

G. D. GOENKA PUBLIC SCHOOL, DWARKA

RHAPSODY

• AN ENGLISH NEWSLETTER •

Vignette in Verse



“ Books are faithful companions that never fail,
guiding us with wisdom, comforting us in silence,
and teaching us patiently through every page. ”

MAY 2026

The Musings of the Pen

Dearest Gentle Reader

Welcome aboard!

As we conclude the transformative journey through English Month, we find ourselves enriched, inspired, and invigorated. Creativity remains our most powerful tool — an anchor in uncertainty and a beacon of limitless possibility in a world of constant evolution.

Throughout this month, our students have explored the boundless landscapes of language, wielding words as instruments of thought, imagination, and change. They have dared to articulate their visions, weaving stories that transport, verses that resonate, and reflections that challenge conventions. This edition seeks to celebrate the numerous challenges our students have traversed in competition, and also champions their cause to pen their thoughts freely, infusing unbridled creativity into their prolific imagination.

Writing is not merely about structure and syntax; it is about courage—the courage to create, question, and communicate. Each sentence crafted by our young minds is a step toward self-discovery, a whisper of possibility, and a conversation that transcends time. In ink and inspiration, they have found their voices—eloquent, empathetic, and empowered.

As we turn the final page of this literary chapter, let us carry forward its essence—the curiosity to explore, the imagination to shape new worlds, and the conviction to express with clarity and purpose.

The written word is more than a form of communication—it is a force, a movement, and a legacy; And through it, we continue to shape the changemakers of tomorrow.

Presented in all humility by

—Ms. Thuma Chanda

Editor-in-Chief

English Department

ENGLISH MONTH ACTIVITIES

AT G. D. GOENKA PUBLIC SCHOOL, DWARKA



Exposing a child to a new language is not merely an introduction to new phonetics and words, but an initiation into an entire culture—new modes of thought, new intellectual horizons. And when that language is globally pervasive, the possibilities are limitless, nothing short of a formidable launchpad.

English today is no longer merely a language; it is an intellectual compass—guiding us, steering us through obstacles, and anchoring us firmly in the expansive ocean of opportunities, urging us to embrace every possibility as corals do in the deep. Yet, such understanding, such steadiness, is never forged overnight; for Rome, too, was not built in a day. It is, rather, the culmination of relentless nurturing—so that our students emerge dressed to the nines for the lookbook launch.

Throughout this month, our students have explored the expansive terrains of language, wielding words as instruments of thought, imagination, and change. Through an array of activities—advertisement making, debate, poetic canvas, and mono-acting—they dazzled, a vivid kaleidoscope of creativity and talent.

In addition, the Read-a-thon and Spell Bee ensured intellectual nourishment for all. This e-magazine is an attempt, in the same spirit, to showcase the brilliance and lucidity of students' thoughts. We hope you enjoy reading it as much as the students laboured with pride in bringing it to life.

Happy Reading! Bonne lecture!

