

SEASON OF JOY

SPARSH 2023

Sneak Peek!

A title like 'Season of Joy' might strike as both imaginative and oddly generic. Even so, this title was chosen deliberately in view of the fact that we cannot pinpoint exactly when it occurs. Regardless, it conveys a very deep meaning. Such a season highlights the tiny bits of euphoria and lightheartedness that are essential to punctuate our monotonous lives



Blast From The Past

Delve into the nostalgia of retro fashion, movies and literature

20

The Golden Egg

A Wonderful fantasy story that will transport you to another land

17

Spring - Poem

A Beautifully Written Poem Which Is A Must Read

10



EDITORIAL

"The Greatness of a Culture can be found in its Festival"



The phrase 'Season of Joy' means different things to different people. It could mean a celebration of cultural diversity. It could mean commemorating loved ones, or it could be a time when all worries simply float away. Our pursuit is to look at the memorable times this phrase exemplifies through the eyes of memorable people.

Many of our happiest moments are born from being with our loved ones. When we revisit memories, we are in fact revisiting a respite from the stress of life, and reliving a joyful pause.

A pause in the action is an opportunity to enjoy the wonders of nature and take a break from the rollercoaster ride that life is. Festivals are the most frequent of these pauses; they are moments that may mark either religious, communal or personal joy. Moments that, while being inclusive, also feel intimate. Thus, we have decided to set the scene for the festive season through our newsletter.

This edition of Sparsh, however, is not just a run-of-the-mill newsletter. We want you to picture this as a book of memories, with all the entries being little packages of joy intended to bring a smile to your face. All of our contributors have made pieces that spark joy in themselves. We, the Sparsh Team, deliver these wondrous submissions to where they will be met by appreciation and admiration.

We have made a proactive attempt to source our school's finest talent as well, through interactive contests such as Artist of the Month and Writer of the Month, and are deeply impressed by the quality and finesse shown in the inputs received.

As usual, this issue also houses a variety of submissions ranging from poems to travelogues, stories to artwork. We were greeted by the heart wrenching poem 'Rock-A-Bye Baby', painting the life of a forlorn child before our very eyes. Stories like 'The Cyclone of Truth' bring a new meaning to brotherhood and friendship. These, and many more marvelous entries are presented through the newsletter.

The feature also throws light on a 'Blast from the Past', a fun section highlighting retro fashion, literature and cinema to get lost into.

We, the Sparsh Team, hope you enjoy this edition, and continue to remain enthusiastic about our future newsletters.

CONTENTS

- 1) Artist of the month
- 2) Rock a Bye baby
- 3) Penetrating Poems
- 4) The Murderous pages of Paige
- 5) The cyclone of truth
- 4) Writer of the Month
- 5) Interviews
- 6) Coffee Break
- 7) Drought Bought Together
- 8) Primary section
- 8) Blast From the Past
- 9) Coffee break solutions
- 9) Credits



Class 8C activity during class



NEWS BITES

Handicapped Basketball Player Scores First Points For College Team



ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Winner- Akhil Gooni, 6G



INTERVIEW



Gunnika Sharma (8C)

S:What inspired you to create this piece of artwork? In general, what motivates you to create?

A:I drew a lot of God related drawings before. When I looked at them I thought that I should create a big drawing which would be memorable.

S:When did you get interested in art?

A:I got interested in art when I was 7 years old.

S:Have you participated in any other art contests? If not, do you plan to in the future?

A:This is the first time I participated in an art contest. I am going to participate in the future as well.

S:What other hobbies do you enjoy?

A:I enjoy playing flute, singing and dancing

S:What is your favorite art style and medium?

A:My favorite art style is coloring and inking.

I generally use:

