Summer

Summer is fun and summer is hot,

We eat delicious food like hotpot .

We go to the beach ,

We have freedom as there are no teachers to teach .

With our friends we have ice cream ,

In summer, till 10 we will dream .

When school starts, it's boring to reach.

As this year is coming to an end

Let's welcome the new year with family and friends

Our exciting faces and jubilous smiles

Has excited my heart to power me for more than a mile

As I await the new year in full cheer

There's nothing I need to fear

When my friends are here



MEHER BANGA_5J

My Rocking chair and me

Back and forth, back and forth.
As the Sun sets, its seemingly everlasting rays gone.
Back and forth, back and forth.
Nothing but my thoughts and me.
Thoughts of pleasure, endurance and agony.
Back and forth, back and forth.
Just my Rocking chair and me.
To think of lost moments on the porch.
The town is silent, except for the occasional barking.
Back and forth, back and forth.
Nobody there to judge as I hum the same tune of regret.
Staring at the abyss.
Back and forth, back and forth.
As the sun rises, he gets up marking the end of his journey,
which continues into the next night.
Wood creaks, the doors open, and he's gone.
All memories of regret are gone and finally accepted.
Back and forth, back and forth.
Just my rocking chair, thoughts, and me

- Ariana Umarjada Khan
Grade 5D

OUR BEAUTIFUL EARTH

By Divesh Premanand 4D

As I wake up to the morning sunshine,
I wonder how we live inside.
Earth never gets a break,
I wonder why it's never tired.
All I'm grateful for is that Earth exists,
Rotating around the Sun every day.
I don't think Earth can handle
Our troubles anymore.
All we need to do
Is plant more trees.
I don't understand the fuss
About keeping Earth green and clean.
We all worry about Earth's demise,
So why don't we get up and act?
Earth sacrifices so much for us,
So let's rise and do our part
To keep our Earth green and clean.

THE END



A Small Tour of Earth

The Sun, a piece of glittering gold.

It's heat like a flame around this world.

The Moon, a ball of big black yarn.

It's darkness would make us say "oh charm."

These are animals they're our pets.

We pair them with humans in equal sets.

They all make different sounds.

But that's alright for we are simple people on these simple grounds.

That's the city.

It's always so busy.

Whenever I look at it,

I start to feel dizzy.



Sarah Jiju Kurian

Class 3-E

THE RIVER

I flow and flow,
Past the snowy mountains,
Past the lively villages,
Past the lush green forests,
With no end in sight.

I take the remnants with me like a passer-by,
While time takes its turn swiftly.
Day arrives, but night marks the end.
The sun sets, but the moon rises,
The sky being replaced by beaming stars,
As I continue to shine like the glorious river I am.

Alas! I find myself below flying fish,
Lost in the twists of my adventure,
Slowly merging with the vastness of the ocean,
Witnessing a massive kingdom beneath me,
Something that I can explore
For years to come...

G.B. Siyona
9E

A Solitary Feather

In the soft, gentle embrace of dusk,
A solitary feather settles down.
From great heights it once took flight,
Now earthbound, it longs for the sky again.

It twirled in the murmuring wind,
A traveler among the woods.
Yet now it rests on the ground so quiet,
A mute observer of time's desire.

Its path marked in each vein,
Of lost freedom and temporary gain.
Still in its solitude, a story it spins,
Of far-off heavens and autumnal fins.

For when alone, its essence harmonizes,
Of limitless heavens and hidden flights.
A solitary feather, yet so majestic,
A representation of hopes that always persist...

Though earthbound now, its dreams remain,
A whisper of the skies' refrain.
In stillness found, a silent grace,
A testament to life's embrace

By: Srisufhala Seepana

7D

Tuesday 11 February

TITLE-Friendship- *the bond that binds*

A relation, binding and secure
Where minds build trust and understanding,
A never-ending link from start to end
Where there will be support par reasoning.

Times good and bad set in
Yet it stands unwavering,
Times happy and sad chime in
Yet it gains strength.

Be it race, religion or colour
Faith shadows differences all,
Be it gloom or the merry
Faith lights it up all.

Friendship gets fragmented but can be repaired
Barriers arise, but pathways too,
Friendship gets hit but can be rejuvenated
Barriers beat, but collaboration build.

-By Eric Cherian

Grade 8D

Friends That Could Have Been

Plump and rosy her cheeks were,
My friend's, who never really was mine.
Her hair, a wonderful shade of ginger,
That I'd love to have braided at least one time.

We met beneath the olive tree,
The sun still shining high,
No words did she say to me,
And neither did I.

Yet we played til we,
Couldn't breathe little breaths,
Til our faces turned red,
And til we collapsed in the grass,
Feeling light in our heads.

We chased the bugs and climbed the trees,
Swung the swings, and slid the slides,
Our laughter floated with the breeze,
And reached all those far and nigh.

Soon, the evening fell,
And with it, we parted ways
But the memories we made,
In our hearts still stayed.

She smiled at me,
And I at her, beamed.
A farewell between two,
Friends that could have been.

Haeqa Sufyan
Grade 9B

I, the worst of all, bestowed myself to hope

I, the worst of all, bestowed myself to hope
With confident hands, I signed my fate,
In blood, the ink, though wrought with weight.
I shan't let sins be shackles prone,
For through the storm, my heart is worn,
For hope

It shines brightest in the dark
It is there but cannot be seen
To be without it costs me everything
But with it costs me nothing

Bestowing myself to hope
Hope has four words,
So does Loss
Each path a cross for me to toss
and with grace, I walked into the sanguine path
"Take the road where brightness grows, to you the worst of all"

Yet, in this quest, I shall not be at peace
with all the doubts tangled threads
easy to shred, hard to unsnarl
But still, I stand, I won't appease.
yet I still bestowed hope

Hope is like that delicate pale feather
Hard to notice, hard to find
but a cinch to catch
if it weren't for the insecurities gusty gales

howling and teasing, penetrating my soul

So, I'll work hard
I build my shield of strength and patience
A steadfast heart, in this sacred space
to catch that delicate pale feather
That flutters forth, just out of my place

I, the worst of all, bestowed myself to hope
A sigh wore through my lips
as I take the brightest road
Footprints marked in faith, so bold
knowing that this road makes everything to my world

I glanced upon my trail
A smile blooms where fear was once pale
For every step, getting more bolder
The worst of all finds a saint in me

So here I dwell, in hopeful grace,
recalling the long journey, on the pave
where brightness grows
Finding my footprints awake
In all the sanguine ways
I the worst of all, bestowed myself to hope.

By Saanvi Yadav

GRADE: 9B

HOPE

They say hope is the brightest star in a dark night,

But I don't think it's true.

Hope isn't just a flicker, distant and cold;

It's the warmth of a smile, the gold in the old.

Hope is the crumble of leaves in autumn's decay,

The whisper of if in the fabric of life's play.

It's the melody of running water's flow,

The silent promise in the seeds we sow.

We mistake hope for something so small,

When it's infinity, the heart of it all.

It's the green of the leaves, the salt in the sea,

The hug of assurance that lets us be free.

It's a semicolon in the middle of a decree,

A pause that says there's more to be.

It's the brown of my eyes, the light in my smile,

The fire within that carries me a mile.

Hope is my euphoria, my infinite spree—

Hope is the very essence of me.

Plaksha Goswami

Grade 9A

Story- The lost dog

Once upon a time, Mia and Nia went to the park. They went on the see-saw, slide and trampoline, but when they were about to get in the trampoline, they saw a creature. Mia said “Woo! We must run!” Ok! said Nia. The next morning, they went to the park holding hands, but the creature was a weak dog.

They felt pity for the weak dog. Then an idea stuck in their mind which was to take care of the dog and miss photos. After two weeks, a woman cried “This is my dog”! My dog’ at the photo. Mia and Nia gave the dog back and told her not to leave him alone in the park. Mia and Nia learned an important lesson about friendship.

By: Ishika Rahul

Grade 1 D

The Haunted Holiday Cabin

Once a upon time, in a small snowy village between the mountains, lived a girl named Ora who eagerly awaited for the winter holiday. One chilly night, she heard whispers & saw shadows moving outside. Feeling brave she decided to unravel the mystery. They began moving toward the deep forest. As she followed the footsteps, she began to see an oil lamp flickring. Inside she saw spirits of long-lost villagers. But instead frightened, Ora couldn't help but giggle when a ghost tripped over tangled lights & another tried to eat a cookie but it fell right through it. They asked Ora for help as they were cursed to roam around her village till somebody helped them.

Ora with a naughty grin promised to help the clumsy ghosts. She gathered her friends & family & all of them converted the once haunted cabin to a place of joy & happiness.

The End

Selena's Seven Magical Coins

The air felt heavier than usual as Selena stood at the edge of the moment that would change everything.

She had been given seven coins—each one capable of solving a single problem, no matter how big or small. Over time, she had used them for herself: to fix fights with friends, to chase away loneliness, to make life just a little easier. Now, only one coin remained.

When she learned that her father was battling cancer, she didn't hesitate. She knew exactly what she would do. But before she could, he told her something that shattered everything she thought she knew.

He wasn't her father. He had adopted her as a baby.

Selena's hands clenched around the last coin, but for the first time, she didn't know if she could use it. Anger burned inside her—anger at the man who had raised her, at the life that suddenly felt like a lie. She had always believed the coins could fix anything.

Now, she wasn't so sure.

Days passed, and the weight of the truth settled in. She avoided her father—no, the man who had pretended to be her father. But even as she drowned in her anger, she couldn't ignore the memories. The bedtime stories, the scraped knees that he had bandaged, the way he had always made her feel safe.

He had lied. But he had also loved her.

One evening, she found him sitting by the window, staring out like he was waiting for something. He looked tired. Smaller than she remembered. And for the first time, she saw him not as the man who had betrayed her, but as someone who had done his best.

Selena sat beside him, the last coin resting in her palm. She could still feel the heat of her anger, but underneath it was something else. Something bigger.

She closed her fingers around the coin, then reached for his hand.

"I'm scared," she admitted.

She placed the last coin in his hand and let it go.

And they lived happily ever after.

VELORA RODRIGUES
Grade 4F

. . .



The Mystery of Mr. Fox

One day, Mr. Fox was walking along a street when—SWIPE! —he was grabbed by his shirt and pulled into the shadows. That was the last anyone saw of him.

1 day later...

“So, you’re saying he just disappeared?” asked Detective William Reeth, looking at the only witness, Walter.

“Yep, into the shadows. I never saw him again,” Walter replied.

Just then, the phone rang.

“Hello? Who’s this? Oh, Jonathan! WHAT? His clothes have been discovered?! What do you mean, should I do a DNA test on them? Of course, yes! Do it ASAP and hand it in to the police station.”

Immediately, William jumped into his classy BMW and sped away to the police station.

At the police station...

When he arrived, he saw the clothes lying on the inspector’s table with a DNA report attached. As he scanned the report, his eyes widened—it wasn’t Mr. Fox’s DNA. The clothes belonged to **Walter**.

“What would he have to do with this?” William wondered. Little did he know, Walter was the criminal mastermind behind it all.

Turning to Walter, William said, “Tell the truth. I know what you’ve done. I was wondering why you were there and didn’t chase after Mr. Fox. Now, I have my answer.”

Walter sighed. “Okay, fine. I kidnapped Mr. Fox to steal his money. I was jealous of how rich he was.” Mr. Fox was safely returned, and Walter, surprisingly, got away with only three days in jail and a fine—all thanks to his unexpected honesty.