Penning with pride by Meenakshi Shivasagar



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CELEBRATING ENGLISH MONTH

Dramatic Interpretation of The Comedy of Errors

Inter - House Poetic Canvas

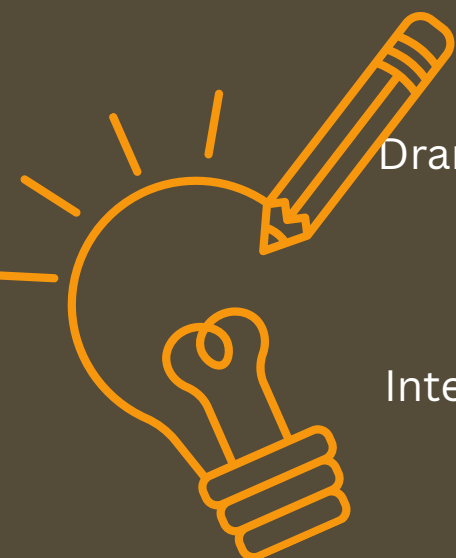
Inter - House Debate Competition

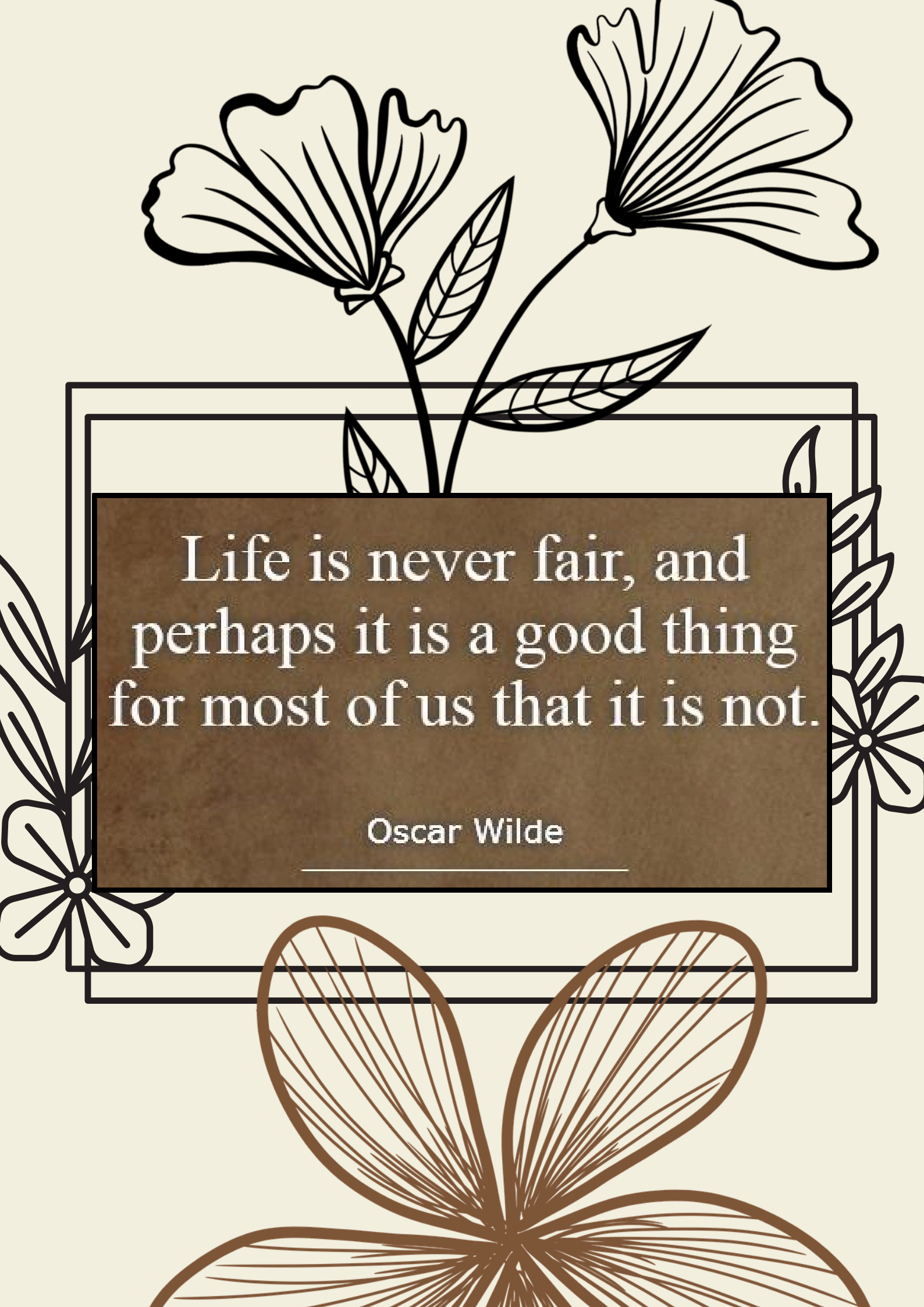
Inter- House Mono Acting Competition

Inter- House Advertisement Making Competition

Triumph at the World Scholar's Cup

Food for Thought



A decorative floral illustration in a minimalist, line-art style. At the top, two large, five-petaled flowers with long stems and leaves are shown. A central rectangular frame with a dark brown background contains the text. The frame is adorned with small flowers at its corners. At the bottom, a large, stylized flower with many thin, radiating petals is depicted.

Life is never fair, and
perhaps it is a good thing
for most of us that it is not.

Oscar Wilde

SELF-COMPOSED LITERATURE

Songs

By Aaliyah Jain, X F

“Songs connect souls”, is indeed a beautiful saying. Songs DO connect souls- not the dramatic one, but the quiet one- the one that’s enough to make you relive a moment, or to remind you of your loved ones. For some, songs might be just “lyrics” and “music” , but for those who really understand them, each song is a story in itself- about things which couldn’t ever be said enough. Each song carries with it a thought it wants to share- be it about the gratitude towards your loved ones, or about the longing for someone you truly miss. Those who truly love songs don’t just listen to them, they feel them too. Every song carries them back to a moment they can’t relive, but the bitter-sweet nostalgia in itself is enough to evoke emotions. Songs don’t only reveal the singer’s story, but also tell us a lot about everyone who’s listening to them. People not only fall in love with the song, but also with the comfort and warmth it provides. This beautiful form of art has the power to bring back lost times- a song you listened to on repeat during your childhood can instantly hit you with the childhood nostalgia. It can make you feel what isn’t yours anymore. I believe, songs sound even more beautiful when you have someone, or a moment to think of while listening to them, because when you have a reason to love something, it feels all the more special.

For You

Yashika Gogna, XI

I would absolutely give you the moon
But it’s not mine to give
I would learn the bird language and ask the birds to
sing your favourite song
But bird language can’t be learnt anywhere
I would bring a piece of star for you from the skies
But my hand can’t extend and reach till the stars
Therefore I give you my heart
As it lives inside me
It’s the greatest thing I can offer
And you will never need a key
It’s yours forever
Till eternity.





The Soldiers **Ayaan Deswal**

The soldiers stand so brave and strong
To keep us safe all day long,
On land, in air, and in the deep blue
sea,
They guard our home-for you and me

They wear their uniforms with the
greatest pride
And carry love for us deep inside.
They climb up hills and cross wide
rivers,
Even in the cold that makes us shiver.

They march in the sun, they walk in the
rain
They work through sleep, through hurt
and pain
They wave our flag so high and true
In colors-orange, white, and blue

So, let us thank them every day
For the peace and joy in which we play.
The Indian Forces, brave and bright,
Are India's strength, its shield, its light



The Distracting Red Beak **Chetali Sushil, XII B**

I had a parrot,
It only imitated,
Sat on my windowsill near my desk,
Where my dusty books were kept.
My dad said let go of it,
I didn't.
Just heard it imitate me night and
day.
Days, months and years passed by.
But I never thought of it- to fly
While the other little birds were
already soaring high.
My dad yelled let go.
I didn't.
My mother was intelligent.
She shut the doors in my parrots
face.
Taught me with her gentle and harsh
embrace.
Introduced me to my books became
my best friend.
My parrot's visits were put to an end.
Years months then days passed by,
I had learned to fly higher and high.
My dad praises me with surprise.
The doors and windows remain shut.
Not my eyes.

What Words Reveal—and Conceal

By Priyanshi Chaudhary, XII A1

Have you ever paused to think about how the medium of communication came into being? Have you ever paused to ask what words truly are?

Words are the window to a soul, “The house of being,” and the ultimate artifact. A word is the moment a private thought becomes public property. It is the physical manifestation of the soul’s invisible movement. They are the only way two solitudes, two separate human minds, can ever truly overlap. In this way, words are the ghosts of things. They allow us to carry the entire universe inside our heads without the weight of the objects themselves.

But when we don't have a specific name for a feeling or a thought, it's incredibly hard to really get a grip on it, let alone explain it to someone else. It's like Ludwig Wittgenstein once said: “The limits of my language mean the limits of my world.” If we can't say it, we can't fully experience or share it.

To carry an ever-evolving sea of knowledge is like trying to hold a hurricane in a birdcage. Words breathe and grow alongside us, changing their colours to match the present. Yet they are never truly new; their own etymologies haunt them. To speak is to wake the ghosts of ancient inventors, for every word contains a hidden spark of its original fire, a history so unexpected it reminds us that language may be the greatest magic trick we have ever performed.

A single word like *longing* or *luminous* carries thousands of years of human history, evolving through mouths and cultures like a river stone smoothed by the current.

The Great Betrayals of Language

Consider the betrayal of a word like *nice*. We use it today as a soft compliment, a gentle pat on the shoulder. Yet its ancestry is rooted in the Latin *nescius*, meaning “to be ignorant.” To be “nice” was once to be clueless.

Or take *silly*. Now a mark of the absurd, it once described the “blessed” and the “holy.” These are not mere shifts in definition; they are scars of cultural evolution. They prove that a word is a living bridge, one that might lead you to a completely different destination than the one intended by its architects.

