

## The Muse's Meadow

### Snow, Snow



▲  
Artwork by:  
Aleena  
Grade I

Snow, snow, here comes the snow!  
It makes everything glow, glow, glow.  
Snow makes me shivery.  
The sun makes it silvery.  
Snow, snow, the dazzling snow's white,  
It makes everything glow, glow, glow.  
Tightens up the night.  
As we go for a snow ride,  
It levels up our fun side.  
Whenever the snow falls,  
We play with snowballs.  
Snowflakes decorate the sky.  
Making our happiness soar high.

▲  
Poem by:  
Kushaagr Singhal  
Grade IV



### It's Season Time



▲  
Artwork by:  
Taimur Khan  
Grade II

Oh! It's winter & now it's cold,  
and the snow is very bold.  
I can feel the cold breeze.  
I think I will freeze!

Oh! It's summer, and now it's hot.  
Later, I shall have soup in a pot.  
Hot wind is something that I hate,  
but my mother said, "Sometimes it is your best mate!"

Oh! It's monsoon, and now it rains;  
now I fall hard on the streets.  
Oh! That pains.  
All I see on the streets are big and small puddles.  
So, I went inside and got some nice  
cuddles.

▲  
Poem by:  
Vaishnavi Singh  
Grade III



## Exploring Our Amazing Solar System



▲  
Artwork by:  
Student of  
CMS Cambridge

Join us on a journey through the planets and beyond. Have you ever looked up at the night sky and wondered what the secrets of our solar system are? Our solar system is a vast, amazing place, full of mysteries waiting to be uncovered. We know that the Sun is the centre of our solar system; it is 109 times bigger than Earth. Then we have eight planets and Pluto and Eris as dwarf planets. In 2006, scientists found out that Pluto is neither a planet nor an asteroid. Most planets have moons, but Earth has one, the Moon; it is about one-quarter of the diameter of the Earth. Have you wondered how the craters of the Moon are created? Well, some asteroids and meteorites crashed on the moon, which created these craters. Now let us talk about stars. Stars are born in clouds

of dust and gas called nebulae. Clumps are pulled together by their own gravity. Did you know that when a star explodes, it becomes a supernova, and the black holes are made with the leftovers of a supernova, which are called pulsars?

Our solar system is a mind-blowing, inspiring place. From the Sun's fiery core to Neptune's icy edges, there is still so much to explore. Keep looking up, young adventurers, and who knows what wonders you will discover!

▲  
Article by:  
Arib Siddiqui  
Grade IV



▲  
Artwork by:  
Fariha Khan  
Grade I





## Whispers of Spring



▲  
Artwork by:  
Chahak Thakur  
Grade IV

It was the end of winter and the beginning of spring!  
The flowers had started to bloom.  
I could already feel the warmth in my room.

The coldness in my heart had started to leave.  
It felt like a melody, helping me fall back to sleep.  
It is my favourite season.  
Backing up my smiles with a reason.  
Even though it stays for three months,  
it leaves a mark for all the upcoming ones.  
From now, it's 152 days,  
but in the end, it's all worth the wait.

▲  
Poem by:  
Laya Chauhan  
Grade XII



## Whispers of The Woodland



▲  
Artwork by:  
Riddhi Jauhri  
Grade II

In quiet woods where shadows play,  
The whispers of the leaves convey.  
The secrets of the ancient trees,  
A timeless song upon the breeze.

Sunlight dances on the ground,  
As nature's beauty wraps around.  
In stillness, hearts can find their way,  
To dreams that linger night and day.

The gentle stream flows soft and slow,  
Its ripples speak of where to go.  
In nature's arms, we find our peace,  
Where all our restless thoughts  
are released.

▲  
Poem by:  
Archisha Kaur Babbar  
Grade VI



## The Hidden Radiance



▲  
Artwork by:  
Anya Singh  
Grade V

I stood in the fog, a pond in front of me  
It was so hazy, I couldn't see.  
Just as a frog leapt past my feet  
Oh, I wish the haze was gone so I could see  
the beauty that lay before me.

The long green grass,  
the warm, shallow waters,  
the scent of the asters,  
the creamy shade of the lotus  
and the mist hid it all.

Though I wished to see the charm,  
I was caught up in the harm  
I might come across if I ignored  
the mist that hid it all.

▲  
Poem by:  
Himanya Verma  
Grade VII



## The Price of Betrayal

Once upon a time there were three friends in a village. One day one of them said that they should search for a job. The other two agreed and went in search of a job in a city. As they were walking to the city, they found a big stone. One of them said there must be gold in the stone, and they started searching. Luckily, they really found gold in the stone, and then the second boy asked them to give the gold to him, and he would keep it safely. So, they gave all the gold to him and continued their journey in search of a job.

They had to cross a jungle to go to the other side. As they entered the jungle, there was a lion sitting there. The third one told them that he had a plan according to which they could walk slowly so that the lion would not wake up, and they would be safe. The other two agreed. The third one ran and started shouting, so the lion woke up. The boy went to the city with a lot of gold and became a rich man, but still he was not at all happy and used to remain sad as he cheated his friends in order to achieve his goals.

So, we should never cheat others in order to achieve our goals. We should reach our goals with truthfulness and honesty; then only we can really achieve success and be happy in life.

▲  
Story by:  
Krisha Agarwal  
Grade IV





## Wellington in Boots



▲  
Artwork by:  
Varanya Singh  
Grade II

Once upon a time, there lived a young tabby cat named Wellington. He was a ginger furry with endless green eyes. His owner was an elderly old lady who was very forgetful and often misplaced things, and Wellington would love to sniff and find them, which would cause him to be rewarded with a treat or his favourite, an occasional story! He was found by the old lady during a storm lying unconscious. He knew nothing about his past before that. Whenever his owner told him stories, it was mostly during the night, so Wellington would often crawl up into her lap and mostly fall asleep the moment the story was over. His favourite stories were 'The Adventures of Puss in Boots' and 'The Adventures of John the Detective Cat'.

Once his owner had given him some Wellington boots because of the monsoon, he learnt to walk on two legs, and he was so fond of them that he wore them everywhere and every time, which gave him his nickname Wellington in Boots.

One day when his owner was out. He sneaked out to touch some grass. Not so soon, but he found some kids playing under the shade of the trees on the edge of the woods. He approached them and said, "Ahoy! Mates. Aren't the day marvellous?" The kids, startled, looked at the talking cat in disbelief. "You can talk?" I asked one of the kids. Instantly he had a memory where he saw a woman with a long pointed black hat and robes with

something weird in her hand. She said, "I am about to give you the gift of speech!"

Thereafter, he returned to his senses. The face seemed familiar, but he was not sure from where. He told the kids about his story and adventures, which calmed them down. They had many games and little adventures in the woods. Now every time his owner went shopping, Wellington would sneak out to his newfound companions. They would have occasional adventures, and they all loved adventuring.

This love for adventuring led Wellington to grow up to set out on a trip around the world full of adventures.



▲  
Story by:  
Aaditya Shukla  
Grade IV

## Moves of the mind

In a game of kings and queens,  
with knights, bishops and tricky scenes.  
A bottle of minds on a chequerboard,  
where every move has its reward.

Pawns march forward, slow but sure,  
while rooks and castles hold the floor.  
A game of patience, skill, and grace,  
where the winner wears a thoughtful face!



▲  
Story by:  
Aaditya Shukla  
Grade IV

## A-star and D-red



▲  
Artwork by:  
Saatvik Shukla  
Grade VII

Once upon a time, there lived an ordinary family of four. They had a lot of fun together. The two kids were skilled in academics and also liked to play sports. Their names were Ajit and Daksh. Ajit was the older brother, was 11 years old, and was a nice and fun kid. His younger brother, on the other hand, was a little naughty but was always kind. He was 6 years old. They also had very caring parents. So, one day Ajit and Daksh wanted to go to the park near their house.

"Can we go to the park?" asked Daksh.

"Sure, go with your brother," replied his mom.

And like that, Daksh and Ajit went to the park together. There was a field, so Ajit and Daksh used it to play football. Ajit was a good player, but Daksh would always try his best and would succeed in getting the ball a few times. When Daksh kicked it out, he saw that there was a wide circular portal, which was multicoloured and was spinning. Daksh was very curious and fascinated about the portal. Ajit, though, seemed a little confused about what was going on. Ajit had no idea what to do, so he took some deep breaths to calm down.

"Come on, let's jump in!" exclaimed Daksh.

"Yeah, nice joke," Ajit said casually.

"No, I mean actually," said Daksh in a serious tone.

"I don't think it would be safe to go in," Ajit wisely said.

"Are you going to miss this chance? How will you ever know what is there? You know you have to be curious," said Daksh, fumbling on the difficult words.

"But this case is serious and is not the time for curiosity. Though you have got me this time, so I'll go," said Ajit. Both of them got in the portal and were dropped into a big headquarters.

There was a big screen with a golden star in the middle and red for the background of the star. What surprised Ajit and Daksh the most was that they were wearing custom-designed outfits, which seemed to match everything that they like. Then, a video started playing and told them that Ajit will be known as A-star and Daksh as D-red. The video continued that they now had secret superpowers and told how to do basic tricks.

A-star thought of a book, and it came into his hand! D-red was not able to do things like A-star but still had strong powers. A-star had all the powers of the universe. For example, telekinesis, teleportation, and invisibility. D-red had the power to control all the elements: fire, water, earth, air, and space. The video said that they could transform into A-star and D-red at any time. Then the headquarters started to shake, and things started to break.