By Divesh 4D

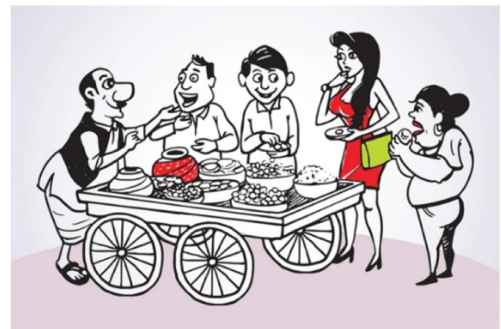
The Pani Puri Sellers

Once upon a time, there lived two pani puri seller's named Ali & Sikander. They worked in the same pani puri stall by helping each other. One day Ali became greedy for money, so he decided to make his own stall.



The next day, Sikander was surprised, but there was a trap for Sikander. Ali had put some powder that spoils the foods. When customers ate Sikander's Pani puri they didn't like his pani puri, so they went to Ali's stall, there Ali had put an offer that **“Get 1 FREE Pani puri plate with 2 Pani puri plates”**.

The Next day when Ali was putting the powder in Sikander's pani puri a dog caught him and in sometime Sikander was coming, so Ali immediately told the truth to everyone, even to the customers and apologized. Sikander and Ali started to work together happily again.



Moral of the Story:

No matter how easy to get the things we want from greed but remember that the good always wins over the greed.

The Happy Ending...

When the Moon's Combined

By Zevan Dias, 9E

In a mystical land far beyond our own, there lived a young lad named Eric.

One day, Eric embarked on a journey to Camelot to meet his friends. Upon arriving, they greeted each other warmly and decided to play a game of hide and seek. Suddenly, one of them noticed three moons merging into a single, brilliant full moon. They were all filled with awe and fear.

As the three moons combined to form one, a magical transformation took place. The moon changed every dog's personality in the kingdom



All the dogs became wolves, and the squirrels turned into fierce squirrelanoids.

Chaos erupted as the transformed creatures began to wreak havoc, destroying everything inside and outside the kingdom—wrecking houses, mills, and more.

Eric was terrified by the devastation when, suddenly, a phoenix appeared right before his eyes. It spoke in a voice both ancient and wise, delivering a riddle:

"In the forest where shadows weave, A hidden path the brave perceive. Where light and dark in harmony meet, you'll find the key beneath your feet. Follow the whispers of the trees, to find the place where shadows cease. There, the ancient guardian waits, Holding the power of destiny's fate."

Determined, Eric set off on his journey. He pondered the riddle as he walked through a dense, mystical forest. The shadows of the trees cast eerie shapes on the ground, and the sunlight peeked through the leaves in enchanting patterns.

Eric knew he had to find a place where light and dark met in harmony. He listened closely to the whispers of the trees and followed the path they seemed to guide him towards. The deeper he ventured, the more he felt a sense of balance between light and shadow.

Finally, he arrived at a clearing where the sunlight and shadows intertwined perfectly. Remembering the riddle, Eric looked down and noticed ancient symbols etched into the ground beneath his feet. He followed the pattern until he reached a large, ancient tree—the Elderwood of Elara.



The ancient guardian tree sensed Eric's presence and slowly revealed the sword Aura, hidden within its trunk. Eric, understanding the significance of the symbols and the balance he had found, reached out and grasped the sword. He felt its power coursing through him, a gift only to be bestowed upon the worthy.

With renewed strength and the sword Aura in hand, Eric made his way back to where the wolves and squirrelanoids were causing destruction. As he

approached, he could sense a shift in the air, a looming presence that felt both ancient and powerful.



The ground trembled beneath his feet, and from the shadows emerged a gigantic creature, scales shimmering with the moon's eerie light—a monstrous lizard transformed by the moon's mysterious power. Its roar echoed through the night, leaving Eric to wonder what new challenge lay ahead.

To be continued...

हिंदी

योग का महत्त्व

योग हम सभी के लिए लाभदायक है।
योग एक प्रकार का व्यायाम है ;
जिसमें नियमित अभ्यास से हम
शारीरिक , मानसिक रूप से स्वस्थ रह
सकते हैं। योग के माध्यम से हमें
ध्यान केंद्रित करने में सहायता मिलती है। योग
से कई बीमारियाँ ठीक हो सकती हैं। योग
एक शारीरिक , मानसिक और आध्यात्मिक अभ्यास है।

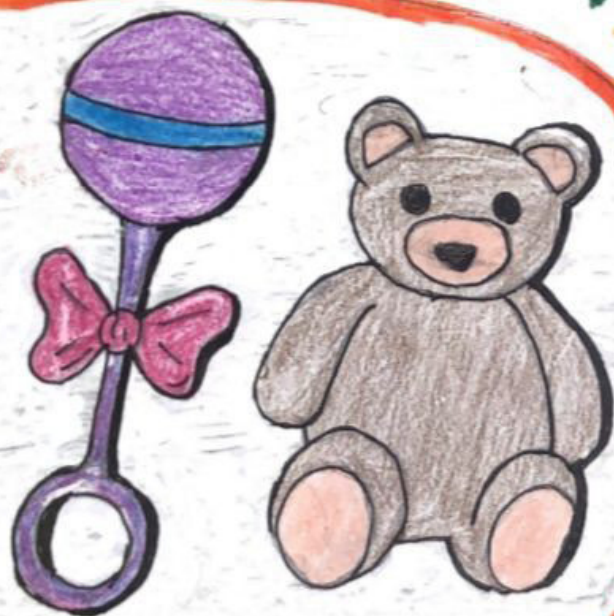
योग की शुरुआत हिंदू धर्म से हुई है
और आज इसे दुनिया भर में अपनाया
जा रहा है। लोगों ने योग के गुणों
के बारे में जाना है और इसे
व्यायाम और ध्यान के रूप में
स्वीकार किया है।

काव्या खेमानी
कक्षा 7C



मयूर

खिलौना विक्रेताः



- बच्चे हमारे उत्पादों को पसंद करते हैं।
- खिलौने गुणवत्तापूर्ण सामग्री का उपयोग करके बनाए जाते हैं।
- वे रंगीन हैं, और आँखों को आकर्षक लगते हैं।

संल !!! 30% ऑफ छूट

“बचपन की बनाएँ
यादगार हमारे
खिलौने हैं
सदाबहार”



दुकान 606 : मीना

दुबई : 505835380

बाजार

रिश्वा 070

संस्कृत

Sanskrit Poem

सर्वत्र विद्या भवति।

अन्यन उपयोग
करोति।

बहु वृहत् गृहाणि

बहु वृहत् शक्ति

स्वत पृथ्वी सत्यं वसति

अहं काव्य लिखिता दुःखित ना
अस्मि।

सर्वे सम्भूय एवं परिवर्तन पृथ्वी।

Aum 7C

मम बहवः शौकाः

मम बहवः शौकाः सन्ति। मम प्रियाः शौकाः नृत्यम्, गानम्, कला, चित्रकला, बैड्मिन्टन-क्रीडा च सन्ति। नृत्यम् मां ताणावं मुक्तं कर्तुं सहायकं भवति जीवनं च आनन्दितुम्।

चित्रकला मद्भावनानां कलाद्वारा अभिव्यक्तिं कर्तुं सहायकं भवति। गानं मम मनः शान्तं करोति, अहं तत् करोमि च आनन्दं प्राप्नोमि।

बैड्मिन्टन-क्रीडा मां दिनभरं स्वस्थं सक्रियं च तिष्ठति। अहं योगाभ्यासम् अपि करोमि यत् मां ध्यानं कर्तुं अधिकं निरीक्षणं कर्तुं च सहायकं भवति यतः तत् मस्तिष्कं प्रेरयति।

एताः सर्वाः क्रियाः मां सुखिनं आनन्दितं च कुर्वन्ति यत् जीवनस्य एकं महत्त्वपूर्णं अङ्गम् अस्ति। मम शौकाः मां परिभाषयन्ति।

स्पर्धायां विद्यालयस्य प्रतिनिधित्वस्य मम अनुभवः

सद्यः अहं JASHN 2024 Bits Pilani इति संगीतप्रतियोगितायां विद्यालयस्य प्रतिनिधित्वं कृतवान्। देशस्य बहवः विद्यालयाः भागं गृहीतवन्तः आसन्। यतः अनेके विश्वविद्यालयाः अपि आसन्, अतः अस्माभिः अभ्यासः करणीयः, अतीव उत्तमं प्रदर्शनं च कर्तव्यम् आसीत्। अतः वयं तदेव कृतवन्तः। शीघ्रमेव, अस्माकं परिश्रमस्य फलं प्राप्तम्। यतः, वयं प्रमुखे स्पर्धायां द्वितीयस्थानं प्राप्तुं समर्थाः अभवम्। महत् अनुभवः आसीत्। अहं विद्यालयस्य अतीव कृतज्ञः अस्मि यत् एतादृशी स्पर्धायाः भागं गृहीत्वा मम भागग्रहणस्य अवसरं दत्तवान्।

सुब्रमन्यः

9A

प्रतिभा-समय-प्रकल्पस्य अनुभवः

मम प्रतिभा-समय-प्रकल्पस्य अनुभवः अतीव रोचकः
ज्ञानवर्धकः च आसीत्। अस्य प्रकल्पस्य
मुख्योद्देश्यं आसीत् यत् छात्राः स्वाभिरुचिभिः विषयान्
अनुसन्धाय तेषां विषये नूतनानि ज्ञानानि प्राप्नुयुः।
मया कृत्रिम-बुद्धिः इति विषयः चितः। अहं तस्य
विषयस्य गहनं अध्ययनं कृतवान्। तदनन्तरं अहं
एकस्य अनुप्रयोगस्य प्रारूपं निर्मितवान्। एषः
अनुप्रयोगः उपयोक्तृणां निवेदनानि स्वीकरोति, तेषां
रोगान् अवगच्छति, तेषां रोगानुसारं आहारपदार्थान् च
सूचयति।

अस्य प्रकल्पस्य निर्माणकाले अहं बहूनि नूतनानि
कौशलानि प्राप्तवान्। तन्त्रज्ञानस्य ज्ञानं मम वर्धितम्।
अहं स्वस्य रचनात्मकतायाः क्षमतायाः च प्रयोगं कृत्वा
सफलतां प्राप्तवान्।

एषः अनुभवः मम जीवने अविस्मरणीयः अस्ति। अहं
प्रतिभा-समय-प्रकल्पस्य अवसरं प्राप्य अतीव
प्रसन्नः अस्मि।

इति मम प्रतिभा-समय-प्रकल्पस्य अनुभवः।

नितीशः 7 - C

मम प्रतिभा अस्माकं प्रकल्पः

मम प्रतिभा अस्माकं प्रकल्पः मनोरञ्जकः
आसीत्। अस्माकं द्वितीयः शिक्षकः इव
आसीत्। अस्मान् बहूनि विषयान् अपाठयत्
यथा सहकारः, संवादः, समस्या-समाधान-
कौशलम् इत्यादीनि। अस्माभिः समय-
प्रबन्धनम् अपि अधिगतम्। अहम्
समग्रानुभवम् अभवम् प्रीतिमान्। अस्माभिः
जनानां प्रति जागरूकतां प्रसारयितुं
उद्यानविद्यां च अध्यापयितुं अवकाशः
प्राप्तः। एतत् अस्माकं स्मरणम् आसीत् यत्
केवलं लघुः समूहः महत् परिवर्तनं कर्तुं
शक्नोति। अहम् मम समानरुचिकान् नवान्
मित्रान् कर्तुं प्राप्तवान्। एषः उत्तमः अनुभवः
आसीत्। अहम् पुनः एतत् कर्तुम् उत्सुकः
अस्मि।