One of the most poetic origins lies in the word *clue*. It once meant a *clew*, a ball of thread. Its transformation is tied to the Greek myth of Theseus, who used a thread to escape the Minotaur’s labyrinth. Even today, when we “follow a clue,” we unknowingly retrace the path of an ancient escape from darkness.

Enthusiasm now suggests passion and excitement. Yet it comes from the Greek *enthousiasmos*, meaning “possessed by a god.” It once described a state in which a person was no longer in control of themselves, overtaken by a divine force.

Sarcasm carries an even sharper history. It originates from the Greek *sarkazein*, meaning “to strip off the flesh.” What we now call wit was once a verbal act of tearing, language with teeth.

Even a word as simple as *peculiar* hides a colder past. Derived from the Latin *pecu* meaning “cattle,” it once referred to private property, something owned or branded. To be peculiar was not merely to be strange, but to belong.

And then there is *galaxy*, drawn from the Greek *gala*, meaning “milk.” Ancient observers looked at the night sky and saw a pale spill of light, like milk across darkness. We are, quite literally, drifting inside a cosmic river of whiteness.

WORDS HAVE POWER

Life of a River
By Sanvi Yadav , VIII E

A river starts as a tiny stream,
High in the hills, as a quiet dream.
It flows down slowly, fresh and clear,
Growing stronger year by year.

It runs through forests, fields, and
towns,
Sometimes it laughs, sometimes it
frowns.
It gives us water, cool and sweet,
And helps the crops and people meet.

Sometimes calm, sometimes fast,
Through every path, it moves till last.
Till it reaches the ocean wide,
And rests within its gentle tide.

But its journey never really ends,
It rises again, and back it bends.
As rain it falls, so free, so clever
This is the life of a river.

Paradox of Teenaging
By Tashvi Agrawal, X-G

I want to live my life,
but I still need the crutches of familiar
hive.
I want to fly and say "I'm soaring high!",
but I am afraid to fall from the sky.

I want to shut my door,
but I still wish my family would ask more.
I want to chase my dream,
but I'm too afraid to drown in stream.

I say, "I'm grown, I need my space",
But still seek comfort in a familiar place.
I want to explore the unknown,
Yet be bound and assured by know.

I put on a mask every day,
hoping someone will notice someday.
How I slowly slip and fade away,
into the far and unknown emotions gray.

I break the rules, I test the line,
Yet learn that choices still are mine.
A world between the old and new,
Half me, half not quite through.



Eyes on the Horizon

By Keya Bhardwaj, VIII D



Every generation inherits a world it did not choose and then quietly begins to reshape it. Ours may be the most astonishing generation in human history, not because we are smarter or braver than those who came before us, but because the tools we hold are unlike anything anyone has ever held.

Think about this. Right now, artificial intelligence is learning to read scans and detect cancer earlier than any doctor could alone. Satellites smaller than a shoebox are mapping climate change in real time. Astronomers have photographed a black hole, an object so massive that light itself cannot escape it, and it looks like a burning eye staring back at us from across the galaxy. The universe is not shrinking. It is opening.

And yet, the most important question is not what technology can do. It is what we will choose to do with it.

The stars have always pulled at human imagination. Ancient sailors used them to navigate oceans they had never crossed. Today, we point telescopes at light that left its source before our planet even existed, and we learn from it. That is what focus looks like across time: patient, curious, and undeterred.

The future does not arrive all at once. It is assembled quietly and steadily by people who choose to pay attention: the doctor who keeps working, the student who has one more doubt, the dreamer who never quits.

So keep your eyes on the horizon, not by force, but out of wonder. The next discovery that changes everything might begin with you, sitting exactly where you are, deciding to stay curious a little longer.

A River's Life

By Sia Solanki, VI D

It begins with a secret, high in the clouds,
Far from the cities and far from the towns.

A single flake of winter's white snow,
Melts in the sun and begins to flow.

I'm a trickle, a silver-bright thread,
Waking up cold in my high rocky bed.
I'm a mountain explorer, nimble and young,
Speaking a language with a bubbly tongue.

I leap over boulders! I slide down the steep!
I have no time for resting or falling asleep.
I'm a waterfall now—hear my thunderous roar!
As I crash to the rocks on the green forest floor.

The valley opens, and I start to grow wide,
With strength of a giant held deep inside.
I carry the barges, I turn the great mill,
I'm the heart of the valley, never quite still.

I flow under bridges where the school buses race,
Reflecting the sun on my shimmering face.
I water the corn and I nourish the hay,
Feeding the world as I go on my way.

The Souvenir That Found Me

By Bhoomi Dhama, XII H

As I walked past the bustling streets of Dubai, attempting to find my way back to my hotel, I encountered a marketplace. The sun was shining brightly, and droplets of sweat were streaming down my flushed face. The aroma of the spices and food had enveloped me completely. Driven by these compelling fragrances, I walked further ahead and came across an antique souvenir shop with beautifully crafted pieces on display. As I peeped through the glass door, I could already feel the cold rush of air on my face. I couldn't help but walk into the store. The instant I went in, a blast of cool air welcomed me and provided respite from the scorching sun. I was greeted by the echoing sound of bells jingling and a warm and cordial welcome from the owner of the shop. I strolled around the shop, gently running my fingers over the ice-cold surface of the artefacts. Though I had no intention of buying anything, I lingered around for the relief from the heat. As I was looking around, I heard the bells jingle again and realised that another customer had made their way to the store. I paid no attention to it and returned to my own world of thoughts. But sometimes your body pays attention even when your mind drifts away. I heard the man was there to return something he bought a week ago. It was a tiny, brown-rimmed vintage watch with a leather strap. A rather ordinary-looking watch, but it caught my attention. Something about the watch stirred a sense of familiarity within me. After the customer left, I felt a subtle pull and found myself going to have a look at it. Even to a person like me, who never had a passion for watches, this watch felt strangely personal. My mind went back to the words I once heard at a jewellery shop in India, "Sometimes, the objects choose their masters." I decided to abide by my instinct and bring it home.

A few weeks later, it was my mother who chose to clear the dust from my childhood memories and bring them back to life through old, timeworn pictures. I sat there quietly, admiring the innocent and carefree person I once was. Flipping through the bundle of photographs, she came across a photo of me and my grandfather in the park. I always despised looking at this picture as it reminded me of the loss I had never moved on from—the loss of my grandfather. But of the hundred times that I had seen this picture, today I noticed something atypical. The watch on his hand—it looked strangely familiar. Slowly, it hit me; the watch in the photo was peculiarly similar to the one I bought in Dubai. That day, a realisation dawned on me. My journey to a strange land, losing my way, reaching a market, entering a souvenir shop just before someone came to return the watch, the words of the Indian shopkeeper—all made sense. That day, I realised that the people you love never truly leave you; they simply find their way back to you in other forms, in the most unexpected places.