Sharpie

Camlin Brush pens

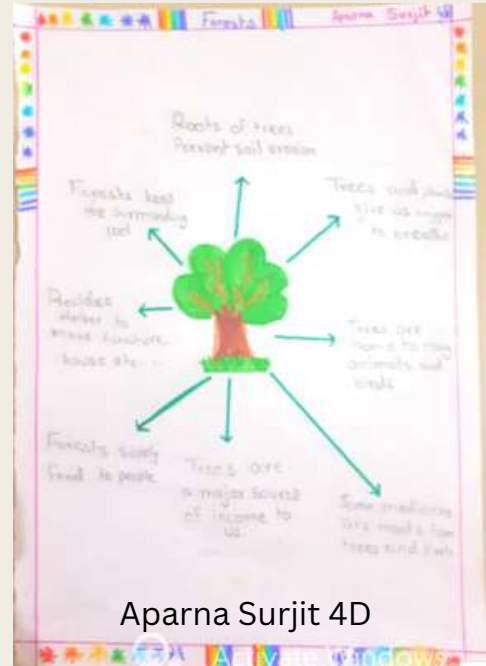
Brustro



Primary Creative Corner



Mandakini 4D



Aparna Surjit 4D



Aparna Surjit 4D

Aabha Jadhav 4A

PRIMARY SECTION

Spectacular creativity from our enthusiastic juniors



Amogh 5G

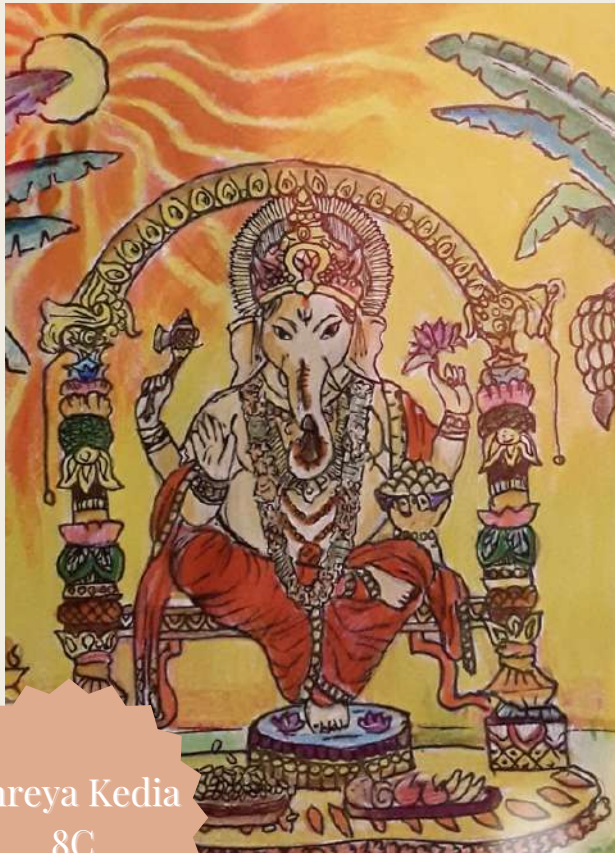


Varun.M





2nd Place



Shreya Kedia
8C

3rd Place



Nikhil
6G

4th Place



V. Guru
Charan
6G



ROCK-A-BYE BABY

"Rock-A-Bye baby, in the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all"

So sang the dear mother, with teary eyes,
And the child was abandoned by the sunrise.
A couple days later, she was found in an old tree,
And then, for a moment, from troubles she was free.

Barred from opportunity by a devastating past,
The baby, now a girl, was always picked at last.

A couple generous homes took her inside,
But soon, they all either shunned her or died.

The little girl was thought to be misfortunate and
queer,
And thus, she was friendless and caged in her fear.
She soon grew older, she grew bold and smart,
Though still she truly, was a child at heart.

After only ever receiving neglect everywhere,
She fell in love with the first man who seemed to care.
He was lovely and wonderful, brave, bold and tall,
And then, she wondered, maybe life wasn't bad after
all.

This twisted man's love, however, was terribly fake,
And so, he took with him, all joy there was to take.
As she watched the new graceful, perfect pair,
All she could feel was greatly deepened despair.

Little Angel, all shattered, broken and torn,
Returned to the very forest where she'd been born.
She quietly wandered back to the same old tree,
And for now, the lucid moon was all she could see.

Shaking, she embraced the tree with all her hope,
Only this time, it was no cradle, it was linen-sewn
rope.

Gently she swayed, tranquility galore.
Peace at last, she never asked for more.

New relief now in her mind, solace was received,
What entire lifetime's longing, was finally
achieved.

Death ambled towards her, in all of his glory,
To put an end to her miserably tragic story.

As the breeze swung her, he caressed her fair face,
And his sharp, fierce scythe, he drew out with
grace.

The tree branch creaked, as he trailed along,
And to Dearest Baby, he lulled one final song:

"Rock-A-Bye baby, in the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
But I will catch you, cradle and all."

Ananya.D 8G

NEWS BITES

Russian Journalist Sells
Nobel Prize For \$103.5
Million To Help Ukrainian
Children



PERMEATING POEMS

The Joy of Rain

A gust of wind blew against my face,
Little rain drops ran down with grace.
The season of joy, The season of sleet,
It has arrived to offer us a treat!
Getting rinsed up in June,
Oh, the lovely monsoon!

Having calm morning strolls in the drizzle,
And enjoying a delectable stew, they're a nickel!
Or burst out with friends and dance in the rain,
I can assure you a lot of fun you will attain!

Getting drenched while being competed in
volleyball!

Feeling tired yet? go down to the coffee stall!
Damp puddles on the lane, go ahead and skip
around.

Paper boats running down the stream, oh, the
pleasant sound!

Listening and dancing to lively music all the
time,
If being overjoyed was illegal, this moment
would be a crime!

Night falls in the town, I taste the last of the
mizzle.
The weather gets chillier, a flurry arises as it
whistles!

I scurry back to my cottage, and get comfy
wrapped in blankets,
The fun is not over yet, my friends hurry over
with baskets!

We devour the warm pies as the hailstorm
raged with mist,
My eyes seal shut and this merry day is
dismissed.

Festivals Galore

Leaves falling, spirits rising,
Bonfires lighting up the night,
Celebrations galore, desserts evermore,
What a stunning sight!

Navratri starts, uniting hearts,
Goddesses worshiped devotedly,
Nine days, celebration craze,
Vijaya Dashami ends the festivity!

Fireworks high, in the sky,
Oil lamps lit everywhere,
Singing songs, all night long,
So many sweets to share!

Buckets of candy, costumes handy,
Halloween for the win!
As the night falls, kids are enthralled,
Spooky beasts start rolling in!

The season of joy,
The season of celebrations,
The season of harvest,
The season of Autumn.

- Anjani Shloka Kalakoti, 7F





THE MURDEROUS PAGES OF PAIGE

Samsritha Vedula 8E

Shrieks. May had heard the shrieks. They were not her own, they were of another's. The very one her brain could not let go of. The agonizing wails echoed in her mind...

May Paige awoke, her bed a pool of sweat and a curtain of fear hanging over her head. The night was thick, daylight would not approach for hours. May was in a sane, clean state. Her mind, chaotic in its fear as it was, was clear. She could think. Though, of course, it would not last long.

She sat in bed for an hour, recollecting her thoughts, trying to rationalize the irrational inferno in her brain. She would confess, she concluded. Her sins would not remain silenced. The cold air bitterly stung at May's cheeks, and the streets were silent. They were not very well lit, she complained to herself. The sun was taking her sweet time, dawdling below the horizon as May walked to the station.

"Officer," she spoke, her voice gentle. Before he could respond, she sat herself down in the warm, stale office and spoke again.