यात्राविवरणम्

अहम् गतसप्ताहे मातापित्रभ्यां सह कुम्भमेलनं गतवान्। अहं कुम्भमेलनस्य संक्षिप्तं वर्णनं दातुम् इच्छामि। कुम्भमेलनं हिन्दूनां महत्त्वपूर्णः यात्रोत्सवः अस्ति। एतत् महाकुम्भमेलनं प्रत्येकं १४४ वर्षे एकवारं भवति। एषः लोके सर्वाधिकं मानवसमागमः अस्ति। कुम्भमेलनस्य चत्वारः प्रकाराः सन्ति— कुम्भमेलनं (प्रत्येकं चतुर्षु वर्षेषु), अर्धकुम्भमेलनं (षट्सु वर्षेषु), पूर्णकुम्भमेलनं (द्वादशवर्षेषु), महाकुम्भमेलनं (शतचतुश्चत्वारिंशद्वर्षेषु)। एतेषु अनेके भक्ताः त्रिवेणीसंगमे स्नानं कुर्वन्ति। अस्मिन् वर्षे अपि चत्वारिंशत् कोटि जनाः आगच्छन्। सन्तः, योगिनः, भक्तजनाश्च मिलित्वा भक्तिरेक्याः दर्शनं ददाति। मम अनुभवः अतिशयः अद्भुतः आसीत्। मन्त्राणाम् उच्चारणम्, विविधवर्णाः दृश्याः, भक्तेः वातावरणं च मां आकर्षयन्ति। अहं कुम्भमेलनं गत्वा परमं धन्यः अस्मि। एषः अनुभवः मम हृदये सदा स्मरणीयः भविष्यति।

आदिदेवः

मम वार्षीक परीक्षा सम्मर्दः

अहं अध्ययन योजनांकरोमि यदा प्रतिदिनं किं
अध्ययनं करणीयं इति ज्ञायते । अहं मम
तिप्पनीनि, पुस्तकानि , अन्यानी च अवश्यक
वस्तूनि संगृहीतवान् । अहं ध्यानविघ्न रहितं
निश्शब्दस्थले उपविशामि , मम टिप्पनीनि
पठामि तदा च महत्व पूर्ण अंशं रज्जयामि । अहं
संक्षेपेण सारांशं लिखामि, यथा स्मरणं सुलभं
भवेत् । अहं प्राचीन प्रश्नानां अभ्यासं करोमि ,
आत्मा परीक्षणार्थं अहं अल्पविराम गृह्णामि यथा
श्रान्तीं न अनुभवामि । यडी अहं किञ्चित् न
जानामि तर्हि शिक्षिकां वा मित्रं वा पृच्छामि ।
परीक्षा पूर्व पर्याप्तं निद्रां करोमि । अहं परीक्षायां
प्रशान्तः च अथ्मविश्वासी च भवामि ।

विश्वा

9A



PRIZE WINNERS

ARTS & CULTURAL FEST



The boy and the dog

CELESTIA_6G

There once was a boy named Sean
Who always wished for a dog
And while playing with a ball he found a dog and named him Felix Log
Because his parents wouldn't allow he hid Felix Log with a small
push he was in a bush

The next time in school
He thought it would be cool
To tell his friends about his dog
Who he had named Felix Log

They all came to his house to play
Or to play with the dog Must I say
His friends not knowing it was a secret
Took it inside to feed it

His parents saw the dog
Sean's friends said it's name... Felix Log
When Sean came in the room
To see his parents and the dog his face was in gloom

When confronted about the dog

Sean looked at the floor, where there was Felix log

He began to cry

And promised to never again to lie

CELESTIA ELSA CHARLES

GRADE 6G

RUBY

1st Prize in Poetry writing

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

Blissful nights

The enchanting bright radiance of the moon,
A ray of hope that provides comfort to the hopeless,
The gentle whispers of the trees in a soft, slow gale,
The slow flowy waves of various rivers,
The trees that towered over forests,
The enormous skyscrapers embroidered with fascinating lights,
The nightclubs and party venues bustles loudly with excitement,
The birds soar high in the air to find a tree to sleep on,

The gigantic residential quarters remain calm and silent,
The people stroll around while chattering quietly,
The cars with loud engines breeze through the empty roads in a flash,
The hardworking students studying tirelessly in libraries and homes,
Groups of friends regularly hang out in restaurants,

The lush valleys with a wide plethora of flora and fauna slowly rests,
The small crickets cricket around noisily,
The hypnotizing fireflies looks like mesmerizing fairy dust,
The gentle breeze tucks nature to rest,
The evoking aura of the night sky, decorated with stars and comets
The endearing animals are fast asleep securely in their homes,
The melancholic hum of the leaves swept by the wind,

The millions of people with their eyes shut, rest blissfully,
Together like yarn woven into fabric,
The fabric embroidered into precise patterns and shapes,
The world unites hand-in-hand,
And drifts into a peaceful slumber.

Composed by- Sai Saannidhyaa

Class-7F

SAI SAANNIDHYA

GRADE 7F

Ruby

1st Prize in Poetry writing

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

The Night of Wonders

Nothing more is beautiful than a peaceful night
It is a place that can heal people in many ways
Allows you to explore and express your interests
A night that can help you in your darkest times

On a night there are many sounds that are audible and inaudible
Sounds of grasshopper and owl that makes our soul peaceful
Sounds of bushes that keeps us entertained and joyful
Mystery sounds that make us curious

Sights that make us happy
Shadows seen in the dark that frightens us
Beautiful fireflies that make us enlightened
The moon that stares at us

Feelings at night can be meted
Memories that will be remembered
Can be happy scared, sad, or curious
Wondered of night that cannot be forgotten

Eric Cherian – 8D

ERIC CHERIAN

GRADE 8D

Topaz

1st Prize in Poetry writing

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

The Peaceful Night

As I walk under the moon and stars,
that gives lights up the darkness
I can feel the light flowing wind, cold as ice
the peace and quiet that makes up the night

The city that was alive at daytime,
went to sleep to relax and be energized for the next day
Still I could see the neon lights lighting up the darkness

There were barely some people present in this darkness,
I could not hear the hustle and bustle of the day
Rather I could feel relaxed and get away from my mind
This peaceful night is the way I could get a peace of my mind

- Alanna Sijo_7C

ALANNA SIJO

GRADE 7C

Topaz

2nd Prize in Poetry writing

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

THE WRATH OF THE NIGHT

People always say,
Happiness arrives only when its day.
Only when the skies are blue,
Or the bright cloud in the sunset hour.
But that isn't fair to me,
The moon can glow more than the eyes can see.
Children play only in the light,
Where the sun can nurture them and remove their fright.
But the moon is just as good,
The mountains and hills all proudly stood.
The stars sparkle in the night sky,
Dangling and floating ever so high.
The cloud could never compare,
All thy do is just stand in the air.
The moon is kind enough to let us sleep,
Way before our alarm could beep.
But the night is when we park our car,
And then we sing this song,
"Twinkle Twinkle little star."

By Fathima Abdul

Grade 6H

FATHIMA ABDUL
GRADE 6H

2nd Prize in Poetry writing

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

The Lousy Night

At the lousy night the sound of crickets
Chirping and the beauty of the busters moon
The star shining in the sight of my eye.....
The cool breeze tangles me around them
Well sometimes these lovely things can get scary...
In the dark walk all alone feels like something
Follows me well it's just my illusion the cruel
Owl searches for food at the other hand
Night times for me are to say
Good night

--Saachi Devaiah Ammanda_7D

SAACHI DEVAIVAH AMMANDA

GRADE 7D

Topaz

3rd Prize in Poetry writing

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

The TRUE Beauty of Life

Sometimes we are sad, we believe we will never fly again.

Sometimes we are mad, we burst like a bubble in the vast sea.

Sometimes we are overjoyed, we bloom like Sakura.

But sometimes we just need a break.

A break from the honking cars

A break from the flashing lights.

And sometimes a break from the worries of the night.

So mother nature invites us to witness the wonders of her story.

As the solemn rays hit the world, the old is gone & the new has come.

It starts a new day, a day of hope & light

The graceful waving of the green leaves & yellow leaves,

The giggles of tender infants while the wind makes your hair fly.

And when May comes so does the cherry blossoms as well.

To bless our hearts with the solace we could never have.

For these are gateways to true inner peace, peace that alone cannot be received.

As we see the best of trees, I wonder how pretty our world could be.

From the mountains to the oceans, & everywhere in between.

From the animals to the smallest of insects.

And from the first cry of a child to the very last words of their path.

All living & non-living go through this journey.

And this journey my dear friends is what we call life.

From Alpha to Omega, the beginning to end, our hearts will last.

Our lives will bloom but also wither like the blossoms on a tree.

But all the joy, pain & memories we make are

valuable & that's what defines

the true beauty of

Life ...

~ By Abigail Jose, 9E

:)

ABIGAIL JOSE

GRADE 9 E

Topaz

1st Prize in Poetry writing

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 9 & 10

Dawn's Humble Hue

The eye of the sky opens,
Rising from golden meadows.
The lustrous field glistens,
Basking in morning's dew.
What bliss can one not ignore,
In dawn's humble hue.

Sweet melodies welcome the light,
Melodies hidden from view.
Amidst the buses in secret flight,
To abodes forever new.
What bliss can one not ignore,
In dawn's humble hue.

The glimmering sky, the rustle of leaves,
The gushing of winds, the swaying of trees.
All at once unfold before my eyes,
Ignorant eyes that have seen so few.
What bliss can one not ignore,
In dawn's humble hue.

Yet again and forever,
I yearn to witness this splendor.
However, 'midst this desert,
It's impossible to see this view
What bliss have I ignored,
In dawn's humble hue!