The Hidden Cost of Being Always Online

By Kabir Lakhina, VIII D



We are always available. Available to everyone, at any time, from anywhere. For my grandparents, this feels like a dream come true. A quick video call and suddenly the distance disappears. For a few minutes, it feels like we are in the same room. Technology has made something like that possible, and honestly, that is beautiful. But every good thing comes with a catch.

This constant connectivity has brought with it some serious problems that our generation is only just starting to deal with. Cyberbullying does not stop when you leave school; it follows you home, into your bedroom, onto your phone. Body shaming happens through a screen at midnight. One mean comment from a stranger can undo weeks of confidence. What starts as just scrolling through Instagram or watching reels can quietly turn into something that hurts, not because we are weak, but because we all want to fit in, and the online world makes that feel harder than it should be.

Here is the thing about social media that nobody really talks about. Every platform, Instagram, Snapchat, TikTok, YouTube, is basically built to show you the best version of everything. The most exciting trips. The most perfect-looking people. Friends who always seem to be having the time of their lives. And there I am, sitting at home on a random Tuesday evening, feeling completely ordinary. After a while, you start wondering why your life does not look like that. That feeling, that quiet “am I not good enough?”, is something a lot of us experience, but very few of us actually talk about.

The numbers back this up. According to the World Health Organisation, one in every seven teenagers worldwide has a mental health condition. Depression and anxiety are the most common ones. And here is what I find really interesting: experts noticed that cases started rising sharply around 2012. That is almost exactly when smartphones and social media became a normal part of teenage life. That cannot just be a coincidence.

But is it fair to blame technology for all of this?

Probably not entirely. The internet is also where I have found study resources that my textbook never had, communities of people who understand what I am going through, and videos that have taught me skills school never did. Technology is not the villain. The problem is more about how we use it and how much of ourselves we give to it.

The real issue is that most of us are figuring this out on our own. Nobody really teaches you how to handle it when a post gets ignored or how to stop comparing your real life to someone else’s highlight reel.

When you realise that the people posting those perfect photos also have bad days, failed tests, and moments of self-doubt, just like you, something changes. It starts to matter a little less.

So, the answer is not to throw our phones away. It is to be smarter about how we use them. Talk about it at home. Take breaks. Unfollow things that make you feel bad about yourself. And remember, your value as a person has nothing to do with the validation you get online.

Your life does not need a filter.



WARNING

Poem : A Place To Disappear

By Udita Kaur Bakshi, IX A

A beautiful day, a lovely place,
A beautiful day, wouldn't you say?
For all I remember,
a place to stay,
to a home like feeling,
with a Royal like place,
a palace of Queen,
but warmth like Mom's,
for if last day shall be today,
then here's, where,
I would like to stay.
A small house with walls of hay,
stones and mud for floors,
Close to the rivers, where water flows,
Cool and gentle, a place without flaws.
Where the king would stay, but not for
long,
if he did, he would know, that the sky
is not blue,
it's Orange during morning and noon,
the second the sun falls, twinkling
stars till the founder's ball.

Whenever I feel alone, I go to this place,
where the stars are dug deeper.
then that at the garden gate,
where I imagine the grass is green,
and the sky is blue but nothing in this
place is ever as it seems.
Where the brightest of smiles, have a
tear behind it,
and where the best of days, I have to
find it.
Like I checkmate the king, for his own
sake,
if I play chess, after baking a cake.
I think you know what, I'm trying to say,
just know this is the truth because
games are something I don't play.

Forgive me for all I say,
if it hurts you,
Just know that is not my aim.

The Power of Knowledge

By Shaurya Sehgal, VII E

Knowledge is a shining light,
Guiding us through dark and night.
Page by page and word by word,
New ideas are always heard.
It helps us think, it helps us grow,
It teaches things we need to know.
Like a key that opens doors,
Knowledge leads to endless shores.
With every book our minds can rise
Reaching dreams beyond the skies.
Strong and wise we learn to be,
Building our own destiny.

So read and learn each passing day,
Let curiosity lead the way.
For those who seek and truly try,
With knowledge they can touch the
sky.

Power Corrupts, and Absolute Power corrupts Absolutely

By Atharv Makhijani, X-G

“Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.” These words are not a warning but an autopsy of the human spirit. Power does not arrive with cruelty; it comes dressed as vision, as leadership, as destiny. Slowly, it rewires conscience into calculation, empathy into strategy, and humility into hunger. Those who taste it rarely recover, for nothing intoxicates quite like authority without limits.

Mussolini didn't wake up a tyrant; he was seduced, grain by grain, by the narcotic of control. Power first whispers of purpose, then murmurs of destiny, until the echo of one's conscience is drowned by applause. Hitler, Stalin, even the corporate titan who silences dissent, they all orbit the same black sun: the belief that they alone are right. Power isolates; it turns morality into a mirror reflecting only the self. When judgment belongs to one man, humanity becomes clay in his grip. What begins as leadership ends as divinity, and divinity without restraint decays into monstrosity

The tragedy is not only that power corrupts, but that it seduces. We are drawn to the powerful as if their confidence could save us, blind to the decay beneath their crowns. Every empire, every fallen regime, every corrupted soul tells the same story, that the thirst to rule others is the slowest and most exquisite form of self-destruction. Power does not simply consume nations; it consumes the person who dares to believe they can wield it without consequence.