"I am May Paige. I am here to speak about Julia Springs' murder."

The officer stared at her blankly for a moment, then responded, indubiously curious.

"Do you have a suspect? Any information?" his eyes narrowed. It was a rather simple question, but May couldn't think all of a sudden. Blood rushed through her veins with light speed and she could feel every part of her body.

Breathing like she had just run a race, she closed her eyes and reluctantly slipped into a memory. The knife at her fingertips sought the blood of Julia Springs, the vibrant red slithering like a serpent down May's arm. The flesh clashed with metal the way May yearned for vindictive justice. May Paige was stabbing Julia Springs, her boss at work. Shrieks of Julia sliced through the night air...

May snapped back to reality. Time was passing...the officer was going to get suspicious. White noise rushed into May's ears, guilt crushing down on her. In the hands of pain, May was a pathetic puppet. She was a glass under the pressure of the sky and she was breaking, breaking, breaking...

"No," a single, quiet tear ran down her cheek. She simply couldn't do it. May Paige was too cowardly to confess to a murder. She ran out of the office and out into the streets, where the sun had finally decided to rise. The world was dipped into the ephemeral joy of sunrise while May still lay below a thousand layers of trepidation and misery.

She took a deep breath, in, and out. In, and out. In, out. It was fine. She would pretend everything was fine.

Day after day, May looked at herself in the mirror and practiced how she would go about her days. Slowly, the pain had eased, the guilt washing away. She was perfectly sane, and perfectly normal.

On the twelfth day, she was...happy. As if her pretense had triggered the joy, she was happy. As she looked in the mirror, her eyes were drunk with joy. Or so she thought. She did not notice the deranged madness that she so effortlessly displayed. Instead, she only noticed a lie.

Only a month later, when this time it was her screams that echoed through the walls, when the angry policemen were taking her away, when she was shoved between white walls and emptiness, did she realize...

May Paige truly was mad.

SEASON OF JOY

Zoey Srivastava 4D

Wow! Santa Clause come,
I hear all the pretty birds hum.
The fun has just begun,
It is a joyful month.

Let us celebrate the birth of Christ,
We can get all the gifts in sight.
It is shiny because of the lights,
The north star is bright.

We celebrate with all our might,
It's blazing on the two sides, left and right.
The flowers are dazzling,
No one's world is frazzling.

The show is very bright,
All the nations rise.
Santa Claus is wise,
But Jesus is up in the skies.



THE CYCLONE OF TRUTH

“HARDIK! HELP!” Krunal’s voice echoed and bounced across the churning, grey waves. Thunder blasted Hardik’s ears, as if it was cackling mercilessly, watching Krunal getting torn apart. Hardik stared into the sea. The waves kept growing larger and larger, turning darker and darker. The sky changed into a vicious black and lightning burst and shook the ground like a colossal explosion. A cyclone had arrived. A gale of wind howled into Hardik’s ears, almost knocking him over, just like Krunal had, every single day of his life.

“Get out of here! Go and play carrom or something.” Krunal had pushed Hardik away as his friends had watched and sniggered.

“But I just want to play!” Hardik had protested, stumbling onto the ground and getting mud all over his new clothes. Hardik had helplessly treaded away into the forest. He had climbed a tree and perched on its top. Not today, not tomorrow, but he had known that one day, he would get his revenge.

“HARDIK!” Krunal’s shrieks slowly faded into the horizon. Black, murky waves crashed onto the shore, as if pushing Hardik away from the beach. His feet sank into the wet sand and he stayed there, transfixed.

Should he save Krunal? Or should he watch, as the underwater tornado tore his brother apart? There was nothing to feel guilty about. Didn’t he deserve it? But again, Did Krunal really deserve to die? Didn’t Hardik love his brother?

A monstrous, five foot wave attacked Hardik as his mind raced, saline water impaling his nose and making him cough. It was as if the waves were letting Hardik know: “SAVE HIM!” Hardik dove into the chilly water and swam towards his brother, his limbs shaking vigorously. The water was trying to tear him apart, make him surrender.

But he kept on swimming against the waves. The cyclone shook him so much that he could have blacked out.

He suddenly felt a hand clasp him. It was his brother. He immediately swam back towards the shore, tightly grasping his brother’s hand. At last, he felt the warm, grainy sand graze his feet. He had reached. He collapsed onto the ground and closed his eyes, letting out a huge sigh of relief

Hardik’s eyes were struggling to open up. Gently, gradually, slowly he blinked his heavy eyelids open. White light across the room pierced his eyes like a sharp needle. It took time for him to slowly open his eyes fully. He saw the hazy figure of his family surrounding him.

“Hardik, you-you saved my life!” Krunal spoke, glancing directly at Hardik. This time, his eyes were not full of disgust, but encompassed with admiration and respect. Hardik’s entire family was looking at him like he was their protector, their saviour. This was the first time when Hardik was with his brother, but he was not scared; he was content. A huge weight lifted off his shoulders. He closed his eyes, smiled and passed out.

Aranya Tanvir Gourisaria 8G

NEWS BITES

Blind Girl Tops CBSE 12
Board Exams, Proves
Disability Is Not An
Obstacle

WRITER OF THE MONTH

Winner – Chaviv Jain 7F

BEYOND BLACK AND WHITE

On the morning of February 24th, 2022, as a Ukrainian awoke and opened the newspaper, the headlines read: 'Russia announces invasion in Ukraine'. And as the Ukrainian shuddered, comfort was drawn. This wouldn't be a full-fledged war, would it? It is just another one of those

days, right? It's just a military operation, after all. Nothing serious, right? And then, just after breakfast started, something was heard. Out of the window. As the family peeked out of the window, they saw a raging fire. And at that moment, the skies were greyer than before. Uh-oh.