-Sidhiksha Ahilesh 9D

SIDHIKSHA AHILESH

GRADE 9 D

Emerald

2nd prize in Poetry writing

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 9 & 10

Back To Nature

- Shaurya Mittal (9E)

Nature, so simple yet so profound
Gives us so much yet without
Conditions and Prerequisites, not at all
Nature takes us under its shawl

So mighty, it's called 'Mother Nature'
So beautifully painted is its picture
Its representation, so profound
Description in words can't be found

In this age of TVs and Phones
Men and women turn their ears
Away from Nature's sounds and Shrieks
To deforestation, loss and other bleaks

So come, let us embrace nature once again
Trace back our origins, our roots
Make a U-turn on life
Focus on things that really matter

Discovering nature will earn you her friendship
She makes ignorers suffer their decisions
She makes compassionates flourish in character
Her friendship, worth more than gold

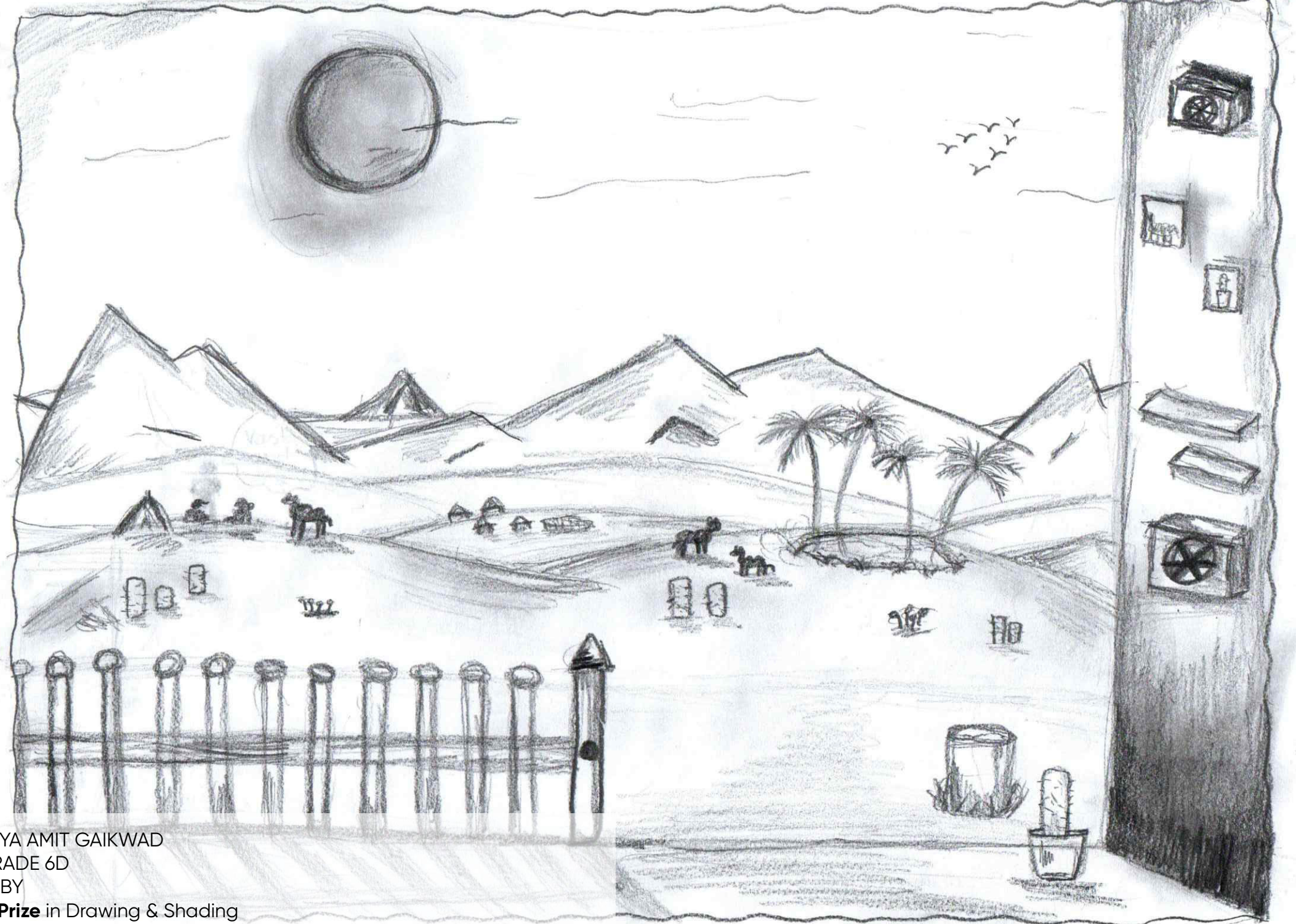
SHAURYA MITTAL

GRADE 9 E

Topaz

3rd Prize in Poetry writing

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 9 & 10



ARYA AMIT GAIKWAD

GRADE 6D

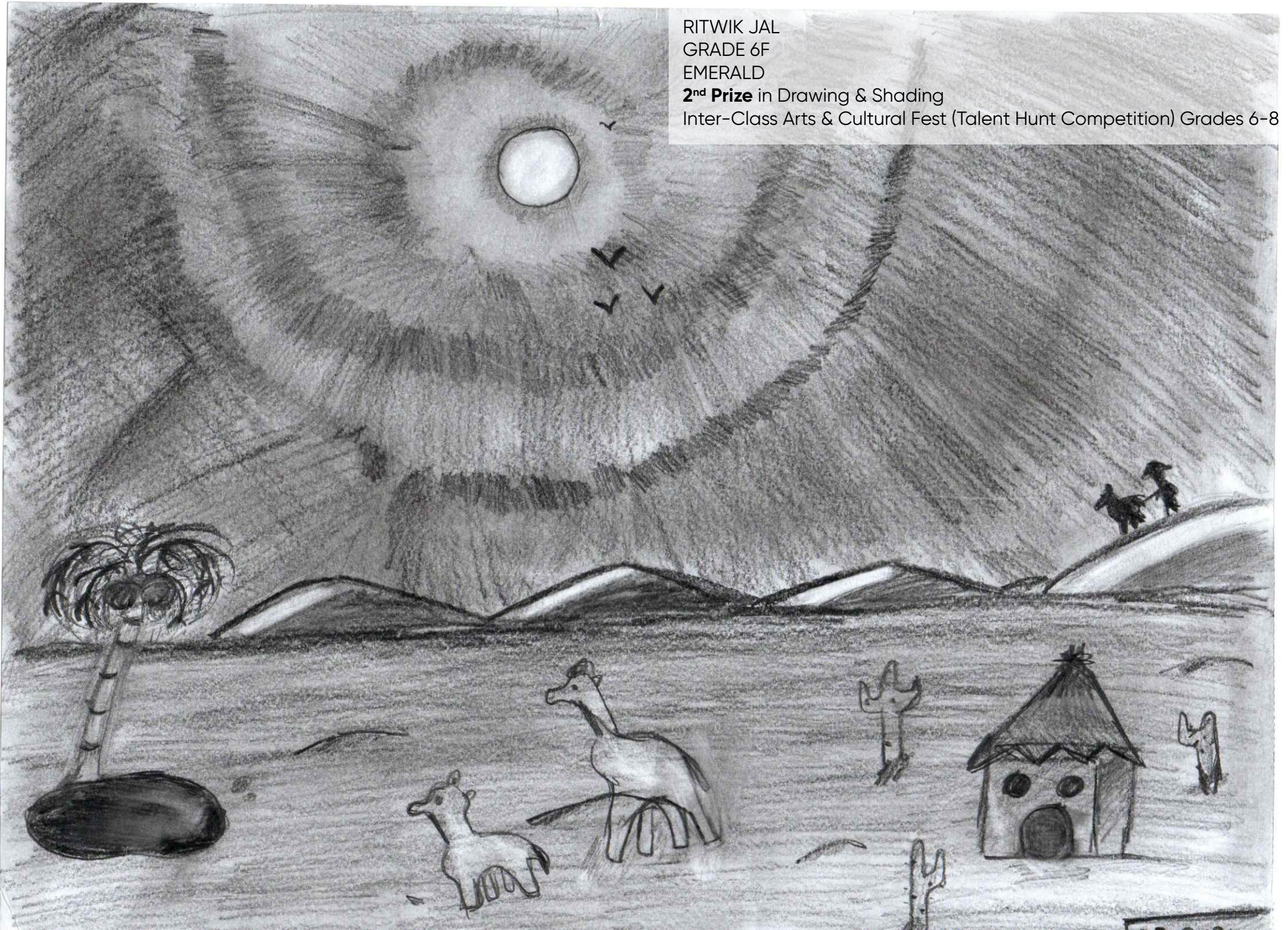
RUBY

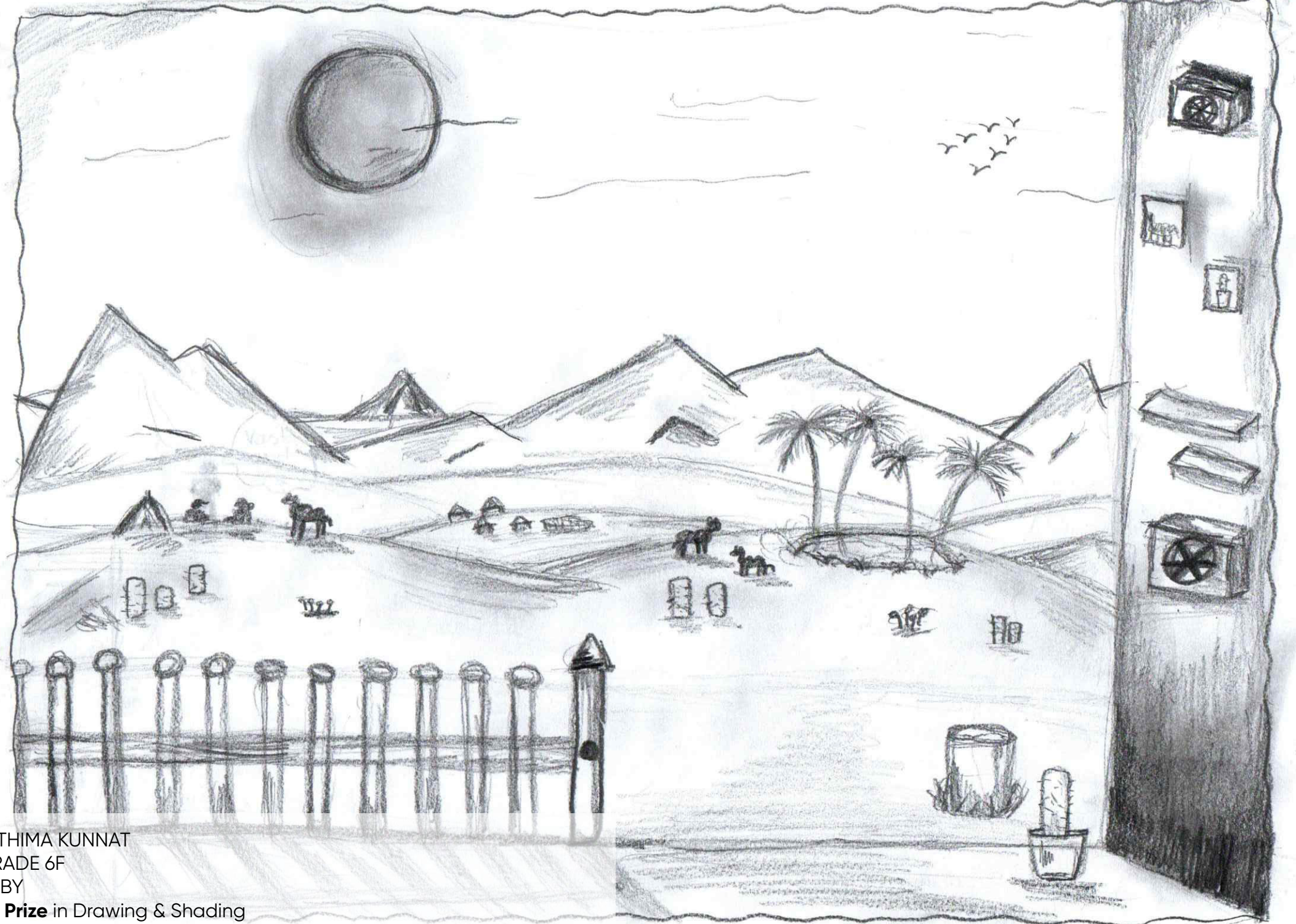
1st Prize in Drawing & Shading

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

RITWIK JAL
GRADE 6F
EMERALD

2nd Prize in Drawing & Shading
Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8





FATHIMA KUNNAT
GRADE 6F
RUBY

2nd Prize in Drawing & Shading
Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