"What is happening?" screamed Daksh

"Relax, you will not get hurt; the HQ just goes back to being hidden when you leave so nobody can find it," said an automated voice which was coming from the HQ. The whole thing collapsed, and they were standing back at the field in the park. Ajit and Daksh thought it was a good time to go home after a very exhausting day. They got a good night's sleep, and the next day was full of adventure.

The next day, Ajit and Daksh got a brain signal which said:

"Problem! We need you to come to HQ. There is a problem you can solve."

Ajit and Daksh looked at each other.

And so it began again!



▲  
Story by:  
Arnav Chandra  
Grade VI



## The Forgotten Horror of Amazon



▲  
Artwork by:  
Advika Pandey  
Grade II

A team of astrologers ventured deep into the heart of the Amazon rainforest, moving through the thick undergrowth. The tall trees formed a dense canopy overhead, blocking out most of the sun's rays, leaving the forest shrouded in silent sound. The chirping of birds echoed through the jungle.

Leading the investigation was John, a scholar with a passion for uncovering ancient mysteries. His assistants were Rick, Thomas, and Marty helping John; everyone had the curiosity to uncover the truth behind the legend of the Amazon. According to the tale, a mysterious blue sphere is hidden at the centre of the forest, and unimaginable power. The sphere is said to have been created in a battle between two forces of darkness and light and had the ability to destroy anything in its path.

For three long months, the team searched tirelessly, but every turn led into a dead end. On their final day disheartened, they were ready to return. As they began to retrace their steps, something caught their eye. Half-hidden by the dense jungle, an ancient structure stood in ruins, its walls broken by time. Strange sculptures were on its surface, depicting that this structure is over a thousand years old.

At the very top of the structure was the blue sphere.

John said excitedly, "Yes! We found it."

The team gathered around in disbelief and rejoicing. They had spent months searching, and now, they had finally discovered what they came for. But in their celebration, no one noticed that Rick was lost.

It wasn't until the laughter was gone and the surroundings were silent that they realised that Rick was missing, and they started to search for him. A few metres away, in the shadows, they found his body lifeless, blood on the ground. John was shocked. He could feel that something was strange. Then they saw something.

From the darkness, a creature emerged, pale as bone; its body was twisted. It had no eyes, no ears, no nose, just a featureless, deathly white face. Rick lay at its feet. The creature was eating him. A scream escaped Thomas's lips, and in that moment, all control shattered. The creature's gaze snapped toward them. The team scattered in panic, but there was no escaping the relentless terror that pursued them. One by one, they feel Thomas and Marty disappearing into the jungle, their screams cut short by the creature's hunger.

John ran with every ounce of strength left in him, his chest heaving with desperate breaths. The exit was within reach, but as he neared the clearing, the creature leapt from the shadows, landing on him with bone-crushing force. He never had the chance to cry out.

When the search teams arrived weeks later, there was no sign of the astrologers. No bodies, no traces of their passage, only the same eerie silence that always filled the Amazon.

The legend of the blue sphere, once thought to be nothing more than myth, remained just that – a mystery, hidden deep within the jungle's heart. Despite countless search operations, the astrologers were never found, and the Amazon forest, as always, swallowed their secrets whole.

To this day, the jungle is still feared, its depths harbouring things beyond human comprehension. The blue sphere, a forgotten power, remains untouched, its curse undisturbed, as the forest continues to guard its darkest secret.



▲  
Story by:  
Earth Yadav  
Grade VII



## The Train



▲  
Artwork by:  
Tejaswi Singh  
Grade IX

One morning, Evilena was packing for her trip. She was going to the USA from the United Kingdom. In the evening, at 7:00 pm, was her flight. So, she started packing around 3:00 pm and finished by 5:00 pm. When she finished, a notification came from her phone. It was her dad's message that said, "I am waiting for you outside." Evilena replied, "Okay, Papa." Then her dad FaceTimed Evilena and told her, "I will wear your mom's anniversary gift outfit." Finally, it was Evilena's time to leave, so she boarded the taxi and went to the airport. At the airport she saw a man wearing a black hoodie with blue pants and white shoes. That man was following Evilena while she was checking in. She was uncomfortable. Luckily, Evilena sat in the flight at the time. While she was using her phone on the flight, she saw the same man peeking from behind. He whispered, "You are dead," in sign language.

Evilena ran to the bathroom and was super scared. After a while, when she came out, she saw the man going to the bathroom too. When he came out, Evilena saw his hands red, probably filled with blood. It felt like he killed someone. Evilena was about to take her phone when she couldn't find it. Her phone was lost. After some time of searching, she saw that she was sitting on her phone. When

she picked her phone up with blood, it said, "Meet me tomorrow at 5:00 pm in the USA." It was written in blood! Evilena was so agitated. Then, it was time for her to board the train. Thankfully she didn't see that man again following her. After a while, the light switched off, and I saw that man at the window, all red and smiling. The door opened by itself, and the man was about to come in when Evilena pushed him out and closed the door. But she was not safe. She sat on a knife and fainted. When she woke up, the man revealed his face, and Evilena was shocked!



▲  
Story by:  
Akshara Sapru  
Grade III

## Resilience

"Pass here, James."

"Free space, pass me," communicated my teammates while I stood quietly.

"Rudra, why are you not asking for the ball?" The coach shouted at me. I didn't reply. I was too underconfident to ask for the ball. I was not a newbie, but I had evolved some insecurities from my recent matches. I had a good physique and a good sense of direction, but most of the times when I tried to ask for passes in matches, I failed to handle them, which led to my team's loss.

With this issue playing in my mind, I headed back home from my training. On my way, I saw some kids playing soccer on the road. They weren't playing well, and some of them even made mistakes in passing like I did, but they improved after every mistake and scored.

This scene wriggled deep into my mind. It made me realise what I was doing wrong till now! I was letting my past disturb my present play. But now I wouldn't let that happen. I would improve my game and refuse to let my past mistakes hold me back again. Like a phoenix, I would rise.

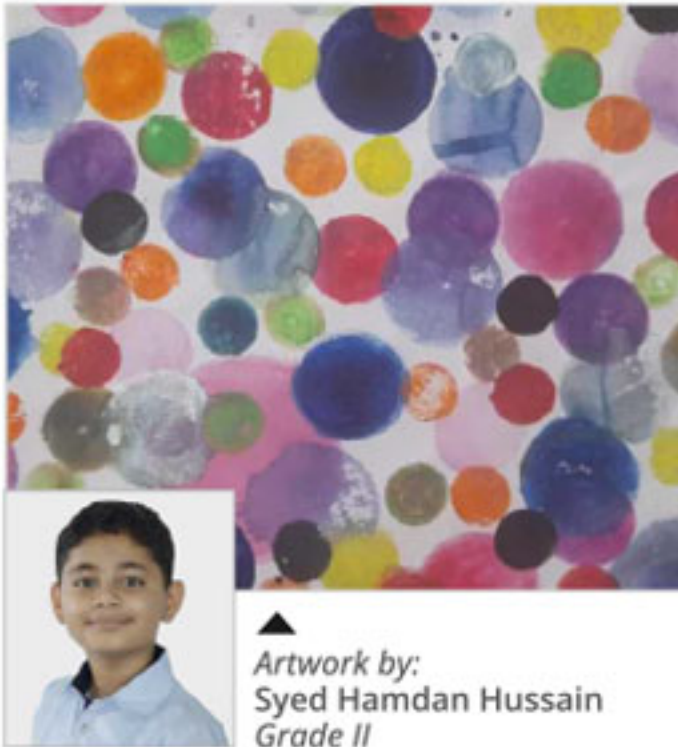


▲  
Article by:  
Rudra Rai  
Grade VI



## REALMS OF ENCHANTMENT: THE WORLD BEYOND

### CHAPTER 1: The Portal



▲  
Artwork by:  
Syed Hamdan Hussain  
Grade II

It was a great day for Jake and his friends. They hung out at the park, played football, and grabbed a pizza later. Returning home happily eating pizza, fate had other plans for them.

While walking along the sidewalk, Jake noticed something strange in the alley next to the bookshop. It looked like a bright green light, just enough not to blind them.

"Hey guys, check this out," said Jake, pointing it out to his friends. His friends followed him, exchanging puzzled looks and pondering what it could be.

"Maybe it's some kind of art installation," suggested Mia, the artistic one of the group.

"Or a science experiment gone wrong," proposed Leo, the one who always watched science fiction movies.

"Or a portal to another dimension," joked Zoe, the one into things like sci-fi.

They all chuckled at Zoe's suggestion. Jake felt a surge of curiosity. He wanted to know more about the mysterious glowing light. Ignoring his friends' warnings, he stepped closer to the alley.

"Jake, don't be stupid. It could be dangerous," cautioned Mia.

"Yeah, what if it's radioactive or something?" added Leo.

"Or what if it's a trap?" speculated Zoe.

But Jake didn't listen. He walked into the alley and approached the mysterious light. He reached out his hand to touch it but felt a powerful force pulling him in. Gasping, he tried to pull back, but it was too late. He was sucked into the portal, which shone brighter, making Jake disappear from sight.

His friends watched, scared, as their friend vanished. By the time they went to investigate what had happened, they were all pulled into the portal, leaving behind their normal lives and entering a new world.

A world where magic was real, where dragons flew in the sky, where elves and dwarves lived in harmony, and where an evil sorcerer threatened to destroy everything.