And for the rest of the day, such sounds continued, until, finally the window shattered.

The story of a standard Ukrainian family. And as they glanced over the day, it was Thursday.

Could this be the blackest in history? There have been blacker before.

And so it continued. Day after day. Days to weeks, weeks to months, and now, here, in May 10th, as I pen this down, war is still raging.

But what triggered this crisis? Well, Mr Putin has feared the growth of NATO, for that could be a major threat to his country. Its inclusion of Ukraine will add to that, and not long after, NATO could outlive the power of Russia. And when his beloved friend, Mr Medvedchuk, the centre of Russian politics in Ukraine was put under house arrest, and Mr Putin knew something had to give.

While a few people might opine that Mr Putin's decision is wrong and Ukraine's stance is firm, one thing is clear: War is not the solution. Mr Putin has a point in saying that the growth of NATO can negatively impact his country. However, things can be talked through. Ukraine also has reason to join NATO, and despite these conflicting ideas, things can be talked through

Although Mr Zelenskyy has been remarkably brave, and so have their citizens, it does not mean that Ukraine is correct, or Russia is correct. What it means is that the war is not going

to end until Mr Putin has achieved his goals (which might seem limitless). And that's bad. For both sides.

Despite all the global sanctions taking a toll on Russia, the war hasn't ceased. The solitary thing

that will make the war stop is negotiations. Right now, the war has created an everlasting illusion that Mr Zelenskyy is a hero and Mr Putin, the villain. Remember, politics isn't like a movie. It is like systematic planning, more like a game of chess. Right now, Ukraine doesn't have to go all out on Russia, it can sit back and do it the strategic way: Can we both draw, without taking any risk?

And the worst effect of all: It's not just a battle between the king and the queen. There are other

pieces, other countries: knights, bishops, rooks, that are taking sides, that are being affected, directly or indirectly. However, the worst part is the innocent ones: the pawns and the citizens are dying. And I may not be correct with many things about this war. It's complicated. But, this is unfair.

It's just wrong.





INTERVIEW WITH THE WINNER

Chaviv Jain

S:How often do you write?

C:Ideas keep traversing through my head all the time, but they are usually penned down over the weekend.

S:Do you prefer to showcase your work? If so, how?

C:The audience of my very first drafts were my grandparents and my mum. Barring them, my work is usually kept private. Having said that, my story did get published in the book 'Threads of Wonder', and many writings have been submitted to Sparsh. I have also made the framework of my blog, but it's just a framework.

S:How do you remain innovative to your approach in writing?

C:I come with the belief that everything is already out there. Combine all of Shakespeare's plays, and you'll have every possible human emotion that can be felt. Therefore, ideas are all around us. It's the way we present them that matters. Wearing the lens of a reader and focusing on the strength of my content helps me.

S:What is your favorite genre in writing?

C:I don't lean towards any particular genre yet, but what gets my brain ticking is something I can relate to, or an intriguing promoter, or something that delves deep into my thoughts.

S:Do you base your writings on credible sources?

C:For fiction, my imagination is my playground, however, reality remains undefeated when it comes to non-fiction. I perform thorough research, backing up my work with data points to ensure my opinions are relevant.

WRITER'S PODIUM





SIMPLY STUNNING SINGAPORE

-Abhyun Bonthala,7F

25th October, 2022

When we planned to visit Singapore, we were imagining quaint beaches and pleasant creeks. Instead, we were met by a lively, busy, and technologically advanced city nicknamed 'Switzerland of Southeast Asia'. This experience was a fabulous one and I had the time of my life.

We stayed at a five-star hotel named Grand Copthorne Waterfront, admiring its accessibility, food, and hospitality, the whole journey. We lived in the heart of the city, with restaurants, activities, and landmarks at our fingertips. However, these benefits won't necessarily drain your bank account. Compact "Pods" (small housing units) are available for an affordable price for travelers on a budget. On the other hand, not staying in a perfect location doesn't obstruct you from anything. Subways and buses are available at every nook and corner of the city. Our experience was truly a unique one. This goes to show that regardless of your budget, Singapore is a destination to visit.

We had a very comfortable stay as we pre-booked most of the tickets. This proved to help as the highly demanded zoo, restaurants, and planes were booked well in advance by other patrons. Despite the rush, we enjoyed the activities, bought souvenirs, and relaxed.

The zoo that we visited was a nighttime safari. While there, we admired the rhinos, African lions, elephants, and gorgeous scenery. Being there, I felt like I had gone to a forest at the sight of the realistic and vivid setting.

Veiled in mist, the Cloud Forest is a mind-blowing stop for first-time visitors to Singapore. Home to one of the world's tallest indoor waterfalls and a lush mountain clad with plants from around the world. Marvel at orchids, pitcher plants, and ferns from the tropical highlands and stroll along the vertiginous cloud and treetop walks.

The next day, we visited the Museum of Ice Cream! I devoured almost five cups of ice cream that day, making it truly the highlight of my trip!

Located in the Jewel Dome of the Changi Airport, this huge waterfall spans up to 10 floors tall. The nature-themed waterfall is linked to the passenger terminal and was constructed to retain Changi Airports' dominant spot as one of the major aviation hubs. This was the view we caught from the experience studio. We were glad to have had the opportunity to explore one of the worlds' most unique and technologically advanced airports during this journey.

We then switched to a hotel called Marina Bay Sands and visited the lovely Gardens by the Bay. Up the gigantic Marina Bay, lays the world's tallest infinity Pool. Situated on the 61st floor, this massive pool includes Jacuzzi and a baby pool. However, this perk is only available to residents of the Hotel. The next day, we paid a visit to Universal Studios, an amusement park including indoor rides such as the world-renowned "Revenge of the Mummy" rollercoaster. On our final day of the trip, we visited Sentosa, an amusement park of sorts including unique activities such as bungee jumping and segway-boarding.