A Student's Life

By Shivansh Sarkar, VIII D

They say
These are the best years of your life
And honestly
I used to roll my eyes at that
Because how can something be the best
When you are running on three hours of sleep
Forgot your homework
And your life depends on a surprise test at 8 am
But then
There are moments
Like laughing so hard in class
You have to pretend to cough
So the teacher does not notice
Or that one friend
Who knows exactly what you are thinking
With just one look
No words...Just chaos
Student life is weird
One minute you are stressing over marks
Like they define your entire future
And the next minute
You are sharing memes
Like nothing in the world matters
You say
I will study today
For real this time
And then suddenly
It is 2 am
And you have learned everything
Except what was in your syllabus
And friendships
Oh they are everything
From sharing lunch
To sharing secrets
To sharing breakdowns before exams
You fight
You block
You say I am done with you
And then the next day
You are sitting together again
Like nothing ever happened
And teachers
Some you fear
Some you love
Some you will never forget

Not because of what they taught
But because
They believed in you
On days
You did not believe in yourself

And then there is you

Still figuring things out
Changing dreams like playlists
Some days confident
Some days completely lost

Looking around thinking
Does everyone else have it sorted

No
They do not
Everyone is just trying
Hiding their panic
Behind smiles
And last minute revisions
Student life is not perfect

It is messy

It is loud

It is full of doubts

And overthinking

And random bursts of happiness

But it is also

The first time you start becoming

You

Not what people expect

Not what marks decide

But who you choose to be

And one day

You will miss this

The noise

The chaos

The people

The pressure

All of it

So maybe

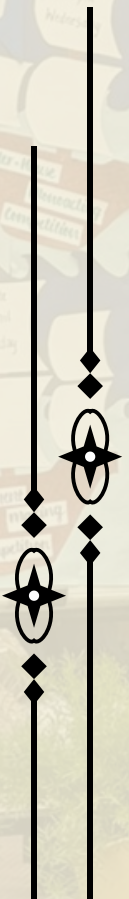
This really is the best time of your life

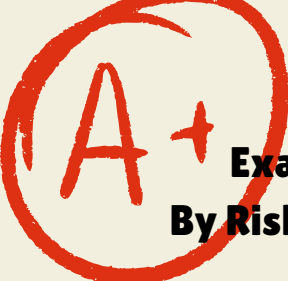
Not because it is easy

But because

It is the beginning

Of everything!





Exams, Our Frenemy **By Rishita Sharma, VIII – B**

Exams arrive like surprise guests,
Stealing our sleep, disturbing our rest.
Parents cheer, “Study hard, my dear!”
While we just wish Netflix was near.
The night before, we make bold plans,
“No reels, no memes, no Instagram!”
But somehow TikTok finds its way,
And half the syllabus runs away.
Morning comes, alarm clocks roar,
We hit snooze—five times or more.
Hair’s a mess, notes everywhere,
We rush to school with zero flair.
The paper lands, our eyes go wide,
“Did I even study this?” we cried.
We write some facts, we guess the
rest,
And hope the teacher marks us
blessed.
Invigilators march with eagle eyes,
We hide our yawns, we fake the
“wise.”
One friend coughs, another sighs,
The hall feels like a field of spies.
At last it ends, we shout with glee,
“No more torture, we are free!”
Results may sting, or bring delight,
But freedom’s taste? Pure dynamite.
So exams may scare, but here’s the
truth:
They’re just a phase in student youth.
And when they’re gone, we all agree,
Life feels like sweet victory!

A Quiet Ascent **By Jayansh Sharma, X C**

I did not notice the moment
when longing grew vertebrae—
when it stood upright within me,
unnamed, yet insistent.

Dreams, I was told, are celestial things—
but mine were earthen,
smelling faintly of rain-soaked corridors
and unfinished conversations.

They did not arrive as thunder,
but as a subtle defiance—
a refusal to remain small
inside inherited silences.

There were days I folded them away,
tucked between duty and doubt,
like fragile letters never sent—
afraid they might demand reply.

Yet even in concealment,
they learned the syntax of flight:
how hope elongates time,
how courage is often a whisper, not a
roar.

And so, one ordinary dusk,
with no audience but my own hesitation,
I let them breathe—

Not soar—no, that would be spectacle—
but rise, almost imperceptibly,
like warmth from cupped hands
on a winter morning.

If they reach the sky,
it will not be conquest—
only a quiet reconciliation
between who I was told to be
and who I dared to imagine.

An Enchanted Toy Store

By Ananya Sahu, VI C

As darkness blanketed the city, I wandered into a mysterious toy store. Suddenly, a gust of wind rushed past me, flinging the creaky door open, and I stepped inside, unaware of the magical world awaiting for me.

The moment I entered, the door slammed shut behind me. Sparkling golden dust filled the air, and to my astonishment, the toys came alive. I stood there, both shocked and amazed, as they moved before my eyes. Laughter echoed all around as the toys giggled and played. A cheerful teddy bear approached me, warmly welcomed me, and introduced me to his delightful friends—radiant dolls, sleek racing cars, and sturdy wooden soldiers.

Soon, we became the best of friends, gathering around a dusty table to play exciting games. Our laughter filled the entire store. After the fun, we feasted on fluffy cotton candies, salty popcorns, and crispy chips that melted in our mouths. Then the dolls turned on some mesmerizing music, and we danced and sang joyfully, filling the store with energy and cheer throughout the night.

After such a joyful night, I fell asleep. At dawn, the toys became still again. The shopkeeper woke me up and sent me home. Even now, I am left wondering—was it all just a dream, or was it real?





ROLL NO. 02

By Abhipsa, VII E

At school, you're not always addressed by your name. Sometimes, you're reduced to a number. Mine was 2.

"Roll no. 2, stand up."

"Roll no. 2, why is your work incomplete?"

"Roll no. 2, you used to perform better."

That phrase—"used to"—hurt the most. Because it was true. I really had been better once. There was a time when teachers smiled at my notebook, when my parents didn't need to ask about my marks, when studying didn't feel like an endless uphill climb.

But gradually, things began to change. Not all at once, not in a dramatic way—just small shifts building up over time. Less sleep. Greater expectations. Constant comparisons. Silence.

And the hardest part? No one noticed when I started slipping. They only saw it after I had already fallen.

One day, during a parent-teacher meeting, I stood outside while my parents went in. Through the slightly open door, I heard everything.

"Your child has potential but lacks focus."

"Easily distracted."

"Needs to put in more effort."

Simple sentences—but each one felt like a label. Lazy. Careless. Not good enough. I wanted to walk away, but I couldn't move. For the first time, I felt like I wasn't even a person in that room—just a report being discussed.

That night, I opened my books—not to study, but just to see if I still recognized myself in them. I didn't. The pages felt unfamiliar, the words seemed heavy, and even my own handwriting looked like it belonged to someone else.

I shut the book. And for a moment, I wondered, "What if I just stop trying?" Not forever—just enough to escape this constant pressure.

The next day at school, attendance began.

"Roll no. 1..."

"Present, ma'am."

"Roll no. 2..."

