THE LITERARY CLUB

presents

THE *Foliate*

2026 - 2027

ST. AGNES' LORETO DAY SCHOOL

LITERARY CLUB' 2026-2027

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About the Club

"Literature is the art of discovering something extraordinary about ordinary people, and saying with ordinary words things extraordinary." Boris Pasternak

The Literary Club at St. Agnes' Loreto Day School has burgconed through ages with members transcending their interests into talents for a lifetime. Dramatics bolsters students to express their emotions on stage while portraying a character: Extempore grooms them to have the strength and fortitude to address any gathering impromptu; and Creative and Poctry Writing inculeates the very essence of mastering the art of weaving a tapestry of literary works. Under the guidance and mentorship of the Club Mistresses, Ms. S Abdullah and Ms. M. Khan, the club has reached higher elevations of triumph and aseendancy.

A widespread array of activities such as literary quizzes, debates, open mic, mock trial, literary charades, book discussions and recitations are conducted throughout the spell of the academic year.
"That is part of the beauty of all literature. You discover that your longings are universal longings, that you're not lonely and isolated from anyone. You belong" - F. Scott Fitzgerald

Relentless ambition filled with zeal and passion for literature is what brings the members of the Club together to celebrate this art. The persuasion of the craft of writing and the deep joy of reading gives renewed ardour and a deeper drive to explore this realm every dawn.



Club Mistress' Address

In the ceaseless rhythm of modern life, where aspirations soar high and expectations continue to grow, finding a moment to pause and reconnect with oneself has evolved from a luxury into an essential need. In this regard, Autumn offers much more than a break from academic routines—it provides students with an opportunity to breathe, reflect, explore, and rediscover the simple joys that nature so generously places before us.

This period of respite also opens the door for young minds to nurture their creativity and strengthen their literary abilities. As the renowned Samuel Lover observed, "When once the itch of literature comes over a man, nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen." Inspired by this enduring love for the written word, the Literary Club of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School has, for over three decades, encouraged budding writers to discover their potential, overcome their inhibitions, and venture fearlessly into the fascinating world of literature.

Amidst the hurried race of contemporary life, the gentle songs of birds are often drowned by the noise of technology, the beauty of a glowing sunset is overlooked amid the bustle of entertainment, and the timeless charm of books is increasingly overshadowed by their cinematic adaptations. The quiet grandeur offered by nature and literature is gradually being replaced by the artificial and the mechanical. It is therefore more important than ever to preserve these treasures and ensure that their beauty is not lost to forgetfulness.

With this heartfelt vision and immense pride, we are delighted to present this year's Autumn edition of the Newsletter, "THE FOLIATE." More than a collection of poems, articles, and creative expressions, this edition celebrates the imagination, enthusiasm, and literary spirit of our young contributors while carrying forward the cherished legacy of the Literary Club.

I sincerely hope that these pages bring joy to every reader, inspire thoughtful reflection, and awaken within aspiring writers the courage to put their ideas into words. May this edition encourage us all to pause amidst life's hurried journey and appreciate the beauty that surrounds us.

As the celebrated writer Franz Kafka once suggested, "A book must be the axe for the frozen sea within us." May the words gathered in these pages stir curiosity, awaken imagination, and inspire every reader to discover the transformative beauty that literature holds.

MISS M. KHAN
- MISTRESS, LITERARY CLUB

Club Mistress' Address

Dear Readers,

Autumn has always carried with it a certain enchantment—the languor of golden afternoons, the quietude of long evenings, and the freedom to let one's thoughts wander beyond the ordinary. It is in this spirit of warmth, wonder, and imagination that we present the Autumn Edition of our Literary Club Newsletter- THE FOLIATE. As Anaïs Nin beautifully observed, "We write to taste life twice." Perhaps this is what makes literature so enduring: it allows us to revisit moments, inhabit unfamiliar worlds, and give permanence to thoughts that might otherwise drift away. A page may hold a story, but between its lines lies an entire universe waiting to be discovered.

In a world that moves relentlessly, moments of stillness have become precious. Autumn offers us an opportunity to pause, to observe, and to rediscover the simple pleasures that often escape us amidst our busy lives. It is a season that invites reflection—and what better companion for reflection than a book, a poem, or the blank page waiting patiently for a thought to become a sentence?

For over three decades, the Literary Club has provided a space where young minds can discover the beauty of language and the courage of expression. Literature teaches us not merely to read, but to see—to look beyond the obvious, question the familiar, and imagine what might lie beyond it. As Emily Dickinson reminds us, "There is no Frigate like a Book to take us Lands away."

This edition is a celebration of that very spirit. Its pages bring together poems, reflections, stories, and creative pieces, each carrying a distinct voice and a world of its own. Some may transport you to distant realms; some may awaken familiar memories; others may simply invite you to pause and ponder. Together, they form a tapestry of youthful imagination, woven with curiosity, creativity, and an enduring love for words.

I extend my heartfelt appreciation to all our contributors for sharing their ideas and allowing their imagination to find a home within these pages. My gratitude also goes to the editorial team, whose dedication and thoughtful effort have transformed individual contributions into a collective celebration of literature.

To our readers, may this newsletter be more than a collection of pages. May it be a quiet companion for a Autumn afternoon, a source of inspiration, and a gentle reminder that there is immense beauty in slowing down and allowing ourselves to dream. For, in the words of Maya Angelou, "There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you." May these pages encourage you to tell your own stories, to cherish your own voice, and to discover the magic that begins whenever imagination meets ink. Here's to a Autumn filled with stories, wonder, and the endless possibilities of the written word.

Happy Reading!

MISS S. ABDULLAH
- MISTRESS, LITERARY CLUB

EDIOTIRAL BOARD'S ADDRESS

There is something remarkable about a Literary community. It brings together different voices, perspectives and imaginations, creating a space where ideas can flourish and creativity can find expression. The Literary Club has always been a place where curiosity is encouraged, voices are heard and the written word is celebrated.

As the Editorial Board, it has been a privilege to bring together this edition of The Foliate. What began as scattered ideas and individual contributions has gradually grown into a reflection of the creativity and spirit of our club. Each article, illustration and creative piece has added its own voice to this edition.

Creating The Foliate has been a journey of reading, writing, discussing and creating together. Inspired by the changing colours and quiet beauty of autumn, we hope this edition offers you moments of reflection, imagination and discovery.

We are deeply grateful to our Principal our club Mistress' and every member of the Literary Club whose support, enthusiasm and contributions made this edition possible.

As you explore The Foliate, we hope you find a thought that stays with you, a story that sparks your imagination or a piece that inspires you to create.

May this edition be a celebration of our voices, our creativity and the literary spirit that brings us together.

Happy Reading!

-Editorial Board, 2026-2027

INK AND IVY

The October THEORY

October has always felt like a quiet conversation between who I used to be and who I am slowly becoming.

I don't know if the October theory is real, or if we simply reach a point in the year when we're finally ready to notice the things that have been changing within us all along. But there is something about this month that makes me look at my life a little differently. Maybe it's the way the year is coming to an end, or the way the world slowly changes its colours, reminding me that nothing stays the same forever. Whatever it is, October makes me feel like I'm standing somewhere between the life I've known and the life I'm yet to discover.

I think a part of me has always been waiting for things to fall into place. For the right people to stay, for the things I've wished for to finally find their way to me, and for all the little uncertainties I've carried for so long to eventually make sense. I've spent so much time wondering when things will happen, why some things didn't, and what I could have done differently to make certain endings turn out another way. Sometimes, I think I've spent more time imagining how my life could be than actually appreciating the life I've been living.

And maybe that's what growing up has been taught me.

There are versions of myself I miss sometimes. The girl who believed that if she wanted something enough, it would eventually be hers. The girl who made plans for every little thing and thought that growing up meant becoming someone who had everything figured out. I wish I could tell her that life doesn't always follow the plans we make for it, and that sometimes the things we spend so long praying for are not the things that end up bringing us peace.

Maybe the October theory isn't really about something unexpected happening to us. Maybe it's about finally becoming ready for the changes we've been resisting. Maybe someone leaves, someone arrives, a door closes, or a long-awaited wish comes true. Or maybe nothing extraordinary happens at all. Maybe we simply wake up one day and realise that the things that once kept us awake at night no longer have the same hold over us.

I hope I become someone who doesn't have to chase every good thing out of fear that it might never come again. Someone who can love people without losing herself, dream without being consumed by expectations, and let life surprise her without constantly needing to know how the story ends. I hope I learn to stop treating every delay like a rejection and every ending like proof that something went wrong.

Because if there's one thing I've slowly begun to understand, it's that life doesn't always take things away to leave us with nothing. Sometimes, it leaves a little space for us to meet ourselves again. If October really is a month of change, then I hope its biggest gift to me isn't simply a new beginning, but a softer way of looking at everything that came before it. I hope I can look back at the things I lost without wishing I had held on tighter, and look ahead at the things I want without being afraid that they might never happen.

And when this month eventually becomes another memory, I hope I can say that somewhere between the falling leaves and the passing days, I stopped waiting for my life to begin and started living it as it was.

Maybe that's the real October theory.

That sometimes, the thing destined to find you in October isn't a person, an opportunity, or a long-awaited answer. Sometimes, it's a version of yourself you have been trying to find all along

RIDDHI SHARMA

11-C

THE LEAF DOESN'T LOOK BACK

Perhaps we are not meant to arrive at who we are. Perhaps we are meant to keep becoming. A leaf doesn't disappear when it falls.

A year does not lose its meaning as it approaches its end and a person doesn't become "less" when they outgrow an old version of themselves. Just as the leaves turn golden and the season slowly transforms, we become new versions of ourselves. Autumn does not apologise for becoming different. It lets you be you. It teaches us that there is no failure in being unfinished. A season can be beautiful while it is still changing. Somewhere between who we were and who we will be, there is the person we are becoming. The tree does not become less of a tree when it loses its leaves, it simply reveals another version of itself. And there is a certain courage in changing without knowing what exactly you are becoming. They say fake it till you make it, perhaps there is a certainity in being uncertain about the future. A leaf does not fall because it has failed to hold on. Sometimes, it falls because it is time to move on. It does not resist the wind, it does not desperately cling to the branch that held it through summer and spring. We are so often taught to hold on. To people, to places. to old versions of ourselves, to memories that have long stopped being the present. But perhaps we should learn to be like the leaf.