There, the S.E.A Aquarium hosts marine life from across the globe with shows and activities such as feeding. Located in the Jewel Dome of the Changi Airport, this huge waterfall spans up to 10 floors tall. The nature-themed waterfall is linked to the passenger terminal and was constructed to retain Changi Airports' dominant spot as one of the major aviation hubs. This was the view we caught from the experience studio. We were glad to have had the opportunity to explore one of the worlds' most unique and technologically advanced airports during this journey.

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Additionally, the weather was very felicitous and allowed us to explore. It was a unique experience for me as I was the one to plan our vacation for the first time and I enjoyed the responsibility. Singapore, as you may know, is one of the safest places in the world! Roaming around the city at midnight felt like wandering a perfect cosmopolitan city. We doubted our ten day trip would be eventful, , but it turns out that 10 days is hardly enough for an active tourist destination like Singapore. In conclusion, Singapore is a fantastic tourist destination to visit and I highly recommend it!





TRICK OR TREAT

3rd Place

Halloween, a contraction of “All Hollow's Evening”, is a Christian festival celebrated on 31st October. Supposedly, its origin comes from Allhallows, the time in the Christian calendar dedicated to reminiscing the dead, along with passed spirits, saints (hallows), and all the departed. But what is the best way to be part of the modern traditions of Halloween?

The most commonly known custom of Halloween is, of course, trick-or-treating, in which kids go from house to house, asking for candy with the phrase, ‘trick or treat?’. Another popular activity is dressing up in costumes as a fictional character or a real-life human. Sometimes, children even dress up as animals and aliens!

Along with these, people also carve out scary faces on pumpkins, placing these on the front door, calling these ‘jack-o-lanterns’. They wander into haunted houses, made specifically for this day, just for the thrill of it! Parents buy a lot of candy and keep in the house, ready for all the trick-or-treaters’ to come knocking on their door. Teenagers watch horror movies and tell each other equally scary stories, trying to see who’ll get scared first.

All in all, Halloween is a pretty fun day, filled with the scariest of traditions. Decorations hanging from all standing objects, people under costumes roaming around, bags and buckets filled to the brim... Halloween really is the best! Just try not to get scared :)

-Avani Sonnad,8D



Suhruth Grade 6A



Aaruni Khanna 6B

NEWS BITES

Navy's Women Aircrew
Carries Out Historic
Surveillance Mission



COFFEE BREAK!

SUDOKU

	3							1
9		7		8			3	
	8		2		4	6		
4			6		7	3	1	
8	7			2				9
		3	1				4	2
	1						8	
5		2		6			7	
			3		5	4		6

What has four
wheels and flies?

Answer: A Garbage Truck

How do you throw
a party for an
alien?

Answer: You have to plan-
et.

What building has the
most stories?

Answer: A library



You have 9 balls,
equally big, equally heavy -
except for one, which is a
little heavier.
How would you identify the
heavier ball if you could use a
pair of balance scales only
twice?



puzzles



Merry Christmas :)

Can you solve this
math puzzle?

$$\text{Elf} + \text{Elf} + \text{Elf} = 6$$

$$\text{Elf} + \text{Tree} = 13$$

$$\text{Tree} - \text{Gift} = 4$$

$$\text{Elf} + \text{Tree} + \text{Gift} = ?$$

BrainFans.com



DROUGHT BROUGHT TOGETHER

“There’s no more,” said Harsh, his eyes languorous,
looking at the barren jar of rice.

Everyone in the family was pretending not to notice the desolate pickle container that had sustained them for the past four weeks. Now, as the unsaid words had been spoken, the painful truth washed over them.

Ryan choked back a sob. All they had left was their mud hut and the cracked desert they lived in. If they weren’t dying of starvation till then, well, it certainly wasn’t too late!

The drought had affected them all terribly, especially Ryan’s three brothers. They were a pile of weak bones with sunken faces and clouded eyes. Ryan suspected that he looked the same way, but now he couldn’t care less. He mustered all the strength and courage he could, for it was time to put his plan Z into action. He stumbled onto his feet and focused on breathing.

He was going to run away.

Lucas had been staring out of the window at the crop-less fields and the starving peasants. “Ignore the pathetic souls,” his father had whispered to him, “It’s not our problem. The drought won’t touch us.”

But it had touched the people out the window.

It had scarred them.

And that was enough to make Lucas want to help. That night, long after curfew, Lucas gathered his saved money and slipped out of the bungalow. He was going to give them all he had.

Both boys ran headfirst into each other in the darkened, dusty alley. They scrambled to their feet and braced for the worst.

But no.

The realization hit them at the same time. Lucas shoved the bag at Ryan and ran off. Stunned, Ryan took the bag back to his village.

It was time for new beginnings.

By- Navya Ivaturi 8B

FUNDAMENTALS: THE DUTY POEM

Defend India, defend our state,
When it calls for help, please don't be late.
Give India any service you can give,
You'll be praised for as long as you live.

Respect the constitution, respect its rules,
Don't insult the flag or break laws like fools.
The national anthem is a poem above all,
Show your respect in any way even if it's small.

Save, respect and protect our nature,
Care and be good to every creature.
Protect forests, rivers, lakes and wildlife.
'Else, later you'll bear the strife.

Respect our heritage, save our heritage,
Like, preserve, and care for our heritage.
Respect and preserve our giant culture,
Scholars call it a composite culture.

Balance your rights with your duties;
For every right, do your duty.