ANIKA SAILESH

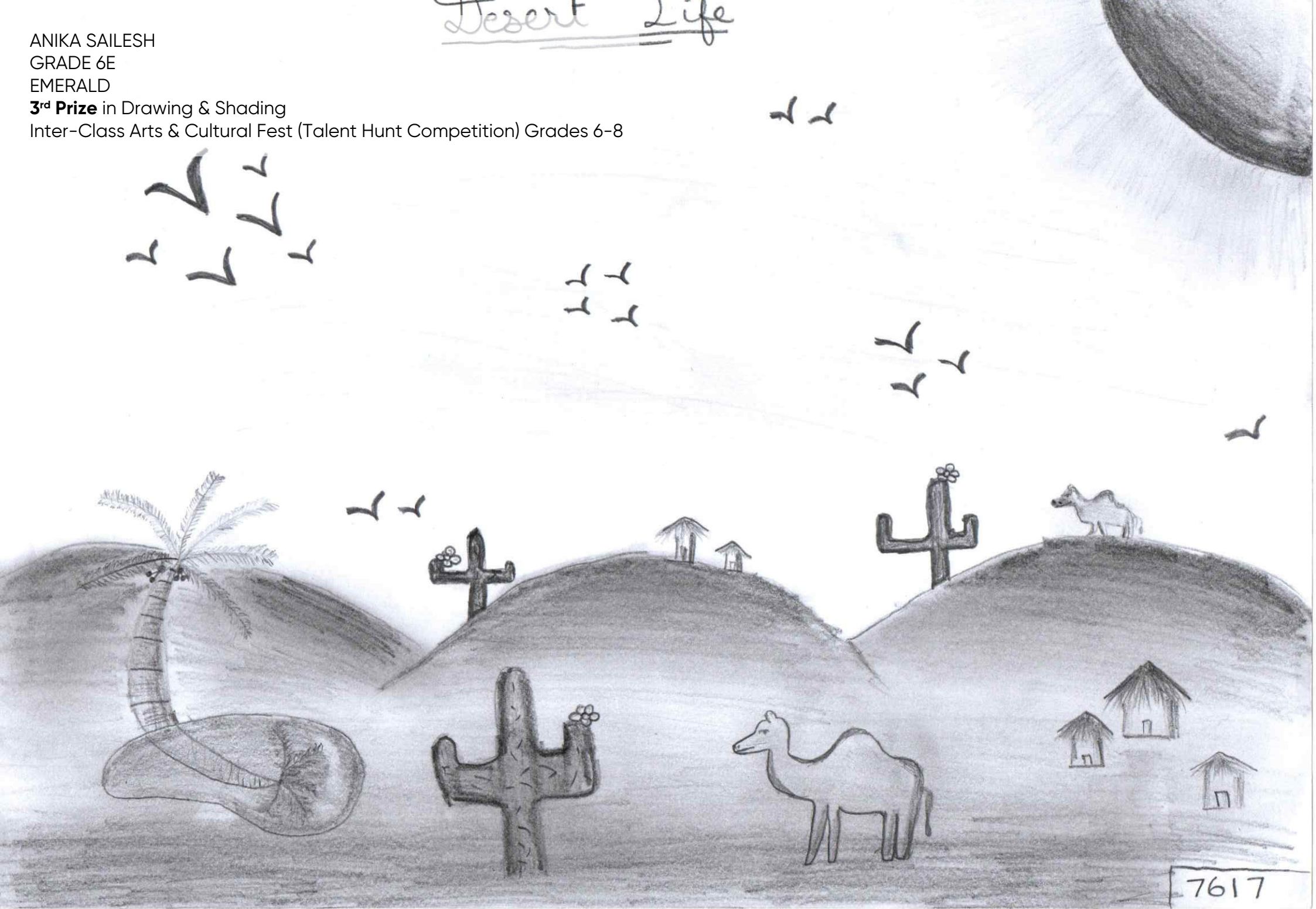
GRADE 6E

EMERALD

3rd Prize in Drawing & Shading

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

Desert Life



7617

Desert life



MUSKAAN ALAMGIR SHAHJEHAN
GRADE 7A
EMERALD

1st Prize in Drawing & Shading
Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

VARSHA VIDHYA SRIRAM

GRADE 7A

EMERALD

2nd Prize in Drawing & Shading

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

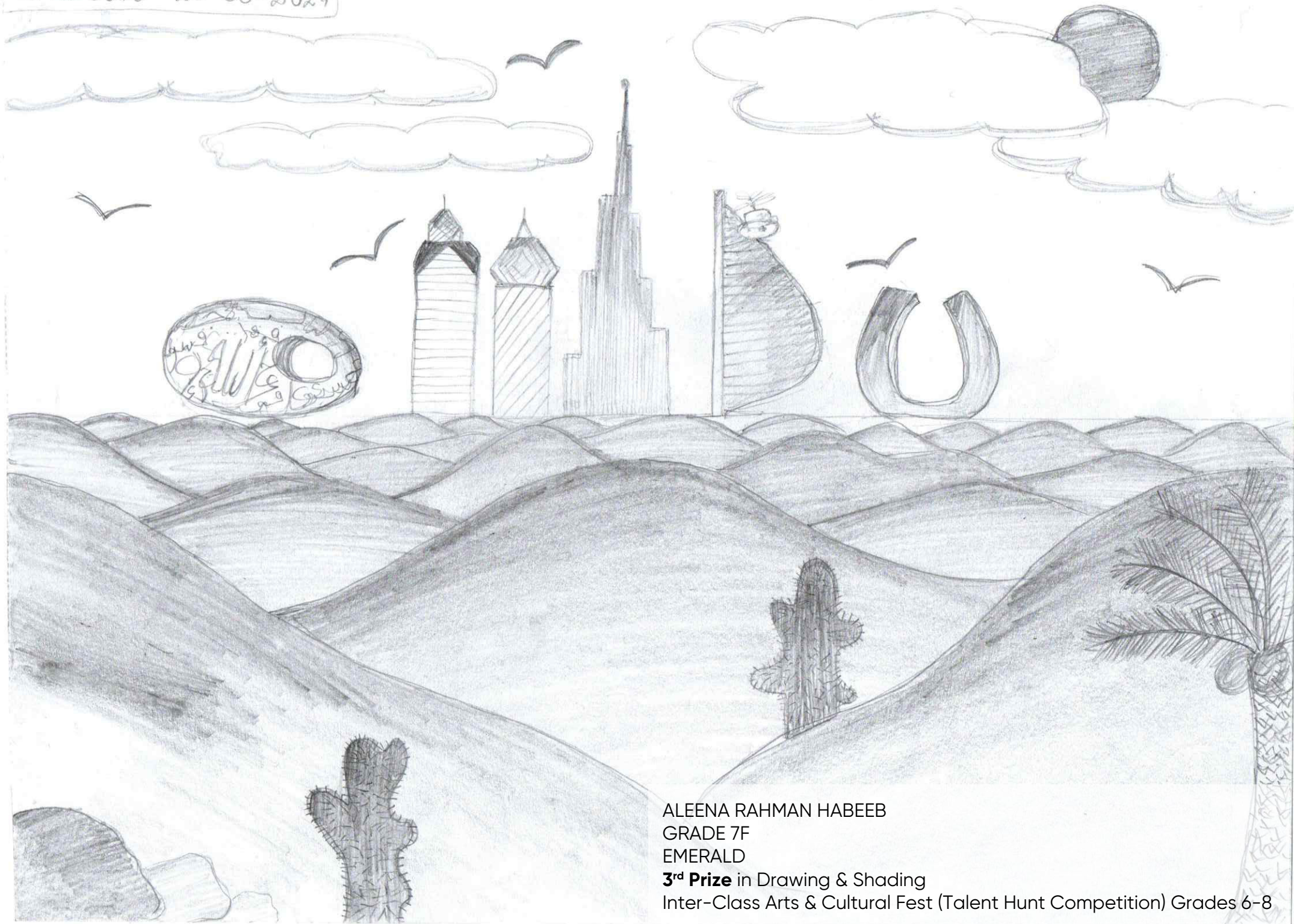
Glass
breaking
chances



DRY
TREES

Hot
Hard
Life

Be
Brave
like
Cactus
who survive
there



ALEENA RAHMAN HABEEB

GRADE 7F

EMERALD

3rd Prize in Drawing & Shading

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

SONAKSHI YADAV

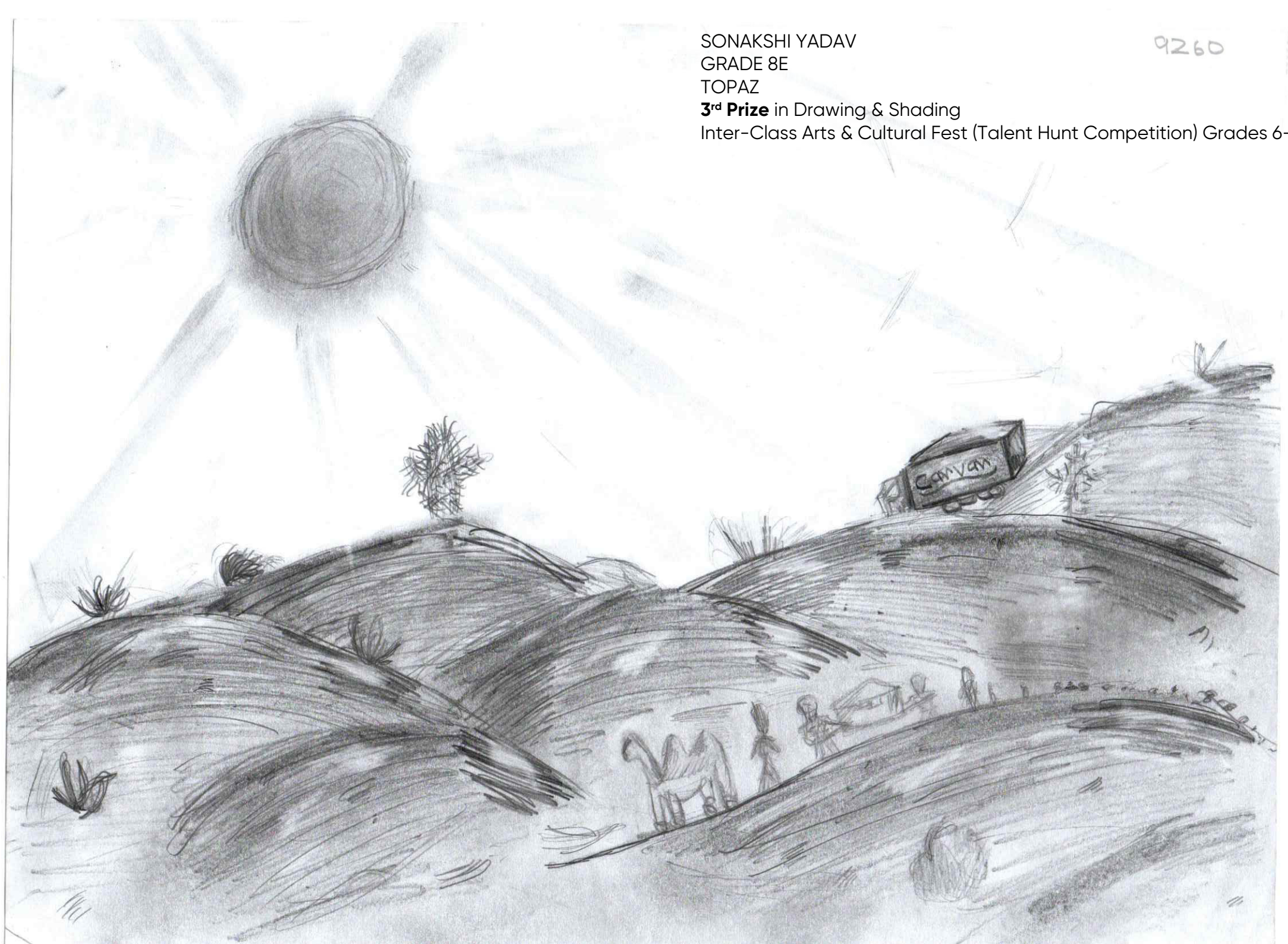
GRADE 8E

TOPAZ

3rd Prize in Drawing & Shading

Inter-Class Arts & Cultural Fest (Talent Hunt Competition) Grades 6-8

9260









INTERNATIONAL
Reducing CO₂
Emission's
day

ACT NOW FOR A GREENER
TOMORROW



Aleena Rahman HF

Aleena ♥
26-09-2024





ADITI ASHOK 51

Mantona Midhun
Grade 2C



mantra
2-c



"Coexist with
Antelopus,
Protect
Nature's
Harmony"