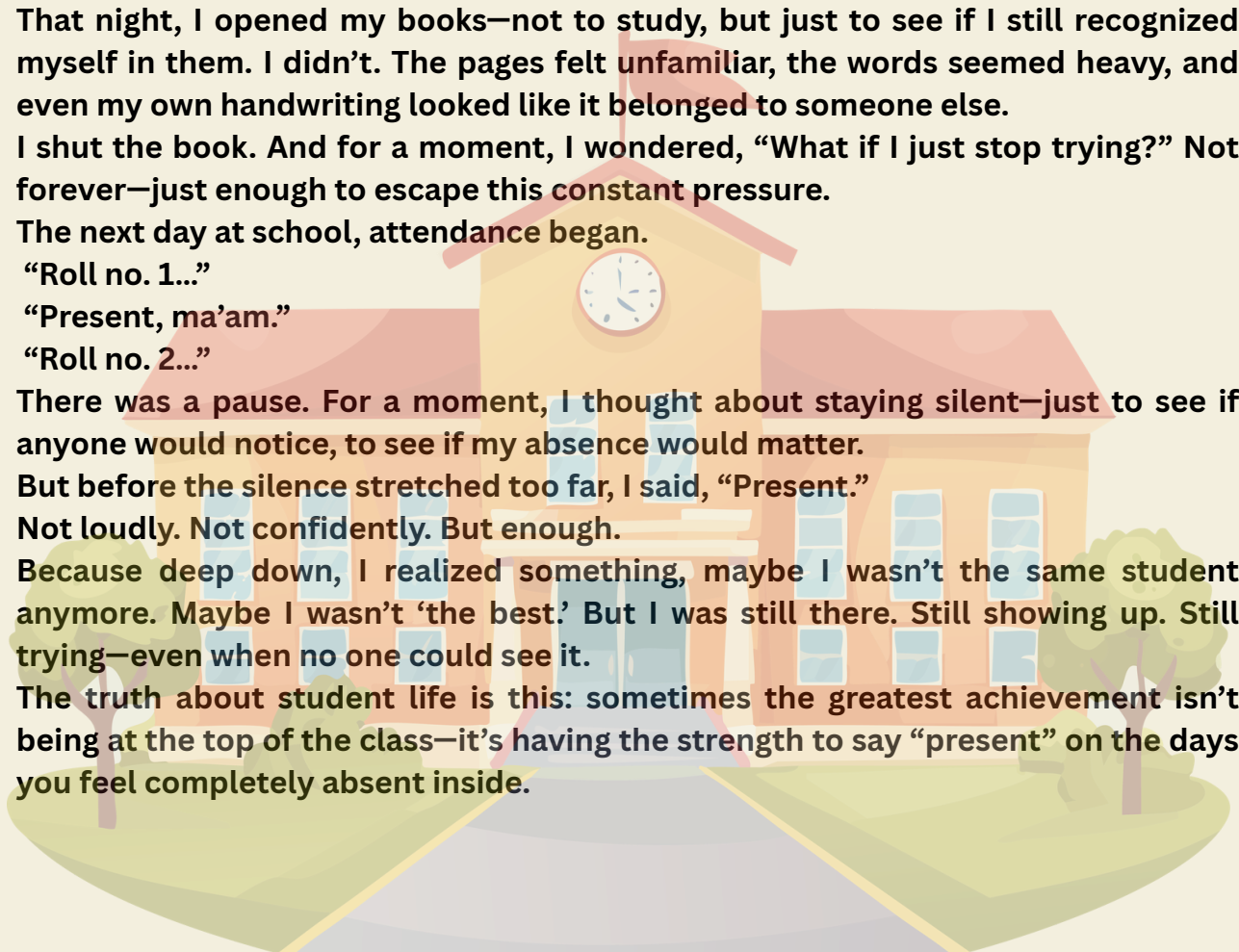
There was a pause. For a moment, I thought about staying silent—just to see if anyone would notice, to see if my absence would matter.

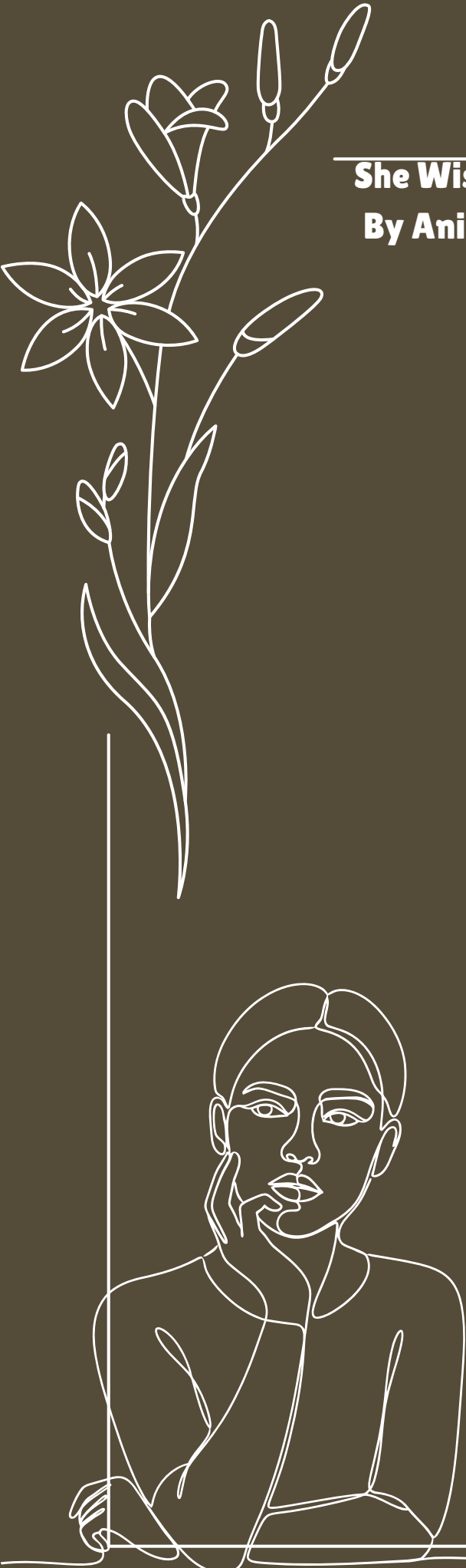
But before the silence stretched too far, I said, "Present."

Not loudly. Not confidently. But enough.

Because deep down, I realized something, maybe I wasn't the same student anymore. Maybe I wasn't 'the best.' But I was still there. Still showing up. Still trying—even when no one could see it.

The truth about student life is this: sometimes the greatest achievement isn't being at the top of the class—it's having the strength to say "present" on the days you feel completely absent inside.