-Pranav Sai Harshit.D-Class 8C



Suhruith Katakam Grade 6A



Miniature Musings

The Golden Egg

"It's so boring", said Max, who was a poor boy who lived with his mom in a small cottage. He also owned a small black Scottie who could talk called Snuffles. He had very little amounts of money to spare. One day, he went to collect some wood from the forest. His mom told him to sell the wood in the market. He had earned plenty of money which was stored safely in a cupboard.

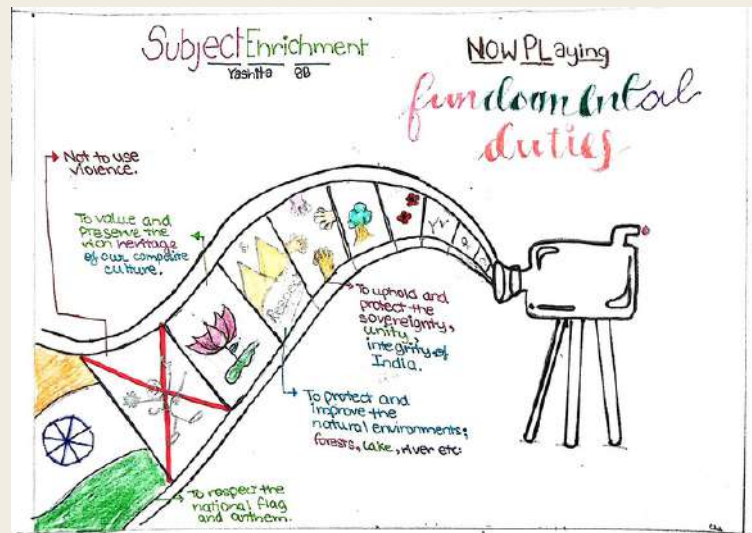
One night, all the money was stolen by some criminals. "Where has all our money gone?" asked Max. "I think I'll be able to catch their scent. Come on! We don't have anytime to waste!" said Snuffles. He caught the scent and began trotting excitedly as Max followed behind him.

They continued until they reached a giant warehouse which had live plants with sharp teeth blocking the entrance. "To enter you must answer a riddle to enter!" boomed one of the plants. "What goes up and never comes down!" "Age!" yelled Snuffles. "Correct! You may enter!"

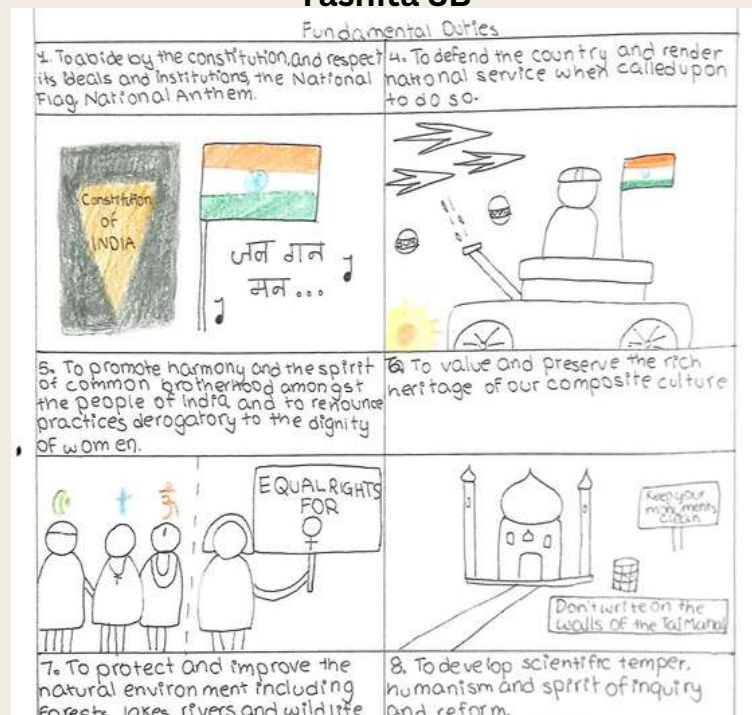
"Wow! This is giant!" said Max in utter astonishment. "I agree!" gasped Snuffles. They searched all over the warehouse for their money until they spotted a crate full of money, a goose and a golden egg which were by a fire dragon that was asleep. He also saw a magic wand. As soon as he picked it up, the dragon awoke.

"Oh! We are going to be cooked!" yelled Max. "Use the wand!" shrieked Snuffles. He pointed it at the dragon making it collapse. Then he stole the crate of money, a goose and the golden egg. Max and his mom lived happily ever after.

By Vihaan Kukreja, 4C



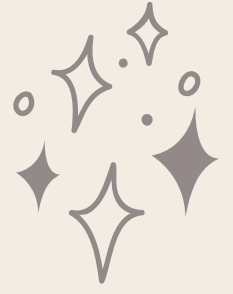
Yashita 8B



Nayonika 8B



Rosa and Lisa and their Magical Adventure



-Manasvi 4C

One Sunny day, Rosa was sitting under a cherry tree. Just then, Lisa came by "Hi Rosa! Do you mind if I sit with you?" asked Lisa. "Of course not!" said Rosa Then both the girls sat under the shade of the cherry tree.

Rosa just remembered, "Oh I forgot to tell you, my grandmother gave me some Pixie dust!" "Really!? Can you show it to me?" asked Lisa. When Rosa was showing it, she accidentally spilled it on both of them! POOF! Suddenly they both magically vanished to a faraway land called Neverland, thanks to the Pixie dust.

Both the girls were amazed and knew they came to Neverland. "Wow! this place is amazing!" exclaimed Lisa. "Yeah! Anyways, where is the Pixie dust ?" thought Rosa. Then Lisa found it and put it in her pocket.

Both the girls were amazed and knew they came to Neverland. "Wow! this place is amazing!" exclaimed Lisa. "Yeah! Anyways, where is the Pixie dust ?" thought Rosa.