### CHAPTER 2: The Land of Enchantments

Upon arrival, they were surrounded by gnomes who were speaking a language Jake and his friends didn't understand. They exchanged puzzled looks, sensing that something weird had happened.

The gnomes offered them a special liquid, though Jake had resisted at first, finding the potion disgusting. Eventually, he relented. After drinking it, he could suddenly understand the gnomes. He urged his friends to do the same.

After some convincing, they finally drank it and could understand what the gnomes were saying. But before they could say anything, the gnomes issued a warning,

*"Beware, intruders! You have trespassed into our territory, and we do not treat invaders kindly. We are gnomes, the masters of Shn (the most populated planet in the galaxy, Roghu). We have the power to destroy you if we please. Leave now,*

*or face our wrath!"*

Jake and his friends were scared, but then a giant, old, and wise-looking gnome emerged from behind the others, telling them there was no need to worry. He explained that the young gnomes were always messing around with anything and anybody they had not seen. Even when he was young, his friends had seen and threatened a human, but now that human was the king.

He assured them of their safety and offered to take them to King Gerome. According to him, they needed to be with somebody who held a respectable degree if they wanted to survive there for the time being.

### CHAPTER 3: The Journey to the Kingdom

The wise old gnome suggested that the group traverse the path through the Forest of Enchantments, made invisible by the kingdom's powerful magic. However, their journey was not without obstacles, as the guards there were known to be unfriendly towards outsiders. To avoid detection, they had to purchase invisibility cloaks. These guards were fiercely loyal to their ruler, King Gerome, who governed the enchanted kingdom with an iron fist.

Despite the danger, the group remained determined to press forward and reach their destination. Though Jake and his friends still didn't fully trust the random gnomes they had just met, they didn't have any better options. The gnomes presented an ancient map and uttered an incomprehensible phrase. After consuming more of the potion, Jake and his friends deciphered the gnomes' message, which revealed the location of a massive castle.

The structure was invisible, constructed entirely from the enchanted forest's wood, and lay to the south of their current location.

### CHAPTER 4: The Castle of Secrets

As they journeyed through the dense forest, the air thick with magic, Jake and his friends couldn't shake off the feeling of being watched. Shadows flickered between the trees, and strange whispers echoed through the enchanted woods. Yet, they

pressed on, guided by the ancient map and the wise old gnome.

After what felt like hours of walking, they finally reached the outskirts of the invisible castle. It towered over them, its spires reaching towards the sky like fingers of an ancient giant. But despite its grandeur, there was an eerie silence surrounding the castle, as if it held its breath in anticipation.

The wise old gnome led them to a hidden entrance, concealed behind a curtain of ivy. With a wave of his hand and a muttered incantation, the ivy parted, revealing a dark passageway leading into the heart of the castle.

Jake and his friends followed the gnome inside, their footsteps echoing off the stone walls. As they ventured deeper, they could feel the weight of centuries pressing down upon them, as if the castle itself held untold secrets within its walls.

Finally, they emerged into a vast chamber, lit by flickering torches and adorned with tapestries depicting scenes of ancient battles and forgotten heroes. At the far end of the chamber, seated upon a throne of carved oak, sat King Gerome himself.

The king regarded them with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion, his eyes piercing through them as if he could see into their very souls. But before he could speak, the wise old gnome stepped forward, bowing low before the king.

*"Your Majesty,"* he said, his voice echoing through the chamber. *"I present to you these travellers from another realm. They seek your counsel and your protection."*

King Gerome studied Jake and his friends for a long moment, his expression unreadable. Then, with a nod of his head, he beckoned them forward.

*"Welcome to the Enchanted Kingdom,"* he said, his voice booming with authority. *"You have entered a realm of magic and wonder but also of danger and darkness. If you seek to survive in this land, you must heed my words and tread carefully. For there are forces at work here that even I cannot control."*

Jake and his friends listened intently, hanging on every word that the king spoke. They knew that



their journey was far from over and that they would need all the help they could get if they were to navigate the treacherous waters of the Enchanted Kingdom.

But for now, they were safe within the walls of the castle, surrounded by allies and protected by the king himself. And as they looked out upon the world beyond, they knew that their adventure was only just beginning.

#### **CHAPTER 5: The Council of Elders**

In the days that followed their arrival at the castle, Jake and his friends found themselves immersed in the intrigues and politics of the Enchanted Kingdom. They attended court sessions, where disputes were settled and laws were passed, and explored the castle's sprawling corridors, uncovering hidden chambers and ancient artefacts.

But amidst the hustle and bustle of castle life, there was one event that stood out above all others: the Council of Elders.

The Council of Elders was a gathering of the wisest and most powerful beings in the Enchanted Kingdom. It was held once every lunar cycle, and its purpose was to discuss matters of great importance and to make decisions that would shape the future of the realm.

Jake and his friends were honoured to be invited to attend the council, although they were also nervous about what they might encounter there. They had heard tales of the council's formidable members, beings of immense power and wisdom who had lived for centuries and seen things that most could only dream of.

As they entered the council chamber, they were greeted by a sight that took their breath away. The chamber was vast, with walls adorned with intricate carvings and a ceiling that seemed to stretch up into the heavens themselves. At the centre of the chamber stood a circular table, surrounded by thirteen thrones, each occupied by a member of the council.

The council members regarded Jake and his friends with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion, their eyes flashing with ancient knowledge. But before

anyone could speak, King Gerome stepped forward, his voice echoing through the chamber.

*"Welcome, honoured guests," he said, his tone grave. "You have been brought here today to bear witness to the decisions of the council and to offer whatever wisdom and insight you may possess. Know that your words will be weighed carefully, for the fate of the Enchanted Kingdom hangs in the balance."*

With that, the council began its deliberations, discussing matters of great import and debating the course of action to be taken. Jake and his friends listened intently, their minds racing as they tried to grasp the complexities of the issues at hand.

And as the council session drew to a close, they realised that they had been given a glimpse into the heart of the Enchanted Kingdom, a world of magic and wonder but also of challenges and dangers beyond imagining. But they were determined to face whatever lay ahead, for they knew that their destiny was intertwined with that of the realm itself.

#### **CHAPTER 6: The Final Battle**

As weeks passed, Jake and his friends became integral parts of life in the Enchanted Kingdom. They trained with skilled warriors, studied ancient tomes of magic, and forged bonds with allies from all corners of the realm. But even as they settled into their new roles, they could sense a growing darkness looming on the horizon.

Rumours spread like wildfire through the kingdom of an ancient evil stirring in the depths of the earth, a darkness that threatened to consume everything in its path. King Gerome and the Council of Elders worked tirelessly to prepare for the coming storm, marshalling their forces and forging alliances with neighbouring realms.

And then, one fateful day, the darkness descended upon the Enchanted Kingdom in full force. An army of monstrous creatures, led by a powerful sorcerer, swept across the land like a tidal wave, leaving destruction and despair in their wake.

Jake and his friends fought bravely alongside their

newfound allies, their courage and determination shining like beacons in the darkness. But as the battle raged on, it became clear that victory would not come easily. The enemy were relentless, their numbers seemingly endless, and for every foe they struck down, two more took their place.

But just when all seemed lost, a glimmer of hope appeared on the horizon. High above the battlefield, a mighty dragon soared through the sky, its scales gleaming in the sunlight. With a deafening roar, it descended upon the enemy ranks, unleashing torrents of fire and lightning that scattered their forces like leaves in the wind.

Inspired by the dragon's bravery, Jake and his friends rallied their allies for one final push. With swords flashing and spells flying, they charged headlong into the heart of the enemy horde, their hearts filled with determination and resolve.

And in the end, it was their courage and sacrifice that carried the day. The sorcerer's dark army was vanquished, their leader defeated, and the Enchanted Kingdom was saved from certain destruction.

As the dust settled and the sun rose once more over the battlefield, Jake and his friends stood victorious, their heads held high and their spirits unbroken. For they had proven themselves to be true heroes, worthy of the title and the honour that came with it.

And as they looked out upon the world they had fought so hard to save, they knew that their adventure was far from over. The Enchanted Kingdom would always need heroes, and Jake and his friends would be there to answer the call, no matter what dangers lay ahead.

With that, they turned their gaze towards the horizon, ready to face whatever challenges the future might hold. For in the end, they knew that as long as they stood together, nothing could stand in their way.

And so, the story of Jake and the Enchanted Kingdom came to a close, but the legend of their bravery and heroism would live on for generations to come, a testament to the power of courage,

friendship, and the indomitable spirit of adventure.

## EPILOGUE

Several months had passed since Jake and his friends had saved the Enchanted Kingdom from destruction, and life had returned to a semblance of normalcy. The kingdom flourished once more, its people grateful for the heroes who had saved them from certain doom.

As for Jake and his friends, they had returned to their world, but the memories of their time in the Enchanted Kingdom lingered on. They often found themselves reminiscing about their adventures, laughing at the close calls and marvelling at the wonders they had witnessed.

One sunny afternoon, they gathered at their favourite pizza place, eager to catch up and share stories. Mia had brought her sketchbook, filled with drawings of the fantastic creatures they had encountered, while Leo had a stack of science fiction novels she had written based on her adventure.

Zoe, the adventurer, told them tales of her latest expedition to the corners of the globe, while Jake listened intently, a smile playing at the corners of his lips. And as they sat there, surrounded by laughter and friendship, they knew that no matter where life took them, they would always be bound together by the bonds they had forged in the Enchanted Kingdom.