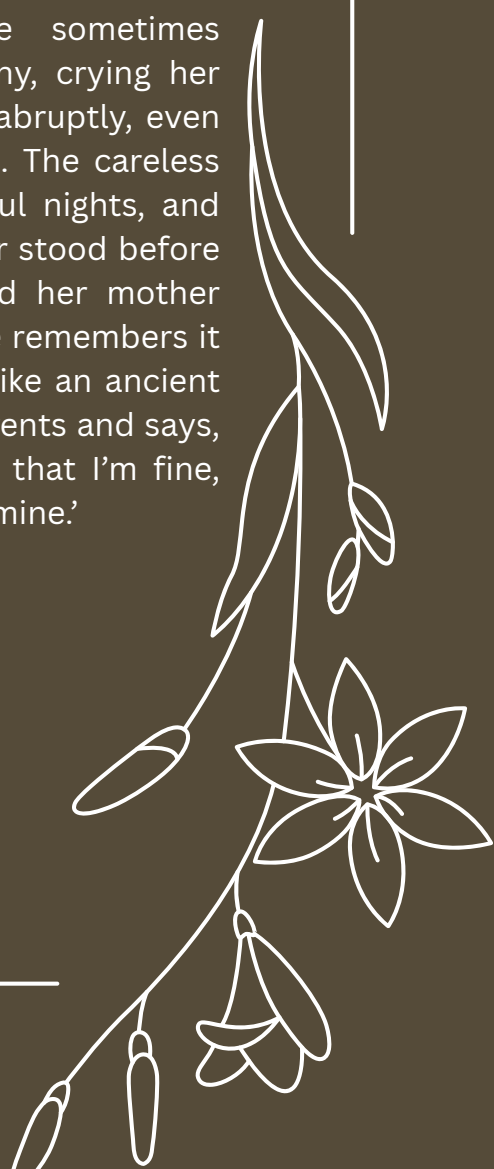




She Wishes to Go Back

By Anika Dubey, IX A

New home, new life, and now there is someone who calls her his wife. She is happy, yet she feels sad, because now the one waking her up is no longer her dad. The eyes don't cry, but her heart silently wails. She misses those nights that danced with folk tales. She wishes to go back, to hide in her mother's arms, to lay down in her lap, but the only thing stopping her is now the inevitable gap. She sometimes stands on the balcony, crying her heart out, but stops abruptly, even at the faintest sound. The careless days and the peaceful nights, and times when her father stood before her like a shield, and her mother sang her to sleep, she remembers it all, and preserves it like an ancient doll. She calls her parents and says, 'Mumma, Papa, I say that I'm fine, but I've lost a part of mine.'





*Literature builds
invisible bridges
between hearts,
proving that no
emotion is ever truly
solitary."*

Celebrating English Month



The school commemorated International English Language Day with remarkable erudition and fervour. The assembly, meticulously conducted by students, underscored the profundity of literature and linguistic expression.

The proceedings commenced with the morning prayer, followed by news headlines, the word of the day, and a reflective thought. A riveting Shakespearean enactment infused the programme with wit, creativity, and theatrical finesse. An incisive speech and a compelling debate on "The press today informs less and influences more" reflected intellectual rigour and articulate reasoning.

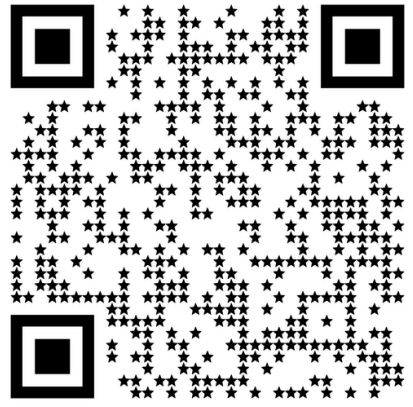
The assembly was further embellished by evocative mono-acting and poetic recitation. The address by the HoD English, Ms. Jhuma Chanda, was both enlightening and inspirational.

**EXPRESSION
REFINED**



Dramatic Interpretation of The Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare

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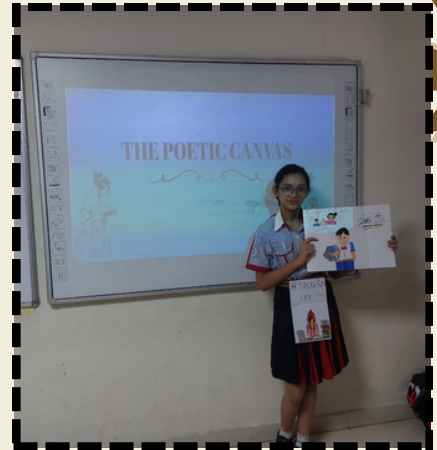
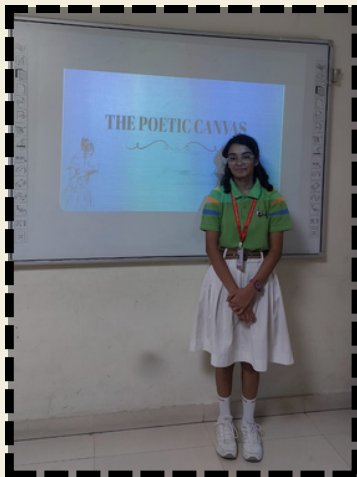
A vivacious rendition of Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors* captivated the audience with its whirlwind of mistaken identities, farcical encounters, and witty repartee. The students infused the stage with exuberance and precision, illuminating the playwright's mastery over comedic chaos and the delightful absurdities of human folly.

**"A symphony of wit, woven
through delightful disorder."**

*"A carnival of
confusion, crowned with
comic brilliance."*



Inter House Poetic Canvas Competition



VERSES WOVEN WITH PASSION AND PURPOSE

"Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." — William Wordsworth

The Inter House Poetic Canvas Competition, held in the school's Junior Library, celebrated the art of self-composed poetry. Students from Radhakrishnan, Vivekananda, Tagore, and Teresa houses showcased their creativity through themes like The Beauty of a Rainy Day, A Student's Life, The Life of a River, The Voice of a Forgotten Monument, A World Without Technology, and A Letter to My Parents.

The audience was captivated by the depth of emotion, expression, and poetic skill displayed. Participants were evaluated on originality, creativity, and impact, and all were applauded for their confidence and passion.

The event stood as a beautiful celebration of imagination, voices, and the enduring power of poetry.