It does not spend its final days wishing it were still green. It does not resent the summer for ending. It simply changes. Perhaps we should learn from that. Some things are meant to be chapters and not the entire book. Sometimes I wonder, if the story's over, why am I still writing pages? Turns out it is never the story that ends. Only a chapter does. The ink keeps moving, the pages keep turning and somewhere between what we leave behind and what we embark on next, we realise we were never meant to stop writing. Hope is the greatest power we carry. Had I been born with superpowers,
I would've become unreasonably hopeful, the kind of tree that is not uprooted by strong winds, the kind that does not wish to recreate new leaves in summer rather grow new ones. When the floor beneath me collapses, I aspire to float and bounce back stronger than ever. I want to believe that ,"One day I am gonna grow wings." Wings that me to unplanned destinations, wings that travel through a whirl-wind but somehow make me land with steady feet. I aspire to be like autumn, quietly shred, change and make room. Room for experiences I'd dare not try earlier owing to my sensitive heart, room for journeys I never thought I'd embark on, room for change that I was unprepared for. And maybe that is what leaves have always known. They do not wait for the perfect moment to fall. They do not ask the tree what awaits them. They simply let go when it is time, trusting that the ground beneath them is not ending, but another place to begin. I think we are much the same. We spend so much time looking back at the branches that we have left to forget, regretting and missing them though we'd never want to become that versions of ourselves again.

A leaf doesn't look back. It falls, makes room and becomes a part of something new. Maybe we should learn the same.

SHRISHTI JAIN
11C

NOSTALGIA'S SEASON

It was said by Virginia Woolf that Autumn is infact the season of the soul. The season which is tinged with a hint of melancholy and sorrow. It is normally characterized by the fall of leaves, by the orange and brown colours and by TV shows like Gilmore Girls. It is the time of the year when life becomes calmer and more serene. The time when poets and authors arise to capture the falling leaves and metaphorise it with their own lives. I should know for in a few minutes I will also write a poem on Autumn where the fall of the leaves would symbolise the beauty that shines brightest before it fades. Autumn is nostalgia's abode. Memories float in the air and compels us to reflect upon the days which have passed. Even in the Dead poets society, Autumn was the time when Neil Perry did good, when Todd Anderson wrote an eye opening poem, when Charlie Dalton became a more free Nuwanda and when Mr John Keating inspired all to seize the day. If Autumn were to be described to someone who is deprived of vision then it could be called the taste of honey, the fragrance of books, the sound of Lana Del Ray's music and the recitement of a poem. As described by Alix Klingenberg, Fall is for magic, for intuition and for release. It is for those of us who dream, who create and who have overly emotional nervous systems. It is strange how fall shows us that letting go can be so overwhelmingly beautiful. How change can be turned into art. To conclude, as Friedrich Nietzsche rightly said, "I notice that Autumn is more the season of the soul than nature."

Vamika Agarwal
9 A

Autumn Leaves AND BUMBLEBEE WINGS

According to all known laws of aerodynamics, the bumblebee cannot fly. Its body weight is not in the right proportion to its wingspan. But the bumblebee pays no attention to those laws and flies anyway.
It all began in the Autumn of 2022, when Birdie decided that she wanted to be worthy. She set out on a relentless pursuit of proving herself, believing that if she worked hard enough, achieved enough, and gave enough, she would finally earn the validation she longed for.
That Autumn , she did everything she possibly could, and she achieved what she had set out to achieve. But instead of receiving the appreciation she deserved, she was met with doubt. Her accomplishments were questioned, dismissed, and reduced to whispers of nepotism. What should have been a moment of pride became the beginning of years of quiet heartbreak.
She carried on.
She buried the taunts beneath determination and continued to work, convinced that one day she would finally become the chosen one. Yet, no matter how much she accomplished, there was always a voice in the back of her mind asking the same haunting question:
“What if I am never enough?”



For four years, Birdie lived inside a cocoon woven from self-doubt, rejection, and the exhausting pursuit of external validation. Still, she persevered. She continued chasing worthiness, believing that if she tried just a little harder, she would finally deserve to be chosen.

Then came the day of judgment.

She wasn't the chosen one.

For a moment, it felt as though everything she had worked towards had collapsed. But somewhere within that silence came a realization that changed everything.

She had spent four years trying to become enough for the cocoon, when the cocoon was never meant to hold her forever. It had served its purpose. Remaining inside it would only keep her confined. The only way forward was to chew her way out.

She feared what lay beyond. She wondered how she would live with the disappointment of not being chosen. Like the bumblebee, every odd seemed stacked against her. By every expectation, she should have fallen.

Instead, she flew.

Because she finally understood that worth is not something another person can bestow or withhold. It is not found in a title, a selection, or someone else's approval. Worth is something we choose to believe about ourselves.

So she broke free.

Outside the cocoon, she discovered that life was far bigger than the narrow world she had spent years trying to fit into. She rediscovered herself, slowly healing in the company of the people who had loved her all along, her family, her friends, and, eventually, herself.

Perhaps time really does heal even the deepest wounds.

There is something beautifully poetic about the way life comes full circle. Her journey to find her worth began in the Autumn of 2022. Four years later, in the Autumn of 2026, she stopped searching, not because she had finally been chosen, but because she realized she had never needed to be.

She had been worthy all along.

And in the end, just like the bumblebee, Birdie stopped believing the limits others had placed upon her.

She found her spark.

She chose herself.

And she chose to fly.

PANCHHI SINGH
11-A

AUTUMN · THE SEASON · STILL · SHE

Autumn feels like a fresh breath of vital air, a season where chaos seems to cease, almost as if someone has chained Apophis himself. It is a season that gives you space to breathe, grow, and experience emotions you have truly never felt. Only when time is still are humans able to introspect and explore the beauty that lies within oneself.

Dried leaves that rustle are a reminder of every effort made throughout the summer; they symbolise how life doesn't end but rebirth simply starts. Rebirth requires strength, capability, and, most of all, renewal. The very season we disregard provides us with the spirit to face the brutal tempests that may await us. In this ceaseless tide of time, autumn presents itself as an opportunity you did not ask for but desperately yearned for, one which has purity and peace ingrained deep within it.

Why must we think rest is meaningless? The ability to rest, in and of itself, suggests that one worked tirelessly and now desires a calm moment. Autumn is a reminder that being still does not imply that one isn't capable of moving forward, but simply means that one needs the occasional gentle breeze to keep going.

In today's fast-paced and routine world, people who rest are often perceived as "lazy" or "irresponsible"—we fall prey to a façade that rest is for the weak, and if one wishes to soar high and reach the stars, they must work tirelessly. The very ideas that seem to motivate one can turn into words that no longer touch the heart if they are not practised with caution. How would the world be if the sun shone bright and persistent all year long, or if the winter chill exceeded its reign? Extremes never yield the desired fruit effectively. Therefore, one must realise that moments of stillness are not for the frail and feeble, but for all those who want to achieve their aspirations while living through the journey.

Every autumn, when nature itself rests, why must we revolt against rest? Leaves shed, flowers fall, but they do not end —they prepare to rise even stronger. So must we.

Afsheen Faridi
11 C

WHY IS BEING ORDINARY EXTRAORDINARY

Have you ever felt that you are just an ordinary person? We live in a world where everyone dreams of becoming famous, having people know them, topping every examination or being the best at everything. But why does being ordinary often feel like a weakness? We are always in a constant race to achieve perfection but we often forget that being ordinary is what makes us extraordinary. We often admire celebrities, athletes, and even famous leaders, all of whom are considered exceptional. Social media has always shown that success is measured only by recognition, popularity, or awards. But in this constant pressure, have we forgotten the beauty of being a simple person?

However, if we truly think about it, we will realize that the world is built by ordinary people doing ordinary tasks with honesty and care. Parents work hard to give their children a better future. Teachers guide their students every day. Friends support us during difficult times. These people may never be seen as popular or receive awards, but their efforts make a real difference. Being simple is not a sign of not being talented enough or of any kind of weakness. Being ordinary teaches us the values of kindness, humility, patience, and gratitude. A simple smile, helping a classmate, thanking someone or standing up for someone in need might seem like a small thing but it can brighten someone's day and inspire others. We do not have to be the best at everything to be valuable or even achieve perfection. What truly matters is the way we treat people, our behaviour, and the positive impact we leave behind.

In the end, being extraordinary is not about getting recognition all the time but about having those qualities that make us better and leave a positive impact on others.

Sometimes, the most ordinary person leaves the most extraordinary impact.

ISHEE SHARMA
10-B

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL

Whoosh! The wind whispers through the trees, and suddenly, swish, swish, swish, the leaves begin to fall. The green world slowly turns into a beautiful mix of gold, orange, red and brown. Autumn has arrived!

The season comes quietly, but it knows how to make an entrance. The mornings feel cooler, the breeze feels softer, and the trees seem to put on their most colourful show before winter arrives. Every fallen leaf feels like a tiny piece of autumn's artwork scattered across the ground.

But autumn is more than just colourful leaves. It is a season of change, a reminder that letting go can also be beautiful. The trees do not hold on to their old leaves. They let them fall and prepare for something new.

So, the next time you hear the crunch of leaves beneath your feet or feel a cool breeze brush past you, stop for a moment. Look around. Autumn isn't just happening around us. It is putting on a show

IFA KHAN
10 C

Timeless

"Let bygones be bygone" this is a very famous phrase which simply means forgive and forget. forget? Forgetting means letting it go, but here is the deal some people don't deserve your forgiveness. Can you forgive someone if they have disrespected you, crossed your boundaries or made you feel insecure? You see, everytime you forgive a despicable deed your self respect deteriorates and your confidence shakes .I agree some people are precious but is it worthy our self respect? Pushing boundaries does not extend them but rather breaks them. But on the other side.