And so, as the sun set on another day, they raised their glasses in a toast to friendship, adventure, and the magic that had brought them together.

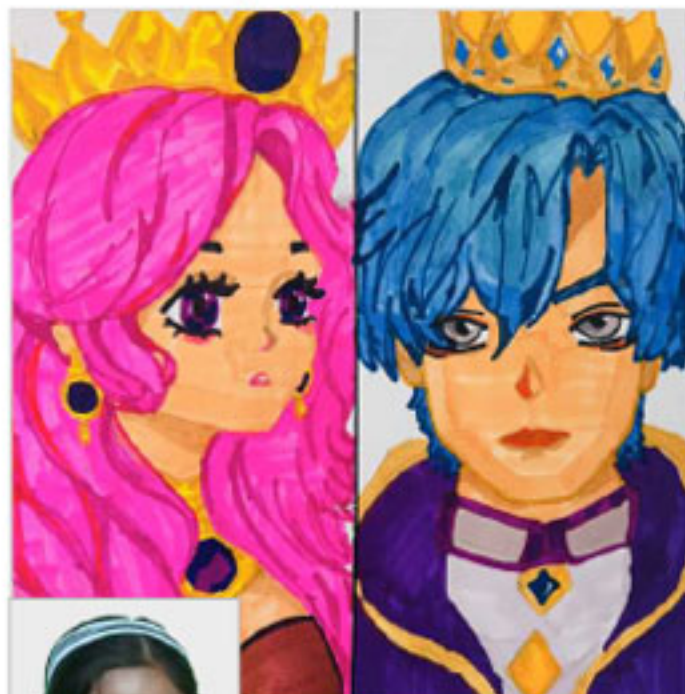
The End... or is it?

▲  
Story by:  
Deepayan Banerjee  
Grade VII





## Our Triumphant Pursuit



▲  
Artwork by:  
Tejaswi Singh  
Grade IX

Once, there was a twelve-year-old boy named Jack, who belonged to a middle-class family and lived in London, UK. He led an unorganised, insincere, lazy and digitally playful life, which resulted in his tasks always being left unfinished. Jack always dreamed of becoming rich and famous, but this was not possible due to his tardy and unpunctual behaviour. It was always a mystery to him how to complete his work on time.

One day, his parents went out of town for five days. Jack stayed at home with his sixteen-year-old elder sister, Marry. One day, she developed a fever. Jack loved his sister, so he started taking care of her in their parents' absence. He woke up early, completed household chores, cooked simple food, and got ready for school by himself. He gave food and medicine to Marry before leaving.

After returning from school, he completed his homework without being asked. He kept his belongings in their proper place, cleaned and arranged the house, and again gave food and medicine to Marry on time. At the end of the day, he went to bed on time and woke up early again

the next morning. Five days later, his parents returned and took charge of Mary's well-being. Jack, however, went back to his old unorganised and digitally playful life, once again leaving his tasks unfinished. He felt disturbed by his unscheduled days and was always preoccupied with playing digital games. Then, a thought struck him—how had he managed everything so perfectly when Mary was ill?

He had done everything sincerely because he wanted to save as much time as possible to take care of his sister. During those days, he had felt happy, peaceful, responsible, organised, focused, and time-conscious. Before this, he had always wondered how to solve the mystery of his never-ending, unorganised life. Suddenly, he smiled and took a deep, calming breath. He realised that everything had changed within him.

He had finally found the solution to his problem, which could improve his lifestyle and serve as a gradual step toward becoming rich and famous. That day, he discovered a hidden treasure for his life. That hidden treasure was willpower—something that exists inside every person. Jack had only relied on his willpower to accomplish everything perfectly when his dear sister was ill. It is true: "If there is a will, then you can achieve anything, even making the impossible possible."

From that day on, Jack freed himself from his digitally playful nature. Now, none of his tasks remain unfinished. He soared free like a bird in his imagination, with an evergreen, cheerful smile on his face after discovering the hidden treasure of his triumphant pursuit.



▲  
Story by:  
Kaustubh Johri  
Grade V

## The Jurassic Park Adventure

It was the 2nd of October, a holiday! I woke up early, went to my society park, and watched TV. I thought it was just a normal day, but suddenly my dad said, "Come on, champ, get ready! We will be visiting some places today!" All through, I thought it could be just a shopping mall or any relative's place, but wait! We were entering the 'JURASSIC PARK' WHHOWWW-HOHOO!!!

It was my dream place!! I have always dreamed of it! I hugged my mom & dad with joy! "I love you both!" I said. We got the tickets and then entered the park. I explored every corner of it, and here are all the details about this JURASSIC PARK!! The place has many realistic-looking robotic dinosaurs which move their head, forelimbs and tail. Some are huge to match the scale. And not just dinosaurs; there was also a woolly mammoth & a sabre-toothed tiger. I was amazed to see a huge Godzilla & King Kong model made of recycled metal pieces.

While heading towards the bridge area, we saw a gigantic dinosaur and huge recycled metal structures of trees and birds, like ostriches, vultures & owls. Then we reached the live dinosaur play! After waiting for about half an hour, suddenly a T-rex robot banged from the fences. Whhoo-hahahaha!!! It was so thrilling to watch it because it looked so REAL! After that, my sister Naina and I took a Dino ride. The time required to watch them all is around 2-3 hrs.

This was the best surprise I got from my parents.

▲  
Article by:  
Aditya Raj Singh  
Grade II



## Jimmy Wants To Be A Footballer

There was an 8-year-old boy whose name was Jimmy, and he wanted to be a footballer. He knew how to play football, but he lacked specific skills, like how to aim the ball.

A lot of days were spent practising such skills.

After some time, Jimmy thought he couldn't do this. After that, he felt that had he worked for a few more days, he would have learnt that. That day onwards, he practised and did hard work every day.

Finally, he learnt to aim the ball well. He was very happy that he learnt it; now Jimmy is a fine footballer.

Moral of the story: Never give up!

▲  
Story by:  
Abhiraj Jaiswal  
Grade II





## Following Your Passion – The Way To Success



▲  
*Artwork by:*  
Deedhiti Singh  
Grade VI

Following your passion is one of the best things you can do. When you do what you love, it makes you satisfied. Whether it's sports, music, dance, art or any other activity, It can lead to great success.

A great example is my sports teacher, Mr Alok Kumar Shukla. He has taught me the importance of following my passion. Sir chose to pursue sports despite his father's expectations for him to follow the same path as others in his family who had all worked in the police force, from his great-grandfather to his grandfather, father, brother, and uncle.

He faced some challenges, as his family had high expectations for his academic performance. But Sir followed his love for sports, and today, he is a successful sportsman and a great teacher living

happily, doing what he loves.

Sir's journey shows us that true happiness comes from doing what we love. As students, we should follow our passion. We shouldn't feel pressured to focus only on studying for a job. Success can be found in many different areas. When we do what we love, we can achieve amazing things.



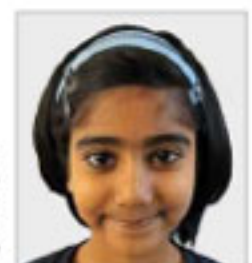
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*Article by:*  
Anamika Yadav  
Grade VI

## X-mas Tree



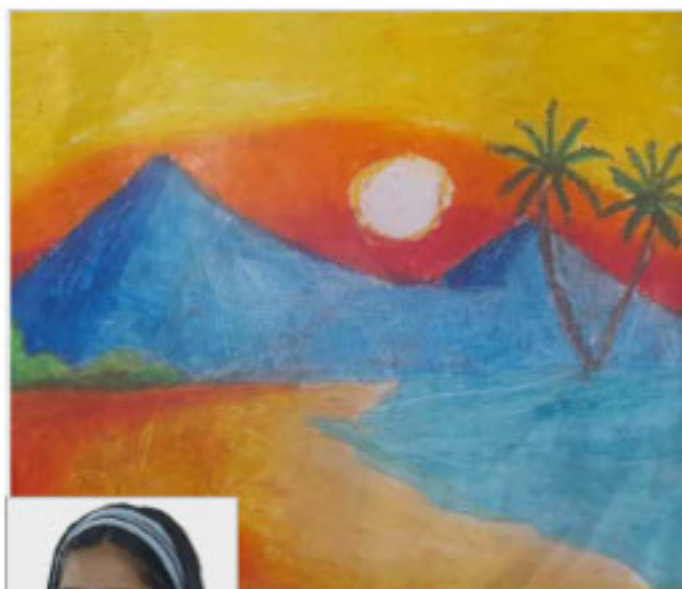
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*Artwork by:*  
Avanya Yadav  
Grade V

Christmas is nearby,  
with a bunch of joy.  
We will play all along,  
and sing a carol song.  
We will worship Jesus,  
to make our life gracious.  
When we go to sleep,  
Santa will give us a treat.



▲  
*Poem by:*  
Samriddhi Verma  
Grade III

## Too Close To The Sun



▲  
Artwork by:  
Anika Kaushal  
Grade II

The story of Icarus is a tale as old as time—an emblem of ambition and hubris. The young man who dared to soar too close to the sun, ignoring the warnings of his father, Daedalus, paid the ultimate price for his audacity. Yet, as I reflect on Icarus' flight, I find an unexpected inspiration nestled within this cautionary tale.