Deven

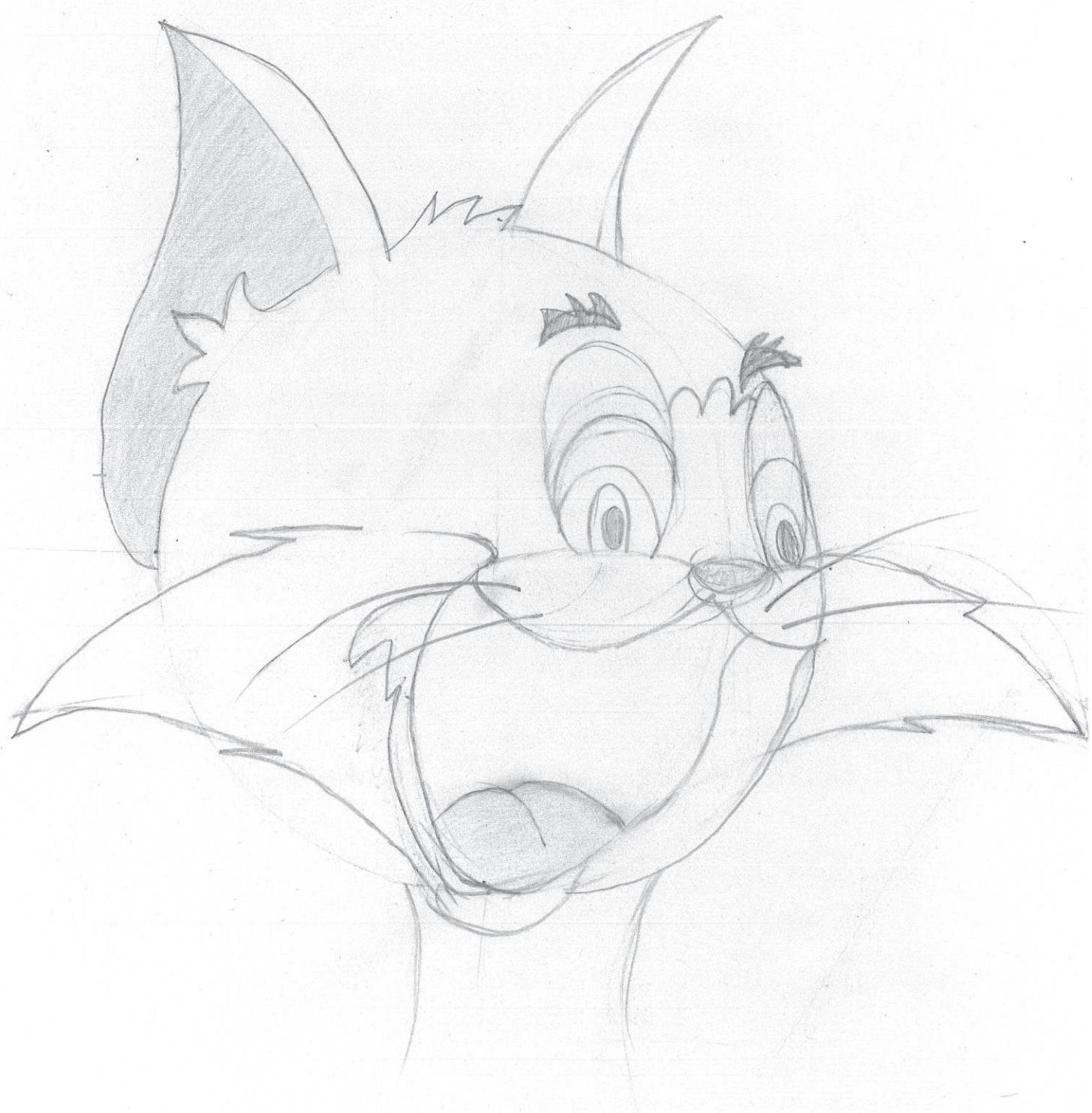
Devnarayan
Grade 11

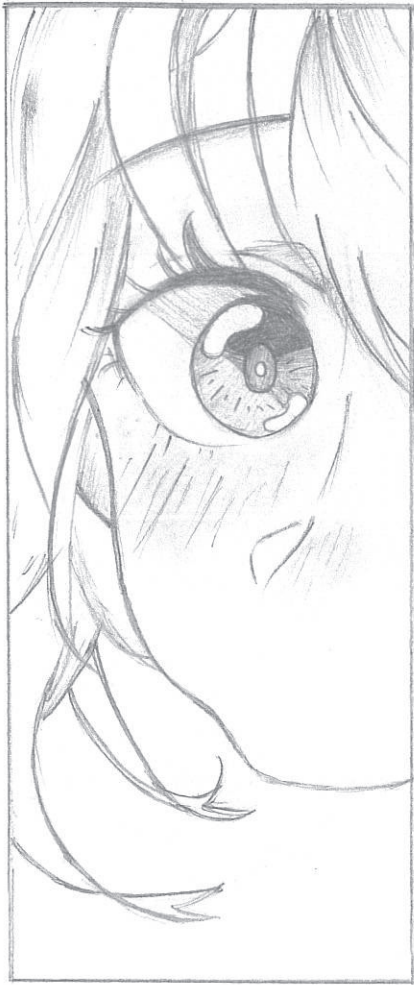
Kiyara
2F

KIYARA
2F



Raasya 4E





Alema
06-07-2025
SB



Alema Rahman 7F



Name - Zara Saif
Class 5D



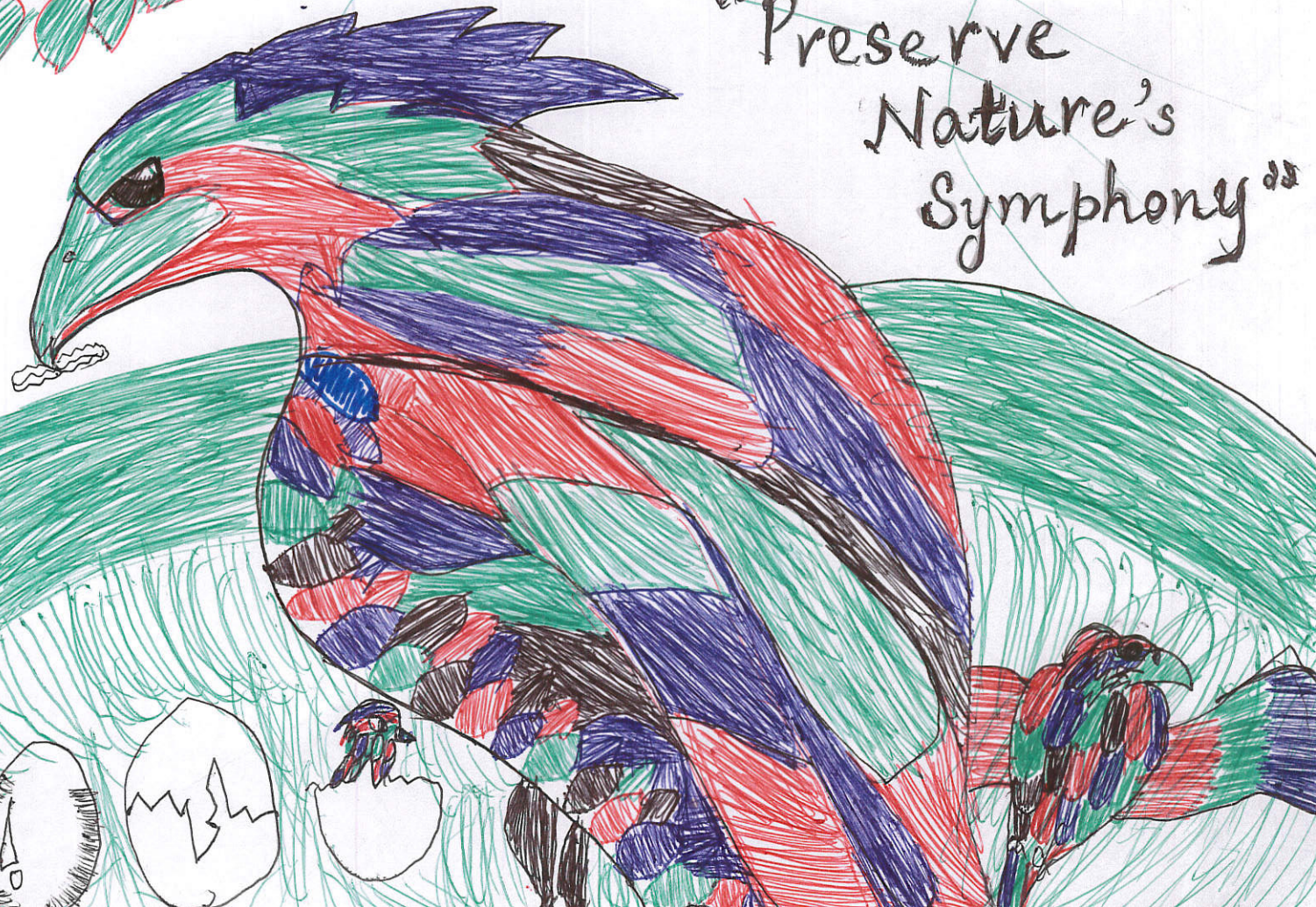
Adriker-2c



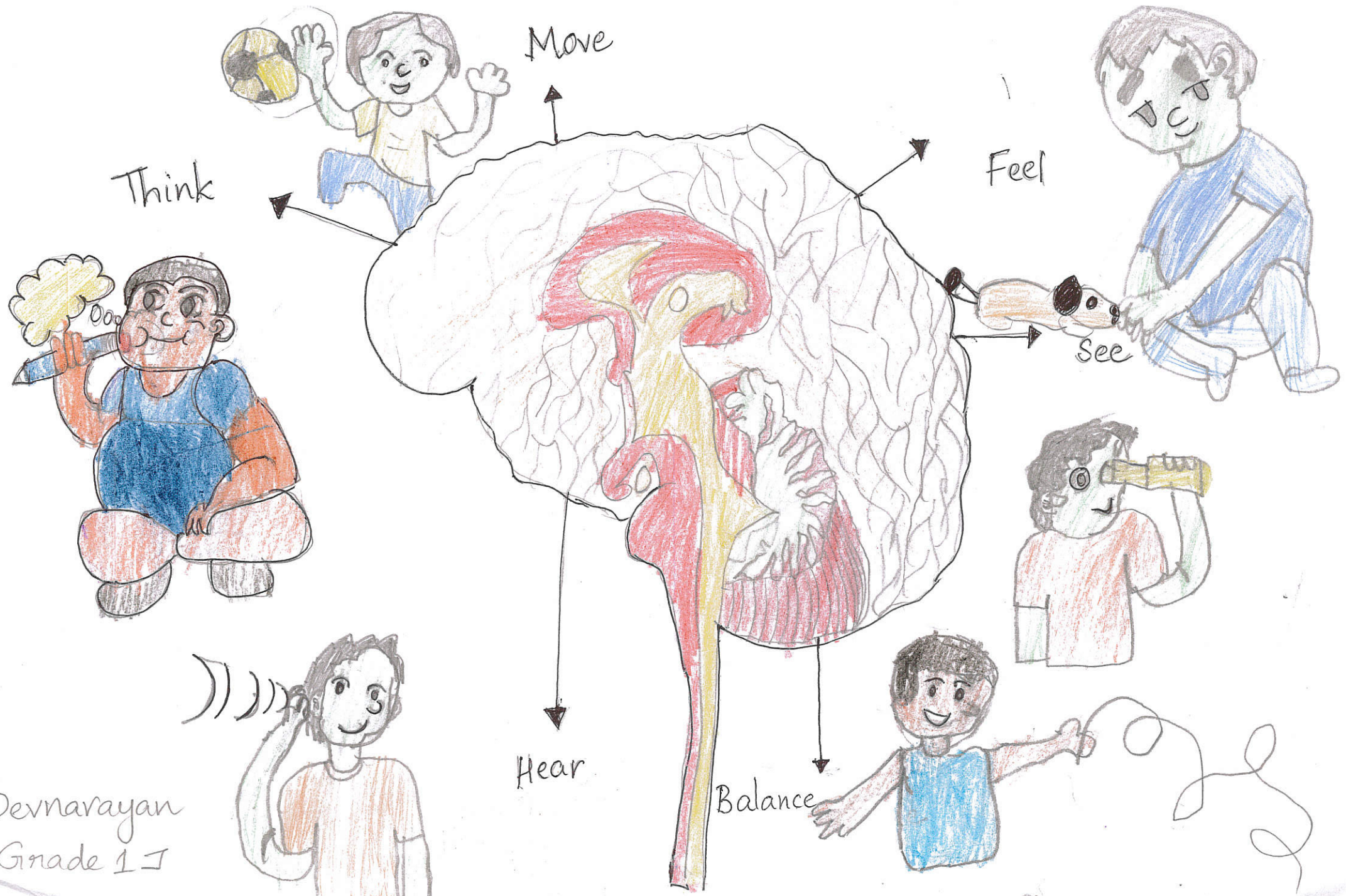
Devnarayan
Grade 15

Bero

“Preserve
Nature's
Symphony”



MY BRAIN HELPS ME.....



Devnarayan
Grade 1 J

Happi-

ness

is an

Inside

Job



Rayon



Ria
TC





THE EDUCATORS' CORNER

A COLLECTION OF STAFF
ART AND ARTICLES

MASTERING THE ART OF LEARNING A NEW SKILL

Have you ever started learning something new—playing an instrument, coding, or painting—only to find your mind wandering after a few minutes? Don't worry; you're not alone! In today's world of buzzing phones, endless notifications, and constant distractions, staying focused can feel like a superpower. But here's the good news: focus is a skill you can learn, just like any other skill you're trying to master.

Imagine planting a seed in your garden. If you water it regularly and protect it from weeds, it grows into a strong, healthy plant. But if you water it only occasionally or let it get crowded by weeds, it struggles to thrive.

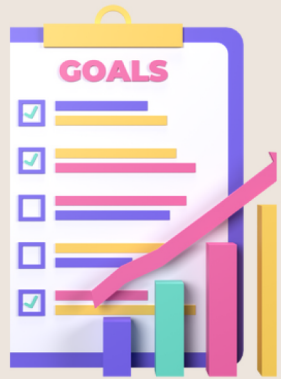


Your mind works the same way. Focus is like the water and care that helps your learning grow. Without it, even the most exciting new skill can feel overwhelming.

MASTERING THE ART OF LEARNING A NEW SKILL

1. SET CLEAR GOALS

Before you start, ask yourself: What do I want to achieve today? It could be learning a new chord on the guitar, solving five math problems, or writing one paragraph for a story. Clear goals give your brain a target to aim for.



2. BREAK IT DOWN

Big tasks can feel daunting, but breaking them into smaller steps makes them manageable. Instead of saying, “I’ll learn Python programming today,” start with, “I’ll learn how to write a simple loop.”



3. CREATE A DISTRACTION-FREE ZONE

Find a quiet place to work, and put your phone on silent or in another room. Let your family know you’re in “focus mode.” A clutter-free desk can also help you stay on track.



4. USE THE POMODORO TECHNIQUE

Work for 25 minutes, then take a 5-minute break. This method helps your brain stay sharp and avoids burnout. During breaks, stretch, grab a drink of water, or take a few deep breaths.

5. CELEBRATE SMALL WINS

Every small step forward is a victory. Finished your math problems? High-five yourself! Mastered that dance move? Do a happy dance! Celebrating progress keeps you motivated to keep going.



6. PRACTICE PATIENCE

Remember, learning takes time. It’s okay to make mistakes or feel stuck — it’s all part of the process. Stay patient and keep trying. Even the best athletes and artists were beginners once.



Written by:
Ms. Binu George
Gr6-8 Computer teacher

ARTWORK BY MS. KARTHIKA NAIR



ARTWORK BY MS. KARTHIKA NAIR





HAPPY
NEW YEAR 2025

Handwritten signature



~~152~~

Missing Someone ...

Sometimes it is the tears that
silently roll over our cheeks,
At times it is the sweet smile
that suddenly curls our lips.
Sometimes it is a heart stroke
that clings for endless time,
At times it is the sleepless night
or a haunting dream that follow.
Sometimes it is a journey
down the memory lane,
And other times it is a void
where we forget that we exist.
Sometimes it makes us fall in
love with everything around,
And at times it makes us
hate everything we love.
Sometimes it points fingers
for being so desolate,
Other times it reminds us
how beautiful that bond is.
Sometimes it throws light
on the inevitability of reality,
At times it makes us blind
without direction to move on.

Missing someone so badly
is the time we fight inside us
for and against the one we miss!

RUBY

“The One Within”

Who am I?

A question I often ask myself,
At times I feel lost, weighed down by my thoughts and surroundings.
But then, deep within, I feel a spark, a fire ignites,
Reminding me of my past, my journey, and the burning desire to succeed.

Who am I?

I am the one and only Phoenix, rising from the ashes.
Now, I feel my strength surge,
My claws, my wings, my beak—my weapons of resilience.
With resolute power, I soar higher and higher.

Oh, Sun, bless me with your rays,
Help me rise from these ashes once more.
Grant me the strength to survive,
To coexist, to thrive with my fellow beings.



By,

Rathnam. N

"Chattukam" (The Spatula)