Then Lisa found it and put it in her pocket. Both the girls were thinking how to get back home but until they did they were exploring Neverland. When they were exploring the Pixie dust fell out of Lisa's Pocket and none of the girls noticed. Then they took a small break and saw that the Pixie dust fell out of Lisa's pocket!

The girls started looking for it and found it but suddenly a thief stole it! Unfortunately the thief was magical, "Ha! you will never get it!" said the thief. Then Lisa remembered "Wait, only magic can enter Neverland so that means we must be magical!" "So let's unleash that magic and get our Pixie dust back!" said Rosa

Both of them defeated the thief and with their magic they got back home under the cherry tree.

Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas to you all.
This festival comes after fall,
I like to celebrate it,
Each and every bit,

Christmas is a festival of joy,
Every year Santa gives you a toy,
Decorate your christmas tree.
Whenever you are happy,

You can hear the bells ring,
Ding Ding Ding Ding,
Read this poem at home,
Read it with your family not alone.

Aadya, Prisha, Anwesha 4C,



Strawberries of Joy

Once there lived a boy named Alex. His parents had a lot of money to spend. Alex lived in a luxurious villa, which has four bedrooms. His dad owned both Tesla and Mercedes - Benz cars on Christmas eve. Alex was wondering which presents he would get.

Next morning, he woke up amazed as he saw two gifts: one small and one big.

“OH MY GOD! an iPhone and seven boxes of strawberries! Thanks for remembering that I am very fond of strawberries.” said Alex to his parents.

“Can we go to a five star restaurant?” enquired Alex.

“Sure son,” said his dad. On their way home Alex saw a sign through the snow saying; “Help those who are in more need than you!” This influenced Alex to help needy people.

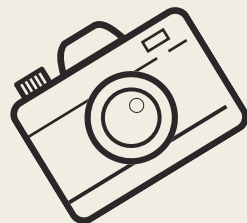
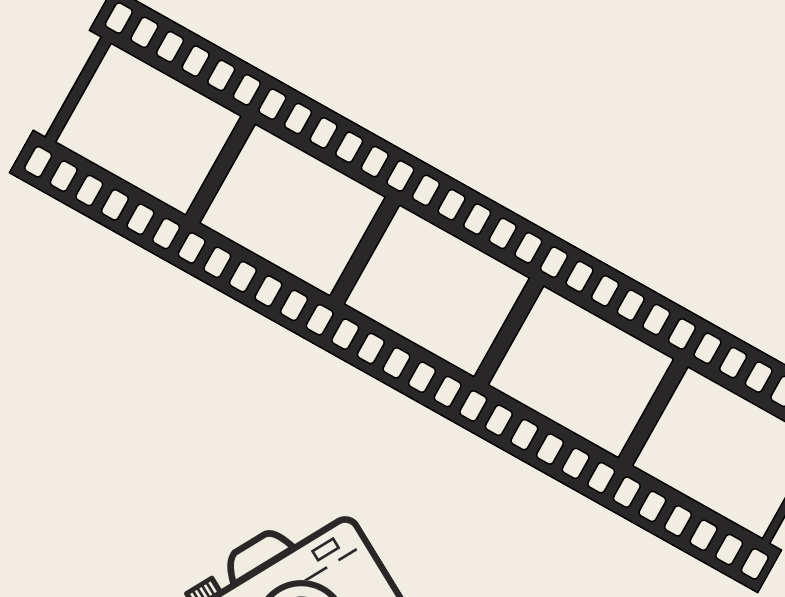
“If others can do this. Who am I to not do this?” Using the strawberries he began to make cakes, cupcakes and milkshakes to donate to the poor.

Alex heard people talking and began to walk in that direction. He noticed several homeless people sitting in the corner of the street. Chatting with each other... Alex handed them the food he prepared, and saw that they were overjoyed.

Alex returned home feeling very satisfied. What he did not observe was that his parents were watching him from a distance. At home his parents said, “we are proud of you son. For your generosity and kindness.”

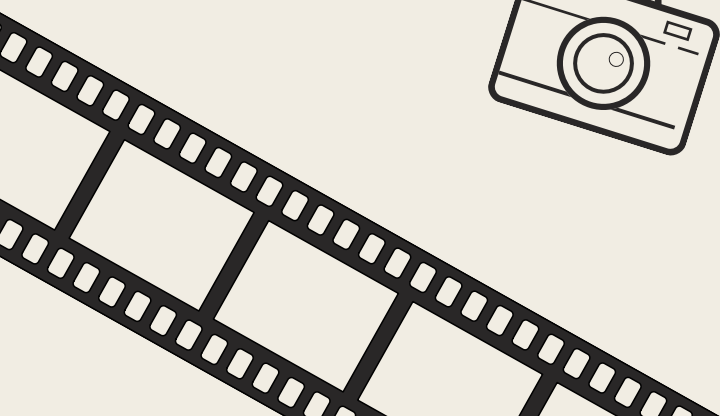
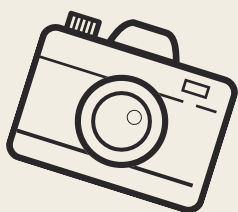
-Vihaan Kukreja 4C





BLAST FROM THE PAST

DIGGING INTO RETRO FASHION,
CINEMA AND LITERATURE



THE RETRO RUNWAY

Words-Sparsh Team
Photography-Google

"FASHION IS THE ARMOR TO
SURVIVE,
AND THE REALITY OF EVERYDAY
LIFE"

1960's



In the fashion of the 1960's, we see a glimpse of some of today's trends, as well as a drift from the traditional styles of the 1950's.

1980's

80's fashion shows an eclecticism that is prominent in today's fashion.



1950's



The picture depicts the classic style of the 1950's. In sharp contrast to today's fashion, the style of this era presents a distinctive femininity.