*"If I take one step at a time", I think, "Perhaps I, too, can reach for the skies without succumbing to the sun's fiery embrace."*

But there lies a crucial lesson hidden within the irony of Icarus' story. It's not just about aiming high; it's also about understanding the delicate balance between ambition and caution. While Icarus' wings of wax melted under the sun's intensity, his journey also teaches us about the dangers of overestimating our capabilities. Similarly, there exists another cautionary note often overshadowed by his ascent: the need to avoid flying too close to the sea. This paradox highlights the duality of ambition—overreaching can lead to downfall, but so can underestimating the risks of our environment.

In today's world, where we are constantly bombarded with messages like "Go big or go

home", we often forget that true success requires a nuanced understanding of our limitations. As the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche wisely said, "He who has a why to live can bear almost any how." This notion encourages us to seek purpose in our ambitions, reminding us that the journey matters as much as the destination.

The moral is clear: **neither overestimate nor underestimate yourself. Recognising your strengths while remaining aware of your vulnerabilities can be the key to sustainable success.** Each step toward our goals should be intentional, grounded in self-awareness and humility. Just as Icarus learnt too late, the heights we aim for must be approached with care and respect.

So, as we stand at our own precipices, poised to take flight, let us remember the lessons of Icarus. Let us dream of soaring high while also keeping our feet firmly planted on the ground. In this dance of ambition and caution, we can find a path that allows us to fly without fear of falling.



▲  
Article by:  
Adhishree Tripathi  
Grade XI



## The Shadow Walkers



▲  
Artwork by:  
Anvika Singh  
Grade III

It was late at night; owls were hooting, and in the distance, wolves could be heard howling. The moon hung high in the air, enveloping the town of Zoirah in its silvery mist.

A young boy fell on his bed like a puppet with no strings. Mortis had just been done with his chores that Lady Liokai had given him. She was the stern caretaker of the orphanage and hated him with a passion. She wasn't the only one to think so; everywhere he went, he brought chaos to the place and was met with judging looks of fear and disgust.

As he was getting into the gist of endless thoughts, he heard a soft knock on his window. Mortis looked up and saw a crow perched on the icy bars of his window, holding a red envelope in its beak. Curiosity got the better of him, and he opened it to let the bird in.

When the crow hopped into his room, it dropped the letter and disintegrated into dust, leaving nothing but a speck of smoke and ashes. Mortis picked the envelope gingerly and noticed a silver eagle carved on it. When he opened the envelope, he was basked in bright red light, after which he found himself in a deserted forest, all alone and still in his pyjamas.

The rest of the night was blurry; he vaguely remembered meeting other kids who were also weird like him—'cursed, as normal people would

say. He remembered how they formed a group, perhaps called "Shadow Walkers".

The next day, he tried telling others about his peculiar incident, but to no avail. No one bothered to even listen. However, he knew his story was far from over, for he kept seeing the mark of the silver eagle again and again.



▲  
Story by:  
Sameeha Omair  
Grade IX

## Navratri



▲  
Artwork by:  
Arshita Anand  
Grade V

It is the time of autumn,  
the season of fall.  
Earth becomes beautiful with blossoms;  
let's worship the Goddess who blesses us all.  
Devi Durga has arrived.  
Let's celebrate and dance.  
Let's bow and pray for all;  
nine days of divinity at a glance.



▲  
Poem by:  
Vedansh Shukla  
Grade III

## The Power of Persistence: A Story of Overcoming Challenges

It was the final day of the school's annual sports competition, and the 400-metre race was about to begin. Among the participants was Aiden, a student known for his shy demeanour and lack of confidence in sports. Despite being a regular student, he had always struggled with physical activities, often feeling left behind by his peers. He had never been the fastest or the strongest, but something about that day felt different.

Aiden had been practising in secret for weeks. He had set small goals for himself, gradually pushing his limits. His determination wasn't about winning; it was about proving to himself that he could finish the race, no matter what. As he stood at the starting line, he could feel his heart race, but he didn't back down.

The sound of the starting pistol echoed through the air, and the runners took off. Aiden, as expected, fell behind, but he didn't stop. Lap after lap, he kept his pace steady, even as others surged ahead. The crowd cheered for the frontrunners, but Aiden's focus remained on crossing the finish line.

As he entered the final stretch, his legs ached, and his breath grew shallow. Doubts clouded his mind, but a wave of resolve washed over him. He remembered the countless hours of practice, the encouragement from friends, and the belief he had found in himself. With one final push, he crossed the finish line, exhausted but proud.

Aiden didn't come in first, nor did he place in the top ten. But his achievement was more significant than any position. He had finished the race. He had shown that with persistence and the courage to push through self-doubt, anything was possible.

His story became an inspiration for the entire school. It reminded us that success isn't always about winning. It's about growth, effort, and never giving up, no matter how many times we fall behind.

▲  
Story by:  
Mandeep  
Grade V



## The Loyal Friends



▲  
Artwork by:  
Aviraj Jaynil Bagwade  
Grade II

Once upon a time in a forest there lived one elephant and a lion. They were best friends. They promised that they would never break the friendship. One day they started fighting about who is more powerful.

The lion roared loudly and said, "Can you roar like me?" The elephant grunted and replied, "I cannot roar like you, but I can grunt louder than you."

Suddenly, a mouse interrupted and said, "Please, please do not fight, my dear friends. If you want to know who is more powerful, I have an idea: I have organised one competition for us; let's see who can run faster." The mouse was included in the competition; the lion and the elephant laughed at the mouse because of his size. The race began, and all ran to win. Suddenly, the mouse fell and was injured. Elephants and lions thought that they had a chance to win. But they had to ignore their friend also to win.

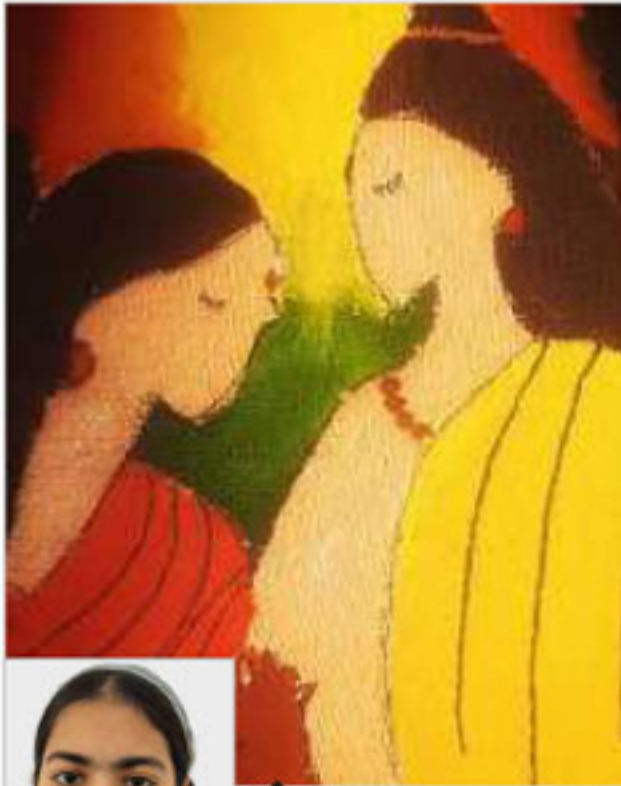
So, they picked the mouse and took him to the end, and the true winner was friendship.

▲  
Story by:  
Zeeshan Zaki  
Grade V





## Dussehra: Triumph of good over evil



▲  
Artwork by:  
Navya  
Grade VIII

Dussehra, in Hinduism, is a holiday marking the triumph of Rama, an avatar of Lord Vishnu, over the 10-headed demon king Ravana. The story written by Sage Valmiki, known as the Ramayana, includes the death of Ravana and the story of Lord Rama.

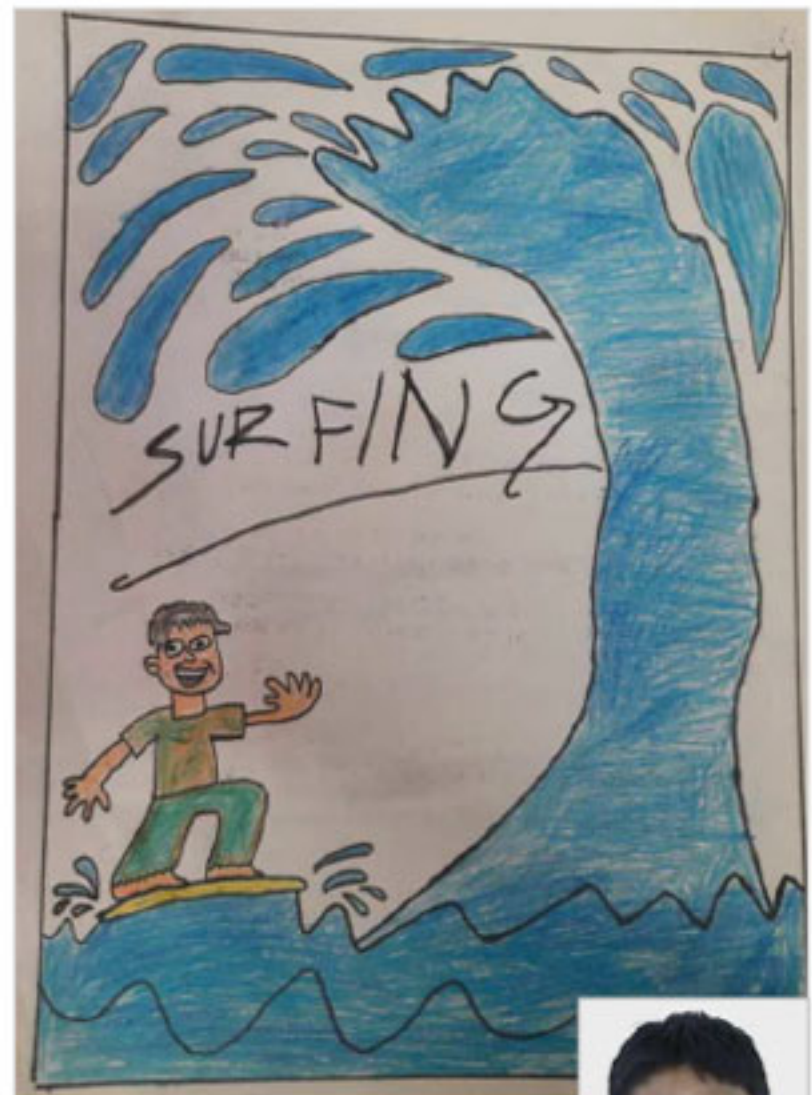
The word Dasha (meaning 10) refers to the 10-headed demon king Ravana, and Hara means to be defeated. The word is in Sanskrit. It was celebrated when the epic battle between good and evil was held and symbolises the fight between Dharma and Adharma.