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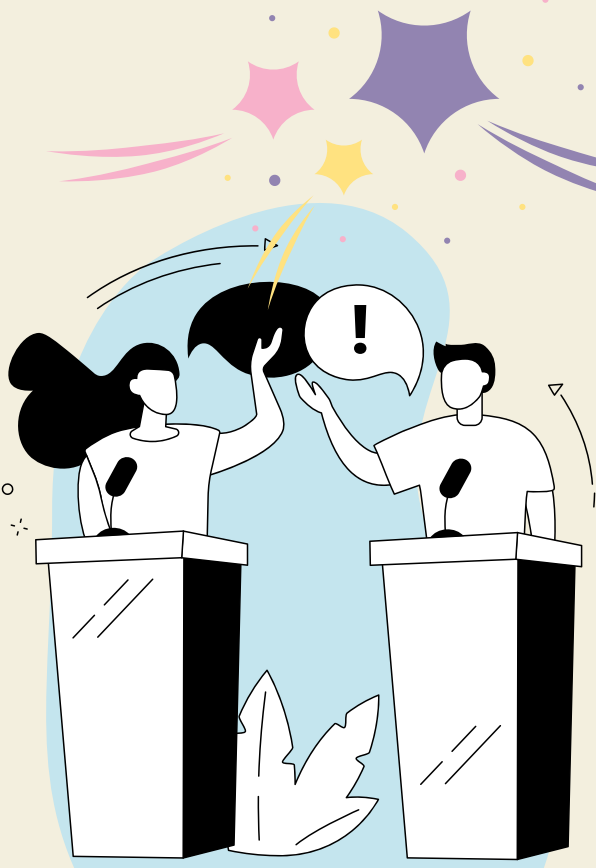
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Inter House Debate Competition



“The press today informs less and influences more.”

The Inter-House Debate unfolded as a riveting intellectual spectacle, as students engaged with the nuanced and provocative motion: “The press today informs less and influences more.” Participants from all houses articulated their perspectives with remarkable acuity, navigating the delicate interplay between information, bias, and influence in contemporary media discourse.

The deliberation evolved into a compelling dialectic, marked by incisive reasoning, eloquent expression, and commanding stage presence. Each speaker contributed to a rich tapestry of thought, prompting the audience to critically examine the pervasive power of the press in shaping public consciousness.

Judged on the parameters of content, logical coherence, articulation, and persuasive impact, the participants demonstrated exceptional oratorical finesse. The debate not only celebrated the art of argumentation but also underscored the enduring significance of critical inquiry in an increasingly mediated world.

Mono Acting Competition (Literary Characters)

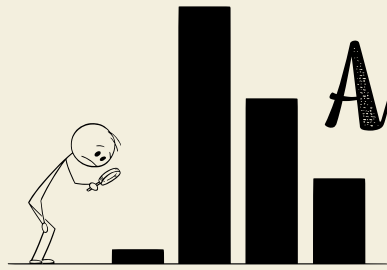


The Literary Character Enactment emerged as a captivating confluence of literature and performance, wherein students embodied iconic personas such as Harry Potter, Matilda, Alice, King Lear, Hamlet, and Mowgli. The stage was transformed into a dynamic realm of imagination, where timeless narratives were resurrected with remarkable finesse.

Each participant delivered a compelling portrayal, marked by expressive articulation, assured stage presence, and an astute grasp of character depth. The performances were further enriched by inventive costumes and thoughtfully curated props, lending authenticity and visual allure to the enactments.

The participants were adjudged on the parameters of character portrayal, vocal expression, confidence, creativity, and the effective use of costume and props. The event stood as an eloquent tribute to the enduring power of literature, celebrating the seamless fusion of storytelling and theatrical artistry.





Advertisement Making Competition

The Inter-House Advertisement Making Competition emerged as a spirited celebration of creativity and persuasion, with each house represented by a team of three participants. Presenting live advertisements on themes such as a new AI assistant, organic products, and innovations in education, students devised witty, interwoven, and impactful presentations that seamlessly blended humour with purpose.

Within a brief time frame and with minimal props, participants crafted compelling narratives that were both engaging and thought-provoking—proving that “Originality captivates, and creativity convinces.” Their confident delivery, expressive language, and inventive concepts transformed simple ideas into memorable performances.

Judged on creativity, delivery, language, and overall presentation, the event stood as a testament to the power of imagination—where “When ideas spark, impact follows.”





The World Scholar's Cup®

Triumph at the World Scholar's Cup



Individual Highlights

Rushil

- 1 8 Gold Medals
- 2 2 Silver Medals
- ★ Awarded 2nd Best Scholar
- ♦ Debate Rank: 22

Atharv

- 1 3 Gold Medals
- 2 2 Silver Medals
- ♦ Debate Rank: 24

Agata

- 1 3 Gold Medals
- 2 2 Silver Medals
- ♦ Debate Rank: 17

Individual Highlights

Naisha

- 1 4 Gold Medals
- ★ Writing Rank: 21
- ♦ Debate Rank: 18

Anahita

- 1 4 Gold Medals
- ★ Writing Rank: 1
- ♦ Debate Rank: 55

Samaira

- 1 4 Gold Medals
- 2 1 Silver Medals
- ♦ Debate Rank: 10
- ★ Writing Rank: 20



Our students achieved a remarkable feat at the prestigious World Scholar's Cup, exemplifying intellectual distinction, cohesive teamwork, and remarkable scholastic acumen. This globally celebrated academic forum witnessed spirited participation from our scholars, who, in teams of three, navigated a series of demanding rounds encompassing debate, analytical writing, and collaborative challenges.

With exceptional critical insight and eloquence, our teams progressed with unwavering confidence, garnering an impressive array of gold and silver medals in recognition of their superlative performance. Their persuasive articulation, incisive reasoning, and intellectual agility distinguished them amidst an exceptionally accomplished international cohort.

Crowning this stellar feat, two of our teams secured multiple trophies, further consolidating our institution's standing as a beacon of academic excellence on the world stage.

This laudable achievement is a moment of immense pride for our entire school fraternity, embodying the spirit of inquiry, resilience, and unity that defines our learners.

Together, we rise. Together, we shine.

Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
Is only to consult how we may best,
With what may be devised of honours new,
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile!

**"A mind not to be
changed by place or
time. The mind is its
own place, and in
itself can make a
heav'n of hell, a hell
of heav'n."**

Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to the abuse
Of those imperial titles, which assert

Our being ordained to govern, not to serve.
Thus far this speech he said, and then he said

Had audience: when among the seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored
The Deity, and divine commands obeyed,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus he said:

Oh, argument beside thee, and proud!
Words which no ear but Heaven

— Paradise Lost