Holding grudges is pathetic, in a way you are giving unwanted attention. Losers hold grudges. So how do you actually tolerate disrespect? Easy, kill them with kindness. Guilt the strongest human emotion after love. Guilt leaves you reckless. Make them apologise to you. This has to be the most important lessons I have learned. If this doesn't work then walk out and distance yourself. This is a power move, applicable every where.

ANVESHA SRIVASTAVA
12-C

PARADOXICAL AUTUMN

Sweet autumn is perhaps the most perplexing season I have ever seen. You consider it the season of folklore, urbans, myths, legends, murderers with unrealistically long fingers that could squash your heart out. You also consider it the season of cloud foams in your coffee, the knots in your Red scarf that your late grandmother knit for you, the sudden urge to let the wind whisper something to you, something that was never clear in other seasons.
The wind isn't like some loo, clutching your throat in any form. It isn't mint icy, freezing that mind. It's a whisper of reassurance, that whatever hasn't gone good so far, will go your way now.

Its a walking paradox. The leaves shed and bleed, like a mother tearing herself apart for her infant to exist. The leaves spines we crunch and step on are the very proof that humans have the tendency to break what they are appalled by. She's scattered, sobbing, shaking, pieces and bits of her all around.
Life isn't sorted and the darkness of November lies ahead. The brighter days won't be there for long. At the same time, the trees have never been brighter. They are a crisp golden, like Apollo sprinkled bits of himself on them. An aspect that we forget about is that you can never dazzle more than you do when you feel like you sparkle the least. It may be a sign that hurt is the only route to heal.

There will be blizzards and creatures lurking in snow in a while. You have this autumn for now, cherish the confusing season. If you feel that all you know is Topsy turvy now, maybe gaze at the view and get this silent solace that all Mother Earth has around at the moment- it isn't sorted either. If a force that bears seeds of life can be complicated and multidimensional, so can you. You do not belong in a box.

Zainab Shah
11 C

EVERY FALLING LEAF IS A REMINDER THAT LIFE BELIEVES IN SECOND CHANCES

Life rarely follows the path we carefully plan. Sometimes we stumble, sometimes we lose confidence, and sometimes we find ourselves standing at a point where everything feels uncertain. Whether it's disappointing exam results, a broken friendship, a missed opportunity, or simply the feeling of not being enough. Everyone experiences moments that make them question their journey. Yet, just as autumn reminds us that letting go is a natural part of change, every ending carries the quiet invitation to begin again. Starting over isn't a sign of failure; instead, it's a sign of courage. It means choosing hope over fear, growth over comfort, and believing that our mistakes do not define our future. Every new beginning carries the possibility of becoming stronger, wiser, and kinder than we were before.

Now the question is why starting again is difficult. Well, the answer to this question is that when we decide to start again, we face fear of failure, judgment, and also self-doubt. Our mind often asks us questions like, what if we fail again or what if people judge me for not winning this time too? We often believe that this time too we will not be able to make it because our brain constantly reminds us how it didn't work out the last time.

Now another important part is why it is necessary to start again. Well, it is because no one in the world who's successful got success in one go. They endured multiple failures, yet they didn't give up, and that's the reason why they are standing at such a high point today. Embracing a new beginning does not require a dramatic change overnight. It begins with accepting that mistakes are a part of growth, not the end of the journey. Instead of dwelling on what went wrong, we can choose to focus on the lessons each experience leaves behind. Every setback teaches us resilience, every challenge helps us discover our strengths, and every fresh start gives us another opportunity to become a better version of ourselves. Patience also plays an important role. Growth is rarely instant; it happens gradually, like the quiet transformation of nature through autumn.

Life will always present us with endings, but it will also offer new beginnings. The art of starting again is not about forgetting the past; it is about carrying its lessons into what lies ahead. After all, autumn reminds us that even when something has to be let go, it can make space for something new. Every falling leaf is a reminder that change is not the end, it is another chance to begin.

Zaina Aslam
9-A

The Season That Knows Our SECRETS

They say, “Every ending is a new beginning.” Perhaps autumn understands this better than any other season. It does not ask the trees to hold on to their leaves. Instead, one by one, they let go, covering the earth in shades of gold, rust and crimson. The cold wind carries the leaves away, almost as if nature is quietly turning the pages of an old book. There is something strangely beautiful about watching things disappear and knowing that some endings are necessary for new beginnings.

Then comes October, carrying Halloween with it. The streets grow darker, windows glow with carved pumpkins, and shadows seem to have stories of their own. The moon appears brighter against the chilly night sky, while laughter and distant sounds make the darkness feel both exciting and mysterious. Behind every mask is a face and perhaps behind every face is a secret. Halloween reminds us that the things we fear are not always monsters. Sometimes, they are memories, mistakes, or parts of ourselves that we are afraid to face.

Maybe that is why autumn feels different. It teaches us to let go, while Halloween teaches us to look at what we hide. And when the last leaf falls, perhaps we realise that losing something is not always the end. It can be the beginning of becoming someone new.

PALLAVI RAJ
10-C

VERSE & VERDURE

AUTUMN

Setting fire to the leaves, Autumn creeps in,
unleashing her transformation;
a new season begins.
From the crunch underfoot to the nip in the air,

Autumn goes boldly
with her bright auburn hair.
She dances with the trees
and shakes them to their core.
Autumn leaves them bare, before opening
the door to Winter, who breezes in
coldly cooling Autumn's embers.

But until then, her majesty is in residence
through October, from September.

SIMRAH ASIF
9A

AUTUMN UNVEILED

Under the Empyrean, where the sun is radiant and constant,
Emitting a luminous glow from its internal hearth,
At times when beads of sweat circle our foreheads,
The sharp light piercing through our very essence.
In those moments,
we feel the true burdens of the universe,
As we try to trudge along our way,
Suppressing the strong desire to go astray.

Autumn unveils its oblivious beauty.

Dryads rest after healing the earth,
A period of liberation that calms the soul,
A desire unknown that seems fulfilled,
hearts empty become whole.
A fire that shows the end is bold—
Not scorching tempests, or scolding colds,
But a season where life becomes still.
The peak of the hills covered in mid-season hues,
A sense of serenity that frees one
from the summer blues.
It may be a time period brief,
but it is a soldier's armour,
A haven away from the summer's clamour,
A warm embrace for the winters that linger.

Autumn, a rest like Elysian shimmers,
Fallen to the earth,
to save those that have been birthed.

Afsheen Faridi
11 C

AN ODE TO *Autumn*

The most awaited time of
the year, when everything feels
surreal, with the scent of FALLEN
LEAVES and MINT air as AUTUMN
arrives. In the AFTER SHOWERS

The shedding leaves used to visit
the house,

like dull, stormy guests who'd stay
all day long.

Not denying the sweats, who
drove an individual unconscious
under its throne.

But then, the first WIND
stretching its arms, came to beat
the heat with its SWEETEST PUFF

For this affectionate season is
never ever long forgotten, even
when the other memories are seen
rotten.

- DIVJYOT KAUR 9B

RIPPLES OF KINDNESS

A single act of kindness can ripple
Through the quiet corners of a
weary world, lifting burdens
unseen, changing the shape of a
Lone moment, and turning doubt
Into dreams unfurled.

In the gentle offering of time, in a
smile, the world bends slightly
towards hope, not in grand
gestures, but in the steady pulse of
small, relentless light, that slowly
brightens even the darkest night.

To be the change is to understand
the power of the simplest choices
made with courage- a hand
extended, a voice raised, a heart
open enough to begin again,
knowing that each step forward
holds the weight of possibility.

Fariya Hussain
10-C

In Autumn, I Frolic

I'm growing up faster than I thought I would as a child,
I often reminiscence memories and every bit of it makes me smile.
I have always been a smiling, jolly girl,
But now I ponder if I'll feel the same again,
With the flip of every calendar page,
I feel farther away from that age,
I fear what real life will demand from me,
The unknown future feels daunting.
Between the relentless march of time that feels haunting,
Comes the season of mist with its glory.
No matter how uncertain everything seems,
Autumns make me feel excited in every way;
I wander with hot chocolate in both my hands,
Sauntering through all the yellow leaved lands,
I sing and shout,
There's utterly nothing to frown about.
I grasped that autumns will always have a special place in my heart,
Amidst all the new chapters, all the fresh starts,
Autumn always take me to those tranquil times,
Which makes me as happy as a child.

Nitya Srivastava
9-B

AFTERMATH

Just cause the storm brought flickers of colours,
doesnt means it never wrecked or caused a havoc
Isn't it an irony of sorts?
Knowing someone to the point you never know
them at all.

Embrace open even to those who had a dagger
as they approached,
Ripped the heart in the cage and on the sleeve
that I showed .
You may always have gold keys to bronze doors
Never means that you are a raving sea pirate
wishing to explore.

Forgiveness is a myth, a hamster's loop,
Liminal canvas when together, exhibition as a
group.
I had shred every pound just to cradle carasses of
dead weight,
It jolted my eyes awake on how it is foolery not
fate.

ZAINAB SHAH
II-C

When truth falls SILENT

In towers of power where decisions rise, Truth is often veiled with lies.

Money whispers louder than the law, And justice trembles, filled with flaws.

Promises are bought and sold, While honest voices grow faint and cold.

The system slowly bends and breaks, As greed awakens for profit's sake. Leaders wear a polished face, Yet hide their sins in public space. Rights are traded, trust decays, And fairness fades in shadowed ways.

The common people stand in fear, As injustice draws near. Their voices break, yet none respond, As broken trust is built upon. Dreams collapse beneath the weight, Of corrupt hands that twist their fate.

But tell me youth, where do you stand, When greed is ruling across the land? Do you still trust the hands that choose, Or ignore the truth you often lose? Have you learned to simply obey, And let corruption lead your way?

Or is the truth already gone, replaced by silence we live on? When justice sells its final breath, And honesty is choked to death-No voices rise, no hands resist, Only power tightens its fist.