It is celebrated after the 9 days of Navaratri, and the 10th day is known as Dussehra or Vijayadashmi. It's the killing day of Ravana and Mahisa Shur. The day when Ravana abducted the wife of Lord Rama, he decided that a war had to take place, so after that, with the help of the intelligent monkey Hanuman, he destroyed Ravana and his demon kingdom.

It is a cultural festival of great importance and significance for all Hindus. On this day, all over the world firecrackers are burnt. The message and information of hope and moral victory is the heart and soul of Dussehra.



▲  
Article by:  
Danika Singh  
Grade IV



▲  
Artwork by:  
Kushaagr Singhal  
Grade IV

## Strengthening Bonds on Diwali



▲  
**Artwork by:**  
**Abhijay Shandilya**  
**Grade I**

To millions around the world, Diwali is a joyous festival of lights. It is a festival where good wins over evil, white over black, and light over darkness. To me, however, it's something more. Diwali is a festival that allows everyone to get together and enjoy triumph and symphony. It's a festival that escapes the harsh realities and borders of religion.

At this festival, families get together and make tonnes of memories. They unleash their full creativity, decorating their houses with exquisite lights and making beautiful rangolis with intricate designs. Sweets and memories are brewed side by side while kids and adults alike exchange laughs. Relatives gossip and whisper about the next-door neighbour; sometimes, they even share embarrassing moments that are sure to make you go, "MOM!!!"

Safe to say, the best part about Diwali is the awesome family reunion. All your loved relatives—grandparents, aunts, and cousins are present. You get to spend time with them and enjoy memorable moments that you're going to cherish later on. Once you grow up, you'll realise the value of these precious moments you made a long time ago.

However, as many say, 'Happiness doesn't last long.' The most difficult part about Diwali is bidding our goodbyes. Saying farewell to your relatives after you've made so many everlasting memories is not everyone's piece of cake. The only way I can do it is by knowing that next year we all will meet again, make new memories, and cherish the ones made in the past.

Diwali is not just about religious practice. It's an emotion. It's the joyful feeling you get after seeing your favourite relative. It's the memories you make. It's the bond you develop, and most importantly, it's the delicate mixture of family, sweets, and light.



▲  
**Article by:**  
**Sameeha Omair**  
**Grade IX**

## Ronaldo

Born in '85 in Portugal, Sao Pedro,  
A football prodigy called Ronaldo.  
A champion footballer, "CR7"  
He plays as a forward amongst eleven.

He scored more than 900 goals.  
In the team, always plays key roles.  
Won 33 trophies for club and nation,  
He is my favourite, a true inspiration.

A sports icon that everyone knows,  
We also love his "Siu" pose.  
North, South, East or West,  
We love Ronaldo; he is the best!

▲  
**Poem by:**  
**Nivyudh Konwar Kashyap**  
**Grade II**



## Threads of Tradition: Celebrating Our Cultural Roots



Artwork by:  
Pragya Singh  
Grade IX

Ideas of modernity, westernisation, and the influence of social media are rapidly shaping the world, making many youngsters completely forget their roots. Traditional values and respect for our communities were always central to us, yet today, they stand alongside new norms in the fast-paced, interconnected world.

Consider this: how many kids can read, write and speak their mother tongue fluently? People consider English as a major language that would connect one with the world but often neglect the language that originally represents them. Children are easily embarrassed by their parents, who can't speak fluent English, not considering that it is probably their second or third language. This is just one of the examples of our rich and majestic traditions being lost due to modernisation.

The dominance of Western practices, languages and festivals makes people abandon their own traditions. For example, to fit in, youngsters would

prefer to celebrate a "Western" festival like Halloween instead of celebrating a festival that holds cultural significance to them and their ancestors.

While addressing the challenges posed by Westernisation on our cultural traditions, it is crucial to remember that highlighting problems is futile without proposing meaningful solutions. One can easily balance modernisation and traditions. One should always be ready to learn about their culture and tradition from someone who is well versed in them. Grandparents, parents and even relatives. One should start to appreciate their rich traditions: the beauty of it, the contemporary symphonies, the graceful dances and the remarkable verses.

Supporting local artisans and artists would significantly bring the traditions into the spotlight, giving them a chance to shine and show their talent. This will give them the confidence and reassurance to continue embracing their art, which is marvellous.

At the end of the day, it is our roots and traditions that hold us together. Navigating through the waves of modernisation is challenging but not impossible. A balance between modernisation and tradition is extremely crucial. By weaving together the threads of tradition and diversity, we create a vibrant mosaic that honours our past while welcoming new influences.

Article by:  
Anushka Singh  
Grade IX



## Earth in Crisis: Solutions for a sustainable tomorrow

As we all know, Earth is our home. But if the earth is our home, why are we destroying it? Climate change and pollution is harming and threatening our planet, especially the island nations. As the climate is changing, these island nations might get submerged under the ocean due to rising sea levels.

We need to protect it so that future generations can live here too. As they say, **"Prevention is better than cure"**; it is still not too late to start our safety measures.

*Let's begin with these small steps:*

- Recycling things such as paper, plastic and glass.
- Afforestation, or planting more trees, gives us oxygen, as trees are the 'Lungs of the Earth'
- Using solar panels instead of regular electricity.
- Saving water by using less water while brushing, washing dishes, etc.
- Walking or riding a bike instead of cars can prevent pollution.

So working as a team together, we can make a big difference. We can make Earth a better place for all living things.

Respect Earth, Respect Life!

▲  
Article by:  
Arthvit Singh  
Grade IV



## The Impact of Climate Change



▲  
Artwork by:  
Harshali Shukla  
Grade III

Climate change is one of the biggest problems our planet faces today. It affects the weather, the environment, and even living creatures.

Climate change happens due to human activities like cutting trees and burning fossil fuels. As a result, the Earth's temperature rises, which causes glaciers to melt and sea levels to rise. Some areas face floods, while others experience droughts. Animals and plants struggle to survive because of the changing environment.

We must take action to reduce climate change. Simple things like using less plastic, saving energy, and planting trees can help make a big difference.

▲  
Article by:  
Amaira Siddharth  
Grade IV





## The Present Harvest



▲  
Artwork by:  
Ewanka Shukla  
Grade I

In the wake of climate change, a subtle yet powerful force,  
humanity is challenged – its very core remorse.  
The way we eat, for whom we weep,  
our perspective of the world, and our bond with the deep.

Once upon a time, our ground was adorned with abundance and variety; no worries were born.  
But now, the feast has turned into a scarcity as droughts and floods ravage our land with audacity.

Sleep, once a refuge, a peaceful slumber,  
now restless and burdened, as storms encumber.  
Fear lingers in the dark as hurricanes dance and twirl,  
displacing lives, tearing apart homes and hurl.

My perspective, forever altered, forever changed,  
As I witnessed a sight so stark and deranged.  
In the eyes of a child, a reflection of pain,  
As the world burnt before her, her innocence slain.

I see now the friendship we share,  
bound by this fragile planet, in need of care.  
Climate change has taught me empathy's reign,  
to stand united, heal the wounds, and relieve the strain.

Let's plant the seeds of change,  
nurture them with love, and  
reshape our world, hand in hand, above.  
For in this battle against nature's wrath,

it is unity and compassion that pave the path.

Climate change has touched us all, we cannot deny,  
but through our actions, we can amplify.  
The voice of hope, the call to heal,  
to protect our world, and the way we feel.



▲  
Poem by:  
Ritisha Sethi,  
Grade XI

## AI: The Founder of the New Era

My brief chats with Siri always show no emotion whatsoever, just a monotone lulling voice on its part. Even though Apple created the AI, Siri, to help out with whatever task we had trouble with, sometimes Siri cannot understand what exactly we are trying to convey to it, which kind of infuriates and prompts me to scold Siri. Initially, AI was developed to represent the cognitive function of the human brain and to help humans out. It has advanced to the point where it can make decisions on its own in an efficient manner. On the other hand, adults are concerned that AI may take over everyone's job, which may cause a serious job threat.

Recently, ChatGPT, an interactive AI app, was used by many students to cheat in their exam, which led to a large number of educational institutions banning access to the app. These days, even kids entertain themselves by Alexa, the voice-based AI to listen to their favourite songs, stories, etc.