1970's



The 70's display a perfect balance between the feminine and masculine styles, that is more relatable to the current generation.

1990's

90's fashion was like a bridge between the 20th century and 21st century. It was the perfect example of today's street style while also maintaining the conservative society.



THE SILVER SCREEN

Words Sparsh Team
Photography Google

CINEMA HAS NO
BOUNDARY; IT IS A
RIBBON OF DREAMS

1960's

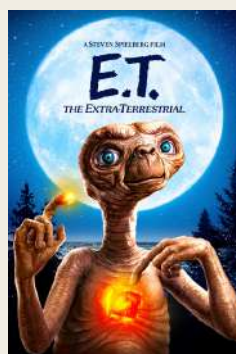


Mughal-E-Azam showcased a glorious chapter of Indian history. While Sound of Music brought the importance of music into the world

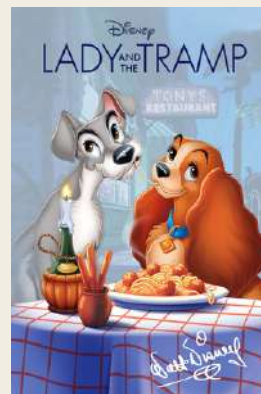


1980's

Both films left an impact on the audience and are still prominent movies that we still watch today

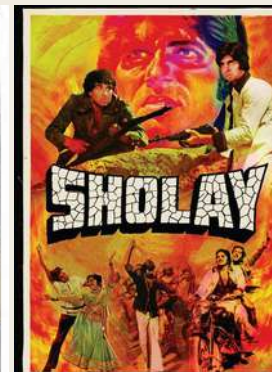


1950's



Hollywood witnessed great success through the Lady and the Tramp. Mother India, meanwhile, was a significant milestone in Indian cinematic history.

1970's



Star Wars and Sholay are both classic films loved even by today's youth

1990's

The 90's bore witness to Forrest Gump and Dilwale Dulhania Le Jayenge, both the piece de resistance of Hollywood and Bollywood

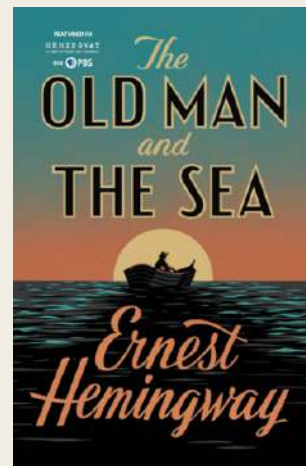


LOST IN LITERATURE

Words Sparsh Team
Photography Google

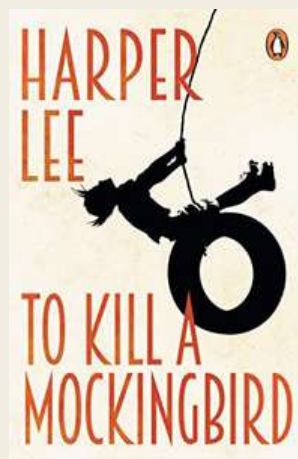
LITERATURE IS SIMPLY
LANGUAGE CHARGED
WITH MEANING TO THE
UTMOST POSSIBLE DEGREE

1950's



THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA, written by Ernest Hemingway is a classic that represents the style of writing in the 1950's.

1960's



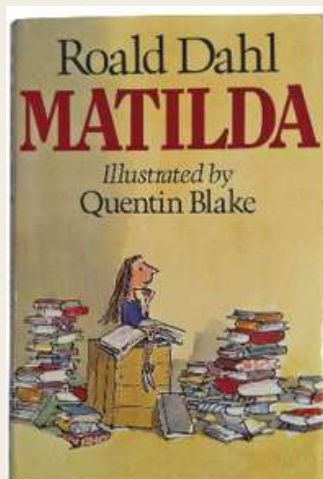
One of the most adored literary classics, To Kill a Mockingbird, is a must read for any bookworm.

1970's



The Shining is a novel that firmly established Stephen King as a frontrunner in modern literature.

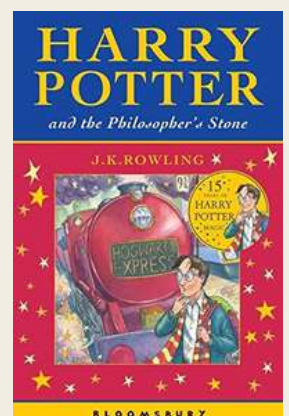
1980's



Matilda, a classic novel written by Roald Dahl, is one of the many spectacular stories written by the famous author.

1990's

The 1990's are the years that got the world infested with the Harry Potter bug. These globally endeared classics are still extremely popular today.





SOLUTIONS!

COFFEE BREAK!

NEWS BITES

Baby Galapagos Pink
Iguanas Seen For The
First Time-A Ray Of
Hope For Ecologists

Divide the 9 balls into 3
groups of 3. Compare the
weight of two of those
groups. The heavier group
should then be obvious, it
will either tip the scales or,
if the scales stay balanced,
then it is the group you
didn't include.



SUDOKU

2	3	4	9	7	6	8	5	1
9	6	7	5	8	1	2	3	4
1	8	5	2	3	4	6	9	7
4	2	9	6	5	7	3	1	8
8	7	1	4	2	3	5	6	9
6	5	3	1	9	8	7	4	2
3	1	6	7	4	2	9	8	5
5	4	2	8	6	9	1	7	3
7	9	8	3	1	5	4	2	6

Merry Christmas :)

$$\text{Gift} = 2$$

$$\text{Tree} = 11$$

$$\text{Elf} = 7$$

$$\text{Gift} + \text{Tree} + \text{Elf} = 20$$



Thank You

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