FARIYA HUSSAIN
10-B

The MOON

The world gets so quiet when the Sun goes away, And I lose all my words that I had for the day. The shadows feel heavy, the air feels so still, And I'm left with a silence I don't know how to fill.

But then there is the Moon - the only light in the black, Bringing the heartbeat right back, It doesn't have to shout, it doesn't have to try, To be the one thing that I seek in the sky.

I'm okay in the dark and I'm okay alone, As long as it's soft, silver light is still shown.

BHUMIKA TOLANI
10-C

IN GENTLE HILLS I FOUND MYSELF~

In Mukteshwar's quiet, gentle air,
I found a stillness waiting there,
No hurried step, no racing mind,
Just drifting thoughts I left behind.
The mountains stood in silent grace,
Soft morning light upon their face,
And within that silence, vast, profound.

I felt my restless worries sleep.
The pine trees swayed in whispered rhyme,
As if they understood all time,
Their voices low, their shadows long,
Like nature humming its own song.

Each winding road, each hidden view,
Felt calm, untouched, and somehow true,
There is no urgency required, there is no sight needed—.

The moment was enough for me.
The evenings glowed in amber light,
That slowly melted into night,
And within that gold, quite warm, very mild.
I felt at ease, and simply smiled.

I have not changed, I have not wandered.
Yet somehow felt more like my home,
As if the quiet helped me see
A softer side of being me.

And when I left that peaceful place,
I carried stillness in its trace,
For Mukteshwar does not depart—
It lingers gently in the heart.

SAMYRAH NOELLA SARKAR
10-B



THE WRONG NOTE

A thousand sonatas had echoed within
these walls,
The reaction of when a pianist knows the
keys as his own fingers.
Yet he was haunted by a notes wrong call,
That destroyed the melodious sound that
once lingered.
The architect who had built cathedrals of
harmony transcending into
something beyond,
Now, was reduced to just a discordant
incongruent sound.
Even though a thousand perfect notes
drifted through the air
The deranged tune still hung
uncomfortably there,
Buzzing within the audience's ear,
It grew louder and louder each year.
When once casted, the spell of mistake can
not be reversed
For a thousand right notes can't silence a
wrong one.

PRANAYA AGARWAL
XI- B

When The Stars Were CLEAR

There was no distance
between one laugh and another,
no unanswered messages,
no busy schedules,
no “maybe next time.”

Just sixteen of us,
breathing beneath the same sky,
belonging to the same moment.

One by one,
they grew older.
One got a job.
Another found a new city.
Someone became too busy.
Someone stopped coming home as often.
And someone became a stranger
without ever really meaning to.

I stayed.
Still the youngest.
Still in school.
Still carrying homework
while everyone else
was carrying careers,
responsibilities,
and lives of their own.

I was hardly eight when the house felt
like a universe
sixteen little lives
running through the same rooms,
laughing too loudly,
fighting over nothing,
making memories without knowing
they would someday become just
memories.

And I was the youngest.
Always watching.

At sixteen,
I thought I had finally grown into the world.
School was still there,
homework waiting every single day,
books stacked higher than my patience
but somehow,
life still felt free.

We would climb to the terrace
with nothing but time,
lie beneath the open sky and count
stars as if they had been placed there,
just for us.

Back then,
the stars were clearer.
And so were we.

Sometimes it feels lonely
to be the last one growing.

But I still climb the terrace.
I still look at the sky.

And for a moment,
I can almost see us again
sixteen shadows under the stars,
laughing like nothing could
ever change.

And maybe one day,
when the air clears,
I'll look up again
and see them.

Clear.
The way they were.
The way we were.

The way I still am
somewhere inside
hardly eight,
still the youngest,
still waiting for everyone
to come back home.

Sometimes I wonder
if they remember the terrace.
If they remember
how we used to look up
and think the stars were endless.

Because now,
when I look at the same sky,
there are fewer of them.

Or maybe they're still there
just hidden behind pollution,
behind smoke,
behind the blur of a changing
world.

Maybe that's what happened to us
too.
The stars didn't disappear.
We just became harder to see.

Life got crowded.
Time got louder.
People got busier.

And somewhere between
childhood
and becoming who we were
supposed to be,
everything that once felt simple
became complicated.

- GAURNAVI JAISWAL
11-C

On That Dawn Of NOVEMBER

On that dawn of November,
I woke up remembering the beautiful journey
I had to take to go to my village, that one home
where everything is fitted in place, Where the
air carried childhood grace, and every path
whispered of love's embrace.

On that dawn of November, The road
stretched long beneath my feet, Every turn
carried echoes of laughter sweet, Moving
gently with nostalgic fleet, I hope we don't bet
forget the joy that was our treat.

On that dawn of November, The air felt heavy
& yet hearts were light light Having done
journeying through the paths the The village
awaited with arms open wide, Teaching me
that roots give strength to every stride.

-VARNIKA JOSHI
10-A

Book REVIEW

Written by Brian L. Weiss, Many Lives, Many Masters is one of those books which leaves you with more questions than answers. Even after finishing it, I could not decide whether everything written in it was true, partly true, or something else altogether. Yet that is precisely what makes the book so fascinating.

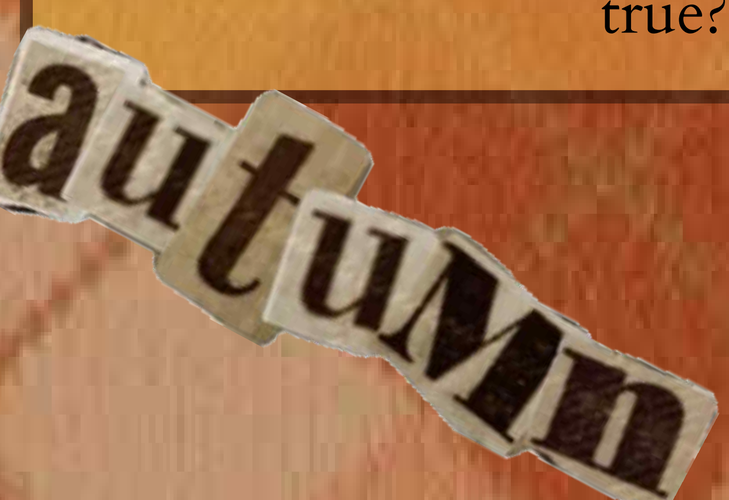
The book follows Dr. Brian Weiss, a psychiatrist treating a young woman suffering from severe trauma. However during the therapy sessions, something unexpected begins to happen. As she enters a deeply relaxed state, messages begin to emerge through her, messages which she herself cannot later recollect. According to Dr. Weiss, these messages came from beings known as the Masters.

What stunned me most was the idea of past lives and the Masters. The possibility that such beings could exist and communicate through an ordinary human being was something I found impossible to neglect. While reading the book, I found myself completely immersed in it. Yet after closing it, I kept returning to the same question: was it all true?

Even today, I cannot answer that question with certainty. Part of me remains skeptical. Another part of me feels that there must be some truth behind it. After all, I do not see what Dr. Weiss would gain from inventing such an extraordinary story. Then again, certainty is exactly what this book refuses to provide.

Perhaps that is why I remember it so vividly years after reading it. Many books tell us what to think. This one simply leaves us wondering.