Though it's all beyond my age's comprehensive abilities, I believe that AI's development should be balanced in such a way that it doesn't pose a risk to the entire human race ever.



▲  
Article by:  
Ilanavir Velan  
Grade IV

## Plant a Forest, Plant a Future



▲  
*Artwork by:*  
**Amyra Singrolia**  
*Grade III*

Van Mahotsav is celebrated every year in the first week of July. We celebrated Van Mahotsav in a very creative way this year. We did a lot of activities and gained knowledge about a lot of things. We prepared a skit on the importance of trees, we did a tree plantation drive, and we also joined a procession with our seniors to create awareness of this cause. We had a quiz session where our class teacher threw a ball at us, and whoever caught the ball answered. I learnt that if there were no trees, global warming would increase a lot.

I learnt that because of the felling of trees, lots of landslides happen. I conclude that we should not cut the trees, as they are producers as well as our saviours. They protect us from landslides and global warming. I like the moments which I spend in my garden, but I get sad when any tree is cut down.



▲  
*Article by:*  
**Abhigyan Dwivedi**  
*Grade IV*

## My story: The Journey within

When darkness fades to light, my pencil begins to dance across my SketchBook with my curious hands. I am Avanya Yadav, a SketchBook person. My parents, Mr Madhusudan Yadav and Mrs Monika Yadav, welcomed me into this world on 4 September 2013. I was also considered a lucky charm because just after I was born, my grandmother recovered from a heart attack.

Two years went by, and everything was going well until my father passed away due to lung cancer. My mother was devastated, and I was oblivious. Soon, I started going to school in Gorakhpur at my maternal house. I studied at Little Scholar Academy from nursery to upper kindergarten while my mother was training to become an SI in my father's place. After she completed her training, we moved to Lucknow, and I got transferred to City Montessori School in grade 1.

I was not very confident at first, but I slowly became a bright student, as I was good in curricular and co-curricular activities both. Teachers also got impressed by my drawing and painting skills. In grade 4 I got transferred to the Cambridge section in the same school. I was a bright student already, so it didn't take time for me to become a council member.

Now I am at the end of my Cambridge Grade 5 session serving as a council member again. I don't have very special achievements, but the biggest achievements are the people around me.

As I write this autobiography, I am hoping for a good future as a student.



▲  
*Story by:*  
**Avanya Yadav**  
*Grade V*



## Sky Full of Smiles



▲  
Artwork by:  
Avanya Yadav  
Grade V

The sun shines bright, my spirit takes flight,  
In the deep sky, I soar with delight.

I hide behind the cloud in the peaceful place I  
found, With birds all around, I made a new world  
without any bounds.

I love to be here, where only love and love  
resounds."

▲  
Poem by:  
Krisha Agrawal  
Grade IV

## Sky Full of Smiles



▲  
Artwork by:  
Abdul Ahad  
Grade II

The school was closed, and summer vacation started. My mom and dad were planning to go to Kashmir. Our journey started with a long flight. We reached Kashmir, and it was so cold there. The next day we went to Sonmarg. There were so many snowy mountains; it was so cold that my hands were freezing. We enjoyed it a lot.

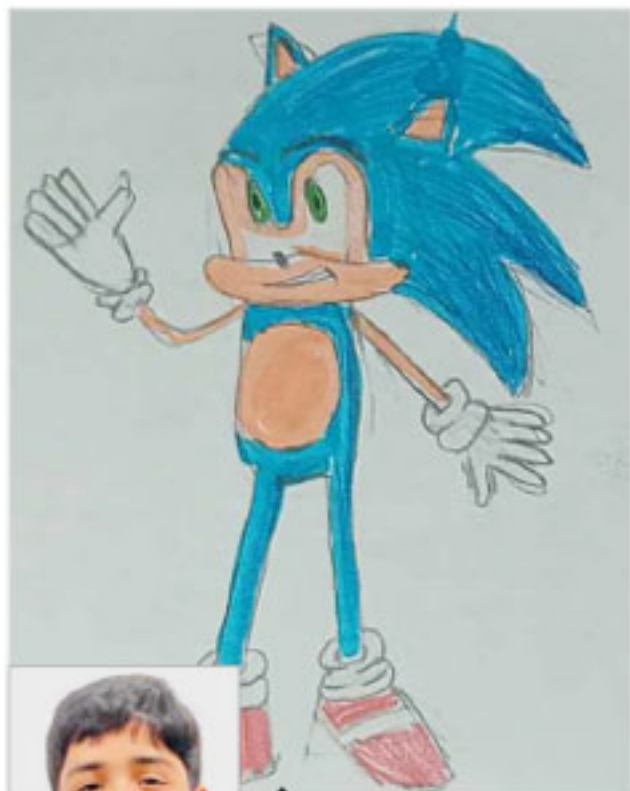
We rode on an ice bike and made a snowman. We were feeling so cold, so we had spicy and hot Maggi. During the return journey, we faced so much trouble; the weather was not good, and the road was horrible. We were scared, but we reached our hotel safely.

This was a very adventurous journey!



▲  
Article by:  
Saanvi Chaudhary  
Grade II

## The Smile I Took With Me



▲  
Artwork by:  
Ayansh Pratap Singh  
Grade I

Four days were spent in search of this magnificent feline, but to no avail. Heck! The place was called Dudhwa Tiger Reserve, yet the only thing we saw were miles and miles of weeds and ant hills. The closer we came to finding her, the farther her stripes took her into the depths of the jungle. Her unwillingness to be found was interpreted as tacit disapproval.

On the fifth day of scouring, however, an archangel finally answered our prayers. My family and I were navigating our way around the riparian areas of the reserve, attempting to catch a glimpse of her. We were about to turn back when we heard a rustling sound coming from the weeds, travelling through the roadside verges, approximately 200m away from the jeeps (this estimate was made by my sister).

A frisson of excitement mixed with consternation ran cold through the crowd. Who would have thought that a few weeds susurrating would enliven our souls to such an extent! Step by step,

we went towards the point from where the sound came and the moment she

entered our view, the silence of the forest was riven with the most majestic roar I might have heard in my life. Her canines stained with victory of executing and devouring her prey was

All the intrepid empress needed to betoken that laying our eyes on her was a grave mistake.

We went back to base camp, redolent of sweat that perspired from our bodies the second we left the grounds. I can still visualise how the corners of her mouth uplifted as she saw our jeep, slowly but surely, heading away from her kingdom.

▲  
Article by:  
Ritisha Sethi  
Grade XI





## ANXIETY: Thy nemesis is dedication, motivation, and practice...



Artwork by:  
Anay Shukla  
Grade VIII

In my adventurous 13 years of life, I have thought of several challenges of mine, most of which only exists in my mind palace.

Anxiety plays a vital role in the way we behave, especially around fellow homo sapiens.

It strikes us in many ways, like sometimes overthinking replies to questions which never existed. Fortunately, I only have enough experience with anxiety to define it as a lingering voice. rather than a feeling, which helps me to develop a better version of myself. Even a seemingly confident person tends to doubt themselves at a certain point in time. If I

were to speak from personal experience, that pounding feeling, which makes you question your talent, also motivates you to do better.

Anxiety is a predecessor of practice. Let me elaborate through Taylor Swift's preparation for the recently concluded Eras Tour. Swift practised for 9

months when she juggled between her song rehearsals and her workout schedule (neatly tabbed as sprint, jog or walk). Her anxiety spurred her to prepare for the concert, leaving no stone unturned.

Anxiety also has procrastination as its best pal! We are busy as a bee, multitasking for studies, exams, co-curricular activities, outdoors, tuitions and, in all the busyness we tend to lose sight of our priorities. At this moment procrastination sets in. We can beat procrastination-induced anxiety by breaking our "To-Do" list into chewable tasks. Our personal goals should be our life's lighthouse, paving the path for our dreams.

Article by:  
Mishika Bhaskar  
Grade VIII



## My Magical Animal Friend

My magical friend is a unicorn.  
With spots and colourful tail,  
It loves to run and fly, oh so free,  
And always plays pretend with me.  
Its eyes sparkle bright, like stars in the night.  
And its laughter brings joy, like sunshine and light.  
It whispers secrets of lands far away.  
Where rainbows bloom and dragons play.  
With wings that shimmer, or fins that gleam,  
We dive through clouds or sail down a stream.  
In forests of candy and mountains so high,  
We dance with fairies and touch the sky.

Poem by:  
Anika Singh  
Grade II



## Overthinking: A Soul's Deepest Scar

Oh, where has the tale of every soul  
gone to seek far off the shore?  
For every day and night they spend,  
Every thought of theirs they bend.

How often is the mind so bright,  
But a single phrase may steal its might.  
For a sole word has so much strength,  
But not a person in defence.

All those faces that gleam and shine,  
Couldn't their cuts be deep inside?  
So many worrying sessions attended,  
But still, the heart says, 'No, we have not.'

How many times do we forgive ourselves?  
The heart thinks of what it's heard.  
Every moment, every strife,  
Patience has its own will in life.

Mouths chant criticising the rest,  
Oh, not a single day has there been some rest.  
Every broken piece we fear,  
Summons a heartfelt, sorrowful tear.

The cacophony of life tied to the mind,  
Every word we overthink and grind.  
What they have said is not for me.  
But inside me, someone seems to disagree.