Yesterday, it was my turn for kitchen duty. While making chapatis, I accidentally touched the *chattukam* (a flat, broad blade with a handle). When I looked at my hand, I had a blister. The heat of the *chattukam* took me back to a childhood memory...

I was five or six years old. Being from a conservative Muslim family, the responsibility of all the housework fell on my mother's shoulders. What else could be expected from the wife of a man with nine siblings?

She had to cook breakfast for everyone, take care of the cows, goats, and chickens, milk the cows, pray, and then it would be time to prepare lunch.

It was Ramadan—the 30th day—and my mother was frying *maavu* (a dough mixture) for the feast. When I saw her in the kitchen, mixing *maavu* in a large *uruli* (a deep vessel) on the stove, I felt a sudden surge of affection for her. I wanted to hug her and lie down beside her...

I ran towards her.

"Ummachi... (Mommy), come, let's hug and lie down," I pleaded with her again, looking at her helplessly. "Come, Ummachi... let's hug and lie down..."

"Not now, dear... Now, go and play with your cousins... I have to finish this."

"Please... I need you now... Come, Ummachi... Come..."

Saying this, I started pulling her hand. I pulled again, my eyes welling up with tears.

Either due to the intensity of the heat near the stove or perhaps because of the exhaustion from fasting, Umma lightly hit me with the spatula in her hand. She didn't realize that it was hot and that it burned me. I ran away crying...

That evening, Umma called me close and made me lie on her lap. She gently caressed my hair—the happiest moment in the world...

As she softly touched the burnt area on my thigh with her left hand, tears welled up in her eyes.

When the tears from Umma's eyes fell onto my cheek, they felt hotter than the spatula itself...

By

Shafeek Shukkoor

H2H Member, IIS

THE GHAF WHISPERS

The desert drive

The much-awaited summer break finally arrived, and Kaira and Ken were bursting with excitement for the long drive. They were up early, eagerly packing their backpacks.

"Mom! Are we done yet?" Ken shouted.

"Ken, I would really appreciate it if you could come back here and help me pack the breakfast.

And I hope you remembered to take the mat this time," I called out.

"Yes, Mom!" Ken replied, running back to the kitchen with enthusiasm.

"Alright, dear! Here you go—take these sandwiches and fresh orange juice and put them in the basket. Also, could you grab two tissue boxes? You know where to find them, right?" I asked.

"Yes, Mom! I'll get them right away!" Ken replied, eager to help.

Standing in the kitchen counter, I glanced at the half packed veg rolls and muttered "I thought I'll get little help in packing these veg rolls". Where is Kaira, is she still packing her stuff? I sighed.

"Yes mom, Kaira has still not finished, and she is carrying her 2 dairies, her colours and even her favourite teddy", shouted Ken from their room. Ken was still glancing at the bag when suddenly from nowhere Kaira stormed in. What are you were searching in my bag? How dare you do that without my permission. Shouted Kaira, her face flushed with anger. I have told you a hundred times to keep off my stuff. She scolded Ken and rushed to the kitchen.

Mom, can you tell Ken not to ever touch my stuff, I need some privacy. Her voice was stern with a mix of anger. Ken stood in the corner, unapologetic, trying to explain that the bag hadn't been closed—it was wide open, so he had merely taken a glance.

"All right, All right! I threw up my hands in the air and raised my voice just enough to stop the drama.

"Now kids, please don't start right in the morning", We're already late!

Danny stood by the car with Bruno, our dog, adjusting all the loads of bags into the car.

And finally, when done, he exclaimed with excitement, kids! Are we all ready for the trip?

I hope we haven't missed anything. "It's going to be scorching hot soon, we better take the sunshade too."

"Don't worry, Dad, I know exactly where it is! I'll grab it!" Ken exclaimed as he ran towards the garage.

But by the time he reached, Bruno was already there.

"Hey you, Bruno! You always win," Ken mumbled, laughing. "Never mind, I'll get you next time."

In just a minute, Ken returned with the sunshade, a smile of accomplishment on his face.

"Thank you, Ken! You're such a smart boy!" Dad complimented him. The praise made up for the scolding Ken had received earlier from his sister for intruding.