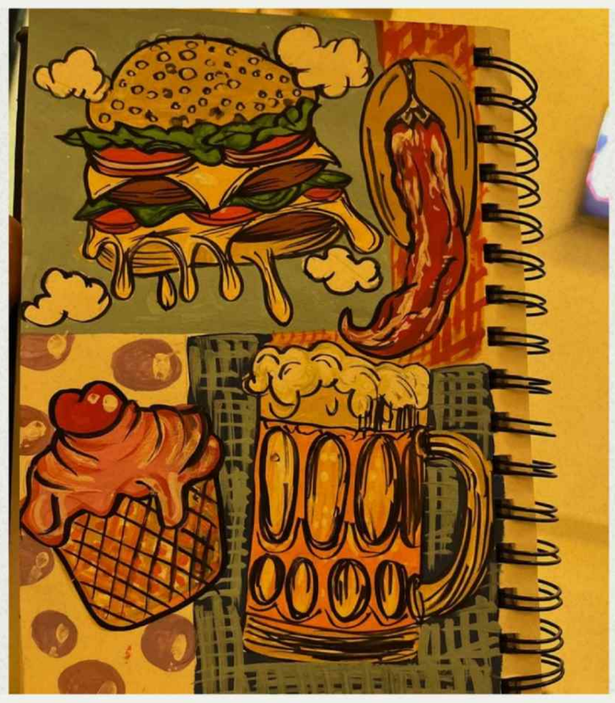
-Kavya Trivedi 9B





Artist's ATELIER

THE SEASON IN *Strokes*



AMBER FATIMA

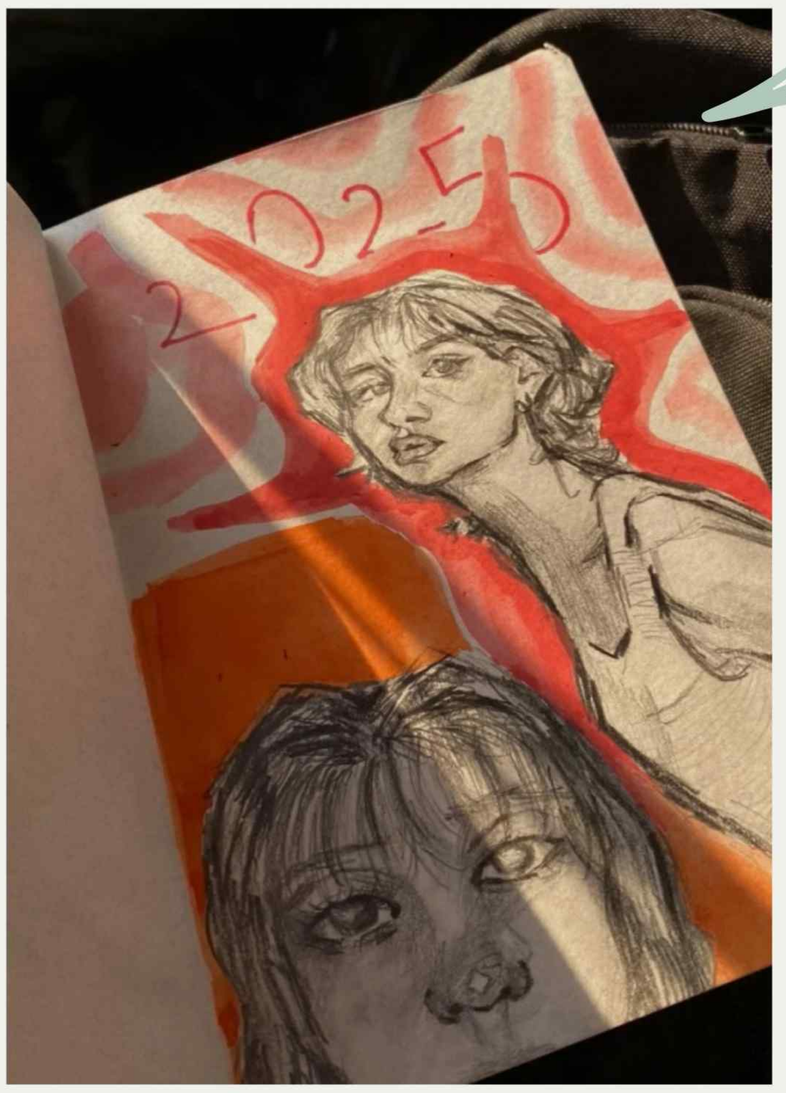


HIBA ZEHRA MIRZA



UMJN

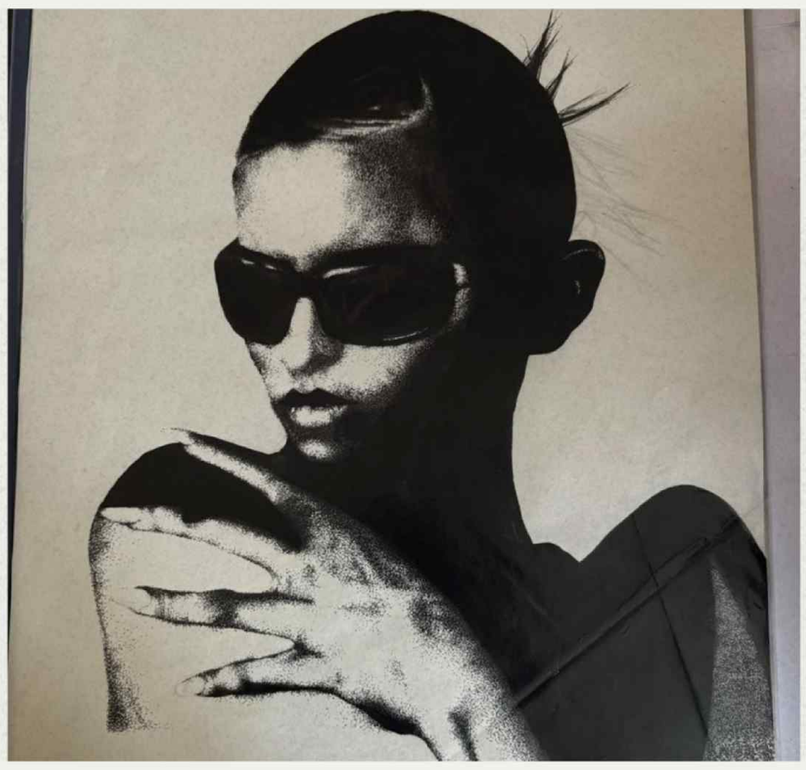
BIDISHA BANERJEE



ARUNIKA VAIBHAVI



AVNJ PANDEY



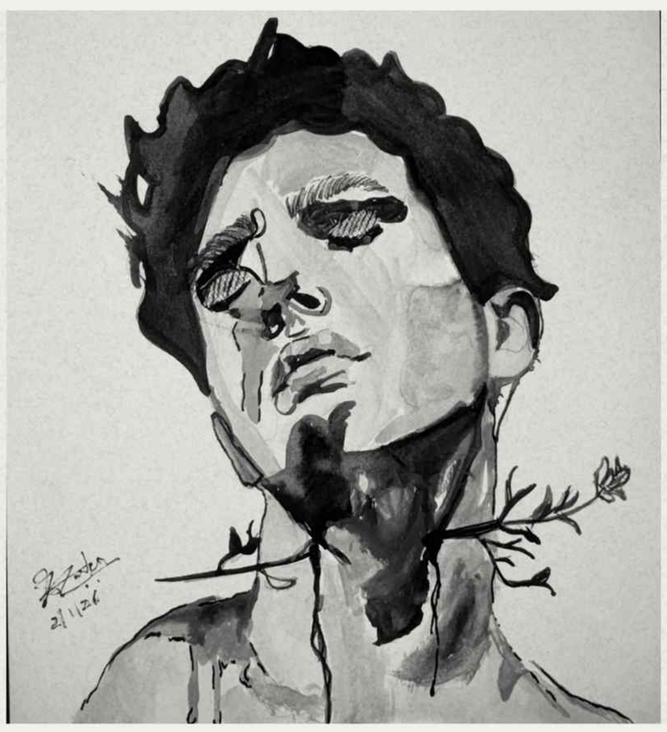
HIBA ZEHRA MIRZA



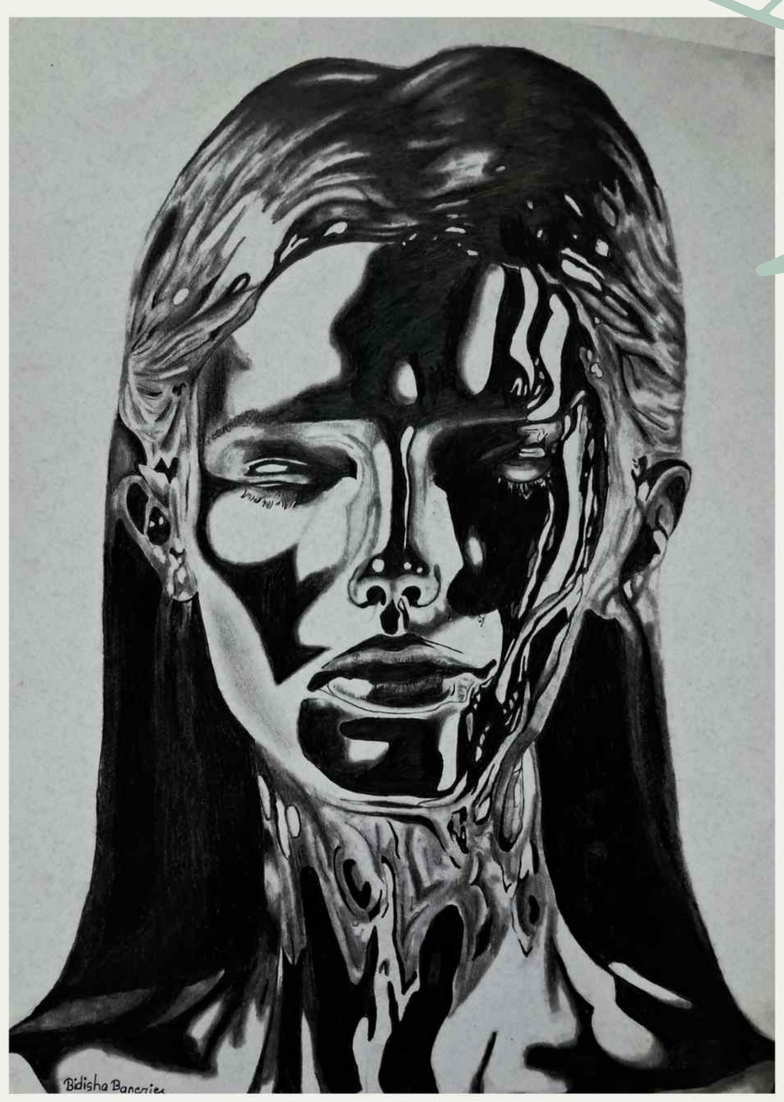
KULSUM KHAN



ANANYA SALUJA



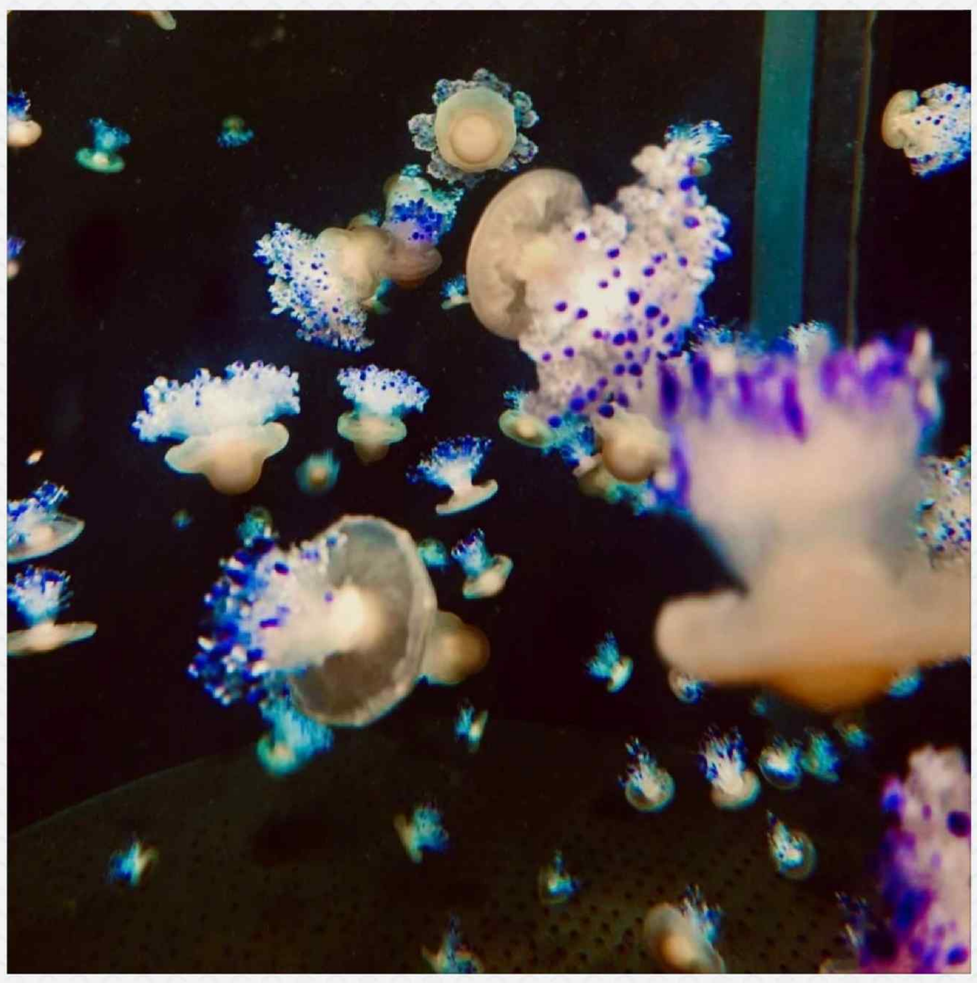
SAMYRAH NOELLA SARKAR



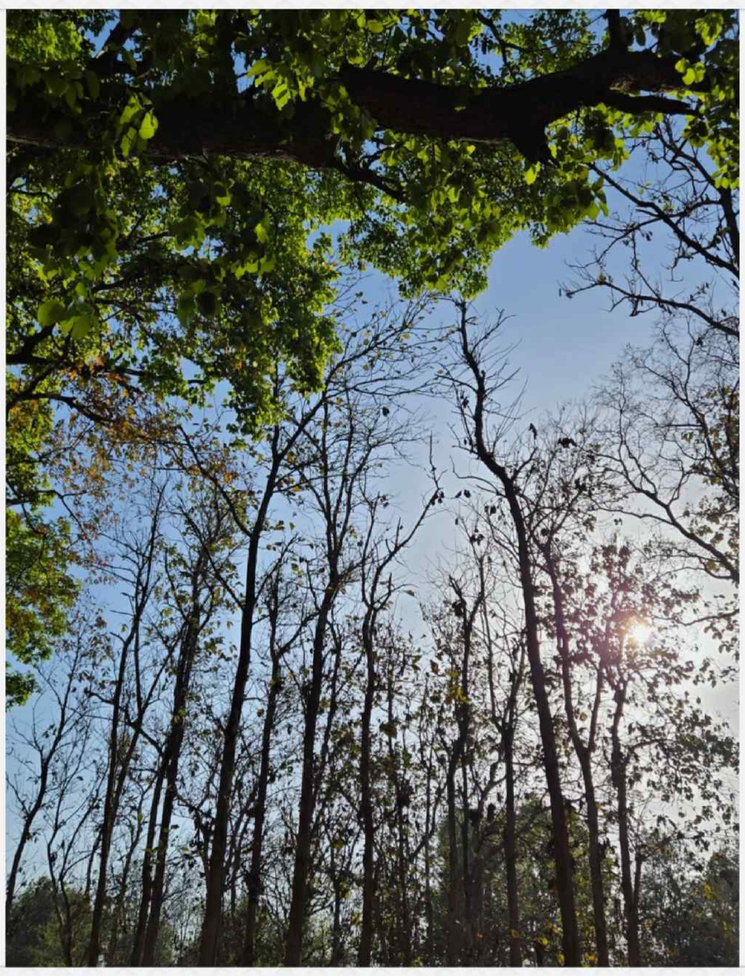
BIDISHA BANERJEE,

Through the Sunlit lens





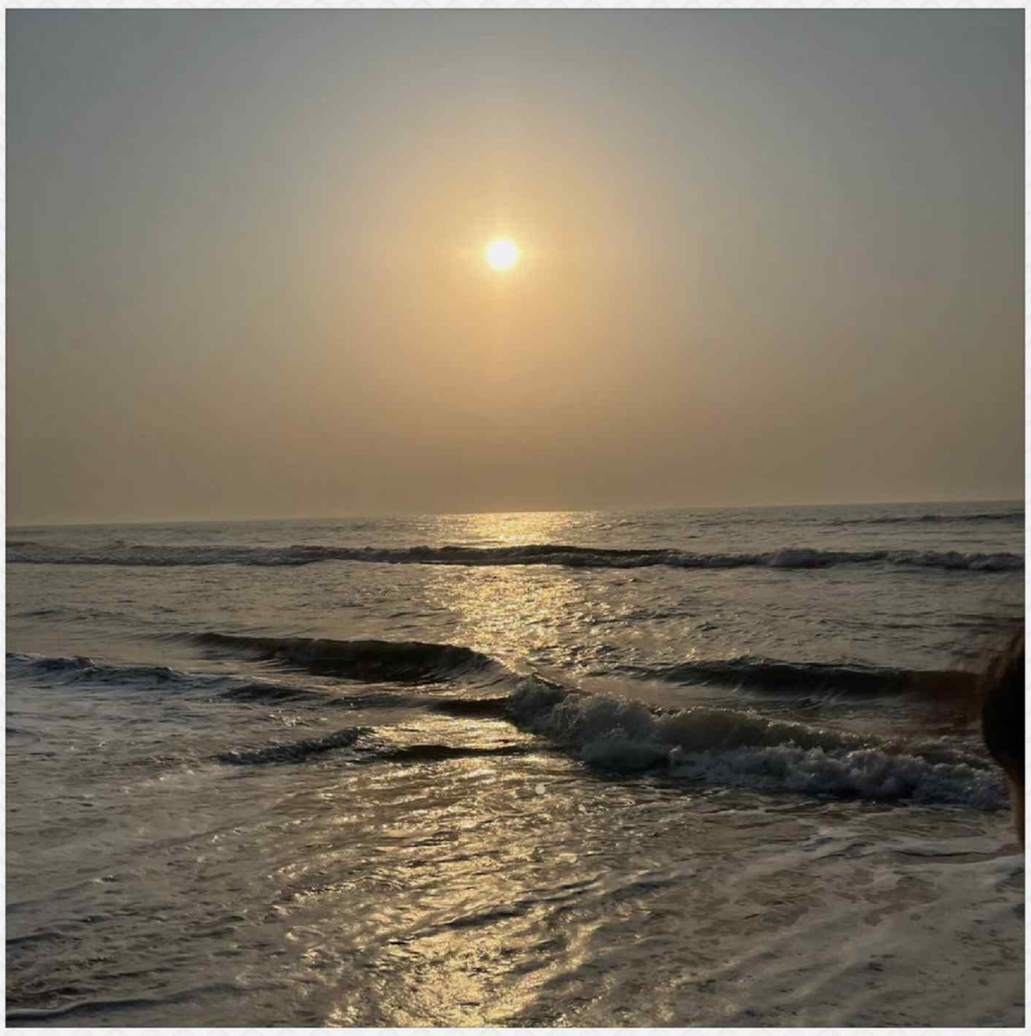
Saanvi Arora



Riddhi Sharma



Amaira Gurung

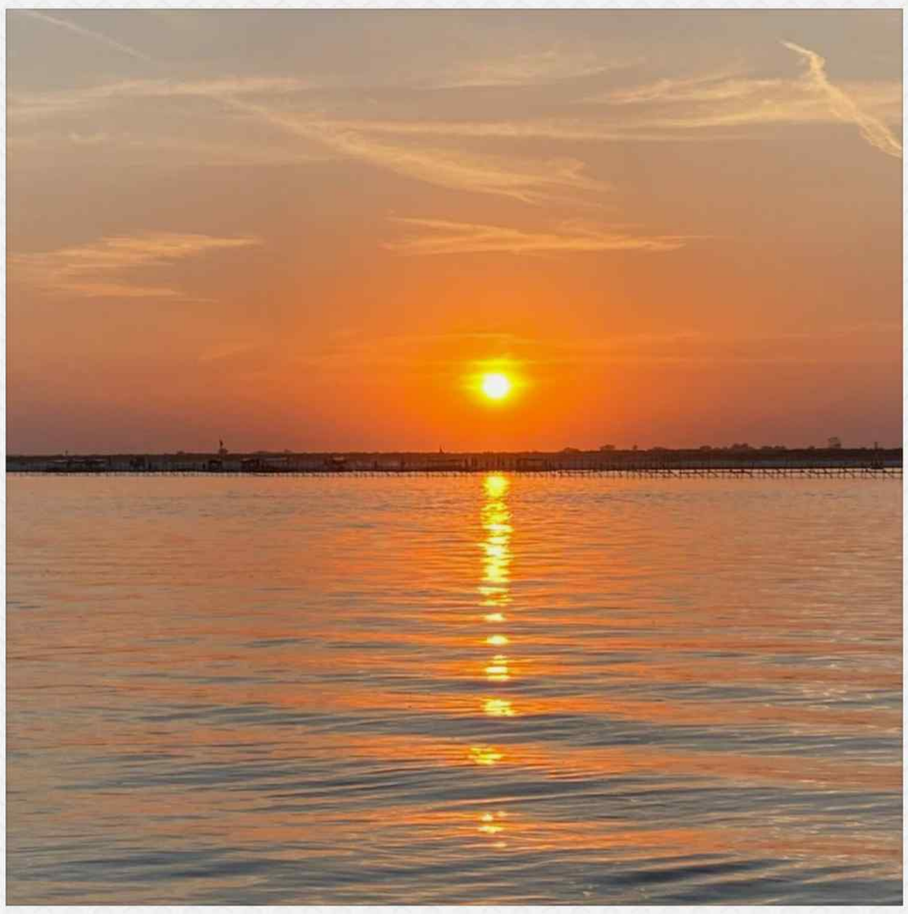


Hiba Mirza

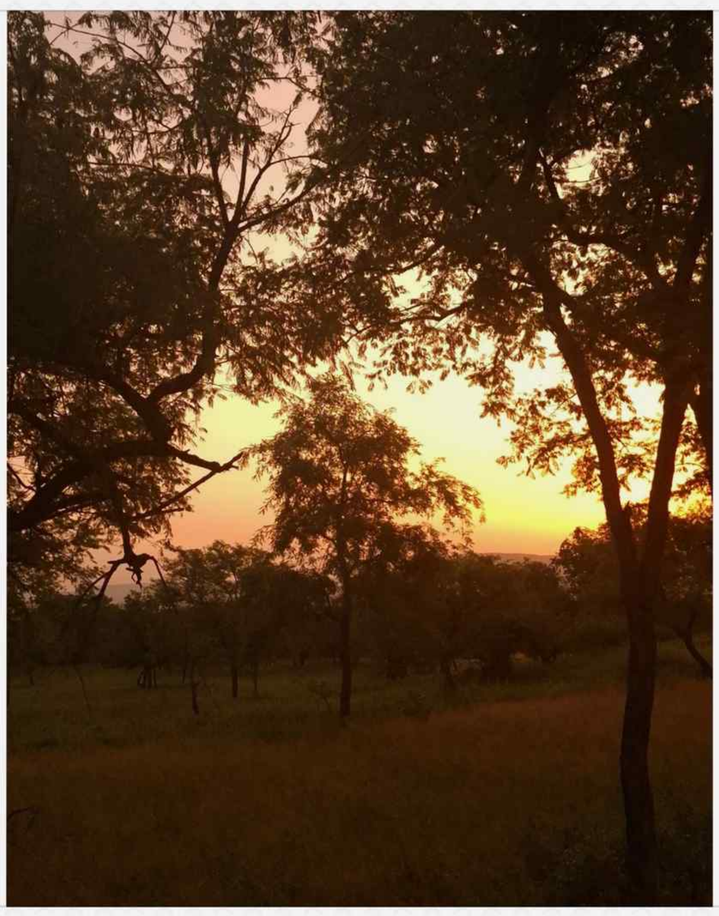




Shrishti Jain



Trisha Agarwal



Vardhika Jain



Misk Khan

BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS

ESCAPE INTO THE *abyss*

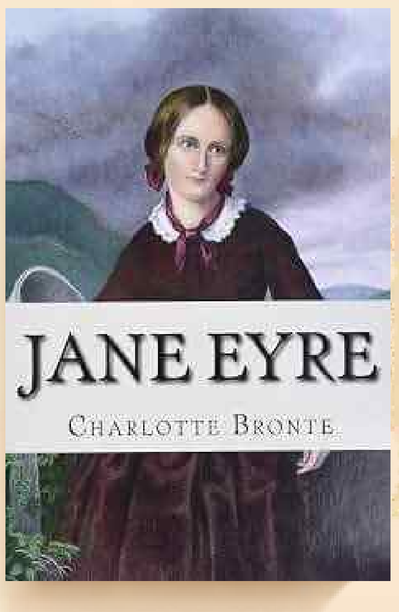


Paulo Coelho — Philosophical Fiction; Inspirational Fiction; Self-Discovery

Louisa May Alcott — Classic Fiction; Sisterhood & Family; Feminist Literature

Oscar Wilde — Gothic Fiction; Psychological Drama; Moral Decay