With stress, anxiety, agony and strain,  
Comes the offering of healing in the amount of grain.  
The mind may think of a profane oath.  
For the Lord had made it last for our growth.

▲  
*Poem by:*  
**Yatee Maurya**  
*Grade IX*



## My Cat



▲  
*Artwork by:*  
**Vagmi Jaiswal**  
*Grade I*

I have an odd-eyed cat, named Cloggy. Its one eye is green and the other is blue. They sparkle like shiny stars.

She is very playful and scratchy at the same time. I love to caress Cloggy and pet her.

I am lucky to have her.



▲  
*Article by:*  
**Kulsum Asif**  
*Grade I*



## Egyptian Mythology



▲  
Artwork by:  
Pramit Chauhan  
Grade IV

Egypt, one of the earliest and most magnificent civilisations, holds countless legends and

beliefs. Among the most famous is the tale of Set and Horus. Here, Horus himself shares the story of his struggles and triumphs in his words.

From the moment I drew breath, destiny entwined me in strife. I, Horus, son of Osiris and Isis, was born into a world where Set, the God of Chaos, and his malevolence had already cast its shadow. The whispers of the Nile spoke of my father's murder, his body caged in a sarcophagus by Set's ruthless hand. As I grew, the weight of vengeance settled upon my shoulders like the talons of a falcon.

The day came when I stood before the Ennead, the divine council, to claim my birthright to the throne. Set, with his crimson eyes gleaming with avarice, challenged my claim. Thus began our epic struggle, a conflict that would shake the very foundations of Ma'at, the cosmic order. Our battles raged across

the celestial plains, each confrontation a tempest of divine power.

Set's cunning knew no bounds. He employed trickery and brute force in equal measure.

Testing my resolve at every turn. In one fierce encounter, his spear found its mark, tearing my eye from its socket. Yet, even in my pain, I found strength.

Our conflict, eternal as it seemed, finally reached its zenith before Ra himself. The sun god, weary of our strife, decreed a final contest. As we locked in a titanic struggle beneath the waters of the Nile, I knew that more than just the throne hung in the balance – the very fate of Egypt rested upon the outcome of our duel.

Through courage and fortitude, Horus prevailed, restoring equilibrium to the land. His tale remains an emblem of the supremacy of righteousness and the influence of the gods in Egyptian mythology.

▲  
Article by:  
Ayesha Saeed  
Grade VI



## Game of Mind

Jake Harley, Assistant Real Estate Manager, was a quiet man. He was often bullied by his teammates and misunderstood by his boss. He was frequently scolded by his boss for things he did not do. One such incident happened to him on Friday, the 9th. He returned home in a rage and broke everything he could see, including his telephone.

Jake went to work again the next day. People giggling about what happened yesterday made him embarrassed. He completed his work and left before the end of the working hours. He went to a nearby electronics shop to buy a telephone. He bought one with many features and installed it next to his bed. Around 5 AM, the telephone started to ring. Jake was surprised to receive a call at this hour.

He picked up the call, and a voice said, "Hi, it's me, Jake. I am you, and you are me."

Jake hung up, thinking it was a prank, but the call came every day at the same time. The voice started to help Jake believe in himself and his work. It asked him to threaten his boss that he would reveal his secrets. To his surprise, he had never told anyone about this, but he agreed to do it. The next day, he did it, and it worked. He was happy!

He tried to find out who had called him, but to his surprise, no one had. He consulted his psychiatrist, who was treating him for memory loss. The psychiatrist told him that he had the problem of sleep talking. He found out that the telephone he bought had a voice recording feature. The doctor told him that the suppressed part of him used to record his voice and set the time to 5 AM, and he did not remember anything because he was never awake.

Jake remembered the first call he had, and now he understood why he had called himself Jake. Since then, Jake accepted the other part of himself, and the nighttime calls ended.

▲  
*Story by:*  
**Aarav K. Singh**  
*Grade VIII*

## Mental Health Issues Amongst Teenagers

Mental health is a problem that is overlooked in our country, particularly in the age span of 10-17, when children undergo a lot of stress and anxiety. That is because they experience pressure, including peer pressure, societal pressure and parental pressure. This pressure usually focuses on academic success, including schoolwork, tests, and exam grades. If students don't get a good grade, they begin to feel insecure about themselves. This leads to them experiencing mental health issues. The main two manifestations of this are anxiety and depression.

Unfortunately, teenagers do not share their struggles with their parents, leading to worsening mental health. The only true way to stop such problems amongst teenagers is to assure them that it is okay to make mistakes and that if they work hard, they will do a good job in the future.

Teenagers can also consult counsellors or therapists to discuss any problems they are facing. This often helps them overcome the difficulties and the mental health issues. Together, let's create an environment that prioritises mental health awareness so teenagers can live a happy and joyful life!

▲  
*Article by:*  
**Shukti Srivastava**  
*Grade VIII*





## Bullying

Bullying is a form of discrimination, targeting people on the basis of their religion, gender, appearance or background. Bullying is a major problem in the world. Unfortunately, nowadays it has become a common practice amongst the youth. Whether it is academic institutions or office spaces, it is an issue that is deeply entrenched in the fabric of modern society, so it requires collective efforts to abolish it.

There are different forms of bullying—all these forms affect the lives of people significantly and can cause anxiety, low self-esteem and confidence, depression, and lack of trust.

People who are being bullied at school or other places should try to ignore the bully if possible. But the best solution is to report the bully to a trusted teacher or other authorities.

We should never support bullying. And in case we encounter someone getting bullied, one should stand against the bullies and immediately report to the authorities about the incident.

As a community, we should raise awareness about bullying by supporting or launching campaigns to make the world free of this menace!

▲  
Article by:  
Ayra Shafquat  
Grade VI



## Artificial Intelligence – A Double-Edged Sword

Artificial Intelligence (AI) is a branch of computer science dedicated to creating computers and programs that can replicate human thinking. Some AI programs can learn from the past by analysing complex sets of data and improving their programming. As AI has bloomed in recent years, it's become commonplace in both business and everyday life.

In recent years, AI has empowered us with many advantages like efficiency and productivity, enhanced decision-making, personalisation and customer experience, innovation and development, and risk reduction.

With these advantages, it has also taught that any new technology has certain drawbacks as well, like job displacement, high implementation cost, lack of ethics and privacy, lack of emotional intelligence, dependency and reliability.

To conclude, AI offers a multitude of advantages, from enhancing efficiency and decision-making to driving innovation and improving safety. However, it also presents significant challenges, including job displacement, high costs and ethical concerns. Balancing these advantages and disadvantages of artificial intelligence is crucial for maximising its benefits while mitigating its risks.

As AI continues to advance, addressing these issues will be essential for ensuring its positive impact on society.

▲  
Article by:  
Abhigyan Dwivedi  
Grade IV



## The Renaissance of Handwritten Letters in the Digital Era...

### The Timeless Charm of Handwritten Letters

In today's world of instant messaging and social media, handwritten letters may seem outdated. Yet, there's a quiet resurgence of this tradition, especially among those looking for deeper, more personal connections. While digital communication offers speed, handwritten letters provide a personal touch that technology often can't replicate.

### A Window to the Writer's Soul

The beauty of a handwritten letter lies in its authenticity. Each word and curve of the pen reflects the writer's personality and emotions. Unlike a brief text message or formal email, handwritten letters allow for a more thoughtful expression of feelings. The care put into crafting a letter shows the writer's commitment to the recipient, offering a rare form of personalised communication.

### Mindfulness in Every Stroke

Handwritten letters also promote mindfulness. Writing by hand forces the writer to slow down, reflect, and carefully choose words—something that's often lost in the rush of digital communication. Additionally, unlike a text or email that may be deleted, a letter becomes a cherished keepsake, a lasting reminder of a meaningful connection.

### A Gentle Rebellion Against the Digital Tide

In an increasingly digital world, handwritten letters offer a more intimate and thoughtful way to communicate, reminding us that some things, like genuine human connection, are worth taking the time to nurture.

▲  
Article by:  
Aradhya Pandey  
Grade IX



## The Hidden Cost of Social Media: A Teenager's Silent Struggle

We live in a world where validation is just a click away, and the price of admission is your mental health. Welcome to the world of social media, where likes, comments, and shares have become the currency of self-worth. As a teenager, I have seen firsthand the devastating impact of social media on my peers. The statistics are staggering:

- 60% of social media users report feeling anxious or depressed (Royal Society for Public Health)
- 45% of teenagers experience online harassment (Pew Research Center)
- Social media use is linked to a 13% increase in depression symptoms among young adults (Journal of Social and Clinical Psychology)

The culprits are clear:

- Comparison and unrealistic expectations
- Cyberbullying and online harassment
- Sleep deprivation
- Social isolation
- Fear of Missing Out (FOMO)

But the consequences are even more heartbreaking:

- Anxiety and depression that grip your every waking moment
  - Low self-esteem that whispers "you are not enough" or "you are not as good as them".
  - Suicidal thoughts that lurk in the shadows
  - Eating disorders that ravage your body and soul
- Now is the time to break free.

- Set boundaries: Take back control of your screen time
- Follow positive influencers: Surround yourself with love and support
- Take breaks: Breathe, relax, and recharge
- Practice self-compassion: You are more than your online persona
- Seek help: You are not alone

Let's shatter the silence surrounding social media's impact on mental health. Let's create a world where love, kindness, and empathy thrive – online and offline.

▲  
Article by:  
Pankhuri Goel  
Grade XI