"Alright, let's start the adventure, guys!" Danny grinned, clapping his hands as he started the car engine. Bruno's excitement was palpable; his furry tail wagged furiously as he darted around the car. His energetic woofs, with his ears perked and eyes gleaming with anticipation, filled the air with excitement. He kept jumping around and woofing, urging someone to open the car door. And, of course, when the door opened, Bruno leaped inside with lightning speed, ready to embrace the adventure that laid ahead.

Everyone piled into the car, and we were off on our long journey into the heart of the desert.

Danny and I loved talking, and we never lacked a topic to start with. Meanwhile, Kaira, upset with Ken, made the atmosphere unusually quiet at the back, except for Bruno's continuous noises demanding attention. Ken soon realized that the trip would be incredibly boring if he stayed silent—an undeniable challenge for him.

His voice softened as he drew a bit closer to Kaira's seat. "I'm really sorry, Kaira," he said sincerely. "I didn't mean to do it.

I was just a bit curious to know what you packed."

He glanced down, then promised, "I'll never go through your stuff again."

Kaira didn't budge a bit at first, her arms tightly crossed and still with a frown on her face. Bruno, always the peacemaker, began nudging Kaira gently, as if urging her to forgive Ken. His apologetic expression was impossible to resist, and it didn't take long for Kaira's heart to melt. Kaira broke into a wide smile and gave both a big high-five, a clear signal that they were back to being good friends, just like before. Ken shared the cheese balls packet which he had packed for the day and soon enough, they were both giggling, telling all kinds of stories. Bruno wagged his long ears and let out a cheerful woof, as if he understood everything perfectly.

The Adventure begins

It was the perfect weather, sun gleaming brightly, and soon we were away from the city noises and traffic; the roads so barren, perfect for a long drive. Soon we could see outstretched desert on both sides and nothing else except for a few trees. Ken spotted 2 camels, and he couldn't hold his excitement, he shouted: "Look.... 2 camels!... there!!

Danny slowed down the car, allowing us to take in the breathtaking view. It was a delightful moment, but Ken, curious as always, began questioning how the two creatures managed to survive alone in such a vast desert. Kaira explained, "It probably has friends but travels far and wide in search of food and water. Eventually, they might all gather in one place."

Ken immediately remembered what his teacher had taught him—the camel, the "ship of the desert."

"Shall we move on, guys? Let me know when you spot a good place where we can stop and explore," said Danny.

"Sure, Dad!" both chorused in unison. Just then, Bruno let out a woof, as if to affirm their agreement.

They all laughed and continued their journey for another hour. Soon, Kaira spotted a perfect picnic spot—a large tree stood in the centre, surrounded by sand dunes ideal for playing.

"Look over there, Dad, Mom! That place looks awesome. Can we stop here?" Kaira asked excitedly.

"That's indeed a beautiful spot, Kaira. Well, done! You'd make a perfect tour guide," Danny replied, and they all laughed together.

"Alright, off you go, Bruno!" shouted Ken, opening the door. Bruno bolted out into the sand, twirling and running in circles. He had been waiting for this moment for ages—to play in the sand. Soon, the kids joined him, and the air was filled with laughter. It was truly heartwarming to see the bond between the kids and their dog. If Bruno could talk, he would surely be the most talkative one, woofing nonstop with his boundless energy, keeping everyone on their toes and urging them to throw the frisbee.

Danny and I spread the mat under the big tree. "What a lovely shade! This is the perfect spot for a picnic," I exclaimed. Danny brought over the basket and the large bottles of water, then called out to the kids to come and have breakfast.

Bruno was the first to arrive, woofing as if to inquire about his meal.

"Oh, sure, sure! Here it is, your favourite roll," Danny said.

"Mom, this is the best breakfast ever! I love the veggie rolls," Kaira said with her mouth full.

"I agree, it's awesome, Mom! Such a treat!" added Ken.

"I'm glad you're enjoying it. Now, come on and have some fresh orange juice too. I know it's not your favourite, but I'm sure you'll like it."

Soon, everyone finished their food, and the kids were ready with their skateboards to play on the sand dunes.

"Can we go play, Dad, Mom? We'll be back soon!" they asked eagerly.

"Alright, but don't go too far or out of sight. You don't want to get lost, and remember, you'll have to find your way back on your own," I said with a smile.

"Don't worry, Mom. Bruno is with us, and we can never get lost with him!"

"Alright, alright, just be back soon. Take this water bottle in case you get thirsty, and don't forget the cap—it'll get hot soon," I warned.

"Okie dokie, Mom!" they both called, and off they ran toward the dunes, with Bruno beside them.

Danny took out his cycle from the car and got ready for a ride.

"Wanna join me, Julie? It'll be fun," he asked.

"No, dear, you carry on. I have this book to enjoy. I'd rather relax in this cool shade and read," I replied. "Bye!"

Soon, I found myself alone beneath the Ghaf tree, soaking in the serene atmosphere, with a gentle breeze rustling the leaves above. I decided to lie down on the mat and dive into my book. I had just finished the first page when another breeze swept through, causing a leaf to fall softly beside me.

I picked it up and gazed up at the towering Ghaf tree, admiring its quiet presence.

The whispering Ghaf tree.

The Ghaf tree seemed to open its wide eyes on its two branches, and a wide mouth appeared on its trunk. "Hello!" it greeted me, and I returned the greeting, still in amazement. I wasn't scared, but I was certainly fascinated by the sight of a talking Ghaf tree. My curiosity grew, and soon we were engaged in a conversation that turned out to be the most heartwarming dialogue I had ever experienced.

I asked him if he ever felt lonely in the vast desert with no one to talk to. The Ghaf tree responded that he had the most wonderful friends anyone could wish for. He then asked if I'd like to know more about them.

"Of course! I'd love to hear!" I replied eagerly.

"Alright, then," he began. "Let me start with Mr. Breeze, whom you just met. He's the coolest person on the planet. He never hurts anyone; he just loves to wander from place to place, bringing smiles to everyone he meets along the way. He tells me about the places he visits and shares all the things he sees. That way, I get the news from every corner of the world. He's a great companion, and he even makes my leaves dance to his tunes. He is the favourite of all the travellers too, as he helps them forget all the worries and leads them into deep slumber when they take rest under my shade."

"Next, I must tell you about our beauty queen," the Ghaf tree said with a gleam of pride for his friend.

"Oh, wow! Who is it? I'm so eager to know!" I asked excitedly.

"It's Sandy," he revealed. "The whole desert is adorned by her beauty. She glistens like gold under the sun, her elegance boundless and indescribable. Sandy loves to shape herself into the most stunning dunes, creating breathtaking landscapes. However, Mr. Storm, being a bit mischievous, often reshuffles her designs playfully, leaving her to redo them all over again.

Even Sandy has her ups and downs, just like you humans do. But that's what makes her so unique.

She looks most perfect with those imperfections, and she adores the children who enjoy sliding down her silky, smooth texture. She laughs along with them, letting their joy echo across the

desert. And even when she's swept away by the storm, Sandy embraces the change, spreading her charm wherever she goes."

"And then, I have my dearest friend," Mr. Ghaf continued with a heartfelt sigh. "He chooses to remain hidden, but he is life-giving. Without him, I don't think I could even survive."

"Wow! He must be your closest friend for sure," I said, my curiosity peaked.

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Ghaf replied warmly. "He's my very best friend—the Oasis. He's a true symbol of hope and revival in this desert. People gather around him to quench their thirst, and camels and birds are among his many companions. Wherever he is, the surroundings bloom with greenery, becoming a sanctuary of life and renewal.

But his generosity doesn't stop there. He reaches out to trees like me in the form of underground water, nourishing us from far beneath the ground. My deep roots stretch down to find him, keeping me refreshed and alive. He revitalizes me, provides my sustenance, and allows me to care for others in return. Without him, I would wither and die.

Ah, the best part..." Mr. Ghaf continued with a smile. "He tells me stories of the places he travels and the countless ways he helps those in need. He truly is the most refreshing and selfless friend anyone could have."

"Finally, let me tell you about my most caring friend," said Mr. Ghaf with a warm smile. "Mr. Moon. He lights up the darkness with his soft, gleaming radiance, transforming the desert into a magical haven. His beauty is so captivating that one could sit and admire him all night long."

"He sounds incredible," I said in awe.

"He truly is," Mr. Ghaf continued. "Mr. Moon is a loyal companion to many travellers in the desert. His radiant beams touch the hearts of all who see him, filling them with joy and comfort. Thanks to him, I've never felt lonely, even in the deepest darkness. His calming aura surrounds me, keeping me company throughout the night.

But there's more—Mr. Moon has been a guiding light to countless stranded travellers in this vast desert. His glow leads them safely to me, and together, we offer them refuge. While the weary travellers rest peacefully under my branches, Mr. Moon and I spend the night talking quietly.

"By morning, the travellers wake refreshed, ready to continue their journey. They always leave with gratitude for the shelter and safety we provided during the night. It's a routine I cherish deeply, and a bond we share with those who wander through this desert."

"Oh wow, what an incredible bond you share with your friends, Mr. Ghaf," I said, my heart brimming with contentment. "I never realized you were so happy, even standing alone in this vast desert. Your purpose and good intentions are truly admirable."

Just then, the tranquillity was broken by the cheerful voices of the kids. "Mom, Mom!" they called out excitedly as they returned with Bruno, their laughter echoing in the distance.

It took me a few moments to ground myself, to distinguish between the reality before me and the enchanting experience I just had. I glanced at the Ghaf tree, which now stood quietly, as ordinary as ever. I took a deep breath, enjoying the profound connection I had felt under its shade. It had been a soul-touching encounter, one that would leave an everlasting imprint on my heart.

The experience had urged me to reflect on the journey of life, the many blessings God has bestowed, and the importance of being grateful for everything, everyone and every moment in life.

"It was the most adventurous trip ever, Mom!" the kids exclaimed. "We couldn't stop playing, but we remembered to come back on time, so we rushed back!"

"Mom, can we come here again?" they asked in unison, their faces glowing with pure joy and excitement.

Of course, even I had the best time in so many years. I would love to come back too.

"Sure dear, why not", I replied.

"Yay! Thanks, Mom!" Kaira and Ken cheered as they began running around the Ghaf tree, with Bruno happily chasing after them. Their laughter filled the air of the desert.

Just then, Danny returned from his cycling adventure, a wide grin on his face.

"What a ride! I think my stomach is full of butterflies now," he joked, causing everyone to burst into laughter. It was clear we were in the perfect place, surrounded by the desert's dearest silent friends.

"Mom, did you finish the book you were reading? What's it about?" Ken asked, his curious eyes already scanning the cover.

"Ah... *The Whispering Trees*," he read aloud. "Interesting! What's the story? Tell me, tell me!" he urged enthusiastically.

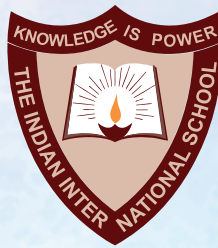
"Of course, I will, my dears," I replied with a warm smile, my heart brimming with joy. "But it's a

long story—let's enjoy our lunch first, and then we'll have the story as dessert!"

Everyone burst into laughter at this playful remark and settled down to eat. The monotonous aura of the desert was filled with chatter and giggles. Bruno, wagging his tail furiously, added to the fun, with the excited little noises he always made, especially when he was delighted.

"So... Can we have the dessert now, mom?" smiled Ken, his voice filled with curiosity.

By- Roshilin Mary



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