Emily Brontë
Gothic Fiction
Tragedy
Psychological Fiction
Romantic Fiction



Charlotte Brontë
Gothic Fiction
Romance
Bildungsroman
Feminist Literature

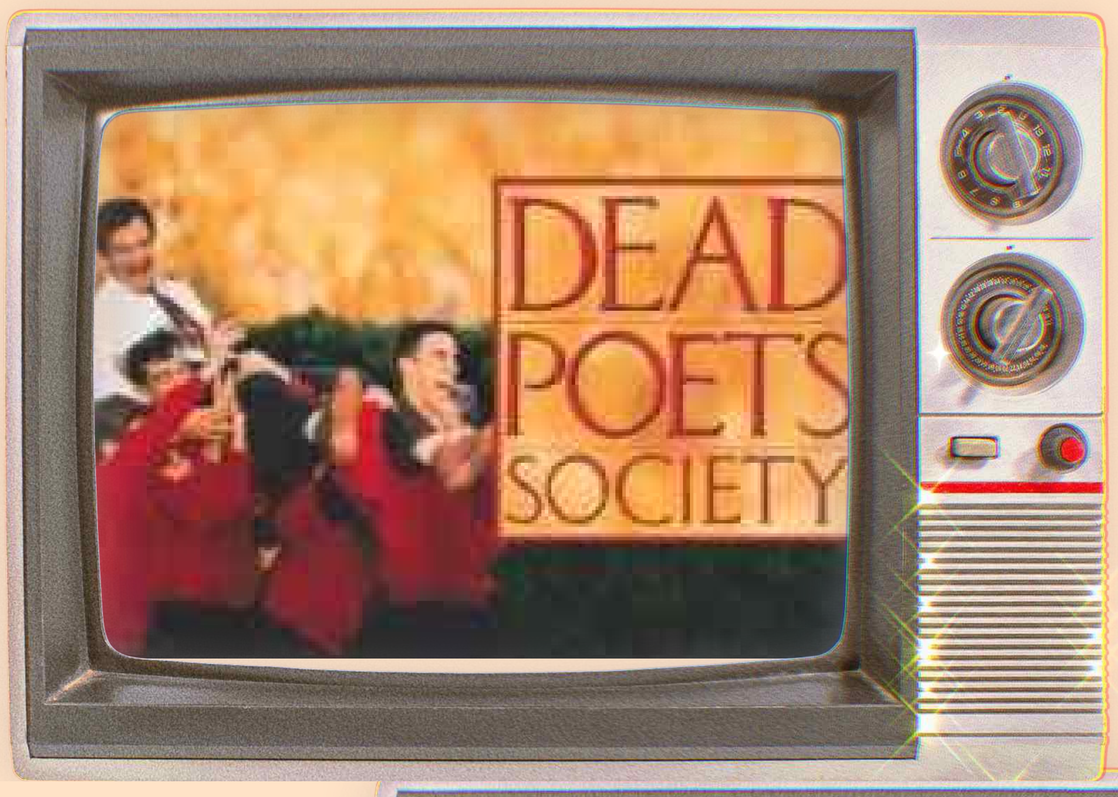


J. K. Rowling
Fantasy Fiction
Adventure
Mystery
Coming-of-Age

movie

Recommendations

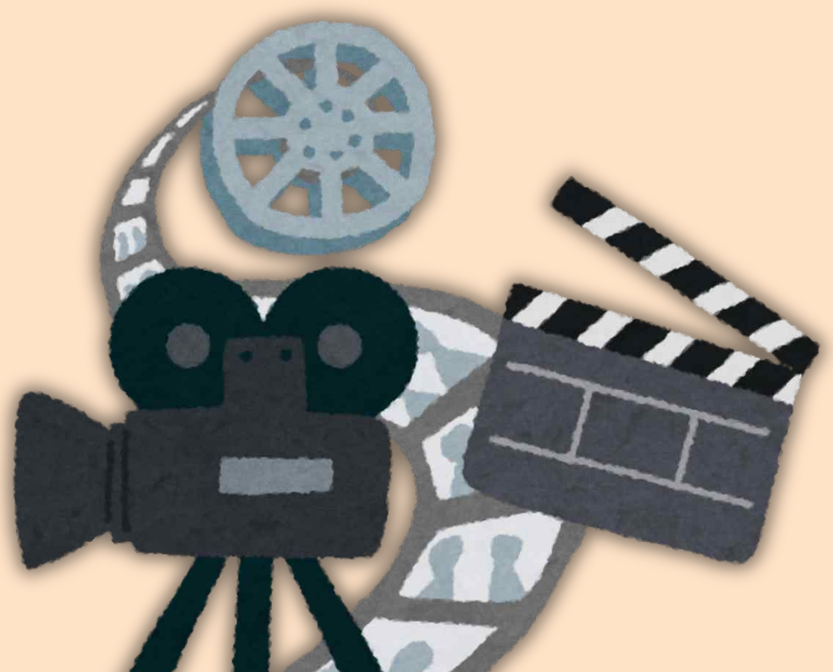
DEAD POETS SOCIETY | THE PARENT TRAP| WONDER| THE SECRET GARDEN





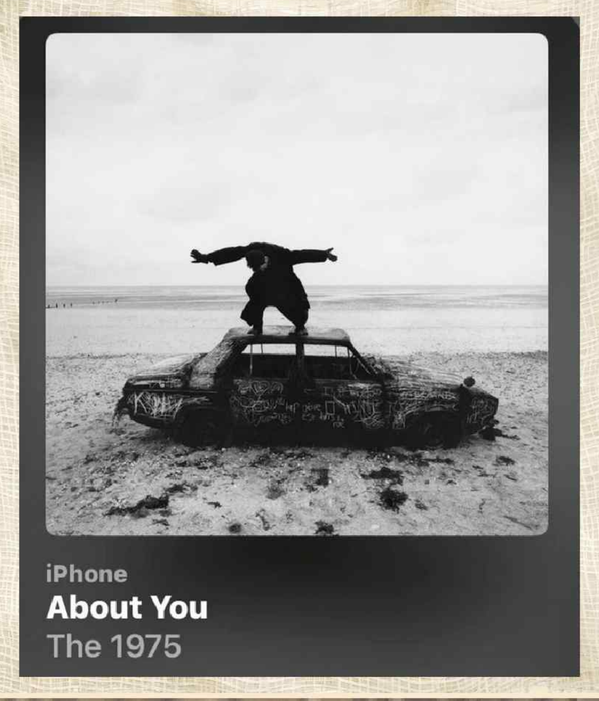




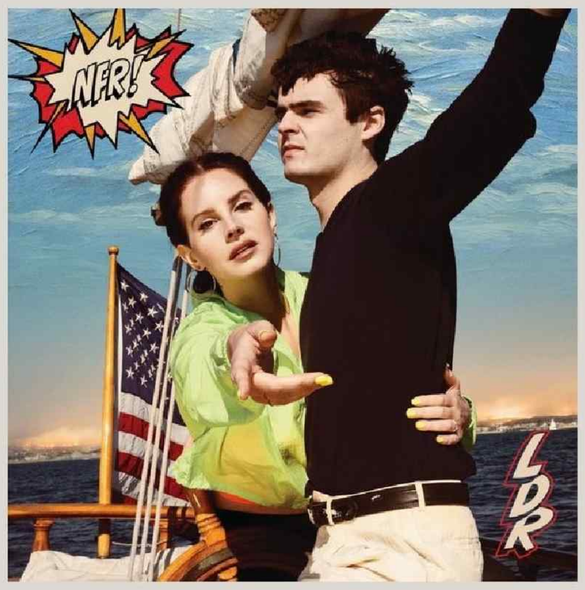




Song RECOMMENDATIONS









ALL TOO WELL | ABOUT YOU | CINNAMON GIRL | MYSTERY OF LOVE

your autumn WARDROBE



Cable Knit Sweater

Suede Jacket

Pleated Midi Skirt

Totebag

Knee-high Boots

Gold Earrings



WHAT'S IN MY BAG

FT. LORELAI GILMORE



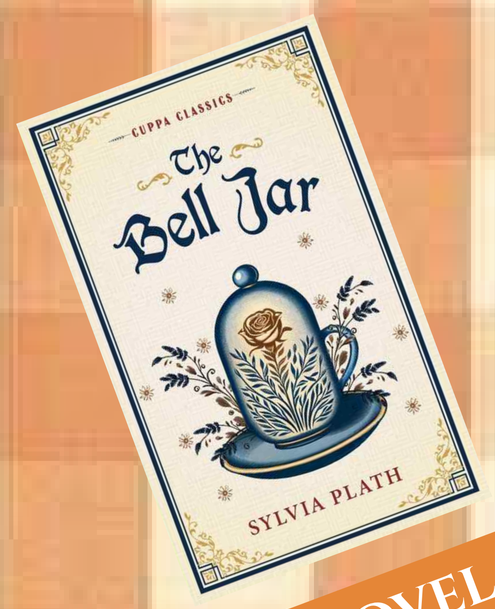


PAUL ANKA DOG TREATS



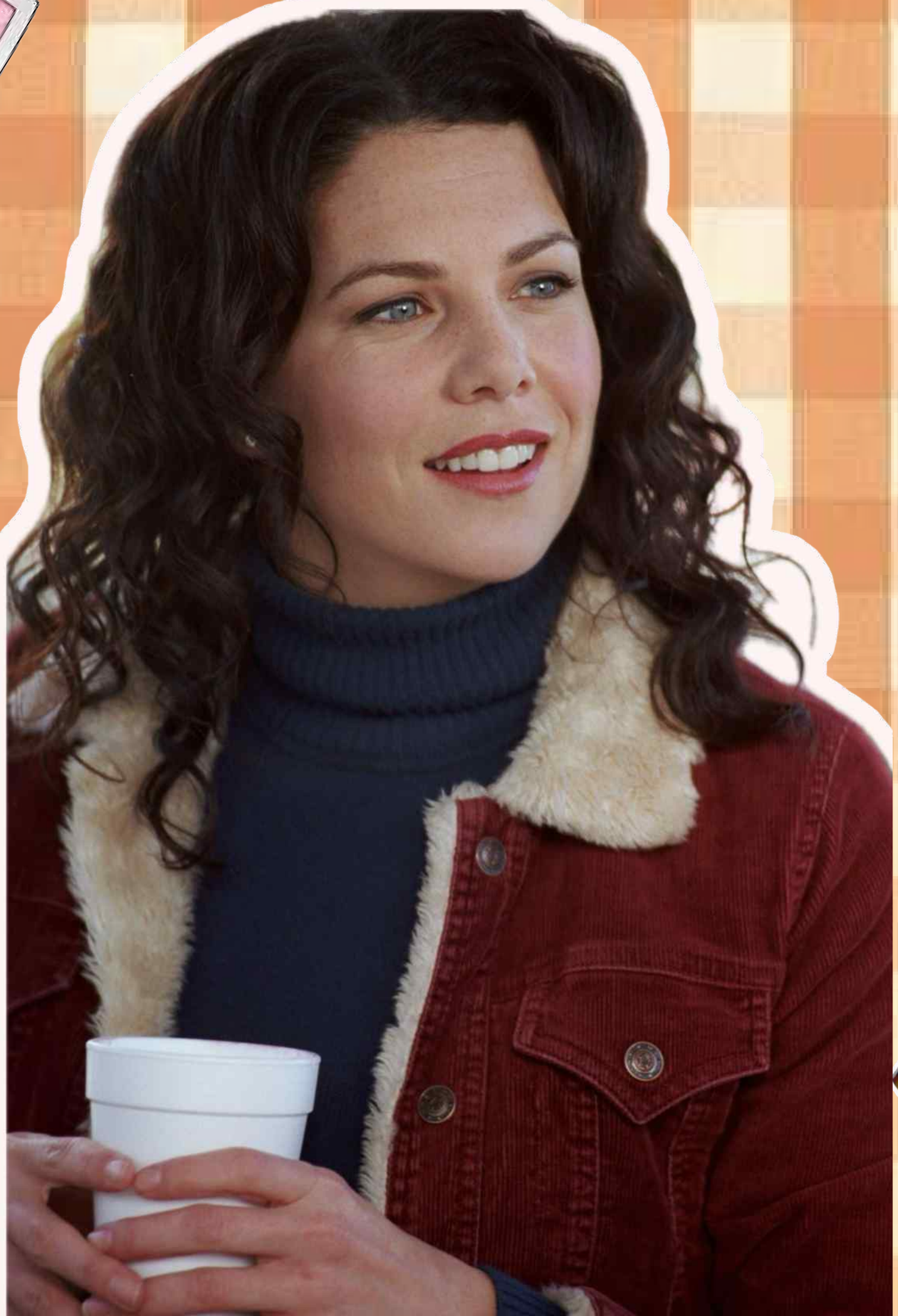
BLUSH

"Coffee, please, and a shot of cynicism"



A NOVEL







LIPSTICK



EMERGENCY COUPON

COFFEE



POP TARTS



SPECTACLES

LITERARY HALLOWEEN

Same Stories. New Costumes.

Ever wanted to step into your favourite book?

This Halloween, let your imagination out of the pages and into the real world. The Literary Club invites you to dress up as your favourite literary character and bring their stories to life. Whether you're a brooding Macbeth, a curious Jane Eyre or a mischievous Matilda, this is your chance to embody the characters you love and celebrate the timeless worlds of literature.

Because some stories are better lived than read.



The Mad Hatter by Lewis Carroll



Voldemort by J.K. Rowling



Dracula by Bram Stoker



Harry Potter by J.K. Rowling



Jane Eyre by Charlotte Brontë



Macbeth by William Shakespeare

Halloween Look Inspiration

1. Choose your favourite literary character (fictional or historical).

2. Dress up (as creatively as you like) — costumes, props, makeup, or even just a signature look!

Ideas to Get You Started

- Classic literary characters (Macbeth, Jane Eyre, Elizabeth Bennet, etc.)
- Fantasy and fairytale characters (think Alice, the Little Prince, or even Winnie the Pooh!)
- Villains (Maleficent, Voldemort, etc.)

BOULEVARD 2026









On 24th July, the Literary Club proudly presented Boulevard, the inaugural day of Ad Astra,, a festival where literature moved beyond the written word to manifest through thought, voice, art, and performance. Uniting talented participants from various institutions, Boulevard served as a testament to the limitless ways in which stories can be conveyed.

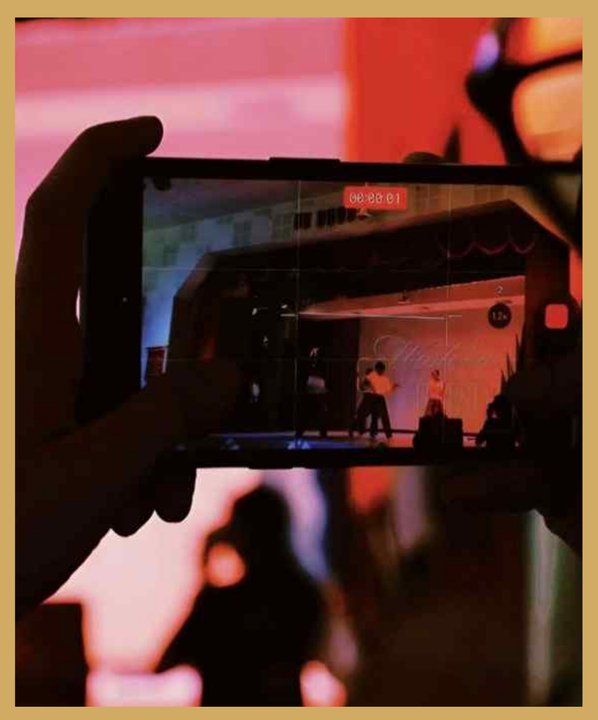
Dramatis Personae animated classic characters, while Mock Trial transformed logic into eloquence in the courtroom settings. Extempore embraced the brilliance of spontaneous ideas, and Comic Strip integrated creativity and humor into engaging visual stories. Through Book Cover Reimagined, well-known narratives adopted fresh artistic interpretations, while Debate highlighted the significance of dialogue, where conviction converged with intellect in the quest for truth.

More than a constellation of competitions, Boulevard became a tribute to the enduring spirit of literature, affirming that stories are not merely read, but performed, illustrated, debated, and lived. Long after the applause had faded, it left behind an enduring reminder that the written word continues to inspire minds, kindle creativity, and unite hearts across every horizon.











THE LITERARY CLUB



ENGAGE. LEARN. INSPIRE.